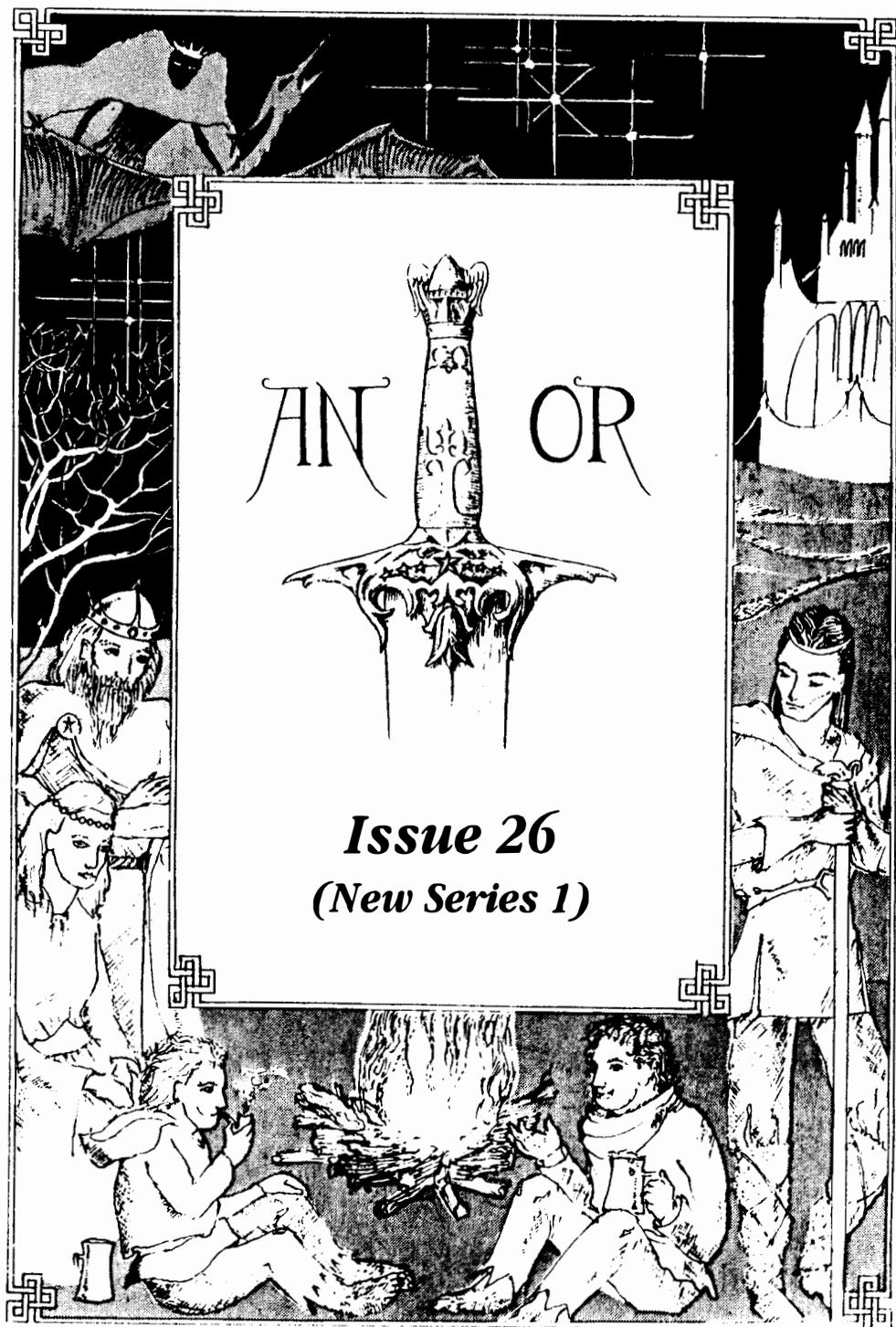


*Issue 26*  
*(New Series 1)*



# Editorial

They said it would never happen . . . Fear not, you're not having a bizarre flashback, and those little purple things you ate last night *were* Smarties. After a long dark night of Ragnarok proportions, *Anor* has at last risen again. With luck this will also herald a new era for the Society. Many of you have gone along time without ever seeing one of these, and for that we can only apologize most humbly. Having a non-resident editor was obviously not working, as it was difficult to entice people to write articles from a distance, and momentum was lost. But thanks to Duncan for producing those issues that he was able to.

As there was no sign of an *Anor* as the months grew into years (despite assurances that it was 'almost ready'), it was beginning to look as though a number of fine articles that were provided to the previous editor would never see the light of day, and this once famous magazine was becoming a laughing stock. In the end the only way to remedy the situation was to give up waiting and pull fingers out of nefarious places to get an *Anor* out before the Millennium (hence the New Series designation). Thanks to those who had the foresight to keep copies of things that were written quite a few years ago now.

No doubt as a result of this inexcusable delay, the names of the contributors are far too familiar from previous issues. I took over the job of *Anor* Editor on the condition that I wouldn't be the only contributor: my ego is not so fragile that I have to see my name in print every other page. So let's all pull together and produce some things to put in the next issue: fiction, academic articles, poetry, artwork, reviews, reports, even letters about how much you've enjoyed (or otherwise, as if that were possible) this issue. It would be really nice to get another two issues out in time for Oxonmoot, because that way we sell more and make more money, which will help subsidize our social activities (and future editions, of course).

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## A note from the Steward

Welcome to this, the first *Anor* for at least two<sup>a</sup> years. Now that we've finally got *Anor* out again, after the recent editorial and organizational difficulties, we intend to keep the momentum going, and to continue publishing *Anor* to a fairly regular schedule. Ideally, we want to get the next issue out by the summer, and move towards approximately one issue per term once again in the long term. To do that, we will need lots of contributions. So enjoy this issue, but get writing those articles now!

**Paul**



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<sup>a</sup> Almost exactly three years in fact – Ed.



# The Book of Lost Ales

or

## Beers, Wines and Spirits in Middle-earth

WHILE rereading *The Lord of the Rings* recently, I was struck by the large number of references to a subject close to my heart (as it was to the Professor's, by all accounts): beer! We are probably best informed about the drinking habits of the hobbits,<sup>\*</sup> but a close reading yields plenty of hints concerning men and other races. It is interesting to compare the preferences of the different races and social groupings, as they seem to fall quite neatly into clearly-defined patterns.

### Hobbits

Beer and wine are mentioned with roughly equal frequency in connexion with the hobbits. Bilbo's larder in *The Hobbit*, ch. 1 apparently contains beer/ale, porter and red wine, while Frodo's is stocked with Old Winyards ('a strong red wine from the Southfarthing', *LotR* bk 1, ch. 1), as well as a barrel of beer. In general, wine seems to be an upper-class drink in the Shire (much as it would have been in Tolkien's England). Besides Bilbo and Frodo, it is drunk by Gandalf (*TH*, ch. 1) and Rory Brandybuck, and is also served to Bilbo's favoured guests at the 'long-expected party'. Beer seems to have been the most common beverage, both among the 'working classes' (Sandyman, Sam) and the more well-to-do (Farmer Maggot has 'good ale on tap', and Pippin is eager not to miss the excellent brew at the Golden Perch, *LotR* bk 1, ch. 4). Presumably, this class distinction resulted from the wider availability of ale: wine seems to have been produced only in the Southfarthing, no doubt the only part of the Shire with a suitable climate. On the other hand, the Shire was primarily an agricultural community, so barley and hops would have been readily available. It was also well provided with inns, several of which are mentioned by name: all were presumably 'home brew pubs'! I was slightly surprised to find no reference to that great 'olde English' drink, cider:<sup>†</sup> perhaps the hobbits' agriculture was mainly devoted to cereal crops rather than fruit.

### Men

Unsurprisingly, men's drinking habits vary with geographical location. In Bree, both the big people and the little people are beer drinkers. We know that the Elven king's wine in *The Hobbit* is imported from Dorwinion, where it is made by men (the name Dorwinion is apparently an Elvish-Westron hybrid, derived from Sindarin 'dor' (land) +

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\* It is worth noting that the bulk of the references are concentrated in 'The Fellowship of the Ring' and the first half of *The Hobbit*. Descriptions of food and drink contribute to the homely atmosphere of the early chapters, and are gradually eliminated as the tone becomes more elevated.

† The same could be said of the men of Minas Tirith, where orchards are specifically mentioned (*LotR* bk 5, ch. 1). In this case the lack of references may result from the fact that we hear little about the rural population of Gondor, whose drinking habits may have differed from those of the men of the city.

translated Westron 'wine'). Beorn drinks mead, made from the honey which, in accordance with his ursine nature, is his staple food.

In the warmer south, the main drink seems to have been wine: there are several references to the drinking of wine by the men of Gondor (Faramir and his men, bk 4, ch. 5; Denethor, bk 5, chs. 1 and 4; the banquet at the Field of Cormallen, bk. 6, ch. 4). Once again, though, beer was perhaps the more workaday drink, since it is served to Beregon and Pippin in the buttery of the Citadel guard. The grain no doubt came from the fertile townlands of the city (oasthouses are mentioned in bk 5, ch. 1), while wine perhaps had to be brought from the more southerly lands of Gondor.

It is a little surprising that wine is the only drink to be mentioned in connexion with the Rohirrim (bk. 4, ch. 6), in view of the fact that the name of the king's house, Meduseld, means 'mead-hall'. Perhaps the lords of the Rohirrim had adopted the ways of their Gondorian neighbours, though we should beware of putting too much weight on a single reference. It may be significant that the hobbits find both wine and beer in the ruins of Isengard. Can we infer that the Rohirrim also drank beer? The source may, however, have been nearby Dunland, or perhaps the beer was actually brewed in Isengard. Saruman had a good water source, and grain was no doubt easy to obtain: perhaps the wizard was experimenting with modern brewing methods in his idle moments (lager for the Orcs?!).

## Elves

As already mentioned, the elves of Mirkwood drank imported wines. Most of our evidence for elvish ways, however, suggests that their preferred drink was a 'cordial' of their own making, apparently a kind of mead. The variety made in Rivendell, at least, was called *miruvor* (*LotR* bk 2, ch. 3). It is not clear whether this name is generic or specific, but it is clearly related to the *miruvóre* referred to by Galadriel in her song of parting (*LotR* bk 2, ch. 8), which was 'the nectar of the Valar, made from the flowers of the gardens of Yavanna' (Foster, *s.v.*).<sup>2</sup> This suggests that *miruvor*, too, was made from fermented honey, and the description of the drink as a 'warm and fragrant liquor' also seems appropriate to a mead. The drink given to the hobbits by Gildor and his followers seems to be of a similar kind (it is 'pale golden in colour' and has 'the scent of a honey made of many flowers' (bk 1, ch. 4)). Finally, mention must be made of the 'liquor' given by Glorfindel to Aragorn and the hobbits (bk 1, ch. 12). It has no taste, but appears to confer strength and vigour on those who drink it. It seems impossible to tell whether this should be regarded as a drink in the usual sense, or as a 'medicinal' cordial.

It seems significant that mead is the drink that the elves make themselves, even if they sometimes also drink imported wine. Mead can be regarded as the supremely 'natural' drink, since its main ingredient, honey, requires little or no cultivation. This fits in with a

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<sup>2</sup> Editor's note: Also J. Allen *An Introduction to Elvish*. Translated by Tolkien (who should know) as 'sweet mead' (bk 2 ch. 8). Ruth Noel (*The Languages of Tolkien's Middle-earth*) glosses it as 'nectar' for some reason.

dominant characteristic of the elvish nature: despite their love of creation, they are generally content to leave natural beauty in an uncultivated state. This is exemplified particularly in their love of woodland and sea, and it is also remarkable that we rarely hear of elvish agriculture, although presumably the elves must have produced their own food at most periods.

### **Dwarves**

Virtually all our evidence in this area comes from chapter 1 of *The Hobbit*. The dwarves mentioned here all seem to be beer-drinkers. 'Some called for ale and some for porter', we are told, and Balin prefers beer to tea (obviously a potential recruit for the CTS . . .). The taste for beer was perhaps developed through the dwarves' relatively close association with men and hobbits. In any case, it seems unlikely that dwarves, with their underground dwellings, would have brewed their own (unless they used imported ingredients). We are told that the dwarves of Erebor, at least, did not produce their own food (nor, we may infer, their own drink).

### **Other Races**

There are only passing references to the drinking habits of other races. The orcs revive their hobbit captives with a 'burning liquid' which produces 'a hot fierce glow' (bk 3, ch. 3). The description suggests vodka, a spirit which is generally distilled from rye or potatoes, but can potentially be made from practically anything, so that the agricultural capacity of the orcs need not have been particularly advanced. Once again, it is perhaps significant that only the servants of the Enemy are described as drinking a distilled liquor – implying a greater technological capability than is needed for drinks which are simply fermented. As a whisky drinker, however, I would not want to push this argument too far!

The trolls in chapter 2 of *The Hobbit* are drinking from a barrel of beer, presumably looted from neighbouring men or hobbits. It is difficult to imagine a troll producing its own beer, and one supposes that they were not too fussy about what they drank – although it has to be admitted that Tom, Bert and William display a certain degree of culinary nicety in their discussion of the best way to cook dwarf!

Tom Bombadil, finally, provides his guests with a suitably enigmatic brew. 'The drink in their drinking-bowls seemed to be clear cold water, yet it went to their hearts like wine and set free their voices.' If Tom is a kind of 'nature spirit', it seems appropriate enough that he should be able miraculously to endow water with the properties of wine. There is a striking resemblance, though, to Glorfindel's cordial, discussed above. Is it possible that the elves of Rivendell had learned Bombadil's recipe? Elrond suggests at the Council that there was once a closer relationship between Bombadil and the elves than existed at the time of the War of the Ring.

## **Conclusion**

Our investigation of the numerous references to beers and wines in *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* has illustrated the care and attention which Tolkien paid to the smallest details of the world that he created. The tastes of the different races can be seen to be appropriate to their overall characters, particularly in the case of the hobbits and the elves, but are also realistically subject to variations according to social class and geographical location. Allusions to everyday details of this kind are one of the subtle ways in which Tolkien gives the societies which he describes their air of verisimilitude. At the same time, the variations in taste and custom are a means of expressing the different characters of the various races, which serve, in turn, as the bearers of the meaning, or meanings, of the works as a whole.

## **Bibliography**

- J. Allen            *An Introduction to Elvish*  
R. Foster         *The Complete Guide to Middle-earth*  
J.R.R. Tolkien    *The Hobbit*  
                      *The Lord of the Rings*

## Tolkien and the West Midlands: the roots of romance

*A lecture given by Professor Tom Shippey at King Edward's School, Birmingham,  
15 October 1992*

IT is generally acknowledged that Tolkien had some fondness for the West Midlands, but then this fact is largely passed over in the quest for more exotic source material in Finnish, Greek, Old Norse and elsewhere. Birmingham tends to be ignored when one thinks of places with Tolkien associations – when was the last Brum-moot? Yet it was in Birmingham that some of the most significant events of his life took place: his schooling, his conversion to Roman Catholicism, the death of his mother. It was in and around Birmingham that Tolkien grew up and developed his interest in words and languages – that is, became a philologist. It was also where his family came from, particularly on his mother's side, and the importance of such filial associations should not be underestimated.

Perhaps the best person to guide us through the West Midland part of Tolkien's roots is another Brummie, Old Edwardian and classically-trained philologist, Professor Tom Shippey.\*

Because of the nature of his audience, few of whom were likely to be hard-core Tolkienists, much of what Shippey had to say on this occasion will be familiar to most readers of *Anor*, and may be dealt with briefly. Beginning with a sort of defense of Tolkien – that he is in fact one of the most influential writers of fiction (albeit non-mainstream) this century (there are currently being published 600 volumes per year of fantasy, much of it in the cliché of the fantasy trilogy, to say nothing of the Dungeons & Dragons phenomenon), and so on – Shippey soon moved on to discuss Tolkien's method of writing. As far as Tolkien was concerned, there was no grand design in his literary output: rather, his narrative unfolded itself in the telling. The starting point was not an idea, but a *word*. (Remember how *The Hobbit* came into being – see *Letters* 163, 165 – and the whole mythology took much of its shape as a result of Tolkien's curiosity about the word *éarendel* – *Letters* 297.)†

So, what of the West Midlands? This is where the philology comes in. West Midlands is a dialect of Middle English (conventional dates 1066–1485). The Norman invasion had disastrous consequences for native English literature: there is almost no writing in English to have survived from the next few centuries (no doubt in part because many manuscripts have been lost). But (and this is Tolkien's own discovery) there is evidence that people were being taught to write in English during this 'dark age', albeit in a

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\* Whether the best person to report it is yet another Brummie, Old Edwardian and classically-trained philologist – yours truly – must be left for others to decide

† It is also worth noting at this point the fascination that words had for Tolkien as 'relics' with a history – see *Letters* 205.

literary, standardised form, and in more remote areas. This evidence falls into two categories: a collection of manuscripts from Wigmore Abbey in Herefordshire, and the manuscript containing, amongst other things by the same poet, *Gawain and the Green Knight* (this, note, is not the author's autograph, but a copy, though probably not much later in date – a valuable piece of evidence that production and copying of English literature was going on, itself indicative of an interest amongst the well-to-do). Tolkien believed that this poem, composed somewhere near the border of Staffordshire and Cheshire, held onto the 'true tradition' of Anglo-Saxon poetry, shunning (if not ignorant of) the overtly literary pretensions of mainstream frenchified Middle English poetry. Again, the argument hinges on words, particularly the more obscure vocabulary, now largely lost but common in Old English, and used unselfconsciously by the Gawain poet, for example (in the passage which Shippey also focused on in his talk 'Tolkien and the Gawain poet' at the Centenary Conference, to which I refer readers for a fuller discussion) 'wodwos' and 'etaynes'.

Culturally-speaking, then, these written records imply that in the West Midlands if nowhere else, the torch of Old English, pre-conquest literature and sensibilities was being kept alight for at least three centuries in the face of encroaching 'Normanization', something of profound importance for an avowed Anglo-Saxonist such as Tolkien.

How does this surface in Tolkien's literary output? Again, philology provides the key, particularly the branch of onomastics. The most obvious example is the Mark. This was probably the local pronunciation of what we now, under the tyranny of Standard Southern British pronunciation, refer to in its Latinized form of Mercia. And why is the white horse the symbol of the Mark? Certainly the Anglo-Saxons made no use of cavalry (see *The Road to Middle-earth*, p. 94); the reason is that Tolkien believed the Vale of the White Horse was the southern boundary of Mercia. Birmingham, usually derived from the personal name Beorma, could also (arguably) be 'the farmstead of Beorn', a name which may also lie behind Bournville, and the Bournbrook which flows past it. Another obvious place-name, which Shippey did not mention, is Mordor – the Black Country. But perhaps the most fascinating connection that Shippey divulged concerns Sarehole, the first element of which derives from Saru (Old Mercian for OE searu, *man*). Does the eponymous founder of Sarehole, whose transformation during Tolkien's lifetime became the symbol of imposing industrialization at the end of *LotR*, give his name to the agent of that very same mechanization in The Shire?<sup>‡</sup>

In the early stages of the development of Tolkien's 'mythology for England', we know from various references in *The Book of Lost Tales* that he wanted to equate Elfland with Birmingham, the meeting-place of Warwickshire, Herefordshire and Staffordshire, and his own adoptive home. We also know from *The Lost Road* (p. 413) that there is a real-world correspondence with Gilfanon's House of the Hundred Chimneys: Shuckburgh

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<sup>‡</sup> Note also the following information from Humphrey Carpenter's *Biography* (p. 20): There were two millers at Sarehole during the Tolkiens' childhood, father and son (cf. Sandyman the Miller and his good-for nothing son Ted). The brothers John and Hilary were afraid of the son, who wore a white beard, and whom they called 'the White Ogre' (my italics).

Hall, where Tolkien spent his convalescence. What Christopher Tolkien fails to note is that the very name of the place suggests itself: the first element of Shuckburgh Hall is OE *scucca*, *goblin* or *demon*, used to describe any pre-Christian supernatural being.

It is clear, then, that Tolkien's familiarity with and fondness for the West Midlands surfaces in many places in his literary output. But, as is typical of the way he made use of all his sources, the connexion is rarely explicit or simple, and deeper resonances can be discovered by teasing out the tangle of word-play and etymology. Shippey gave a tantalizing glimpse of what can be so uncovered, but I am sure there is much more.

**Steve Linley**



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**King Edward's School, Birmingham**

**Lecture by Professor T A Shippey**

**"Tolkien and the West Midlands:  
The Roots of Romance"**

**Thursday, 15 October  
7.30 pm Concert Hall**

**Admit one**

## Of Giants, Trolls and Ents

BACK in *Anor* 22, I drew attention to the mystery of the stone-giants: in *The Hobbit* they are said to inhabit the Misty Mountains, but no giants are mentioned in *The Silmarillion* or *The Lord of the Rings*. In my review of *The Annotated Hobbit*, I challenged my readers to write on this topic. Following their overwhelming response, I decided it was time to have a go myself.

With the publication of drafts of *LotR* in The History of Middle-earth (HoME) series, there was now evidence for me to work on. I dug through the slag heap to find a nugget here and there. The stone-giants had not sunk without a struggle. In the course of my study, trolls and ents got drawn into the picture. But they are dealt with below only so far as they are involved with giants.

### Stone-giants in *The Hobbit*

According to *The Hobbit*, stone-giants inhabit the Misty Mountains. Bilbo encountered them during a thunderstorm at night:

He saw that across the valley the stone-giants were out, and were hurling rocks at one another for a game.

'This won't do at all!' said Thorin. 'If we don't get blown off, . . . we shall be picked up by some giant and kicked sky-high for a football.'<sup>2</sup>

Gandalf . . . was far from happy about the giants himself.

(*TH* pp. 63, 65)

This gives a good idea of the giants' strength and temperament. Even Gandalf is forced to take them seriously.

Giants are mentioned once more in the text. Gandalf says of the goblins' cave entrance (*TH* p. 97): 'I must see if I can't find a more or less decent giant to block it up again.' Unlike goblins or trolls, who are hostile without exception, some stone-giants are worth dealing with.

Beyond *The Hobbit* there is no mention of stone-giants. They do not appear in *The Lord of the Rings*. To be fair, the Fellowship do not travel in the same part of the Misty Mountains. But giants get no mention in the lists of creatures in the appendices (pp. 1164–7). Likewise in *The Silmarillion* there is complete silence on stone-giants, whereas trolls and ents get written into the old stories.

In *The Complete Guide to Middle-earth*, Robert Foster (p. 366, under 'Stone-giants') sums up giants as follows: 'Stone-giants are mentioned only in *The Hobbit*, and may be

<sup>2</sup> Editor's note. This is, of course, a *rugby* football, as the reference to a sort of Middle-earth garryowen makes clear. Tolkien had a distinguished career in the 1st XV at King Edward's School, where to my knowledge and in my experience, Association Football has only ever been played unofficially, and was probably not played at all in Tolkien's day.

no more serious than Golfimbul.' That would be plausible if one just had Thorin's remark about football. But in Gandalf's later comment, he treats giants too seriously for them to be a joke by the author.

The conclusion must be that stone-giants were a real part of Middle-earth when *TH* was written, but had dropped out of the scene by the time of *LotR*. This raises the question of why they disappeared.

### Stone-giants and trolls

The first step in the stone-giants' demise was to be merged with trolls. Before we can show this happened, we must show that the two races were at first distinct. 'Troll' is a Norse word. 'Stone-giant' is a translation of the Norse 'bergrisi'.<sup>\*</sup> If it can be shown that the two terms were different in Norse stories, it is likely that Tolkien intended the creatures to be distinct in *The Hobbit*.

One must not assume that the terms are used consistently in old tales, but there does seem to be a consensus. Trolls are ugly and always hostile, almost beasts. Giants are large humans, often civilized and handsome, sometimes friendly. That squares with Gandalf's remark about finding a decent giant. He could hardly expect to find a troll who would help.

This distinction between giants and trolls remains in the early drafts of *LotR*:

Trolls of a new and most malevolent kind were abroad; giants were spoken of, a Big Folk far bigger and stronger than Men . . . and no stupider, indeed often full of cunning and wizardry.

*RotS* p. 253

This fits the Norse ideas of trolls and giants. But in the next phase, things have changed:

Trolls and giants were abroad, of a new and more malevolent kind, no longer dull-witted but full of cunning and wizardry.

*RotS* p. 319

The distinction has been removed. That they have merged is confirmed by place names. Consider this note that Tolkien wrote: 'The region west of the Misty Mountains north of Rivendell is called the Entishlands – home of Trolls.' (*ToJ* p. 10) 'Ent' is an Anglo-Saxon word meaning 'giant'.<sup>†</sup> Here it is used for trolls.

When this word later became applied to tree-giants, the region had to be renamed. Proposals were Thirsdales, Trollfells, and Bergrisland before Ettenmoor was settled on (see *ToJ* pp. 65, 306). 'Thyrs' and 'eten' are Anglo-Saxon, both meaning 'giant'. They are equated here with 'troll' and 'stone-giant'.

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<sup>\*</sup> 'Hill-giant' is a better translation: they dwell in hills and mountains. But 'berg' also means 'stone'.

<sup>†</sup> Compare *Letters* p. 208: 'I always felt that something ought to be done about the peculiar A. Saxon word *ent* for a 'giant' or mighty person of long ago – to whom all old works were ascribed.'

Why then did Tolkien merge stone-giants with trolls? These place names give a clue. Anglo-Saxon did not have a separate word for troll, but would use the words above. The linguistic background for *The Hobbit* is Norse; in the English setting of *LotR*, it was probably no longer apt to make a distinction between stone-giants and trolls.

### **The emergence of tree-giants**

The stone-giants had been merged with trolls, but they were still mentioned. Later they were removed altogether. Two pressures seem to have led to this.

The first pressure was the emergence of tree-giants, the ents. To show that ents replaced stone-giants, it has to be shown that they really correspond (for otherwise one could equally argue that it was the black riders that replaced the stone-giants). The argument rests on the fact that Tolkien thought of ents as giants.

From the final text of *LotR*, the only clear link is size. In other ways they are quite unlike our usual idea of giants. But we have already seen that the word he uses for his Shepherds of the Trees meant no more than giant.

The case is strengthened by the drafts in HoMe. In them one sees the emergence of ents, and the growth of the character Treebeard. He first appears in a role later taken by Saruman. Gandalf explains (*RotS* p. 363): 'I was caught in Fangorn and spent many weary days as a prisoner of the Giant Treebeard.' Nothing is said here of his nature, other than his malice.

It is only later that Treebeard lives up to his name. There is a fragment of narrative entitled: 'Frodo meets Giant Treebeard . . . he is deceived by the giant who . . . is really in league with the Enemy' (*RotS* p. 384). The account is of a huge tree which walks.

In an outline shortly afterwards there is the remark: 'If Treebeard comes in at all – let him be kindly and rather good?' (*RotS* p. 410). It is still Frodo he meets, and his followers are treelike and called tree-giants. The word 'ent' is not yet applied to them. But already they are playing a greater role than the stone-giants ever did. It is no surprise that they should force them out of Middle-earth.

### **A new troll appears**

The second pressure which led to the removal of stone-giants was a change in the nature of the trolls, with whom they had merged.

The trolls that appear in *The Hobbit* are almost endearing. They are ugly, stupid and vulgar. Apart from eating people and turning to stone, one would take them for humans. They wore clothes and used keys. Their language may not have been drawing room-fashion, but they were not short of words (see *TH* pp. 42ff).

The live trolls which appear in *LotR* are different. Consider the troll that the Company met in Moria:

A huge arm and shoulder, with a dark skin of greenish scales, was thrust through the widening gap. Then a great, flat, toeless foot was forced through below.

*LotR* p. 342

He had no time for chatting to Hobbits. Similar creatures fought at the Pelennor Fields and the Morannon (*LotR* pp. 860, 926). There they were able to withstand sunlight.

Although Bill, Bert and Tom stayed as statues (*LotR* p. 222), their type of troll had been displaced by a more dreadful one. Tolkien himself admits this, in a note on languages:

But at the end of the Third Age a troll-race not before seen appeared . . . Olog-hai they were called . . . Some held that they were not Trolls but giant Orcs . . . Unlike the older race of the Twilight they could endure the Sun.

*LotR* p. 1166

Seeing the contrast between the new trolls and the stone-trolls (as he terms those from *TH*), he says they were different creatures.<sup>‡</sup> The word 'stone-troll' is of interest. It is a translation of the Norse word 'bergartroll'.<sup>§</sup> This word was used more in Norwegian folk-tales than in the older myths. By that time trolls were taken less seriously, much as in *The Hobbit*.

In earlier stories, trolls were huge monsters. They often took part in human battles, with decisive effect. It is this sort of troll that is abroad in *LotR*. They even make a one-off appearance in *The Silmarillion*, being killed by Húrin in the Nirnaeth Arnoediad (p. 234). This was a late addition – trolls do not feature in *HoMe*.

The new troll made his appearance in the first draft of the Moria story (*RoIS* p. 443). This was after the merger with stone-giants, and after the tree-giants had emerged. The stone-trolls were now a hangover from *The Hobbit*. If Bert, Bill and Tom had not been on the route to Rivendell, they could have been forgotten. And the stone-giants could no longer be linked with trolls: the new trolls were too dreadful. This added to the pressure to get rid of giants.

### Stone-giants eliminated

It is in *The Treason of Isengard* that the story of the tree-giants nears its final form. Two notes are of interest:

Merry and Pippin . . . come to Entwash and the Topless Forest, and fall in with Treebeard and his Three Giants.

[The Elves] bid them beware of Fangorn Forest . . . He is an Ent or great giant.

*ToI* pp. 210, 250

It is here that the word 'ent' is first applied to Treebeard, and it is equated with 'giant'.

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‡ See also *Letters* p. 191: 'But there are other sorts of Trolls beside these rather ridiculous, if brutal, Stone-trolls.'

§ Compare 'stone-giant' above. 'Hill-troll' was the old sense, but Tolkien seems to link it with turning to stone.

Once the Treebeard story appears as narrative, the word 'giant' is no longer used of him. 'Ent' is used throughout. This may well be in response to the note Tolkien wrote himself:

Difference between *trolls* – stone inhabited by goblin-spirit, *stone-giants*, and the 'tree-folk'. [Added in ink: Ents]

*Tol* p. 411

He now wants to distinguish ents from other creatures of great size. He realizes that though they started as giants, they have become creatures in their own right. Indeed they almost created themselves. He writes later (*Letters* p. 212): 'And I like Ents now because they do not seem to have anything to do with me.'

It was after this that giants were dropped from the story. The final version (*LotR* p. 57) of the sentence quoted earlier reads: 'Trolls were abroad, no longer dull-witted, but cunning and armed with dreadful weapons.' Giants had no part in it. They had lost out to the ents and the new trolls. Tolkien was happier with them. They belonged in Middle-earth, whereas stone-giants sneaked in via *The Hobbit*, but were later held to be unsuitable.

### Final thoughts

On the emergence of ents, there is the mystery of the tree-man seen north of the Shire (*LotR* p. 57). Was he an ent or not? It is interesting that Sam calls him a giant. The creature appears in the narrative before Treebeard is thought of (*RotS* p. 253), so may have foreshadowed the ents. Further back, Eärendel was to have met tree-men on his travels (*BoLT2* p. 254).

Two giants also appear in *BoLT2*, in Lúthien's spell of lengthening: 'The sword of Nan . . . the neck of Gilim the giant' (p. 19). The stress is on their size. Gilim means winter, and Nan is said to be a giant of the summer and like an elm (pp. 67f.). It seems that these giants are not typical: more like the Greek Atlas or the Norse Ymir.

In *The Lost Road* there appears the word 'noroth' in the etymological Elvish dictionary (p. 378). The translation is 'a giant', but no comments are given. By this stage there did not seem to be any creatures around to have this name.

Stone-giants came straight from Norse tales into Middle-earth via *The Hobbit*. Likewise trolls came in: Bert, Bill and Tom from folk-tales into *TH*, the olog-hai from battle-poems into *LotR*. Stone-giants were merged with trolls, then removed entirely. Stone-trolls were forgotten as well, except as stone statues.

Ents were different. They had no forerunners in ancient tales. Though they had been hinted at by Tolkien before, it was as *The Lord of the Rings* was written that they appeared. Yet they fitted Middle-earth, unlike stone-giants. They were there to stay.

Jeremy King

## C. S. LEWIS: FROM MAGDALEN TO MAGDALENE

(1954)

The world thinks of C. S. Lewis as an 'Oxford' don and while it is true that Oxford formed him and that he lived there for most of his life it was at Cambridge, at that time far less sceptical about Lewis's brand of religious popularization than Oxford, that his happiest years were spent. One of Lewis's editors, Clyde Kilby, has placed his transition from one University to the other on a parallel of importance for his later life with the marriage to (and the death of) Joy Davidman, while his brother, W. H. Lewis, says he found the company at Magdalene 'congenial, mentally stimulating yet relaxed'. Yet through his hesitation over practicalities he nearly lost his chance of getting here. That Lewis came to Cambridge was due, largely, to Providence; that he came to Magdalene was due almost entirely to the fact that the Vice-Chancellor of the day was also Master of the College. This account of his move is based on papers held in the Magdalene College Archives, quoted with kind permission from the Master and Fellows.

The Electors to the recently established Cambridge Chair of Medieval and Renaissance English (Professor J. R. R. Tolkien and Professor B. Willey amongst them), presided over by Henry Willink, Master of Magdalene and Vice-Chancellor, met in May 1954 to decide whom they should elect as the first holder. On 11 May the Vice-Chancellor wrote to their choice, C. S. Lewis, then at Magdalen, Oxford, with the added news that the decision was 'unanimous with a warmth and sincerity which could not have been exceeded'. The following day Lewis replied:

I feel more pleased and honoured than I can express at your invitation; and the prospect (socially and academically considered) of migrating from Oxford to Cambridge would be more an incentive than a deterrent. The very regretful and very grateful refusal which I have to make is based on different grounds. Domestic necessities govern all our lives at present, and by moving I should lose an invaluable servant. I have, moreover, led another possible candidate to believe that I was not in the field. Thirdly, I come of a stock that grows early old and I already know myself to have lost a good deal of the energy and vigour which the first holder of this important chair most certainly ought to have. It is very difficult to say that the decision I have based on these reasons is now quite fixed without seeming to suppose, like a coxcomb, that you might press me. You will understand that my only motive is a wish to save you from any waste of your time.

Willink wrote again on 14 May making it clear that he would not write to their second choice (who was in fact Helen Gardner, later Merton Professor and Dame Helen) until June, and he hoped that meanwhile Lewis might be persuaded, if not by him then by others, to accept. There was, however, no delay or equivocation in the reply of 15 May:

I am most moved by your extremely kind letter. But you offer persuasion to one who needs liberation. You knock at my door but I can't unlock it because I haven't the key. The more I look at it the less possible it seems to transport the peculiar domestic set-up of my brother, our ['my' deleted] man, and myself. There is a whole network of conveniences and life-lines already built up here (my brother, in your ear, is not always in perfect psychological health) which I really dare not abandon. I am assuming, of course, that your Chair involves residence at Cambridge, at any rate in term (as it certainly *ought* to).



Willink had closed his letter by saying how much he had enjoyed Lewis's writings on Charles Williams, the Oxford poet-scholar (1886-1945), and Lewis ended this reply by referring to their shared enthusiasm: 'It is delightful to salute a Williamsite, or, as I have heard it called, a "Caroline Divine".' Willink's response (18 May) was resigned: 'It is abundantly clear that you have cogent reasons for not making the move which we had so much hoped would be possible'.

But Lewis's doubts had already been, in large part, overcome by the urgings of J. R. R. Tolkien who, in a conversation with him on 17 May, had convinced Lewis that he would let down neither his servant, G. V. Smithers, nor his brother, W. H. Lewis. The only remaining question was that of accommodation. Tolkien reported in a letter to one of the Electors that 'If he can be assured that he need not transfer his whole household to Cambridge... if Cambridge can provide him with something more or less equivalent to his quarters in Magdalen which he will lose—he will come'.

By the time news of Tolkien's efforts had reached Willink the letter inviting Helen Gardner to take the Chair had been sent. Lewis, of course knew nothing of this when he reopened the matter on 19 May:

It is I who should apologise as the cause of multiplied letter writing, the more so since I am now writing again, and in a strain which may make me rather ridiculous. Since my last letter to you I have had a conversation with Tolkien which has considerably changed my view. He told me, first, that the electors would in no case elect a philologist. This is to me important, for it sets me free (in honour)—I had thought myself bound to refuse it by certain words I had already said to another candidate. If, as now appears, he is not effectively eligible, then I am not bound. He told me, in the second place, that full residence, with an "establishment" in Cambridge, was not thought necessary: that four days a week in term time (less or more—there wd. of course be periods of pressure when I might be there for a fortnight or so) would fill the bill. Tolkien's lively mind sometimes leads him (with perfectly innocent intentions) to overstate things. Is his view correct? If so, it would remove my difficulty. As long as my normal housekeeping can be at Oxford, so that the life-lines I told you of are intact, and it is a question of rooms in Cambridge (could any College supply me with them?) I cd. manage well. I can both work and sleep in trains so that the prospect of spending much of my life on the Blechley route does not alarm me. I have no right to assume these conditions—they seem too good to be true—but if they are the real conditions I shd. like nothing better.

I feel a fool in saying all this. But you know how it is when a man has a possible change before him. It is impossible not to toy with the idea of what you *would* do, or *would have done*, if you accepted. I have begun composing imaginary lectures and this has had a good deal to do with it: you know what good lectures those ones always are!

Tolkien also said all the Oxford members of the committee had warned you that I was not a great exponent of "Research".

It wd. not be honest not to add that if I were an elector I shd. prefer a fully resident Professor to a semi-resident one even if he were slightly less desirable in other respects.

Whatever your conclusion, I shall always be grateful for your kindness and rather ashamed of the trouble I have given.

Willink's reply dropped into a more friendly form of address, explained the embarrassment, yet was guardedly hopeful: 'If Choice No. 2 refuses, I hope you will feel that it will be very well worth while for us to have a meeting and a talk'.

Lewis felt he too could be more relaxed, and wrote less formally:

My dear Master  
(if I may then follow your lead) Thank  
you for your letter. Whatever the upshot (and unless  
No 2 is as kindly placed as myself, I can't quite see  
him turning down the offer) I shall long remember your  
inexhaustible kindness, and if I don't reach Cambridge as  
a Professor I shall come to Magdalene as a <sup>week-end</sup> ~~guest~~  
the first opportunity is the hope of making your acquaint-  
-ance,

Yours

in utrumque paratus

C. S. Lewis

Strange though it may seem, Miss Gardner did refuse and on 3 June Willink wrote yet again:

No. 2 has declined, and I am filled with hope that after all Cambridge will obtain the acceptance of No. 1, in spite of the fact that No. 1 will appear to No. 2—who will, I hope, be thoroughly discreet—to have been No. 2 . . .

I am sure that you can rely on rooms within the walls of a College, and I hope very much that you will feel disposed—in the event of your acceptance of the Chair—to write to the Master of Magdalene, as the head of your sister College, enquiring if there was a possibility of your making your Cambridge home within its walls, before accepting any of the other invitations which may not improbably come to you.

Lewis replied to the Vice-Chancellor on 4 June showing a clear grasp of the tact required.

Thank you for your letter of the 3<sup>rd</sup>. I feel much pleasure and gratitude in accepting the Chair of Medieval and Renaissance English . . .

I should much like to come over and see you, but from next week until almost August I shall have to average 20 scripts a day, so I dare not play truant even for 24 hours.

I enclose a letter to the Master of Magdalene.

His enclosed letter is not in Magdalene's collection.

Almost all the problems overcome, there remained one further embarrassment for the Professor elect: 'What exactly ought I to reply to any other College which was kind enough to offer me a Fellowship? I mean, having regard to the confidential nature of the present correspondence. You'll find me a child in all such matters', he wrote to Willink on 7 June. The Master told him to plead a prior, and confidential, engagement made as a necessary preliminary to being able to accept the Chair. Lewis replied on 10 June:

Thank you very much for the formula, which I will certainly use. A professorial fellowship at Magdalene is exactly what I would like best. I should like (among other things) to remain under the same Patroness. Why should one trouble the celestial civil service with unnecessary change? Thanks again for all your kindness.

It was not technically possible for him to become a Fellow immediately (he had to wait until the following year) and instead he was able merely to 'make his home with us' as the *College Record* for 1953/4 put it. There were disadvantages in this arrangement. He was neither able to draw the Fellow's allowance of 3/- a day during residence, nor to attend College Governing Body Meetings. Who is to say one did not balance the other?

So Lewis came to Magdalene, and to a nearly solidly Anglican Fellowship of some twelve men; he occupied the rooms above the Parlour and the Old Library now divided between Dr Nicholas Boyle and the Chaplain. Perhaps he is here still (some tourists seem to think so). His last letter to the College, written on the occasion of being elected to an Honorary Fellowship (October 1963)—when ill health had forced him to retire to 'The Kilns', his Oxfordshire home—makes one wonder. ('Simon' is Simon Barrington-Ward then Dean of Chapel, now Bishop of Coventry and Honorary Fellow of Magdalene.)

The ghosts of the wicked old women in Pope "haunt the places where their honour died". I am more fortunate, for I shall haunt the place whence the most valued of my honours came.

I am constantly with you in imagination. If in some twilight hour anyone sees a bald and bulky spectre in the Combination Room or the garden, don't get Simon to exorcise it, for it is a harmless wraith and means nothing but good.

If I loved you all less I shd. think much of being placed thus ("so were I equal'd in renown") beside Kipling and Eliot. But the closer and more domestic bond with Magdalene makes that side of it seem unimportant.

Thank everyone,  
Yours always,  
Jack.

John Constable

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# Oxonmoot 1994

16–18 September 1994, University College Oxford

**O**XONMOOT is the Tolkien Society's annual conference cum social meeting held in an Oxford College. This year it was University College, one I hadn't visited before, which didn't stop me failing utterly to see much of the buildings themselves whilst there. Still, *boni soit qui mal y pense*, eh?

On falling off the Cambridge–Oxford coach, I proceeded to the Turf, an amiable tavern off Holywell, where my informants (who shall remain nameless) assured me that everyone always met at the beginning of the weekend. There were a few shifty looking people that I had vague memories of meeting, but no sign of the 'throbbing hard' (as one undergraduate once described Cambridge town centre) of the TS. A brief phonecall soon confirmed that I'd have to tramp all the way over to the college.

One tramp later, I found myself in something described as the 'Cellar Bar'. Well, a cellar it certainly was, but calling it a bar was stretching credulity a little, as I found out when trying to convert my complimentary drink voucher into a pint of beer. Still, I've seen tackier college bars in Cambridge. After a little light mingling, agreeing to a joint Oxford TS/CTS visit of some sort (watch this space), and something vaguely resembling food, I departed with my hosts, bound for the suburbs, where we pleasantly occupied ourselves for the rest of the evening, trying out the new furniture.<sup>a</sup>

Saturday dawned, the main day of events at the moot, so naturally I sprang out of bed bright and early in the morning, with all the vigour of a young gazelle<sup>b</sup> (albeit a moribund one . . .). What delights awaited me today? Well, as it happens, a number of talks of a vaguely 'academic' bent, to begin with, situated in rooms so well hidden that the tortured twisting passages to be traversed to reach there left one dazed and confused (if one wasn't already, that is). The first was by René van Rossenberg, and entitled 'Tolkien's Golem: A Study in Gollumology', a fascinating discourse on the parallels between a variety of horror stories and elements of *The Lord of the Rings*. This was followed by a discussion on the History of Middle Earth, Christopher Tolkien's continuing publication of his father's papers, and whether this was A Good Thing. Unable to stand the pace, I made my excuses and left to check out the dealers room and art show, and to try to avoid spending too much money in the bookshops of Oxford – an endeavour which, sadly, I failed to accomplish successfully.

At noon, Priscilla Tolkien held a reception/lunch in the Great Hall, where she told us of recent events in the family's lives (such as Fr John Tolkien's return to Oxford, having retired as a parish priest), and we were given a rather pleasant lunch.

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<sup>a</sup> Eh? I remember no such thing. – Ed.

<sup>b</sup> I'd certainly have remembered that if it were true! – Ed.

After lunch, I decided to forgo the hacking in the University Parks, as the talks were beginning again, with John Matthews, one of the leading lights of the new-age pagans – a fact he conveniently forgot to mention in his rather unconvincing discussion of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* (see my forthcoming article for a detailed analysis – next Anor, hopefully<sup>c</sup>). Christina Scull finished the proceedings with one of her slide shows of illustrations from different editions of Tolkien around the world, including Tove Jansson's illustrations for the Finnish edition of *The Lord of the Rings*, and the fascinating, if not necessarily apt, Russian and Japanese illustrations. As my well-thumbed copy of 'Muumin dani no fuyu' will testify, this is a fascinating area, and I was pleased to note that between Thornton's bookshop and the Oxonmoot dealer's room, I could have purchased the Japanese editions of *The Lord of the Rings* and *The Hobbit*, had I had £75 spare . . .

After eating, I returned to the college to find preparations for the evening's party in the cellar well advanced. Amateur entertainment, in all its horror, was about to break over the unsuspecting attendees, like some demented sea-monster. Well it wasn't all that bad, actually, particularly through a fog of excess alcohol and extreme exhaustion, although the singing lacked a certain gusto. The fancy dress was a little less half-hearted than that seen at recent CTS Foreyule Feasts – apathetic members take note!

With the party breaking up, it was time for a room party, though sadly this was only really a token event, almost certainly not a patch on the great room parties of legend, the stories of which have passed down the generations by word of mouth. I shouted 'bring on the nubiles' out of a window in Colin's memory, but it was all I could do to stay awake otherwise. It was clearly time to stumble back to my place of rest for the night again.

Sunday brought a more sober series of events. Everyone gathered at Wolvercote cemetery for the *Enyalie* (remembrance). We saw the Professor's grave, and contemplated. After this, since it was my first Oxonmoot, I was able to visit Priscilla Tolkien's house, which is not far from the cemetery. There I met those members of the family currently in Oxford. Father John Tolkien was lively and entertaining despite his age, and Priscilla had a very welcoming disposition. The house is virtually overflowing with objects associated with Tolkien, including many of his possessions, and it was fascinating to look round the rooms packed with these varied and often highly unusual bits and pieces.

Eventually, the party at the house headed back into town, where after a highly acceptable lunch at a local hostelry, it was eventually time to say farewell to Oxonmoot: all in all a very enjoyable event, which I would recommend to anyone.

**Paul Treadaway**

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<sup>c</sup> Breath being held (in a balloon) – Ed.

# Jorvik Viking Festival

25 February 1995

THE day started badly. No, not having to get up before dawn and set out in the rain (though that was unpleasant enough); it was the first encounter with the coach driver that made my heart sink. When handed the ticket, clearly specifying six people in the party, he at first allocated us just two seats (very cosy), until this basic error was pointed out to him. But still there was confusion about which seats we were supposed to be sitting in. Ah well, I wasn't awake enough to care. At last we left Drummer Street (once the aforementioned driver had found first gear, that is), but as soon as we got to the top of Victoria Road, we turned back. Not much of a day out for twelve quid, I thought. Apparently it had taken our eminent chauffeur that long to work out that the reason he was unable to find seats for five of the people on his coach was that they were in fact booked with another company and should have been on the coach that was due to leave half an hour later. I was beginning to wonder if we'd ever get to Huntingdon, let alone York. Dick Turpin probably got there quicker.

After that, things were a little improved (probably because I was asleep and didn't notice), at least until Blyth services, where we were hoping to get breakfast. Carefully following the road markings, our driver suddenly found himself in the HGV park, which necessitated some dismally executed manoeuvring to bring us to the place allotted to coaches. It was with some relief that I finally disembarked and charged to the breakfast emporium, but there my sanity was further assaulted when I saw that they were charging £1.15 for a glass of orange juice! No thanks, I don't need Vitamin C *that* much.

To cut a long journey short, we finally got as far as York, by which time the sun had got up – and even come out. The only thing the driver did right all day was to park close to the Tap & Spile, before he went off for 'a little sleep' with the other driver from Cambridge. Hm. This left us with an hour and a half to eat, drink and be merry, and being hard-core CTS members, that's exactly what we did. One of my favourite parts of our annual invasion of the wild north is the huge Yorkshire pudding from this particular pub, stuffed with sausages and dripping in onion gravy (though there was little evidence of any onions in mine). The beer's always very good in there, too – oddly enough, I forget the name of whatever it was I had a couple of pints of . . . Not a bad whisky selection, either.

Suitably prepared/anaesthetized for the next couple of hours, we set off across the city, bright sun in our eyes, to the Eye of York to watch the hacking. Unfortunately, about half the population of the northern hemisphere had the same idea, so getting even a partial view was quite difficult. You'd have thought that by now the people in charge would have worked out that some sort of seating – or even a stand – would be a good idea. But no. Your intrepid and fearless reporter had to clamber on top of a Portakabin-

type structure, fight through a rank (phalanx, I suppose it might be called) of Greeks and squint myopically into the bright – and very low – sun to see anything of note.

Well, if you've been on one of these trips before, you'll know what the hacking is all about. If not, then perhaps this will give you some idea. Imagine a couple of hundred people dressed in blankets and assorted ironmongery, tentatively waving pointless spears or blunt swords at each other in an attempt to recreate what one of those old battles would have been like; and over the top, a constant stream moronic platitudes and dreary clichés by way of commentary (it's also supposed to provide cues for the combatants, but many of them are clearly deaf). This year, having exhausted Stamford Bridge and a host of other engagements, they found a new battle of local interest to reenact: Stainmore, last action of Erik Bloodaxe. As reenactments go, the Jorvik one is probably the least inspiring, not least because of the surroundings: it's hard to think yourself back to the Tenth Century when you're surrounded by neoclassical buildings, metal railings and tourists in Day-Glo. The lack of any terrain features apart from one paltry tree limits the potential for authentic reconstruction, too. But that's a personal view: someone with more imagination may be more successful. A more serious problem (aside from decidedly poor acting) is that an accurate reenactment of the battle is discarded into a display of different weaponry and tactics, which gets a bit boring after a while. And I can hardly imagine dark-age battles being decided on a 'best of three' with each type of soldier taking turns on the field.

After the hacking there was a few hours of free time to wander around the town, get some tea, and look at old buildings (of which York has a very pleasant abundance), before we gathered again at the Other Tap & Spile to top up the alcohol stream. Speaking of streams, the River Ouse was considered too high to hold this year's boat burning, so the spectacle was going to be held some way out of town. Despite the provision of free buses, we decided that it would be unlikely that we would get back in time to meet our coach for the return journey. This was somewhat of a disappointment because the torchlit procession and flaming arrows are both quite spectacular, and the fireworks are always very pretty. But we consoled ourselves by just staying in the pub instead, which gave us an excellent opportunity to prepare ourselves to endure whatever vagaries the driver would come up with on the journey home. Extra preparation was afforded by the bottle of distilled malt-based cordial that we got for the journey itself.

Again, sailing was far from plain. We were held up initially by those who decided that there was enough time to go to the boat burning and get back. Wrong! And then we couldn't get out of the coach park. Apparently the magic disc that's supposed to open the barrier didn't work, so at least three coaches were trapped until a man from the council could be summoned to set us free. By this time there was little of the aforementioned cordial left . . .

Memories of the return journey are somewhat fuzzy, but I do recall two aborted stops at service stations, which were both closed by the time we got to them. Good job there was a toilet on the bus, albeit an unpleasant one.

These Jorvik trips are usually memorable for one thing or another (who can forget Eddy's 'predicament' on the coach last year?), but in its own small way, this one will probably leave one of the most enduring impressions. As we enter senility, those who were there will look back of this day and laugh hysterically. If you want to gather hilarious anecdotes with which to bore your descendents when they come to visit you in your sheltered accommodation, why not joint the happy few next year? It's more fun than it sounds – honest!

**Steve Linley**

## Next Term

The main event for Easter Term is, as always, the Puntmoot. This will take place on **Saturday 17 June**. For those who don't know what happens (and for those who can never remember), we tie together about five punts into a raft and make our way up the Granta (or Anduin, as it is known for the day) to Grantchester, have lots to eat and drink, and suffer from intense attacks of hayfever; those still able to stand play an arcane hybrid of cricket and rounders; then we all pile back into the punts and return to Cambridge, running the gauntlet of the Tiddlywinks Society (or Wet Winkers, as they have become known). Then someone writes a report for *Anor*.

Oh, and it *never* rains.

Further details (like cost and booking form) will appear on a missive closer to the time.

## Copy date: Anor 27 (New Series 2)

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### The Cambridge Tolkien Society and Anor

The Cambridge Tolkien Society (Minas Tirith) is a University-registered society whose aim is to further interest in the life and works of the late Professor J.R.R. Tolkien CBE. Meetings are held approximately fortnightly during Full Term. Its magazine *Anor* is published three times a year.

Residents of the United Kingdom may become full members of the Society on payment of £3.00 (annual) or £6.00 (life membership, but only covering three years' subscription to *Anor*). Those not resident in the United Kingdom may subscribe to *Anor* at a rate of £3.00 (surface) or £4.00 (air mail) per year.

For further information contact the Steward, Paul Treadaway, at 1 Leete Road, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge CB1 4HB. Subscriptions should be paid to the Smaug (treasurer), Matthew Woodcraft, Robinson College, Cambridge or via the Steward.

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