



ANTOIR

Editorial

I stand in Minas Anor, the Tower of the sun, and behold! The shadow has departed!

With the shadow of exams far behind us, I bid you all a fond welcome to Anor 32!

Be impressed – this is the third issue this year! But will the editor be able to keep this up next year during her finals? You'll have to wait and see...

The Easter term is always a sad time for the CTS. Due to exams, we are forced to cut down on the amount of time we spend doing silly things with the surprisingly large number of like-minded people you find concentrated in a place such as Cambridge. This is in itself a travesty. But we are also forced to say a very fond farewell to the Committee that has steered us so unerringly through the last year. To Gabi (Steward), Pete (Smaug), Thea (Keeper of the Red Book), Nick (Bill the Pony), Naath (Shelob) – we wish those of you doing your finals and not sticking around in Cambridge the very best of luck. Remember, as life members of this society, you are obliged to remain in touch and come back from time to time... Or we'll send Melkor to deal with you. Oh yes, we have the connections... As for the Elvish Officer (Pip Steele) and Anor Editor (er, well, me), you're stuck with us for a while yet, so put those party hats away!

The Puntmoot on June 12th will see the inauguration (possibly by ritual dunking in the Cam) of the new Committee as elected at the AGM – this year you'll be tortured with Thea Wilson (Steward), Naath (Smaug), Anna Slack (Red Book), Richard Smith (Bill the Pony) and Becky Corlett (Shelob). To them, the very best of luck, and here's to another year of Tolkien-ing!

And so the academic year wends to its end again. As usual, don't let the long vac give you the excuse not to scribble for the, *ahem*, most august journal in the world. Go on: you know you want to!

To all, then; until October, have great holidays – and, whether they involve mountains or not, I hope you all mean to return!

Anna Slack, Editor

Contents

Fi Tahw?	2
The Cutting Room Floor	6
Gaffer's Tales	11
An Interesting Report on Our Wonderful Trip to London	12
Samwise and Children	15
From Aduial to Mismial	16
The Tragedie of Faramir, Prince of Gondor	18
To Make A Fell Beast	22
Military Tactics and Technology	24

?Fi tahw

Or

The Silmarils Are In Hobbiton – How in Middle-Earth Did They Get There?

Or

The Adventures of Isengrim Took, The Pygmy, and The Small Freezer

Once upon a time there was a hobbit named Isengrim Took, although all his friends called him Issy. Unlike many of his kindred, he was an adventurous little fellow, and as all adventurous hobbits seem to do at some time in their lives, there was one day when, sitting on his porch and smoking his pipe, he thought to himself 'I should very much like to go and have an adventure.' His friends, of course, thought that this was a silly idea, and that he would be far better employed to remain at home being Thane. But Issy, of course, had his heart set on adventure, and so he got himself a small boat and set off to sea.

At first the sea air was doing him all kinds of good, and the salt water really was quite beneficial to his health. He was just becoming accustomed to striking heroic and wind-swept poses on the prow of his little vessel when all of a sudden a very large whale appeared out of nowhere in front of him. Without so much time to say 'golly' or 'Bilbo's your uncle' he was swallowed up.

Having never sojourned in the belly of a whale for any significant period of time before, Issy was at first very curious, and once he had finished swooning from the terrible stench thought that this really might be a very fine time in which to do a little exploring. So he stepped gingerly out of his little boat, leaving it neatly lodged in a small protrusion in the conveniently placed stomach wall – a tidiness for which he blamed his mother – and he began paddling gently around the soft squelchy floor. Almost the first thing he noticed was a small shiny thing glistening amidst the spittle and acid on the floor. He had only just had the time to pick it up when the whale, suffering from a brief bout of nausea, spewed him up, and then in an equally inconsiderate bout of thirst, swallowed him up again.

Well, Issy had just about recovered from this shocking fiasco when he caught sight of a shadowy something flailing about in the water. Benign at heart, and immediately sympathetic for something in so lamentable a situation as the one in which he found himself, Issy went to assist his fellow. The shadowy being introduced himself as Sauron's Fair Form, and after striking up a conversation they were able to while away many happy hours in discourses upon the joys of plain and simple living, and other Horatian discourses of that ilk. As they were doing so, they had the good fortune to inadvertently stumble upon the native tongue of their host, whom Issy then most politely importuned to take them back to Eriador. Sadly whales, as any educated elf will tell you, are the most blubbery creatures that Middle-Earth has yet brought forth, and in their schools geography is not a particularly strong subject (although they excel at the finer points of Oceanography and the minute details of drilling for oil). This whale, in particular, had never achieved even an equivalent of GCSE geography, and so, while Issy and Sauron's Fair Form continued their acquaintance, they were, all unbeknownst to them, being carted off towards Valinor.

So, before Issy knew it, there he was spewed up upon the beaches of Valinor, without his towel, swimming trunks, or even his flip-flops. As he came tumbling out of the whale's mouth,

his Silmaril fell from his pocket, and began to glisten amidst the lesser brilliance of the sand. Being a practical sort of chap, Issy picked himself up and was just stooping to fetch the eloped Silmaril when suddenly a scowl came over the face of Sauron's Fair Form.

"What's that, Issy, my love?" he said.

"It's mine," Issy replied, hastily taking the jewel in his hand. "I found it."

"Give it to us, Issy, my love," Sauron's Fair Form persisted. Issy was quite perturbed by the intonation of these questions, and rightly so, as you shall now see. For within moments, Sauron's Fair Form had hurled himself at our hero, and there was such a to-do, scuffling and swearing and the tearing of oesophagi and dephalancements akimbo. The Silmaril was flung from Issy's hand, where it fell at the feet of the sleeping Ulmo.

Now, as Ulmo was asleep, how was he to see the disembodied spirit, whom we shall name Marvin for sake of pronunciation. Marvin snatched the shiny Silmaril up into his hand, and began to flee in haste across the sea, carried by a favouring wind. All was well, but as he reached the nether-shore in his triumph, the wind began to fail him, and he slowly dissipated. The Silmaril dropped into a forest, where it was to be discovered many years later, as you shall see as our tale unfolds.

Meanwhile, we return to the scuffle in the sand, in which Issy, you will be glad to know, was utterly victorious – and what became of Sauron's Fair Form, this tale does not tell. Issy got up and scratched his head and yawned like a cavern, after which he began to explore, seeking a way to get back home – for his whale had gone, and no song could call him back from the deep places of the world. So Issy walked on for countless days, and at length he came across a tall winding stair, leading high up into the mountains. This he followed, up and up it went, until it met a tunnel that wound on like a fissure in the night. Mustering the best of his hobbit spirit, Issy continued to walk, and his footsteps brought him at last to a tall hill, on which stood a silent city, shrouded with a mist colder than any tomb. He did not know the name of that ancient place, but the ashes of a once-great civilisation (neither Troy nor Constantinople) lay everywhere, and hollow voices echoed on the wind. And so it was that Isengrim Took came to Tirion the fair.

He walked those ruins with a shadow of despair clinging at his heart, and in vain he tried to cheer his sagging spirits. 'My jumper,' he thought to himself, miserably rubbing his arms with the cold. 'I knew I'd want it, if I hadn't got it.' Weary and exhausted, he leaned himself against a great stone fountain. Succumbing to curiosity, he trailed his fingers in the still water – and it began to ripple, such ripples as might portend a mighty event. Moments later, the shade of Finwe rose from the pool, mantled in grey, shimmering robes.

"What in Eru's name?" Issy exclaimed, falling backwards, and stubbing his toe on a very large rock.

"Oh, are you alright?" Finwe asked. "I do try to come out of this pool in a sedate fashion, but I always end up scaring someone..."

"I'm not frightened," Issy stated flatly, nursing his now bruised toe in annoyance. "Just startled. You've no right to go sneaking up on folks like that!"

"I really am terribly sorry -"

"Well that's just not good enough. To make up for it, you must tell me how to get home."

Just then a tinkling sound began nearby, and what should come to pass but that Earendil's ice-cream van should appear, complete with its highly elven bells and very effective fog-light, bound to Earendil's brow. Finwe ordered a cornetto, explaining that he was so wraith-like these days that he thought, to Mandos with my figure. Earendil began to scoop out the required sugary substance, and began bemoaning the state of the celestial bureaucracy. I'm sorry to say that he grew so worked up that the Silmaril he wore slipped from his forehead into the ice-cream before he had noticed, and without so much as a by-your-leave, he took up the reins of his vehicle, and soared off again, leaving Finwe holding a melting ice cream.

Well, by now Issy really was starting to feel very hungry for a hobbit, and to see that ice-cream dripping tantalisingly down the cone filled him with desire. Desperately, he begged the ice-cream of Finwe, who at first declined, but gradually relented, even offering him directions to further his journey home. Finwe's prophecy for his terrible journey was severe, entailing many dangers, culminating in some terrible words: that if the ice cream melted, then Issy's house would be cursed with foolishness down to the tenth generation.

Graciously Issy accepted these terms, and bearing the radiant ice-cream in his hand through Tirion made his solitary way. After not too long he came once again to the sea-shore, where he found a pygmy, who was carrying a freezer high on his back. After a little conversation, Issy ingratiated himself with the pygmy, and the pair became firm travelling companions. Finding a small boat they set sail together, passing over the wine-red sea away from the rosy-fingered dawn.

But of a sudden, a terrible squall blew up, tossing them far and away to the north, so far off course that Issy shed more than one tear, both at the thought of loosing the freezer (and its precious, precious cargo), and at never seeing his homeland again. If ever he got home, Belladonna was just the sort of hobbit-lass he would marry...

At long last the storm passed, but as they both peeped out from under their sopping and salty cloaks they found an even greater darkness before them, and the sheer bareness of the wastes of the frozen north. Barely had they set foot upon this new land but great shadows loomed about them in the darkness - huge eight-legged monstrosities, with each leg ending in a claw, venom dripping in amidst their spittle, and eyes, great clusters of eyes, glittering redly in the darkness.

Within moments, the forms had leapt upon them. Issy tried to raise the flaming ice cream against them, but in a fell scoop one of the beasts gobbled it up. In terror, and now suitably cursed, Issy and the pygmy leapt into the freezer for safety. So it was that they did not see the arrival of a fiery band led by a dashing busking elf, who, taking issue with the spawn of Ungoliant, began to deal with them appropriately.

The battle was raging all around them; but Issy and the Pygmy remained tightly locked in their fridge. There was roaring like thunder and crashing like lightning, and the pygmy began to grow really rather terrified. Mustering a little more courage from the depths of his soul, Issy began to sing to lighten the darkness that pressed all around them. It was an old melody from the Shire, which went something like this:

*It's cold in here, Oh so very cold,
And I'm all alone.
These walls are padded, And I'm all alone.
Won't you let me out? Won't somebody please let me out?
Because... I'm stuck in a fridge,
And I can't get out...*

At this point, Issy's singing was rudely interrupted by a knock at the door. Cautiously, Issy poked his head out, only to come face to face with an elf, clad in the spoils of battle. The Silmaril lay on the floor between them, and the elf (in a very rude and not altogether understanding manner) demanded the shiny Silmaril as a reward for saving their lives. With a timely cry of 'It's mine, it came to me!', Issy took firm hold of the pygmy and the Silmaril, and hurled himself back into the freezer, slamming the door behind him. There were noises of pursuit, and so the stalwart companions bravely forged forward into the darkness.

It was a long dark road, but at length their eyes were drawn to the light of a lamp-post, standing in snow by an unusual sight - The Green Dragon inn, bereft of its customers. As they

stumbled towards it, Issy caught his long-suffering foot on something in the grass. He stooped to fetch it and what should he find but *another* Silmaril?

The pursuit had long since ceased, and so Issy had time at last to think. He prudently decided that one Silmaril was more than enough for anyone, and carelessly hurled one away. The second he kept, adding it to his treasure-horde in the Thane's store. Then, he and the pygmy went to fetch a drink.

The first Silmaril, it is said, hit the young Gaffer Gamgee square on the head, causing a strange propensity for proverbial expression. This (the Silmaril, I hasten to add), was later inherited by Sam Gamgee. The second Silmaril, which was kept by the Took for long years unknown, was found by Peregrin one year whilst he was doing his cleaning; indeed, it fell on his head whilst he was dusting his bookshelf, and with a cry of 'Hang spring cleaning!', he seized it and gave it to Sam as a *mathom* that very morning, despite his friend's objections that it was nowhere near Pippin's birthday.

And the third Silmaril? It was found among the grime on Sam's jacket when the clothes that he wore to Mt Doom were finally laundered. He decided to keep the rock as a keepsake, and indeed, struck by the beauty of the three objects that had come to his hand, used them together with a two small shrubberys to create a rather lovely garden feature, which hobbits from all over the Shire still queue to see every spring, when the morning dew and the first rays of sunshine touch them.

Anna Slack

With thanks and some artistic deviance from the art of the original story-tellers: *Thea Wilson, Richard Smith, Pip Steele, Sarah Arnold, Anna Slack, Matthew Reid, Jack Vickeridge, Naath, Matthew Woodcraft, Matthew Davison, Nick Taylor and Becky Corlett*

The Cutting Room Floor

A cast of grumpy minor characters received memos on the last day of film editing – Jackson was making his final adjustments, and, fed-up with calling the shots, and feeling a Lear-like sadism, he called upon each of these characters to defend their position within his epic film, tooth and nail. If they did not, they would find themselves on the cutting room floor, and relegated to an eternity of minority...

Round One: The Infamous Five-Word Defence Round

Quickbeam: Like an Ent, only better.
The Ring of Nenyra: Oh golly, no no no!
Arwen: I get to speak elvish.
Elladan and Elrohir: We were the token twins!
Beorn: No discrimination against shape-shifters.
Imrahil: Command the elite Gondorian defenders.
Fredegar Bolger: Hobbit home-guard is essential.
Bombadil: Light entertainment, and I'm random.
The Barrowwights: We were alive, you die.
Beregond: Ordinary chap from Gondor – rare.
Goldberry: I temporarily stop Tom singing.
Glorfindel: Rescue sick hobbit from peril.
Radagast: Dr. Doolittle impression extremely cool.

The Weakest Link: The Ring of Nenyra
Famous Last Words: I'm too much of a paradigm buster.

Round Two: A General Defence

Arwen: I'm noble, I'm fun, and I ride horses very fast!
The Twins: We are Middle-Earth's smelly Orc Removal Service.
Beorn: I give good advice, good ponies, good food, and, of course, I can change shape...
Imrahil: As I said... I provide mounted strength, and rescue Faramir et al, as well as bailing out the Rohirrim when they were being munched at the Pelennor.
Fredegar: When hobbits are escaping in secret, its useful to have someone to cover their backs – I can make the film melodramatic.
Bombadil: I provide great light entertainment, and have that lovely bright yellow jerkin – fashion, as they say, doesn't change.
Barrowwights: If you try to cut us out... we'll come back!
Beregond: If you look at the description when I see Faramir, you'll see that my eyes light up... How can you not love that?
Goldberry: I cook well, and keep Bombadil in check, and my whites white.
Glorfindel: I'm obviously a very important character, I'm aristocratic, I backed Gondolin, I rescued hobbits with my horse, even donating it to Frodo to escape on while the Nazgul attacked. It was mean of Arwen to steal my horse.
Radagast: Er, hello everyone. I'm... Radagast. Or am I? You'll have to not cut me if you wish to discover the truth...
Quickbeam: I actually make up my mind – I'm cool. The hobbits are right – let's destroy Isengard!

The Weakest Link: Beorn
Famous Last Words: I am a man of few words... But I thank you.

Round Three: Criticise Another... Without Letting On Who It Is You're Aiming At

The Twins: Naming no names, but that fashion sense is just not on – it hurts our eyeses!
Imrahil: Overly impetuous.
Fredegar: I'm with the twins. And I'm not much a fan of the poetry, either...
Bombadil: Who do you think it is that buys my clothes?
Barrowwights: Adding insult to injury... If you're so hard why don't you leave the wood and do something?
Beregond: His worst sin is his bad poetry – even Sam can write better.
Goldberry: We have trouble with bad neighbours. And calling the local council would just achieve nothing.
Glorfindel: They go on killing sprees... (at this point, Glorfindel slipped into elvish, and your humble scribe was unable to faithfully record all that was said).
Quickbeam: I'm with the majority... O God! Is there no release?
Radagast: Somebody is more minor than I am...
Arwen: Biggoted chauvinist who doesn't want to think that a female can ride a horse.

The Weakest Link: Bombadil
Famous Last Words: I'm actually really relieved – now I don't have to practice anymore singing!

Round Four: Cryptic Defence

Radagast: I have real respect for these un-named entities; they add mythic depth and grandeur to everything, which is simply unsurpassed by anyone.
Glorfindel: Well, they're part of a useful family, and she is quite pretty, I suppose...
Imrahil: It was very nice of someone to keep some people from bbq-ing everything.
Fredegar: I'm with Mr. Brown – there are certain personages who do add a depth to the book – and the fear that they inspire leads to the elicitation of highly heroic qualities.
Barrowwights: He's a great hero, and has saved the lives of many noble Gondorians and Rohirrim. Many were slain in the face of his fury, and had he been cut... Were it not too late, Aragorn, Legolas and Gimli would have arrived too late.
Beregond: I think its very important to have strong women characters. It makes wonderful film.
Goldberry: He's very wooden – its easy to get a decision out of him, and he's really quite animated.
Quickbeam: They have good priorities, to settle down, and they may have a good idea where the ent-wives are.
Arwen: Well, I grew up with them, and even though we couldn't always differentiate between the two... they're always there when they're needed.
The Twins: The horse-rustling thing began early, but you know, we're elves, so we'll stick together.

The Weakest Link: Arwen
Famous Last Words: Ay na'vedu perdleth.

Round Five: A Four-Word Defend Yourself

Fredegar: I'm the canon fodder.
Barrowights: Blades donated useful later.
Goldberry: A good plain cook.
Glorfindel: Saved Anor from Angmar.
Quickbeam: Trashing Isengard so cool.
The Twins: Rescued mummy from baddies.
Radagast: Gandalf important – Eagle saved.
Imrahil: Saved Faramir and Rohirrim.

The Weakest Link: Beregond

Famous Last Words: So... so, Faramir will burn, then you'll all be sorry.

Round Six: Name Your Favourite Inanimate Object, and Why

Barrowights: Morgul blades – give them back!
Goldberry: That little golden ring... will be safe with us.
Glorfindel: Gondolin – its inanimate, its pretty.
Quickbeam: Earth – it has always been there. It's brilliant. So much grows in it!
The Twins: Vilya – its pretty and it keeps Rivendell shiny and nice.
Imrahil: The banner woven by Arwen – it means we're not going to die!
Radagast: Gandalf's staff. It's so very cool. I wish I had a staff like that. Its got that natural wood thing going on...
Fredegar: The horn – it brings the whole Shire together, fear to our enemies, and hope to our people.

The Weakest Link: Goldberry

Famous Last Words: But I only wanted the Ring... in a good way.

Round Seven: Your Least Favourite Thing in Middle-Earth, and Why

Radagast: Mount Doom. It sings my aquiline friends!
Glorfindel: The Silmarils. Without them there'd be no war, we'd still be in Valinor, and there would be no stupid fat hobbits!
Quickbeam: Axes – for all the obvious reasons.
The Twins: Anduril. Aragorn's always waving it around as though it were some kind of status symbol. It's just silly.
Imrahil: Nazgul darts – they make holes in Faramir who I then have to rescue...
Fredegar: That unmentionable item that took all my friends away on a quest. The horror, the horror!
Barrowights: Nasty burning objects. We just don't like them, *alright!*

The Weakest Link: Imrahil, Prince of Dol Amroth

Famous Last Words: Well, everyone else has gone that way...

Round Eight: A Normal Defence

Glorfindel: I have helped in the defence of numerous people, and died in the defence of king and family, I ensure that folks don't get overrun with orcs... You don't want to leave me on the cutting room floor!

Quickbeam: The quick decision thing, of course, the destruction of Isengard (with the good advice of the sadly absent Prof. Von Glauring). I also keep an eye on Treebeard – very necessary. There's a reason why the trees quivered...

The Twins: We are Elrond's very favourite and most important messengers. And we help out the Rangers.

Fredegar: I'm just a normal guy – I let the heroes do their job, and make sure that there's a home for them to come back to.

Barrowights: We once led normal and heroic lives – now we want to exist in peace. We're fine until we're disturbed you know – at which point we touch things and make them go cold... But we're alright really.

Radagast: I may be minor now, but, to quote a famous bard, the cat will miaow, and the dog will have his day.

The Weakest Link: Glorfindel

Famous Last Words: *Noro lim, noro lim, Asfaloth!*

Round Nine: Audience Question Time

Quickbeam: (*If you could be any other tree, what would you be?*) An Ent-wife. Then I would know where I was.

The Twins: (*If you were on a desert island who, bar yourselves, would you take with you?*) Daddy. He's wise, and powerful, and would know how to get off the island!

Fredegar: (*Do you have issues with being labeled 'Fatty'?*) I'm quite happy and think that I am the perfect weight for a hobbit.

Barrowights: (*What did you do when you were alive?*) Oh, heroic things, but the books that speak of us have all been blown away.

Radagast: (*Do you have any other hobbies?*) Well, I'm working on building my own dark tower on the side. And I do enjoy retiring to my country mansion and discussing the highest nature of good and what makes man happy with my eagle friends.

The Weakest Link: The Twins

Famous Last Words: We were only the prototypes – Elrond created many and we shall soon swarm over all the earth!

Round Ten: If You Had Thirty Seconds Left in which to Live, What Would You Do?

Fredegar: I would hope to be defending the Shire, my home, my family, my friends... and my food.

Barrowights: We get three seconds each... We want to be scaring hobbits, and training in the arts of dark places... besides, we're already dead...

Radagast: I would sing a hymn to Yavanna.

Quickbeam: So many things – like tell on Treebeard to Gandalf!

The Weakest Link: Fredegar

Famous Last Words: I can't believe I lasted this long!

Round Eleven: Defend One of Those Remaining

Barrowwights: Tall wooden thing. He has no fire. He doesn't hack us, and we won't stab him...
Radagast: Quickbeam is the very living image of the beauty of Yavanna's creation.
Quickbeam: (Evidently took too long to decide, for his words are not herein recorded).

The Weakest Link: Quickbeam

Famous Last Words: It is my duty to protect the hobbits, I must tell on Treebeard, and block the terrible, terrible memories!

Round Twelve: Freestyle Defence

Barrowwights: We wouldn't fight anyone, or hurt anyone, we're just a natural part of the mythic landscape, ssssssssssss...
Radagast: I'm magic.

The Weakest Link: The Barrowwights

Famous Last Words: We're melting, fading away into disembodiment: fade, fade, fade...

And the Winner was: Radagast the Brown

And Jackson, having amused himself with this folly, cut him anyway, and the glorious wizard's victory speech to boot.

Anna Slack

The Players:

Glorfindel: *Naath*
The Ring of Nenya: *Richard Smith*
Arwen: *Pip Steele*
The Twins: *Sarah Arnold*
Beorn: *Nick Price*
Imrahil: *Jonathan Woolgar*
The Barrowwights: *Lawrence Davies*
Radagast: *Anna Slack*
Fredegar Bolger: *Becky Corlett*
Bombadil: *Gabi Suto*
Beregond: *Matthew Woodcraft*
Goldberry: *Matthew Reid*
Quickbeam: *Thea Wilson*

The Cambridge Tolkien Society

*performs*¹

The

Lord of the



Rings

BBC Radio Adaptation

at

BORDERS, Cambridge

SATURDAY 19TH JUNE, 9AM – 10PM

In aid of the National Trust

*By kind permission of The Tolkien Estate,
Michael Bakewell and Brian Sibley*

Please come and support us!

www.holbytlas.net

¹ This term's *Gaffer's Tales*, as you may note, is entirely comprised of shameless advertising. Be there, or be approximately cuboid!

An Interesting Report on our Wonderful Trip to London



From left to right: Pippin, Gimli, Frodo, Samwise, Gandalf-the-almost-white, and the marvellous rotating Legolas of the day, a.k.a. Thea, Richard, Esther, Anna, Giulia and Becky.

Sunday morning. 8:30am. After a truly exhausting couple of days spent –ahem– revising, I was reluctant to rouse myself from my pleasant dream involving elves and fluffy bunnies. I weighed up the alternatives in my head. Stay in bed and sleep a bit longer...or travel to the world's most fantastic city with my best friends to hear an amazing piece of music performed at the prestigious Royal Festival Hall? I thought. Rings, world, rings, world, rings?...

I mulled it over in my head. I thought some more. After about one minute, I reached my decision and jumped out of bed, got dressed and ran to Chapel. I spent a holy hour, had breakfast with chapel-type friends and took a leisurely walk to the Cambridge train station, stopping on the way to admire the vista. Wearing my embroidered 'Uton Herian Holhyllas' t-shirt (which, by the way, advertises the CTS read-through of the BBC adaptation of *Lord of the Rings*, to be performed at Borders on 19th June 2004 9am-10pm, come along and support the National Trust) I entered the portals of the train station. There to meet me were Samwise and Frodo (also wearing their snazzy tees). Pippin was to join us later (unfortunately not clad in matching tee). This gave us the rather amusing appearance of three 'men in black' (to use Sam's own phrase) acting as Pippin's bodyguards. *Ha ha ha*, that was amusing at the time. I guess you had to be there.

After an encounter with a not-too-talkative Marks and Spencer employee in the station shop, we boarded our train and commenced our journey to London. It was suggested that 50 minutes be spent in complete silence 'so we can revise'. I feel this was a thinly disguised attack on my loud voice and desire to chatter incessantly on our way. However I duly obliged, and, predictably, was the first to break the silence (after about 5 minutes I think) by apologising to

Frodo for reasons I forget. The others kept on steadily studying for a good hour – such delights as something vaguely scientific, something vaguely lawyerly, and something medieval in its literariness – but I found it rather difficult to concentrate on the four pages of reading I'd brought with me, so I resorted to reading through the Second Order for Holy Communion from the Common Worship book I'd inexplicably brought in my bag. Having been suitably sanctified by that experience, we broke our silence 'properly' and I was forced to carry out my forfeit of reading aloud a page of notes. In my case this was page 368 from Wells' *German: a linguistic history to 1945* (ISBN 0-19-815809-2, available in any self-respecting bookstore). I was surprised that my companions were still awake after I had completed this soporific activity. Hmmmm.

Having arrived at Liverpool Street (Platform 9 ¾ was inexplicably out of commission), we traversed the deserts of the London Tube system and found ourselves magically at Waterloo, a mere decapitated orc's throw from the South Bank. Here we were joined by Gandalf the Almost-Entirely-White and Galadriel. Yes, I know she's not in the Fellowship in the book, but we've had to 'write up' the women's parts – cut us some slack!² After the exchange of reunion hugs between Gandalf and Samwise, we found our way to the Festival Hall. There we discovered that we had a mere hour to eat lunch, which would mean trotting faithfully back to Waterloo station and milling around the sandwich shops that have somehow proliferated themselves in public transport stations in the hope of edible food. Well, we managed to find some kind of food, at any rate.

Afterwards, we trekked back to the concert hall and found our way to our seats (we were in the balcony, and got duly excited at the prospect of listening to the *Lord of the Rings* Symphony conducted by Howard Shore himself – *ooohhh!* Some members of the fellowship had duly brought their CDs for the man to sign. I think part of the mass euphoria was caused by seeing another member of the Cambridge smial (Becky, who is today called Legolas) in her lovely LOTR Read-Through t-shirt. We were, indeed, a four-way advertisement for the CTS read-through of the BBC adaptation of *Lord of the Rings*, to be performed at Borders on 19th June 2004 9am-10pm, come along and support the National Trust.

As for the concert itself, what can one say? The London Philharmonic are a good orchestra, supported by three choirs (one was a schoolboys' choir, the members of which elicited much sympathy from the female members of the fellowship) and accompanied by a series of images from the films. These images (conceptual artwork, I presumed) roughly followed the story-line of the films, necessarily omitting huge portions of the story (yup, even more than the films had already omitted) for reasons of brevity, linearity of plot and not wishing to spoil the plot totally for anyone who hadn't seen the films or read the book. There were six movements, each corresponding roughly to one book of *LotR*, or half a film, whichever was easier. The end-credit songs of each film were faithfully reproduced, the last, *Into the West*, evoking the expected emotion and pathos – even causing this author to shed a tear or two, and we shall say nothing about Pippin, whose buckets disturbed the couple sitting in front. There were one or two weak moments in the music – a few occasions when I wasn't entirely convinced that the percussion department were in sync with the rest of the orchestra, and some pathetic vocal sections. During the Moria scene, the male voices were called upon to give some shouts, which should have been rousing battle cries but sounded more like a couple of drunken men performing a war-dance. This was unfortunate, and marred an otherwise excellent performance of a very moving piece of music. Frodo and Samwise were particularly disappointed that Viggo Mortensen made no appearance during the performance – his part was sung by one of the drunken men who had performed the war-dance earlier in the concert. Overall, the music itself was well performed, and

² A worse pun than you know – for Gandalf is the one and only Giulia Slack, sibling of your beloved editor,

made for pleasant listening, if nothing else. Obviously we shall await the release of the CD to compare our experience with the 'definitive' studio version.

The editor here adds a few additional comments; the silence as Howard Shore entered the room was a give-away that the audience was comprised entirely of geeks such as ourselves. One of the most spectacular moments was the lament as Gandalf fell, when a very brave young man, who could have been no more than ten years old, sang the solo. Magic, and stunning. We now return you to your regularly scheduled author.

The concert finished, we repaired to the station where our fellowship was somewhat sundered (Gandalf and Galadriel had to catch a separate train to the Undying Lands) and we journeyed back to Cambridge shattered, dazed and confused. And worried about our impending exams. Frodo leaned his head on my shoulder and we sang songs about pipeweed, songs about freedom, and songs that cast doubts about the paternal provenance of the Dark Lord. It was apparently a 'sweet' moment, which was captured on videop, as was the pre-concert euphoria, and will soon be available on some obscure website for your viewing 'pleasure'.

At the end of the day we parted company on our way through Cambridge and left another day out to the mercy of our memories. As I did for my last writing I shall finish by gushily thanking Samwise for inviting me to come along, and for asking (read, blackmailing) me to write this up. Oh, and for accepting this article and editing it to make it worthy of inclusion in Anor.

Richard Smith



Sam and some of his children
Giulia Slack 2004

'And you also have Rose, and Elanor; and Frodo-Jad will come, and Rosie-Iass, and Merry, and Goldilocks, and Pippin; and perhaps more that I cannot see. Your hands and your wits will be needed everywhere.'

- *The Grey Havens*
Artwork by *Giulia Slack*

From Aduial Till Minuial

At some point near the beginning of the Fourth Age, when Elanor and Frodo Gamgee are teenagers, Sam decides to take them on a bit of a road trip as he's rather fed up. Stopping off at one of the pubs on the way, he reveals to them that they're going to spend some time fishing in the Grey Havens (where one can catch some very nice salmon). When Frodo goes off to use the facilities, Elanor takes the opportunity to ask her father: "Daddy, don't you believe in Gardening any more?" to which he gives the slightly depressing answer, "Not enough to be a gardener."

Well, they go on and have to stop at a Hobbit-run motel for the night (since it's a long journey, and although they're 'self-contained', having a wagon with rather comfortable facilities, Sam just wants to spend one last night in a Hobbit bed before leaving the Shire). While they are in there, they are held up by two Dwarf brothers who are on their way to sell a hoard of stolen mithril and get refuge somewhere on the coast: the brothers need Sam and his kids to take them over the border (because of the security checks introduced in recent years to stop black market 'pipeweed substitute' from coming into the Shire and crippling the economy; the folk of the Grey Havens are also a bit worried that true pipeweed is being smuggled out of the Shire and taken to the West by Elves making their final journey - reports of a smoking community over in Valinor where people lie on a beach with their pipes listening to Elf rock music haven't helped matters).

After some resistance, the Gamgees agree to take the Dwarf brothers over the border, and they set off. When they get to customs, the Dwarves are nervous and decide to hide in the back of the wagon with Elanor (as insurance that Sam and Frodo don't grass them up to the border police). A dodgy-looking Hobbit saunters up as they wait in the queue (which is quite long now that most wagons being taken out of the Shire are suspected of smuggling).

"What's your purpose in the Grey Havens?" asks the police Hobbit.

"Holiday," Sam says, hoping Frodo won't pipe up and let him down. "I'm taking my son to see his first warg fight." Warg fighting was quite a sport these days, since the creatures weren't being used by orcs and the like (and there was quite a surplus of them), and it sounded less suspicious than a Hobbit going fishing in the Sea.

A sudden noise in the back of the wagon (caused by the younger of the Dwarf brothers being nervous and going a bit crazy) almost alerts the police Hobbit, but Frodo manages to divert his attention by suddenly bursting into song. Sam is sort of proud of him, though he doesn't like him being implicit in such a scheme.

Anyway, they make it over the border, and when they are out of sight of the officials, the Dwarf brothers come out of their hiding place with Elanor, the older one exclaiming, "By *Elbereth*, that was intense! We're in the f***ing Grey Havens..." It might be best not to alarm the casual reader with any more of his rather shocking (especially to country Hobbits) language. The next stop on their journey is a looming Elf bar, a place where Elves tend to stay and party all night while they wait for a boat into the West, and it is here that the Dwarf brothers need to wait until morning to meet the mithril dealers.

Walking in, the Hobbits are rather shocked to see all the Elves sitting around drinking *miruvor*, talking, even singing, while a bunch of scantily-clad women (mixed with the odd She-elf and She-hobbit) dance around them on tables. "This is my kind of place!" says the older Dwarf brother happily. Going over to the bar, they try to order some food, but the bar-elf refuses to serve them, saying that the bar is for Elves only. Just when the Dwarf brothers are about to get into a fight over this, Sam steps in and says, "But I am an Elf-friend - see this brooch?" - he holds out his Leaf of Lorien, which he's kept all this time - "That proves that I'm an Elf-friend. Only friends of the Elves can get a brooch like that. I'm an Elf-friend and these are my... friends." The bar-elf acquiesces, unwilling to upset someone who might well have the favour of

Galadriel herself (even if she was already in the West herself), and the party heads over to the table with a bottle of *miruvor*.

As the evening progresses, accompanied by much *miruvor*-drinking (the accepted method of drinking it is apparently to pour it into a shot glass, drink in one go, and slam the glass down on the table), talking (mostly Sam trying to discourage the Dwarf brothers from aggression) and watching the spectacle (in particular, a dance from vampish-looking She-elf with a large snake), the Dwarf brothers realise that some of the Elves in there are starting to look a little hostile towards them (probably because they beat up the Elf standing outside the bar for no apparent reason).

Suddenly the bar-elf from before comes up behind the younger Dwarf brother and pin his hand to the table with what Sam would have described as a 'nice, shiny dagger'. Much screaming and shouting ensues as a fight breaks out, but only then does something truly frightening happen: the vampy She-elf who had been dancing jumps upon the younger Dwarf brother and begins to bite his neck. Blood is spurting everywhere, and her head suddenly looks all strange and lumpy.

Sam is rather startled at first, but then his sense of adventure (which has rather abandoned him in recent years but has been lying hidden in his soul, waiting to be re-awoken) comes back to life. Smashing a chair against a nearby Elf, who is displaying similar blood-sucking tendencies to the She-elf, he takes two of its legs and begins to stake the bad guys. "What's going on, Daddy?" ask Elanor and Frodo, who are rather frightened indeed despite always having loved Sam's tales of danger and adventure.

"They're vampires!" Sam tells them. "No-one at home is going to believe this!" And so they all fight, backing off into a back room of the bar (where they find a large hoard of pipeweed and pipeweed-substitute, but nothing they can use for fighting vampires) so they can regroup and go at them again with more vigour). But first Sam (who hasn't been bit at all) has something to say to his children.

"Now, listen up. I want you to promise me something. If I get bit, you have to promise to kill me."

"Of course we'll kill you if you turn into one of those... things!" Elanor replies, a little too quickly. A little hurt, but at least satisfied that they aren't going to let themselves get killed for no reason, Sam arms his children with trusty chair-legs. The Dwarf brothers, who haven't really done anything useful, play along and get chair-legs of their own. And then they burst out with Sam's cry of "Kill them all!"

The fighting is fierce, nigh on hopeless. There are so many of the vampires. Both of the Dwarf brothers get bit and fall to the chair legs of Elanor and Frodo. Sam manages to whip the head off one vampire and turn it into some sort of Hell-warg. In the end, Sam and his children are pressed up against the front door of the building, fighting for their lives. But one rather forceful kick from one of the vampires sends Frodo flying through the door, and suddenly shafts of light stream through. When the sunlight hits a vampire, it explodes. "Come on!" Sam screams, and they run outside into the sunlight while the whole bar goes up in smoke.

Panting, Sam looks at his children in silence, feeling worn out, physically and emotionally - he'd forgotten how hard it can be having an adventure. "Well then", he says at length, "I think it's time we went home. I feel like doing some gardening, to calm myself down." Elanor and Frodo cheer. "I wonder what we'll do with all that mithril in the wagon..."

Disclaimer: This piece of fiction is not at all based on any vampire movies you may have seen. And if you haven't seen the vampire movie this isn't based on, hopefully you can just enjoy it as a piece of vampire-Hobbit fiction.

The author promises to follow up with Kill Bill the Pony at some point...

Pip Steele

The Tragedie of Faramir, Prince of Gondor

A work tragi-comical, heroi-tragical, and plain-sillical, by the hand of S. Gamgee

Midnight, a watch-tower in Minas Tirith. Enter Beregond and Peregrin, two sentinels.

Beregond: Who's there?

Peregrin: Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself!

Beregond: Long live the steward!

Peregrin: Beregond?

Beregond: He.

Peregrin: You come most carefully upon your hour.

Beregond: There is a wicked parodist about. 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Peregrin.

Peregrin: For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at stomach.

Beregond: Have you had quiet guard?

Peregrin: Not a wraith stirring.

Beregond: Well, good night.

If you do meet Gil-galad and Elendil, the rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Peregrin: I think I hear them -

Enter Faramir, tottering byronically

Stand ho! Who is there?

Faramir: A friend, but *O! O! O!*

Peregrin: You come in sober suit my lord! Wherefore

These tears, that so ill bescem your face?

Faramir:

O!

Beregond: (*aside, to Peregrin*) The prince bears some distress nigh his great heart,
But of what 'tis made I cannot fathom.

Peregrin: I will enquire it of him straight,

Beregond: Do so!

Something is rotten in the state of Gondor... most like the author.

Faramir: O! You stars, burning at my author's whim,

You bring no hope to me from out the wrack

As you have done to hobbits fat -

Peregrin: My lord!

What evil is it that ails you so?

Faramir:

Fell!

Fell, dire it is! O my prophetic soul!

My father, O! En-noble-d, dribb'ling, killed

By action-Gandalf! Bear it not for shame!

The palantir, the marble wreathed in flame

Cas'd in sepulchral hands, the image great

Of pricking pride that opens up the gate

To learned ponderment of this great text -

Gone!

Beregond: Hark him how he storms!

Peregrin: Ay!

Faramir:

Hark you me,

Else my sword shall speak, and in slaying you

This, our scene, becomes my soliloquy!

I will not have these lines vainly rehearsed,

So silent be, else suffer now the worst!

For if this be tragedy, it shall be defined

By the number of dead bodies I leave behind!

Peregrin: Too much of your father's milk there is

In you; this tale is *eucatastrophe*,

And its body count is wond'rous low -

Faramir: (*menacing Peregrin*) Ay, if *main* character you be -

Beregond: (*restraining Faramir*)

My lord!

Faramir: (*overwhelmed by grief*) But O! My brother, and father, mother

My chickens all! Must it be thus? That all -

Freudian issues unsolv'd this portends!

Peregrin: This must you quibble with the author, not me!

Faramir: Yet blatant favouritism he does show

To hobbits; how my hate of you does grow!

Beregond: Good prince of utopias socialist

Vent not your wrath on such a one as this!

To this very hobbit you will owe your life!

Faramir: Fie! I suppose I shall also have a wife?

Beregond:

Marry!

Faramir: Pah!

Peregrin: 'Tis true! I did flip ahead to look -

Faramir: What! Thou didst read the final pages of the book - O philistine!

Beregond: All your woes resolvéd shall they be,

When Ary comes to his sovereignty.

Faramir: (*drawing his blade*) O detestable scullion! O roguish goose!

Is this an hour to speak the coming of the king?

My father but ten pages dead, and thus he comes to crown...

I'll cleave your witless tongues from out you

In my psychopathic dalliance,

And shall distort the pattern of my speech

As an actor in a tragedy might do,

To show my mind is coming all undone!

Strikes Peregrin

Curse you! Curse you and all halflings to death and darkness! I'm the handsome one! I'm the one who has the most noble character! This tale is about me, not some tawdry Ring and a couple of woolly-footed -

Peregrin: (*stage whisper*) What ho! Your diction, man!

Faramir: O perfidious *periannet*! O!

Stage-stealing eurléd locks!

Strikes Peregrin again

Peregrin: Help me hence!

Faramir: Help him not, or else die here with him! Bathe now your weary limbs in the mantle rich of your own blood, and should the ruby lips of your wounds e'er cry out, as Caesar's to Anthony, when slain upon the Capitoline he lay by honest Brutus, then may they cry 'Hail Faramir! Hail Prince of Gondor!'

Peregrin: Nay! My blood shall rather ope the voices of the very stones and crack asunder the starred vaults of heaven, crying 'the prettiest' -

Enter Legolas

Legolas: Is me me me me me me me me me!
And further iambic-pentameter filling devices!

Beregond: Be gone, foul scene-sullyng carrion, and besmirch some other text with your grisley locks!

Legolas: Sulk!

Exit Legolas. Beat.

Peregrin: *(cough)* Upon which part were we?

Beregond: You were about to die dramatically,

Faramir:

And at my hand.

Peregrin: Ah yes. *(dramatic pose)* O! Beregond, I am slain! Ah! Farewell Beregond, liefer than father!

Faramir: Hast thou achieved completion in your death?

[dies]

Peregrin: Verily, I have sought it and abused it most dramatically.

Beregond: Ah, Peregrin! Unhearsd here you lie

[dies again]

Open to the tears of the sky that gently lament your passing.

Flowers are strewn about you, trailing their aromas

Heavenward with your great-hearted soul.

Your silver skin, fit with which to wrap an elven princeling.

Is here demarked by your golden blood –

Gandalf: *(entering)* What in Middle-Earth is all this nonsense!

The entire cast freezes guiltily. The lights come up, revealing a very tacky stage. Faramir's plastic sword, and the ketchup bottle Peregrin has been using to simulate his blood.

Peregrin: I would that he had come hereafter!

Faramir: *(to Gandalf)* Er... All the world's a stage,

And we but poor players who strut and fre-

Gandalf: Insolence! Have you lost your mind?

Faramir: Er... Yes?

Gandalf: What are you doing?

Beregond: Our R.T.S. impression.

Gandalf: Don't insult Richard – he can *act*. Unlike you lot.

Peregrin: This is our Reduced Tolkienien Shakespeare!

Gandalf: O great horror! Great blasphemous calamity!

Beregond: See how easy it is? One would almost think you had done Shakespeare...

Faramir: Art thou not a lover of the bard, the great swan of Avon and swain of Stratford?

Gandalf: *(unamused)* Who coerced you into this Stoppardian idiocy?

Faramir: Er... Um...

Enter Sam, looking lost and confused. As he speaks, Faramir's eyes begin to light up evilly.

Sam: Um, excuse me, could you guys tell me which way to go to reach the Mordor set? I'm supposed to be carrying Frodo, doubly necessary given how drunk he got at Gimli's last night, and...

Faramir, Peregrin, Beregond: Him! He did it!

Sam: Wha...?

Faramir: Look at the ink stains on his fingers, the crumbs on his jacket. It was him!

Gandalf: *(intimidatingly)* Samwise Gamgee! Of all the confounded nuisances! I shall have you beaten with your own saucepan for this unspeakable villainy!

Sam: What? No, Gandalf, whatever it was, I didn't do it, I swear... *(flailing as Gandalf seizes him by the ear and drags him out)* He's, he's... poisoned you against me! I'll get you for this, Faramir!

Faramir: Qui, moi? Oh, I'm sorry Sam, but you know how it is... That's just the way the lembas crumbles....

Exeunt Sam and Gandalf, the former squealing. Silence for a moment.

Peregrin: You know, that was mean.

Faramir: Vengeance for his footnoting of my masterpiece last Anor.

Beregond: You know what eise?

Faramir: What?

Beregond: That was a really lame joke with which to end this parody.

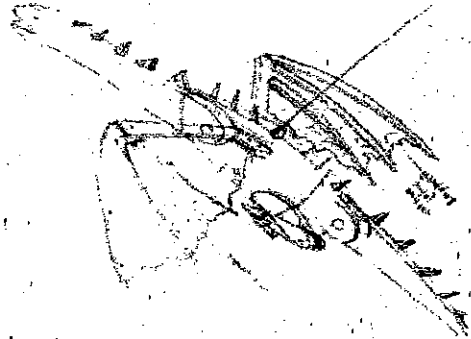
Faramir: Hey, go back to the first page, mister. What else do you expect from a tragedy?

Exeunt omnes... Who's omnes?

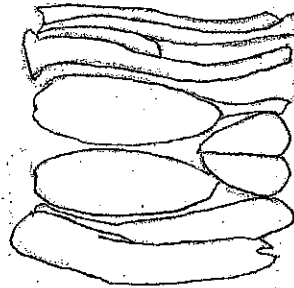
Anna E. Slack

To Make A Fell Beast...

1. The Fell beast will be made of mdf or softwood (for ease of cutting/shaping) and it will flap wings/ stand up / move head and tail.
2. Plan the shape; it has 12 separate parts, of which 8 are moving. You will need 8 screws or 5 dowel rods.



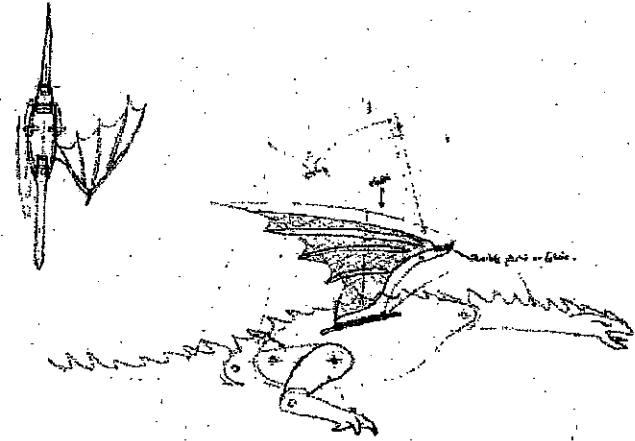
3. Draw a template of the 7 parts (5 are repeated). Cut them out and glue each to a piece of wood.



4. For the cutting, the easiest tools, if you have access to them, are: a Henga saw or jigsaw (for the large and curved parts, ie. Pieces over 50mm): A hand-held coping saw is best for cutting the inside and smaller parts such as the feet and head.
5. Shaping and Sanding: A circular sander is great for sanding away the large flat surfaces when you have cut them out. Glass paper and files can be used to sand the internal curves or smaller bits.

Anor 32

6. Drilling: The hole should be made with a 3mm screw, up to 9mm for the dowelling rods. Small holes can be drilled with the hand drill (but glue or tape the surfaces first!). a pillar drill can be used for bigger holes and drilling holes into the ends of things.
7. Assembly: A spot of pristinick, wood glue or tape can help to hold bits together. The parts should move freely but not be loose, so be careful when you're using the screws. Fabric hinge can be used for the wings or free-moving parts such as the tail. To hang it, use string or elastic. Last of all, add some suitably scary eyes.



7. Finishing off: If you need to do any more sanding, use fine grade (230) glass paper. Paint or varnish as you like, and add a rider for that extra spooky effect.

For more details, contact the author at daviesdesign@yahoo.co.uk

Lawrence Davies

Anor 32

Military Tactics and Technology

To begin I will warn all readers that I do not consider myself very knowledgeable about ancient and medieval warfare. I know far more about the later 'horse and musket' period and so what follows is not as complete or thorough as might be liked. I would also like to completely skip *The Hobbit* and the Battle of the Five Armies or the Lonely Mountain.³

The Fellowship of the Ring

Orodruin

The first battle in the film is that of Orodruin. I have not read any written account so I am unable to make a comparison between book and film for this. In terms of the film the battle is a very interesting example of formed troops against a horde. The Gondorians appear to be carrying shields akin to early medieval cavalry shields and it is certainly true that such troops often fought on foot in such a way.⁴ The High Elves are equipped much more strangely with large body shields which appear to be made out of metal as the design work could not be made easily in wood. I wonder if such ridiculously intricate work on a battle shield is simply the result of the deal with Games Workshop but apart from the wasting of art in battle such a shield would be suicidally heavy. The Early Republican Roman *scutum* appears to have been of a similar size and was all wood (with the exception of the boss and binding) and weighed in at 10 kilograms.⁵ A metal shield of similar dimensions would be much heavier and even if it could be carried it could not be used aggressively as seen during the melee. The Elven swordsmen use swords that look like the Thracia/Dacian *falx* which is certainly interesting and unusual although not ridiculous. What is strange is that despite the presence of spearmen in the army they are not deployed with two-handed swordsmen to provide protection: most armies that included soldiers with two-handed weapons seem to have deployed them intermingled with polearmen to prevent enemy troops coming too close and, in earlier periods, to offer some shield protection. The deployment of two-handed axmen in the Anglo-Saxon shield walls is an example. This is described in a war game account of the Battle of Five Armies:

At one point the Lakemen are described as wielding great swords. These can be assumed to mix with the spearmen of the front rank, and step forward during the attack, covered by the spears behind (the *dopsoldners* of the Landsknechts and Swiss, the claymore-armed Scottish highlanders, and the two-handed axmen of the Anglo-Danish housecarles are historical models of the tactic).⁶

The deployment of archers behind the front rank of infantry is not the normal method of deployment and may cause problems during a melee but is possible. In most ancient and medieval battle the archers were posted on the flanks to provide converging fire.

Aragorn and Arwen

The various 'skirmishes' that occur during the first part of the film merit little attention except it does seem to me that Arwen's sword is possibly a little long to be one-handed (indeed it

³ An alternative name invented by Doug Larsen.

⁴ The Battle of the Standard is such an example. For more information see *British Battle* by Ken and Denise Guest.

⁵ *Greece and Rome at War* by Peter Conolly.

⁶ The Battle of the Lonely Mountain by Doug Larsen in *Miniature Wargames* No. 183 August 1998.

is a very odd sword and seems to be a *falx* with out the long handle) and the Nazgul swords could also be two-handed. In that case they could not easily be used from horse back as they are designed to be used on foot as is seen at Weathertop. Certainly two-handed swords were usually associated with Medieval armies after cavalry had begun to fight dismounted. They could however be bastard swords and as such can be used one-handed and from horse back. It is interesting to note that Aragorn uses his (similar) sword two-handed although he also uses it from horse-back.

Moria

The fighting in Moria is also of minimal note except that again the shields carried, this time by the orcs, are ridiculous. And appear to be the result of the collaboration with Games Workshop.

Uruk-Hai

What is of major note is the arming of the Uruk-Hai. Casting weapons in iron is not a method I have ever heard of, although it was apparently the method of manufacture when weapons were made of bronze, and may be the origin of the sword in the stone.⁷ With iron such casting is much harder and it would not produce particularly high quality equipment which is indeed what Sauruman's troops seem to have. Their shields are also made of metal and are again an odd shape although they are almost believable. In this case the swords are certainly unusual and would be very hard to carry if the hands were holding another weapon. They also are not at all like the weapons described in the book which are probably more functional. The bows are probably also different although the Steppe archer bow is a good representation of what it is meant to be and seems to be drawn correctly (differently to European bows). It is possible that the quiver is on the wrong hip. The oddest thing is the spectacle of the left handed Uruks (aren't they all engineered the same?), and even some carrying their shields on their right arm. This might not be too bad for a skirmish such as Parth Galen but could cause serious problems in a formation.

The Two Towers

The Uruks and the White-Skins

In the second film the uruks have acquired a few pikemen who are deployed to the flanks of the 'marching' column as what appears to be a 'skirmish screen' or flank guard. Considering their proximity to the column and their small number they are not particularly suited to that role. They are also not a lot of use for anything as solitary pikemen are practically useless in the face of attack due to carrying a long, heavy pole. A full file on each side would be more explicable. The film unfortunately doesn't include the great running battle with the Rohirrim which is an excellent example of the use of horse archers. The battle at Fangorn is not a good example. The one horse archer seen is employed in an insane charge (in the dark!) as opposed to shooting and wheeling which is the normal use for such troops.

The tactics displayed in the book of waiting until daylight and the orc relief force are all missed out. This makes the Rohirrim look terribly stupid. The battle also lacks something of the scale the book gives it and as a result the tactics (or lack of them) are different. The break-out attempt by Uglúk is neglected and is probably impossible with such a small number of troops.

⁷ I think the idea was mentioned on a Tony Robinson programme.

The regrouping of the riders and the second charge (a sign of high raining and discipline) is similarly ignored and replaced by a confused melee.

The Riders of Rohan

The trek across Rohan is a disappointment in that Rohan is a disappointment. Obviously New Zealand is hilly but the country introduced, as Rohan is not my idea of cavalry country. It certainly bears little resemblance to the trans-Eurasian Steppe. The Riders of Rohan do however show excellent discipline and training being able to wheel by ranks. I would wonder if it demonstrated that they were deployed for battle in small groups but I doubt it. Overall an excellent representation of the moment in the book.

The Golden Hall

Eodoras is not as described in the book and I, personally, do not consider it particularly vulnerable as it is built on a rock outcrop - unfortunately the strategy in the book is discarded in favour of a more emotive one. The rejection of riding out to face Saruman's army is inexplicably rejected in the film although it was the strategy adopted in the book. There is also no discussion in the film about the defence of the Isen and the implication (especially in the extended version) is that it had collapsed some time before. In that case one has to ask why warg patrols, Wild Men and even large bodies of Uruk-Hai haven't penetrated further through the gap than a few outlying villages.

Of Wargs and Men

The 'retreat' itself (towards the enemy!) is alright. The battle against the warg riders has some good and bad points. The decision to take all the available man power to beat off the first attack is stupid as there has to be the possibility of it being a decoy. The charge also shows the fairly familiar abuse of the horse archers. The collision is in my opinion excellent. Common sense (or mine at any rate) envisages a collision between two mounted bodies being exactly like that and the ferocious carnage of the clash is similar to what happens in my war game rules (which doesn't mean it is accurate). When watching it for the third time or so I remember thinking to myself "so that is why I try and avoid cavalry melees". I would have thought that the horse archers of the Rohirrim would have enabled them to avoid it in the same way I have often avoid cavalry fights by a 'shoot and scoot'⁸ approach relying on firepower. I also wonder at the pole axes/bills carried by the warg riders and I am not sure how practical they would be for mounted combat. Gimli and Legolas both seem to realise that axes are limited in mounted combat and that "an axe is no weapon for a rider."⁹

The Battle of Helm's Deep

The Hornburg itself is a good representation of that in the book as far as I can tell although I am puzzled as to where the caves are as will be seen later. The amusing thing is that Théoden's armour is from a different era to that of his men. The book describes them as wearing mail and some are so armoured looking like early medieval soldiers of the Anglo-Danish societies. However many wear what appears to be scale armour which had been the standard 'light' armour in much of the western world until the invention of ring mail by the Celts. It is

⁸ The name given to modern Self Propelled Artillery tactics.

⁹ The King of the Golden Hall. The Two Towers.

inferior to mail although there is a version which looks like scale but combines both types of armour which is better if a lot heavier.¹⁰ It could be this that Háma, Gamling and so many others wear. Théoden's armour (which he puts on over his clothes without any padding) is either a classical cuirass or a strange variant on classic medieval armour. Either way it is not from the same era as that of his men. The arming scenes also show a shield on the wrong arm, again. It is also worth noting that Aragorn and Gimli both dispense with the shields they have in the books as both carry two handed weapons.

The battle itself dispenses with the defence of the dike by a skirmish line and instead concentrates merely on the battle for the main fortifications between the Rohirrim and their Elvish allies and the orcs. Leaving aside my jealousy of Elves' strategic mobility and lack of logistics trail I will concentrate on the orcs. They are said to number about 10,000 - but the forces seen at Isengard and on the march almost certainly total several times that (I have not paused the film to count the files). The marching column also contains no sign of the siege engines although as it is only seen from a distance this may not be a problem. What is odd is the orcs' attempt to charge the wall with pikes (which they do at least carry correctly as two-handed weapons either dispensing with the shield or carrying it slung on the left arm). The Macedonians, the earliest pike force, probably used javelins and other close combat arms for siege warfare as using an 18 foot pole to storm a wall is not possible.¹¹

Leaving aside the problems of using bows in a storm the beginning of the assault is the first point to look at. The book and film again part company in that the book records a series of charges 'like the incoming sea, they halted at a higher point'.¹² The film shows but one charge and in my opinion (which may be wrong) I think that is more believable. There are many cases of attacks being halted by firepower but they invariably belong to the gunpowder age. Even at Agincourt and Crecy where the long bow was a decisive weapon the main attacks closed unless, for whatever reason, they were poorly pressed. It is also a noted fact that troops under fire often run forward to close the gap faster and it is my opinion that this would be the case especially on assaults on a fortress as the walls would provide cover for the attacker as well as the defender. I do not see how a soldier flat against the bottom of a wall can be hit by a soldier at the top unless he were to lean far out and expose himself to missiles from the ground. This interpretation may be wrong but the 'flight to the front' is real enough and would lend more credit to Jackson's version than Tolkien's.

The most galling error is of course the order to 'fire' the arrows when it should be 'shoot' or 'loose'. However that is, in the scheme of things, minor. The ladders are a more significant matter as they (apart from being lifted with a full grown orc attached which must mean that the Uruk-Hai were bred for strength) are too long. Ladders had to be long enough to reach the top of the walls (not always that easy), but if they were too long they were far too easy to push down. The hand-to-hand combat again sees the elves use falx style swords although they are more believable in that type of fighting than at Orodruin as they require a lot of space to use.

The 'tortoise' formation is interesting as the Uruk-Hai have not carried such large shields in any earlier scenes. That exploding of the wall certainly requires a lack of regard for the lives of both sides but many commanders have indeed managed such callousness. What is odd is that the elven reserves seem prepared to run into the attack and surrender the formation which is seen at Orodruin. The Uruks almost do the same thing and considering that they are armed with pole arms it would be far more serious. The resulting melee is much more disordered than I would expect of formed troops fighting.

¹⁰ The Roman Legionary Recreated in Colour Photographs by Daniel Peterson.

¹¹ Greece and Rome at War by Peter Gonolly.

¹² Helm's Deep. The Two Towers.

The complexities of the fighting retreat are covered in the film and book as is the final assault on the citadel. In the film it is interesting that there is no attack on the caves where the civilians are sheltering and I would assume that they are therefore behind the citadel rather than, as in the book, at the far end of the valley. The indoor cavalry charge is again practically the same although I am not sure if Tolkien envisaged the cavalry riding down the ramp quiet like they did. While victorious, disorganised troops are vulnerable to a counter attack, especially by mounted men, many horses would have fallen off the ramp not least as they would probably be attacked by prone Uruks trying to hamstring or disembowel them.

What is stupid is Eomer's charge down the slope. There are three problems. Not only is the slope too steep but it is also scree. The horses would have fallen and probably died trying to negotiate it. Finally the charge is delivered against a formed pike block. Horses are far more sensible than people and refuse to charge onto spikes. Even if the pikes were lowered the attack would almost certainly have floundered in the depth of the orc formation. An example of the problem of charging cavalry into dense formations is found in the order Lucan gave to Cardigan in the early stages of Balaclava: "My instructions to you are to attack anything and everything that shall come within reach of you, but you will be particularly careful of columns or squares of infantry."¹³ While square was a multi-direction hedge of spikes designed to repel cavalry column was not. However there were often problems in hacking through such a dense mass and as a result solid block formations had been adopted by the Austrian army in the Napoleonic Wars as a more mobile defence against horsemen.¹⁴ This suggests that the charge, even with the supporting sortie would have found it hard to rout the orcs. The attack in the book is by infantry on a more disorganised foe.

It's an Oliphaunt!

The ambush in Ithilien is not dissimilar in the film and book except that the Gondorain rangers in the film seem far more prepared to rely on arrows than their book counterparts. The "sound like a hundred blacksmiths"¹⁵ is a clear indication that Faramir's men were prepared to risk hand-to-hand combat which I would not expect from light infantry as throughout history most have carried missile weapons. In that respect I think the film is better. On the other hand the Mumaks' towers seem to be extremely large even for so large an animal. It also seems that some of the rangers load their bows with the arrows on the wrong side of the shaft.

'By all rights we shouldn't even be here...'

The fighting in Osgiliath has a very modern feel - befitting urban warfare, more associated with the 20th century than with any other. What is interesting to note is that the Gondorain soldiers are wearing what appears to be full plate armour, quite possibly white armour, the ultimate development of plate. This armour is at least 250 years beyond that worn by the Rohirrim and when it was in use shields shrank and eventually disappeared. Despite this they are carrying the large body shields that they have at the beginning of the first film when their armour seems less sophisticated. The archers of the garrison are also in full armour which is fairly ridiculous as medieval archers were invariably equipped more lightly than the heavy infantry. The book suggests that they should wear armour of a similar ear to that of the Rohirrim. It is interesting that many are left handed.

¹³ At All Costs by Bryan Perret.

¹⁴ Aspern & Wagram 1809 by Ian Castle.

¹⁵ Of Herbs and Stewed Rabbit. The Two Towers.

The Return of the King

Osgiliath

The battles in the third film are the most dramatic but again there are many tactical flaws which are not in the book. The amusing use of mid 20th century landing craft in Osgiliath is the first anachronism. Such craft did not exist at the time of the First World War and were only in use by the later stages of the second. However their construction suggests that they are not beyond the technology of the fictional era even if they might have problems with keeping the water out. The decision to defend the western bank in depth and to sacrifice the bridge/beach head was remarked on by one of the C.T.S. members while we were waiting for the film to begin. I personally thought it explicable as there was a realisation during the Second World War that static defence of a shore line cannot usually stop a landing. As far as I know the sole example of a repulsed landing is that of the first assault on Wake Island in 1941.¹⁶ It became the norm to resist landings by allowing the attacking troops to get ashore and then fighting bloody delaying actions to make them pay for the ground taken with no real hope of stopping them in the long term. To the best of my knowledge defence in depth by ambush is also a normal feature of urban warfare anyway. It must be pointed out that *The Lord of the Rings* is set in a fantasy world resembling the early medieval period and that such tactics are fairly modern but then, as I said, urban warfare is more associated with the 20th century than any other; amphibious landings likewise. The book gives no actual description of the assault.

The retreat from Osgiliath as done in the film lacks the tactical complexities of the fighting retreat described in the book. The Pelennor defences are not featured and the pursuit is a lot less intense. There is also no mention of the flanking forces that have crossed the river at Cair Andros. The sortie is not included in the film which is in my view unfortunate. It seems strange that the orcs do not attempt to follow the retreating defenders having won the west bank.

The lack of the Pelennor defences removes any similarity that exists between Minas Tirith and Constantinople with its long wall. I personally think that there is such a likeness in the books and that it may have been intended. It is possible to see Constantinople as a bulwark against barbarians from the east, north and south for many generations if one so desires. The image of Minas Tirith in the same role cannot be completely overlooked.

The cavalry charge against the taken Osgiliath is stupid and an addition to the plot. The lack of any strong force would make such a task impossible even if cavalry could normally expect to be able to storm a city or other urban area. There are exceptions but cavalry are usually massacred when attacking buildings as they provide the protection the defenders need against the horsemen who may well have been able to bowl them over in the open. An example of this is the seen at the battle of Auerstedt where French infantry defending a village did not have to form square to repel cavalry like their colleagues in the open did.¹⁷ It is to be expected that such a suicidal operation failed although it is not my purpose to discuss the reasoning behind the characterisations that led to it. The Gondorain knights at least do not carry shields as befits the type or armour they wear.

The Siege of Minas Tirith

The siege itself is certainly impressive in the film but differs from the book in that no trenches are constructed to protect the attackers. They also refrain from drawing up out of range of the defending engines which in the book are not 'large enough to reach so far or to stay the

¹⁶ The Times Atlas of the Second World War edited by John Keegan.

¹⁷ Jena 1806 by David G. Chandler

work'.¹⁸ This lack of planning does enable a visually impressive artillery exchange and it is nice to see that the defending engines on the walls are trebuchets. This is good because they are apparently the only engines that can be so used as they do not recoil. Other types of catapult would bring down the walls! The attacking artillery is far too powerful being able to smash the towers as though they contained no mortar (even if they were not hardened with magic). The fire barrage and the use of severed heads as a means of undermining morale is a plausible military method. In a long term siege the latter would also spread disease.

The charge of the Rohirrim is again ridiculous. Leaving aside the horse archer issue they charge in one block. I was not able to count it but I reckoned that it could have been 300 by 20 to give the correct number. Such a large force would be a handicap to its own side as it would be incapable of manoeuvre and very vulnerable to flank attacks. The rear ranks would also be unable to do anything as would those inside the block. Napoleonic cavalry never deployed so deep (often in a mere two ranks) and in many cases with the squadrons in echelon to prevent one unit disordering the ones behind if it was repulsed. Ancient cavalry would never have fought in such a shape. Oblongs were used but far smaller ones by peoples not renowned for their horsemanship who were fighting fairly defensively. The maximum depth was apparently eight ranks. Most attacking cavalry forces operated in wedges and they did not number more than 300.¹⁹ Medieval cavalry rarely had the luxury of such numbers as ancient armies (or the Rohirrim) and they operated in small tight knit groups which were grouped in to banners of a similar size to the ancient units.²⁰ I assume that they would have operated in wedges. The Rohirric block is not only scarcely suited to being the decisive arm in a battle but displays nothing of the small unit training which the wheeling of Eomer's troops in the second film suggest.

The charge is again delivered against formed troops and although they are not protected by 18 foot pikes they are mainly armed with pole arms of at least 9 foot length. Spears, bill and halberds are all capable of keeping cavalry at a distance but the Rohirrim again swamp the defenders who have to be assumed to run to enable the rout to work as it does. I may have missed something as I type this without the DVD in front of me as it is not due to be released for another 2 months. In the book the defenders are not so well formed but are backed up by Haradrim cavalry. The overrunning of these units may well be due to the fact that the description of them as comparable with Saracens/Arabs (which the film goes along with) would mean that they were lighter troops. The Crusades, which witnessed the main clashes between heavy western and light eastern horse, saw examples of the latter being swept away but they first had to be caught.

The battle against the Mûmaks again shows Peter Jackson's lack of tactical understanding. It would be silly for the mobile arm (cavalry) to attack the slower force (Mûmaks), from the in front. Even if they are a serious danger, the archers on the towers would still have all round fields of fire. This is not the main issue though. Untrained horses WILL NOT charge elephants or, for that matter, Mûmaks. Tolkien understood this and 'wherever the mûmakil came there the horse would not go, but bleached and swerved away'.²¹ Despite the inability of many of the horse in the film to tackle the Mûmaks the problem is clearly with the inability of their riders and not with them.

The film also omits the second sortie from Minas Tirith. This is not so much of a problem as the army of the dead moves incredibly fast and can swamp the field. The other change is that the Pelennor seems to be smaller than it is in the book and lacks the covering

¹⁸ The Siege of Gondor. The Return of the King.

¹⁹ Greece and Rome at War by Peter Connolly.

²⁰ The Battle of Grunwald, 1410 by David Bonk in the osprey Military Journal Volume 4 Issue 1.

²¹ The Battle of the Pelennor Fields. The Return of the King. (Emphasis added.)

film to tackle the Mûmaks the problem is clearly with the inability of their riders and not with them.

The film also omits the second sortie from Minas Tirith. This is not so much of a problem as the army of the dead moves incredibly fast and can swamp the field. The other change is that the Pelennor seems to be smaller than it is in the book and lacks the covering terrain features around which '[the Southrons and Easterlings] gathered and rallied and fought until the day wore away'.²²

Legolas' kill of the Mûmak is actually realistic in one way. The shot to the base of the skull (which would instantly bring down a person) is similar to what mahouts (elephant drivers) were told to do to kill their mounts if they started rampaging in the wrong direction. For this purpose they carried hammers and chisels. The book describes the rangers trying to shoot at the animals' eyes which is a valid tactic if hard (think about the size of an elephant and its eyes) and it is not surprising that some were trampled.

The Battle at the Gates

Is also unrealistic. Surrounded in one circle (rather than two) the western armies decide to confront the vastly numerically superior forces facing them by charging. While it is true that ancient armies often did better with momentum behind them a circle is clearly a static formation and is designed for a last stand that will take a toll in men and time on its opponent. To charge also sacrifices the formation, bad at the best of times, and suicidal when surrounded by such a force. The account in the book makes it clear that arrows would be a problem for such a formation but the attackers seem to be hasty and send in the trolls. Archery always takes its time to destroy formations anyway. The description of the western forces advancing against the enemy after the Nazgûl flee strikes me as difficult to achieve but it could probably be done. The account of 'close-serried companies'²³ suggests that the formation was being maintained and that there were some sort of subunits. Then again maybe Gandalf's call to halt is to stop the line breaking and the forces being destroyed when victory is imminent.

The Scouring of the Shire

This, admittedly, seems to be more an ambush than a battle although it might have historical parallels in the wars between Byzantium and the Bulgars and the boccage fighting in the Battle of Normandy. It seems to be fairly believable in the way it is recounted as does the broader 'strategic' picture at that stage. The encircling of the ruffians break out would suggest that the Hobbits were fairly fast on their feet or that they were able to slow the ruffians but the description seem to hold water. It is also worth noting the grand strategic picture of the Wars of the Rings fought over 1350 miles. Although neglected in the film this again shows Tolkien's feel for the strategy displayed in the campaigns and recorded in detail. It also makes it very clear that he had experienced the World Wars as they were the only conflicts that I know of which saw action on such large fronts.

Tolkien's Tactics, Jackson's Tactics

While Tolkien has a good feel for strategy his tactical descriptions are limited and occasionally flawed. The accounts focus more on the impression of the battles and the experiences of some of the characters than on the tactics, which are ignored or glossed over. This is very

²² Ditto.

²³ The Field of Cormallen. The Return of the King.

common in literature even with authors who I would expect to have far more military knowledge. Apart from strategy, Tolkien seems to have a fairly good grasp of the military technology and even its historical context (which is less important for a fantasy world). While Jackson sometimes improves on Tolkien's errors he makes many more mistakes. His first problem is that he has to show the battles and cannot ignore them in favour of an overall impression. As a result all the details have to be shown and are often laughably wrong. There is also the Hollywood disease which results in suicidal charges and the very anachronistic equipment of the Gondorians. Other problems may come from the computer generation and the A.I. used (a program to have all the troops moving for instance).

The good news is that this is a fantasy film. While Tolkien created one of the most planned and believable (in a historical sense) fantasy worlds the films do not need to reflect this down to the level of the tactics and even people like me can watch them without planning the demise of the directors for gross ignorance and stupidity of military matters. The non-military parts of the film (I think there are some) also successfully counter balance these errors.

Jonathan Woolgar

The Cambridge Tolkien Society and Anor

The Cambridge Tolkien Society (Minas Tirith) is a society registered with the University whose aim is to further interest in the life and works of the late Professor J.R.R. Tolkien CBE. Meetings are held weekly during Full Term. Its magazine *Anor* is published fitfully, often when a full moon assists with the madness.

Residents of the United Kingdom may become full members of the Society on payment of £4.50 (annual) or £10 (life membership, but covering only three years' subscription to *Anor*). Those not resident in the United Kingdom may subscribe to *Anor* at a rate of £3.00 (surface) or £4.00 (airmail) for three issues.

For further information contact the Steward, Thea Wilson, at Newnham College, Cambridge. Subscriptions should be paid to Smaug (Helen Cousins, the treasurer), or via the Steward (Thea Wilson).

Back issues of *Anor* are available from the society at the following prices:

1-4 40p each 5-20 50p each 21 onwards 60p each

Postage and packing are as follows:

	UK	Europe	Middle East	Americas	Far East and Australia
First copy	50	70	80	90	95
Each further copy	15	20	40	55	60

Payment may be made by British cheque or International Money Order, in Sterling only. Cheques etc. should be made payable to the Cambridge Tolkien Society.

Anor 33

Submissions for *Anor* 33 should be addressed to Anna Slack, New Hall, Cambridge, or emailed to aes42@cam.ac.uk. Articles are preferred in word format; artwork should be negotiated with the editor.

Copyright

Unless otherwise agreed in writing, *Anor* accepts articles on the basis that the copyright vests in the author, but that the society may use the article in any of its publications, and further may license the Tolkien Society to reprint articles in *Mallorn* or *Amon Hen*. Copyright in *Anor* as a whole and in uncredited material vests in the Cambridge Tolkien Society.

Copyright © The Cambridge Tolkien Society 2004

