

AN OR



*Issue 27*  
*(New Series 2)*



# Editorial

Welcome to *Anor* 27, the second in the new series. First up thanks to Jeremy for furnishing the academic articles in this issue. Without his contribution, all there would be is a few bits of silliness from me and a review of a book that nobody can get hold of anyway (even if they wanted to). And that's not what I see *Anor* as being for.

So, what do I see *Anor* as being? Well, having got the apology out of the way last issue, this seems like a good time to have a programmatic editorial. Ever since I was Steward (a long time ago now) I have wanted *Anor* to be primarily an academic publication: the medium through which the CTS can fulfil its role of encouraging interest in the life and works of Tolkien through articles and debates, exploring in a measured way the richness of Tolkien's corpus. This can be done either by treating Middle-earth as a 'real' world (nicely described as 'Middle-earth Studies' in the editorial of *Mallorn* 31), or as a literary creation that can be analysed using the various tools of contemporary literary criticism ('Tolkien Studies').

That does not, of course, mean that more frivolous material is to be discounted – as you can tell by reading this issue. So long as the humour is affectionate it will have a place in *Anor*. Artwork, too, helps to break up the daunting prospect of page after page of solid prose; it would be nice to have some for next issue.

*Anor* is also the record of the Society's activities, which is why there should be reviews of all our main events, trips, talks and discussions. Despite being basically easy to write (the only research involved is being there) these are rather thin on the ground. Apart from being a record, these also help to advertise the Society's activities by showing that not only do we do things, the things we do are quite fun.

So there you have it. I want *Anor* to be a respected medium for Tolkien criticism, in the hope that more people will subscribe – and hopefully contribute or respond to the debates. But I also want it to reflect the fun-loving ethos of the Society and its activities. I can't do it all by myself, though, even if I wanted to. Please help by contributing something.



## Contents

Frodo Baggins ate my pony!: <i>Steve Linley</i> .....	1
The names of Túrin: <i>Jeremy King</i> .....	3
A note on the name Mím: <i>Jeremy King</i> .....	7
Lonely Island Discs: <i>Steve Linley</i> .....	10
Reviews: <i>Monica Gale, Jeremy King</i> .....	12

# Anor

LADY ARWEN HURLEY  
THE NEW FACE OF  
ESTÉ LÓRIEN - LOTS  
OF PICTURES OF  
THAT DRESS INSIDE!



Still only 3 squirrels

# FRODO BAGGINS ATE MY PONY!

CENSORED

THE SHIRE was rocked to its foundations by last night's shock revelation by humble gardner Samwise 'Sammy' Gamgee.

Says sam, 38" (after a good breakfast), 'I couldn't believe my eyes! We were on a pre-elevenses stroll to Woody End when all of a sudden he took out two loaves of bread form his sack, put one on each side of my dear pony Bill, and began taking huge bites!'

I tried to pull him  
off, but he

wild

had this wild look in his eyes. He scoffed the lot, bridle and all. It was a terrible sight. I never believed an orc

could eat like that, never mind my dear Mr Frodo.'

When pressed, Mr Baggins, 50, denied the accusations. Says

Frodo, 'It's utter nonsense. I don't know what's come over my erstwhile friend. I suspect he was mixing pipe-weed with some

dodgy mushrooms as usual, but this time he's gone too far.'

Paul Treadaway is ambient.

■ Anor says: page 94  
■ Gratuitously graphic and gory reconstruction of the fatal events on pages 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8.

CONSCIOUS OF OUR REPUTATION FOR RESPONSIBLE JOURNALISM - AND ON ADVICE FROM OUR LAWYERS - WE REGRET THAT WE ARE UNABLE TO PRINT THIS PICTURE.

Anor Exclusive

### On other pages:

- ★ Linda Proudfoot shows off her pair (page 3)
- ★ How Rosie Cotton cooked up Gaffer Gamgee's taters (page 7)
- ★ Naughty umbrella antics with Lobelia Sackville-Baggins (centre pages)
- ★ Sport: I never wanted the job in the first place, says shamed Graham Taylor

Scalp an orc and win a trip to *GondorDisney* see page 94

**Life's always brighter in your number one Anor!**

# The Names of Túrin

THE tale of the children of Húrin is amongst the greatest of Tolkien's writings. In fact, to my mind the Narn i Hîn Húrin in the *Unfinished Tales* would have been without equal, if it had been finished. It is not my purpose to defend that claim here. Nor is it my purpose to discuss the sources that lie behind the Narn: that has been done elsewhere (see the article by Marie Barnfield in *Mallorn* 31, for example). Rather, I shall pass comment on one feature of the story: the remarkable number of names that occur.

It cannot have escaped the notice of readers that Túrin changes names in the way that other men change their socks (or at least, men who only change their socks nine times). I shall show that these names are significant for the structure of the Narn. Indeed, one of the themes of the story is the importance of names.

All the page references below refer to *The Silmarillion*, except those marked *UT*, which refer to *Unfinished Tales*.

## Structural significance

After Túrin's departure from Doriath, his life can be divided into three cycles which may be labelled by his place of abode: Amon Rûdh, Nargothrond and Brethil. There are considerable parallels between these three cycles. Five stages can be discerned, in each of which Túrin's names are significant.

Firstly, when Túrin arrives he takes a secret name. He is prepared to throw his lot in humbly with the inhabitants in their secret warfare. Secondly, Túrin's influence increases and he encourages the inhabitants to open warfare against Morgoth. This is marked by him taking a new and proud name. Thirdly, Túrin attracts the love of a woman and his rival reveals Túrin's real name to her to try to put her off (this stage is absent from the Amon Rûdh cycle). Fourthly, Túrin's prowess in warfare reveals him and his abode to the wrath of Morgoth. In two of the cycles it is an object associated with Túrin's names which reveals him. Finally, Morgoth's wrath falls and he openly names Túrin.

I am usually sceptical of imposing such a neat structure on a story. But to show that that the outline above is not entirely artificial, let us examine the evidence for each stage in turn.

When Túrin arrives among the outlaws (p. 241), he takes the name Neithan, which means the Wronged (this refers to his being accused falsely of killing Saeros in Doriath). At first he serves under the existing leader (see the full version in *UT* pp. 85–9). When Túrin arrives in Nargothrond (p. 252), he stops Gwindor from telling his real name but calls himself Agarwaen son of Úmarth, which means Bloodstained son of Ill-fate (this refers to his killing of his friend Beleg). Before his arrival, Nargothrond fought against

Morgoth only in stealth (p. 254). When Túrin arrives in Brethil (p. 260), he names himself Wildman of the Woods (this is perhaps related to the name Saeros mocked Túrin with – Woodwise, *UT* p. 80). The people of Brethil trusted in secrecy rather than war, and at first Túrin is prepared to lay his sword by (p. 261).

After the outlaws moved to Amon Rúdh, Túrin receives the Helm of Hador, the great heirloom of his house. 'Túrin named himself anew, Gorthol, the Dread Helm, and his heart was high again' (p. 247). His growing band now fight Morgoth openly. After some time in Nargothrond (p. 253), Túrin is given the name Mormegil, the Black Sword (largely due to the colour of his sword, Gurthang). He encourages them to open battle and builds a bridge over the Narog (p. 254). In Brethil he takes the new name Turambar, which means Master of Doom (p. 261), an act of pride which was just asking for it. Although at first he keeps to his resolve not to fight, he eventually gives in (p. 265).

In Nargothrond, Túrin attracts the love of Finduilas, daughter of Orodreth the King, but he fails to notice (p. 253). It is noticed by Gwindor, who rescued Túrin and was previously Finduilas' beloved. To discourage her from her infatuation, he says: 'His right name is Túrin son of Húrin, whom Morgoth holds in Angband, and whose kin he has cursed.' This revelation does not please Túrin. In Brethil, Túrin is loved by Níniel, who is really his sister Nienor. He returns the love and asks for her in marriage. Brandir, who is also in love with Níniel, reveals to her that Turambar is Túrin son of Húrin, hoping to put her off from the marriage (p. 265).

In Amon Rúdh, the growing power of the band of outlaws becomes known widely. 'Then Morgoth laughed, for now by the Dragon-helm was Húrin's son revealed to him again; and ere long Amon Rúdh was ringed with spies' (p. 247). So it is that Gorthol is betrayed. In Nargothrond, the new policy of open battle has the same effect: 'Thus Nargothrond was revealed to the wrath and hatred of Morgoth; but . . . rumour spoke only of the Black Sword of Nargothrond' (p. 254). So in this cycle, it would appear that Morgoth does not know in advance that it is Túrin he deals with: I discuss this further below. In Brethil, Túrin takes up his sword again to defeat the dragon's orcs. 'But Glaurung heard tidings that the Black Sword was in Brethil, and he pondered what he heard, devising new evil' (p. 266).

In each cycle, Morgoth's wrath falls quickly. He sends a band of orcs to attack Amon Rúdh. They force the dwarf Mim to guide them, and he demands that Gorthol should not be slain. The captain replies: 'Assuredly Túrin son of Húrin shall not be slain' (p. 248). Morgoth reveals that he knows whom he is after. At the sack of Nargothrond, Túrin meets Glaurung and is recognised instantly: 'Hail, son of Húrin. Well met!' (p. 257). Túrin soon falls under the spell of the dragon. This greeting is reversed in Brethil after Túrin has dealt Glaurung his death-blow: 'Hail, Worm of Morgoth! Well met again! . . . Thus is Túrin son of Húrin avenged' (p. 268). But the malice of the dragon is not complete until he addresses Níniel: 'Hail, Nienor, daughter of Húrin . . . I give thee joy that thou hast found thy brother at last . . . Túrin son of Húrin' (p. 269). So it is that each cycle is completed, by the naming of Túrin.

Having that outline of the structure of the Narn, I shall now turn to some specific matters within the story.

### **Niniel and Faelivrin**

Túrin is not the only character in the Narn who has more than one name. The most obvious is his sister Nienor. Another is Finduilas, who is also known as Faelivrin. We have already seen a parallel in the structure between these two women who both loved Túrin. I shall now show that there are deeper parallels, including their very names.

Nienor means Mourning: she was so named due to the loss of Húrin and the departure of Túrin (p. 239). Niniel was the name Túrin gave her when she arrived in Brethil without her memory: it means Tear-maiden (p. 265). This linguistic coincidence adds to the irony of the story. A similar linguistic coincidence occurs in relation to Finduilas. In conversation with Túrin she says: 'I do not think that Agarwaen is your true name . . . I call you Thurin, the Secret' (*UT* p. 157). This gives him a bit of a shock, but it remains her name for him afterwards.

The name Faelivrin was given to Finduilas by Gwindor and means 'gleam of the sun on the pools of Ivrin' (p. 252). Túrin also used the name (*UT* p. 37). Gwindor likens this gleam to laughter (p. 251), which connects the name Faelivrin with Nienor. If this connexion seems tenuous, recall that Túrin had another sister called Lalaith, which means Laughter (p. 238). This sister died as a child, which affected Túrin for life: 'Always he sought in all faces of women the face of Lalaith' (*UT* p. 147). It would seem that Túrin thought he had found it in the face of Faelivrin: 'I had a sister, Lalaith, or so I named her; and of her you put me in mind . . . I would I had a sister so fair' (*UT* p. 157). In fact Lalaith herself had two names: her real name was Urwen (*UT* p. 59), and she was compared to an elf-child.

So it was that while Túrin treats Nienor as a wife when she was his sister, he treats Finduilas as a sister when she could have been his wife. Instead of the laughter of a legitimate marriage, there is the mourning of a shameful marriage.

This is also reflected in the structure. For between the three cycles outlined above, there are two visits to Ivrin. At the first, Túrin is healed of his madness brought upon by killing Beleg (p. 251). At the second, Ivrin had been defiled by the passing of Glaurung (p. 259): meanwhile Faelivrin herself had been captured by orcs and slain (p. 260). Gwindor warned Túrin that Finduilas alone stood between him and his doom (p. 256), and now that doom only remained to be worked out in Brethil. Nienor herself was found on Finduilas' grave. Túrin latter mused: 'From the green mound she came. Is that a sign, and how shall I read it?' (*UT* p. 124). It would appear that he read it wrong.

### **The elf-man**

These two possible marriages have some bearing on the last of Túrin's names I have to consider: Adanedhel, which means the Elf-Man (p. 253). He was given this name in

Nargothrond due to his upbringing in Doriath and his natural beauty. But his fate was not that of an elf, unlike that of his cousin Tuor: 'But in after days it was sung that Tuor alone of mortal Men was numbered among the elder race . . . and his fate is sundered from the fate of Men' (p. 295).

Tuor must surely be considered in any study of Túrin's names, since the two of them form a pair just as their fathers Húrin and Huor did. Recall that Tuor ended up marrying Idril Celebrindal, a princess from another hidden kingdom of elves. And while Túrin brought about the downfall of Nargothrond by his advice, Tuor sought to save Gondolin by his message from Ulmo. Much more could be said on this topic, and I hope to include it in a further article. But it is surely significant that the only time Tuor encountered Túrin was at the second visit to Ivrin (p. 288 and *UT* p. 37).

Túrin is also compared unfavourably with Tuor by Gelmir and Arminas, the messengers of Ulmo to Nargothrond. Gelmir says: 'Little indeed do you resemble the kin of Hador, whatever your name' (*UT* p. 161), whilst Arminas warns: 'Other shall be your doom than one of the Houses of Hador and Bëor might look for.' So while Tuor (of the house of Hador) and Beren (of the house of Bëor) both married elven princesses, their kinsman Túrin failed to live up to his name of the Elf-Man.

Gwindor also contrasts Túrin with Beren whilst warning Finduilas of the dangers of men marrying elves. 'This Man is not Beren. A doom indeed lies on him . . . but a dark doom. Enter not into it!' (p. 253). The irony is that Gwindor's very disuasion brought about this doom.

In fact for all Gwindor's warnings, the evidence is that marriages between men and elves (why is it never women and elves?) are of great value: Beren and Luthien, Tuor and Idril, Aragorn and Arwen. This topic is examined by Lisa Hopkins in *Mallorn* 29. Whilst I reject her claim that Oedipus is a source for the Narn (except perhaps the minor motif of lameness), her comments on endogamy and exogamy are valuable. In Tolkien's works, in contrast to classical myths, it is exogamous marriages (those between different tribes) which are most powerful, whilst endogamous marriages (those within the same family) are the greatest curse. So it is that Glaurung taunts the pregnant Nienor: 'But the worst of all [Túrin's] deeds thou shalt feel in thyself' (p. 269).

But the writer lays the blame at a different door, saying: 'In [the Narn] are revealed most evil works of Morgoth Bauglir' (p. 239). He takes a man whose doom should be to marry an elven princess, and instead drives him to marry his own sister.

### **Name, doom and character**

I mentioned above that Morgoth did not know that Túrin was at Nargothrond. Yet his curse was still effective. This state of affairs is illuminated by a conversation between Túrin and Gwindor. Túrin tells him: 'You have done ill to me, friend, to betray my right name, and call my doom upon me, from which I would lie hid.' Gwindor's reply is: 'The doom lies in yourself, not in your name' (p254).

Túrin's reason for changing his name so often was to avoid his doom and the curse of Morgoth. This seemed to work to some extent: he was safe in Amon Rúdh until the dragon-helm revealed his ancestry; he was safe in Brethil until the black sword revealed that he was the Mormegil, also known as Túrin son of Húrin. This shows that it was not enough to hide his name: he needed to break completely with his past and his possessions.

But ultimately even this only delayed the doom rather than prevented it. Indeed the curse of Morgoth reached Brethil long before Túrin foolishly revealed himself: for Nienor was taken there by fate rather than conscious design. Moreover, the curse reached Nargothrond despite Túrin's success in shrouding his identity.

Likewise Nienor's doom was not tied to her name, but rather the opposite. It was her very lack of name which led her to marry her own brother. And this namelessness, while it removed any blame of this marriage, did not remove the shame of the marriage, when the truth was revealed.

Namelessness is seen as a curse in itself. Nienor's lack of name reduced her to no more than a beast (p. 264), fulfilling Saeros' evil taunts about the women of Hithlum (p. 240). Gwindor's slavery in Angband reduced him to a nameless thrall: 'Yet once I was Gwindor son of Guilin, a lord of Nargothrond' (p. 252). Names are vital to true humanity.

So what was it that welded Túrin's doom to himself through all changes of name? I suggest that it was his character, his valour which led to open deeds of battle against Morgoth. On his arrival in Brethil it is remarked: 'Yet with a change of name he could not change wholly his temper' (*UT* p. 112). Dorlas tells him: 'You have renounced the name, but the Blacksword you are still; and does not rumour say truly that he was the son of Húrin?' It was Túrin's character that betrayed Amon Rúdh, then Nargothrond, and then Brethil.

This character is perhaps reflected in Túrin's own name: 'tur' means 'mastery' (p. 438). It is certainly reflected in the name he took in Brethil: Turambar, Master of Doom. As Nienor says in her last words: 'Master of doom by doom mastered!' (p. 269). Túrin's character led him to tackle his doom head on, but he proved the weaker.

In Hebrew thought, name and character are closely identified: a person's name sums up all that they are as a person. It would be tempting to suggest that this lies behind some of Tolkien's thought in this story. But to support this conjecture we would need to conduct a more detailed study of whether name reflects character, both in the Narn and other writings.

### **Final thoughts**

Two other pairs of names deserve a brief mention. The sword Anglachel (meaning Iron Flame) was a gift from Thingol to Beleg (p. 243), and was taken by Túrin to



Nargothrond, blackened and blunt, mourning for Beleg (p. 252). There it was reforged and renamed Gurthang (meaning Iron of Death). Compare the treatment that Elendil's sword Narsil received when it was reforged for Aragorn as Andúril. It would appear that names are important to swords, but that they are not averse to changing them from time to time.

The other names appear at either end of the Narn, as an inclusio: the lame servant Sador and Brandir, the lame lord of Brethil. 'Túrin called him Labadal, which is 'Hopafot', though the name did not displease Sador, for it was given in pity and not in scorn' (*UT* p. 60). Such was Túrin's friendship with this insignificant servant. Compare his behaviour at the end of his life: 'He spoke evilly to Brandir, calling him Club-foot' (p. 271). This may have been small injury compared with killing him, which is what he did next. But it does reveal the great change that Morgoth's curse had wrought in Túrin: from loving, humble boy into hating, proud warrior.

In Túrin's haughty dealings with Gelmir and Arminas, he says: 'A man's name is his own' (*UT* p. 161). In the context, he was insisting that this gave him a right to keep his name hidden. But at another level, Túrin's name was his own, and this meant that he could not wholly dissociate himself from it or the curse which Morgoth had laid on the kin of Húrin. So it was that time and again Túrin's secrecy gave way to pride, and with each change of name his doom was brought nearer.

**Jeremy King**

## **A note on the name Mîm**

Back in my article in *Anor* 20 ('The Norse Dwarf in Tolkien') I implied that the dwarf Mîm, though much like Andvari of the Volsunga saga, did not bear a Norse name. But recently I noticed that in his Ring Cycle, Wagner has a dwarf named Mime who is the brother of Alberich (the equivalent of Andvari).

I have learnt that Wagner's source for this particular name was Thidriks saga, written in Norway from low German material. Mimir was a smith who fostered Sigurdhr; significantly he was a man and not a dwarf. He corresponds to the Reginn of other sources, who is variously a man, a giant or a dwarf. The first vowel of Mimir is long, just as the circumflex in Mîm denotes length.

One might perhaps draw parallels between Mimir's fosterage of Sigurdhr and Mîm's treatment of Túrin. The fact that Tolkien makes Mîm a dwarf suggests that he owes more to Wagner than he would like to admit (see p. 306 of *Letters*).

**Jeremy King**

## Lonely Island Discs\*

ANNOUNCER: This afternoon on Radio Bree you can hear our weekly gourmet programme *Recipes from the Shire*. Today Gaffer Gamgee gives us more interesting ideas about what we can do with our taters. But now it's time for Lonely Island Discs, introduced by Sue Leggylas.

[*Desert Island Discs music*]

SUE LEGGYLAS: Our castaway this week is certainly no stranger to hardship and adventure, the anguish of having just enough food to eat, the discomfort of having to sleep in the open, travelling enormous distances and meeting strange races. While he was still a boy his parents were drowned in a freak boating accident, and he was taken in by his uncle, the reputedly queer Bilbo Baggins. Like Bilbo, he disappeared in rather mysterious circumstances one day, and returned to the Shire one year later as the conqueror of Sauron and the hero of the Free People, to rid it of the scourge of Sharkey. Along with his faithful companion Sam Gamgee, he is certainly the most widely travelled of our time. Today also happens to be his birthday. I refer of course to Mr Frodo Baggins. Mr Baggins, welcome to the Lonely Island.

FRODO BAGGINS: Thank you, Miss Leggylas.

LEGGYLAS: Mr Baggins, I've just mentioned that in your travels you were not unaccustomed to hardship. How do you think you would cope on the Lonely Island?

BAGGINS: Well, Miss Leggylas – or may I call you Sue?

LEGGYLAS: By all means! [*leans over and touches Baggins' knee*]

BAGGINS: Well, Sue, just because I am, as you say, well acquainted with 'living rough', as my old chum Strider would say, that doesn't mean that I would actually *choose* that kind of life-style – far from it! Give me a warm fire, a cosy hobbit-hole, a seven-course breakfast and a gallon or three of Mr Belcher's – [*ingratiatingly*] or should that be Mr *Butterbur's*? best ale any day. Nevertheless, I do feel that I might cope better than many hobbits – or indeed elves – I could mention. After all, you don't spend several months out in the wilderness with a burly Ranger without learning how to, er . . . look after yourself, if you see what I mean. Obviously, if this Lonely Island comes furnished with the latest designer hobbit-hole, and a 'Sam' Friday, life would be much more pleasant.

LEGGYLAS: You don't feel you would get bored with it all, after such an exciting life?

BAGGINS: Not at all. In fact I would quite appreciate the peace and quiet in which to get on with the book I'm writing.

LEGGYLAS: Yes, well seeing as you've mentioned it, would you like to tell us a bit about your book?

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\* This sketch was performed for the first (and so far only) time at Oxonmoot in September 1990, starring the author as Frodo Baggins, and Monica Gale as Sue Leggylas.

BAGGINS: Certainly, though of course I wouldn't like your listeners to think I was using this programme as free advertising space!

LEGGYLAS: Of course!

BAGGINS: Well, I'm writing a sort of sequel to my Uncle Bilbo's book – he's not actually queer, by the way: just because a hobbit remains unmarried and goes off to live with elves doesn't mean there's anything, er . . . *wrong* with him . . . er . . . anyway, the book is really my travel memoirs – and much better written than Bilbo's, though I say so myself, as well as being considerably longer and more important. It's going to be called *The Hobbit: or There and Back Again to the Future II*. I'm also working on a commentary on Bilbo's translations of the 'Long Lays of the Gay Elves' cycle.

LEGGYLAS: Ah yes, elves. It must have been fascinating to have so much contact with them, to get to know their history, their culture, their language . . .

BAGGINS: Their strange habits! Oh yes, I could tell you a thing or two about elves that would make the hair fall off your feet, as we say in the Shire. That Glorfindel, for instance, he's got a really disgusting fetish for tying . . .

LEGGYLAS: Er, yes, I think it's time we played the first bit of music. Would you like to tell us about it?

BAGGINS: Certainly. As I was saying, he likes to tie . . .

LEGGYLAS: No, no, no: the piece of music!

BAGGINS: Ah. Yes, so sorry. I thought you wanted to know about . . .

SUE LEGGYLAS: No. Well, not on the air, anyway.

BAGGINS: Right. Where were we?

LEGGYLAS: The music.

BAGGINS: Oh yes. This is called the Song of the Eagles. Bit of a giggle, really. If you listen carefully you can hear Sam's cooking gear that got caught up in Gwaihir's feet! I must admit, I *do* quite like the words, so they'll probably be included in the book I'm writing – I have mentioned that I'm writing a book, haven't I?

LEGGYLAS: Yes, indeed you have, and that's enough free plugs. So why exactly have you chosen this piece of music?

BAGGINS: I'll tell you after we've heard it.

{*Eagle music*}†

BAGGINS: That's enough of that. The reason I've chosen it is because if ever I felt like doing myself in, that would be the thing to drive me over the edge.

LEGGYLAS: Quite. Tell me about some of your companions. You've already mentioned Strider, a former regular at The Prancing Pony. He is now, of course, the new king of Gondor.

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† From the BBC Radio adaptation of *The Lord Of the Rings*.

BAGGINS: Yes, he's done rather well for himself. When I first met him he was nothing but a down-and-out hippy who'd broken his sword as a pacifist gesture, and kept mumbling something or other about 'standing stones'. Of course, it'll have to be whitewashed when my book's published.

LEGGYIAS: Ahem!

BAGGINS: Oops! I'm not supposed to mention my book again, am I?

LEGGYIAS: Having spent so much time with him, you obviously know what he's *really* like, underneath that inscrutable, and rather unnerving, persona.

BAGGINS [*guardedly*]: Er, yes, I do.

LEGGYIAS: Well, would you like to give a little insight into what makes the man tick?

BAGGINS: I don't think I'd better – at least, not on the air.

LEGGYIAS: Oh.

BAGGINS: I will tell you this, though: did you know – and not a lot of people know this – that one of the first things he did when he became king was to legalize the smoking of pipeweed in Gondor?

LEGGYIAS: Really? No, I didn't know that.

BAGGINS: Yes, he had it on good medical advice – from Gandalf, I think – that it's perfectly harmless, no ill effects whatsoever, and in no way should it be linked with addiction to harder drugs, such as Rings of Power, for instance. Some of us in the Shire think that it may stunt growth, but Gandalf says that's all a load of troll-droppings, look at him he's been smoking the stuff for centuries. We are in fact waiting for the publication of Meria-*doc* Brandybuck's full report, but as he's a well-known user, you can probably guess the result. Hardly touch the stuff myself.

LEGGYIAS: Tell us a bit about Sam.

BAGGINS: Ah yes, dear old Sam. Cheap gardener, passable cook, not too bright. Only came with me because he had a fixation for elves. He soon changed his mind when he found out what they're *really* like, though – especially that Glorfindel!

LEGGYIAS: You've often said that if it weren't for Sam you wouldn't be here today, that he helped you in your hour of need, that he played a significant – if supporting – role in your destruction of the Ring.

BAGGINS: Well, I have to say that or he'd tell everyone that really I *pushed* Gollum into the Cracks of Doom. Serves him right for biting my finger off, I say, but Sam seemed to think it would be better to claim that he, er, *fell* in.

LEGGYIAS: I understand that you've left Bag End to him in your will. Is this a reward for his dogged loyalty?

BAGGINS: No, that was part of the agreement too. Between you and me, it's the only place big enough to accommodate his ego this side of Moria.

LEGGYIAS: I believe he is responsible for the next piece of music?

BAGGINS: Yes, some tripped-out ditty about trolls. He's been eating those funny mushrooms again, I reckon.

[*troll song*]<sup>‡</sup>

LEGGYLAS: Well I don't think we'd better have any more of your musical selections. On the Lonely Island you are also allowed a book. What have you chosen?

BAGGINS: Well, Miss Leggylas – er, Sue – it would have to be Vol 17 of *The Long Lays of the Gay Elves*, illustrated edition of course. There's a great bit in that about Glorfindel, but the copy in the Rivendell library has had all the pictures ripped out by Elrond, for some reason. Bilbo reckons he sent them as a joke to Galadriel, but I think he's just stuck them on his bedroom ceiling.

LEGGYLAS: Quite. Well, Mr Baggins, it's been, erm . . . *enlightening* talking to you. Thank you for joining me on the Lonely Island.

BAGGINS: Thank you for inviting me – though if I'd had my parents' luck I probably wouldn't actually have made it ashore!

LEGGYLAS: One final question before we finish: Why *do* hobbits have furry feet?

BAGGINS: Well, it's not something that we like discussing with Big Folk, so . . .

LEGGYLAS: It's alright, your secret's safe with me.

BAGGINS: Well . . . only when we're off the air!

LEGGYLAS: If you prefer . . .

My castaway next week is Lobelia Sackville-Baggins, so things should be a little more . . . conventional. So until then, goodbye.

Now, Frodo, about those furry feet . . .

ANNOUNCER: Lonely Island Discs was presented by Sue Leggylas, and produced by someone who drinks too much.

LEGGYLAS [*quietly*]: Ooooh!

BAGGINS [*quietly*]: Are you *sure* we're off the air?

ANNOUNCER: And now on Radio Bree, something else . . .

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‡ From the audio cassette of J.R.R. Tolkien reading and singing selected passages from *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*.

## Reviews

Robert E. Morse *Evocations of Virgil in Tolkien's Art: Geritol for the Classics* (Oak Park, Illinois: Bolchazy-Carducci, 1986)

It is usually assumed by Tolkien's biographers and critics that his major 'sources' for his Middle-earth writings are to be sought in the literature of Northern Europe: in Norse saga, Anglo-Saxon poetry and the Finnish *Kalevala*. We should not forget, however, that he began his university career reading *Litterae Humaniores* (or classics, as it is known in more sensible universities). Morse's study of Virgilian echoes in *LotR* attempts to right this imbalance by suggesting that Tolkien's conception of heroism and the role of the individual in society is closely related to the ideals explored in the *Aeneid*. Morse adduces a wealth of parallels between the plots, characters and world-views of the two works, with the aim of demonstrating that Tolkien self-consciously modelled his own 'epic' on the *Aeneid*, rather as Virgil's poem itself alludes constantly to the Homeric epics.

The study is centred on three characters: Frodo, Aragorn and Denethor (although Morse does discuss some more general similarities between the two works in his concluding chapter). He argues that the two heroes of *LotR* both resemble Virgil's hero, Aeneas, though in slightly different ways. Like Frodo, Aeneas is reluctant to accept the quest which is laid upon him (the voyage from Troy to Italy to found the city of Lavinium, which will in the fulness of time make possible the foundation of Rome). Both heroes would rather have stayed at home, are initially uncertain of their destination, and depend on others for leadership and advice, but sacrifice their personal desires for the needs of the community. The concept of *pietas* or duty (to gods, kin and country) is central to the *Aeneid*, and Morse suggests that it is also central to *LotR*. Aragorn, too, labours on behalf of others, and places the needs of others above his own desires, and Morse argues that he resembles Aeneas in his more conventionally heroic aspect, as the leader chosen by Fate. Both Frodo and Aragorn also undertake a journey through a kind of Acheron or Underworld, as Aeneas does in the central book of Virgil's poem. Morse makes the very interesting suggestion that the Dead Marshes are the counterpart in Frodo's part of the story to the Paths of the Dead in Aragorn's. In all three cases, the episode is a turning-point in the hero's career and the development of his character.

Denethor, on the other hand, is a kind of anti-Aragorn, who puts his own people at risk through his pride and desire for personal glory and dies in a mad frenzy, resembling the Virgilian *furor*, which is opposed to *pietas* throughout the poem. In this sense, Denethor's Virgilian counterpart is the Carthaginian queen, Dido, who kills herself in a frenzy of grief and remorse when Aeneas leaves her, abandoning her people and ultimately bringing about the destruction of Carthage. The comparison is not an obvious one, and Morse's discussion here is both interesting and illuminating.

Not all the parallels he finds between the two poems are equally convincing, and the argument is sometimes forced, particularly where Morse argues that Virgil was Tolkien's main or even exclusive model. The book's major weakness, however, is that the argument is not taken as far as it might be. Morse is often content simply to list parallels, without discussing the extent to which the characters really resemble each other. Differences are often as illuminating as similarities: Morse points out, for example, that the emphasis on pity and mercy in *LotR* contrasts sharply with the end of the *Aeneid*, where the hero is overcome by anger, and kills his enemy Turnus, despite the latter's pleas for mercy. Morse might have paid much more attention to contrasts of this kind, especially in his discussion of Tolkien's conception of Fate, which is markedly different from Virgil's.

Morse's prose style is extremely pedestrian (at times incoherent), so that the book is not as enjoyable to read as it might be. It is also marred by a number of extremely irritating spelling-mistakes (Tisephone for Tisiphone, Ampanctus for Amsanctus, geneology for genealogy). I might be charitable enough to call these typos, if it weren't for the fact that several of them occur more than once! A degree of familiarity with the plot of the *Aeneid* is assumed, but enough information is given in passing that the book should be reasonably accessible to anyone benighted enough not to have read Virgil (personally, I'd say go read Virgil instead, but that's just my opinion, and I *am* slightly biased!).

Despite these imperfections, and the rather absurd title (and even more absurd cover illustration – but I don't suppose the author was responsible for that), Morse has some interesting ideas, particularly on Tolkien's conception of heroism and of history. The book could have been better argued and better written, but it nevertheless offers some new and intriguing insights into *LotR* and its literary models.

**Monica Gale**

*Ancrene Wisse: the English text of the Ancrene Riwe, MS. Corpus Christi College Cambridge 402, Early English Text Society No. 249, edited by J.R.R. Tolkien, with an introduction by N.R. Ker (Oxford University Press, London, 1962). Hardback, 223 pages.*

This is definitely a book review. No matter that the book was published over thirty years ago. It would not do to write two main articles in the same edition of *Anor*.

My purchase of this book was somewhat impulsive. I was in Heffers buying Hartshorne's well-known book on Algebraic Geometry (this is not the place to attempt a review of that book) and happened to wander down to the section on Old Norse and Early English. Seeing a book with Tolkien's name on the spine, I picked it up for a closer look. Since the only price I could find on it was 30 shillings, I had to enquire at the desk for the current price. After some trouble, I was told it would be ten pounds. I decided that, for a Tolkien hardback, that was an offer I could not refuse.

Finding the price was not the end of my troubles: the assistant remarked that my signature looked nothing like that on my account card. Fortunately she then added that they implicitly trust their customers, especially those buying Early English texts. This struck me as showing a naive confidence in the sort of loonies who buy Early English texts (especially those who buy Maths books at the same time).

The *Ancrene Wisse* is interesting as one of the few academic works that Tolkien published. Indeed, we are fortunate that this one was ever completed. In 1945 he wrote:

I'm also in serious trouble with the Clarendon Press; and with my lost friend Mlle. Simonne d'Ardenne, who has suddenly reappeared . . . waving the MSS. of a large work we began together and promised to the Early English Text Soc. Which has not forgotten it – nor my own book on *The Ancrene Riwele*, which is all typed out.'

Letter 98 [4]

'*Ancrene Riwele*' (rule for anchoresses) is another name for '*Ancrene Wisse*' (guide for anchoresses). We next hear of it in 1952:

I have on my plate not only the "great works", but the overdue professional work I was finishing up at Cambridge (edition of the *Ancrene Wisse*)."

Letter 134 [4]

The manuscript Tolkien worked from belongs to Corpus Christi College, so presumably he spent a fair amount of his time in the library there. Not enough though, to judge from what he wrote in 1960:

The crimes of omission that I committed in order to complete the "L. of the R." are being avenged. The chief is the *Ancrene Riwele*. My edition of the prime MS. should have been completed *many years* ago! I did at least try to clear it out of the way before retirement, and by a vast effort sent in the text in Sept. 1958. But . . . my MS. disappeared into the confusion of the Printing Strike. The proofs actually arrived at the beginning of *this* June . . . I stalled for a while, but I am now under extreme pressure: 10 hours hard per diem day after day, trying to induce order into a set of confused and desperately tricky proofs, and notes. And then I have to write an introduction . . . Until the proofs of the text at least have gone back, I cannot lift my head.'

Letter 223 [4]

In the end, rather than waiting for Tolkien, the introduction was written by Neil Ker. I have some sympathy with Tolkien's predicament, since I am currently trying to get a hundred pages of PhD thesis written whilst fighting off the distractions of May Week and writing for *Anor*. But I hope I shall take less than the seventeen years (or probably more) that he took. He writes to his son Michael in 1962:

'My *Ancrene Wisse* also got between covers this week at last, but as it is only a text (with textual footnotes) in extremely archaic M. English, I do not think you would be amused by it.'

Letter 243 [4]



*The Lord of the Rings* took eighteen years to write, but that was a book five times as long and was not part of his professional work.

The *Ancrene Wisse* was written c. 1225 in Herefordshire as a guide for anchoresses: these are, of course, female hermits and have nothing to do with anchors,<sup>a</sup> despite the folk etymology that the author indulges in on p. 74. The content is as archaic as the language, dealing much in dubious allegorical interpretation of Scripture to justify asceticism. He tells us, for example:

[Jesus] rising from death to life in the early morning is a clear reproach to those who are slothful and too fond of sleep.'

p. 132

I had always understood that Jesus' resurrection was the ultimate vindication of his claims to be the unique Son of God, but apparently he was just telling us to get up earlier. However, the author does urge restraint in the use of 'discipline': in particular the wearing of hedgehog skins is out (see p. 214).

Even if one disagrees with the author's arguments, one cannot deny his skill in illustrating them. My favourite is his description of the Flatterer and the Back-Biter as the devil's 'gong men' (see p. 45). This brought back to me my earliest memories of the CTS, on its trip to see the latrines at Mountfichet castle and to learn about those whose job was to tend them (see the report in [1]).

Although Tolkien may have had more sympathy with the sort of 'spirituality' here encouraged than your puritan reviewer, there is no doubt that his primary interest in the *Ancrene Wisse* was linguistic. In 1929 he wrote an influential article about it in *Essays and Studies* [3]. In it he argues that the language it was written in was the current dialect of the West Midlands and that the scribe of the manuscript was a native speaker.<sup>b</sup>

'This language now appears archaic, almost "semi-saxon" as the term once was, after nearly seven and a half centuries; and it is also "dialectal" to us whose language is based mainly on the speech of the other side of England, whereas the soil in which it grew was that of the West Midlands and the Marches of Wales. But it was in its day and to its users a natural, easy, and cultivated speech, familiar with the courtesy of letters, able to combine colloquial liveliness with a reverence for the already long tradition of English writing.'

From the preface to [2]

This was a language that Tolkien loved, due to his own connections with the West Midlands and also its resistance to all things French. These linguistic ideas are reflected

<sup>a</sup> Editor's note: 'Anchor' is derived ultimately from Gk ἀγκυρα (*ankura*), something bent; 'anchorite' is from Gk ἀνα (*ana*, up) + χαιρεῖν (*chorein*, to go), to go inland, to withdraw.

<sup>b</sup> Editor's note: This hypothesis is discussed – and ultimately endorsed – in Bella Millett and Jocelyn Wogan-Browne (edd.) *Medieval English prose for women: selections from the Katherine Group and Ancrene Wisse*, Oxford, 1990, pp. 164f.

in Middle-earth in the language of the Rohirrim, untainted by long contact with Gondor and preserving the ancient traditions of the Vales of the Anduin. One line of the *Ancrene Wisse* makes an appearance in the poem 'Tom Bombadil goes boating': a fact which appealed greatly to Tolkien (see Letter 237 and notes in [4]).

The content of the *Ancrene Wisse* is not reflected: there are few hermits in Middle-earth. Tom Bombadil confines himself to the Old Forest, but he is not ascetic. Frodo becomes reclusive after his return, but hardly a hermit. Radagast has some of the marks of a hermit, but this role gains no approval.

If you are interested in the content of the *Ancrene Wisse* but, like myself, your Old Icelandic is much better than your Middle English, there are several translations into modern English. The CTS-approved translation is the one by Mary Salu [2], a graduate student of Tolkien's, which has a preface by Tolkien. I do not know whether this translation is still in print,<sup>c</sup> but it is available in several college libraries.

The translation also has an introduction by Dom Gerard Sitwell O.S.B. (Order of St Benedict), a scholarly monk from St Benet's Hall in Oxford. I have been unable to determine how well he knew Tolkien. In the Notion Club Papers there appears 'Dom Jonathan Markison, O.S.B. New College, Master of St Cuthbert's Hall' (see p. 160 of [5]). The primary reference is probably to Rev Gervase Mathew, a Dominican monk and a regular of the Inklings: Markison would be a natural pun on the surname Mathew. But the name may have been influenced by Tolkien's contacts with Gerard Sitwell.

It is worth making an aside on one of the other names in the Notion Club Papers, that of 'John Jethro Rashbold'. Christopher Tolkien remarks that 'Rashbold' is a translation of Tolkien. He does not point out that 'Jethro' is related to 'Reuel': both were names of Moses' father-in-law.

My interest in the *Ancrene Wisse* is, like Tolkien's, a linguistic one. Indeed it is primarily through Tolkien that I have gained a love of language (gained when I abandoned French for German and Icelandic). So it is good to have on my bookshelf one of Tolkien's few academic works, and it will provide some valuable quotes for my thesis.

**Jeremy King**

### *References*

- [1] M. Percival (et al.). A long-awaited journey, *Anor* 19 (Cambridge Tolkien Society, 1989).
- [2] *The Ancrene Riwe*, translated by M.B. Salu, with an introduction by G. Sitwell and a preface by J.R.R. Tolkien (Burns & Oates, London, 1955).
- [3] J.R.R. Tolkien, 'Ancrene Wisse and Hali Meidhad', *Essays and Studies by members of the English Association* 14 (Oxford, 1929), 104-126.
- [4] *The letters of J.R.R. Tolkien* (Allen & Unwin, London, 1981).
- [5] J.R.R. Tolkien, *Sauron Defeated* (HarperCollins, London, 1992).

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<sup>c</sup> Editor's note: It was reprinted in 1990.

## Next Term

As always the highlight of Michaelmas Term will be the the Fore-Yule Feast. This will be held (probably) at 1 Leete Road, Cherry Hinton (it's not that far, honest!) on **Saturday 25 November**. This wonderful evening's entertainment involves lots of food (including the legendary mushroom soup, huge turkey, spuds, salad, chocolate cake) lots of drink (cider, beer, even *soft drinks!*), and lots of people in Tolkien-related costume (well, sometimes). There's a prize for the best costume, so get sewing those blankets now! For the riotous, the evening will wind up with the usual hearty rendition of gems from the Tolkien Society Songbook. So bring plenty of gusto. Further details (like cost and booking form) will appear on a missive closer to the time.

At the time of going to press other events are still unconfirmed, but watch out for the squash (probably on 10 October – and, for a change, no *Noggin the Nog*), something to mark the 929th anniversary of the Battle of Hastings (14 October, for those who don't have this black date engraved on their heart), and maybe even a talk/discussion if yours truly gets round to writing something.

Keep an eye on those missives!

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