



I PALANTIR

4

The Official Publication of The Fellowship of the Ring,
an organization of devotees of the writings of J. R. R.
Tolkien, insofar as they treat of the lands and peoples
of Middle Earth. Established 1960.

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No copies of issues 1-3 of I PALANTIR are available.

4 "THANK GOODNESS"

A PUBLISHERIAL BY BRUCE PELZ

This time it has been a little over two years since the last issue of I PALANTIR. Again, the primary reasons for its non-appearance are lack of material and lack of time. It is doubtful whether these lacks will be eliminated in the future, so once again I urge you not to send in more than the price of one issue at a time -- especially since all back issues are out of print. The fact this issue appeared at all is due to the aid, assistance, and contributions of Dick Glass, Bill Glass, and Kathy Huber, and I thank them very much.

The remainder of this editorial will be the basis for a speech I intend to make at a panel discussion during the Tricon (24th World Science Fiction Convention, in Cleveland, September 1966). Dick Lupoff, the panel moderator, has asked me to represent Tolkien Fandom.....

Whither Wither Tolkien Fandom?

Organized Tolkien Fandom began in 1960, at the 18th World SF Convention in Pittsburgh, with the formation of The Fellowship of the Ring. It was originally the idea of several Los Angeles science fiction fans, especially Bjo Trimble (then Bjo Wells), and Ted Johnstone. The original plans called for quarterly publication of the Official Organ, I PALANTIR, and for local branches of the parent organization, with membership in the Fellowship to be based, once the organization got under weigh, on knowledge of the Middle Earth works. The structure envisioned was similar to that of the Baker Street Irregulars, devotees of Sherlock Holmes.

It didn't work out that way, of course. I PALANTIR's schedule was anything from annual to triennial: 1960, 1961, 1964, 1966. The Fellowship, after holding another meeting at the 19th World Science Fiction in Seattle, 1961, found it didn't really have anything to discuss, so it stopped meeting. All it could offer its members for their \$1 membership fee was a printed membership card too big to fit in a wallet card-case. That is still all it offers.

The Fellowship sponsored awards for Tolkien art at the art shows of the world science fiction conventions. Only twice was the award given -- at Pittsburgh in 1960, and at Chicago in 1962. For 1961, 1963, 1964, and 1965, though the award was available, nothing sufficiently outstanding was entered in the art show, and the award was not given. Three years in a row being too much of an indication of disinterest, the award has been discontinued -- at least for a while. The awards themselves -- an engraved goblet, a cross-stitch sampler, and a figurine of an Orc in bronze -- were better than most entries. (The figurine was actually part of an entry: the winning entry at Pittsburgh, a set of 9 bronze Middle Earth figurines, later donated by the artist, Sidney Lanier, to a member of the Fellowship, Bjo Trimble, who made the Orc available as an award.)

This lack of activity on the part of the Fellowship was, in a large part, the fault of the officers, myself included, who found they would

rather spend their time on other projects than on the Fellowship, because time and money spent on the latter brought very little response. The membership was quite willing to buy I PALANTIR and participate in any activity which was thought up, but no one had anything to offer in the way of actually contributing to the thinking up or promulgating of the activities. Each of us -- member and officer alike -- went his own way, advancing his own appreciation of the Middle Earth works.

Then, within the last two years, these works suddenly Caught On with a larger audience. The cause may have been the publication of the paperback editions, or it may simply have been Steam Engine Time for Tolkien. Several fanzines devoted to Tolkien's works sprang up -- and so did a new fan organization, the Tolkien Society of America, founded by Dick Plotz in New York. This Society has held quite a few meetings, and been addressed by such notables as W. H. Auden. Phrases like "Frodo Lives!" have been scrawled in the New York subways and printed on lapel buttons (in both English and Tengwar or the Angerthas). Articles which were previously relegated to a few fanzines now appear in nationally syndicated magazines -- like the Saturday Evening Post! There is no doubt about it, J.R.R. Tolkien has Arrived.

So where does this leave those who were the In-Group back in 1960? Well, we're still here, and we still enjoy the Middle Earth works. We aren't very much of an In-Group anymore, but there are quite enough In-Groups in Science Fiction Fandom as it is, and we don't particularly regret the expansion of this one. It is very nice indeed to have Tolkien recognized and rewarded, while he is still alive, for these books we have enjoyed so very much.

Appreciation of a writing or group of writings can, over the years, grow, lessen, or stagnate. For those of us who have been around Tolkien Fandom for seven years or so, we hope our appreciation has grown. But it may have grown in several ways. It may have increased in serious criticism, through finding more and more details each time a book is re-read; it may have increased through assimilation of others' viewpoints on the books. And in the choice of one of these two routes lies the fate of Tolkien Fandom.

The first route leads in the same direction that the Baker Street Irregulars have taken - the microscope-like scrutiny of infinitesimal details in the books, and extrapolation from these to the point of absurdity. Along with this goes a proclivity for scholarly articles on the influence of Tolkien on other authors (and, of course, of other authors on Tolkien), and equally scholarly articles on what Tolkien really meant in his books. I'm sure you've seen the same thing happen to other authors. It can as easily happen to Tolkien.

The second route cannot be followed by the Ultraserious. It is only for those who can go beyond the staid attitudes of the Serious Enthusiast to an appreciation of the non-serious (and sometimes even outré) attitudes toward the Middle Earth works. This is not to say that one must agree with these attitudes, any more than one must agree to an artist's conception of a character in the books. But there can be appreciation without agreement -- one can see how and why someone else views the Middle Earth works as he does, and one can admit the possible validity of these views.

It is quite possible that I am not the best representative of Tolkien Fandom to be selected for a panel discussion; I am quite certain that Dick Plotz knows much more of what goes on among the Tolkienists of

today than I do. But I have been in Tolkien Fandom since its inception, and I have managed to advance my appreciation along the second route. The Fellowship's official publication, I PALANTIR, is open to all viewpoints. The first issue presented a Middle Earth history from Sauron's viewpoint; the second presented a cartoon comment and a folksong parody; the third viewed the Lord of the Rings books from the standpoint of making a movie of them; and the fourth has both a musical comedy and a comic-book illustration of a chapter of The Fellowship of the Ring. If someone wants to try a verse-and-illo Primer, or anything in that line, he is welcome to send it along.

From what I have seen, there are today two distinct sections of Tolkien Fandom. The Tolkien Society is very serious -- and very good; make no mistake about that -- and the Fellowship is either serious or not, depending on the material presented to it. The Tolkien Society is on a much larger scale than the Fellowship, but developmentally they are where the Fellowship was in 1960. Where they go remains to be determined.

The Fellowship is a part of Science Fiction Fandom -- it was begun at a science fiction convention, its officers and the majority of its members are participants in science fiction fandom. As long as the latter statement holds true, the Fellowship will remain in Science Fiction Fandom. The Tolkien Society of America has never been a part of this fandom, and there is no reason to assume that it will ever become so.

When the Society was formed, there was some talk of disbanding the small amount of activity the Fellowship still has -- activity consisting mostly of members heckling the publisher of I PALANTIR to get out an issue, and the publisher thinking up excuses and making half-hearted pseudo-promises -- and deferring to the more stately and imposing Society. Apathy, more than anything else, prevented this from happening. And for once I am happy to have been apathetic. I think there is still a purpose to the Fellowship: it may serve as contact between Science Fiction Fandom and that part of Tolkien Fandom which has no connection with Science Fiction Fandom -- and it will continue to serve as an outlet for the non-serious viewpoints on Middle Earth works

One part of Tolkien Fandom has never been in Science Fiction Fandom; I doubt that you could ever get rid of the other part while it exists -- because that part has been in Science Fiction Fandom since before there was a Tolkien Fandom, and it not only should stay a part of SF Fandom, it will.

So much for speech material. As for I PALANTIR itself, it is for the most part a reprintzine these days -- but the material reprinted has been limited in its circulation, and it is doubtful that too many of IP's readership will have read the originals. We are still on the lookout for original material, but with the increasing numbers of APAs and genzines crying for material these days, most original material finds immediate publication elsewhere, and must appear here as reprint.

One such reprint we had hoped to include was Marion Zimmer Bradley Breen's Men, Halflings, and Hero Worship, a treatise in FAPA several years ago which had been promised to IP, then held back until an attempt at publication in a Little Magazine could be made. It has now been reprinted in NIEKAS 16, 50¢ or 3/6 (if copies remain) from Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif 94301. I regret that friction between myself and MZB has resulted in loss of this excellent treatise to I PALANTIR.

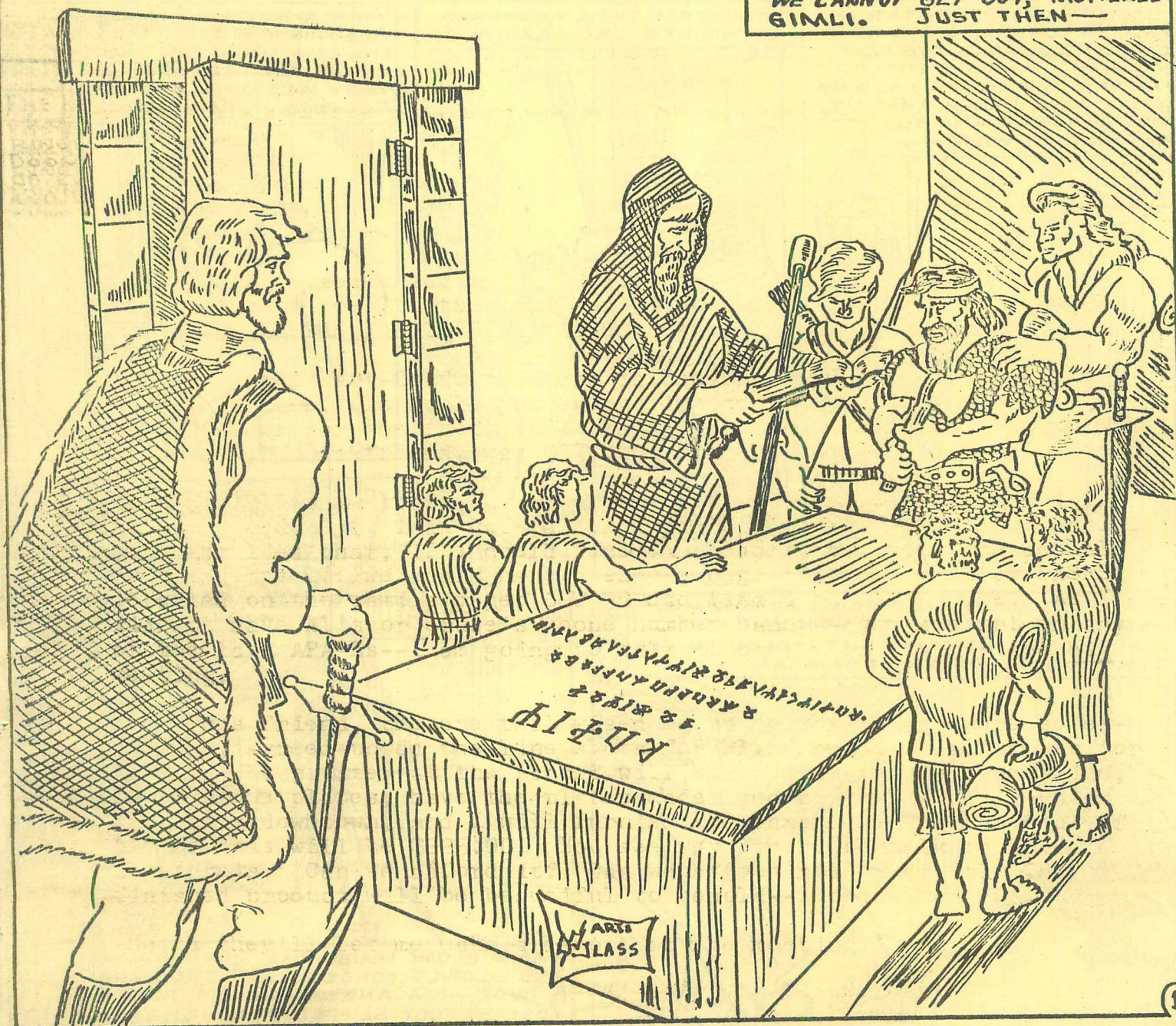
—SYNOPSIS—

THE NINE WALKERS, THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING, HAS BEEN FORMED TO ACCOMPANY FRDOO, THE RINGBEARER, ON HIS TRIP TO MORDOR AND MOUNT DOOM WHERE HE HOPES TO DESTROY THE ONE RING OF EVIL. HARASSED BY THE NINE BLACK RIDERS AND UNABLE TO GO OVER THE MISTY MOUNTAINS, THE FELLOWSHIP HAS BEEN FORCED TO JOURNEY THROUGH THE UZBAD KAZAD-DUM CAVERNS OF THE DWARVES—KNOWN AS MORIA TO MEN—WHICH, SOMETIME BEFORE HAD BEEN TAKEN OVER BY THE ORCS, THE SOLDIERS OF MORDOR.

HAVING SPENT MANY HOURS WANDERING THE ONCE FABULOUS DWARF HOME, THE FELLOWSHIP HAS SLEPT IN THE TOMB OF BALIN. YET THEY HAVE STILL TO FACE THE BATTLE AT—

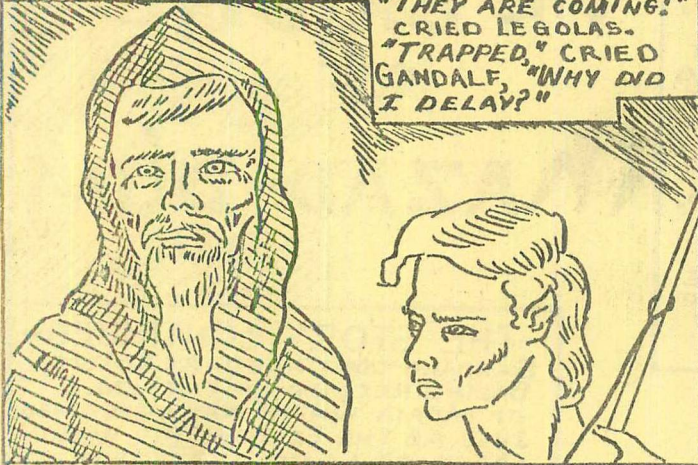
The BRIDGE of KHAZAD-DÛM

—THE STORY CONTINUES—
GANDALF CONTINUED READING.
BALIN'S RECORD OF THE FALL
OF MORIA WHICH WAS DISCOVERED
JUST AS THE FELLOWSHIP WAS
ABOUT TO LEAVE THE TOMB.
"WE CANNOT GET OUT," MUTTERED
GIMLI. JUST THEN—



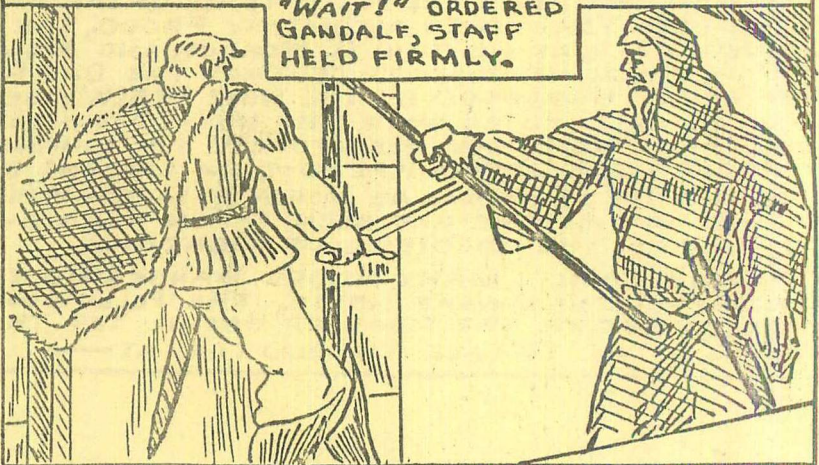
A ROLLING BOOM TREMBLED THE STONE FLOOR. A HORN BLAST AND DOOM-DOOM OF DRUMS WAS ANSWERED BY HARSH CRIES AND THE SOUND OF HURRYING FEET.

"THEY ARE COMING!" CRIED LEGOLAS. "TRAPPED," CRIED GANDALF. "WHY DID I DELAY?"

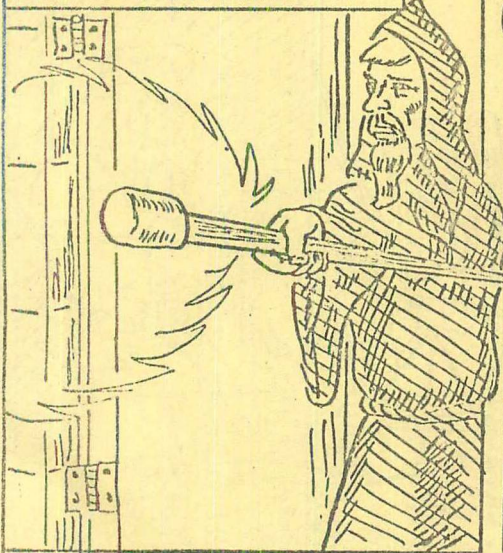


WEAPONS DRAWN, PACKS ON IN HOPE OF ESCAPE. THE FELLOWSHIP PREPARES FOR A STAND. "WEDGE THE DOORS!" SHOUTED ARAGORN. BOROMIR PUT HIS SHOULDER TO THE WEST DOOR.

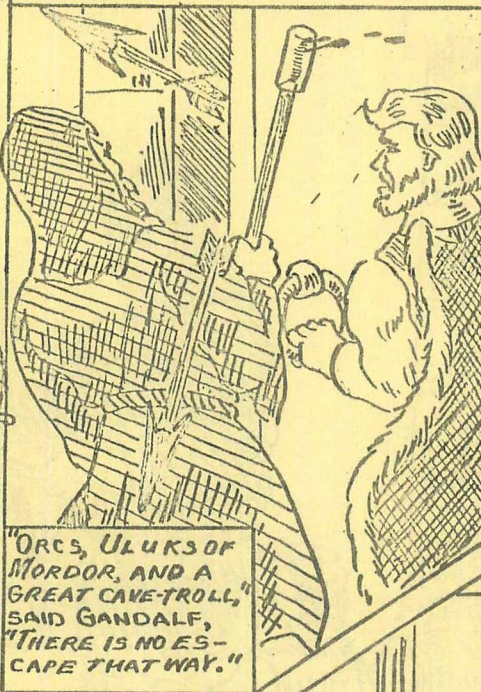
"WAIT!" ORDERED GANDALF, STAFF HELD FIRMLY.



RECEIVING ONLY LAUGHTER IN ANSWER TO HIS QUESTION, "WHO COMES TO DISTURB THE REST OF BALIN?" GANDALF THRUST FORWARD HIS STAFF CAUSING A DAZZLING FLASH THAT LIT THE CHAMBER AND THE PASSAGE BEYOND.



THIS TIME TO BE ANSWERED BY WHINING ORC ARROWS!

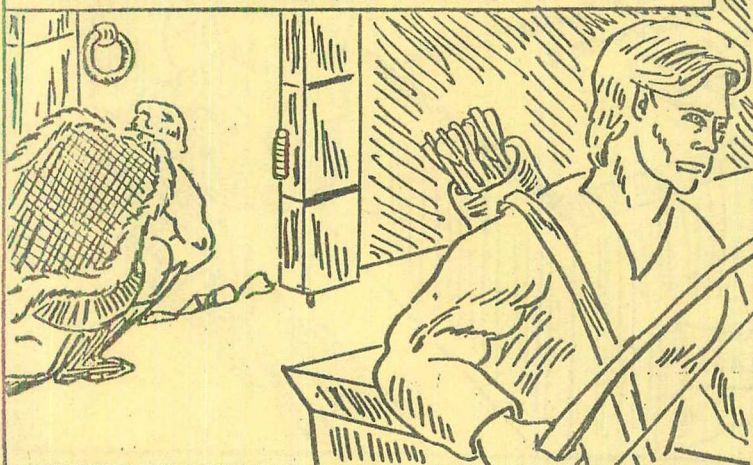


"ORCS, ULUKS OF MORDOR, AND A GREAT CAVE-TROLL," SAID GANDALF, "THERE IS NO ESCAPE THAT WAY."

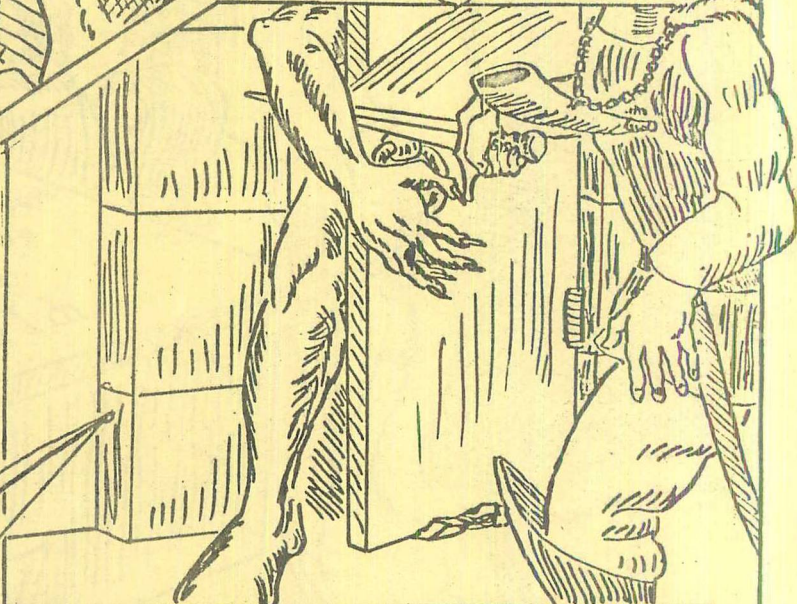
"THERE IS NO SOUND HERE," SAID ARAGORN WHO STOOD POISED BY THE EAST DOOR. "WE MUST DELAY THE ENEMY—THEY WILL SOON FEAR THE CHAMBER OF MAZARBUL!"



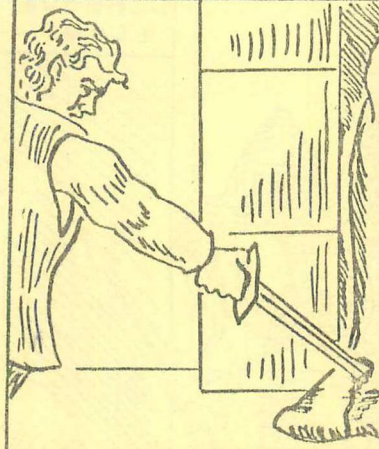
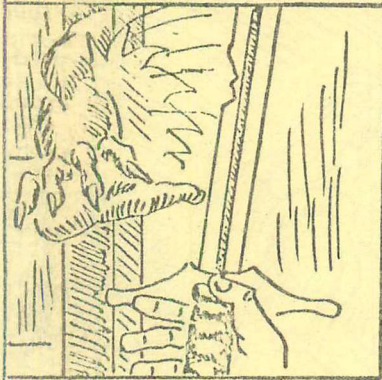
HEAVY FEET SOUNDED OUTSIDE AS BOROMIR WEDGED THE DOOR WITH WOOD AND SWORD BLADES. THE COMPANY RETREATED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHAMBER.



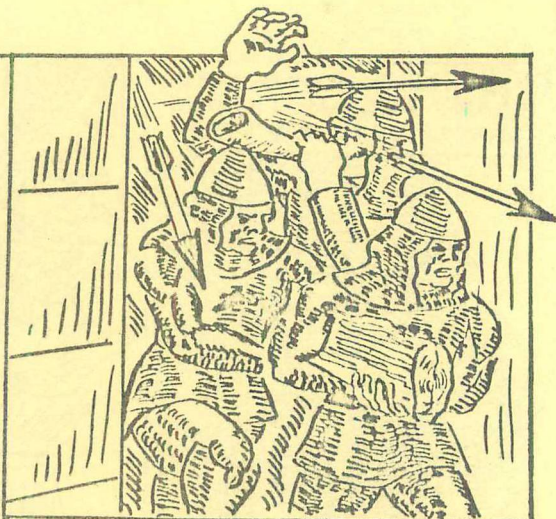
—AS A BLOW MADE THE DOOR QUIVER AND SLOWLY FORCED BACK THE WEDGES. A HUGE ARM AND SHOULDER AND A TOELESS FOOT SLIPPED THROUGH THE GAP!



BOROMIR'S BLADE FELL NOTCHED FROM HIS HAND HAVING NO EFFECT!

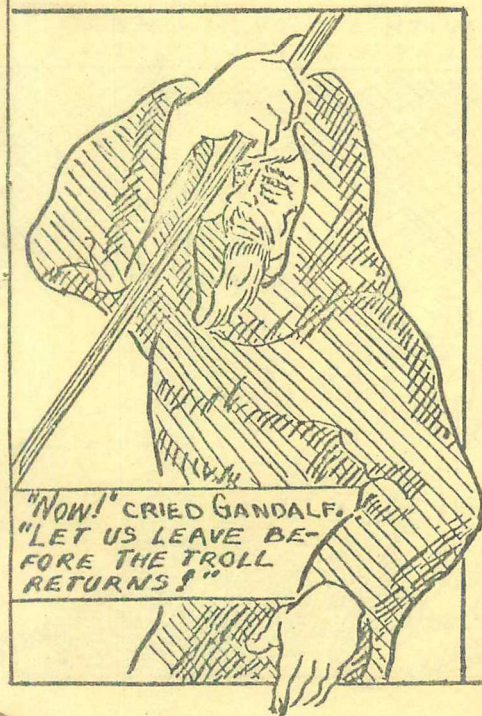
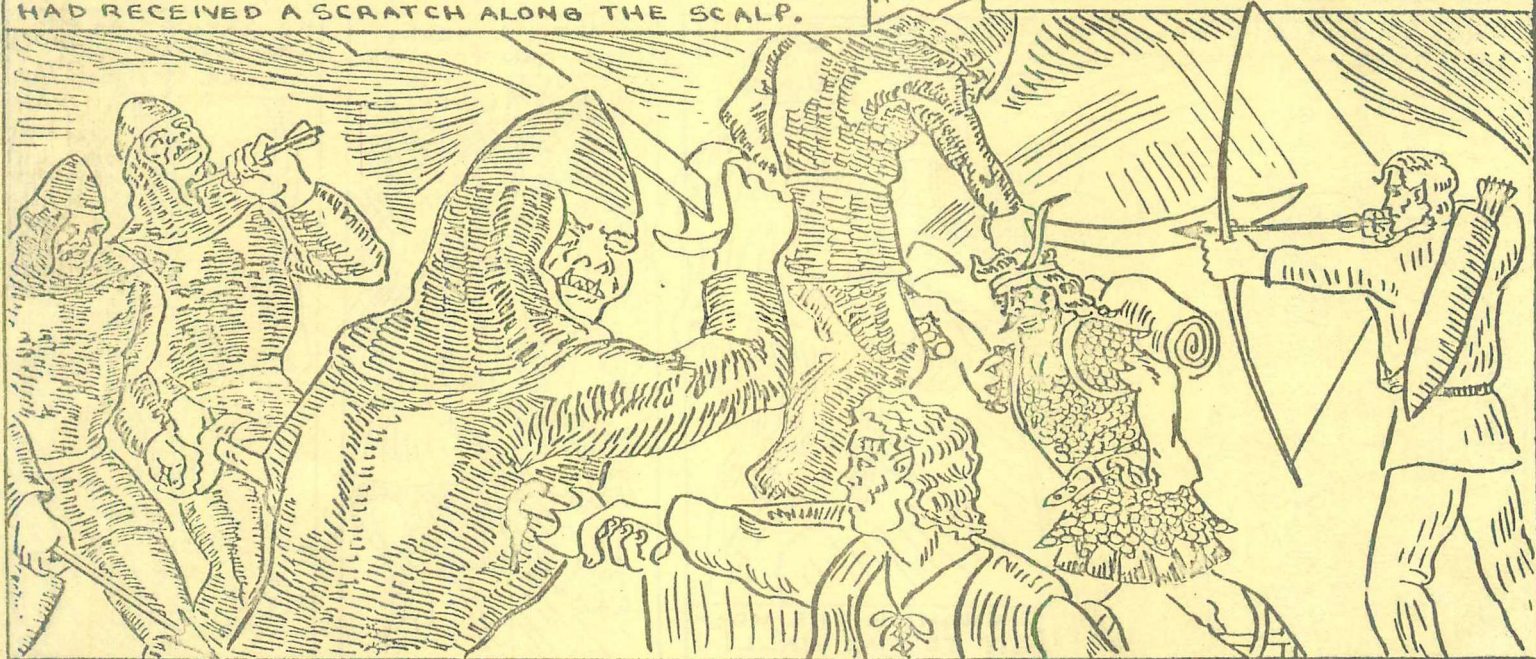


FRODO CRIED, "THE SHIRE!" AND STABBED THE TROLL'S FOOT. IN PAIN, THE FOOT WITHDREW. THE DOOR WAS CLOSED. "THE HOBBIT'S BITE IS DEEP," MUSED THE STRIDER, "GOOD!"

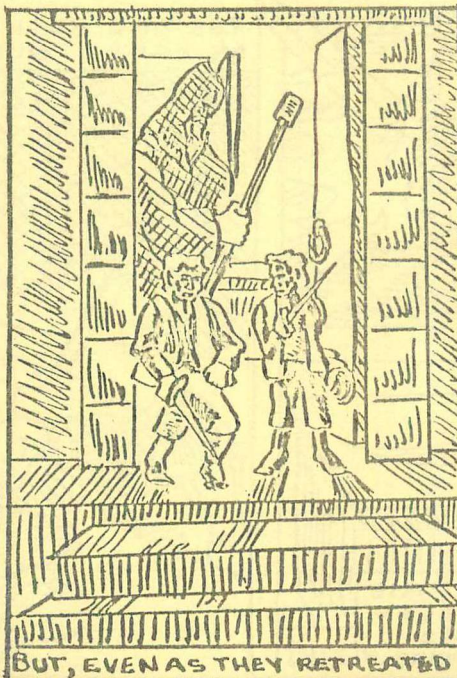


THE AFFRAY WAS SHARP, BUT THE ORCS WERE DISMAYED BY THE FIERCENESS OF THE DEFENSE. WHEN THIRTEEN ORCS HAD FALLEN, THE REST FLED LEAVING THE DEFENDERS UNHARMED BUT FOR SAM WHO HAD RECEIVED A SCRATCH ALONG THE SCALP.

THE SPLINTERED DOOR OPENED WIDE TO THE CRASH OF RAMS. ORCS POURED INTO THE CHAMBER UNDER COVER OF ARROWS.

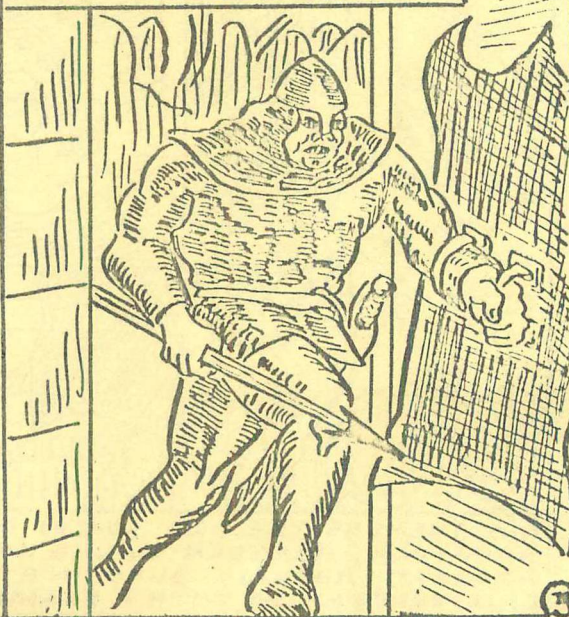


"NOW!" CRIED GANDALF. "LET US LEAVE BEFORE THE TROLL RETURNS!"

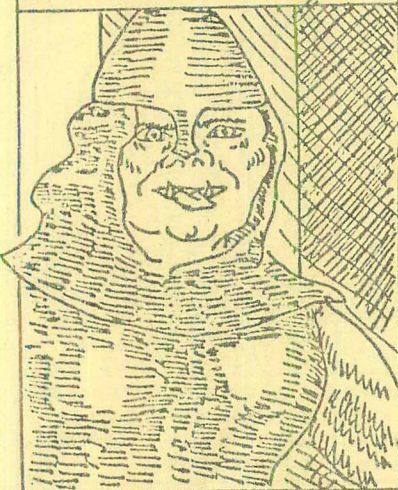


BUT, EVEN AS THEY RETREATED

— AN ORC-CHIEFTAIN LEAPED INTO THE CHAMBER!

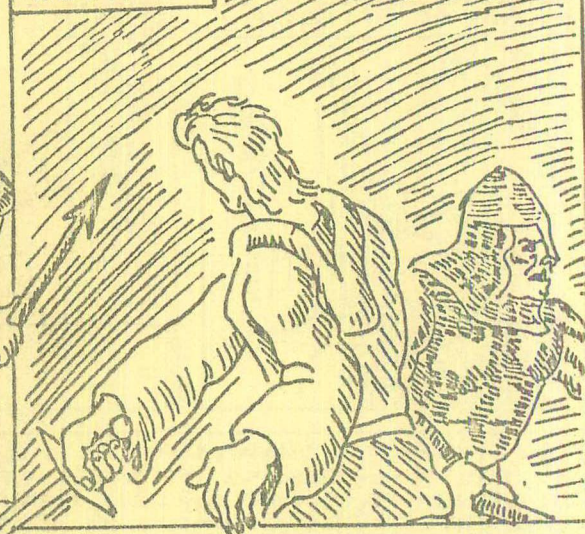


HIS EYES BURNED LIKE
COALS AND HIS TONGUE
DARTED OVER HIS LIPS.

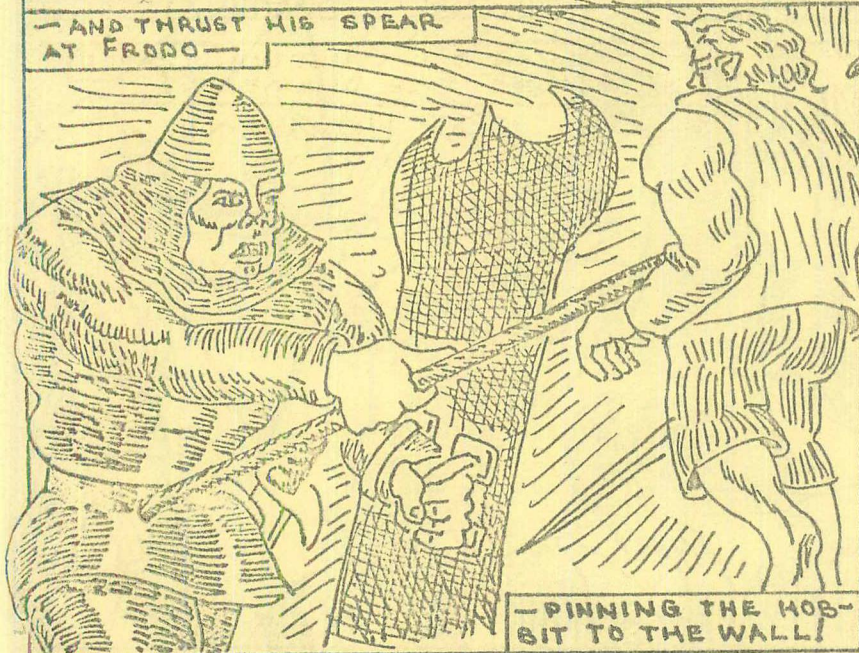


HE KNOCKED BOROMIR DOWN
WITH HIS HUGE SHIELD—

—DROVE UNDER THE STRIDER'S
BLOW—

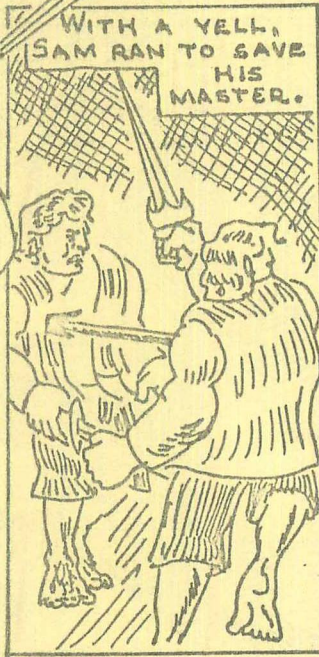


—AND THRUST HIS SPEAR
AT FRDOO—

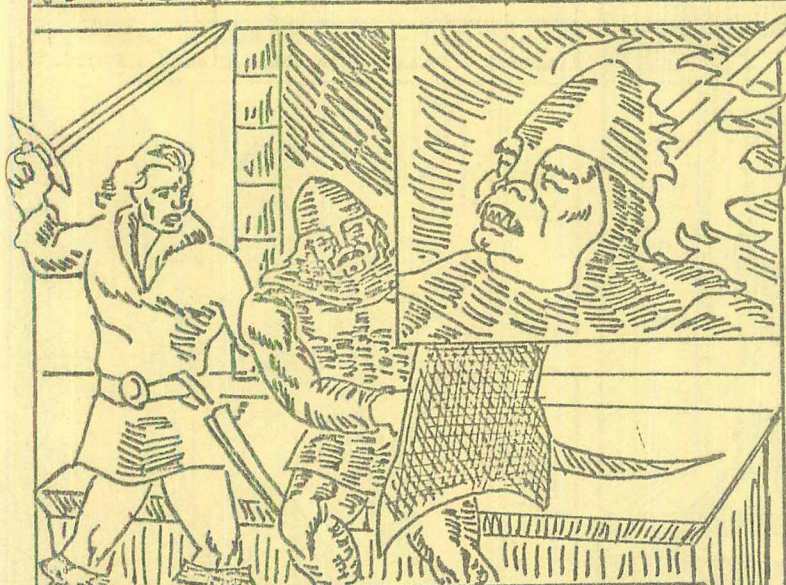
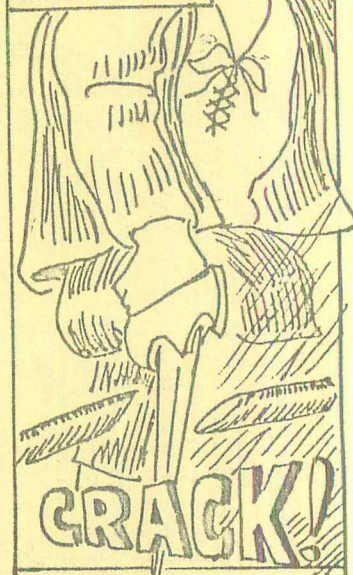


—PINNING THE HOBBIT
TO THE WALL!

WITH A YELL,
SAM RAN TO SAVE
HIS
MASTER.

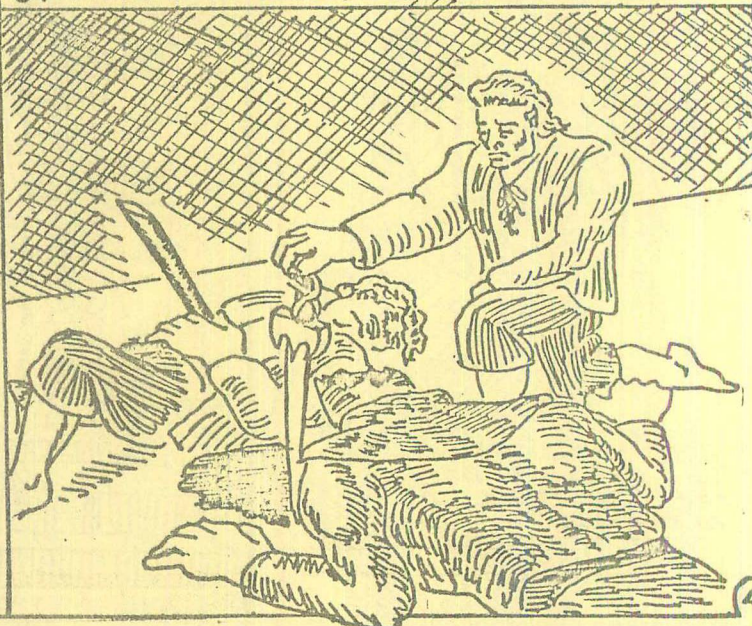


HE HACKED AT THE
SPEAR-SHAFT, AND
BROKE IT.



BUT THEN, AS THE ORC SWEEPED OUT HIS
SCIMITAR, ARAGORN SWUNG HIS LEFT-
WROUGHT ANDURIL BURSTING THE
CHIEPTAIN'S HELM WITH A FLAME-LIKE FLASH!

THE ORC FELL WITH A CLOVEN HEAD
BY FRDOO WHO LAY DEATHLY STILL.



THE ORC'S FOLLOWERS FLED BEFORE THE ATTACK OF ARAGORN AND BOROMIR.



DOOM, DOOM WENT THE DRUMS. "NOW!" SHOUTED GANDALF, "NOW IS THE LAST CHANCE. RUN FOR IT!"



ARAGORN PICKED UP FRODO AND PUSHED MERRY AND PIPPIN TOWARD THE STAIRS.



THE OTHERS FOLLOWED, BUT GIMLI HAD TO BE DRAGGED FROM THE TOMB OF HIS PEOPLE'S HERO BY HIS ELF FRIEND LEGOLAS.



BOROMIR HURLED TO



THE EASTERN DOOR WHICH GROUNDED IN PROTEST AT THE HINGES

JUST THEN FRODO SPoke-



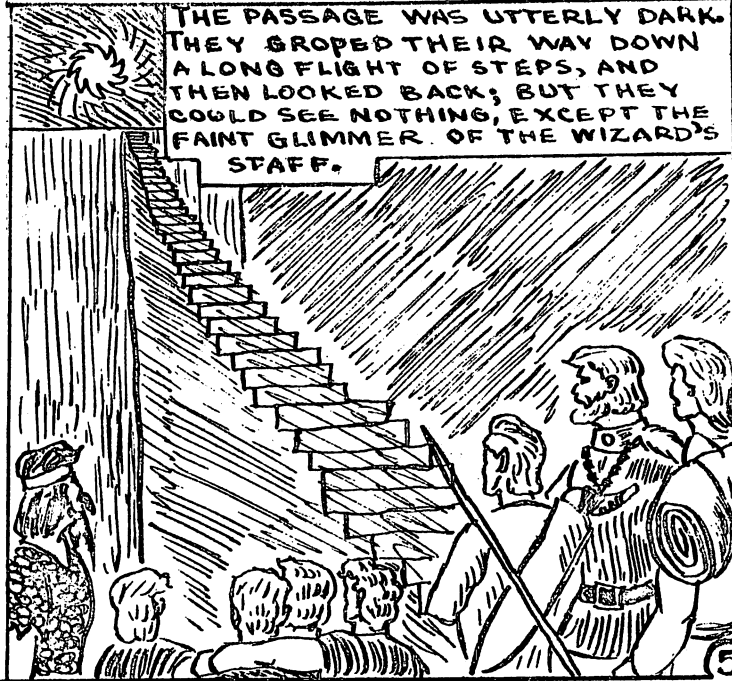
"I AM ALL RIGHT," HE GASPED. "I CAN WALK. PUT ME DOWN!" ARAGORN NEARLY DROPPED THE HOBBIT IN AMAZE-MENT.

"THERE'S NO TIME FOR WONDER," SAID GANDALF. "GO, ALL OF YOU, DOWN THE STAIRS! GO QUICKLY RIGHT AND DOWNWARDS!"

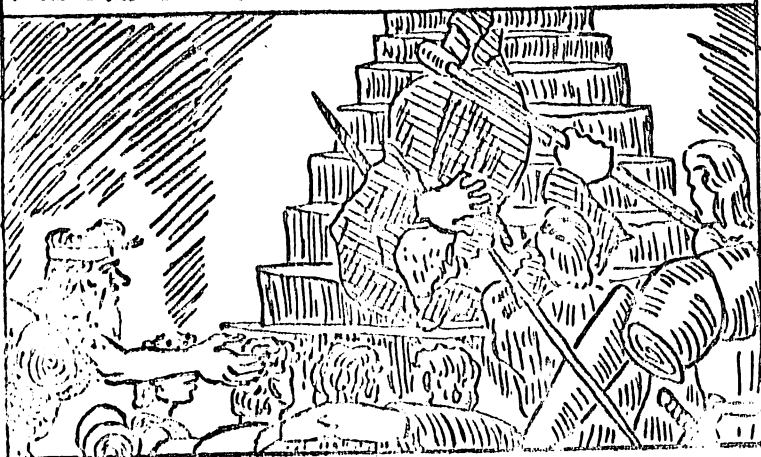


"WE CANNOT LEAVE YOU TO HOLD THE DOOR ALONE!" SAID ARAGORN. "DO AS I SAY!" SAID GANDALF FIERCELY. "SWORDS ARE NO MORE USE HERE!"

THE PASSAGE WAS UTTERLY DARK. THEY GROPED THEIR WAY DOWN A LONG FLIGHT OF STEPS, AND THEN LOOKED BACK; BUT THEY COULD SEE NOTHING, EXCEPT THE FAINT GLIMMER OF THE WIZARD'S STAFF.



SUDDENLY, AT THE TOP OF THE STAIR, THERE WAS A STAB OF WHITE LIGHT. THERE WAS A DULL RUMBLE AIDED BY THE WILD DOOM-BOOM OF THE DRUMS. GANDALF CAME FLYING DOWN THE STEPS AND FELL AMIDST THE COMPANY.



"WELL, THAT'S OVER!" SAID THE WIZARD. "BUT I HAVE MET MY MATCH AND HAVE ALMOST BEEN DESTROYED. BUT DON'T STAND HERE! GO ON! YOU WILL HAVE TO DO WITHOUT LIGHT: I'M RATHER SHAKEN. GIMLI, COME AHEAD WITH ME!"



THE COMPANY STUMBLERD CLOSE BEHIND HIM WONDERING WHAT HAD HAPPENED. THE NOW MUFFLED DOOM-DOOM OF THE DRUMS FOLLOWED THEM, BUT THERE WAS NO OTHER SOUND OF PURSUIT. THEY TOOK NO TURN AND DESCENDED MANY FLIGHTS OF STAIRS TO A LOWER LEVEL. GANDALF FELT THE GROUND WITH HIS STAFF LIKE A BLIND MAN. FRODO WAS BREATHING HEAVILY AND LEANING AGAINST SAM. AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEVENTH FLIGHT GANDALF HALTED.



"IT IS GETTING HOT!" HE GASPED. "WE OUGHT TO BE AT THE LEVEL OF THE GATES NOW. I HOPE IT IS NOT FAR. I AM VERY WEARY. I MUST REST A MOMENT."



"WHAT HAPPENED UP THERE AT THE DOOR?" ASKED GIMLI. "DID YOU MEET THE BEATER OF THE DRUMS?" "I DO NOT KNOW," GANDALF REPLIED. "BUT I FOUND MYSELF SUDDENLY FACED WITH SOMETHING I HAD NEVER MET BEFORE..."



"AS I STOOD THERE PUTTING A SHUTTING-SPELL ON THE DOOR, I COULD HEAR THE ORCS ON THE OTHER SIDE. ALL I CAUGHT WAS GHOOSH: THAT IS 'FIRE'."



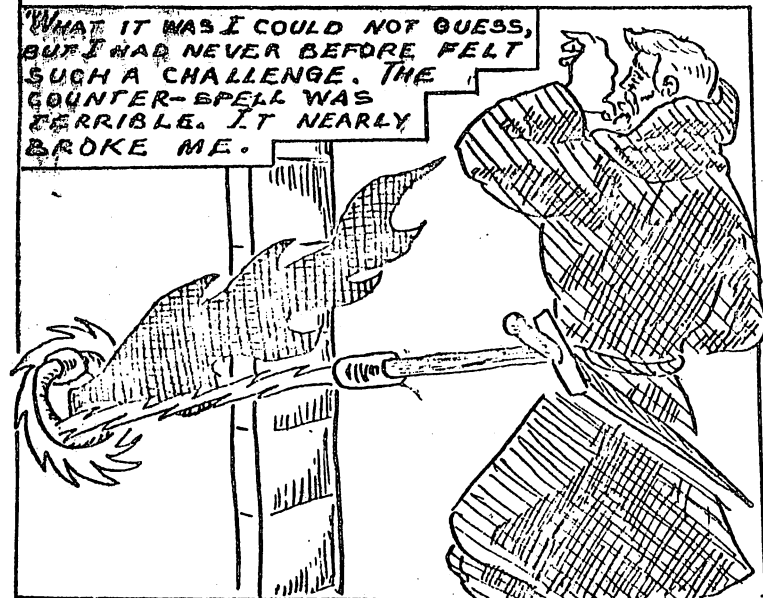
"THEN SOMETHING CAME INTO THE CHAMBER—THE ORCS WERE AFRAID AND FELL SILENT."



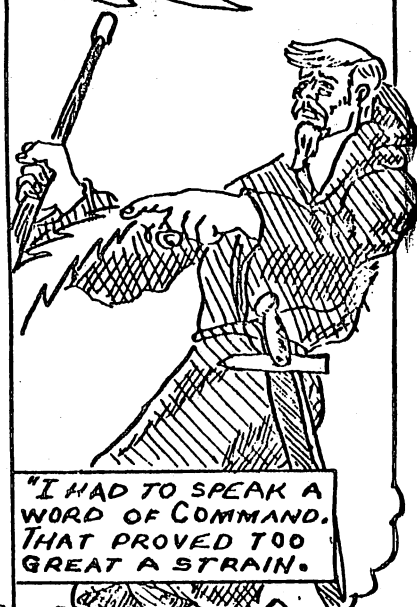
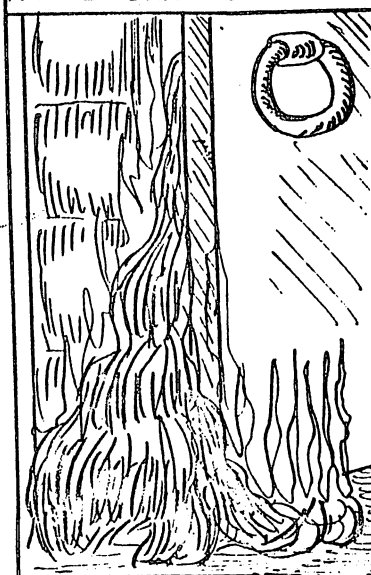
"IT LAID HOLD OF THE IRON RING, AND THEN IT PERCEIVED ME AND MY SPELL."



"WHAT IT WAS I COULD NOT GUESS, BUT I HAD NEVER BEFORE FELT SUCH A CHALLENGE. THE COUNTER-SPELL WAS TERRIBLE. IT NEARLY BROKE ME."



"FOR AN INSTANT THE DOOR LEFT MY CONTROL AND BEGAN TO OPEN!"



"I HAD TO SPEAK A WORD OF COMMAND. THAT PROVED TOO GREAT A STRAIN."

"THE DOOR BURST INTO PIECES. SOMETHING DARK AS A CLOUD WAS BLOCKING OUT ALL THE LIGHT INSIDE, AND I WAS THROWN BACKWARDS DOWN THE STAIRS. ALL OF THE WALL GAVE WAY, AND THE ROOF AS WELL."

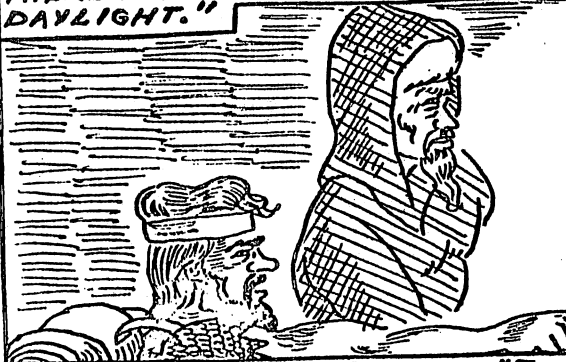


"I AM AFRAID BALIN IS BURIED DEEP, AND MAYBE SOMETHING ELSE IS BURIED THERE TOO. I CANNOT SAY," THE WIZARD CONCLUDED. "BUT AT LEAST THE PASSAGE BEHIND US WAS COMPLETELY BLOCKED."



"AH! I HAVE NEVER FELT SO SPENT BUT IT PASSES."

THEY MARVELED THAT THE WIZARD AND FRODO WERE, STILL ALIVE, THEN WENT ON AGAIN. BEFORE LONG GIMLI SPOKE. "I THINK THAT THERE IS A LIGHT AHEAD-RED, NOT DAYLIGHT."



"Ghâsh!" MUTTERED GANDALF. "I WONDER IF THAT MEANS THAT THE LOWER DEPTHS ARE ON FIRE?"

SOON THE LIGHT FLICKERED UNMISTAKABLY ON THE WALLS. THEY CAME TO A LOW ARCHWAY AND GANDALF STEPPED THROUGH SIGNING THE OTHERS TO WAIT. THE AIR WAS HOT AND A RED GLOW LIT HIS FACE.



QUICKLY HE STEPPED BACK. "THERE IS NEW DEVILRY HERE. DEVISED FOR OUR WELCOME NO DOUBT," HE SAID.



"BUT I KNOW WHERE WE ARE: WE HAVE REACHED THE FIRST DEEP. THIS IS THE SECOND HALL OF OLD MORIA, AND THE GATES ARE NEAR: AWAY ON THE LEFT NOT MORE THAN A QUARTER MILE. ACROSS THE BRIDGE, THROUGH THE FIRST HALL, AND OUT! BUT COME AND LOOK!"

THEY PEERED OUT. BEFORE THEM WAS ANOTHER CAVERNOUS HALL. RIGHT ACROSS THE FLOOR, CLOSE TO THE FEET OF TWO PILLARS, A GREAT FISSURE HAD OPENED. OUT OF IT CAME A FIERCE RED LIGHT. "IF WE HAD COME BY THE MAIN ROAD, WE WOULD HAVE BEEN TRAPPED HERE," SAID GANDALF. "LET US HOPE THAT THE FIRE NOW LIES BETWEEN US AND PURSUIT." EVEN AS HE SPOKE THEY HEARD AGAIN THE PURSUING DRUM BEAT: THE PILLARS SEEMED TO TREMBLE AND THE FLAMES TO QUIVER. "NOW FOR THE LAST RACE," SAID GANDALF. "IF THE SUN IS SHINING OUTSIDE, WE MAY STILL ESCAPE. AFTER ME!" HE TURNED LEFT AND SPED ACROSS THE SMOOTH FLOOR OF THE HALL.



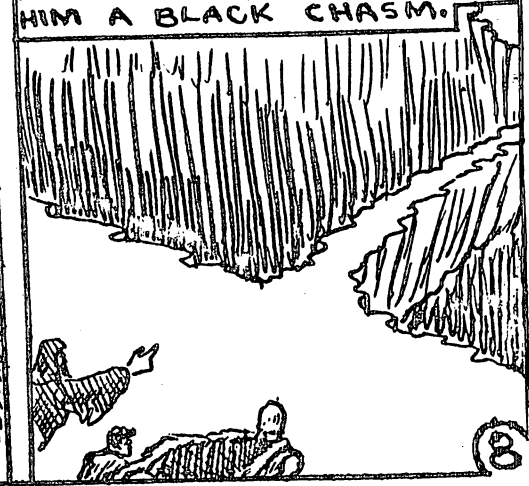
AS THEY RAN THEY HEARD THE BEAT OF MANY HURRYING FEET BEHIND. A SHRILL YELL WENT UP THEY HAD BEEN SEEN.



AN ARROW WHISTLED OVER FRODO'S HEAD. BOROMIR LAUGHED. "THEY DID NOT EXPECT THIS. THE FIRE HAS CUT THEM OFF."



"LOOK AHEAD!" GANDALF CALLED. "THE BRIDGE IS NEAR. IT IS DANGEROUS AND NARROW." FRODO SAW BEFORE HIM A BLACK CHASM.



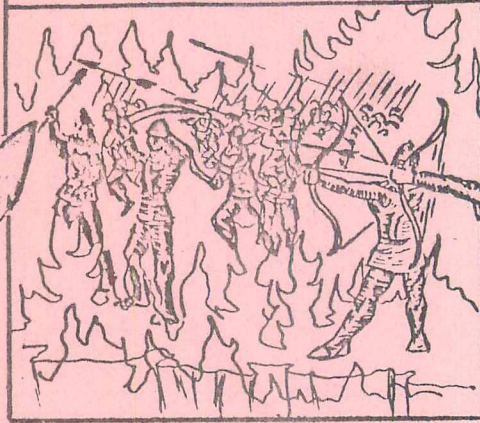
AT THE BRINK GANDALF HALTED. "LEAD THE WAY, GIMLI," HE SAID. "PIPPIN AND MERRY NEXT. STRAIGHT ON AND UP THE STAIR BEYOND THE DOOR."



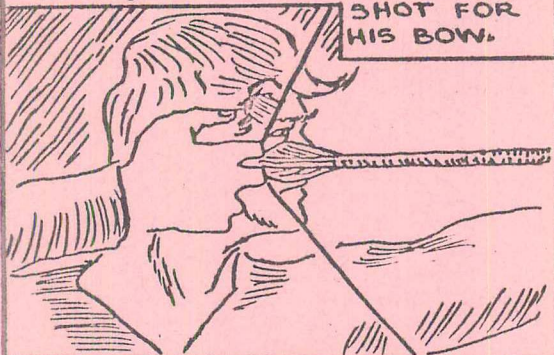
ARROWS FELL AMONG THEM. FRODO LOOKED BEHIND.



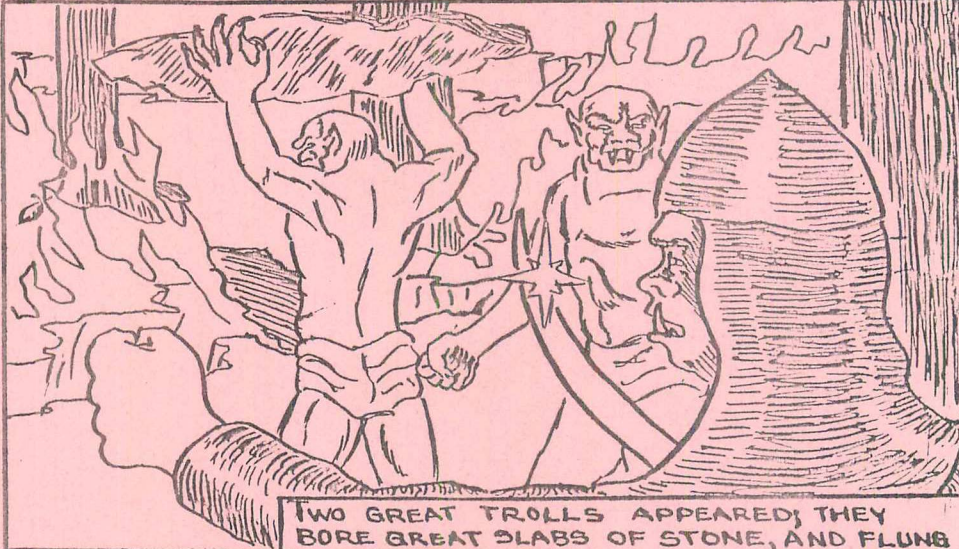
BEYOND THE FIRE HE SAW SWARMING BLACK FIGURES; THERE SEEMED TO BE HUNDREDS OF ORCS. SPEARS AND SCIMITARS SHONE RED AS BLOOD IN THE LIGHT.



LEGOLAS SET AN ARROW TO THE STRING, THOUGH IT WAS A LONG SHOT FOR HIS BOW.

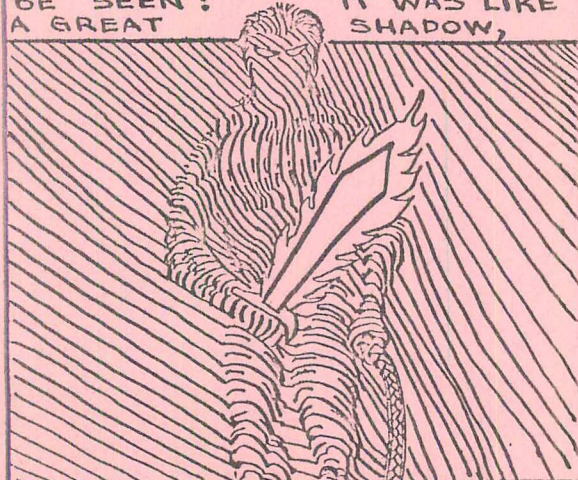


HE DREW, BUT HIS HAND FELL AND THE ARROW SLIPPED TO THE GROUND. HE GAVE A CRY OF DISMAY AND FEAR.



TWO GREAT TROLLS APPEARED; THEY BORE GREAT SLABS OF STONE, AND FLUNG THEM DOWN TO SERVE AS GANGWAYS OVER THE FIRE. BUT IT WAS NOT THESE THAT HAD FILLED THE ELF WITH TERROR.

THE RANKS OF ORCS HAD OPENED, AND THEY CROWDED AWAY AS IF THEY THEMSELVES WERE AFRAID. SOMETHING WAS COMING UP BEHIND THEM. WHAT IT WAS COULD NOT BE SEEN: IT WAS LIKE A GREAT SHADOW,



IT CAME TO THE EDGE OF THE FIRE AND THE LIGHT FADED AS IF A CLOUD HAD BENT OVER IT. THEN WITH A RUSH IT LEAPED ACROSS THE FISSURE. THE FLAMES ROARED UP TO GREET IT, AND WREATHED ABOUT IT; AND A BLACK SMOKE SWIRLED IN THE AIR. ITS STREAMING MANE KINDLED AND BLAZED BEHIND IT.



IN THE MIDDLE OF WHICH WAS A DARK FORM, MAN SHAPE MAYBE, YET GREATER; AND A POWER AND TERROR SEEMED TO BE IN IT AND TO GO BEFORE IT.

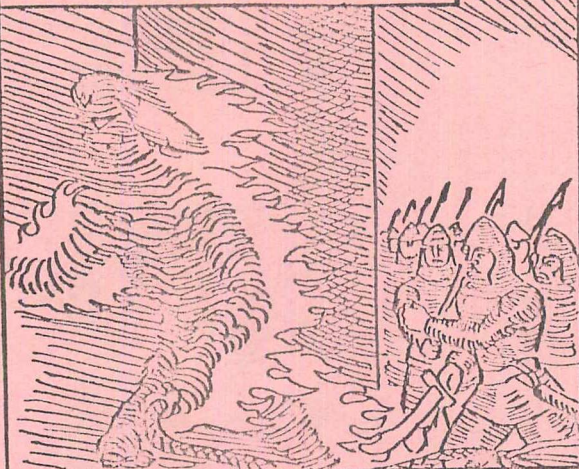
IN ITS RIGHT HAND WAS A BLADE LIKE A STABBING TONGUE OF FIRE; IN ITS LEFT IT HELD A WHIP OF MANY THINGS. "AI! AI!" WAILED LEGOLAS. "A BALROG!"

GIMLI STARED WITH WIDE EYES. "DURIN'S BANE," HE CRIED. "A BALROG," MUTTERED GANDALF, "NOW I UNDERSTAND. HE LEANED HEAVILY ON HIS STAFF.



"WHAT AN EVIL FORTUNE! AND I AM ALREADY WEARY."

THE DARK FIGURE STREAMING WITH FIRE RACED TOWARDS THEM. THE ORCS YELLED AND POURED OVER THE STONE GANGWAYS.



THEN BOROMIR RAISED HIS HORN AND BLEW. LOUD THE CHALLENGE RANG AND BELLOWED, LIKE THE SHOUTS OF MANY THROATS.



FOR A MOMENT THE ORCS QUAILED AND THE FIERY SHADOW HALTED. THEN THE ECHOES DIED SUDDENLY AND THE ENEMY ADVANCED AGAIN.

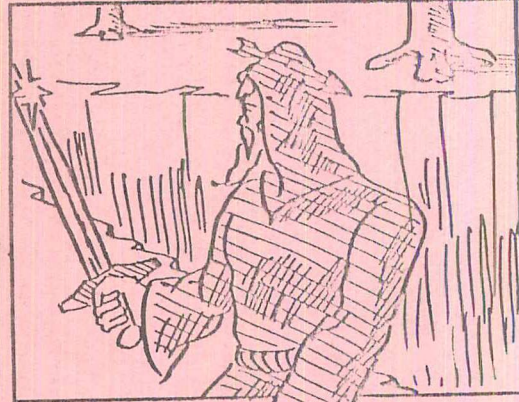
"OVER THE BRIDGE!" CRIED GANDALF, RECALLING HIS STRENGTH. "FLY! THIS IS A Foe BEYOND ANY OF YOU."



"I MUST HOLD THE NARROW WAY. FLY!"

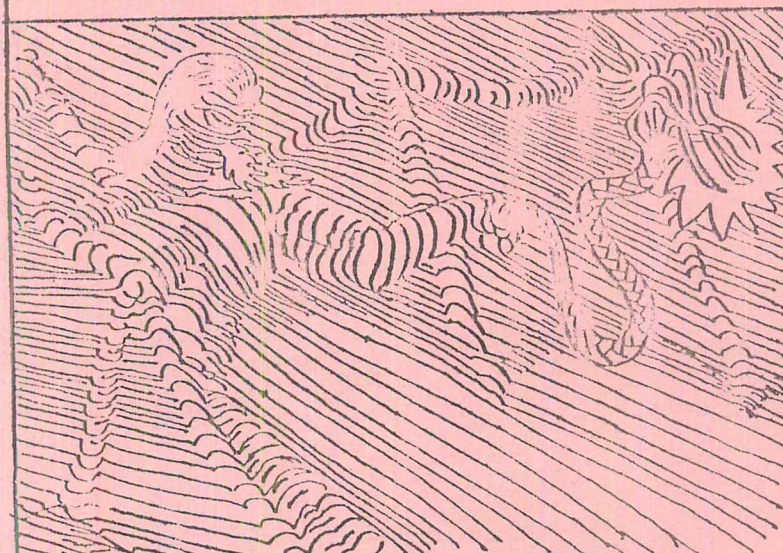


ARAGORN AND BOROMIR DID NOT HEED THE COMMAND, BUT STILL HELD THEIR GROUND BEHIND GANDALF AT THE FAR END OF THE BRIDGE. THE OTHERS HALTED AND TURNED AT THE HALL'S END.



GANDALF STOOD MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE ON THE

SPAN, LEANING ON THE STAFF IN HIS LEFT HAND, BUT IN HIS OTHER HAND GLEAMED COLD AND WHITE.

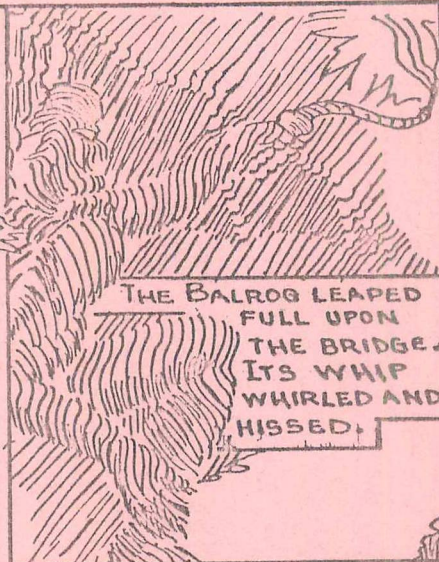
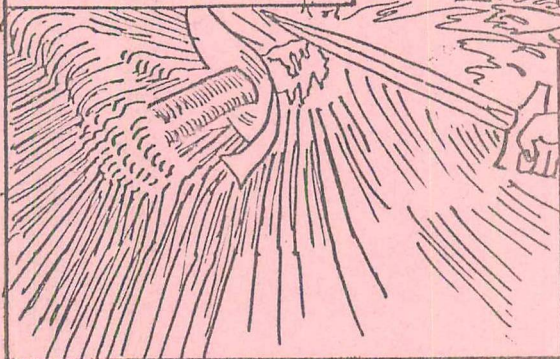


HIS ENEMY THE BALROG REACHED THE BRIDGE, HALTED, FACED HIM, AND THE SHADOWS ABOUT IT REACHED OUT LIKE WHIPS. IT RAISED THE WHIP, THE THONGS WHINNED AND CRACKED AND HIS NOSTRILS BELCHED FIRE

BUT GANDALF STOOD FIRM. "YOU CANNOT PASS," HE SAID. "I AM THE SERVANT OF THE SECRET FIRE, WIELDER OF THE FLAME OF ANOR... YOU CANNOT PASS. THE DARK FIRE WILL NOT AVALI YOU, FLAME OF UDUN! GO BACK TO THE SHADOW! YOU CANNOT PASS."

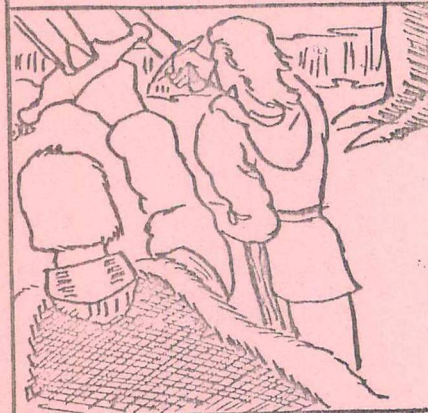


THE BALROG MADE NO ANSWER. IT STEPPED ON TO THE BRIDGE, DREW ITSELF TO A GREAT HEIGHT. FROM THE SHADOW A RED SWORD LEAPED FLAMING, GLAMDRING GLITTERED WHITE IN ANSWER. THERE WAS A CLASH AND A STAB OF WHITE FLAME.

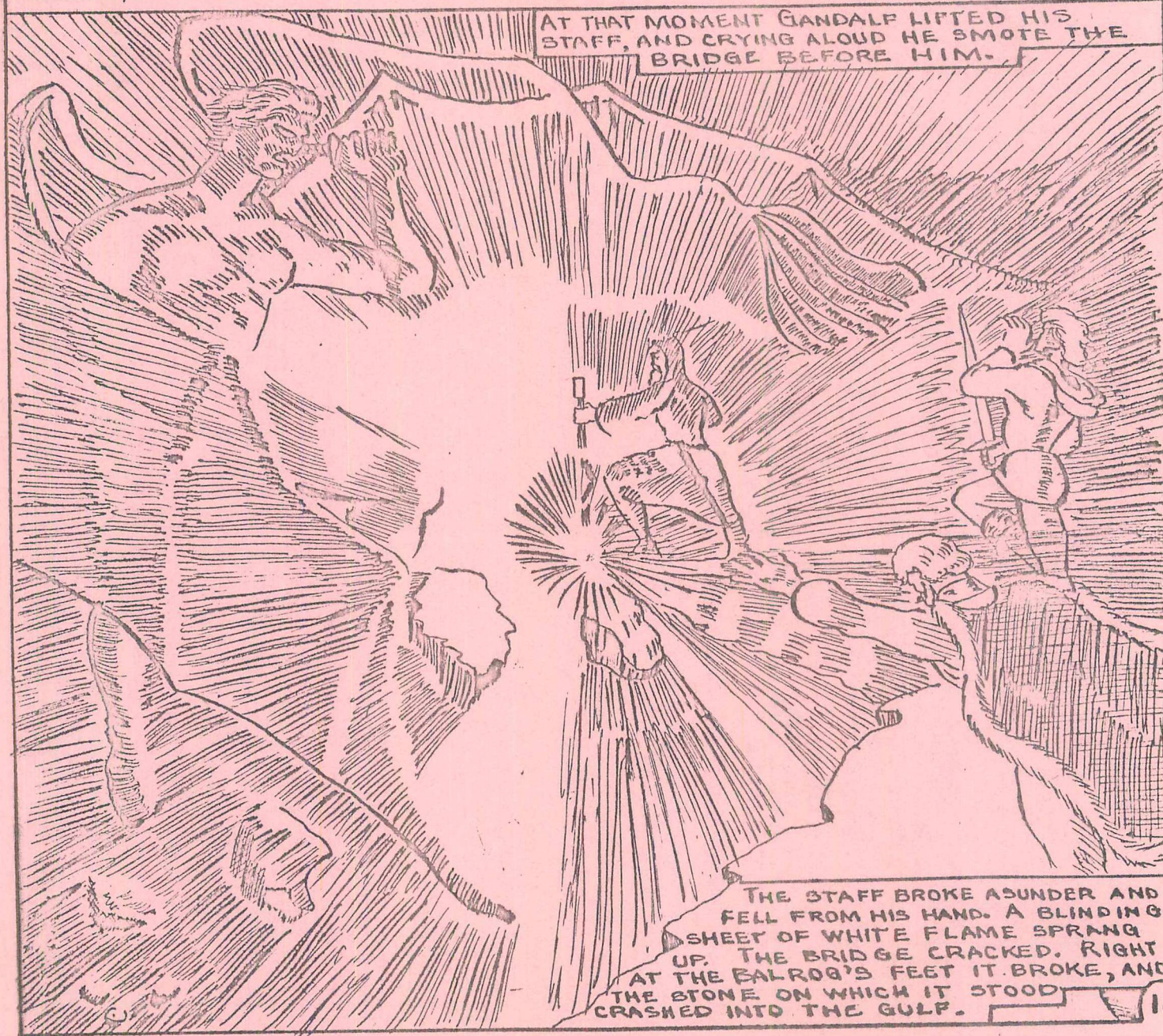


THE BALROG LEAPED FULL UPON THE BRIDGE. ITS WHIP WHIRLED AND HISSED.

"HE CANNOT STAND ALONE!" CRIED ARAGORN. "ELENLIL! I AM WITH YOU, GANDALF!"



"GONDOR!" CRIED BOROMIR AND LEAPED AFTER HIM.



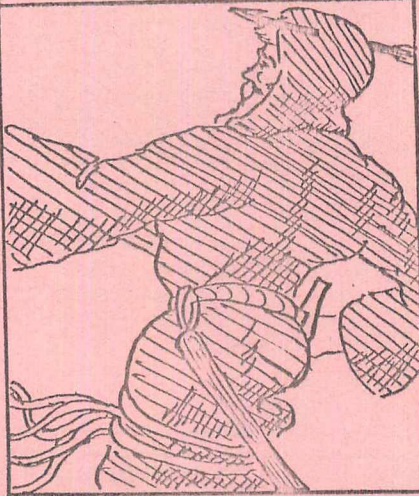
AT THAT MOMENT GANDALF LIFTED HIS STAFF, AND CRYING ALOUD HE SMOTE THE BRIDGE BEFORE HIM.

THE STAFF BROKE ASUNDER AND FELL FROM HIS HAND. A BLINDING SHEET OF WHITE FLAME SPRANG UP. THE BRIDGE CRACKED. RIGHT AT THE BALROG'S FEET IT BROKE, AND THE STONE ON WHICH IT STOOD CRASHED INTO THE GULF.

WITH A TERRIBLE CRY THE BALROG FELL FORWARD, AND ITS SHADOW PLUNGED DOWN AND VANISHED.



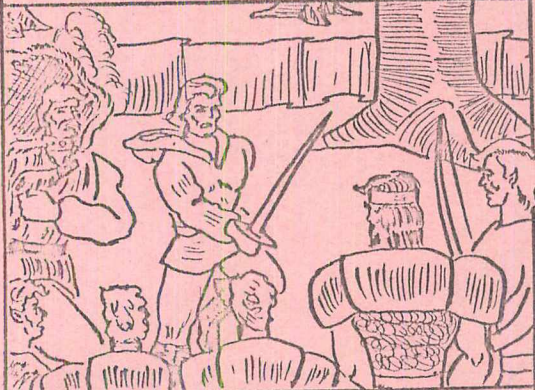
BUT EVEN AS IT FELL IT SWUNG ITS WHIP, AND THE THONGS CURLED ABOUT GANDALF'S KNEES, DRAGGING HIM TO THE BRINK.



HE STAGGERED AND FELL, GRASPED VAINLY AT THE STONE, AND SLID INTO THE ABYSS. "FLY, YOU FOOLS!" HE CRIED, AND WAS GONE.



THE COMPANY STOOD ROOTED STARING AT THE PIT. EVEN AS ARAGORN AND BOROMIR CAME FLYING BACK, THE REST OF THE BRIDGE CRACKED AND FELL.



"COME!" ARAGORN CALLED, "I WILL LEAD YOU NOW! WE MUST OBEY HIS LAST COMMAND. FOLLOW ME!"

THEY STUMBLERD WILDLY UP THE GREAT STAIRS.



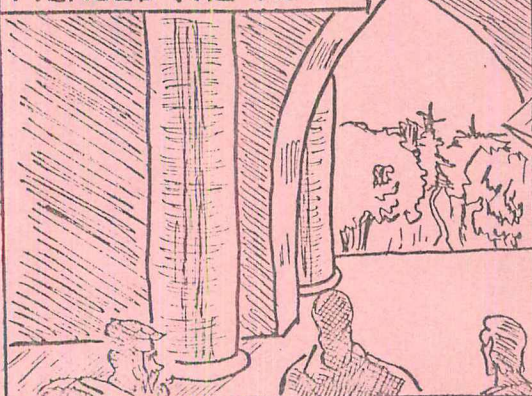
AT THE TOP WAS A WIDE PASSAGE.

ALONG THIS THEY RAN. FRODDO HEARD SAM AT HIS SIDE WEEPING, AND THEN HE FOUND THAT HE, TOO, WAS WEEPING AS HE RAN.



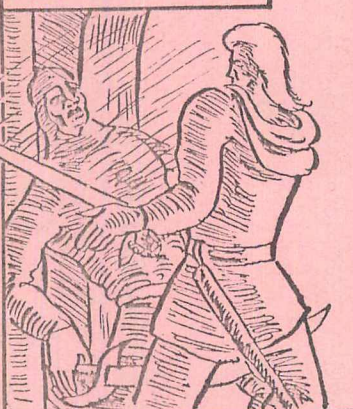
DOOM, DOOM, DOOM THE DRUM-BEATS ROLLED BEHIND, MOURNFUL NOW, DOOM!

THEY RAN ON. THE LIGHT GREW BEFORE THEM, GREAT SHAFTS PIERCED THE ROOF.



THEY PASSED INTO A HALL, BRIGHT WITH DAYLIGHT FROM ITS HIGH WINDOWS. THROUGH ITS BROKEN DOORS THEY PASSED, AND BEFORE THEM THE GREAT GATES OPENED.

THERE WAS A GUARD OF ORCS CROUCHED IN THE SHADOWS.



ARAGORN SMOTE THE CAPTAIN THAT STOOD IN HIS PATH, AND THE REST FLED FROM HIS WRATH.

THE COMPANY SWEEP PAST THEM. OUT OF THE GATES THEY RAN, DOWN THE AGE-WORN STEPS, THE THRESHOLD OF MORIA. DIMRILL DALE LAY ABOUT THEM.



TO BE CONTINUED....

THE BRIDGE OF KHAZAD-DUM

AN EXPLANATION

BY RICHARD P. L. GLASS

What do we have here, what does a comic book adaption of Chapter **five**, Book II, of The Fellowship of the Ring by J. R. R. Tolkien represent? To the purist Tolkien fans, it may represent a blasphemy, a degradation of sacred ground. To Houghton Mifflin Company and the author himself it may represent violation of the copyright code and grounds for a law suit. To an artist it may represent a peer attempt by an artist who has negligible understanding of the anatomy, drapery, perspective, or the medium used.

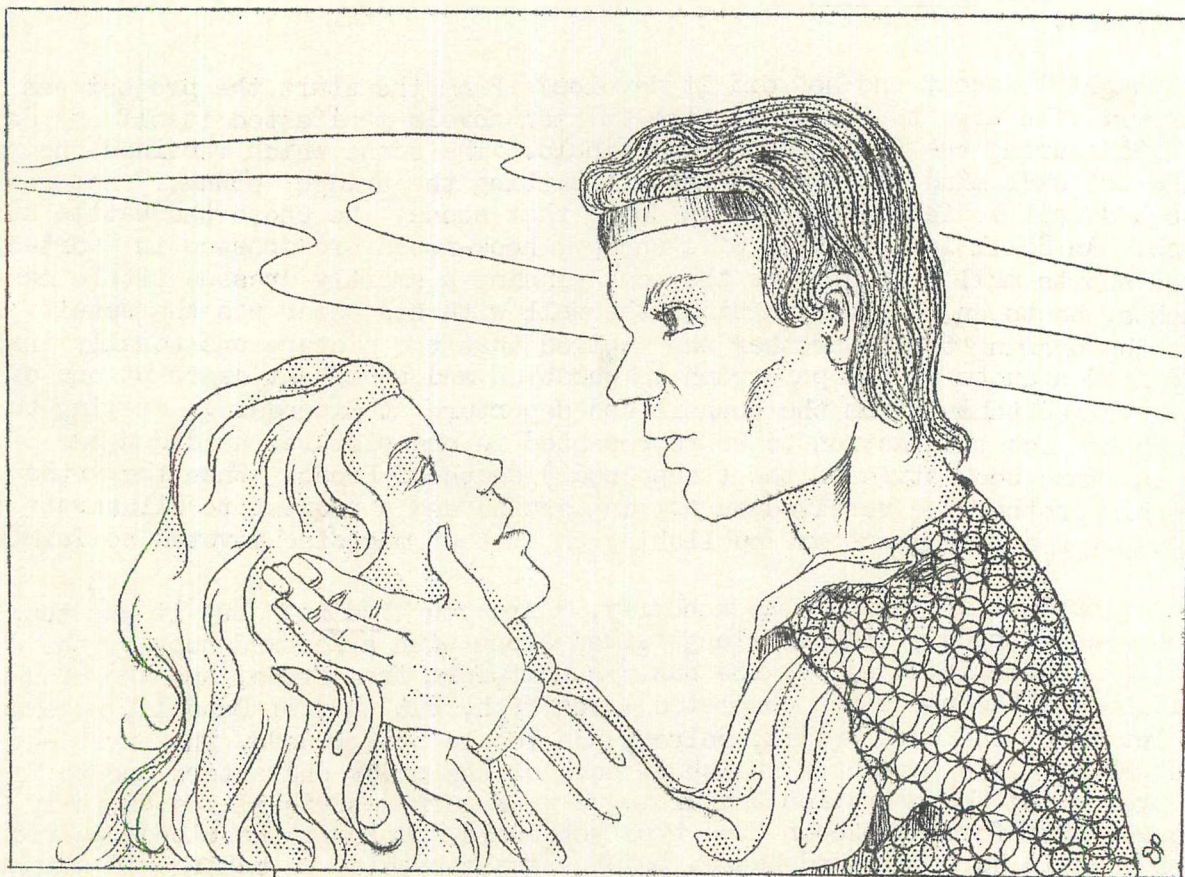
What it represents to the artist who perpetrated it is twelve months of dead ends and inspirations; a challenge, the beginning of a dream, and a seed of promise for others. It is summarized in the words too soon and not enough; too soon in that the artist has not had enough time to familiarize with the work or enough artistic training to tackle the challenge of illustrating a series of books so abundant in lyrical imagery and visual drama. It is one of the current dreams of the artist to be the E. C. Weyth of the Ring Trilogy when he gains the skill to attempt the task. The promise held in the work is that of perhaps the wider distribution of Tolkien's classics without the loss of their original beauty. Imagine what Hal Foster, to name one able cartoonist, could do with The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings illustrating perhaps a chapter a month, or as a Sunday weekly similar to his Prince Valiant! The beauty of the works transformed to a colorful visual experience.

What brought it about and how did it develop? From the start the project was filled with error. The urge to illustrate the Tolkien novels manifested itself one day in January of 1965 during the Dead Week before finals. The scene which remained the most vivid in the artist's mind was that of Gandalf Smiting the Bridge; however, not remembering enough detail to feel justified in doing that scene, he chose the battle at Balin's tomb. An 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ "x11" ink drawing of a shaggy, hook-nosed orc dressed in short-sleeved, tattered shorts mail leaping over the tomb pinning a smartly dressed little man wearing tights, boots and a livery against the wall with his spear was the result. The artist sent the drawing to his brother who replied that the picture was totally inaccurate and supplied a quote of the paragraph in question and thumbnail descriptions of the characters involved taken from the council and departure at Rivendale. Feeling that the paragraph had too much action to be represented in one picture, he did a two page continuity in comic book style of the (supposed) death of Frodo. When the artist sent this off to his brother, he received surprizing praise and a request to illustrate the entire chapter for a friend who was publishing an amateur magazine devoted to Tolkien.

The reaction to this request was a hearty, " Are you kidding?" but it was too late, the seed had been planted , the challenge given along with a Xeroxed copy of the chapter in question. Boromir, Aragorn, the basic Hobbit form from Frodo, and the orcs had been established in the two pages completed March 15th, but what of Gandalf, Legolas, and Gimli, let alone the cave trolls, Balrog, and locale backgrounds. The first page was laid out mainly as a character sketch of each of the major characters and to figure the method presenting the narration and dialogue, Aragorn was visualized as tall, heroic looking, long-haired forester-Robin Hood type yet noble. Boromir the blonde warrior with military cut in both hair and beard. Legolas was a problem in making him slight and bright like an elf without making him unmanly. Gimli-- with only an axe and a shirt of chain mail to work from-- materialized as the dark, worn, miner cast small yet sturdy

enough to build the dwarf halls like Khazad-dum. Gandalf was a real worry, he had to have the age and wisdom of a wizard and say "wizard" when one looked at him without looking like Diney's Merlin; for this reason, I (mistakenly) discarded the pointed hat clishe for a robe of a monk type who studied magic for godly purpose. The first five pages were completed withing two weeks after the request had been received. Page six was penciled but not inked for some time as the artist felt that the entire thing should be penciled before inking and he was having trouble visualizing the next scene which is Gandalf's magical fight at the door. Page eight was a problem in that a panel establishing the new background of the Second Hall of the First Deep and its layout was a puzzlement. Tis was resolved during Easter vacation with conferences and preliminary sketches. Work was interrupted by finals followed by six weeks in a migrant labor camp which deadened enthusiasm for anything until the resumption of school. During the early fall semester pages nine and ten were produced as the problem of depicting the Balrog was surmounted. About this time the artist learned that dwarves sport large forked beards and that Gandalf has a waist length beard and a pointed hat--- the beard on Gimli was added, but the artist was not about to redraw the entire ten pages for the sake of Gandalf, who would "die" the following page. Again "Kh*D", as the artist called it, retired into dormancy until he read Beowulf (Chas. W. Kennedy trans.) and discovered the reason for the dragon's wrath in the second part of the poem was very much like Bilbo in Smaug's lair. Having done a color version of Gandalf smiting the bridge, the rekindled fire was enough to solve the layout problem so that page eleven would end with that scene; the rest was down hill.

Out of the almost 80 panels, the artist is satisfied with only four; the battle at the tomb (page 3), the panorama of the Second Hall of the First Deep (page 8), the first panel with the Blarog (page 9), and Gandalf smiting the Bridge (page 11).



J. R. R. TOLKIEN: A BRIEF SURVEY AND A COMPARISON

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by DOC WEIR

PROLOGUE : I wrote this study because I was asked to do so, not because I imagined that I had any special knowledge or qualifications for the task. It is an invidious business to write about a man whom you have never even seen (though I have heard Professor Tolkien described by several of his students), and if I have, at any point, misinterpreted or misunderstood him, I am sincerely sorry.

Such errors as it may contain are entirely my own; such merits or virtues as it may possess will serve, I hope, to magnify his, as some small return for the very great pleasure that his work has given both to me and to many others.

Arthur R. Wier, D.Sc.

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The great success achieved by Professor Tolkien's Trilogy, THE LORD OF THE RINGS, among the most varied and diverse readers and critics, makes it clear that we have here a genuine literary achievement which, unlike many, has had its merits recognized from the onset. It is, accordingly, interesting to look more closely at the author, and to see how far his qualifications and background have assisted him in winning the success which he has so notably attained.

The first step is to see what account he has given of himself, and for this we may use the most obvious and easily-consulted of reference-books, WHO'S WHO, supplementing it, where necessary, by University calendars.

John Ronald Reuel Tolkien was born on 3rd. January, 1892, so we know that he has had a full life's experience upon which to draw, and he served in the Lancashire Fusiliers from 1915 to 1918, so he is a man who sees war through the eyes of his own personal experience of it.

Then follows his Academic career : Reader in English Language, Leeds 1920; Professor of English Language, Leeds, 1924-5. Now this in itself tells us much; the English language, with its dual origin, makes greater demands than almost any other upon the learning of any man who sets out to specialize in it : English is fifty percent of Latin origin, so that the English scholar must have a first-rate knowledge of Latin and also of both the Northern and Southern forms of Old French, through which so many Latin words came to us — and, since so many Latin words are of Greek origin, it will be well for him to have a reasonable acquaintance with Greek as well. Another forty percent of English is of Teutonic origin, so whoever sets out to be an English scholar must know the Old High German that was the language of the hard-handed thick-skulled fighting farmers who swarmed over into the fertile and defenceless island of Britain during the fifth and sixth centuries; also since Britain suffered a second very considerable invasion by Danes, Norse, Frisians, and Swedes during the ninth century, who even set up their own " Dane-Law" territory with its own laws and customs (which have strongly influenced English Common Law and Parliamentary Government to this day!), the scholar had better know the old Norse language as well, which has survived, little changed as the present-day speech of Iceland. The remaining ten percent of the English language is of the most miscellaneous origin, but so many Celtic words have survived in Latinized or Teutonized forms that it will be as well for our scholar to be acquainted with the old Celtic that is the common denominator and origin of the modern Welsh, Erse, Gaelic, and Breton speech.

Few of us who learn English as our mother-tongue realize the richness and complexity of the sources upon which we can draw, if we choose -- the features that give English

a flexibility, exactness and richness of implied meaning that is at once the pride of the English man of letters and the utter despair of the foreigner who is trying to acquire a reasonable mastery of the the language.

The next entry is Rawlinson & Bosworth Professor of Anglo Saxon, Oxford, 1925--45, and this tells us that by this date we have to do with a man who is already a fine scholar and who is recognized as such in the world of learning, since you do not attain an Oxford Professorship at the age of 33 unless you are much more than ordinarily well up in your chosen branch of scholarship. Also, as part of his regular work, the holder of this Professorial Chair will have to be intimately acquainted with the heroic tales that were the common heritage of the Norsemen and of the Northern Germans, and which, in their Scandinavian form, gave us, as the Norse "Sagas," some of the finest hero-tales of all time.

The list goes on : Fellow of Pembroke College, 1926 -- 45 : Leverhulme Research Fellow, 1934 --35 (we shall see, later, to what this special piece of research led); while finally and in many ways the most revealing of all, we have Andrew Lang Lecturer at St. Andrews, 1939.

St. Andrews University delights to pay honour to one of her most notable figures, Andrew Lang, philologist, famous literary critic, and collector of folk-lore and fairy-tales from all the countries of the earth -- the editor and compiler of that splendid set of books that the older of us remember from our own childhood, and for which many generations of children have blessed his name : the Red, Yellow, Green, Blue, Violet, White and Black Fairy Books, The Red and Blue Books of Animal Stories and the Red Book of Romance. Here we had fairy-tales, hero-tales, animal-tales and the best of the romances from every country on earth, English, Celtic, Norse, German, French, Italian, Slavonic, Indian, Persian, Chinese, Japanese, Amerindian and Pacific Island -- all most carefully and artistically re-told in style and language not too difficult for reading aloud to the six-year-old, yet interesting and exciting enough to hold the attention of even the fourteen-year-old, and all enriched with the most delightful illustrations that ever rejoiced the heart of a child -- in which dragons, bears and lions were properly huge and menacing, fairy princesses were beautiful beyond imagining, enchanted forests had all manner of delightfully horrible things peering out of their shadows and enchanted palaces and castles were picturesque and magnificent beyond belief! That Tolkien should have been chosen to lecture in memory of this man, of whom a critic well said that, " he was never so much at home as on that ground which is the borderland between legend and history," was a most significant pointer towards his future.

Next in order comes the list of Tolkien's own publications, showing the sort of work to which the man himself chose to turn his hand : A Middle English Vocabulary, 1922 -- a sound scholastic start ; then, Co-Editor (with E.V. Gordon) of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight", 1925. Now this, again, is significant and revealing, for while the "Arthurian" legends are mostly drawn from the Old and Mediaeval French tales, these, in turn, are founded upon older legends, many of them of Celtic origin -- indeed the name Gawain is itself Celtic -- and here we may remember the markedly Celtic sound of the Elven-tongues that Tolkien devised for his trilogy : Glorfindel's relieved and enthusiastic greeting to Aragorn:

" Ai, na vedui, Dunadan ! Mae govannen ! "

or the inscription that Celebrimbor cut over the hidden Gates of Moria. To any of us who have ever lived for a little time in a country district in Wales, or who have been in the Gaelic-speaking parts of Scotland, these words have a ring and intonation that is unmistakeable and familiar.

Next comes Chaucer as a Philologist, a Philological Society pamphlet in 1934, followed, in 1937, by something that is almost certainly the outcome of his Leverhulme Research Fellowship, and which, from our point of view, is one of the most important of his academic publications : Beowulf -- the Monsters and the Critics.

Now even the most superficial acquaintance with the Beowulf legend is enough to reveal it as the source book for many of the incidents of THE HOBBIT and of the RINGS trilogy : the hideous " Thing in the Water" that guarded the West Gate of Moria, that was the death of Óin and came near to being the death of Frodo, comes from the monsters of the enchanted lake in Beowulf. Beowulf's sword turning off harmlessly from the scaly hide of Grendel's mother gave us Boromir's sword turning on the hide of the great cave-troll in Moria ; in the deadly struggle between Beowulf and Grendel's mother in the cavern at the bottom of the lake, the invulnerable monster is killed only by the spell-wrought might of an enchanted weapon from of old, snatched up by chance by the hero from among the loot that litters her lair, and it is just such an enchanted weapon from of old that enables the valiant little hobbit, Meriadoc Brandybuck, to hamstring and bring down the terrible king of the Ringwraiths, who is invulnerable to ordinary weapons -- and, immediately after, Merry's magic blade smokes and writhes and fades away, just as Beowulf's did in the hag's inhuman blood.

Smaug the dragon, in THE HOBBIT, and his bed of golden treasure, is no more than a more detailed, and in some ways more terrifying, version of Beowulf's fire-drake and its hoard of treasure -- indeed in one place Tolkien has even used the very wording of the Beowulf poem, where, in the appendix summarizing the history of the Rohirrim, he writes:

" Of Fram, they tell that he slew Scatha, the great dragon of Ered

Mithrin, and the land had peace from the long-worms afterwards."

" Long-worm" is the very epithet used for the fire-drake in the Beowulf epic, in several places.

Following, in the list of Tolkien's works, we have, in 1946, first The Pearl -- a Verse Translation and then, last of all, and the most telling: Fairy Stories -- a Critical Study.

The last item in WHO'S WHO is equally revealing : Recreations : Writing verse, fairy stories and romances -- and we remember P. Schuyler Miller's delighted review of the RINGS trilogy, extolling its author for his skill in producing " chantable lyrics."

The next pertinent evidence comes from Tolkien's works themselves; a glance makes it obvious that THE HOBBIT was written for children in the six-to ten age group, but Tolkien has himself apologized, at the beginning of the RINGS for the fact that the promised sequel has been fourteen years on the way. Combining this with the fact that the detailed maps at the end of the RINGS volumes bear the initials of another member of the Tolkien family, it is clear that the RINGS trilogy has been written for -- and pretty certainly discussed and criticized at length by -- an audience just at the argumentative and cocksure age, who most probably inherited at least a portion of their father's brains, and could hardly help -- brought up in such an atmosphere -- acquiring at least some of his catholic literary taste, wide culture and amazing powers of constructive imagination.

It is not possible, in a short article like this, to make any sort of detailed comparison of Tolkien's work with that of the most notable fantasy writers -- a theme that might well fill a moderate-sized book -- but it may be interesting to conduct a brief and limited survey. For a comparison we may take, in the first place, his two personal friends and contemporaries : Clive Staples Lewis, author of some of the most controversial works on modern man and religion that have been produced in this generation, together with a Science Fantasy trilogy equally noted both inside and outside Science Fiction circles -- OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET, PERELANDRA and THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH -- and Charles Williams, poet, visionary, famous critic of Dante and author of a series of semi-supernatural adventure fantasies that, for some unknown reason, seen hardly known at all to the general public : MANY DIMENSIONS, WAR IN HEAVEN, THE PLACE OF THE LION, SHADOWS OF ECSTASY, DESCENT INTO HELL, ALL HALLOWS' EVE and THE GREATER TRUMPS, of which only the first has ever gotten through into a cheap paper-back edition (Penguin. It is a mystery to me why people who now extol Ray Bradbury, to their friends' complete boredom, never seen to have heard of this splendid fantasist, who wrote (and, in my

own opinion, wrote immeasurably better) in almost exactly Bradbury's own vein of semi-supernatural fantasy some years before Bradbury had ever been heard of.

With these, for complement and contrast, we may consider Howard Phillips Lovecraft and Abraham Merritt, two Americans who are acknowledged masters of fantasy.

Let us now compare, in turn, the moral outlook and demonology of these authors.

Lewis' morality is openly and expressly Christian -- his Maleldil the Young, Creator and ruler of the Universe, is (implicitly, and all but explicitly) equated with that aspect of the Holy Trinity that, as Guardian Savior and Companion, is incarnated for the Christian in Jesus of Nazareth, while his " Black Gyarsa " who bedevils, in the most literal sense, the affairs of this unfortunate planet, is none other than the Christian Satan, the " Our Father Below " of his most amusing of militantly Christian books, THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS.

Charles Williams' religious background, while equally strongly felt, is far less prominent and indeed is nowhere explicitly stated ; the invocation of or use of supernatural powers " from the outside " is portrayed throughout as inadmissible, not only because they are evil and dangerous, but even more because nobody can see just where even the simplest action of the kind may ultimately lead -- and in Williams' fantasies such actions lead us into some peculiarly horrible places!

Merritt, specializing, as he does, chiefly in exploration fantasies of the " lost race " type, has little moral or religious background, and his villains suffer the ordinary corruptions of mankind : in THE MOON POOL as also in THE FACE IN THE ABYSS the ruling people have, by long use, become callously and completely indifferent to the sufferings of their subject peoples, and have gradually and imperceptively passed from mere indifference to positive cruelty and enjoyment of the sufferings of others. There is a touch of this also in his DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE, while the central villains of his later fantasies SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN and BURN, WHITCH, BURN ! are afflicted simply with devouring ambition -- the desire for unlimited power over their fellow-creatures without the slightest regard for their individual wishes or desires.

Lovecraft's villains are of more complex type -- here there is sometimes the desire for power (occasionally disguised as the desire for riches) and sometimes the ill-conditioned under-dog's desire to tear down anything that seems to be above him simply because it is above him, but it is usually complicated with the deliberate indulgence in forbidden rites, sometimes of almost bestial foulness, and with communion with beings from beyond the ordinary limits of time and space who are beatliness and evil personified. In this connection it is interesting that Lovecraft seldom even mentions Christian rites or beliefs at all, but leaves it to be tacitly assumed that against these transdimensional powers of evil they are of little or no use or effect.

Since Tolkien, Lewis, Williams, Lovecraft and Merritt all make use of magic in their fantasies, it is instructive to look at their magicians. Those of Lovecraft and Merritt are in the old " Gothic Romance " tradition, making use of elaborate diagrams, rituals and incantations -- they in themselves are of no power worth mentioning (old Ephraim Whately, of Lovecraft's gruesome tale " The Dunwich Horror " is quite openly half-witted!) but they command the powers they do through the rituals and spell that they have learnt. Lewis, on the other hand, says of Merlin, in THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH, that " He was a magician, not because of what he had learnt, but because of the kind of man he was. " And Tolkien's magicians, Gandalf, Rhadagast and the turncoat Saruman are of the same kind. Though they are called " Masters of Lore " their spells are worked with the very minimum of ritual or of external paraphernalia -- The Master speaks the Word, and the thing is done. It is interesting to compare this with the wonders said to be worked by the adepts of the Tantric and Mahayana coteries in Tibet; here we are told that the adepts of the medium grades use and enormously elaborate ritual of charms, spells and

diagrams, whereas the really great masters seem to be able to work far greater wonders without any apparatus at all, and with the very minimum of ritual!

Excepting Charles Williams, all these writers have to some extent created their own historical or semi-mythical backgrounds for their stories: Lewis uses the background of Christian mythology and history and of accepted geological and cosmological science, merely observing, in passing, that the "Black Oyarsa," the perverted guardian spirit of Earth, turned to evil courses long before the appearance of man on earth.

Two of Merritt's pseudo-historical suggestions are of interest here. In *THE DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE* he postulates the existence in Central Asia of a remote Uighur civilization at a time when the Gobi desert was still fertile country, and links this up with the more generally accepted notion that the Viking heroic legends of Odin, Thor and the main Norse pantheon date from the period of their wanderings after the increasing desiccation of Central Asia had made it uninhabitable for them. In *THE FACE IN THE ABYSS*, he suggests the existence on earth of a reptile civilization, antedating that of man-kind, which, in the action of the story, is represented by the single survivor, the strange being known as the Snake-Mother who is the central figure of the action of the book. Lovecraft has also used a similar idea in his tale *THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK*, namely that the fearful talisman described therein, which has again and again exposed mankind to danger from beings of hideous evil, residing in other dimensions of space and time, had also been revered and used before ever mankind existed on earth by "the serpent men of Valusia" and by "the crinoid (= sea-urchin!) beings of Antarctica." Both these authors, of course, derived the idea from the Asiatic legend of the "Nagas", the half-serpent half-human beings depicted in Hindu sculpture from the Indus valley to Java.

Lovecraft's main contribution to the mythos of the supernatural was, however, the idea, which he used again and again, that before the evolution of mankind the earth had been inhabited by beings of an entirely inhuman kind, who, by ferocious cruelty and by the practice of black magic of the most revolting kind, had forfeited their birthright and had been outlawed to some other dimension of space and time, from which they ceaselessly plotted to regain their power on earth, using as their tools, depraved, ignorant or conscienceless experimenters with "magic" with whom they might, on occasion, be able to open communication. Merritt himself once produced something parallel to this in the terrible deity Khalkru, the Kraken-God, Lord of Chaos, depicted in *THE DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE*, who dwells in some other dimension of time and space, but who can be summoned thence by ritual to receive the ghastly human sacrifices described in the story.

Tolkien, however, by comparison with these indulges in a far grander and more wide-sweeping historical creation, going back several thousand years, and postulating the former existence on earth of a race of Immortals, the Elves, as well as of two other races, mortal but not human -- the dwarven-folk, and the Ents, the great shepherds of the trees. There have been few things in recent literature more heartrendingly sorrowful than his picture of the elves, great, beautiful, but, since in bygone ages they helped men to forbidden knowledge, condemned to exile in Middle Earth, where they are slowly being exterminated, since though immune to old-age or sickness they can yet be killed in battle by the evilly disposed. His "Great Enemy", who brought about the fall of the first kindly society of Elves and Men living in love and trust together, is, presumably the Christian Satan, of whom, as we are told "the Dark Lord, Sauron (the central evil genius of the RING trilogy) was but a servant."

And here we come to one of the strangest things about Tolkien's trilogy -- not only is there no mention of Christian mythology or of the Christian faith, but there is nowhere in it any mention of any religion at all! Even more remarkable, there is nowhere any quotation from any religious work -- and when one considers the dozens of metaphors and comparisons in everyday English that are direct quotations from the Bible -- such "clear as crystal" "lick the dust" "a broke reed" "a law unto themselves" or "weighed and found wanting" -- this curious "spiritual disinfection" is in itself no mean literary feat!

THE LORD OF THE RINGS is not an allegory, like the PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, yet, like that and similar works, it is on the very highest moral plane, and likely in the very foremost degree to promote such things as courage, humility, friendship, kindness and self-sacrifice, and generally to keep us mindful of that Virtue which, the Chatechism tells us, is the Chief End of Man.

ADDENDA TO NO MONROE IN LOTHLORIEN

(1 PALANTIR 3)

Next time you're in a large public library, try to get hold of a colossal tome called "Romanesque Art in Italy", by H. Decker (translated from the German) published by Thames and Hardham. It includes 230 very fine photographs, and three of these show possible sites for the filming of scenes in Minas Tirith; plates 74 and 75 show views in and of the little wall hill-town of SAN GIMIGNANO, which is one of the only Italian towns still to possess a number of the private family fortified houses common in the Middle Ages, with their great fortified towers standing up above the roof-lines, overtopping even the church towers. Plate 76 shows the very remarkable fortified hill-top of MONTERIGGIONO to give its modern Italian name). It's a great forty-foot high curtain wall surrounding the whole hill-top, with a set of 14 big square towers each some 90 ft. high at equal intervals all around it, leaving the whole thing looking like an out-size embodiment of the ornament called in heraldry a "moral crown."

I am wondering whether it might not be best to do the film partly in cartoon (you'll remember that mixed cartoon and actual shots can be done) as otherwise the difficulties about the orcs, or ,even worse, the Ents, become simply impossible. But I shiver to think what Disney would make of it -- we'd want somebody with all his technical skill, but something as unlike his (alleged) "artistic" conceptions as possible! (You remember the scornful side-swipes that Tolkien takes at him in passing, in several places!)

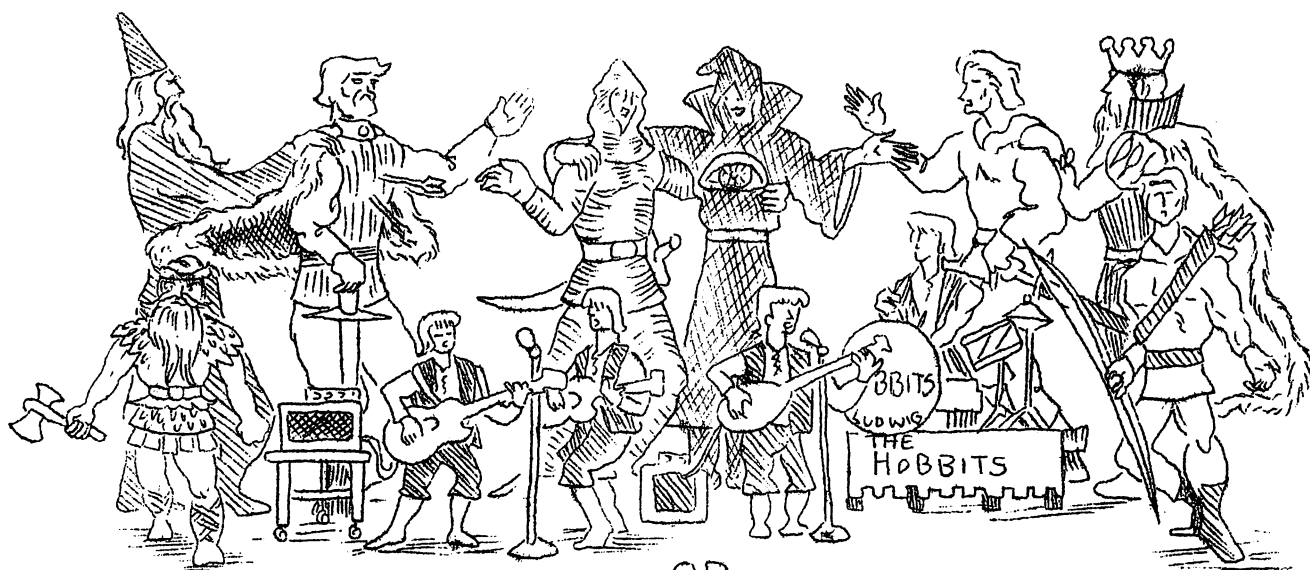
Unfortunately the man we really want for this, died some thirty years ago; he was an artist who had great influence on C.S. Lewis (and I believe also on Tolkien) being the late Arthur Rackham. I don't know whether you ever saw any of his illustrations to Grimm's Fairy Tales or to the Wagnerian "Ring" Cycle, but they are most striking, since he had a wonderful gift for fantasy and for "atmosphere." He could draw a tree in such a way that you found yourself turning it round and round trying to decide what there was about it that caused it to look at the same time perfectly natural and also horribly threatening! Clarke Ashton Smith, in his earliest days when he illustrated his own tales, sometimes brought this off, while I'm told that Sime could, and, of course, a great master in this line was the Italian immigrant who settled in England at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Fuseli.

Doc Weir

I PALANTIR

PRESENTS:

HELLO FRODO!



~OR~

"What Ever Happened to Sauron's Ring?"

The
NEW

COMEDY

PIRATED
FROM MANY

by

KATHLEEN

HUBER

SCENE 1

Outside the House of Elrond, in Rivendell. Elves, Dwarves, Men and Hobbits are gathered around the door.

CHORUS: We are here to see the Nine depart!
[1] We are giving them a cheerful start!
What a smashing, positively dashing
Day to send the Ring south to Mordor!

In the House the Fellowship are eager to be off,
Rather less than more.
What a ripping, absolutely jipping
Day to send the Ring south to Mordor!

Pulses rushing, faces flushing,
Heartbeats speed up,
I have never been so keyed up!

Any second now
Packing will be done!
Hark their voices speak! The door is creaking open! Look!
It has begun!

(ELROND enters, with the nine members of the Fellowship behind him. He stands on the top step and addresses the populace.)

ELROND: Now, I suppose you're wondering why I've called you all here today...

DWARF: Not bloody likely!

ELROND: Er...I suppose not...Well, unaccustomed as I am to Free Speech, I must now make a brief...

HOBBIT: Hear! Hear!

ELROND: ...announcement pertaining to Operation Elbereth which, as you all know, is the Top Secret Plot to destroy the One Ring of Power and thus put it forever out of the reach of Sauron, the Dark Lord. Nine lucky representatives of the Free People of Middle Earth have been selected, and are about to depart on a perilous, dread, and, I may say, technically impossible mission, for which we all wish them the best of luck and hearty congratulations!

CHORUS: O Joy Unbounded!

ELROND (sings): When you have a Ring and you are fading away,
[2] You can take it to: Mordor!
When powerful evil starts to get in your way,
You can run off to: Mordor!

Mordor: where the swamps and desolation will confound you!
Mordor: where Old Sauron's wicked forces will surround you!
And Orodruin...Fiery Doom is just waiting right there,
Where you'll destroy all our troubles, destroy all our cares
Down in Mordor: Land where the spiders dwell...
Mordor: Nazgul and Orcs as well...
Mordor: Fiery Eye of Hell's there!

FELLOWSHIP (Sings, with gusto not unlike a football team after a successful half-time pep-talk):
[3]

We're leaving Rivendell, our friend,
If it makes you feel all right!
We're going straight to Hell, our friend,
If it makes you feel all right!

'Cause we don't care too much for Sauron!
Sauron just wants the Ring.

He wants more elbow room, our friend,
And the Hobbits bug him so!
We're going to Mount Doom, our friend,
Where the bubbling craters glow.

'Cause we don't care too much for Sauron!
Sauron just wants the Ring!

FRODO: Just wants my Ring!
Everybody tells me so!
Just wants my Ring!
Ho, ho, ho, ho!

HOBBITS: He'll hafta stick to diamond Rings,
And just be satisfied!
'Cause Frodo's got the kind of Ring
That money just can't buy!

FELLOWSHIP: And we don't care too much for Sauron!
Sauron just wants the Ring!

HOBBITS: Woo-woo-woo!

CHORUS: Bravo! Delight beyond description! O, Ginger peachy! etc.

ELROND: Now then...as it is absolutely necessary that the Fellowship depart immediately, if not sooner, I shall take this opportunity to permit them to introduce themselves, and to say as my last words of encouragement: Good afternoon, good luck, and sorry. I wish you good fortune, You'll need it.

(The Fellowship lines up, and each member steps forward, sings his verse, and then shakes hands with the others along the line during the chorus, thus ending up at the opposite end of the line, so that the next member can step forward.)

BOROMIR: Picture if you can
[4] A handsome, proud young man
With an ear-splitting horn and a great physique:
A perfect Dunadan.
Who's going off to war
Against the rat-fink in Mordor,
Whose blade is bright, 'cause Orcs at night
Mean lots of fun in store!

ALL: That's Boromir! That's Boromir!
Beyond a doubt that's Boromir!
To see that Minas Tirith's free....
Boromir or Gondor:

BOROMIR: That's me!

LEGOLAS: Picture for yourself
A virile, well-built Elf
With a mean bow and arrow and long blond hair
Who can take care of himself.
Who comes from Mirkwood dark,
Which ain't no city park;
Who don't need a sweater, and sings much better
Than any stupid lark!

ALL That's Greenleaf! That's Greenleaf!
Beyond a doubt that's Greenleaf!
Who'd sooner Lembas than jam and tea...
Legolas Greenleaf:

LEGOLAS: That's me!

GIMLI: Picture now for real,
A Dwarf with an axe of steel;
Who's fierce in a fight, and downs each night
A monstrous evening meal.
Who thinks of Durin's Day
In a sentimental way.
Who means to roar down to Mordor
And make those Goblins pay!

ALL: That's Gimli! That's Gimli!
Beyond a doubt that's Gimli!
A stiff-necked Dwarf whose beard flows free...
Gloin's son Gimli:

GIMLI: That's me!

ARAGORN: Picture if you can
A gaunt but kingly Man.
A sharp-eyed Numenorean
Brought up with Elrond's clan;
Whose blade is split in two,
Whose wedding's overdue,
Who's gotta make good as a good king should,
Before his dream comes true!

ALL: That's Strider! That's Strider!
Beyond a doubt that's Strider!
A Ranger now, but a King to be...
Aragorn Strider:

STRIDER: That's me!

MERRY: Picture now and see
A brandybuck like me,
Who'll stick by a friend to the bitter end,
Though I wish I were back in Bree!
Who loved to drink and dine,
And swim the Brandywine,
But finds the world has far unfurled
Past Far Downs county line.

ALL: That's Merry! That's Merry!
 Neyond a doubt that's Merry!
 Who'll go though he'd rather be safe in Bree...
 Master Merry:

MERRY: That's me!

PIPPIN: Come and take a look
 At a bright, inquisitive Took;
 As fierce as a dragon and brave as Hell,
 Ana d half-way decent cook.
 Who marches at the rear
 Though he never knew no fear,
 And wouldn't dream at sneaking a peak
 At a private Palantir!

ALL: That's Pippin! That's Pippin!
 Beyond a doubt that's Pippin!
 Who stands as tall as Strider's knee...
 Undersized Pippin:

PIPPIN: That's me!

SAM: Picture just for fun
 A humble gardener's son.
 Pruning trees for years with a pair of shears
 Is the bravest thing I've done.
 Though Rosie I adore,
 I owe my master more.
 I don't look so hot, but I'm quite a shot
 With a deadly apple core!

ALL: That's Samwise! That's Samwise!
 Beyond a doubt that's Samwise!
 Showing new talents constantly...
 Samwise Gamgee:

SAM: That's me.

GANDALF: Picture if you can
 A crotchety, cracked old man,
 With a mean kind of staff and an Elf-wrought sword,
 Who was here before time began.
 Quick-witted day and night,
 A demon in a fight,
 Who means to oust Old Saruman
 And change his grey for White!

ALL: That's Gandalf! That's Gandalf!
 Beyond a doubt that's Gandalf!
 A dangerous type, as you can see...
 Mithrandir Gandalf:

GANDALF: That's me!

FRODO: If you've some time to spare,
 I'm Bilbo Baggins' heir.
 The bloody Ring is mine and now
 I carry it everywhere.

They say the only cure
Lies close to Barad-Dur.
If you think I'm lucky, just mark my words:
This ain't no pleasure tour!

ALL: That's Frodo! That's Frodo!
Beyond a doubt that's Frodo!
To Lands of Shadows he must flee...
Frodo Baggins:

FRODO: That's me!

FELLOWSHIP: And we!

GIMLI: We three?

GANDALF: We nine!

PIPPIN: That's fine!

MERRY: And how!

BOROMIR: And now?

GANDALF: And...now?

LEGOLAS: Yes, now!

GANDALF: Why, now...We
[5] Follow the Road to the South!
Follow the Road to the South!

ALL: Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow the Road to the South!
Follow the Road to the... Follow the Road to the...
Follow the Road to the South!

GANDALF: We're off!

PIPPIN: We're off!

ARAGORN: We're off!

FRODO: We're off!

ALL: WE'RE OFF! (Skipping down the road arm-in-arm)

We're off to the Land of Mordor!
And off to old Mordor we go!
With Strider's sword and Gimli's axe,
And Legolas with his bow!
Old Sauron has broken enough of the laws!
We're going to burn his Ring because...
Because, because, because, because, because.....
Because of the nasty things it does!

[6] So Land of Shadow, here we come!
Where this damned Ring started from!
Where sun never shines, and it's dark every day,

know? An Elf? A sea-, sky- and sun-loving Elf? I never wanted to travel through this Black Pit! Oh, I do it! It revolts me, but I do it!

GIMLI: Black Pit, is it? You're a fine one to talk, you tree-hopping kangaroo! The mines of Moria! The halls of Durin! The noblest creation of Middle Earth! And just because it's fallen into disrepair, it's a Black Pit!

LEGOLAS: Disrepair! I can't see my hand in front of my face!

GIMLI: Ah well, sharp are the eyes of Elves, they say.

LEGOLAS: Look, you sawed-off golddigger, I've taken just about all from you I'm going to!

GANDALF: Now boys! Boys!

ARAGORN: Well, if we have to go back and take the other path, we may as well rest here for a while! You two inseparables are perfectly welcome to kill each other, but not till we're off duty!

LEGOLAS (Turning away): To hell with you, Gimli!

GIMLI (Turning away): To hell with you too, Legolas!

GANDALF: Never have I seen a more touching reconciliation!

(They sit around a fire, shivering and miserable. Slowly they begin to sing.)

PIPPIN: The most hopeless predicament we've been in so far!

FELL VOICES: Moria! Moria! Moria! Moria!

MERRY: How I wish I were sipping a pint at Harry's Bar!

FELL VOICES: Moria! Moria! Moria! Moria!
Moria! Moria!

ALL:
[8] Moria! We're lost in the mines of Moria!
And suddenly we've found what living underground
Can mean!

Moria! We'll never get out of Moria!
We've tried to travel fast, but empty is our last
Canteen!

Moria! Long ago it was bright and charming!
Now in darkness, it's downright alarming!
Moria! We wish we were out of Moria!

BOROMIR (Aside): Is this my opportunity? They're half asleep. Shall I grab Frodo and run for it? I'm hooked now. I'll never be at rest until the Ring is mine! Why, with a Ring like that, I could -- Dare I say it? -- Rule the World!

SCENE 3

The Dark Tower. SAURON sits on a great black throne, surrounded by the nine NAZGUL. They are playing saxophones, and SAURON is singing.

SAURON: [11] Whatever SAURON wants, Sauron gets,
And Ring of Power, Evil Sauron wants you!
Whatever Sauron wants, Sauron gets.
Without that Ring, Evil Sauron feels blue.
I never knew its loss would so affect my liver,
Until Isildur went and lost it in the river!
Give in! It's mine! Give in!

(An ORC rushes in.)

ORC: Hail, O Dark Lord!

SAURON: Really? I thought it was going to be fine, myself.

ORC: Hear! Hear!

SAURON: Hear what?

ORC: Hear what I have to say!

SAURON: Well, what is it? Speak up!

ORC: Great news! The Fellowship of the Ring has been captured, and all Nine are even now on their way to this very spot!

NAZGUL: O, Joy Unbounded!

SAURON: Modified ecstasy. But have they the Ring?

ORC: Yes! He they call Frodo, or Ringo, or something like that, wears it about his person!

SAURON: Cheers, dears! Victory is at hand!

NAZGUL: O Rapture Unrestrained!

SAURON: Strike up the band! (He bursts into song)

[12] Superspecial Fellowship, you'll fall into my clutches!
For the Hand of Sauron conquers everything it touches!
When I'm through with you, you'll have to hobble home on
crutches!
Superspecial Fellowship, you'll fall into my clutches!

NAZGUL: Um diddle-iddie-iddie! Um diddle-i!
Um diddle-iddie-iddie! Um diddle-i!

Um diddle-iddie-iddie! Um diddle-i!
Um diddle-iddie-iddie! Um diddle-i!

SAURON: When I was just a tiny lad, I made a little Ring,
And how was I to know the kind of Power it would bring?
I lost it in a battle, and I've never been the same,
But now I know who done me wrong, and Frodo is his name!

Hay!

ALL: Superspecial Fellowship, you'll fall into our clutches!
 For the Hand of Sauron conquers everything it touches!
 When we're through with you, you'll have to hobble home on
 crutches!
 Superspecial Fellowship, you'll fall into our clutches!

NAZGUL: Um diddle-iddle-iddle! Um diddle-i!
 Um diddle-iddle-iddle! Um diddle-i!

Um diddle-iddle-iddle! Um diddle-i!
 Um diddle-iddle-iddle! Um diddle-i!

SAURON: Young Deagol he found it, but he didn't keep it long,
 And Gollum lost it when he answered Bilbo's riddle wrong.
 Old Bilbo's now retired, and he gave the Ring away,
 But Frodo's come to Mordor, so he'll be the one to pay!

ALL: Superspecial Fellowship, you'll fall into our clutches!
 For the Hand of Sauron conquers everything it touches!
 When we're through with you, you'll have to hobble home on
 crutches!
 Superspecial Fellowship, you'll fall into our clutches!

NAZGUL: Um diddle-iddle-iddle! Um diddle-i!
 Um diddle-iddle-iddle! Um diddle-i!

Um diddle-iddle-iddle! Um diddle-i!
 Um diddle-iddle-iddle! Um diddle-i!

SAURON: Of course, you can say it backwards, which is:
 "Clutches into my you'll fall, Ship-fellow special-super,"
 But that's going a bit far, don't you think?

ORC: Indubitably.

SAURON: So now the Ring is coming home, at least it's on its way.
 My Precious will be mine again, and really here to stay!
 I'll fry those stupid Hobbits, and the other so-and-sos,
 And sing a merry little song, and this is how it goes!

Hey!

ALL: Superspecial Fellowship, you'll fall into our clutches!
 For the Hand of Sauron conquers everything it touches!
 When we're through with you, you'll have to hobble home on
 crutches!
 Superspecial Fellowship, you'll fall into our clutches!

(The Fellowship is ushered into the room)

SAURON: Now! You cannot escape. The ancient prophecies of the Dark
 Wizards are about to come to pass. I demand of you the One
 Ring of Power!

BOROMIR: Not from me you don't!

LEGOLAS: Nuts to you!

GIMLI: We'll never tell!

ARAGORN: You just think you're happy!

GANDALF: You're not so hot!

SAM: Nothing can break us!

MERRY: Do your worst!

PIPPIN: You won't get a word, much less a Ring!

FRODO: Our lips are sealed!

(Silence)

SAURON (a la Tommy Smothers): Oh, yeah!

FELLOWSHIP: Yeah!

SAURON: Don't be cheeky. We have ways of making you talk. You Hobbits aren't so hot yourselves. Nuts to you, Frodo Baggins!

(He snaps his fingers in Frodo's face)

FRODO: Ow! Oh-oooo! Here! Here it is! It's all yours! Oh-oooooooo!
Give it to him, Merry! Ooooooooo!

MERRY: Here.

SAURON: Thank you.

FRODO: I never could stand pain.

SAURON (laughing wildly): The Hour of Darkness has come! The Age-Old prophecies are to be fulfilled in exactly thirty seconds' time, according to the Very Ancient Pyramidical Scrolls and me Bulova watch. It was written that this very night at exactly eleven-fifteen, the Dark Lord would place the One Ring of Power on his finger, and death should come to all Dwarves, Elves, Men, and Hobbits. The whole mangy pack of you! That moment is come! Death to you all!

ALL: Now is the End!
Perish the World!

(He places the Ring on his finger. There is a Deathly Silence. Nothing happens. Slowly, SAURON turns to the ORC)

SAURON: It was Rocky Mountain Time, wasn't it?

ORC: Yes.

(SAURON takes off the Ring and looks at it unhappily)

SAURON: You are a dud? (Silence. He puts the Ring in his pocket and walks slowly out, with his followers) Never mind, lads. Same time next Millenium. We must get a winner one day.

(A pause)

FRODO: He's gone!
PIPPIN: We're free!
MERRY: The Darkness is over!
SAM: Sauron is defeated!
BOROMIR: The Ring is a fake!
GANDALF: I knew it all along!
ARAGORN: I am now King of Westeros and Gondor!
GIMLI: Legolas, Old Pal!
LEGOLAS: Gimli, my favorite Dwarf!
GANDALF: You see? In the light we're not all so different!
PIPPIN (Aside): Author's message.
GANDALF: We're weird. But we're all human. So what the hell, let's stick together!

(He sings)

[13] An Elf may seem incompetent,
A Dwarf may not make sense,
While Hobbits look like quite a waste
Of Fellowship expense.

They need a Fellow's leadership,
So please don't do them in,
For standing three feet tall, my friend,
Is not a mortal sin!

ALL: They're in the Fellowship of Rings!
The Benevolent Fellowship of Rings!
The noble tie that binds
All fearless hearts and minds
Into one Fellowship of Rings!

Your life-long membership is free!
Just think what happiness it brings!
Oh, aren't you proud to be
In that fraternity,
The great big Fellowship of Rings!?

SAM: O, that noble feeling!
Feels like bells are pealing!
Down with double-dealing
Old Sauron!

GIMLI: You, you got me!

LEGOLAS: Me, I got you!

ALL: We're in the Fellowship of Rings!

(All join hands and sing)

[14] We play it the Middle Earth way!
All Middle Earth policy by us is O.K.
Whatever Galadriel tells us, that we'll do!
Whatever Old Gandalf thinks, we think so too!

Sun's shining, and roses are red!
For Sauron, that over-ambitious rat has fled!
A Hobbit may nevermore shed a mournful tear!
Whoever goes to the Grey Havens,
We will still be here!

GANDALF: Hit it!

HOBBITS: It's been a long, dark night,
[7] We've been through trouble in Mordor!
It's been a long, dark night,
And death and danger were in store!

But now that Sauron's a liar,
We're going back to the Shire,
And then we'll fell all right!

ALL: Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!
WE'RE GONNA FEEL ALL RIGHT!

(Final Curtain)

[illegible]

Songs are to the following tunes:

- 1..."Ascot Gavotte," from "My Fair Lady"
- 2..."Downtown"
- 3..."Money Can't Buy Me Love," from "Hard Day's Night"
- 4..."The Pickwickians," from "Pickwick"
- 5..."Follow the Yellow Brick Road," from "Wizard of Oz."
- 6..."California, Here I Come"
- 7..."Hard Day's Night"
- 8..."Maria," from "West Side Story"
- 9..."Fie On Goodness," from "Camelot."
- 10..."Help!"
- 11..."Whatever Lola Wants," from "Damn Yankees."
- 12..."Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious," from "Mary Poppins."
- 13..."The Brotherhood of Man," from "How to Succeed in Business..."
- 14..."The Company Way," from "How to Succeed in Business..."

With apologies to practically everybody. Among them:

C.G. Lindelef
Alan Jay Lerner
Mario Savio
Sir Arthur Sullivan
Samuel Pickwick
Al Jolson (?)
Leonard Bernstein
Jonathan Miller
Alan Bennet

T.H. White
Hogan's Heroes
Frank Loesser
Petula Clark
George Bernard Shaw
Leonard Wibberly
Frederick Loewe
Sir W.S. Gilbert
James Thurber

The Wizard of Oz
The Beatles
Stephen Sondheim
Peter Cook
Dudley Moore
Mary Poppins
Tom & Dick Smothers
Master William Glass
.....

Cast of Characters

In Order of Their Appearance:

Cary Grant as ELROND

Victor Spinetti as BOROMIR

Eddie Fisher as LEGOLAS

Richard Burton as GIMLI

Robert Goulet as ARAGORN

Paul McCartney as MERRY

John Lennon as PIPPIN

George Harrison as SAM

Boris Karloff as GANDALF

and

Ringo Starr as FRODO

With, on the side of Darkness....

Dick Smothers as THE ORC

Tom Smothers as SAURON

and

The Rolling Stones and The Animals as THE NINE NAZGUL

I PALANTIR 4, August 1966

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THIRTY-NINE!

BOOM!

THIRTY-NINE
THIRTY-NINE!

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