

ISSUE 16

ANOR ISSUE 16

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Editorial

First of all, a grovelling apology or two. Yes, I know this issue is late – no excuses apart from being a busy man, guv. Secondly, apologies once more for this issue not being as 'flash' as the Macintosh is capable of, but I *still* haven't fathomed out why the LaserWriter at work won't believe in half the pretty typefaces I ask it for!

Response to the cover design appeal can best be described as staggering. I was staggered by how few entries I received, namely a vote to keep the old one and a rumour that someone had actually drawn one somewhere. Since this counts as one vote each way I shall cast MY vote ... sometime! If anyone else wants to express an opinion, I'm still listening.

In this issue, you'll find another instalment of the *Layman's Guide* – there are still a couple more potential articles in this series to come, I think, so dust off your Tolkien collections and get cracking. When the *Layman's Guide* finally finishes though, it might be handy if we had something to replace it with. Suggestions? (those amongst you who hadn't realised, the *Layman's Guide* is all a fiendish hatched by the *Anor* editors to ensure they get some material each issue.)

Also in this issue, you'll find some music, courtesy of Susan Foord – more of the same from anyone will be welcomed.

That's enough from me for now - enjoy the issue, and start writing stuff for the next one. The deadline is April 1st (no, seriously!).

The Layman's Guide to Advanced Tolkien Studies

Tree and Leaf/Smith of Wooton Major/The Homecoming of Beorhtnoth
Farmer Giles of Ham/The Adventures of Tom Bombadil.

These two "slim volumes" bring together six short works of various periods and genres, all of which are (for a change!) complete. Taken together, they bear witness to the impressive range of Tolkien's talent, since the contents vary from light verse to sombre alliterative poetry, from the wily tale of "Farmer Giles of Ham" to the wistful fairy-story "Smith of Wooton Major". While the former volume is predominantly serious and the second lighter in tone, both are very readable, and neither contains extensive introductions, notes or indices!

Tree and Leaf

This section in fact consists of two related works, the essay "On Fairy Stories" (originally delivered at the university of St. Andrews in 1938) and the short story "Leaf by Niggle", which are linked by the theme of what Tolkien calls "sub-creation" and defines as the construction "of a secondary world which your mind can enter. Inside it, what he [the author] relates is "true": it accords with the laws of that world". Thus the essay in particular is of some relevance to Tolkien's other works, and provides interesting insights into his aims and methods, at the same time succeeding admirably in its avowed purpose of exploring the nature and "use" of the genre "fairy-tale".

Tolkien tackles three main questions: what are fairy stories? what is their origin? what is the use of them? He begins by dismissing the mistaken conception which would limit the definition of "fairies" to "supernatural beings of diminutive size", and distinguishing fairy-tales from traveller's tales, "dream-stories" (like "Alice in Wonderland") and beast-fables, goes on to state his definition of the fairy story as "one which touches on or uses Faerie [which, he goes on to explain, can be loosely translated as Magic, although of a peculiar kind], whatever its own main purpose may be..." Next, he deals with the origins of fairy-tale, suggesting that they are intimately connected with language itself, since the very possibility of saying, for example, "the green grass", combined with the capacity of the human mind for abstraction, implies the possibility of forming a concept such as "the green sun" and the subsequent desire to create a world in which such a phenomenon is plausible. Thirdly, he considers the purpose and effects of fairy-tale: having dismissed the idea that such stories have an inherent appeal to children, on the grounds that they were not originally so intended at all, and only became associated with children because they fell out of favour with their original adult audience, he goes on to associate their role with fantasy and the desire for sub-creation, escapism (which, he emphasises, is not necessarily a bad thing) and the "recovery" afforded by seeing familiar objects from an unusual angle (as an example, he claims that "by the

making of Pegasus, horses were ennobled") and finally with the joy "poignant as grief" glimpsed in the "eucatastrophe" or sudden "turn" which brings about a Happy Ending.

A clear picture of Tolkien's view of fairy-tale emerges from the study: it is seen to involve a kind of Magic "of a peculiar mood and power, at the furthest from the vulgar devices of the... magician"; to create a world which is self-consistent, while depicting things not present in the "primary" world; to spring from and partially to satisfy certain fundamental human desires, such as the wish to converse with other living things; and, through the device of the Happy Ending, to give "a fleeting glimpse of joy, joy beyond the walls of the world".

The essay is written in a lively and lucid style throughout, and enhanced by Tolkien's gift for the use of apt metaphors (such as the Tree of Tales and the "soup" of historical and other elements from which an individual story is made).

The essay is followed by the short story "Leaf by Niggle", which is about "a little man called Niggle, who had a long journey to make". Niggle is a painter, whose life's work is a painting of a tree, which becomes gradually more and more complex as he strives to finish it despite various interruptions, especially the demands of his disliked neighbour, Parish. He keeps postponing his "journey" until he is hauled off forcibly, and it gradually becomes clear that this is in fact the journey from this world to the next, where Niggle passes through the "workhouse", in which he is made to perform various laborious tasks, and finally reaches a very idiosyncratic heaven, where his Tree (but as he imagined it rather than as he had imperfectly painted it) is part of "reality". The story combines allegory with reflection on the creative (or sub-creative) process and, while it may not be to everyone's taste, contains some interesting ideas presented in a most unusual way.

Smith of Wootton Major

This story, which is rather longer than "Leaf by Niggle", also makes an interesting companion to "On Fairy Stories", being Tolkien's own fairy tale. It concerns Smith, who, as a boy, becomes the possessor of a "fay star", which enables him to travel in the realms of Faery, where, during the subsequent years, he has various strange and marvellous experiences. The tale is beautifully told, and has a haunting, wistful quality, which is perhaps exemplified by the reaction of Smith's son to a silver boy which his father brings back from his last visit to Faery: "... there is a scent in the bells; a scent that reminds me of, reminds me, well, of something I've forgotten."

The Homecoming of Beorhtnoth

The final item in this volume is an alliterative poem in aromatic form. As Tolkien explains in a short introduction, Beorhtnoth son of Beorhthelm was an Anglo-Saxon duke who was killed fighting the Vikings at the Battle of Malden in 991, as described in a contemporary poem, part of which survives. His defeat and death

were due in part to his own misguided chivalry and desire for glory, and this theme is in the background of Tolkien's poem, in which two of the duke's servants have been sent to the battle-field the following day to recover their master's mutilated body.

The vocabulary of the poem is colloquial (relatively) modern English, which Tolkien combines skillfully with the alliterative metre to produce a vivid and atmospheric poem. The two characters, the young idealistic Thorhelm and his older, more experienced and down to earth companion Tidwald, also form an effective contrast, interweaving the themes of hope and resignation ("ever war and work till the world passes"). Appended to the poem is an epilogue analysing the conflict between desire for personal glory and responsibility to one's followers which Tolkien sees in the Anglo-Saxon poet's appraisal of Beorhtnoth's end, and which is an underlying theme of his own poem.

Farmer Giles of Ham

As a complete contrast, "Farmer Giles" is a thoroughly light-hearted piece. It is an account of the "rise and wonderful adventures" of the hero, a fat, red-bearded farmer, not over-bold, and his dog Gam, who succeeds in getting his master into all kinds of trouble. Having frightened off a giant by shooting it in the face (accidentally) with his blunderbuss, Farmer Giles acquires a reputation. When this eventually reaches the ears of the king ("Augustus Bonifacius Ambrosius Aurelionus Antoninus Pius et Magnificus, dux, rex, tyrannus, etc., basileus Mediterraneorum Partium"), he sends him a sword which, of course, turns out to be the magical Caudimordax (or, in the vulgar, Tailbiter). This is all very well, until a dragon appears in the neighbourhood, and Giles is expected to defend his reputation... In the end, our hero wins the day, more by luck than courage or judgement, and his various adventures in so doing are recounted with wit and humour, including a judicious sprinkling of excruciating puns such as "Gam could not even talk dog-Latin" and "his wife made a queen of great size and majesty, and she kept a tight hand on the household accounts. There was no getting round Queen Agatha - at least it was a long walk"!

Pauline Baynes's illustrations (which also accompany "Smith of Wooton Major" and "The Adventures of Tom Bombadil") complement the story perfectly.

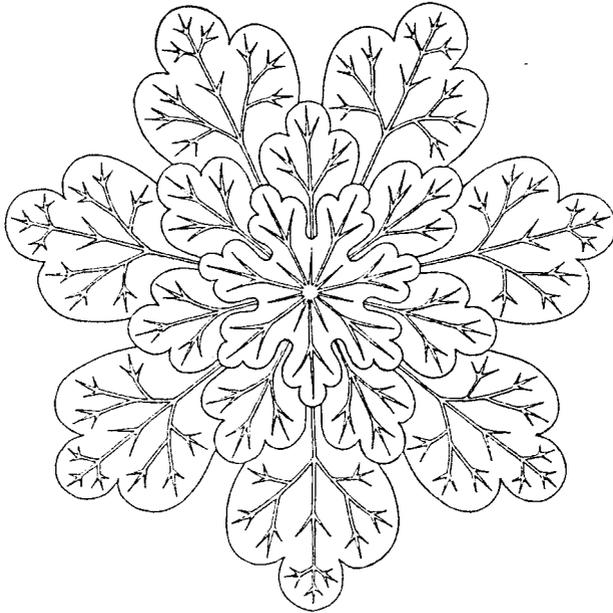
The Adventures of Tom Bombadil

Tolkien's preface explains that these poems are marginalia from the Red Book of Westmarch, composed by Hobbits, especially Bilbo and his friends and immediate descendants; and in fact three of them ("The Man in the Moon Stayed Up Too Late", "The Stone Troll" and "Oliphant") appear in LotR, while "Errantry" (a particular favourite of mine, which makes effective use of internal rhyme and an unusual rhythm) is the "original" of the poem "Earendil" which Bilbo recites in Rivendell. The two Tom Bombadil poems are similar in style to his own verses in LotR. Of the remaining poems, most are light in tone, including some nonsense poems (such as

"The Man in the Moon Came Down Too Soon" which develops the nursery-rhyme of that name in a similar way to its companion piece's expansion of "Hey-Diddle-Diddle"). The last three are, however, somewhat different: "The Hoard", which relates the fates of successive owners of a hoard of treasure, achieves a kind of haunting plaintiveness, as each possessor of the gold becomes as avaricious as the last, and the rhyming couplets prove an effective means of conveying the inevitability of this doom. "The Last Ship" is a wistful evocation of the loss and emptiness caused by the elves' departure from Middle-earth, while "The Sea Bell" is perhaps the best poem in the collection, the use of internal rhyme this time achieving a dreamlike effect, as the narrator wanders in a strange deserted country reminiscent of early versions of Earendil's arrival in Valinor. The collection as a whole is very entertaining, creating a variety of different moods, and once again testifies to Tolkien's skill in many different genres.

In conclusion, I thoroughly recommend both books to anyone who has not yet encountered them. Both are short, readable and very entertaining, if not, perhaps, on the same level as Tolkien's "major" works.

Monica Gale.



WHITAKER, Mike

Uncle Mike's Book Corner VIII

No space for an intro this issue - you already get enough of me as editor. Enjoy.

Next Issue?
The "Pelmen
the Powershaper"
series, and who
knows what else!

NILES, Douglas

Darkwalker on Moonshae

TSR Inc. pp380, £2.50

Another piece of pseudo-Celtic fantasy, this one, like a lot of books these days, I'm afraid it's another mega-quest against the dark adversary — this time it's a malevolent shape-changing thing called Kazagaroth. Set against a (D&D-style) background of druids, bards and the worship of the Goddess, its hero is one Tristan, a prince who has a troubled relationship with his father (the High King) and with Robyn, the king's ward and obvious plot token! The book is littered with legendary items and creatures, but survives this problem remarkably well, considering. Niles' writing style is a bit forced in places, but on the whole, not bad.

The best D&D tie in yet.

DONALDSON, Stephen

The Mirror of Her Dreams

Fontana, pp658, £3.95

I'm not sure the editor'd have me back after reviewing a Donaldson if the editor wasn't me! Suffice it to say that this is an immeasurable step up from the Chronicles of Thomas Covenant — it has been written in plain sensible English (not a 'clench' or 'vitriol' in sight) and has a half decent plot and a very nice magic system (it's all done with mirrors). Teri sa (the heroine) gets hauled over into the world of Mordant to save it (through a mirror, naturally enough) by the unlikely and accident-prone Geraden. Ok, so it's a save-the-world-in-n-volumes story, but it actually had me looking forward to the conclusion (only TWO volumes, whatever next?)

McKILLIP, Patricia

Is this REALLY by Stephen Donaldson?

The Forgotten Beasts of Eld

Futura, pp217, £2.50

This is almost a fairy-tale in its writing style. It's the story of Sybel, a sorceress who inherits her father's collection of legendary animals and decides to complete them with the White Bird Liralen. This takes her a great deal more effort than she anticipates, requiring her to learn first about herself (aided by the knight Coren who turns up, unannounced and asking for sanctuary for a small child, one night), and then about the Liralen. It's a very nicely written book — managing to carry the feeling of a fairy-tale even through the dialogue sections — but, like a lot of fairy-stories, it lacks the power to get the reader really interested. I read it, I enjoyed it, but it didn't set me to searching Heffers for the sequel.

A 'nice' book (damning with faint praise, I think!)

HAMBLY, Barbara

The Silent Tower

Unwin, pp349, £2.95

Magic and computers, huh? Interesting. The problem with most books of the modern-hero(ine)-visits-fantasy-world school is that the modern world doesn't feel like good old reality. Not so with Ms. Hambly—her heroine works for a Californian aerospace company as a programmer, has boyfriend problems and is (understandably) afraid of nocturnal intruders. Then she gets hauled off somewhere else by a non-too-sane wizard. The ensuing plot threads involve both worlds eventually, and wind up with a nasty twist of an ending that leaves Joanna (the aforementioned heroine) with ... well, you read it and find out.

Good stuff.

HAMBLY, Barbara

**The Ladies of Mandrigyn
The Witches of Wenshar**

Unwin, pp???, 399, £2.95 ea.

Two books about Sun Wolf (a mercenary captain who turns mage by the end of the first book) and his lieutenant/friend/lover (eventually) Starhawk. They have the vague feeling of being 'light' fantasy, tossed off in Ms. Hambly's spare time, but nonetheless, they are excellent. The lack of a save-the-universe plot is a relief, and the characters, especially the interaction between Sun Wolf and Starhawk, are, as always superb. She manages to create a world which 'lives' for the two of them to exist in, without requiring great reams of glossaries, invented histories, and so on.

More! More! Give me more!

SCOTT, Michael

**Magician's Law:
Tales of the Bard volume 1**

Sphere, pp305, £3.50

Very high fantasy, this is. It is the first part of the story of Paedur, a bard who is chosen by the Old Gods of his world to be a champion of the Old Faith against the New Gods. The book is somewhat heavy going with occasional long asides as Paedur is asked to tell stories to his audience, and culminates, in good high fantasy tradition, with an epic save-the-universe conflict. At which point the Old Gods say 'ta, mate, you can go now' and our hero says 'get lost, this is only volume one' or words to that effect.

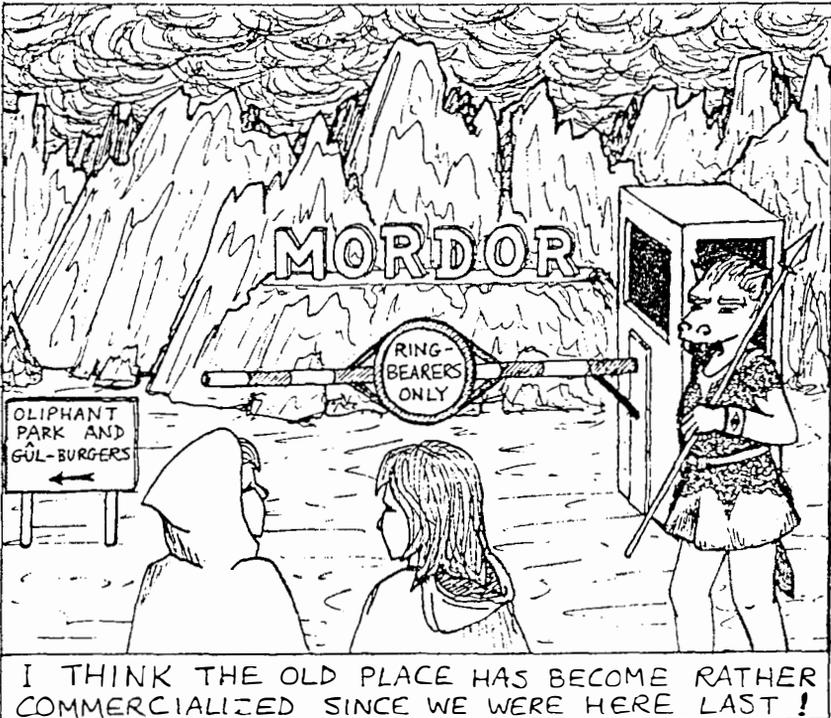
Well-written, but hard going

Two cartoons from Susan Foord this issue. Don't say we're not generous.

This is getting to be as regular an institution as the Layman's Guide and UMBC - can I have some more please, Susan?



MIDDLE-EARTH REVISITED



CAMBRIDGE TOLKIEN WORKSHOP 1988

This year, the Cambridge Tolkien Society is co-hosting the National Tolkien Society's Workshop. On Saturday, June 11th, in the Department of Earth Sciences, Cambridge, a Workshop on 'Tolkien and Romanticism' will take place. We hope to have seven speakers presenting papers at the workshop: these should cover a wide variety of topics under the general title. The actual Workshop should be about eight hours long, but this includes time for morning coffee, lunch and afternoon tea. If anyone is interested in presenting a paper please get in touch with Iwan Rhys Morus at the Department of History and Philosophy of Science, Free School Lane, Cambridge, as soon as possible.

Included with your copy of **Anor** 16 is a booking form: if your's is missing, or you have lost it, please get in touch with I. Alexander at the address given below. The booking fee for the Workshop is five pounds for members of the C.T.S. or the T.S., others pay six pounds. This price does include the cost of a buffet lunch and light refreshments (tea and coffee). All bookings should be returned to I. Alexander, Churchill College, Cambridge, CB3 0DS by April 30th. Please ensure that all cheques and postal orders are made payable to the CAMBRIDGE TOLKIEN WORKSHOP 1988. Also ensure that two stamped addressed envelopes are included.

The Workshop is going to form the central part of a whole weekend of activities. Chief of the other activities is the Cambridge Tolkien Society's Puntmoot on Sunday June 12th. For those who have never been to a puntmoot, what it effectively boils down to is a fleet of punts looking for a picnic spot down at Granchester. Food and drink (well, alcohol) is covered in the booking fee, as is the hire of the punts. A report on last year's puntmoot can be found in **Anor** 15. You can book for the trip through the Workshop organisers, the prices being five pounds (for C.T.S. and T.S. members) and six pounds for others.

As the booking form shows, other activities have been suggested. Please make your wishes known so that the Committee can ensure appropriate rooms etc. are prepared.

We look forward to seeing you at the Workshop weekend.

Ian Alexander (Treasurer to the C.T.W. '88 Committee)

Rivendell

- a place of tranquility
and sadness for Frodo

♩ = 160 Tempo Rubato
(Don't overslay the treble)

2nd time + 8ve

Musical notation for the first system, showing a treble and bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The bass line features a steady eighth-note accompaniment, while the treble line has a more melodic line with some rests. A repeat sign is present in the middle of the system.

Pedal = each bar usually

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

Musical notation for the third system, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

Musical notation for the fourth system, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

Musical notation for the fifth system, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

Handwritten musical notation for the first system, consisting of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music features a melodic line in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. A first ending bracket labeled '1' spans the final two measures, which conclude with a double bar line. A second ending bracket labeled '2' follows, also ending with a double bar line.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system, continuing the piece with a grand staff. The melody in the treble clef continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line provides harmonic support with eighth notes.

Handwritten musical notation for the third system, showing a steady progression of the melody and bass line. The treble clef contains a series of eighth notes, and the bass clef contains a corresponding eighth-note accompaniment.

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system, which concludes the piece. The final measures show a resolution of the melodic and harmonic lines, ending with a double bar line.

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Foreyule Feast 1987

It was a dark cold wintry night. The bright lights of Mulberry Close sang a song of warmth and companionship. They told of rich food, good ale, cider and laughter (to those who had paid their fiver!).

And so they gathered, a motley collection of creatures from another world; a grim dwarf, a sprightly hobbit, assorted henchthings of darkness, including the Mouth of Sauron (a.k.a. Ian Alexander, our outgoing chairman), and others. Soon the party was assembled, over half of them being in costume, though admittedly (with some notable exceptions) most of these had been supplied by our host, Mike.

Already a determined attack had been made on the many demi-johns of cider standing invitingly on the sideboard. The ale, however, stood folorn despite valiant attempts by the "Mouth" to give it a comfortable home in his stomach. Just then two archetypal beer-swillers (Colin and Iwan) pranced in, and the beer was as good as drunk.

Meanwhile back in the kitchen the legendary mushroom soup was being served - and very good it was too. The soup was finished all too soon and, as the dwarf (Steve by name), ever cautious like all his taciturn race intently scrutinised his unsheathed weapon, preparations were made for the next course. Events proceeded rapidly from the ridiculous to the bizarre as our avowedly vegetarian chairman once again turned his hands to carving the chicken. However he soon revealed his ineptitude, and Colin took over.

The meal itself was a handsome spread of chicken, ham, salad, baked potatoes, pickles and much more. The vegetarians among us were well catered for with quiche. We all tucked in with a will and not a human or a hobbit or a dwarf or a darklord was left unsatisfied at the end of it (apart from those who wanted more). And just as we thought we'd burst, desert was served - chocolate or strawberry gateau. Things were moving very slowly now - appart from the drinking of cider, which was, indeed, proceeding at a remarkable rate.

Nostalgia descended on the party as old photos were perused and the Tolkien Songbook was taken down from its shelf. A rousing round of old favourites followed, after which the immortal bard (Mike) gave an inspired reading of "Mr Bliss". Finally the costume competition was judged, the winner being incoming chairwoman Monica Gale for her splendid hobbit costume. The prize was a bottle of wine, and was presented by founder chairman Iwan Rhys Morus. And so, regretfully, the party dispersed into the night.

Bablu Sinha.

The Mines of Moria – a comment

Ted Crawford

The article by Mike Percival in *Anor* 15 on the Mines of Moria is informative and fascinating but that part relating to the drainage of water from the workings is, I fear, misplaced. The general ambience of Middle Earth and of its technologies given in the canonical works suggests to me that the Dwarves would have been quite unable to use geo-thermal power for pumping purposes. Anyone who has seen the elaborate stainless steel piping at Wairakei in New Zealand would have this view confirmed. However, if the hypothetical dimensions put forward by Fonsted are correct, then a mechanism such as geo-thermal power for pumping becomes a necessary possibility. She believes that the mines went down 3,900 feet from the entrance to the level of the guardroom (or, on my estimate, nearly to sea-level) and the drop down the shaft was another 8,000 feet to give a total depth of 12,000 feet. Fonsted herself gives no evidence for her estimates except that such a depth is possible with present day technology in our primary world. (p.128 *Atlas*). If the depth was 12,000 feet below the Westgate entrance, which was at 4,000 feet above sea-level, then my alternative of a much simpler technology, that of the adit or drainage tunnel, would be quite impossible because the mines would be 8,000 feet below the level of the sea and water cannot run uphill. So, I believe that adits were driven into the mountains to drain the mines and lower the water table. After the appearance of the Balrog and flight of the dwarves from Moria the lower adits were blocked up by rockfalls and the water table rose once more, drowning the lower levels with their rich lodes of mithril.

In principle it would be possible by means of an adit to drain any part of a mine on Middle Earth or in our own primary world if the bottom of the mine was above sea level. Such a system might of course involve an adit thousands of miles in length which might seem somewhat impractical but I do not believe it is necessary to assume such distances. At the maximum the adits from Moria might be of the order of 80-90 miles in length and would discharge to the west into the Swanfleet which, at a maximum, would be a thousand feet above sea-level, though 500 feet is a more likely possibility. (Plainly Percival is correct that any drainage was to the West and not to the East. I have no explanation for the problem of the Sirannon although the difficulty struck me years ago.) If the depth of the mines were less the adits could have been shorter — perhaps much shorter.

To attempt to verify whether this is possible it is necessary to make reasonable estimates for:

- The height above sea level of the Westgate of Moria
- The depth to which the Company descended from that point to the guardroom within the Mines
- The depth to which the stone dislodged by Pippin fell down the shaft in guard chamber where it presumably disturbed the Balrog

I would think that the Door was at least 4000 feet above sea level and still below the

tree line. The Dimrill gate was at least another thousand feet higher. The Company having gone up 200 steps – about 90 feet – (p. 323, I) they continued along a tunnel that went downhill very gently 'for a long while' (p.324, I) before it levelled out (p.324, I). I would imagine this descent was 2,000 feet at most. They then carried on for a long time with no great change in level and slept in the guard chamber where Pippin let drop the stone and then 'He felt his heart beat many times before there was any sound', (p. 327, I). Even if the sound was greatly magnified we would get a *maximum* of 500 feet further down. (Try listening for the splash of a stone from Brunel's Avon Gorge Suspension Bridge – **Strictly Forbidden** and 250 feet.) Thus the water heard beneath the Company would be 1500 feet above sea level and 500 feet above the marshes of Swanfleet. It would need careful engineering to get an adit with an even fall of 500 feet over nearly 100 miles - five feet a mile - but the dwarves' engineers might be able to manage that. Furthermore *the noise of the churning of the water can only have arisen from its flow towards an outlet* whether such a flow turned a now disused water-wheel or not. Up to the level of the present water-table therefore fairly massive adits were still in operating order when the Company passed through.

However we know that beneath the water were many flooded workings though how deep these were we are not told. Maybe the miners only got a few hundred feet further below the present water-level and there disturbed the Balrog. If we assume slightly more moderate relief above sea level then we can see that the mithril mines went much deeper than this. If the Westgate was higher at 5,000 feet and the descent to the guardroom was of 1,000 feet only, so that the latter was at an altitude of 4,000 feet, and the marshes of Swanfleet were lower at 500 feet then we can get the bottom of the flooded mines 3,000 feet below the guardroom. At the end of the Third Age the lower adits would have been blocked up by rockfalls because of lack of maintenance and thus the water table could have risen 2,500 feet to within 500 feet of the guardroom. If we wished to assume a greater depth for the dropped stone there would have to be a corresponding shallower depth of flooded workings. I myself would think it remarkable that there had not been more frequent rockfalls both in the main Mines and the adits which drained them in view of the tremendous pressures from the weight of the mountains above.

So, in summary, I think that we can assume a simpler technology and still make sense of the description of the physical proportions of Middle Earth in LotR. A little table below sets out the maximum and minimum distances within which must lie the true distances. I think that the real state of affairs is nearer my maximum estimate than my minimum.

Summary of Argument	all heights in feet above sea level	
	MAX	MIN
Altitude of West Gate	5,000	4,000
Descent to guardroom	1,000	2,000
Altitude of guardroom	4,000	2,000
Distance for fall of stone	500	500
Altitude of flooded workings	3,500	1,500
Fall of adit to Swanfleet	300	500
Altitude of Swanfleet	500	1,000
SO, depth of flooded workings	2,5000	0

Page Fifteen

The Editor of **Anor** typed the last full stop on the last line of the last article of issue 16, sat back in his chair with a contented sigh and took a long drink of tea. He thumbed electronically through **Anor** back to the contents page and tidied it up, putting in the entries for the pages he'd just typed in. Then it struck him: what was on page fifteen? He thumbed, electronically once more, to page fifteen and was confronted with an awesome blank save for the '-15-' the computer had placed invitingly at the bottom of the page, daring him to fill it. Reaching for the brown manilla editorial folder of surplus material, he thumbed physically through it, searching for any unused full page artwork or the merest hint of an article. Not a thing. The frown creasing the editorial brow deepened as he reached for the phone and dialled a short number. The reply was a while in coming, but when it did he stated his problem and listened, pen tapping on the table, to the reply. No joy. Returning to confront the unfeeling glare of the computer screen, he toyed briefly with the artistic merits of a picture of Gandalf the White summoning a mighty blizzard, then shook his head. There was only one real choice. Draining the last dregs of his cooling tea, he pulled up his chair, composed himself, flexed his fingers and began to type:

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"The Editor of **Anor** typed the last full stop on the last line of the last...

...Comment...

●k, we'll start on an agreeable note and then get contentious, shall we?

Ted Crawford says 'I entirely concur with Nancy Martsch that there were plenty of smithies in the Shire. I would only maintain that Hobbit metal-working technology was not as advanced as it was in other directions. It is also perfectly true that for comfort the Hobbits led Middle Earth.'

Unfortunately, **Ian Alexander** has other ideas: 'Nancy Martsch believes that the Shire appears to lead Middle Earth in the standard of living table. I disagree on two points:

a) The hobbits we get to consider are highly unusual *rich* hobbits. What about your standard hobbit? We know little, but they were quite a lot poorer. So, basing your argument on just Bilbo etc. is very wrong.

b) Little told of other societies. What about the halls of Daïn Ironfoot or Thraundil's elven halls? They were likely to be much "richer" and may have had a higher standard of living, according to distribution of income etc.'

While we're on the dwarves, **Ted** takes issue with Nancy Martsch on her statement that 'Dwarves seldom traded with the Shire': 'It is possible that their exports were largely in raw metal – important for the Shire smithies and forges but with little value added for them. In any case a lot of the Shire metal supply would have been recycled material. It is also true that what might have been an unimportant quantity to the dwarves played a crucial rôle for the hobbits. (This though would tend to contradict my population estimates and confirm those of my critics. [!! – Ed.]'

The pair of them are in agreement on mints in the Shire. **Ian** first: 'There is no reason for there to have been mints in the Shire. When you had the dwarves who passed through ... and probably traded with them you are presented with a ready source of coins produced by people infinitely more skilled in their production than hobbits are.

'Secondly, who would oversee the standardisation of coin production in the Shire? Nowhere is such power hinted at for the Mayor. Without this sort of official backing your only hope is for the use of precious metal. If precious metal is used then its value can be ascertained weight and so the central control isn't so necessary. But if precious metal is used, where did it come from? The dwarves, of course: they were the best miners in Middle Earth and so had a comparative advantage in that area. Now, if you are going to trade with the dwarves for the precious metal you might as well trade with them for the already minted coins, since they could do this much better than the hobbits also.

'A final line of argument which can be employed if the previous two have failed. Many people have argued that barter was the main source of trade in the Shire. If this is so (I totally disbelieve this...) the number of coins required will be very low. So this small requirement could be easily met by limited trade with dwarves.'

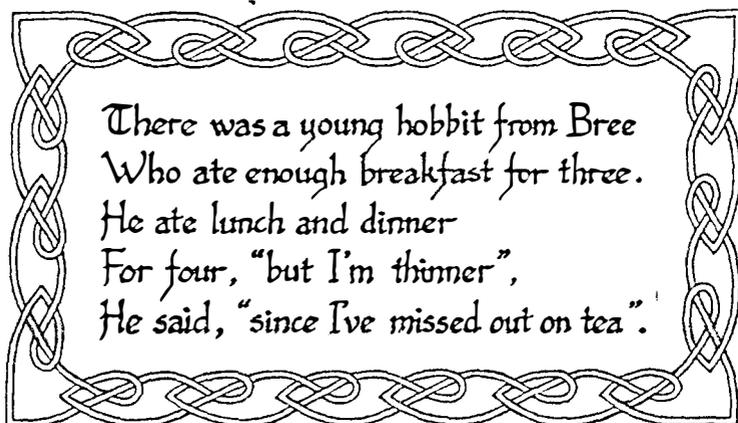
Ted?: 'Coinage is a regalian right and the Shire had no King. Whose head was on the coins therefore? Clearly the dwarf King's. It sounds from *The Hobbit*, though not, I agree, from *LotR*, that there were quite a lot of dwarvish travellers going through the Shire. So, unlike Gary Savage, I do not visualise mints there. Coinage would have involved a centralised state or, if done by private enterprise, large merchants controlling long-distance trade. West of the Brandywine there is no evidence for either of them. (See Hicks *Theory of Economic History*, Oxford 1967).'

Pheew! Can we talk about something other than economics, please?

Susan Foord obviously pays attention when I ask for comment: 'I think that the cover should stay the same unless a VERY good alternative is offered – after all they do differ in number which ought to be enough for the averagely literate reader.'

Ok, all you averagely literate readers out there – start putting pen to paper and tell me what you think about *Anor*, its cover, its contents, its editor...no, on second thoughts ...! Whilst we're on the subject of Editorial Hints, can I re-iterate my plea for more artwork – anything around half-page size (that's half A4) and less will be welcomed – swords, helms, doodles, knotwork, anything – *please!*

This comments page has been brought to you with the aid of half a bag of satsumas and lots of background music provided by Fairport Convention.



1987 Oxonmoot Report

This year's Oxonmoot occurred on the weekend of the 25/26/27th of September. It was one of the best attended with about 130 people actually turning up (170 had booked [guilty - Ed.]). The weather thankfully stayed good, especially for the hacking and the visit to the cemetery. One amazing thing about this year's Oxonmoot was the number of C.T.S. members who attended – there were more **there than normally attend C.T.S. meetings in Cambridge!**

So, what happened over the weekend? Well, the bare bones of it are:

Friday	Inmoot at the Turf Tavern and then parties afterwards.
Saturday	Smialmoot, Tinuviel pursuit, lunch provided by Priscilla Tolkien, discussion, evening party then private parties.
Sunday	visit to Professor Tolkien's grave, Inmoot at the Turf for lunch.

Since I cannot be everywhere at once I can only provide details of some of the activities, but those I did attend were very good too.

Saturday's discussion was on the immortality (or lack of it) of orcs. The meeting was chaired by Iwan Morus and the opening talk was given by Colin Rosenthal. A very well disciplined discussion then occurred – this was a very well attended meeting. Even under Iwan's stern chairmanship the discussion did wander slightly – at one point it even touched on economics! Unfortunately, we left that subject very quickly. Some interesting final conclusions were reached, one of which I seem to remember was that only evil creatures had a sense of humour. Overall the discussion took about an hour and a half: everybody's attention was kept rivetted by the discussion (this was probably aided by the strict control placed upon those T.S. members likely to take over such a discussion so that everyone could take part).

The evening party started off with the traditional ceremonials. This year the C.T.S. had the honour of opening the ceremonials with a dramatisation of the starting of time from the **BoLT**. Our act was slightly affected by the greivous attack which was made on Colin Rosenthal by a bee. Thankfully he pulled through and was able to play his part (I was bribed to put this in – oh well, administrative corruption even extends into the C.T.S.). Our act was followed by the usual **Morgûl Hai** rendition. Next came the presentations by the societies and individual members to the National Tolkien Society.

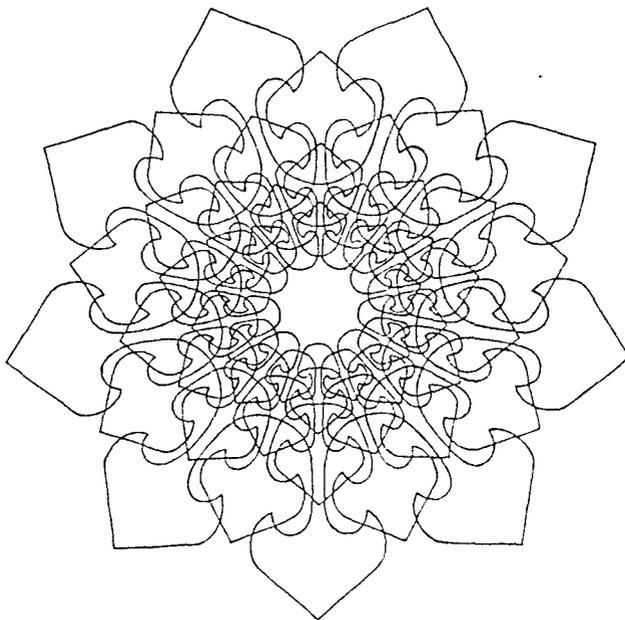
After the ceremonials came the fancy-dress parade and entertainments. The level of costume design is staggering – everybody deserved prizes although no-one could argue over Bella's win in the group section: if the judges had given the prize to anyone else they would have been lynched! I think everyone enjoyed the party, even the singing [*Just you wait till **Led Nifrolg** turn up next year!* - Ed]. But it should be remembered that none of this would be happening without a lot of behind-the-scenes wor. These people deserve our thanks. After the official party came the smaller parties in Pembroke College. All I will say about the one I attended is that I

am open to bribes from both sides to reveal what I found out. Please forward all bribes to the editor so that he can pass them on to me [less commission, currency surcharge and V.A.T. - Ed].

It has to be remembered that there is a serious side to this weekend. On Sunday everyone was ferried out to Professor Tolkien's grave where a few minutes of solemn silence were observed. In many ways this is more important than anything else which occurs over the whole weekend. After this Priscilla Tolkien offered the hospitality of her house to the first-timers. She also provided lunch on Saturday, something for which our gratitude must be expressed. Being able to tour her house is a very interesting experience; it makes Oxonmoot so special. For evryone else it we retreated to the Turf for lunch which was the end of Oxonmoot for this year.

If you have never attended Oxonmoot it is well worth thinking about for 1988. If you aren't already a member of the T.S. and want to join please ask a committee member (or me - Ed) and they can fill you in on the specifics. I hope to see more of you at Oxomoot 1988.

Ian Alexander

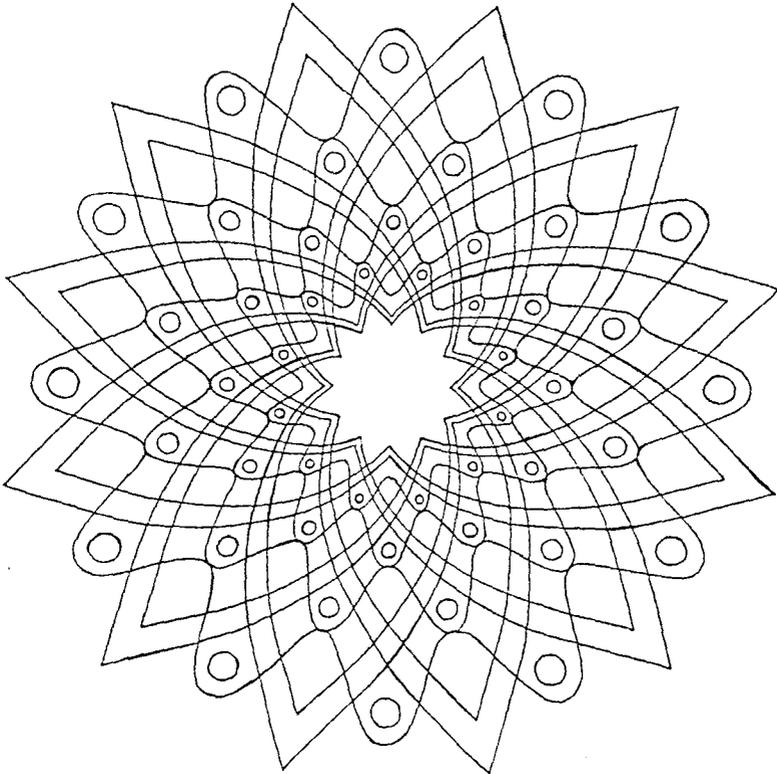


.....Announcement.....Announcement...

In yet another setback for the forces of evil I have to announce my resignation from the Chairmanship of the Cambridge Tolkien Society. This is due to pressure of work associated with my finals. The power vacuum in the Tower of Guard has been filled by Monica Gale, a hobbit from the North. I would like to thank her for taking the job and the present and past committees for their help and work for the society.

Ian Alexander

...Announcement.....Announcement.....



The Cambridge Tolkien Society is a University registered society whose aim is to further interest in the life and works of J. R. R. Tolkien.

Meetings are held approximately fortnightly during full term.

Two types of Membership are available. Residents of the United Kingdom may become full members of the Society on payment of £2.00 (Annual) or £4.50 (Life membership, but only covering three years **Anors**). Those not resident in the United Kingdom may subscribe to **Anor** at a rate of £2.00 (surface) or £3.00 (air mail) per year.

For further information, contact the Chairman, Monica Gale (Girton), or Mike Percival at the address below. Subscriptions should be paid to the Treasurer, William Hurwood (Christs) or via Mike Percival at the address below.

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