



ANOR

36

Contents

Editor's note	iii
Maglor's Lament	1
The Effing First-Age Elves Handy Identification Flowchart.....	3
The Ages of Anor	4
Maedhros and Fëanor.....	7
Part of the Lay of Leithian, Pokemon-style	8
It Has Been So Long.....	10
The Email Oscars.....	14
Sam's Manifesto	17

ANOR

Editor's note

Dear Tolkienists,

It is my pleasure to welcome you to the latest edition of Anor! Late it may be, but better late than never. We have some great content this year, from heart-wrenching tales of elvish angst to the issues that really matter to the halfling on the street. We have beautiful artwork, flowcharts for the confused, even reviews of some of the best of modern, short-form cinematography. Truly there is something for everyone.

Many thanks to all who have contributed. Please keep writing articles whenever the muse is upon you and send them to the next Anor editor, whoever that may be. Remember, the fewer serious articles the rest of the society stumps up the more pages will be taken up with my inane ramblings.

That's about all I have to say. Hope you enjoy the magazine!

Kathryn Atwell, Editor

Maglor's Lament

The wind is howling among the stones tonight, crackling and snapping my little driftwood fire. This shoulder of rock provides little shelter from it, nor the driving rain. Further down the beach I can just see the white foam where the waves are crashing on the shingle. It is bitterly cold. Even wrapped in all my few possessions I feel chill. It has entered my bones, hollowing me out. There is not enough heat in the world to warm the coldness of my heart tonight.

I have travelled far along these shores, always seeking the one thing I will never find. Nowhere in Arda will I receive release, I have gone north into the frozen wastes where land and sea are encased in ice. The air is so cold it burns with every breath, and frost forms on hair and clothes and skin. The few beasts are as white as the snow around them, but their furs are warm. Every moment is pain, a sleepless torment of the body to match the anguish of the mind. My harp strings were brittle with the cold, and my hands blue. I could not endure it long.

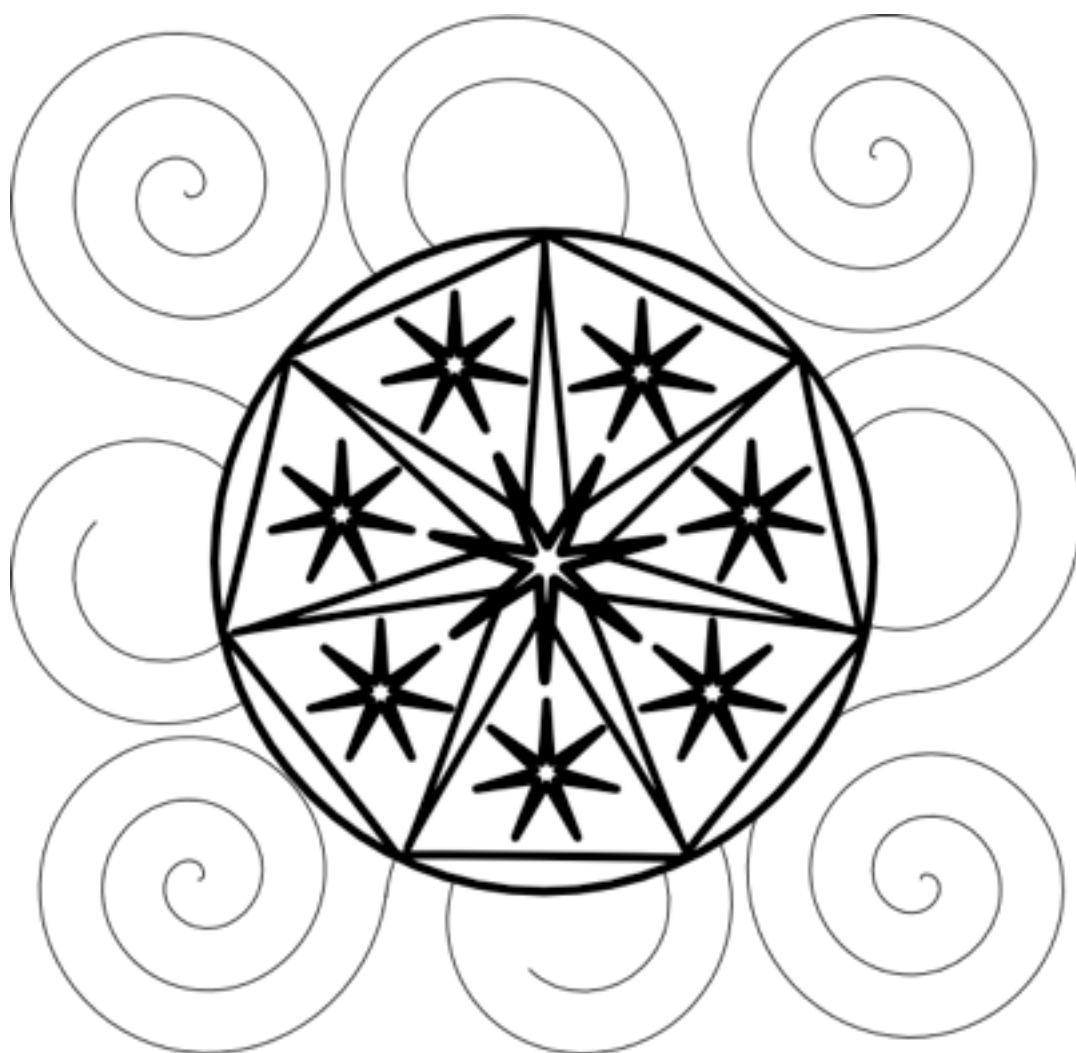
I have gone south, past many mighty river mouths to where the earth is baked and lifeless beneath the sun. There is no shade there, not even a cloud in the sky. Anar blazes down mercilessly, until every inch of exposed skin is red and raw and aching. No fresh water, either, for miles and miles of burning coast, while the sea laps against the shore lazily, mockingly. If one turns away from it, they are left to helpless wandering among the dunes until they find it again. The shore is an empty waste of sand and stones as far as the eye can see, fading into the heat haze. On still days the air is too thick to breathe. When the winds get up, like the draught from a furnace, everything is blasted with sand. Grit is everywhere, filling the eyes, choking the mouth, rasping across the skin. Nothing can survive such a scouring.

So I have always returned here, to the one region where the climate is mild and the land and sea generous. One would not know it tonight. I have wandered these beaches and rocky headlands for years without number, alone but for my harp and my memories. My only companions are the seabirds, swimming on the chilly water or perched on rocks beside me. Oftentimes at night I dream of my family: Atar at his forge; Amil with Moryo on her knee; Nelyo and Kano climbing the old apple tree; Turko and Curvo trying to choose just one puppy; the Ambarussa building sandcastles. In my dreams, Laurelin is always bright and everyone is smiling. It hurts how happy they are, now innocent. They do now know what is coming. I recall also

my wedding day, when the whole world seemed beautiful and I could not imagine an end to happiness.

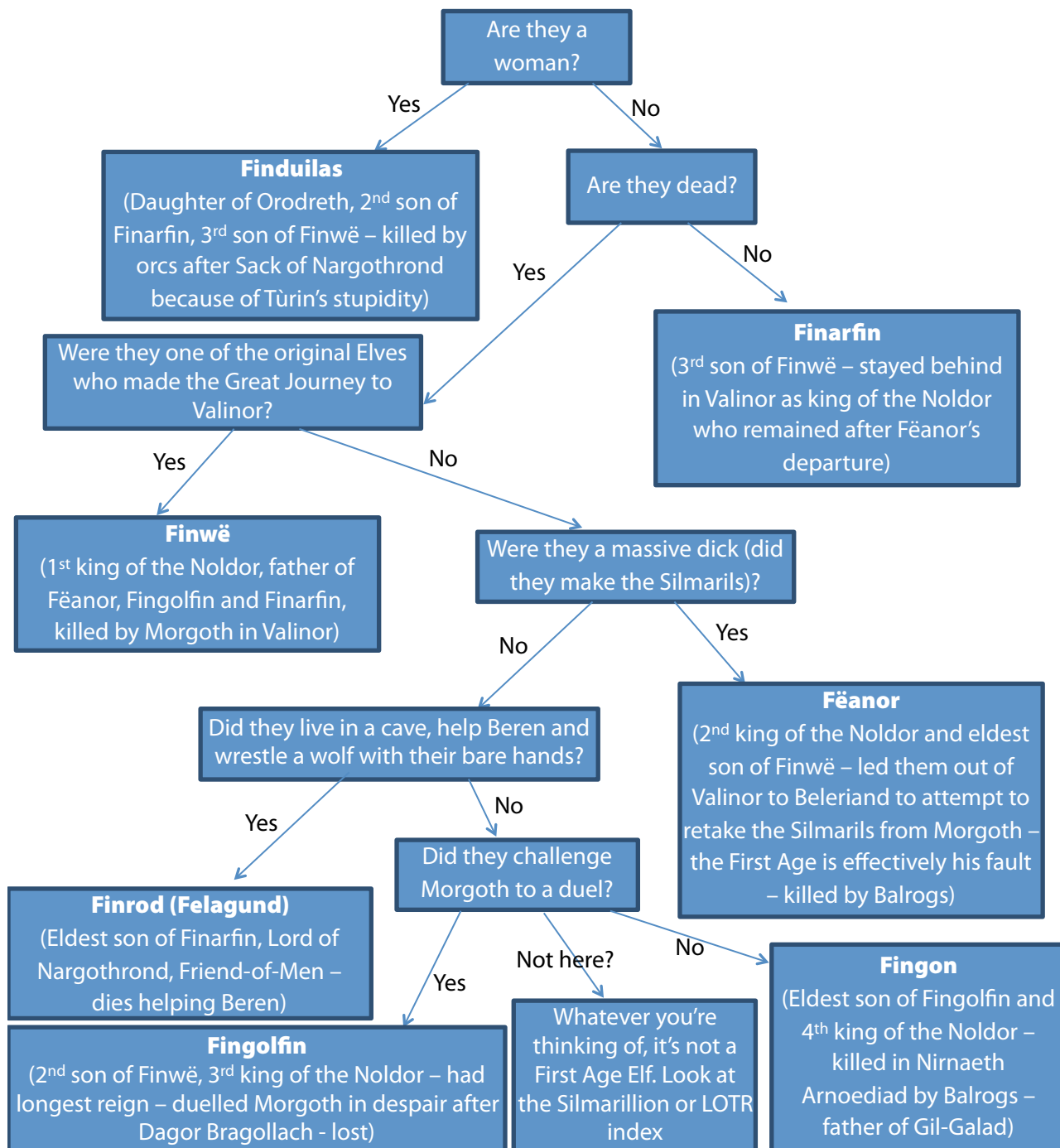
Now, I am an exile, alone and lonely, haunted by visions of my wife and the children who never were. I see their faces before me even in my waking hours. I hear my brothers' voices in the wind and the waves and the gulls' call. Everything that is joyful has passed away, fading into the night's darkness like the sun behind mountains. One by one they fell, pursued by fate and the cruel Oath. One by one they made the journey with no returning. One by one, leaving me behind, the last unhappy member of a once glorious House. With each passing year Arda grows greyer, decay spreads. In but a short time there will be nothing good left. How much longer now until I too may pass over the sea to Mandos?

Joanna Shimmin



The Effing First-Age Elves Handy Identification Flowchart

Confused by all those elves in the First Age who have annoyingly similar names? Use this handy flowchart to help!



Samuel Cook

The Ages of Anor

In recent months I have been using my spare moments to digitise our back issues of Anor, in the hope that they can be made readily available to the interested. The archive is full of insights into CTS life over nearly 3 decades, not to mention some downright fun articles. So without wishing to rob you of the joy of discovery when the archive goes online, I'd like to share a few of the gems I noticed while frantically scanning. As chance would have it, the collection can be roughly forced into 4 "ages", with breaks between them when the society was in a less organised mood re. publishing:

First Age: 1985-1991

- 1985 and the young society is churning out articles with enthusiasm: "It is now 4 years since an Ordinary Member...has contributed an article to Anor".
- A society mystery solved: the posters which have been handed down from Steward to Steward since this time were drawn by Andy Jeram and Per Ahlberg and once sold for the considerable sum of £6. Per Ahlberg also drew the cover design for the first ever Anor series. (Apparently, the poster with just a plain building and no clue to its identity is in fact "The Temple of Sauron in Armenelos". So now we know.)
- Early contributors wrote what they knew from their degrees: On Elven Eyesight discusses how elvish eyes might overcome the Rayleigh criterion limit on optical resolution, while other editions featured an estimate of the Shire's GDP, a discussion of the geology of Moria and speculations on hobbit life expectancies.
- The first CTS wedding is referenced in Issue 13: unlucky for someone...
- The magazine was always at the forefront of modern technology: "Submissions are accepted in any computer disc format I can read. This includes Macintosh, IBM PC, BBC/Master... and possibly Atari ST by the time Anor 16 is out." The 16th editor was heard to complain: "I still haven't fathomed why the LaserWriter at work won't believe in half the pretty typefaces I ask for"
- Someone (a mathmo?) writes the first recursive article to fill up space in Issue 16. A wily soul indeed.

- A cartoon references the phrase “I bet he drinks Carling Black Label”. It rings a bell, but I am still bemused.
- Lynne Ellson produces a rare early sketch of Aragorn in the days before he looked like Viggo Mortenson.
- In 1991, Duncan McLaren writes a bitter editorial bemoaning a lack of articles and expressing shame at the number of issues produced in the past 2 years. Reluctantly, the decision is taken to allow the magazine to fold.

Second Age: 1995-1996

- Steward Paul Treadaway resurrects the publication, saying he aspires to see Anor become a magazine respected by Tolkien scholars before the new millennium. The first new series article is entitled “Beers Wines and Spirits in Middle Earth”.
- Anor 1996 contains a description of the Internet, for those unfamiliar with the term: “it is based on hypertext...you can jump about from page to page...or even interact with the host computer, more or less at your own whim!!!” It was a simpler time.
- Perhaps the finest report on a puntmoot ever written is produced by Matthew Woodcraft. To give a flavor: “it then came to pass that the Steward, who ageth apace, was challenged to prove his vigour and manliness defending himself from a hail of missiles...employing naught but the paddles from one of the craft of the Hall of John...the Paddle struck the meadow and with a terrible crack was sundered in twain. The broken pieces were returned to the Guardian of the Boats...where mayhap in days to come it shall be forged anew.”
- Before long appeals for serious articles are ringing out again. The editor has resorted to running “Frodo Baggins Ate My Pony!” By 1996 there are no new candidates for any committee positions and the publication falls into darkness once more.

Third Age: 2002-2005

- With the Peter Jackson movies comes a revival in CTS interest and Anor rises again under the watchful stewardship of Ben Colburn. Just two issues later the first article on “dumbing down Tolkien” for the films appears.

- A photo of the Varsity Quiz delegation heralds the first appearance of our esteemed Senior Treasurer. From the picture it would also seem that Jesus played on our team that year.
- Anna Slack, now a published author, edits the three longest issues of Anor in the publication's history. As a reader I thank her, as the person who had to scan each page, not so much!
- An Eagle Debate finds Legolas the mightiest member of the fellowship. I weep for humanity.
- Philippa Steele teaches us how to chat up an elf [Mabo goll lin, meleth, le gannen]
- Anna finds herself distracted from Anor by writing her dissertation. I sympathise...

Fourth Age: 2009-2011

- The modern age! Emily Turner becomes the first editor in 4 years to produce an Anor, notable for Jamie Douglas's Sauron Poker Face, a smoking hot page 3 and Josie's hilarious Eagle Debate deaths.

Here endeth the lore of the CTS for now. Long may it continue. If you were intrigued by any of these old articles then watch out for the digitized Anor collection coming soon to a computer near you.

Kathryn Atwell

Maedhros and Fëanor

Maedhros, eldest son of Fëanor, has long been in captivity at the hands of the dark lord Morgoth. Finally saved by his cousin Fingon – a valiant deed that would eventually lead to the reunion of the conflicting houses of Fëanor and Fingolfin – he recovers slowly from his suffering. Here Amrod, one of Fëanor's two youngest sons, visits the sickbed of the brother they had all believed lost.



Iris Maihöfer and Nicola Kleppmann

Part of the Lay of Leithian, Pokemon-style

(Best read whilst listening to some sort of Pokemon soundtrack)

You have reached the Gates of Angband.

You encounter a wild Carcharoth (Level 100)! *[Battle Music]*

Wild Carcharoth used Doubtful Glare. The attack missed.

Luthien used Commanding Voice. It's super-effective! Wild Carcharoth has fainted!

[Walk through portal]

You have entered the throne room.

You encounter a wild Morgoth (Level ∞)! *[Battle Music]*

Wild Morgoth used Daunting Gaze. The attack had little effect!

Luthien used Really Sweet Singing. It's super-effective! Wild Morgoth has fallen asleep! Luthien has evolved to Level G (yes, Graham's number)! Wild Morgoth has dropped a Silmaril! *[pick up Silmaril and use Escape Rope to return to surface. Try to apply Silmaril to Beren. Nothing happens. Try to apply Silmaril to everything, just because you can. Still nothing happens. Leave Silmaril on Beren, just in case something happens]*

[Leaving Angband]

You encounter a wild Carcharoth (Level 100)! *[Battle Music]*

[Luthien] Beren, I choose you! Beren used Daunting voice combined with Shiny. Nothing happened! Wild Carcharoth used Bite. It's super-effective! Beren has fainted! Wild Carcharoth has eaten the Silmaril! Wild Carcharoth is confused! Wild Carcharoth hurt himself in his confusion! Wild Carcharoth has withdrawn! *[Use Thorondor to Fly to Doriath]*

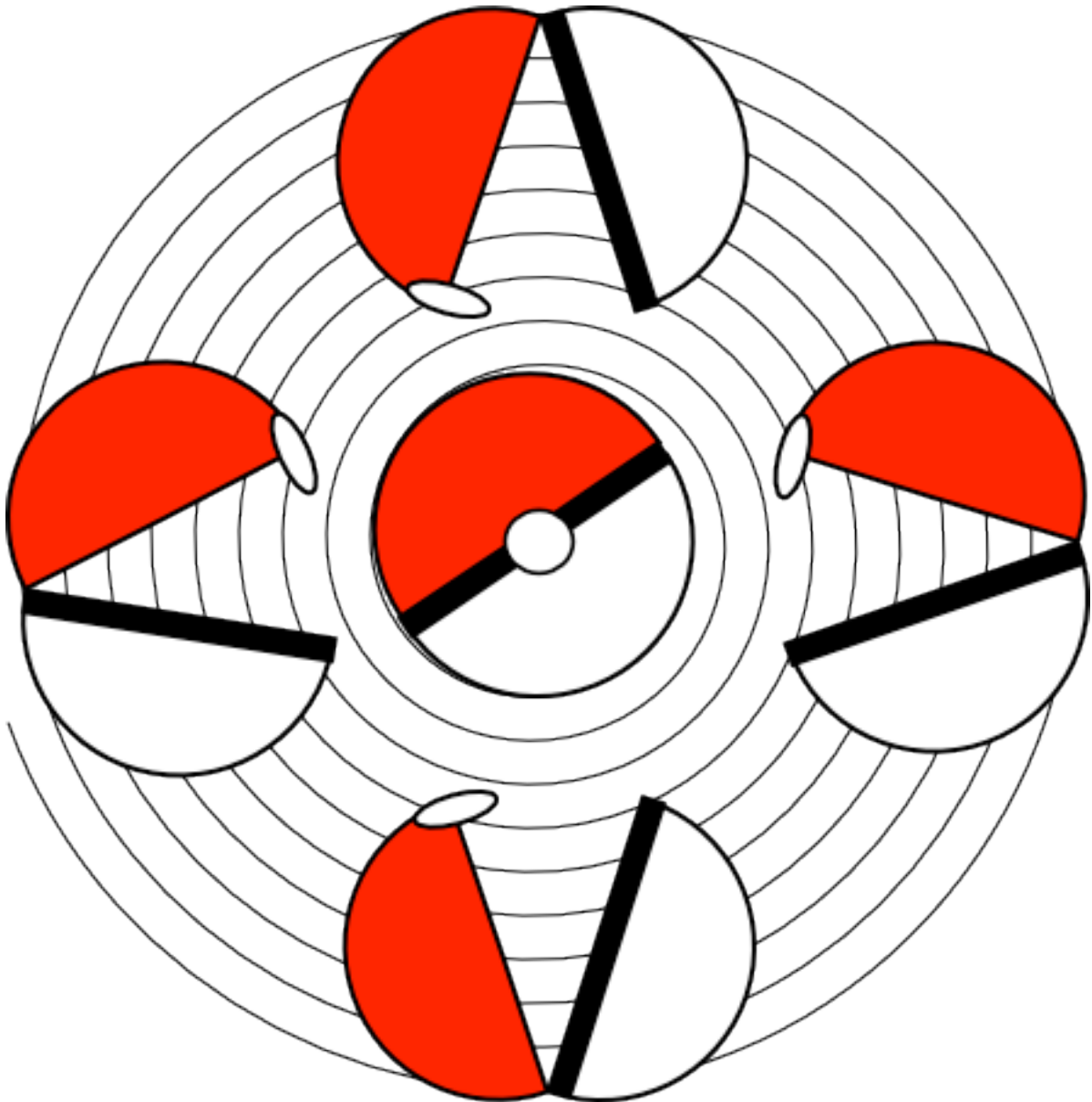
Luthien used Hyper Potion on Beren. Beren is restored to full HP!

You encounter a wild Really Angry Carcharoth (Level 1000)! *[Battle Music]*

[Luthien] Huan, I choose you! Huan used Bite. Wild Really Angry Carcharoth used Bite *[keeps on going for about half an hour]*. Huan has fainted! Wild Really Angry Carcharoth has fainted! Wild Really Angry Carcharoth has dropped a Silmaril! *[pick up Silmaril]*

Everyone lives happily ever after (insofar as the Silmarillion is happy, i.e. not at all. In fact everyone dies. And all their children, grandchildren and various descendants. So not really happy. More miserably really. But at least they're together, so that makes it happy by Silmarillion standards).

Samuel Cook



It Has Been So Long

‘What is it, brother?’

Elladan had heard Elrohir call out to him softly and hurried to his side. They were out in the woods around Imladris looking for game to hunt, yet he could hear in the tone of his twin brother’s voice that that was not what he had found.

‘Look.’

Elrohir was standing at the edge of a small precipice, not much more than a steep rocky slope that wasn’t so high that it would be immensely difficult to climb. There had been a small rockslide not too long ago; the signs of it were still clearly visible on earth and stone. But that was not what he wanted to show him. Elladan followed his gaze to the foot of the slope and saw why he had called.

It was evening now, and the last, fiery golden rays of the sun reflected in intricate patterns on a mass of tangled black hair. It partially covered the elf it belonged to, who was lying among the rocks as still and pale as one that had already passed away.

By the time his brother followed him, Elrohir was already halfway down the slope. He was gently turning the elf onto his back when he joined him, after having made certain that he would do no further harm by doing so.

‘He’s alive’ he assured Elladan quickly. But that, they realized when they studied his face, was as much as they could say.

‘Valar’ Elladan whispered. He had never seen an elf look quite like this before. Dried blood covered parts of his face, but while he had obviously been caught in the rockslide, and it had knocked him out, he retained no further severe injury from it. But he was thin, frighteningly thin, and there was something weary and drawn about his face, although he was unconscious, as though the world was such a heavy burden to him that not even now could it be lifted off his shoulders.

His clothes had been fine once, certainly those of a noble, but long years must have passed since then. Now they were torn and ragged, the colours faded, and only patches of the delicate embroidery remained. His night-coloured hair suggested a Noldorin origin, but, as a glance at Elrohir confirmed, neither of the twins had ever seen him before.

‘He looks so fragile’ Elrohir said softly. He did not need to say what both of them were thinking: what had he gone through to look like that? They dared not imagine.

Elladan nodded, his expression serious. ‘We need to bring him home.’ There was no doubt about that. There was no danger to his health in moving him carefully, as far as they could tell, and there was no way they would leave him here, this strange, injured elf that looked so lost.

In silent agreement they lifted him up cautiously to carry him to Imladris. He would be cared for.



Elrond was listening quietly to Elrohir’s tale while he followed him to the healing ward. When his sons had returned, one of them had immediately come to inform him of the strange elf they had found. Elladan meanwhile had stayed with him, to make sure he wasn’t alone, as there had been no one else in the room, neither healer nor patient.

‘He certainly has a concussion’ Elrohir was saying when they reached the door. ‘Apart from a few minor cuts and bruises, he has no other injuries. But...’ Elrohir hesitated, while his father looked at him expectantly.

‘You should see for yourself’ he finally finished and opened the door.

Elrond stepped inside thoughtfully. His son’s explanation had left him with many questions, not the least being brought up by what he had said last. What might there be that he could not express in words? Who was this elf? Elladan, who was sitting in a chair by the side of the bed, greeted them quietly. He had already cleaned and bandaged the stranger’s head wound and washed the blood off his face. Elrond nodded at him with a smile and stepped towards the bed to have a look at their patient.

All of his questions were answered at once, and replaced by a multitude of others.

It was good that he wasn’t carrying anything fragile; else it would probably have shattered on the floor. He knew that face, knew it from times so long past that they now seemed no more than a faint memory. But what he saw now was as far from that memory as it could ever be. He had often looked weary, Elrond remembered, weary and sad, but never like that. Never so thin, so pale, so worn out. There had been strength in his face, in spite of everything, but now there was only a faint echo of a battle long lost.

That he should ever see him again, that anyone should ever see him again he would never have thought, and yet there he was, and it was painful to see him like this.

Elrond suddenly felt shaky and eased himself down onto the bed to sit beside the injured elf. His sons were watching him worriedly, but he did not notice that until Elladan spoke.

‘What is it, father? Do you know him?’

‘I do’ Elrond replied very quietly. He could not take his eyes off that pale face. ‘And he is the last person I would have expected to see.’

‘Who is he?’ Elrohir had pulled up a chair to sit down on the other side of the bed. For a while, Elrond did not answer, instead took one of the unconscious elf’s thin, fragile hands in his own, holding it gently. How long might it be since these fingers had touched a harp, whose gentle music their owner had always so loved?

‘Someone’ he replied finally ‘who, a very long time ago, I loved almost like a father.’

The elf stirred in the following silence. He shifted uneasily, blinked a few times, and then, finally, he opened his eyes. They were of a deep, dark blue, unfocused, but filled with an eternal maelstrom of emotions deep enough to draw anyone in. Grief, guilt, anger, pain, Elrond could only guess.

‘*Masse nánye?*’ ‘Where am I?’ The voice was barely audible, rough and weak, less than a shadow of what it had once been.

His confused eyes met Elrond’s, searching for something, support maybe, answers, and suddenly they widened in recognition. He opened his mouth, wanted to say something, but Elrond shushed him gently.

It has been so long, he thought. Far too long.

He had been lost for millennia. No one had ever heard or seen a sign of him in all these years, but now... it was time he was lost no longer.

And Elrond was relieved to find that somewhere in the depth of these blue eyes he could still see the strength of a son of Fëanor.

‘Nálye márisse, Macalaurë. Nálye márisse.’ ‘You are home.’



"For Maglor took pity upon Elros and Elrond, and he cherished them, and love grew after between them, as little might be thought; but Maglor's heart was sick and weary with the burden of the dreadful oath."

J. R. R. Tolkien: *The Silmarillion*
Chapter 24: Of the Voyage of Eärendil and the War of Wrath

Author's Note: It is said that Maglor, second son of Fëanor, never was seen among the elves again after he disappeared at the end of the First Age. I tend to entertain a different view. This story was originally part of a small roleplay back in 2006 (as is the picture), modified to suit the occasion.

Macalaurë is the original (Quenya) version of the name Maglor. I have assumed that while Elrond and his sons would be speaking Sindarin – here expressed in English – Maglor, not yet entirely aware, would use his mother language, Quenya.

Iris Maihöfer and Nicola Kleppmann



The Email Oscars

In memory of those brave few who have trawled the internet this year, bringing us back only the tastiest morcels of video.

Best Actor

Winner: *Elijah Wood for Elijah Wood Dancey Dance*

“How do you go from Lord of the Rings...to this???”

The award goes to Elijah for his convincing portrayal of a jobless actor disappointed to find himself back on children’s television. When he reads the line, “thanks guys that was so much fun!” the audience really feels his lack of work.

Best Parody Trailer

Winner: *Lord of the Rings A-Team*

“I pity the fool who puts all his power into one ring”

A film that is well on the way to becoming a classic, this enthusiastic tribute to the soldiers-of-fortune genre blew the judges away with it’s well chosen clips matched perfectly to Mike Post and Pete Carpenter’s soundtrack. Sublime.

Best Crossover

Winner: *dragon!Sherlock & hobbit!John*

The moving story of a sociopathic crime fighting dragon with a voice like a leopard trapped in a cello, and his halfling sidekick. A riff on the theme of ennui.

Best Music Video

Winner: *This is War - Lord of the Rings (Music Video)*

“I cried. When you put LotR to this song it just.. makes me actually feel all of the emotion”

We recognise this film for the way in which it’s whiny American rock soundtrack chimes with Frodo’s tortured soul.

Highly Commended: *Frodo, Don’t Wear The Ring*

Best Animation

Winner: *Sam and Frodo have a moment*

"I guess the Shire is very progressive"

A charming romantic comedy in which love is interrupted by the black riders of reality. The judges particularly enjoyed the clear chemistry between the two lead actors

Best Rap

Joint Winners: *Gandalf vs Dumbledore. Epic Rap Battles of History #11*

Lord of the Rhymes: Music Video

"Elvish rapping is not a thing to be missed"

The judges found this category impossible to settle but note that they were impressed by Gandalf's mad skillz, especially at such an advanced age.

Critic's Choice

Winner: *There and Back Again - A Little Orc's Tale*

"I have to watch this for my English class"

To maintain our credibility we are bound to offer this one to *A Little Orc's Tale*, since silent films be all the rage on the awards circuit this year. Like other movies we could mention it is a tragicomic story of a down on his luck individual from a simpler age.

Best Foreign Language Film

Winner: *bombadil saurom*

"Tremenda canción.... Boombaaa dilo sin parar"

A powerful musical biopic chronicling the life and times of famed spanish musician Thomas Bombadil.

Biggest Mathom

Winner: *Lord of the Rings - Gollum - Sexbomb*

"I was traumatized"

This award is presented to the film the world had least need of. A close call this year was decided in favor of the gruesome horror *Gollum-Sexbomb* over modern art piece *manflesh madness*.

Highly Commended: *10 Minutes of manflesh madness!!!!!!*

"I don't remember...what did he smell?"

Most Confusing

Winner: *badgers - lord of the rings style*

“Don’t hate”

The most hotly contested award of the season goes to badgers, an absurdist triumph with the body of *Homo sapiens* and the head of *Meles meles*.

Highly commended: *Lord of the Rings Nyan’d*

“One does not simply Nyan Cat into Mordor!!!”

Highly commended: *Trolling Balrog*

“didn’t believe my mom when she said that the computer will rot my brain. i do now”

Highly commended: *One simply Strolls Into Mordor*

“This is mankind’s greatest achievement of the century.”



Sam's Manifesto

1. 7 square meals a day for everyone – you can't expect common hobbitfolk to survive on nobbut scratchings
2. Pubs for every village and laxer licensing laws but no dancing on tables – look what happened last time...
3. A garden with a mallorn and taters for every hobbit-hole in commemoration of the Lady Galadriel and to ward off wandering Gollums
4. Regular parties to stimulate the rural economy and improve mathom liquidity
5. Spoon stealing to become a capital offence (not naming anyone in particular...)
6. Bill the Pony to become an honorary hobbit – Sam wouldn't have got far without Bill...
7. Continuation and enforcement of traditional hobbit and Shire ways of life – no industrialisation!
8. The establishment of an Oliphaunt Zoo
9. Saucepan self-defence lessons for all (including elf warrior impersonations)
10. Greater recognition for Fatty Bolger, the unsung hero of the Shire!
11. Encourage larger families to make the Shire stronger – as practised by yours truly
12. Isolationist foreign policy – Shire for the Shirefolk!
13. Establishment and promotion of the Cult of Master Frodo with Bag End as a permanent place of pilgrimage and temples all along the route taken by the Master
14. Shoot Pippin for endangering the Master through incorrigible stupidity
15. Adequate signposting in the Emyn Muil and Dead Marshes to ensure successful pilgrimages along the Master's route

Samuel Cook

The Cambridge Tolkien Society and Anor

The Cambridge Tolkien Society (Minas Tirith) is a registered University society with the aim of furthering interest in the life and works of the late Professor J.R.R. Tolkien. Meetings are held weekly in Full Term. It's magazine Anor is published fitfully, when the stars align aright. All members are entitled to a copy free of charge, and hard copies of Anor can also be ordered and posted out for a small fee.

For more information see our website <http://tolkien.soc.ucam.org/> or get in touch with the current Steward or Anor Editor (contact details on the site).