

ISSUE 6

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Editorial

In order to get this Anor out by the beginning of term, I am editing it instead of Peter Gilliver. However, material for the next Anor should be sent to Peter at the address on the back cover.

In this Anor we have the continuation of Elizabeth Holland's AGM talk, a refreshingly serious piece amongst the items of somewhat dubious taste that comprise much of the rest of this issue - principal among these is page three, inserted especially for those of our readers who have commented on a correspondence between our title and that of a certain Fleet Street publication.

It only remains to wish our members a successful Michaelmas term - so successful that you can spare some time to write plenty of articles for the next Anor!

Julian Bradfield

Comment

What is fascism anyway ?

I don't want to get into the minutiae of refuting Robert Westall's attacks on Tolkien, as I am hoping to deal with them, and several others, in an article for Mallorn. I may at least claim more than Iwan and Brin, in that I have actually corresponded with Westall, and may have modified his arguments a little.

I must, however, settle the argument between Iwan and Brin over whether Westall actually used the term 'fascist'. Brin doesn't seem to have read Westall's article anyway; Iwan has probably read it, but not the follow-up letter in Signal 35, from which I now quote:

"And I still love the book, because I am a very corrupt person. As Professor Berne says in his formidable book What do You Say after You Say Hello 'Every human being seems to have a little fascist in his head . . . in civilized people it is usually deeply buried beneath a platform of social ideals and training, but with proper permissions and directives, as history has shown again and again, it can be liberated into full bloom . . . a fascist may be defined as a person who has no respect for living tissue and regards it as his prey . . .'

I am increasingly afraid that Lord of the Rings along with Starsky and Hutch is issuing our children with just such permissions and directives."

So Iwan was right in accusing Westall of equating Tolkien with fascism. However, I have pointed out to Westall that this quotation could be applied to the personality of Sauron, and that therefore LotR could be interpreted as an antifascist work, attacking the evils of Sauron-style tyranny.

Jessica Yates

EGM Report

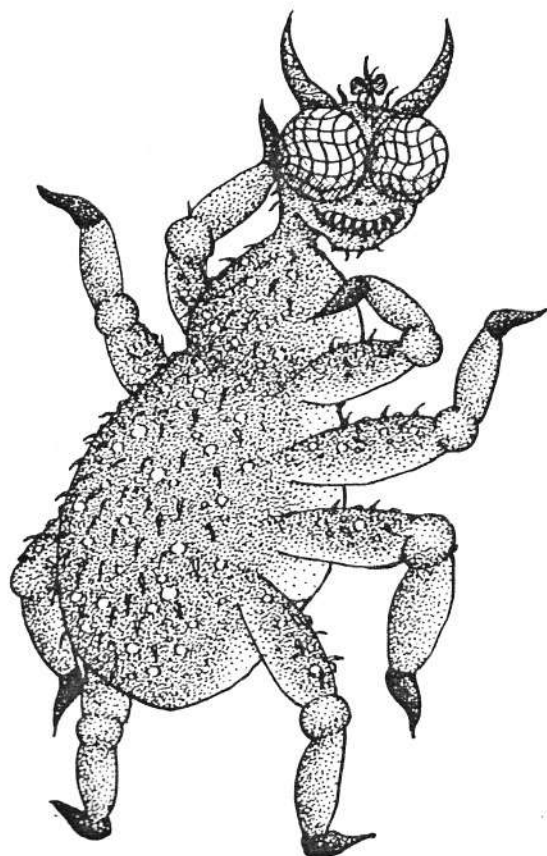
Report of the Extraordinary General Meeting Held on Saturday, 16th June, 1984.

In the shortest Extraordinary General Meeting in the history of the Society, the following motion was debated:-

That the subscription be raised to £2.00 for one year, or £4.50 for life.

The motion was proposed by M.J.L. Percival and seconded by I.R.Morus. The meeting was chaired by the new chairman, C.S. Rosenthal, and the motion was passed unanimously.

Striking as a Yorkshire miner,
Leggy Lobbie graces our pages for
first time. With statistics of
36,36,180, men of all species are
just dying to meet her!

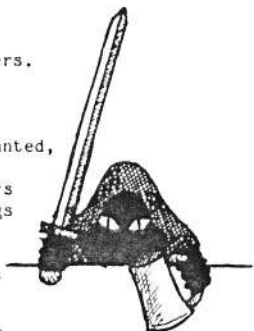


Summermoot Report



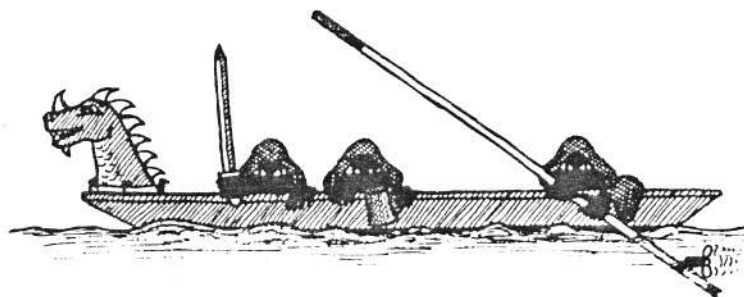
Then to Cambridge came the pilgrims,
To the town upon the Granta,
Crouching by the deadly waters.
In the Eagle first they gathered,
Sampled well the foaming bitter,
As they watched the entertainment,
Watched a brave young fire-eater.
Most impressive was the young man,
But before he passed the hat round,
Mr Simons soon upstaged him
With his dwarvish fiery powder.
Then to lodgings went the travellers,
Some to lie in halls of learning,
Some to watch a nasty movie
(High-powered, classical and nasty);
Some betook them to the Towers,
Where M. Towers found them crash-space,
But before they sank in slumber,
First they finished off the vodka,
Polished off the Wyborówa.
In the morning they rose slowly,
Late and shakily they set forth
To the punt-house by the river.
On the green Cam's dirty waters,
Through the Granta's noxious channel,
Went the punts that bore the pilgrims,
With their shields along the gunwales,
With their swords prepared for battle,
To the wonder of the people,
Some of whom made witty comments
Which they changed to objurgations
When the mighty Grendel zapped them,
Zapped them with his water-pistol.
Up the stream the fleet proceeded
In a series of sharp zigzags,
Poling into massive reed-beds,
Poling back into the hawthorns,
Till at last they reached the meadow
Which in Grantchester awaited,
In the place sung by the poet,
Though for tea there was no honey,
Merely sandwiches and Ruddles,
Which appeared to please the punters.
Then at last they set out homewards,
Punting downstream back to Cambridge,
Scaring ducks upon the river,
Zapping ducks with water-pistols.
Then they took them to the Towers
Where a mighty fire was kindled,
Kindled through the skill of Howard,

Fit to roast the rawest burger,
 Fit to char both chops and bangers.
 So they fell to merry feasting,
 Quaffing wine or beer or cider,
 Till their voices rose in music
 And Welsh hymns by some were chanted,
 Hymns inordinately lengthy,
 Which profoundly moved the others
 To express their deepest feelings
 In some very pithy phrases.
 Came again the morning after.
 Silence reigned upon the Towers.
 Trips to Ely were forgotten
 And forsaken the Smial's Forum
 As the revellers rose by noontide.
 To the pub again they hied them,
 Then dispersed and left the city,
 After thanking Minas Anor
 Who had organized proceedings.
 Thus the Summermoot was ended.



Galion Dorwiniondil
 (David Doughan)

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Elizabeth Holland

The Gate of Moria: the Royal Arch

continued from Anor 5

The Gate and the Lore of our World

While the Gate is evocative of Tolkien's lore, equally it evokes the lore of the real world, elements of myth and history which were widely studied even by young people in the age during which Tolkien was writing.

The first thing one notices is the Seven Stars, mentioned in the Book of Revelation. Setting them aside for the moment, one studies the star and moon images on the Gate. On this boundary stone, and other pictures, we see a "trinity" of Sumerian gods invoked, Shamash, the sun god, Sin the moon god (Nanna(r)), and the fertility goddess or mother goddess Ishtar (Inanna).

The double star of Shamash is much like the Star of the House of Féanor. Féanor's name also invokes the sun in Tolkien's languages, Anar or Anor. (The poem Gimli recites mentions "The light of sun and star and moon".)

The sign of the moon-god Sin is in the same position as the larger crescent moons on the tree Galathilion. A name of the moon among the Vanyar was Sheen - Isil the Sheen. I don't know how Sumerian scholars pronounce "Sin". I would pronounce it "Seen" since that is how the Iraqis pronounce the name of the letter called sin, very like the sign for Sin actually. Two very similar letters are called by them "seen, sheen" (sin, shin).

There is a Hebrew letter schin (pronounced "scheen" apparently) which resembles the Angerthas rune for G.

To return to the Seven Stars, they are eight-pointed stars; this eight-pointed figure is an astronomical sign found far and wide in the ancient world. The central one has been adapted in such a way as to make it more like the sign of Ishtar/Inanna. Referring to this deity in "Powers and Kings of Middle-earth", The Road 1, P.T.H. Carder describes her in her various forms as "the goddess of the horned moon and the evening star".

Isis is one of the manifestations of this deity; see "Isil" the Quenya name of the moon. In Sindarin this is Ithil - reversing litha, Bede's version of the heathen name for June-July, a word apparently meaning "moon".

That there are seven stars is evocative of Babylon, in the seven days of the week. In this schoolbook of the 1930's, [1]

suitable for someone aged about eight, the fact that we have seven weekdays, and the original deities for which they were named, are ascribed to Chaldean usage (Mackenzie, p. 99). Any schoolchild in the thirties, that is, could be expected to know the essential sacredness of the number seven

[1] Donald A. Mackenzie - Indian Myth and Legend (London: Gresham Publ. Co.) see Anor 5 p. 7

and its connection with the ancient Chaldean gods.

As for Saturday, Saturn, associated with Chronos, bears a sickle, which brings us back to the Valacirca. The Seven Stars are also known to every student of the Bible as being an emblem of Christ, in his person as Invincible Sun, mentioned in the Book of Revelation, 1:16.

Since we are now thinking of the lore of ancient Babylon and Assyria, we can think of the trees on the Gate, simply as a design, as being "Two", the Two Trees of Immortality and of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, mentioned in Genesis and shown in this picture. Again, P.T.H. Carder has dealt with this subject in "Powers and Kings of Middle-earth".

Though the Bible begins with Two Trees it constantly centres our attention on One Tree. The One Tree of Knowledge, which caused expulsion from the Eden of Innocence. The One Tree of the Cross. The One Tree of Revelation, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. This is also shadowed to us in the legend on the Gate, since the Two Trees of Valinor have left the line of One, Galathilion and his descendants.

In architecture the Two Trees became pillars and we may quote from P.T.H. Carder, The Road 1, p. 45:

The smaller representation depicts the usual placing of the trees as pillars beside the entrance to the inner sanctum of the temple. In this form they spread across the East, appearing as the pillars Jachin and Boaz in Solomon's temple, as the pillar of gold and the pillar of emerald described at the temple of Melkart in Tyre by Herodotus, and possibly in the paired obelisks set up before Egyptian temples after the worship of Isis and other Asiatic influences had attained superiority over native totemism.

The pillars have been shown by Tolkien. His picture has a double significance in relation to the lore of the real world. "Tree and Pillar" is an ancient symbol, as we see from the picture from an underground Roman temple shown in figure 1. But "Two Trees and Two Pillars" also has another significance. Jachin and Boaz, referred to by Carder, and by us in The Shores of Middle-earth, stood on Moriah. When Tolkien said in an unposted draft of a letter that "Moria" has nothing to do with "Moriah", he was of course joking. Moria may have nothing to do with Moriah as a facet of Middle-earth lore, but with regard to the lore of the real world, the Gate shows Jachin and Boaz, and Tolkien cannot not have known it. The image of the Temple was central in the Bible; no one of Tolkien's background could have been ignorant of Jachin and Boaz.

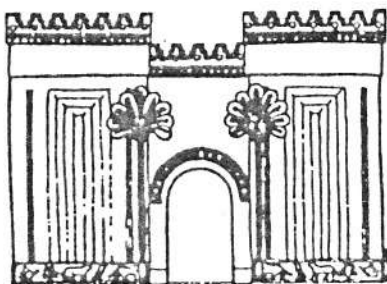


Figure 1

Tolkien and the Gate

As I said, my interest is to see how Tolkien wrote and to try to divine how he thought as he put his work together. We should now see if we have any special evidence on that subject, with relation to the Gate.

Since he drew the picture, he was obviously well aware of the Middle-earth lore on the Gate. As I said, I do not for a moment believe that he did not know that he had also drawn Jachin and Boaz of Moriah. It looks therefore as if his own pronouncements are not going to help us.

Since some people seemed to be unconvinced by the verbal argument that Moria is Moriah and that every educated person of Tolkien's background was thoroughly conversant with the Bible, we sought some extra pictures which would throw light on the discussion. One of these was the arcade on Moriah, on a site supposed to be that where Abraham found the ram of sacrifice. The arch of the arcade has seven bands, in memory, apparently, of the seven-branched Jewish candelabrum. Tolkien's Gate meanwhile has ram-headed columns which, caught in the trees, are reminiscent of "a ram caught in a thicket". [2] Thus with Moria/Moriah, pillars with arch, the number seven, and the image of the ram, we have four points of resemblance, yet it is not definite that Tolkien saw this picture of Moriah. The world is, after all, very full of arches.

One can also seek a comparison by looking out any other pictures of Moria by Tolkien. One is in Pictures by J.R.R. Tolkien, no. 22, Doors of Durin, described as "crayon drawing of the West Gate of Moria, on the western side of the Misty Mountains."

The representation of the Gate here is very small, with the two holly trees outside it (holly being a plant which replaced old pagan tree-symbols in Christian festivities). It looks much like the picture of the temple gateway at Khorsabad published on p. 44 of The Road 1. Tolkien's trees have been drawn like the palms of that picture.

The cliffs behind, "final and impassable", have an air of the ruins of Babylon, shown in figures 2 and 3, one from the same schoolbook as before. Again, Tolkien need not have seen any of these pictures, yet they assist, rather than deny, our feeling that the lore of Babylon is on the Gate, and the associated lore of Solomon - the whole set-up of no. 22 is not unlike the legendary "King Solomon's Mines" in Palestine.

Lately Garry Bach brought a new picture (figure 4), the frontispiece to a nineteenth century book on Freemasonry. This is something different, since although there are many arches in the world, these are the only two I have seen with seven stars centred under them. The name of the site is Moriah again, since the author of the book definitely says the pillars are Jachin and Boaz. Jachin on the right, he equates with the moon; Boaz on the left with the sun and a crescent moon is shown right, above. A "tree" symbol is on the pillars in the palmette feature at the top of the columns.

We already know that the Gate of Moria is a "royal arch". It bears the inscription "The Doors of Durin, Lord of Moria" and bears Durin's Crown. On the other hand, In Freemasonry as described in Fellows' book, the Royal

[2] The columns are "ram-headed" in appearance, reminiscent of the sign for Aries, but in fact they are probably proto-Ionic columns, a design developed from the sacred palm or Tree of Life. This was pointed out to me by P.T.H. Carder.

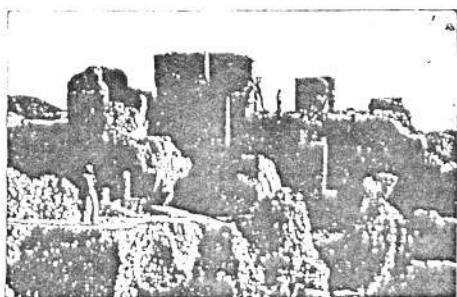
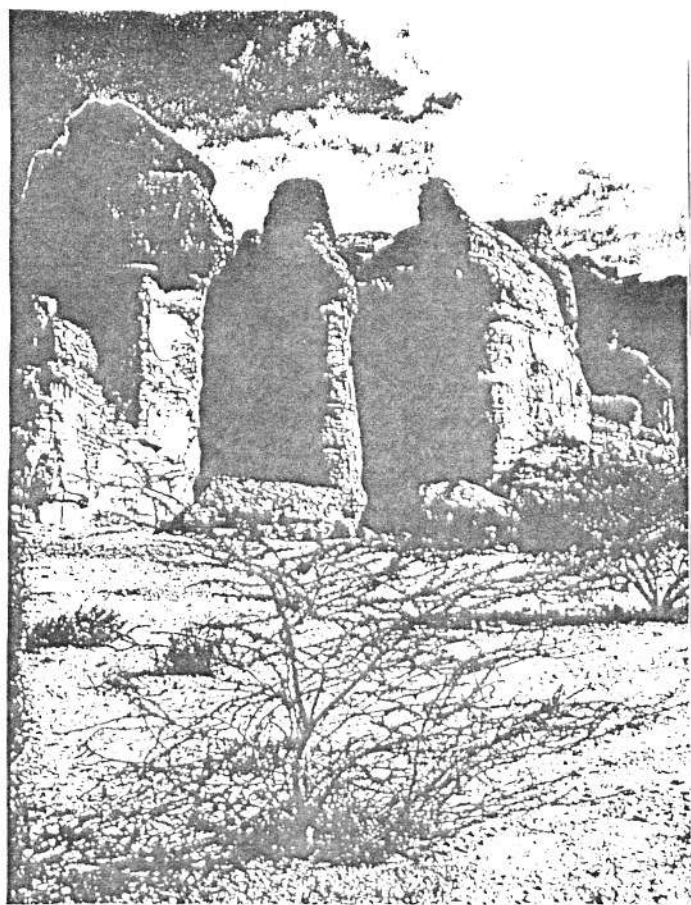


Figure 2

Figure 3

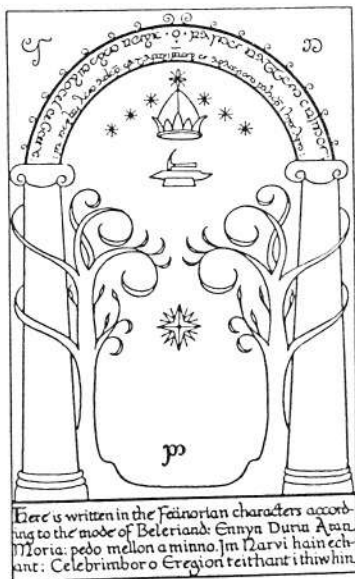


Arch chapter cannot be opened without nine companions. In the associated ceremony, the companions enter, seeking the lost word. This is "Hiram", builder of the Temple.

Fellows' thesis is that Freemasonry is related to the ancient mystery religions, and the mystery religions are related centrally to Osiris; and Osiris basically represents the sun, so that the ceremonies of Freemasonry particularly relate to the journeys of the sun. A gate like the Royal Arch, he believes, would represent the solstices and equinoxes, the solstices being the moments which particularly obstruct the sun.

As well as Osiris he refers to Isis, in her role as the moon. He traces Isis through many manifestations, including a harvest goddess carrying a sickle.

Tolkien need not be a Freemason because he has used this picture, any more than he is a Druid because he uses Welsh. Nor need he have got any of his ideas in the first place from this book. It is expounding Freemasonry by drawing on comparative myth and religion. Expounding Tolkien the same way (and returning ever and again to the Gate) we have raised exactly the same topics as Fellows' book. If indeed Tolkien has used this picture, it is because it is appropriate to his task of crystallizing myth, the mythic thinking of his people in his day.



From *The Lord of the Rings*.
Book II, Chapter 4.
Copyright © George Allen
& Unwin Ltd, 1966.



Figure 4

The March 1984 NTN (New Tolkien Newsletter) news-sheet suggests some comparisons between Fellows' picture and Tolkien's Gate. We explain also how the picture seems to be an object lesson in how Tolkien wrote, starting with a model and transforming it with his own brilliance.

One of the most interesting comparisons is the resemblance to the top part of Fellows' picture in the design on Aragorn's sword, once Narsil or Sun-moon, but now Andúril, Flame of the West.

Not all points have yet been developed in the news-sheet. For instance Tolkien's use of the name of Sirius the dog-star, shown in the Royal Arch, the Freemason's Blazing Star. Also his use of Osiris. Thus we think of Sirion, or Ossiriland land of the Seven Rivers. (An Osirion was an underground temple, site of the river of the underworld. From the underworld journey one reached the Osirian paradise where flowed the sacred waters of eternal refreshment. Also Ossé, the Maia, was a lover of the Teleri. Greek telos, used in the perfected stage of the mystery religions.) We can also think of the Misty Mountains, or Mystery Mountains, or mysterion mountains, or Freemason Mountains, for as Tolkien said, "there masons built".

Another interesting point is the way in which the signs of the zodiac on Fellows' picture repeat the flowering of the Trees of Valinor. There are seven signs, the spring equinox lying in the first and the autumn equinox in the last. The "warm" half of the year starts in the first and ends in the seventh, the "cool" half starts in the seventh and ends in the first. This is the way Telperion and Laurelin flowered, blooming five hours alone and sharing two hours, making twelve hours in the day of Aman, as the twelve signs of the zodiac rule the year.

The palmette feature on the columns has not only helped to make Durin's Crown, but also provided the hand-like shape of Tolkien's trees. He is making a play on palma, Latin, hand or palm-tree. From this he gets Pal or Fellow; speak Friend and enter (also see Fellowship of the Ring, his title). By thinking of A Pal, or apple, he chooses malon, Greek, apple, to form mellon. With Golden Apple we have mallorn, the golden tree. There is also of course "opal pale" in his poem.

Linguistic play is ever a feature of Tolkien's work. In his private life he made puns and linguistic jokes; in his lectures his students were stupefied by his power to allude the vocabulary of many languages. More than one student has recorded the sheer confusion that descended on his head when listening to Tolkien's linguistic allusions.

There is no hope of laying out systematically the multiple allusions he has created from Fellows' book.

Fellows even mentions Siva, pillar of beauty. People keep asking us, Why Siva, but Why Not Siva, I ask myself. Have we not heard of the INDO-Germanic languages?

I have long contended that the trees on the gate were drawn so as to represent the hands of Parvati, the pillars being Siva. (See also Rána, the wanderer, name of the Moon among the Noldor. Rana, prince, Hindustani - a Rajput prince: Rajput, "son of the King".) Figure 5 is a picture of Parvati, daughter of the mountain. We note the five-lobed appearance of the tree. Perhaps these lobes were once, long long ago, the lobes of the five-fingered palm, the Tree of Life. Siva himself rides on a bull just like the Hittite god Teshub, and the Sumerian Adad. Perhaps the tree came with him.

Parvati in the statue in this picture has lost her hands. Where are they? On the Gates of Moria.

Did Tolkien know this picture? One does not know. That he has crystallized the language structure and the mythic thinking of his people in his day, that is true, we believe. But this shadowy, rainbow edge to his work, where his awareness of his world takes on an intensity almost supernatural - this area where he himself becomes the myth, the legend, the thing larger than life: here one can only stand silent for the time. It is not possible yet to crystallize Tolkien.

The Study of Tolkien's Work

The Gate of Moria is only one page of Tolkien's work. In this discussion we have only covered a fraction of the things that might be said, the ideas it evokes. Perhaps it is one of the highlights of his work, but all his work does have this quality of endless complexity, evidence of a most extraordinary mind.

It is absolutely wrong that a writer of such complexity should be regarded in his own country as not being one of literary stature - that a book so wonderfully constructed should be dismissed by Eng. Lit. lecturers who alas have not really found it too simple, but too complex.

The object of our NTN enterprise is not to produce a standard NTN mind, where everyone has been brainwashed into believing us; but simply to affirm our belief in Tolkien's genius, to expound our own point of view as an exemplification of his genius.

If an affirmation of his genius is repeated, by many people with many points of view, one day it may be possible to start Tolkien studies at the universities of this country.



Figure 5

The Alternative Tale of Aragorn and Arwen

Aragorn son of Arathorn, the heir of Isildur and Bearer of the Sword that was Broken, sat glumly in the darkest corner of the Rivendell Ragtime Bar and glowered at his empty beer tankard. How he wished he were back in Bree. There at least he could sit in the Francing Pony swathed in a dark cloak and an air of mystery. A mere glance from his piercing eye would send the yokels packing, and a single word would have them trembling at his command. But here! No way; bloody elves crawling all over the place with their goddam' airs and graces. No chance at all for a Real Man to assert himself; they didn't even offer any bar-snacks besides vegetarian quiche. How they expected him to keep up his shoulders of hewn marble, let alone the bull-neck and bulging muscles on that sort of diet, he couldn't imagine. It had even taken years of effort to get Elrond to authorize the sale of Real Ale from the Ragtime's wine-bar. And then there was Arwen. How well he remembered that day, so many years ago when he first met her . . .

He had been wandering through the gardens looking for a quiet place to have a quick drag (Rivendell was plastered with 'No Smoking' signs in those days) and generally feeling on top of the world. Old Elrond had only just that day let him in on the secret of his heritage, so he was feeling pretty full of himself really; and who wouldn't be if he suddenly found he was rightful king of Gondor and all that jazz. Anyhow, he was just walking round this corner, whistling quietly to himself as he thought out the final details for the decor in the harem (were Gondorians polygamous or not? Never mind, noblesse oblige would soon sort that one out) when he literally bumped into this most amazing broad. Beautiful black hair, incredible grey eyes, and curves in all the right places.

"Hello darlin'," he said, helping her back to her feet and sending a silent prayer of thanks to the Valar for this first opportunity to swing his new-found status, "where've they been keeping you then?"

"I'm Arwen, Elrond's daughter," said she, brushing some crumpled leaves off her dress and removing a dead twig from her cleavage, "and they haven't been keeping me anywhere. I've just been staying with Granny Galadriel over in Lothlórien for a decade or three."

"Oh well," Aragorn had thought, "just a bit above my league after all, I reckon."

But he rather fancied the way she was eyeing his shoulders of hewn marble and bulging muscles, and so he took the chance.

He saw quite a lot of her after that; and she didn't seem to object to his company all that much. He took her out to the occasional Elf-disco, and they smooched a little on the dance-floor when the last song was played. All in all, everything seemed to be going along just fine, and Aragorn felt

he was well away. Of course, they had to be pretty discreet at times, for as Arwen pointed out, Elrond had some funny ideas about inter-racial relationships, and wouldn't be too pleased if he saw which way things were going. But fortunately Elrond didn't frequent the Ragtime Bar all that much, and the people there knew when to keep their mouths shut.

Then there came that fateful night. Aragorn hadn't seen Arwen for about a week or so, and assumed that she must have suddenly decided to go visiting some relatives in Mirkwood or something. He was a bit miffed that she hadn't told him first, but he wasn't seriously worried. Mostly he just simply missed having something to kiss and cuddle after a long drinking session with the lads.

Then one evening he was down as usual at the Rivendell Ragtime Bar, sitting at this very corner table and chatting away to his best mate Halbarad when who should walk in but Arwen. She looked pretty pissed really and, horror of horrors, her arm was firmly encircling the effeminate waist of that little blond creep, what was his name? Ah yes, Glorfindel. Aragorn just sat and stared until Halbarad, noticing this sudden silence, glanced round, took in the terrible scene, swore softly, and rushed off to purchase the first of a long series of double-miruvors.

Aragorn had only a vague recollection of the rest of that evening. He had rambled incoherently until closing time, unburdening his woes onto the shoulders of the ever-patient Hal, before stumbling off into the night clutching his final drink and singing 'I'm Glad to be Gay' in a loud, falsetto key. One memory, however, stayed in his mind with frightful clarity. He was leaning against a pillar, quietly throwing up and moaning his loved one's name over and over again, when a hand suddenly lighted on his shoulder. Staring round he found himself face to face with a very tired and very annoyed-looking Elrond. "O Manwë!", he mumbled softly to himself as he gently slithered to the floor.

When Aragorn woke up in his own bed the following morning, hung-over and bleary-eyed, he found a neat little note pinned to his pyjamas.

"Dear Aragorn," he read, "I'll see you in my study after the third bell. Elrond." . . .

The sound of feet approaching woke Aragorn from his recollections. It was Gandalf, returning with two full tankards. Aragorn looked at him with a jaundiced eye.

"You took your time, didn't you. Try asserting yourself a bit more, man. And get your beard out of my beer. Now what's this you were rambling on about some ring or other?"

Iwan Rhys Morus

Review

"York Notes on The Lord of the Rings" by Geoffrey Ridden: Longman, Harlow, Essex, and York Press, Beirut. £0.99

I suppose that the appearance of this kind of book might be taken as a sign that Tolkien is eventually receiving some of the academic recognition he has long deserved. On the other hand I am by no means sure at whom this book is aimed, since whilst the general format is along the lines of an examination aid, the level intended is far from clear, and some of the items included in the glossaries would insult the intelligence of a less than averagely bright toddler

The notes are divided into five parts. The first part consists of a general introduction to LotR, which includes a short biography of Tolkien followed by a brief discussion of his motives in writing and his use of languages. This discussion is for the most part at a fairly superficial level, but this is not surprising in a book of this nature which I assume intends to give a general introduction rather than a detailed analysis. One point in Ridden's favour is that he accepts Tolkien's own statement, so often ignored or dismissed by his critics, that the primary inspiration behind all of Tolkien's writings was linguistic. In this section, as in the rest of the notes, Ridden places much emphasis (too much in my opinion) on the importance of the Anglo-Saxons' language and literature as sources of Tolkien's inspiration. This emphasis is misplaced, not because it overstates the importance of Anglo-Saxon culture as Tolkien's inspiration, but because it leads to the neglect of other equally important inspirations from other sources. Ridden is not the only recent critic of Tolkien to fall into this trap. In discussing Tolkien's motives in writing, Ridden refers to various passages from Tolkien's own lectures "On Fairy-Stories" and "Beowulf: the Monsters and the Critics". He also mildly criticizes Tolkien on the grounds that in over-indulging in obscure literary references he failed to satisfy his own criteria for successful Fantasy.

The second part of the notes consists of a summary and glossary of each chapter in LotR, and this section is without doubt the weakest part of the book. The summaries are far too superficial, and occasionally skip over important details in the plot, or even misread some situations entirely. For instance I was surprised to learn that when the Nazgûl-Lord attacked Theoden; "it is Merry who vanquished it with his sword". Several items in the glossaries seem deeply unnecessary. Surely no one sufficiently literate to be able to study LotR in the first place need have words such as elevenses, nap, spell or werewolf explained to them. In any case several of Ridden's definitions are very doubtful, if not downright wrong. I would not define Tolkien's werewolves as "creatures which are half-men and half-wolves". Neither would I define esquire as "squire" or swordthain as

"servant of the sword." For an English lecturer Ridden sometimes seems curiously ignorant of his own language; he lists dromund in his glossary as a word of Tolkien's own invention, for example. It is no such thing; it is a perfectly good English word meaning a large boat or ship.

Ridden does however make one point in his glossaries which is so interesting as to almost earn him forgiveness for all his other sins in this section. He notes that Aragorn's phrase: "Here's a pretty hobbit-skin to wrap an elven-princeling in" is a variation on the old English nursery-rhyme:

Bye baby Bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
To find a pretty rabbit-skin
To wrap the baby Bunting in.

If Ridden is correct in his assertion (and the similarity is convincing) then this does possibly provide some rather unfortunate evidence for Edmund Wilson's remark that the word hobbit might be based on rabbit!

The third part of the notes consists of a commentary on the narrative structure of LotR, and here Ridden makes several interesting, but once again rather superficial points. The most interesting of these is his comment that LotR often draws attention to its own fictionality in that many of the characters (especially Sam) make remarks such as "I wonder what kind of a tale we've fallen into?" This is undoubtedly a valid point and is worthy of further discussion. The two final parts of the notes are of little importance and consist of specimen essay-questions and answers, and a useful if incomplete bibliography in the final section. In conclusion I would say that the work is a good, if somewhat superficial introduction to Tolkien criticism and whilst badly flawed by the inadequate and misleading glossary section, it does contain several points worthy of further discussion. At 99p it is also cheap!

Iwan Rhys Morus

Poetry from *The Book of Lost Ales*

(May I assure gentle readers of *Anor* that what follows is intended as an exercise in wordplay and amusement, and not as a mockery of the emotions and visions of J.R.R. Tolkien expressed in the original which is here affectionately parodied.)

You & Me and the College of Lost Sleep

You and me - we know those halls
And oft have been drunk there
In the long old days, old student days
At King's and Christ's and Clare.
Was it down the stairs of dim-lit bars
In cold grey Lenten days
Or in the early morning hours
Of little cosy JCR's
On smoke-filled summer nights
That You and I both lost our sleep
And met each other there -
Your dandruff on your old black gown
And mine still in my hair ?
We wandered idly with our port
Or rollicked in the grassy court
And scattered pens and lecture-pads
While all about the undergrads
Were singing in their sets.
We dug for silver and loose change
To buy our ale and settle bets
Then through the sleepy streets would range
And down some black and narrow lane
We never never found again
To scrounge some cigarettes.

The night was neither dark nor deep
But bright with orange sodium light
When first there shuddered into sight
The College of Lost Sleep.
'Twas builded very very new
Red, and thatched with tiles of blue
And pierced with plate-glass window-panes
That looked towards the Cam
And our own favourite bottle-racks
Were there, as were the Stop Press hacks
Red Label, gin and Malibu
And fiery malt Clan Dew.
O ! all the barrels, brimmed with ale
Were full of favourite brews - Old Pale,
Greene King, Tolly, Sam's, George Gale
And many another dram.
And all the seats were full of prats
Of tumbling happy jean-clad prats
And with them You and Me.

And some had red extinguishers
And watered all their gowns
Or sprayed each other; well-wishers
Said they'd been raised in Northern towns
Or dwellings in the trees;
And some were clambering on the roof
Some wailing lonely and aloof
And some were sketching fairy-rings
And weaving golden water-strings
As porcelain gave them ease.
But here and there a sodden pair
With flushed cheeks and matted hair
Debated trivial student things -
And We were one of these.

Findagle of Amon Dulth
(Brin Dunsire)



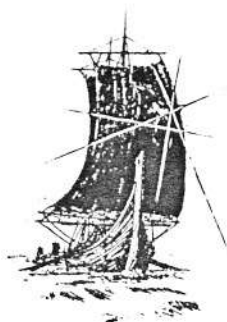


Barad Ecthelion

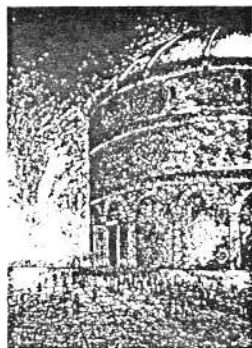
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There and Back Again

Once upon a time in a kingdom far to the north, dwelt a man called Arthur. He was very, very old and he was also very, very worried. The reason that he was very, very worried was that being so old, he was about to die. This would not normally have been a matter for great public concern, if it weren't for one small fact - Arthur was king of the kingdom far to the north. Again, this wouldn't normally cause a great disaster, except for another small fact - all his daughters had been carried off by the ravaging monsters that periodically visited the kingdom far to the north, and all his sons had disappeared chasing those same monsters. Thus his death would inevitably precipitate the kingdom into a bloody civil war as all of his younger brothers, none of whom he liked very much, tried to secure the kingship for their own sons, Arthur's nephews, who he liked even less. So Arthur was worried.

After many weeks and months of worry, Arthur called his advisors to him and he said to them: "What should I do, for if nothing is done this worry will kill me even before old age does?" And the advisers retired, and when they returned after many hours they said to the king: "We have consulted among ourselves, and we have consulted with the omens and oracles of the gods of our land, and in an old manuscript we have found this rhyme, which we believe to be your only hope -

Seek for the brew that is blackest,
In Ar-Chill Isle it dwells,
There shall be found a mountain,
That rises above the swell,
There shall be found a hostel,
Nigh unto the well,
If of that brew thou drinkest,
Forever shalt thou dwell."

Then the king replied "But I am old - too old to undertake some dangerous quest in search of this brew." So the king sent forth messengers into every corner of the land, and some went into the neighbouring kingdoms (at least, they went into those kingdoms with whom Arthur was on good terms). And the messengers called for volunteers to undertake the quest, and soon, in the first week of the last month before the Autumnal Equinox, twenty six able-bodied men and women were assembled in the capital. Most came from close at hand, but some were from further afield - two came from a distant city of learning, while some came from even further south, from the great city of Lon-Don on the great river Th'mes.

Then the adventurers made ready to depart, and they collected their baggage about them, and a mighty pile there was, for their tents were many, and they took with them also much food. The king gave to them two great steeds, northern relations of the better known Oliphaunts - Wumpalumps they were, and their names were Eer and Rve. Each could carry 13 people and their baggage, so long as it was carefully loaded, in a great boxlike cabin on their backs. Many hours were spent loading the baggage, and then the travellers ate a farewell meal of fish fried in batter and beaderumbs, served with exquisitely cooked potatoes, cut into fingers and fried in a deep pan of oil.

And so at last they departed, steering the great beasts through the narrow streets of the city, and just after the first hour after noon, they left the city gate and began their journey. After many hours of weary travelling, not without its dangers, due mainly to the unsteady gait of the wumpalumps, they arrived at a junction. Then they consulted their map, and some were in favour of the left turning, and some were in favour of the right. But the leaders decided on the right, because it appeared to be a more direct route. But it soon became clear that the road was not good; it had many twists and turns, and they were hardly able to keep up a brisk walking pace. And then discontent began to spread through the party, and some began to speak a well known saying, "short cuts make long delays".

At last, as the sun was getting low in the west, they arrived at a great sea. Then many among the company desired to stop for the night, as the hour was late, and they were hungry. But the leaders wished to press on, for there was still some daylight left, and they were worried lest the king's health should deteriorate while they tarried. And the leaders prevailed, so after a brief stop during which they ate a meal of fried fish, they boarded a great boat, which took them across the sea. At the port where they boarded the vessel, they met a guide: one of the few men who travelled widely through the wilderness - a rover was he, of a strange breed of men - no-one knew where they came from nor what their purpose was; names had they none, but they were undoubtedly extremely useful to parties setting off on perilous quests in the unknown wilderness, for the rovers were well versed in the lore of the wild: they knew a mushroom from a toadstool, and could tell which berries could be safely eaten.

Thus, as the Hunter rose in the east in the clear autumn night, they arrived in the land across the water. Then at last they rested, and under the light of the stars they pitched their camp. Next day they rose early and started on their long and arduous journey searching for Ar-Chill Isle. For many days they journeyed through many kingdoms, principedoms, dukedoms and earldoms, and even through one republic. Across rivers and bogs, through hills and valleys they travelled until they came at last to a great city by the sea. Here they made their camp, but they did not find favour with the king, and they were not permitted to reside within the city, but were forced to make their camp outside the walls. They remained here for some days, and during this time they searched many miles of coastline near the city, but though they found high cliffs, mist shrouded lagoons, muddy estuaries and sandy beaches, of the island they could find no trace. So after a time they journeyed northwards to a haven in the hills, hoping to find rest and good counsel in the house of the keepers of the statue on the mountain.

Here they were met by one of the guardians of the statue and shown to a field close to the great castle where they could make their camp. Here they remained for some days, and each day a group would set out to search more of the coast, sometimes travelling on foot, sometimes taking one of the wumpalumps, and sometimes travelling on steeds leant to them by the prince of the town of Cliff's Den. But many of the travellers stayed each day in the grounds of the castle, for they hoped to find rest and refreshment within the sanctuary. Thus it came to pass that many of the adventurers were close at hand when on the third day after their arrival the castle was besieged by mountain giants. Twelve of the fell monsters surrounded the castle, and would have destroyed it were it not for the bravery of the defence. For three long days the battle raged; each day the adventurers would press forward a little, but each night under cover of darkness the giants would press back in close again, threatening the very fabric of the rocks on which the castle stood. At last after three days of bitter fighting eight of the giants had been conquered, as also had several of the smaller giants and hill trolls which had accompanied them. Then the remaining giants withdrew, but even then the travellers could not sleep, for it became clear at this time that some evil force was intent on preventing them from reaching their goal. During each night that they remained camped in the haven they were attacked by many fell beasts, many of them armed with fearsome weapons, which were frequently poisoned. And all of these beasts were of the same colour - black. Most terrible of all were the nine riders - each of which was ten times the size of the other beasts, and armed with a lance coated in deadly poison. They rode upon great black steeds, and before their advance few could stand. Frequently the adventurers would be driven from their beds by the appearance of the nine, returning only once they were certain that the coast was clear. Thus it was with some relief that, after several more days of fruitless searching, they continued on their journey, taking the road northwards once more.

Onwards they journeyed, following a road which wound round the coast. They passed many villages, but no-one they asked had heard of the island, save one old woman, and she did not know where it was. Round the end of a wide bay with many small islands they travelled, but none of these had a mountain on like that mentioned in the rhyme. They were just beginning to doubt the existence of the island at all when they came at last to a headland, and there, separated from the mainland by a narrow strip of water crossed by a causeway at low tide, they saw it - an island about five miles long by three wide, whose far end climbed to a great ridge before plunging 2000 feet down sheer cliffs to the sea. But halfway down the length of the island stood a single mountain, standing lonely above the plain, rising 2200 feet out of the sea in a perfect cone. The moment they saw it the travellers knew that this was their goal - this was Ar-Chill Island, and that was the mountain of the rhyme.

So it was with more life in their tired limbs that they made their way along the island. And they pitched their camp at the foot of the mountain, and that night they had a great feast in celebration that the end of their quest was nigh. They lit a fire on the beach on which to cook their food, and then they made merry late into the night, and retired to their beds tired but happy.

The next morning they rose early, and split up into groups to hunt for the well. Some went to the far end of the island in the hope that from the high ridge they might be able to see something which would help. Others climbed to the higher parts of the lonely mountain, to search there. But one group set forth to search the lower parts of the mountain, concentrating on the southern flanks.

This group found a path leading up to the foot of the mountain, and this they followed as it climbed slowly towards the foot of a steep ridge. As they walked they noticed several huge black beasts, as high as a horse but much more heavily built. These showed an unusual interest in the travellers, and as they continued up the path the beasts emitted a strange call:- "Moooooooooo". The call was wordless, and yet it seemed to the humans that there were words in it - words of warding and alarm. Higher up the path were other beasts. These seemed similar to the hares with which they were familiar from their homeland, but they were smaller and again they were black. As the travellers passed the animals beat the ground in strange rhythms with their rear legs. Then a soft thud echoed around the mountain. The travellers continued along the path, and eventually reached a ring of stones surrounding another ring, the second ring being capped by a single large stone disc resting on top of the ring. As they approached the travellers became aware of a muffled sound - "Gloop, Gloop" - coming from somewhere under their feet. Then suddenly they realized - the stone disc covered the well, the thud had been the lid closing, and the beasts on the path had been the sentries who gave the order for the lid to be shut. Try as they might they couldn't prise the lid open, so it was with a strange feeling of both elation and anger that they returned to the camp.

Later that evening a great council meeting was held, at which each group told of its adventures. It was decided by the council that the next morning they would all go together and attempt to force an entry to the well. But just at that moment someone shouted "Look over there - near the well - a light!" Then suddenly they remembered the hostel mentioned in the rhyme, and it was with buoyant hearts that they set off towards the light. When they got there they found it was indeed a hostel, and there they were served with beer so thick and black that it was more like black treacle with cream on top.

The next day they returned with three large jars, and these they filled with the brew, and the they sealed the lids of the jars with corks and wax, and returned to the camp to prepare for the journey home.

So they set off for home, making all haste they could, but even now forces were at work against them. As they travelled the skies were covered by huge dark clouds, blotting out the sun and plunging the land into premature night. It was under this preternatural darkness that they arrived at the sea. But they did not arrive at the port where the boat was waiting to take them home; instead they met the coast further to the north. As they made their way along the beach they were attacked by sea giants. The fell beasts rose out of the sea as the travellers crossed a narrow causeway on the coast, and long did they battle trying to prevent the travellers from passing. But at last the explorers had the upper hand, for they found lying on the beach great stems of weed which they used as truncheons to fight off

the giants. At last the travellers passed the giants, and they fled along a narrow cliff path as the giants pursued them, but the giants could not reach them high above the waves.

And so they continued their journey, arriving at last at the boat just as night was falling. Then once again they decided to make the crossing before they camped for the night, and so they boarded the boat. But as they were boarding one of the jars containing the precious brew was dropped, and when it broke they saw that the liquid within was not thick and black as it had been, but had become runnier and its colour was slightly lighter - tints of brown were visible in the blackness. The travellers were worried by this, because it was possible that the other jars had likewise lost their potency. So they checked the seals on the other bottles, and put a new layer of wax over the seals, and then finished loading their baggage onto the boat, whereupon they set sail, and arrived back in their own island just as the Followers rose in the east.

Then half the expedition remained and made camp while the other half set off through the night, racing against the clock to get the brew back in time. Soon after dawn they arrived in their own capital, and they rushed to the palace.

There they found the king, Arthur, lying on his deathbed, his eyes pale and his skin grey. As they entered he looked up at them and whispered "Have you brought the brew?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," replied the expedition's leader, bowing low. He then took one of the jars from a colleague and offered it to the king. "Drink this, and you shall live forever."

Then the king used the last of his strength to open the bottle, and as he lifted it to his lips a look of shock came over the faces of all those present, for the brew was no longer black - it seemed to be no more than fizzy water. The other remaining jar was hastily opened, and that also contained only a clear, colourless liquid effervescing slightly.

The king lay back on his pillow and closed his eyes, but at that moment a messenger came in.

"Your Majesty, there is a man outside who says he must see you"

"Show him in, then," the king whispered, barely audible.

The man who came in was tall, with uncut blonde hair, bleached by wind and sun. He was unshaven, and his clothes were little more than rags, but the king's eyes lit up with joy for the last time.

"Ian, my son", he croaked.

Mike Percival

Author's Note: The events in this story are based (very loosely) on real events. However, all the characters appearing are entirely fictitious, and any likeness to real characters is purely coincidental.

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