

ISSUE 15

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Editorial 1

This issue was to have been my last as editor of *Anor*, before moving on to (?) higher things. However, as those of you who are also members of the Tolkien Society will be aware by now, I have had to take over the editorship of *Amon Hen* one issue earlier than anticipated, which has made it difficult for me to produce *Anor* as well. I am grateful to Mike Whitaker for stepping into the breach with great enthusiasm and printing *Anor* 15 with a minimum of material.

I will remain as external secretary for the Cambridge Tolkien Society, at the same address. However, if you are submitting material for *Anor*, please make this very clear, otherwise it may not get passed on promptly.

Mike Percival

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

The post of **Officer without Portfolio** in the Cambridge Tolkien Society is currently vacant.

Applications to the Charman, **Ian Alexander**, Churchill College

YOUR SOCIETY NEEDS YOU!

Editorial 2

So, here I am, one issue earlier than expected. This means I get to moan about the lack of material rather than Mr. Percival. As punishment for your sins, you get *three* articles from yours truly, instead of the usual one. It's your *choice*: this is the big *Anor* of the year, because it's the one that gets sold at Oxonmoor and waved under people's noses in the Kelsey Kerridge at the Societies Fair, and the 'Unused *Anor* Material' file that was passed onto me contained precisely *one* article! Thanks to the people who rallied round and wrote me some very good material at somewhat short notice.

On a happier note, it was nearly five (count 'em) years ago that I last sat in this chair as editor of *Anor* issue one. It contained a Tengwar mode for English (adapted by me from one used by John Orr and Diana Bull), an article on Greek words in Elvish by Catherine Hooley and a contribution from (now retiring editor of *Amon Hen*) Iwan Rhys Morus, among other things, and was typeset on Hull University's Prime mainframe. Per Ahlberg's excellent cover design was still to appear (Issue 2) as was the A5 format (Issue 5, I believe). And if anyone's *still* wondering about the title, yes, there is a logical explanation and yes, it was my fault!

Anor has come a long way since then, and seen several changes. I think that by now we can claim to have got things about right, but there's still room for improvement. It's your magazine, you have to read it, so if you don't like what's in it or you have suggestions for improvement, *write in and tell me* – that is, after all, what I'm here for. The new editorial address is on the back cover, but I'll reproduce it here for those of you who don't read the back cover!

Mike Whitaker,

Evans & Sutherland Ltd.,

46, Regent Street,

CAMBRIDGE Tel (0223) 316673 (day)

or 312482 (evening)

Oh, and please mark the envelope *PERSONAL* so that reception don't open it for me.

Submissions are accepted hand- or type-written, or in any computer disk format I can have read. This presently includes (in addition to typing it into the University computer) Macintosh single- or double-sided, IBM PC or compatible, BBC/Master (View or Wordwise) and possibly Atari ST by the time *Anor* 16 is out. (There are a few more *very* esoteric methods but the above should satisfy most of you.) If you want your disk back, please include adequate return postage *and* packing. Contributors with their own computers will be loved to death, because I *hate* typing! And please, just in case I CAN'T read the disk, send me a printout as well!

You can still send material to Mike Percival if you wish, but please mark it clearly as being for *Anor*, otherwise it may be earmarked for *Amon Hen*.

Ok, that's enough from me with my editorial hat on – enjoy the rest of the magazine!

Mike Whitaker

Conspiracy '87

45th World Science Fiction Convention Report

Mike Whitaker

Conspiracy '87 took place in the (suprisingly) summery surroundings of Brighton seafront, being held in the Metropole and Bedford hotels and the Brighton Centre over the August Bank Holiday weekend. The convention was designed to cater for everything from die-hard SF addicts (the Guests of Honour included Alfred Bester (absent through illness) and Doris Lessing, about whom I know zilch), readers of the lighter stuff (panels on various aspects of SF and Fantasy), computers and rôle-playing games (a whole suite was set aside for these two) and music (of which more later. I'm afraid I can't give you a full report, as this would have necessitated being in five places at once, but here is my diary (of sorts).

Thursday

I got nobbled by 'little' Anne Haward to help set up the TS stall in the dealers' room ("psst... wanna buy a used Amon Hen, John?"). The TS had an impressive display of back issues of 'Hen and Mallorn along with a cutting from the Times, several posters and the like, and did reasonable business (we reached the break-even point before close of business on Thursday!) in back issues and memberships.

Spent the evening in the 'Fan Room', discovering rare treasures in among the old fanzines for sale like a 1976 issue of **TTBA** (the CUSFS newsletter), then left to go to the 'filking'.

The filking is a traditional musical gathering (which happens at most cons) at which people perform (or listen to) assorted folk songs, usually with lyrics rewritten to have an SF/fantasy/fandom bent. ('Filk' derives from 'FIlched foLK'.) It's great fun, and tends to run on into the wee small hours (hence is usually held away from hotel residents).

Friday

Rose late, but just in time for my first personal high spot of the con, namely getting my Anne McCaffery collection signed by the lady herself. And she's a very nice lady with it - even remembered signing my copy of 'Moreta' at CUSFS three years ago!

Spent a happy half hour (and £15) in the gaming suite, then went to hear a panel on 'young adult fantasy' with Joy Chant, Terry Pratchett and others, followed by a quick change of hotels for a 'Fantasy Authors' Forum' chaired by Katherine Kurtz of Deryni fame (if anyone's interested, she pronounces it 'Derinni').

Went and had supper, then off to the Brighton Centre for the 'Hawkwind' concert, featuring Mike Moorcock hastily called out of the audience to narrate the 'Elric' set. Auugghh! but it was loud - good, admittedly, but my ears rang for a good hour afterwards. Repaired, as previously to the filking, which turned to be a good session.
Crawled back to the rented flat and bed at 8.30 am.

Saturday

Woke late (unsurprisingly!) but still before the people who went to bed at 3.00 am (smug, smug). Milled around in the dealers room avoiding spending any money until 6.00pm, when the Masquerade started.
Oh wow, the costumes! Like, you could tell these guys were SERIOUS! Some very inventive outfits (a four limbed alien from the E R Burroughs 'Mars' books, the red demon guy from the film 'Legend' and the entire 'He-man and Masters of the Universe' cast spring to mind) but the undisputed winner, and deservedly so, was a Californian group who did 'Elric' - the whole thing just oozed CLASS, from the detail on the costumes to Elric's armour and sword. Imagine my surprise when I learned later that Elric had been played by a woman.
Ended up at the filking - someone played a setting of 'Lament for Boromir' - the only Tolkien heard at the filking bar a rendition of 'Onward Sauron's Soldiers'!

Sunday

Hastened early to the gaming suite where I'd promised to run some D&D. We got accosted in mid-session by a man from BBC Radio and 'StarBurst' magazine who proceeded to inform us that the 'Mail on Sunday' had just published an exclusive on the man responsible for the Hungerford killings, saying that he was involved in fantasy rôle-playing games, and would we like to comment? Ouch! The swine kept the recorder running all the way through, but we staunchly defended the hobby, and SF/fantasy in general - I only hope it came over right.
Sunday evening was the 'filk concert' where the people who sleep at sensible times get to hear what the nightbirds get up to. This was actually programmed as an alternative to the Hugo awards ceremony, so was not particularly well attended, but there were plenty 'nuff people there to make me nervous of performing my one song!

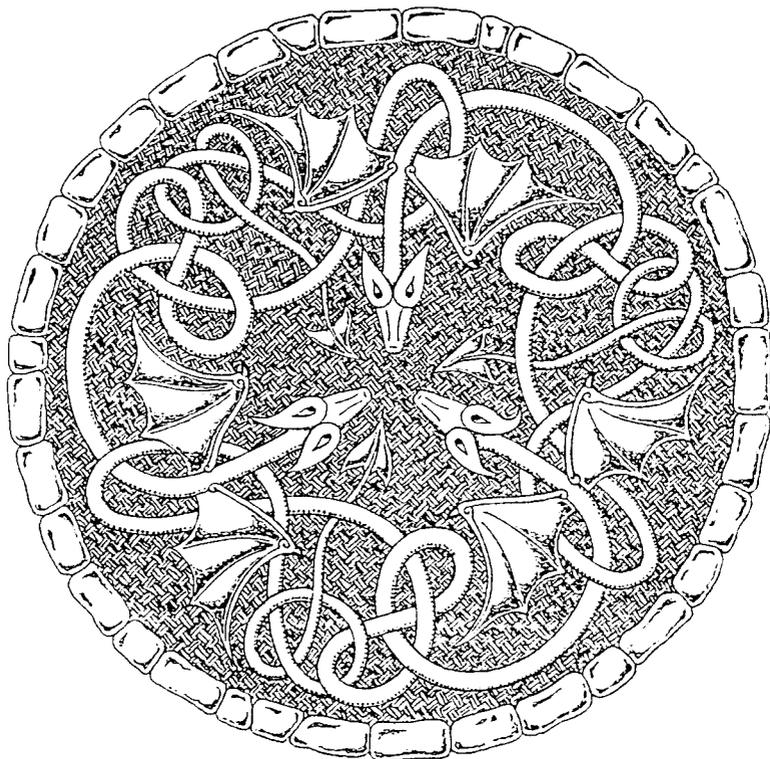
Monday

Closing ceremony day. Missed (oh shame and dishonour) the Guy Gavriel Kay talk on Tolkien - I gather from Marcus that it was good but contained things Kay did NOT want recording for posterity. Spent a lot of time in the dealers' room debating what to spend my money on, helped some new friends to clear up their stall (little Anne had Howie Rosenblum and Mike Towers to help so managed) then went out for a steak supper (mmm) and the 'dead dogs' filk singing afterwards.

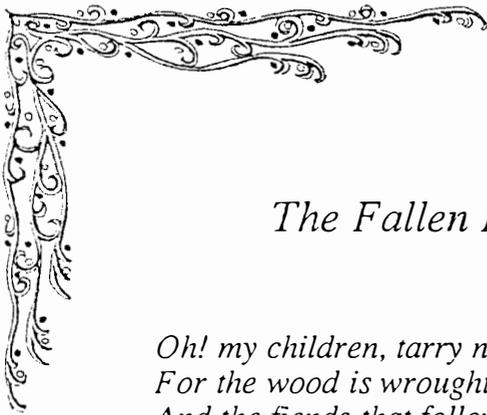
Tuesday

Went around saying 'goodbye' and collecting addresses before hopping on the train back to Cambridge.

So, there you have it – a potted view of Conspiracy '87. I enjoyed myself thoroughly, despite not seeing a lot of the programmed events (due to not waking up in time for some of them! A con that size has so much going on that one person can't present a view of the whole thing - there were, for instance, five parallel streams of panels going on between 10 am and 5 pm *every day*. As much as anything, a con is a place to meet people and make new friends, and that I certainly did.



“... and out of the pits of Angband
there issued the winged dragons...”
§303



The Fallen Hart

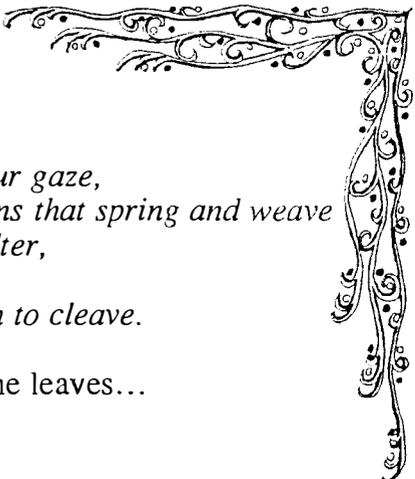
*Oh! my children, tarry not,
For the wood is wrought with barbarous greed:
And the fiends that follow,
Calling cruelly,
Seek to harm without true need.*

*Oh!, my young ones, hurry on,
For I hear the haunting hunters cry:
And should you falter,
Fall or stumble,
Futile would it be to fly.*

*Oh! my offspring, follow close,
For the blackened branches give no heed:
As the baying brigands,
Webbing mantled,
Crack them in their haste to feed.*



*Oh! my fawns, you must be swift,
For your garments glimmer in the gloom:
And the swirling shadows,
Cloaking sunbeams,
Cannot keep your light entombed.*



*Oh! my family, fix your gaze,
On your Father's horns that spring and weave
For the path from halter,
Hound and bier,
He alone has strength to cleave.*

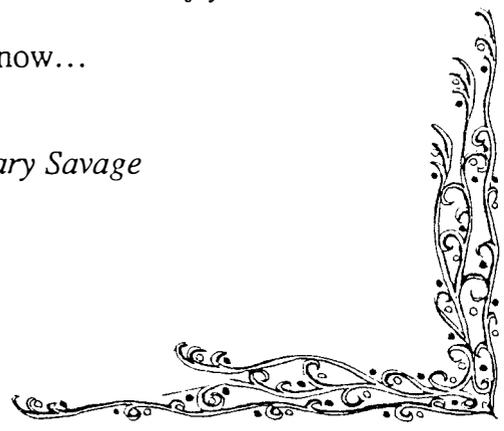
And all is lost if life he leaves...

*Oh! my loved ones, stay your hooves,
For a broken shaft has barbed my heart:
As it felled your Father,
I too died,
Even pointless arrows mark.*

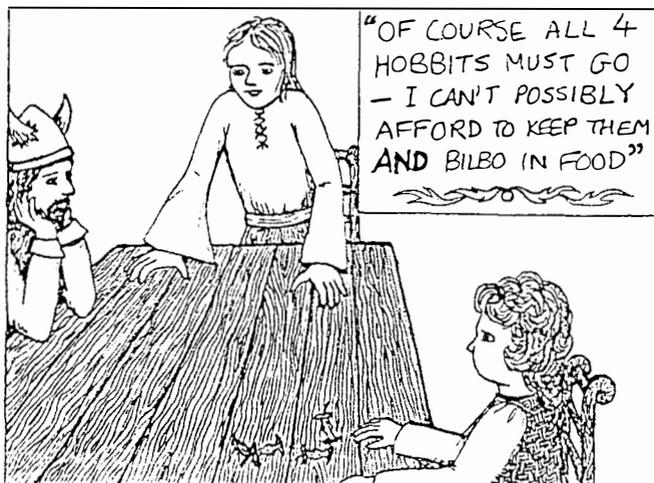
*Forget your fear!
The hunt is hollow;
The prize is won;
Feasting follows.
Except for we who, wondering why,
Bereft of brethren, turn and fly.*

We can sleep now...

Gary Savage



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The Draining of Moria

On a recent holiday (well, honeymoon actually, but that's beside the point), it occurred to me that I had visited several different types of mine during my life, and in each of them one of the major technological problems was that of removing the water which inevitably enters the mine. In fact, guides in mines almost always try to impress visitors by quoting figures for the enormous quantities of water involved. That this must also have been a problem in Moria is confirmed by the text of "A Journey in the Dark" (*LotR* II, 4): "When they halted for a moment they heard nothing at all, unless it were occasionally a faint trickle and drip of unseen water"—and that was fairly high up in the mines—the problem would have been worse deeper down. Did the mines somehow drain themselves, or did the Dwarves drain them mechanically?

The Geology of the Mines of Moria.

The first factor we must consider is the amount of water involved, and this will be determined chiefly by the geology of the mines. Roger Mason (*Mallorn* 9) considers the basic material of Caradhras to be granite, which characteristically weathers to a red colour (cf the Red Hills of Skye, or several peaks in the Alps called Rothorn [=Red Horn=Caradhras]), and this agrees well with Sam's comment on the industry of the Dwarves digging Moria, "and most of it in hard rock too", although he may have been comparing it to the material Hobbits usually worked (probably soft, unconsolidated or poorly consolidated sands) rather than other types of rock. A granitic country rock also ties in nicely with Prof. W. Sarjeant's views on the mineralisation (personal communication): "The Mines of Moria are, in the old fashioned terminology of ore geology, evidently located on a stockwork, and present a classic instance of ascending mineralising fluids, with the least precious metals nearest the surface, gold and silver at depth and mithril—obviously a *very* high temperature mineral—deepest and most precious of all.*"

However the area of the mines cannot have been entirely granite, as there were cave there before the coming of the Dwarves (*LotR* Appendix A, part III), which would not be typical of Granite mountains. It would therefore seem most likely that the chief dwelling places of Moria were excavated in Limestone, probably somewhat metamorphosed both by the intrusion of the granite and by the orogenic activities leading to the formation of the whole Misty Mountain chain, while the chief mines (and the passage toward the West Door) would have passed into the mineralised granite. Readers will be familiar with the occurrence of stalagmites, underground rivers, etc., in limestone caves, although these may not have caused too much problem in Moria, as most of the 'living' areas appear to have been well above the level of the doors, and so, perhaps, above the water table. Granite, though not as susceptible to attack by water as limestone, can still be porous, especially if jointing has occurred as a result of pressure release following uplift and erosion, and it is certain that much of the mines were dug well below the

* As a corollary, Prof. Sarjeant also observes "A puzzling feature about this is what and where are the gangue minerals? One would have expected spectacularly colourful displays of barytes, fluorspar or some other gangue: yet Tolkien, though so conscious of colour in rocks, says not a word about this."

water table, since following the departure of the Dwarves the treasures in the deep places became "drowned in water", as reported by Gandalf, presumably on the basis of his own experience when he was searching for Thrain. Thus it seems certain that, left on their own, at least parts of the mines would have become flooded, and thus that the Dwarves must have had some method of removing the water.

Removal of Water from the Region.

The next point to consider is how, having removed water from the mines, it would have been removed from the region altogether. The map in *FotR* shows only one river leaving the vicinity of Moria, that is the Silverlode, which is shown flowing out of Mirrormere. However, this is plainly wrong on two counts. Firstly, the map does not show the Sirannon or Gate-stream, which flowed from the West Gate of Moria. Although at the time of the war this was no more than a trickle, it had in the past been "swift and noisy". Secondly, the Silverlode did not flow directly from Mirrormere; the company had descended "some way below the mere" before they came on a "deep well of water, clear as crystal", which Gimli identified as the "spring from which the Silverlode rises".

I believe that the water removed from the Mines of Moria was ejected via the Sirannon for three reasons:

- 1) Mirrormere was 'sacred' to the Dwarves, and I cannot believe that they would have polluted it with water from the Mines.
- 2) Mirrormere must have been fed by water falling down the Dimrill Stair in a great torrent. This cold clear water must have been meltwater from the snows higher up the mountain. However the rim of the mere is described as "unbroken", and the surface is perfectly still, so both the entrance and exit must have been underwater (the mere would not have remained clear and pleasant for long if it had been stagnant). Thus the water which later found its way into the Silverlode may have come from the same source; certainly the description of the Silverlode as "icy cold" implies that it originated as meltwater rather than in the mines.
- 3) Most significantly, the reason given for the drying up of the Sirannon cannot be correct. As anyone who has ever tried to dam a stream will be aware, however good the dam is, it is only a matter of time before the pool fills and the water begins to escape somewhere. Yet the pool at the West Gate of Moria appears to be stagnant, apart from a small trickle out of the falls, and a narrow, almost stagnant creek flowing in. The only way this could be the case would be if the *supply* of water to the Sirannon had stopped. This could be as a result of it being silted up after the dam formed, but this again would only result in a channel shift, which seems unlikely for what must have been an underground river. The only other possibility is that the supply ceased, and my conjecture is that this happened gradually as the mechanisms of the Dwarves fell into disrepair following the coming of the Balrog.

The Mechanism for Draining the Mines.

Thus far we have a situation where water is collected in the depths of the Mines and ejected via the Sirannon, but the most significant problem still remains—how did the water get to the West Gate? The problem of collecting the water would have been relatively simple for the Dwarves, who would have constructed a system of sloping

troughs and trenches to remove it to collection points. But after they enter the Mines the company descend almost continuously throughout the first leg of their journey, and yet remain well above the deeps, and in relatively dry passages. When Pippin drops a stone down the well in the guard room "many heartbeats" pass before a sound is heard, implying that the water is some distance below. Thus there must have been some sort of pumping system to lift the water out of the deeps and into a channel which exited at the West Gate. How was this pumping system driven? Unfortunately, in the absence of perpetual motion, it is not possible to use the water itself to drive the pumps, so some other source of energy must have been available.

One possibility, though, I admit it, an unlikely one, is that there was a massive water-wheel complex under the Dimrill Stair, which used the energy of the waterfall to lift the water into a channel cut right through the mountain to the West Gate. However, I do not think that the channel was this high in the mountain. When the company crossed the widest of the fissures they encountered in their first march (i.e. well to the West of the Mines) they hear "the noise of churning water...as if some great mill wheel were turning in the depths". I do not think that this was in fact a mill wheel—more likely it was a bit of debris lodged in the channel, churning up the water—but I do think that this may well have been a feeder taking water into one of the collecting pools. This means that the 'pumps' must have been towards the West end. So how was the water lifted to the level of the gate? The only reported power sources in Middle-earth are waterwheels, windmills and the (presumably steam) engines used by Saruman. However there are problems with all of these. There are no reports of waterfalls near the West Gate to provide water power—in fact, there were no streams at all except the Sirannon itself. Nor is there any mention of batteries of windmills on the flanks of Caradhras. This seems to mean that steam power is the only possibility, but the problem here is one of fuel. Dwarves had a strong dislike of mining coal, and anyway, the geological environment of the Mines makes the likelihood of coal occurring there very small. But neither is there any record of large forests ever having grown close to the West Gate, and even if there were, the amount of wood required would be fantastic.

There is, however, a solution to this problem, and once again it is the geology which comes to our rescue: geothermal power. We know that the Misty Mountains were a geologically active region (for example the fissures across the passage which the company have to cross imply that there had been considerable earthquake activity since the Dwarves left), and it is reported that after the company entered the Mines the air quickly became "hot and stifling", although this can occur in areas with rather low geological activity. Thus I propose that the Dwarves discovered an area near the West end of the Mines where the rocks were heated by geological activity below, and used this energy to drive steam engines (in the same way as electricity is generated in Iceland; cold water is pumped down one hole, is heated by the hot rocks, and returns to the surface via a second hole as steam, which can be used to drive a turbine or steam engine), which would then be used to pump the water to the surface. This mechanism has the advantage that it could, in principle, keep running for some time after the Dwarves left until, in time, some part wore out and broke; thus the stoppage of the flow of the Sirannon could have happened long after the Dwarves left, which would help in explaining why it came as a surprise to Gandalf, who left by the West Door 800 years after the coming of the Balrog.

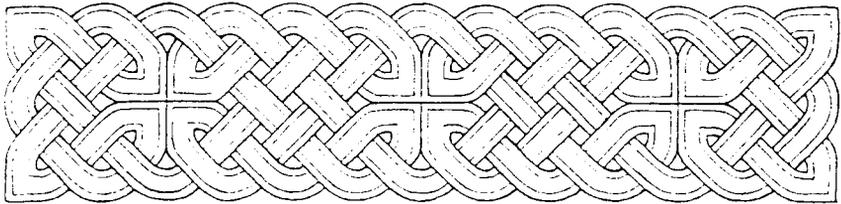
An Aside: Fresh Air and Water.

As an aside to this discussion, I consider the question of the provision of fresh water and air in Moria. When the company stops in the guardroom, Gimli identifies the hole in the floor as "a well for the guards' use", but the time taken for a stone to fall down indicates that it was of a depth which would make it impractical to collect water in a bucket. There may have been some kind of pump again, but I think it is more likely that there had formerly been a trough running across the well at some lesser depth, which carried drinking water. The trough would probably be wooden (and under constant repair), and would carry running water, thus ensuring the best possible chance of clean water. This would have been part of a system of channels reasonably high up in the Mines which would have circulated drinking water around the main inhabited areas, probably from a source at the Eastern side to the same collecting point in the West as the waste from the depths. Coupled in with this could have been a waste disposal system; toilets and waste disposal points could have fed into the main water disposal channel, and this may explain why the 'well' continued to such great depth, as it may have doubled as a waste disposal point. There may also have been a ventilation system; the air inside the Mines was certainly fresher than one might expect of a set of caves stretching over forty miles from one entrance to another, and this might also have been driven by geothermal power, either by using fans to draw air through the Mines, or setting up temperature differences which would help to keep the air moving.

Conclusion.

The Mines of Khazad-dûm are described in *The Silmarillion* as "greatest of all the mansions of the Dwarves", and this is by no means an overstatement. The technical achievements in providing water and fresh air for a community of several thousand Dwarves, and of removing water from the deeper mines, makes Moria one of the most 'advanced' places in Middle-earth, rivalling and, indeed, probably surpassing the works of Saruman or Sauron. Whether their machinery was indeed driven by geothermal power we can never be certain, but it seems to be a possible solution to an otherwise difficult problem.

Mike Percival.



UNCLE MIKE'S Book Corner 7

Apologies in advance for the possibly slightly scrappy content of the 'Book Corner' this issue but the Editor-MikeW wants the Book-Corner-MikeW to have this finished by tomorrow so I'm in a bit of a hurry. Anyway, this issue promises a look at 'an epic bestseller', the new David Eddings, the end of the DragonLance Legends series, the first book in a trilogy, and a comics series (just for variety!). So, on with the show...

The Stone and The Flute

by Hans Bemann, in Penguin, pp895, £4.95

The cover blurb describes this as 'an epic bestseller of magic, mystery and myth', and the bookshops seem keen to put it in the bestsellers' section rather than the SF/fantasy section. The book, translated from its original German, is the life-story of a boy named Listener, who acquires a magical stone off a dying horse-raider and an equally magical flute from his grandfather. Predictably, I suppose, the stone and the flute come complete with dire warnings as to the effects of misusing their power, and Listener spends the first three-quarters of the book alternately misusing them, losing them and finding them again. He spends the last quarter of the book giving them away, just for variety! Cynical comments apart, it's a nice enough book, having a sort of dream-like quality to the narrative, but I wouldn't go so far as to call it a bestseller. In fact, I wouldn't have bought it if I didn't have a Book Token to get rid of.

Next, please...

Guardians of the West

by David Eddings, in Corgi, pp429, £2.95

I could be horribly cynical and scathing about this book, but I'm saving it up for a really GOOD go at something next issue, so I'll be restrained.

It will come as no surprise at all to learn that this is a sequel to the Belgariad pentalogy. I feel I ought to object on principle to a sequel like this, especially since it too will go to five books, but the problem is that (ulp) I like it! The plot is fairly obvious – take the characters from the Belgariad, give them a few years grace in which to grow up a bit, invent some new threat to world peace and send them out after it! To quote a panel at WorldCon "not another epic quest, please, dear". Nonetheless, I happen to like David Eddings writing: he has the capacity to inject humour into a serious fantasy quest without degenerating into silliness. Anyway, if you still liked the Belgariad by the time book 5 came out, you'll very likely enjoy this.

Daggerspell

by Katherine Kerr, in Grafton, pp415, £6.95

As you can guess from the price, this is a large-format paperback. I haven't seen it out in a sensible format yet (after 6 months) but I consider it money (almost) well spent. First impressions were good – nice cover art and plenty of maps.

This is Ms. Kerr's first book, and a good debut it is too. She has previously written for *Dragon*, the TSR D&D magazine. The story itself concerns one Nevyn, an aging sorcerer who is fated to live until he has patched up a relationship between the reincarnations of two people he wronged three generations ago. As a result, the book contains several flashback sequences which are a little irritating but, I suppose, necessary. The world in which *Daggerspell* is set is a Celtic-flavoured one: something which is becoming common these days, but in this case, done well. There is a sequel promised, either called *Darkspell* (if you believe the last page of the book), or *Dragonspell* (if you believe the publishers' blurb on the back cover) – either way, it promises to be good.

DragonLance Legends Vols. 2, 3

War of the Twins/Test of the Twins, by Margaret Weis/Tracy Hickman, in Penguin, pp387, 345, £2.95 each

These two finish the trilogy I began reviewing last issue. I'm a little biased here, being a D&D player and DragonLance fan, but, anyway...

The books continue where *Time of the Twins* left off (the closing line of which, being "Overhead, the sky began to rain fire", leaves on wondering just what CAN happen next?) There is some excellent handling of time travel and the like, culminating in a visit to a possible future in which the world is ending. I suppose the eventual ending was fairly obvious from the word 'go', but it's good, all the same. As I commented about the first book, there are fewer characters in the second trilogy than the first, and this does make for better characterisation – Tas the mischievous kender in particular becomes a far more complex personality.

As customary, a few shorter reviews to follow...

Silverglass

by J.F.Rivkin, in Orbit, pp187, £2.50

Um, yes, well! You could never describe this as serious fantasy. The cover shows an under-armoured, over-endowed sword-wielding Amazon, and it is a fair reflection of the book. There is however, a plot, which is reasonable, and does nearly use the characters' personalities as an integral part of it. Good 'trashy fantasy', as I like to call it.

The Unlikely Ones

by Mary Brown, in Century, pp426, £5.95

Another large format paperback, though it's since come out in a sensible size at a reasonable price. The 'Unlikely Ones' are a knight, a girl, a crow, a toad, a cat, a unicorn (minus horn) and a goldfish, thrown together by a witch's curse which—yup you guessed it—they have to go on a quest to get rid of. Add in a love story and a dragon for plot interest and there you have it. I wasn't wildly impressed.

Redfox

by Fox *et al.*, in Valkyrie Press, pp24, £0.50/issue

Redfox is one of the few British-produced fantasy-SF comics, along with *2000AD* and *Warrior* (is that still going?). Unlike the others, it is not drawn in the cluttered Marvel comics style (which puts me and a lot of people I know off *2000AD*), but in a simpler and much clearer style.

Redfox herself is yer actual female barbarian, albeit a shade short, in fairly standard outfit (thigh boots, laced-up top, long hair, sword) – a fact which Fox pokes fun at every now and then (the Redfox display in Forbidden Planet at one time apparently had a large sketch of Redfox looking alluring, enquiring 'Does this sort of thing really sell comics?'). The cast of supporting characters include her companion Lyssa, an axe wielding female mercenary (who cooks a mean curry!), and her sister-of-sorts Whitefox.

The plots are good by any standards - *Redfox* 1-4 are several short stories (available in one softback graphic novel), 5-10 are the 'Demon Queen Saga' and 11 (the current issue) is tying up some loose ends and introducing a new character.

The *Redfox* comics are available from good ol' Forbidden Planet, or by mail order (address available on request). Issue 12 is due in November.

I have to admit bias in this review, due to a) being a *Redfox* (and Redfox) fan and b) having had the pleasure of meeting Fox at the WorldCon. However, I am not going to go too OTT with the praise - just read 'em, OK?

P.S. Anyone got a copy of *Redfox* 5 they don't want?

Afterword

For the next issue, you can have lots and lots of Barbara Hambly (i.e., about 3 books). Rumour has it that a sequel to the 'Morgaine' books by C.J.Cherryh is coming out – watch this space. Seeya next ish.

From "The Annals of Minas Tirith in the Fourth Age"
being an account of a great journey made upon the Anduin*

And, it being then the sixth month, the great King Ian I took it upon himself to call for an expedition to the Pillars of the Argonath (or Granchester as it is known in the common tongue). Messengers were sent to all corners of the realm of Gondor, and even beyond, for lo! from the Riders of Rohan came the famed berserker who is Streetzy, and even yet the mighty ranger of the North, by name Colin, and from the Westmarch came Mike of the Towers.

On the night prior to their departure, those who wished came unto an inn in the great city itself, by name the 'Ancient Druids', and there partook of a mighty and strong ale, called 'Druids Special': yet some there were who came not, and yet others who came, and yet partook not, for they had had much to drink ere ever they had reached Minas Tirith, and were fragile and vexed sore. And in that hostelry there was a bard and his woman, who played for the assembled heroes many songs of former years, and it was noted that he who played upon the flute stood not upon one leg, but in truth upon two.

Clear and bright(ish) dawned the day of their departure (for your scribe was there too and witnessed these things). Many gathered at the bridge of Trinity, and water wessels were brought, some from the Hall of John, and others from the King's own Hall. Into these were loaded good ale and wine and cider and many other things, and also were taken weapons of a strange and dwarvish make, known in the Khuzdûl as *Akwadh-zapp*.

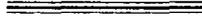
Not even unto the Bridge of Kings had the heroes come ere they were joined by two more from afar, for Andy the Strong-Armed and his wife Helen did appear upon the bank, whence they joined the armada. Then they came all unto the portage way at Sârñ Gebir (or Scudamore's rollers in the Westron Speech), and did strive with their great strength to bring their vessels upon the upper reaches of the river Anduin. Thence, with mighty strokes of their poles, they did proceed up-river. Mike of the White Acre concocted a vile brew, of the liquor that is called 'rum' and a strange and viscous brown fluid which foamed and fizzed: yet those who plied their poles askèd even to be given of his alchemy, and such was the enchantment laid upon it that Martin the Smith pronounced it *miruvor* (which means 'mighty-good-falling-down-water'), and did partake of it further. But the Rider of Rohan was not satisfied by this, and tried even to steal from a passing vessel more wine: great was the noise and splash of his falling.

At length reached they the Argonath, though beset on their journey by strange water creatures who cavorted in the water in front of them, and also by a Nazgûl and his handmaiden. And there there was spread upon the grass for all a fair repast, of sandwiches of meats and cheese, and fruits, and the waybread that is Jordan's Crunchy Bar. The heroes fell to with great hunger, and soon there was naught left save some apples, with which and the paddles of their craft, they played a strange and ancient game.

*Editors note - this is believed either to mean 'Granta' or 'Cam'

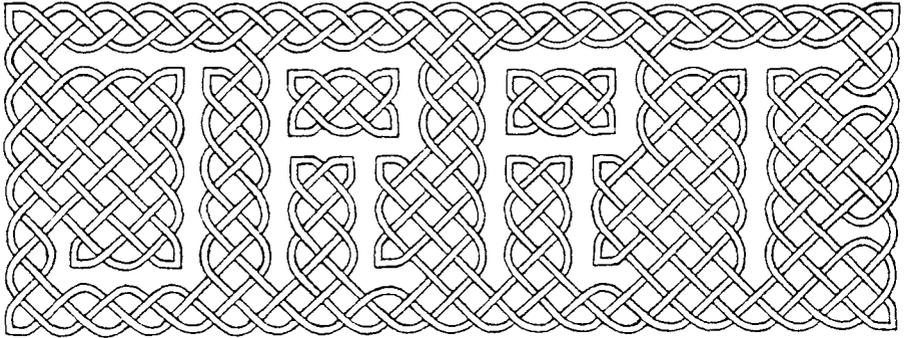
So the companions embarked once more and returned to Minas Tirith. Many further encounters had they ere they returned, but all came safely to Sârn Gebir, save Andy the Strong-Armed who was sore beset by Corsairs who stole from him his pole, and then nobly did offer to rescue him from the watery depths of the Great River. At length they came to the rapids, where they disembarked and took their vessels down the portage way, without mishap save one, from whence issued a great noise of splintering timber. All were worried, lest some greivous harm should have befallen it, for of all the vessels it had furthest to travel to its mooring. Great haste they made thither, and returned it unto the boatkeeper.

Thence went the company divers ways, most to find food, and all agreed to gather come even for ale and the telling of tales in a tavern named the 'Castle'. Like the dour Men of the North they sat in a darkened corner of the common room (that all who saw them wondered what mysteries they hid) and conversed in low tones of moots and such-like, and boasted of the deeds they had done. At length, the evening came to an end, and all departed the place, and went their separate ways.



It is said amongst the scholars and learned men who have knowledge of such things, that the company is not sundered for all time, but, should the King desire once more to journey on the Great River, they will come as can to Minas Tirith once again.

Palantir



Review

J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Lost Road and other writings*, ed. Christopher Tolkien. London: Unwin Hyman 1987. 455pp. £16.95.

As with the previous volume in *The History of Middle-earth*, I propose to give an overview of the contents, and leave literary questions more or less alone.

The volume is subtitled 'Language and Legend before "The Lord of the Rings"', and sets out the state of the mythology at the time *LotR* was started.

Part One concerns the work that gives the volume its title. *The Lost Road* was the 'time-travel' story which Tolkien started as a result of his agreement with Lewis that they should write stories of the kind they liked (since nobody else did). It was to tell of the repeated occurrence of fathers and sons with names meaning 'Bliss-friend' and 'Elf-friend', starting from Edwin and Elwin in the present time, and working back to Amandil and Elendil. *The Lost Road* is intimately connected with *The Fall of Númenor*, written at the same time—CRT devotes some pages to explaining and untangling the connexion.

The Númenor legend enters the mythology in an 'outline', which contains many of the important ideas of the later works—and also the fascinating snippet that the Númenóreans tried to build ships that would sail on the Straight Road, but "achieved only ships that would sail in Wilwa or lower air"! This of course completely vanished from the mythology (fairly soon afterwards).

The first full version of *The Fall of Númenor* has many interesting or curious features, fully discussed in the commentary—for example, the kings were permitted to visit Valinor once (before their crowning); and the long life of the Númenóreans is ascribed to proximity to, and exposure to the radiance of, Valinor. The airships are also mentioned.

The second version makes several changes in the early parts of the story—for example, longevity is now a gift, not an effect of the "radiance" of Valinor, and the name *Sauron* appears for the first time (he was *Sûr* in the first version, and *Thû* in the earlier writings where he began to emerge as an important character).

The Lost Road itself was (of course!) never completed. Two chapters were written describing the 'present-day' end of the story. The main character here is Alboin, who is very plainly Tolkien, in many aspects—a boy who learnt the northern languages, and who received 'Eresseän Elf-Latin' in his mind and dreams, and who went on to become a professor (in history, not English). There are also many aspects of Alboin's life that are *not* like Tolkien's—doubtless this story will give much amusement to the amateur psychologists amongst us. The chapters conclude with Alboin and his son Audoin about to be 'taken back' to Númenor.

There follow two chapters of the Númenórean end of the story, where Elendil is talking with his son Herendil. By far the most notable feature is that Herendil tends to the faction of Sauron, although it seems that he eventually cast his lot with his father's. There are other differences from the later story—Sauron was summoned to Númenor to surrender, rather than the king going to Middle-earth; there is little of the rest of Númenórean history; and Númenor under Sauron gives a strong impression of a contemporary (with Tolkien!) militaristic dictatorship, complete with spies, informers, iron warships and buzz-bombs.

Finally in this part, there are notes and texts on relevant legends and Tolkien's use and adaptation of them. (I should also mention that in the notes to *The Lost Road* there is a complete 14-line Quenya song, which will be of considerable interest to the linguistically inclined.)

Part Two of the volume is entitled 'Valinor and Middle-earth before The Lord of the Rings'. Here are given the second versions of the *Annals of Valinor* and the *Annals of Beleriand*. Various aspects of *The Silmarillion* appear now for the first time, but none that I especially wish to mention. There is quite a lot of repetition of the first versions (given in vol. IV) in these, but CRT has given the text in full so that all the texts current when *LotR* was started may be found in one volume.

There follows a version of the *Ainulindale*, which is much changed from the old *Tale of the Music of the Ainur*, but not yet the published version.

Next in Part Two is the *Lhammas*, three versions of an essay on the relationships among the languages of the world. This is enormously complicated, and made more so by the changes in the meanings and applications of the names of the Elves—for example, *Avari*, in the *Lhammas*, means 'the departing (Elves)', the opposite of its later meaning ('the unwilling', those who refused the Great Journey). The main feature of the *Lhammas* compared with the later mythology is that all the Elvish tongues (and indeed all tongues?) were derived from those of the Valar, rather than being spontaneous or independently God-given.

Then is given the pre-*LotR* text of the *Quenta Silmarillion*. This is a long text, with a very full commentary. In style it is very like the published *Silmarillion*, though not quite as polished. A few of the features that first appear here are: the Teleri so-called because they tarried on the road; their plea to Ulmo to stay their voyage to Valinor; the Gates of Sirion; the name Khazaddûm (then the dwarvish name of Nogrod); the council of the Valar after Eärendel arrived, and Eärendel and Elwing's choice of fate; and the notes reveal the interesting fact that *Narn i Hin Húrin* should be *Narn i Chîn Húrin*, but was "improperly changed" by CRT because he did not want people pronouncing *Chîn* like the English word *chin*!

The third Part of the volume is the *Etymologies*. This is a 'dictionary of roots' in the Elvish tongues dating from about 1937-8. It is of the greatest interest (and complexity), and will (I hope!) be discussed in *Quettar* for years to come. Here I shall merely remark, as a sample, that we can now (almost) count up to twelve in Quenya: *mine*, *atta*, *nelde*, *kanta*, *lempe*, *enqe*, *otso*, *tolto*, *nerte*, *kainen*, *minqe*, **rasta*; and in Sindarin (well, Noldorin, which here seems fairly similar to the later Sindarin, though not quite as close as the Quenya is to later versions): *min*, *tad*, *neledh*, *canad*, *lheben*, *eneg*, *odog*, *toloth*, *neder*, *caer*, **minib*, **rhasad*.

Finally, there is an Appendix containing selected material from some Genealogies, a List of Names, and 'the second Silmarillion map'.

In conclusion, I think this volume is well worth buying—it is essential for linguists; *The Lost Road* should interest almost everybody; and it gives a good view of the state of the mythology when *LotR* was started.

Julian Bradfield.

COMMENT

First off, this issue, a quick grovel and apology. It appears we have wronged Sylvia Hunnewell greatly, by crediting the excellent artwork she did for Anors 13 and 14 to Gary Hunnewell. Thanks to Nancy Martsch for pointing this out, and I quote: "Gary writes, Sylvia draws. Note the signature S.H.". Ooops. Sorry, Sylvia.

And, now, onto the Great Economics/G.S.P. debate: contributions this issue in the Comments page only, first from Gary Savage, who says:

"I would ... be interested to learn why Crawford believes there are no mints in the Shire, as I believe (as expressed in AH) that this is in fact a distinct possibility...

"I'm certain there were not enough dwarves on the East-West road to provide the necessary amounts of money that would be needed in the Shire. Furthermore, what was the relationship between Shire and Bree money, or indeed any other currency in Middle-Earth? Was there a universal currency inspired by the Númenóreans? They caused the spread of a universal language, the Westron, after all. It seems feasible a common currency could also have evolved."

Further comment on the subject from Nancy Martsch:

"Culling through my notes, I find much on Dwarf economics, which may shed an oblique light on the Shire...

"Dwarves seldom traded with the Shire, whose inhabitants they contemptuously regarded as mere food growers (See *Unfinished Tales*, 'The Quest for Erebor', pp332-4). Most likely the Shire purchased metal (ingots), tools, and occasional trinkets in exchange for food and possibly draft animals. They did not import luxury goods, 'preferring to make their own' (UT p344)."

As an aside, Nancy points out that "[the Dwarves] traded heavily with Elves, who seem to have had a great appetite in luxury goods, particularly weapons, metalwork and jewels. They probably received food and raw materials in return. The Dwarves of the Lonely Mountain obtained food and wine from the Men down the River, and probably forest products (meat, leather, fur, wood) from the Elves."

Gary Hunnewell's remark in Anor 12 (p12) "Surely there were smithies in the Shire...?" also brought comment from Nancy:

"You bet! Before the Industrial Revolution *all* metalwork was made by hand: tools, pots, pans, hinges, nails, hardware, chain, wagon parts, ploughs, horseshoes, weapons etc. Specialised smiths would work ingots into useable forms such as bars, sheet etc. which would then be worked into finished goods. The hobbits, who had harnessed water-power, may have used it to drive some heavy operations. The same applies to every other form of manufacturing, be it rope-making, furniture, harness, cloth or whatever: first the raw material, then the intermediate steps, then the finished product. As the Shire was virtually self-sufficient (the fact that other countries had never heard of them implies a lack of trade) they must have had a significant manufacturing (artisan) class. This in turn implies a surplus of food grown by farmers to support them (but then the Shire had good soil).

"Indeed, the Shire seems to have led Middle-earth when it comes to comfort and standard-of-living. They had wine, crystal goblets, silver spoons, gold ornaments, (such as Bilbo's buttons), glass windows, matches (an anachronism?), convex mirrors, papers, gold pens and ink bottles, books, fine furniture, umbrellas, and on, and on..."

That's it for economics for this Comments page. Back to Gary Savage, who has a few nice things to say about **Anors** of the recent past.

"**Anor** certainly contains much of interest, most notable recently the Layman's Guide; although I've read the *Silmarillion*, [Mike Percival's] article in **Anor** 11 inspired me to read *Quenta* again! The best instalment so far, though, has been Monica Gale's enthusiastic account of *The Lays of Beleriand*. I hadn't read this volume, for reasons of price and lack of available time, but after reading Monica's essay with its carefully chosen quotations and references to haunting alliterative descriptions, I felt compelled to take the plunge, and bought the book!...Has Monica (or for that matter [Mike Percival] or Duncan McLaren) ever considered a career with Unwin Hyman's Sales Department?"

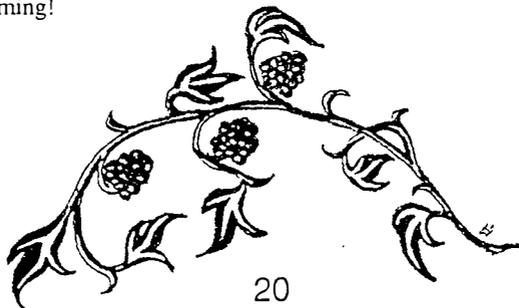
"The new style Book Corner is most effective; long may it continue! It certainly breaks the relative monotony of looking through an average **Anor**: lack of artwork is certainly a problem, although more grievous to my mind is the lack of any borders or titles. Such things make all the difference in making a publication look attractive, and easing a reader's tired eyes: why not send a letter to Steve Lines (or some such person) asking for some borders, my precious?!"

Coo, thanks, Gary – "The Layman's Guide" will hopefully be back next issue [that constitutes an Editorial Hint to all budding contributors]. Sorry that Uncle Mike's Book Corner isn't as flash this time round, but I'm still trying to get to grips with the software! As to borders, a phone call has been duly made to **Anor**'s chief provider of borders, Susan Foord, and I am now in the possession of two A4 sheets of Celtic knotwork corner pieces, in addition to some from Maggie Thomson, some of which will be seen this issue. Artwork, on the other hand, is a little harder to come by – I can always find room for quarter-, half-, or even full-page art to fill spaces, as long as it's photocopyable, so get drawing, folks [that was Editorial Hint number 2].

A stray comment that has apparently been heard from several people is to do with the cover – is it time for a change? Pros: it's difficult to tell one **Anor** from another; we've had the same cover for fourteen issues on the trot; the original photocopies badly, being blue ball-point pen; etc. Cons: You can always recognise an **Anor** by its cover; it's a bit much to expect someone to come up with a new cover every issue; the current cover is simple and striking; etc. Comments welcome (as always), but see below.

It probably is time for a change, so, here comes The Great **Anor** Cover Commission for all the artists out there. Draw **Anor** a new cover – preferably keep it as simple and uncluttered as Per Ahlberg's design, and leave space for the issue number! The best one will become the new **Anor** cover for several issues to come, be seen as far afield as Australia and California... Always assuming I don't disappear under a mound of letters telling me to keep the old one!

Keep 'em coming!



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