

ANOR

The cover features a decorative border with two Art Nouveau style columns on either side. The columns are adorned with intricate, swirling vine-like patterns and leaves. At the top of each column is a decorative finial. In the center, between the columns, is a starburst or sunburst motif. The entire design is rendered in black lines on a white background.

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EDITORIAL

*When winter first begins to bite, and stones crack in the frosty night, when pools are black and trees are bare, 'tis evil in the Wild to fare – so stay in and read *Anor*, instead. It's what Bilbo Baggins would do.*

And what an *Anor* we have for you this term! In addition to our usual report on the 2020 Varsity Quiz – perhaps the last of its kind, now that Samuel has ascended to the role of quizmaster – we have a glorious article exploring the role of eucatastrophe in *Lord of the Rings*, and a vast array of parody, poetry and song. Whether you're looking for Monty Python dwarves, Shakespearean sonnets (in multiple languages and writing systems!) or the terrifying combination of Lobelia Sackville-Baggins and ABBA, *Anor* has you covered.

May you find food for thought and good cheer within – and happy reading!

Daeron (Eleanor Smith)

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ANOTHER YEAR, ANOTHER QUIZ

Or: The End of All Things

Samuel Cook

Another year has rolled round, which meant it was time for another Tolkien Varsity Quiz. In fact, for my last Tolkien Varsity Quiz, because I won't be a student¹ by this time next year and will consequently ban myself from taking part. I may, of course, write the thing...

Anyway, this year, I was still very much competing, so the team² set off to Oxford, accompanied by Mark, who'd be officiating as quizmaster, in the car I'd hired. Between the A421 being shut at Milton Keynes and some heavy hail showers, the servants of the Dark Lord seemed intent on preventing us reaching our destination, but the doughty Men of Minas Tirith were not to be put off by such foul play and we persevered in our journey. We arrived at the restaurant Taruithorn, our opponents, had booked for lunch slightly late, but not as late as Taruithorn themselves. Clearly the minions of the Enemy had been active in Oxford too.

After lunch, we proceeded to the traditional venue of LR2 in Christ Church to begin the quiz. There were 11 rounds

¹ Or indeed in the country.

² Me, Eleanor, Daniel and Leah.

this year, entirely written by our current Steward, Brigid, and Rachel, one of our alumnae, so we were expecting something fairly ASNaC-y. We were not to be disappointed.

Round 1, though, was on the more usual topic of *The Hobbit*, which it seemed Minas Tirith knew rather better than Taruithorn, emerging victors by 11.5 points to 4, giving us a lead that we were not to surrender for the rest of the quiz.³ Round 2, on Names, allowed us to widen our lead, as we won it 10-6. We also got our first indication of ASNaCification, when we were asked which character's name translated into Old English as Doegred Winsterhand. No, me neither. Turns out it's Maedhros; we guessed Beren.

Round 3, on Tolkien the Academic, led to a reversal of fortunes, though, as Taruithorn ran out victors by 7.5 to 3. This was a very ASNaC round and it turned out none of us really knew enough about Tolkien's academic work. I have read *Finn and Hengest*, *The Monsters and the Critics*, *Beowulf* and *The Homecoming of Beorhtnoth*, as well as other relevant things, but only once and a long time ago. There's not much call for studying that kind of thing in a

³ Sorry, I hope you weren't expecting a suspenseful thriller here.

PhD on numerical modelling of glaciers.⁴ So we fell a bit flat on our face on that one.

We then encountered the first Taboo round, which Taruithorn, entirely expectedly, won,⁵ but only by 4 seconds, thanks to Eleanor's effective describing, meaning they only gained a single point. We had lost a couple of rounds on the trot, though, so were keen to try to re-assert our dominance, which we did on Round 5, *The Lord of the Rings*, taking it by 8.5 points to 6. We widened the gap further in Round 6, a list round where we had to name as many characters that appeared in the Peter Jackson films of *The Hobbit*, but not in the book, as we could, winning by 3 points, and again in Round 7, on Colours, where we won 9-6. At this point, we were well ahead (46-30.5), but not so far that we could rest on our laurels.

Round 8, another Taboo round, then hove into view and, again, despite further sterling work by Eleanor trying to describe things like *tehtar*, we lost, though not by much, meaning Taruithorn only gained a couple of points. Was

⁴ Not that there's much call for learning everything about the legendarium either, which I have got a good way to doing, but that's just inherently more fun. Unless you're actually studying Old-English-related matters, a lot of Tolkien's academic work isn't all that gripping or comprehensible.

⁵ They're always better than us at Taboo.

this going to mark the start of a famous fightback?⁶ As it turned out, not really – Round 9 was on *The Silmarillion*, and if there's one thing I genuinely know better than the back of my own hand, it's that book. So, we won 14-2. There were a couple of rounds left, but they were something of a dead rubber at this point.

The penultimate round, Round 10, was on music in the legendarium, which we just about won 9-7, and the final round, Round 11, was on Tolkien's sources, inspiration and reception. Another ASNaC round, in other words, which Taruithorn again proved better than us on, winning it 9-6. The final score was therefore 72 points to Minas Tirith, versus 50.5 points to Taruithorn. Not a massacre, but a comfortable win for the Men of Gondor. Which meant I was finishing my Tolkien Varsity Quiz career on a high and with a lifetime record of 6 wins to 1 loss.⁷ My task is done, now someone else can become the resident source of all knowledge. Or maybe no one will, and people can actually have fun at the quiz again. Much like Manwë, I look forward to watching how future iterations play out from the comfort of my own personal mountain.

⁶ Clearly no, because I told you right at the start that we won. But you might have forgotten that by now, so I thought I'd try to re-suspend things.

⁷ Fresher me didn't know enough. His loss was why I decided to learn everything. At least I can be happy I achieved that.

The journey back was uneventful – the servants of Sauron seemed to have desisted in their efforts to frustrate us. The A421 was still shut, but we knew about it now and had no problem avoiding it. Thus ended the day.

To close, I'd like to thank Taruithorn for being excellent hosts and putting up a good show; Mark, for being quizmaster yet again; and the rest of the Minas Tirith team, for humouring me. Let's hope the Quiz still has many years to run!

JOYOUS TURNS

Episodic, Fatal, and Ultimate Eucatastrophes in *The Lord of the Rings*

Sarah Nahreen Shahan

In 1944, J. R. R. Tolkien wrote a letter to his son, Christopher, about an experience at St. Gregory's that left him mulling over a single word with great enthusiasm and a sense of illumination. He and his daughter, Priscilla, had just heard "one of Fr. C's best sermons" which contained a story about a seriously ill boy, whose ending was expected to be one of sorrow (Tolkien, Letter 89). Yet, with what appeared to be a miraculous turn of events, the boy's story concluded with unexpected hope for a happy resolution. In the sermon, the priest had used this story to parallel a passage in the Gospel of Luke about Jairus' daughter, which left Tolkien "deeply moved," contemplating a "particular emotion we all" experience.

This emotion, Tolkien explains, is "the very thing [he had] been trying to write about...in that fairy-story essay". He coined the term "eucatastrophe"—a single word expressing an essential "sudden happy turn in a story which pierces you with a joy that brings tears". It is, in short, a miracle—an "intrusion into real or ordinary life" that shifts the story's path towards hope and a

happy ending. It was then that Tolkien perceived the highest function of a fairy story, whereby the eucatastrophe offers “a sudden glimpse of Truth”.

Later, in 1947, Tolkien’s lecture-turned-essay called “On Fairy Stories” was published, in which he articulates how eucatastrophe stands as the central pillar upholding the form of fairytale, flanked by the additional elements of fantasy, escape, consolation, and recovery. When broken down, the etymology of the word *eucatastrophe* offers a deeper understanding about its function. The Greek prefix *eu*, meaning “good,” is latched onto *catastrophe*, meaning “sudden and unexpected disaster” (Oxford Languages Dictionary). The word *catastrophe* is itself a combined word in Greek; its parts are the stems *kata*, meaning “down” and *strephein*, meaning “to turn”. Thus, with the connotation of something unexpected, *catastrophe* is literally an overturning, a sudden flip into chaos. Tolkien’s attachment of *eu* is what coins his concept for fairy stories—a “good overturning” that appears miraculously or suddenly, is what will lead the events of life (fictional or otherwise) out of chaos and back onto a hopeful path towards Truth and Joy.

This, however, does not eliminate the inclusion of sorrow and suffering. The word *catastrophe*, with its denotation, is still present within the word eucatastrophe. There is still grief and unhappiness within the events of Tolkien’s mythology, let alone within all true fairy stories, and,

most pointedly, in reality. This grief would be known as *dyscatastrophe*, the “sorrow and failure” (“OFS” 13) recognized by Tolkien in his acknowledgement that “each and all men, and all their works shall die” (Tolkien, *The Monsters and the Critics* 109). Yet, even without this term, the inclusion of *catastrophe* makes it clear to the careful reader that the happy ending will contain elements of sorrow that lend an additional poignancy to the final victory. Thus, eucatastrophe rejects the idea that sorrow and death are *final and complete*, particularly when examined from a Christian perspective (which will be more thoroughly discussed later). Thus, while *dyscatastrophe* is necessary for there to be a turn back towards Joy, it is also fleeting. Eucatastrophe, however, and all that follows (restoration, redemption, and truth), *is* ultimate and final. This, Tolkien affirms, is the “mark of a good fairy story” (“OFS” 14).

Because Tolkien desired to create a complete and comprehensive mythology for England by melding together the influences of fairy, fantasy, and romance, the concept of eucatastrophe is necessary to his myth’s structure. Therefore, its application as the highest function of the fairytale genre will be examined in *The Lord of the Rings* (1954-5) by exploring its portrayal within certain events of the novel. I argue for distinctions between different types of eucatastrophe, namely *episodic*, *fatal*, and *ultimate* eucatastrophes. I do not intend

these various types to devalue Tolkien's concept of eucatastrophe in any way. Rather, given that Tolkien's works are thorough, complex, layered, and long, these distinctions of eucatastrophe that I am suggesting are merely ways to further appreciate and examine the content and structure of his legendarium. His essay, "On Fairy Stories", is not being used as a guide to his fantasy, but rather one lens in which to examine it. Furthermore, each of these types of eucatastrophe will be elaborated on throughout the discussion, beginning with episodic eucatastrophe.

Episodic eucatastrophes appear on a smaller, concentrated, scale. They are powerful and significant to the immediate plot, but they are mostly effective only within their specific episodes. One example of episodic eucatastrophe is Boromir's temptation towards the end of *The Fellowship of the Ring*. Boromir's temptation, which occurs during the crumbling stages of the Fellowship, is poignant in that readers witness the corruptive power of the Ring and the weakness of Men. Yet it would be amiss to conclude that Boromir is merely a weak, dishonorable character. On the contrary, the eucatastrophic outcome of his temptation proves that he is still a good, courageous member. His biting words are tainted and spurred on by the cloying power of the Ring, yet they become remorseful after a very clear and quick eucatastrophe:

“True hearted Men, they will not be corrupted . . . We do not desire of the power of wizard-lords, only strength to defend ourselves, strength in a just cause. And behold! In our need chance brings to light the Ring of Power. It is a gift, I say; a gift to the foes of Mordor. It is mad not to use it, to use the power of the enemy against him . . . I am a true man . . . I need your Ring. . . Give it to me!”

. . . Then, catching his foot on a stone, he fell sprawling and lay upon his face. For a while he was still as if his own curse had struck him down; then suddenly he wept . . . ‘What have I done? Frodo! Frodo!’” (Tolkien, *The Lord of the Rings* 398-400)

Contextually, readers know that Galadriel had previously tested Boromir (as well as each member of the Fellowship) by placing the downfall of Gondor in his mind, with hope of it being restored if there is a power to defend it (*TLOTR* 358). In this moment, Boromir thinks the power of the Ring can save Gondor (blind to the idea of a good king), and that it will provide the “strength to defend” themselves “in a just cause”. But, as it has long been established, the minds of Men are weak, and contrary to what he believes in his moment of temptation, the extreme power is corruptive. He, like anyone, despairs under the call of the Ring. Its power is so extreme, and so evil, that it can even turn good intentions—like Boromir’s desire for the safety of his people—into dire motives for possession. This raises the

question of the nature of the Ring itself. Is it a sentient, distinct, entity of evil? Or, does it act as a psychic amplifier, drawing out others' weaknesses (and even their good intentions) and perverting them? In the case of Boromir, the Ring preys on the weakness of his human mind and debauches his good intentions, making the episodic eucatastrophe of this scene all the more poignant.

Even though Frodo carries the memory of Boromir with him throughout his journey, this particular event is contained to the immediate plot. Boromir's "turn" greatly affects both Frodo and himself in this moment, but it is not instrumental to the outcome of the entire narrative. The episodic eucatastrophe in Boromir's situation arises when he "[catches] his foot on a stone" and falls "upon his face", feeling as if "his own curse had struck him down", and he begins to weep. In this case, there is quite a literal "turn" for Boromir back towards Truth—the tripping on a stone that otherwise would never have been in his way ("OFS" 13). With the miraculous turn, he knocks himself out of the trance of the Ring, and then faces forward once more with the realization, or the *recovery*, of seeing "a clear view" of what has happened (9), desperately desiring restoration with repentant words. Later, in "The Departure of Boromir", we also learn of how the eucatastrophe experienced by Boromir turns him from being a near-

villain figure to a self-sacrificing hero, proving that, ultimately, Boromir is a loyal member of the Fellowship. His unfortunate experience with the Ring demonstrates both the consuming power of evil as well as the ability to overcome such evil with the extension of “miraculous grace” – with eucatastrophe (9).

Similarly, the episodic eucatastrophe found when Éowyn stows away as a soldier is also powerful and significant to the immediate plot, yet remains mostly concentrated within its own chapter. It occurs after Théoden is wounded during the War of the Ring, just before his death,

“Then out of the blackness in [Théoden’s] mind he thought that he heard Dernhelm speaking; yet now the voice seemed strange, recalling some other voice he had known . . . A sword rang as it was drawn. ‘Do what you will; but I will hinder it, if I may.’

‘Hinder me? Thou fool. No living man may hinder me!’

‘But no living man am I! You look upon a woman.’

. . . A little to the left facing them stood she whom he had called Dernhelm. But the helm of her secrecy had fallen from her. . . A sword was in her hand, and she raised her shield against the horror of her enemy’s eyes.” (*TLOTR* 843)

It is not simply Éowyn's appearance as a soldier that is eucatastrophic in this scene, but rather it is her sudden revelation *as a woman*. It is not Théoden's sister's son, Éomer,¹ who arrives in loyal pursuit of the Witch King, but rather his sister's daughter. Éowyn stows away as Dernhelm, pretending to be a male Rider so as to avoid being "left behind . . . to mind the house while [the others] win renown" (*TLOTR* 785). Given that the Rohirrim are greatly influenced by Anglo-Saxon culture (Honnegar 117), it makes sense that the name she has chosen for herself is the Old English name *Dernhelm*, meaning "hidden protector" (Oxford Languages Dictionary). Therefore, Éowyn's eucatastrophe is foreshadowed in this chapter by the meaning of her pseudonym. She, under the guise of Dernhelm, aims to be one who protects against the enemy.²

¹ In fairytale and chivalric literature, a "sister's son" is heavy with implications regarding lineage and loyalty. A king having a nephew guarantees that his bloodline carries on. While a direct heir, like a son, is also desirable and cultivates loyalty, the offspring of a sister is an even stronger security. In Éowyn's case, she is Théoden's niece, not nephew, and yet she as the niece not only takes on the position of loyalty found in a male heir, but goes beyond this in being able to defeat the Witch King.

² For the careful reader, this recalls her brother Éomer's remark after Gimli suddenly appears and saves the former's life: "Oft the unbidden guest proves the best company."

Yet it is her true self, that which lies under the semblance of Dernhelm, that renders this scene eucatastrophic. The Witch King makes it terrifyingly clear that “no living man” may “hinder” him. And what is Éowyn’s response? It is the turn that has the ability to bring readers “near to tears”, and allows them a “catch of breath, a beat and a lifting of the heart” (“OFS” 13). It is the sudden revelation that “no living man [is she]”, for the Witch King now “look[s] upon a woman” (*TLOTR* 843). Before her reveal, it appears that she is about to be killed by the Witch King, compounding the traumatic loss of Théoden. Yet it is exposing herself as a woman that serves as the miraculous turn of this episode, because she suddenly becomes the means by which the Witch King of Angmar can be destroyed, leading the defenses against Sauron a step closer towards restored Joy. Of course, a careful reader would know from earlier hints that Éowyn is the disguised warrior. Nonetheless, the Witch King does *not* know of her identity, and a great part of the joy and suspense that comes with her revelation is the Witch King’s sudden shift from ignorance to knowledge. Her episodic eucatastrophe is one that portrays a moment of grace, a literary exhale from all the pain that has just transpired. After an influx of death and sorrow,

Éowyn, previously deemed unwanted and unneeded in battle, proves to be the most necessary company.

Dernhelm is put aside, and Éowyn miraculously arises to turn the tide of battle.

Like Boromir's temptation, Éowyn's fight is filled with anguish and *dyscatastrophe*. There is anger and pain in Boromir's repentance, and there is grief in Éowyn's loss of her uncle the King of Rohan. Certainly, "failure" is involved, as Tolkien notes there would be ("OFS" 13). Boromir failed to do what he expressed "true hearted Men" would never do, and even in her valor, Éowyn could not save Théoden. Yet Tolkien explains in his essay that "the possibility of these is necessary for the joy of deliverance". There is a price to be paid, the stakes are high, and these losses make the final victory all the more meaningful. The deliverance he speaks of is freedom from final, perpetual suffering. And within each episode, there is joy of deliverance indeed. There is hope, for Boromir's temptation leads to Frodo's determination in trekking to Mordor, and Éowyn's fight leads to the death of the Witch King.

While these two events work as examples of episodic *eucatastrophe*, there are also occasions of what I term *fatal eucatastrophe*. This is not to suggest that some *eucatastrophes* are deadly or disastrous. Rather, the term "fatal" is used in its most original, etymological sense, being concerned with the idea of "fate". The "sudden joyous 'turn'" of these events affects the fate of the grander narrative, not just a concentrated episode.

Furthermore, fatal eucatastrophes are essential in bringing the entire fairytale to the “consolation of a happy ending”, and they are often foreshadowed or developed over longer periods of time within the story.

Fatal eucatastrophic events also guide the legendarium more comprehensively through the other important elements of the fairytale genre, including consolation and restoration. Examples of this kind of eucatastrophe include the Rohirrim’s arrival at Gondor, Gollum’s role after Frodo’s failure to destroy the ring, and the arrival of the Eagles. It is interesting to note that, while there are certainly other examples of fatal eucatastrophe throughout Tolkien’s legendarium,³ these major events each happen in *The Return of the King*, the final third of the narrative. Each of them occurs after other battles have commenced and concluded, the minds of kings have brewed, and the hearts and words of other prominent characters have churned. Time has passed in Middle-earth, and thus, the “setting[s]” for the “turn[s]” of grander eucatastrophe have been cultivated (14).

Certainly, one of the most moving scenes of fatal eucatastrophe is that of the Rohirrim answering the call of Gondor. Ever since the first chapter of book five, “Minas Tirith,” readers are quite aware of the pending

³ i.e., Gandalf’s arrival at Helm’s Deep in *The Two Towers*, the Eagles arriving in *The Hobbit*, etc.

doom upon Gondor when Pippin cries to Gandalf, “Look! Fire!” and the beacons of Gondor are made clear, “calling for aid” (*TLOTR* 747). Later in this chapter, Gandalf’s presence at the Great Gate of the Men of Gondor spurs alarm within the men, as Gandalf’s arrival convinces them that “the storm is indeed nigh” (751). Additionally, the tension continues to brew in “The Muster of Rohan” when Théoden is met with an errand-rider of Gondor seeking his help, and Théoden says “at the least” Rohan will try to send troops within “a week” – a response most unsettling to the messenger, for the enemy is already at their doorstep (800). It is this evolving sense of doom and fear that then makes the continuous, “wildly” rolling drums ever the more terrifying when, only a few days later, the Nazgûl finally begin to assault the gates of Gondor and battle begins (828). Tolkien repeats certain phrases such as, “Grond crawled on”, and “the drums rolled and rattled”, affirming fear and extinguishing hope.

But then, it comes. Beyond the stance of Gandalf, just when all seems to be lost, and the Black Rider appears to have succeeded, “a cock crow[s]”, like a “welcoming” call that receives an answer—the horns of Rohan, coming to turn the tide of battle in one of Middle-earth’s most desperate moments (829). It is long hoped for, and it is sudden. The arrival of the Riders stands as a eucatastrophic turn towards victory, shifting the fate of

the largest battle in the third age within the entire War of the Ring. For all the steeping tension and despair evident in the moments leading up to the Siege of Gondor and the Battle of the Pelennor Fields, the fatal eucatastrophe of Rohan's sudden aid is an event that surely brings one "near to tears", for it offers "a piercing glimpse of joy . . . as poignant as grief" ("OFS" 13).

Another example of fatal eucatastrophe critical to the outcome of the overall narrative occurs when Frodo fails to destroy the Ring in the fires of Mordor. As Tolkien writes at the end of "Mount Doom",

"Sam got up. He was dazed . . . he saw a strange and terrible thing. Gollum on the edge of the abyss was fighting like a mad thing with an unseen foe . . . Suddenly, Sam saw Gollum's long hands draw upwards to his mouth; his white fangs gleamed, and then snapped as they bit. Frodo gave a cry, and there he was, fallen upon his knees at the chasm's edge. But Gollum, dancing like a mad thing, held aloft the ring, a finger still thrust within its circle . . .

'My Precious! O my Precious!' And with that, even as his eyes were lifted up to gloat on his prize, he stepped too far, toppled, wavered for a moment on the brink, and then with a shriek he fell. Out of the depths came his last wail Precious, and he was gone." (*TLOTR* 946).

Arguably, it would have been a satisfying ending if Frodo *had* succeeded in destroying the Ring. Yet it is an

even better ending that he did not, for not only are the actions of Frodo and Gollum consistent with the theme of corruptive power, but the foreshadowing of this event originates all the way back to *The Hobbit* when a great sense of pity halts Bilbo's hand from slaying Gollum in the goblin caves. The foreshadowing continues in *Fellowship* when Gandalf speaks of Bilbo's mercy to Frodo, "'Deserves [death]! I dare say he does . . . My heart tells me that [Gollum] has some part to play yet, for good or ill, before the end'" (*TLOTR* 59).

It is the pity of Bilbo's hand that ultimately secures the fate of Middle-earth, allowing, all these years and trials later, for the miraculous turn in the form of Gollum suddenly succeeding in taking the Ring. And in being so deeply lost within the Ring's corruptive grasp, he sees nothing else—not even the bursting flames below his mad, tripping feet. Had Gollum not been there—had he been killed by Sting all those years ago—Frodo's failure would yield no turn. There would be no fatal eucatastrophe here, when it is needed most. Instead, all would be grief and sorrow, with no consolation of a happy ending, no return to Joy. The fate of Isildur would repeat itself. Frodo acknowledges this truth, telling Sam that "[he] could not have destroyed the Ring" and "the Quest would have been in vain" (947). Frodo needed to fail in order for the Ring to be destroyed, and for the fairytale to succeed. For all his endurance, bravery, and

agonizing deeds, Frodo remains a hero. And as for the fate of the Ring, it is a beautiful thing that it is pity and compassion that ultimately save Middle-earth.

The next fatal eucatastrophe hinges upon this scene. In the following chapter, the perspective shifts onto Gandalf, Aragorn, and the rest of the lords and soldiers battling against Sauron's fleets. But then, a sight like a "sudden vision" appears, and Gandalf cries out, "'The Eagles are coming!'" (948). Like the arrival of the Rohirrim, and the stumbling feet of Gollum, the Eagles' entrance acts as a "sudden and miraculous grace" that turns the conclusive path of the story towards Joy and a happy ending ("OFS" 14). The sight of the Eagles leaves the hosts of Mordor looking up, wondering "what this sign might mean" (*TLOTR* 948). It becomes clear rather quickly that the "long swift lines" of the "speeding" descendants of old Thorondor are there to not only dive "straight down upon the Nazgûl" — causing them to flee and vanish into the shadows of Mordor—but also to retrieve Gandalf, and later, to save Frodo and Sam from the collapsing cracks of Mount Doom (949-51). This eucatastrophe is deemed fatal (that is, affecting fate) because the Eagles are consistent in turning the trajectory of the narrative towards restoration. From *The Silmarillion* to *The Hobbit* to *The Lord of the Rings*, their appearance is always eucatastrophic. They are wild and independent, and this is not an intervention that can be expected or

counted on. But when they do come, they never fail to incite hopeful tears to the weary eyes that behold them, nor do they fail to stir up a sense of joy that was previously lost.

Finally, there is the third type of eucatastrophe, which I term *ultimate eucatastrophe*. This type includes a sense of *telos* within its structure; that is, a sense of finality. Ultimate eucatastrophe is the most difficult to explain and portray because it seldom happens. Or, it comes in the future, and therefore, it has not happened *yet*. The Joy that comes after this eucatastrophe, the miraculous turn, is complete and final—where there is no more sorrow or grief, no more dycatastrophe. In Tolkien's essay, "On Fairy Stories," he treads the waters of this concept briefly when he applies a Christian lens to eucatastrophe. He "ventures to say" that "God redeemed the corrupt making-creatures, men", through the eucatastrophe of the birth of Christ, and "the Resurrection is the eucatastrophe of the story of the Incarnation. The story begins and ends with joy" ("OFS" 15).

This joy, however, is unlike the joy seen in the other types of eucatastrophe. Tolkien adds that "the Christian has still to work, with mind as well as body, to suffer, hope, and die; but he may now perceive that all his bents and faculties have a purpose, which can be redeemed." In other words, even after the eucatastrophe of Christ, which stands as the turn for humankind to enter into

salvation, redemption, a happy ending, there is still sorrow and pain. Yet in being redeemed by this eucatastrophe, Christians gain the perception that all work has purpose, and the final hope and joy will come. Ultimately, the Christian perspective portrays a time when every tear “will be wiped from [our] eyes” and “there will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things [will pass] away” (NRSV, Rev. 21:4). The miraculous extension of grace, in this kind of eucatastrophe, leads the story towards ultimate Joy and consolidates a true happy ending.

In *The Lord of the Rings*, there is no known ultimate eucatastrophe. While there are certainly recoveries and happy endings because of the fatal eucatastrophes in the novel (predominantly carried out by the choices and actions of Samwise),⁴ there is no final, pure Joy yet. Gandalf himself, in “The Last Debate,” says,

⁴ When Sam returns to the Shire at the end of *Return of the King*, after its scourge, he does not keep the dust given to him by Galadriel for himself and his own garden (he desired “...his own hands to use, not the hands of others to control...”). Rather, he goes around the Shire and sprinkles the dust over all the land, not simply ‘replacing,’ but ‘restoring,’ beautiful trees that were once there. He is an agent of restoration and beauty. He even plants a Mallorn tree in the Shire, which is noted to be extremely rare and most beautiful. Éowyn and Faramir also take this restorative position as gardeners. This

“It is not our part to master all the tides of the world, but to do what is in us for the succor of those years wherein we are set, uprooting evil in the fields that we know, so that those who live after us may have clean earth to till. What weather they shall have is not ours to rule.” (*TLOTR* 879)

As explained by Gandalf, sorrow will endure in Middle-earth, for there is providence that evil will return. This statement in itself is worthy of heartache, and it is compounded by a sense of melancholy as the age of the Elves passes. Later, of course, there is also the necessity for Frodo, Bilbo, and eventually, Samwise, Gimli, and Legolas to sail to the Undying Lands for the burdens they have born. Though the conclusion of *The Lord of the Rings* includes the “regaining of a clear view,” (“OFS” 13) as characters like Frodo and Sam, Aragorn, and the rest come to see more clearly the Truth of the world (for better or for worse), and there are happy endings in that the age of Men is initiated by Aragorn, the Ring of Power is destroyed, and Samwise restores the Shire with Galadriel’s gift, it is still evident that an ultimate eucatastrophe has not happened yet. This, of course, does not imply that it will never occur—a thought which requires no small amount of hope.

is critical to the overall eucatastrophe of the novel, since it requires a return to joy cultivated by restoration.

Overall, *The Lord of the Rings* upholds the fairy story structure Tolkien describes in his famous essay, and the concept of eucatastrophe he gathered while sitting in St. Gregory's remains the central pillar of the genre. The narrative begins with the peace and happiness of a Birthday Party, falls into chaos and adventure, experiences a series of miraculous "turns" of varying degrees, and eventually recovers, falling back into a happy ending. As analyzed and discussed, the means by which the story achieves Joy is complex. The varying kinds of eucatastrophe are each influential in their own rights, though fatal eucatastrophe appears to be the most critical in Tolkien's mythology. Even so, the power and necessity of eucatastrophe within fairytale, no matter its type, is elegantly woven throughout Tolkien's mythology and can be expressed by one of the novel's sweetest key phrases, "Oft hope is born, when all is forlorn" (*TLOTR* 877).

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THE PYTHON FRAGMENT

A Novel Translation of an Early Khuzdul Myth

James Baillie

When Aulë first created the dwarves, Eru was angered, and asked him to destroy them. Weeping, Aulë took up his hammer – but at that moment, Eru relented and gave the dwarves life of their own. This is the story as told by the elven sages, and it bears some of the marks of truth.

What the books of the elves fail to point out clearly is that Eru didn't give Aulë much advance notice of this happening – and that given Aulë had hitherto only been able to teach the dwarves as if they were puppets, he would have been largely unready for what dwarf personalities would turn out to be like. The following fragment, newly translated from a hitherto understudied early Khuzdul manuscript known as the Python Fragment, may shed new light on this first meeting of creator and creation.

We enter the scene as Aulë sadly commands the first of his creations to step forward to be broken under the weight of his mighty hammer...

Aulë: Now, you first. First mother and oldest of your kin!

The dwarf turns around. The dwarf is clearly... a dwarf.

Durin: Father!

Aulë: Father, sorry... Now, I've got to break you, so if you'd stay still a moment... wait, did you just talk?

Durin: And I'm eight hours old!

Aulë: (surprised) What?

Durin: I came into existence eight hours ago! I'm not old –

Aulë: Well I can't just call you "dwarf" ...

Durin: Well you could say "Durin" –

Aulë: I didn't know you were called Durin!

Durin: Well, you didn't bother to find out, did you?!

Aulë: I did say sorry about the "mother and oldest", but it isn't easy to tell...

Durin: Well I object to your... you automatically treat me like an inferior!

Aulë: Well I *am* your creator...

Durin: Oh, creator, eh, very nice. And 'ow'd you do that, eh?

(He reaches his destination and stops, dropping a cart that is already full of gemstones somehow)

By exploiting the workers, no doubt! By 'angin' on to outdated theocratic dogma which perpetuates the economic and social differences in our society.

If there's ever going to be any progress...

Dwarf: Durin! There's some lovely rocks down 'ere!

(noticing Aulë) Oh! 'Ow'd'ja do?

Aulë: How do you do, good, uh, dwarf of gender indeterminate. I am Aulë, Vala of the Forge and your creator. How, how did you get to talk?

Dwarf: Vala of the 'oo?

Aulë: Vala of the Forge.

Dwarf: What's a forge?

Aulë: A marvellous furnace in which great creations of metal can be made, bucklers and corselets, metal wrought like fishes' mail! I wish to teach you all these things! And I am your creator.

Dwarf: I didn't know we 'ad a creator! I thought we were an autochthonous collective.

Durin: (mad) Autochthony? You're fooling yourself! We're a near extinct species living in a Malthusian paradise! We should be a self-perpetuating population in which families of dwarves –

Dwarf: There you go, bringing this “family” idea into it again...

Durin: That's what's needed! If only everyone would –

Aulë: Please, *please*, good dwarves, I am in haste! Who taught you how to speak for yourselves?

Dwarf: No one taught us.

Aulë: Then who came up with all these words and ideas?

Dwarf: They're from a series of focus groups, in a flattened naugrim-led structure! One for laying words upon stream and stone, one for naming nameless hills and dells, one for gold, another for gold, a third one for gold with Shiny and Even More Shiny subcommittees...

Aulë: (surprised) What??

Durin: I *told* you! We're an anarcho-syndicalist commune! We're taking turns to act as a sort of executive-officer-for-the-week –

Aulë: (uninterested) Yes...

Durin: But all the decisions *of* that officer 'ave to be ratified at a special bi-weekly council – or will be once we've existed for at least two weeks –

Aulë: (perturbed) Yes I see!

Durin: By a simple majority, in the case of purely internal affairs –

Aulë: (mad) Be quiet!

Durin: But by a two-thirds majority, in the case of more major –

Aulë: (very angry) BE QUIET! I *order* you to be quiet!

Dwarf: "Order", eh, 'oo does 'e think 'e is?

Aulë: I am your creator!

Dwarf: Well I didn't vote for you!

Aulë: You don't vote for being created!

Dwarf: Well 'ow'd you become "creator" then?

(a fragment of the holy music of the Ainur is heard)

Aulë: Eru, who is Ilúvatar, ultimate creator whose plan shapes the world, brought me forth among the first of his followers in the song that shaped and created the world. From those harmonies, each of us gained our own part and special care in the world to rule over, and mine was to be the forge, and crafts – eager for those to whom I could teach my noble trade, I brought you forth from the very clay and stone around you in order to give you knowledge of these great arts. THAT is why I am your creator!

Durin: (laughingly) Listen: Strange gods lying in ante-cosmic voids distributing songsheets is no basis for a system of worship and creation! Religious authority derives from the need for an opiate of the masses, not from some... farcical choral ceremony!

Aulë: (yelling) BE QUIET!

Durin: You can't expect to be revered as our creator just 'cause you were the backing singer for someone famous once!

Aulë: (coming forward and grabbing the man) Shut *UP*!

Durin: I mean, if I went 'round, saying I was an undying king who'd go through seven

incarnations, because I'd sung a song or seen some stars around my head in a pond or something, they'd put me away!

Aulë: (throwing his hammer down) Shut up, will you, SHUT UP!

Durin: Aha! Now we see the violence inherent in the system!

Aulë: SHUT UP!

Durin: (yelling to all the other dwarves) Come and see the violence inherent in the system! HELP, HELP, I'M BEING REPRESSED!

Dwarfs: (yelling and hitting Aulë with axes in a manner best described as utterly futile) *Baruk khazâd! Khazâd ai-mênu!*

Aulë: (giving and walking away) Bloody dwarves!

Durin: Oh, what a giveaway! Did'j'hear that, did'j'hear that, eh? That's what I'm all about! Did you see 'im repressing me? You saw it, didn't you?!

Shortly after this, Aulë agreed very readily indeed to Eru's proposal that the dwarves should be laid to rest for many, many long spans of primordial time. It is to be hoped that this hitherto

lost fragment of Middle-earth's earliest history will be of great interest to scholars, fans, and flying circuses alike.

LAER 158

Thea Fennell

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Laer 158

Na velethron lín hedithal, loth nín!

Gorithad nui dhim na vúliel lín?

Dan alerlú bo geven bál vithren

Eithad sui sin na fend mellon hannen.

An ant alfirin aglar istiel

Man lind 'wathan na channas a lamath

Vainas sui sin pem mael aglóriel

Tegil úlom stegitha faeg vi 'wath?

An da thúl a hwest bihen e-meril

Anerui lhain edh ramloth dofn garad;

Man glírhothig ta vól-suith vrand íral

Am int lothlais avatha tholed dad?

Da phi hen hain achelitha ui dan,

Ta waith-los faeg avatha glírdan man?

Sonnet 158

My flower! Would'st accuse thy paramour
Of ingling neath the grece with thine own maid?
But ne'er, pardie, on God's grey earth before
Such calumny at lover's door was laid.
For fame's immortal guerdon once agnized
What bard, with rhyme and reason fair instinct,
Such flawless beauty having eulogized
Would dip his tireless nib in baser tinct?
For 'gainst the rose's savour redolent
The wallflower's homely tenure is but slight;
What swarming, on yon nectar fine intent
Would falter on those petals to alight?
Yet if she close them ever and anew,
What bee the common stock would still eschew?

VOICE OF THE SONG

Samuel Cook

I sang in the darkness when the world was begun
And I sang ere the moon and the stars and the sun
And I woke from my slumber and I sang on the Earth
Upon Arda I was there first

Sing, then, wherever you may be
For I am the Voice of the song, said He
And I'll lead you all wherever you may be
And I'll lead you all in the song, said He

I sang for the Orcs and the Atani
But they wouldn't sing and they wouldn't follow me
I sang for the Elves and the Ents and the trees
They sang with me and the song trilled free

Sing, then, wherever you may be
For I am the Voice of the song, said He

And I'll lead you all wherever you may be
And I'll lead you all in the song, said He

I sang in the forest against the willow
I sang on the hill and cleansed the barrow
I skipped and I stepped and I sang to the sky
And the Elves they began to wonder why

I sang as I skipped down the river track
And returned with Goldberry on my back
The Elves they forgot me and they thought I'd gone
But I am the song, and I still go on

Sing, then, wherever you may be
For I am the Voice of the song, said He
And I'll lead you all wherever you may be
And I'll lead you all in the song, said He

I helped the Hobbits complete the Quest
I watch over the paths in the Old Forest

I gather lilies for the fair Goldberry

I am the Song and will ever be!

Sing, then, wherever you may be

For I am the Voice of the song, said He

And I'll lead you all wherever you may be

And I'll lead you all in the song, the song, in the song!

GIMME GIMME GIMME (LOBELIA'S LAMENT)

Cici Carey-Stuart

Half-past twelve
And I'm watching his speeches
In the crowd all alone
Wasn't invited but this will be my own

Autumn winds blowing by the party tree
As I look out at the view
And it makes me so depressed to see his nephew

He's an extra heir
I've got to remove the spare

[awesome instrumental break]

Gimme gimme gimme Bag End after midnight
Won't somebody let me
Into that round hallway
Gimme gimme gimme Bag End after midnight
Take me through the private gate
Into that green doorway

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