

# MYTHOPRINT

THE BULLETIN OF THE MYTHOPOEIC SOCIETY

Volume 16

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Number 2

## THE SILMARILLION AT LAST!

### A Ring of Reality for Tolkienites

BY DAVE SMITH  
Times Staff Writer

It was a long wait — more than a decade — but to the innumerable thousands who happily ran away from home for part of the 1960s into the Middle Earth of J.R.R. Tolkien's epic trilogy "The Lord of the Rings," a major piece of Revealed Truth is at least in hand.

"The Silmarillion," the long-awaited "prequel" to Tolkien's vast fantasy world, appeared earlier this month, four years after the master's death, edited by his son, Christopher.

To Tolkien cultists who have come to regard "The Lord of the Rings" as a virtual Bible, "The Silmarillion" is the Book of Genesis.

And so it is not to be wondered at that a small band of the faithful gathered one recent day on Booksellers' Row in West Los Angeles to read "The Silmarillion" aloud — the whole thing — in an atmosphere of unabashed reverence and just enough humor to dispel any suggestion of hot-eyed lunacy.

Casual browsers entering Barry Levin's Science Fiction and Fantasy Literature did double takes at the scene that confronted them.

Like a tableau from a bygone era, costumed members of the Mythopoeic Society sat on the floor at the feet of founder-president Glen GoodKnight, who intoned Tolkien's sonorous lines on the war between good and evil in the first age of his magical world. Beyond GoodKnight's voice, the silence was utter.

GoodKnight himself, a handsome, bearded fellow in a blue and white, long tunic affair, was costumed as Elrond, a noble Elven king.

Spelled in the reading by another member, GoodKnight says that in real life he is a fifth-grade teacher, first read "The Lord of the Rings" 20 years ago and ever since has made Tolkien and mystic literature his second career.

With a shrug and a diffident grin he admits, I sort of identify with Elrond."

Indeed he does. His 5-year-old daughter is named Arwen, who is Elrond's daughter in the trilogy.

(continued on next page)

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS

by Frederick M. Brenion

September 3, 1977 — an hour ago I completed reading through The Silmarillion for the first time. Never have I read a book more beautiful than this. I don't know what to say, I am still smitten by the wonder of it all. I had heard that some other people had also seen a prepublished copy of the book and glanced through it. I asked that what it was like and they said it was like the appendixes of The Lord of the Rings. I have now read every word of The Silmarillion and it differs greatly from those appendixes; the appendixes are but a shadow of a fuller structure, and that substance is now at last published. The Silmarillion is true myth in the full sense of that grand and misused word. It neigh well ranks in feel and quality with Homer, the Eddas and the Gita. Indeed my first thoughts after reading the initial chapters was that Tolkien was St. John the Divine and had written another form of the Gospel by combining such works as those above. I stagger under Tolkien's scope and vision and am awed at the meaning of it all. In truth I think The Silmarillion will go down as a far greater work than The Lord of the Rings. The Lord of the Rings brought about a cult; The Silmarillion may well bring about a religion, it's that sort of a book, and I don't mean this negatively. Tolkien's faith underlies this whole book, and I can see that clearly. That Faith seems even more alive and vibrant. I can't describe to you the sadness of the stories, the bittersweet victories, the overwhelming glory of its beginnings and the quiet, whispering hopes at its ends. I feel like a dwarf discovering a new and rich mine that bears and demands repeated delving and then by turning in a tunnel, discover the Aglarond, the Glittering Caves, such is this book. It will change the Mythopoeic Society, I am sure; I feel as it changed me. To all of you I wish good reading, such goodness I know you all will find therein.

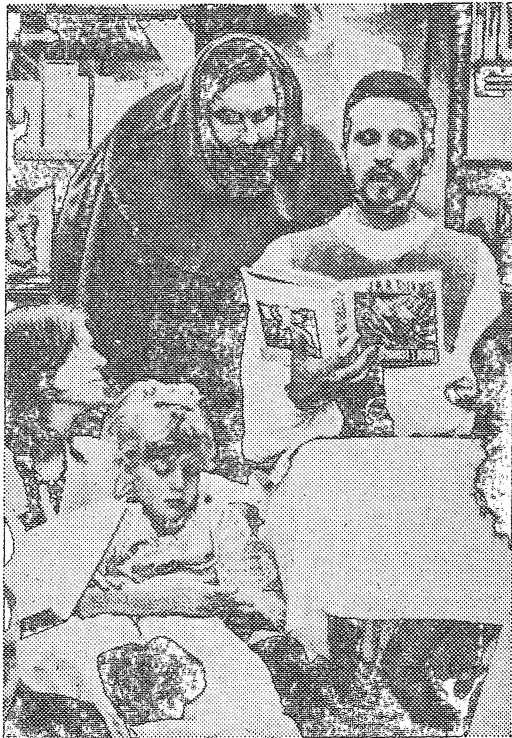


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MRS ALISON S. LEWIS





**'IN THE BEGINNING'—Glen GoodKnight intones "The Silmarillion" to devoted Tolkienites Christine Smith and George Colvin and sleepy Arwen GoodKnight.**

**Times photo by Marianna Dames**

One might wonder if GoodKnight isn't giving himself airs, identifying as he does with such a noble figure. But on second thought, since people often associate themselves with archetypal figures, why nitpick GoodKnight's choice — particularly as a teacher of youngsters? Better Elrond than Son of Sam. . .

Others were costumed as . . . Well, it would help if you know your Tolkien, but anyway:

Diane MacNeil, a dancer studying under Bella Lewitzky, was a white-gowned vision of purity as Elbereth, while David King, an education and drama major at Chapman College, was all greenish a coppery-looking, even to facial makeup, as Manwe, King of the Valar. ("Don't forget there's an umlaut over the 'e' in Manwe," says King.)

Bonnie GoodKnight, a gifted artist who illustrates many publications of the Mythopoeic Society — and who acts as a receptionist at CBS to keep body and soul together — is a slim blonde in a long dress of rich, medieval green. GoodKnight thinks she may be costumed as Celebrian — that's Elrond's wife in the trilogy — but no, Bonnie says, today she's being Yavanna, one of the Valar women. And she may have to leave the reading early because she's got a lousy cold. She explains in language that might nonplus anyone unfamiliar with Tolkien:

"I'm going to have to go to Westernessee. The Orcs have got hold of my nose."

On a misguided inspiration, one murmurs sympathetically, "Oo, those awful Orcs!" Couldn't resist that.

And it gets the expected response — sort of a smush-faced glare of resigned exasperation. "Oo, Those Awful Orcs!" is the title of an infamous review by the Promethian critic Edmund Wilson, who kissed off the entire trilogy as silly and dull. (By the same token, Wilson was said to possess not an ounce of whimsy, nor much more humor.)

"Let's just say that Wilson is persona non grata, at least in this particular area," says Bonnie GoodKnight

Far the bravest of the participants is Karen O'Donnell, a hospital worker who has come hooded and caped in gray as one of the Nazgul. As the name might suggest, the Nazgul are so hideously evil and stupefyingly deadly that it is a mortal danger even to write about them. Suffice it to say that Ms. O'Donnell, with her wide-open, smiling face, cannot bring it off at all.

Three other costumed participants — there are a handful in contemporary civvies — serve as a reminder of the broader base of the Mythopoeic Society than mere Tolkien worship.

Recording secretary George Colvin, by day a Ph. D. candidate in government at Claremont, is dressed as Friar Tuck from the Robin Hood legend, while Christine Ione Smith, vice president and corresponding secretary of the Society, is wearing a generalized costume that would be appropriate at King Arthur's Round Table or Henry VIII's overstuffed one.

Also garbed in early-to-middle-medieval is Dusty Williams, 31, who suffered a disabling heart attack several years ago and is now retired on total disability and Social Security benefits. He supplements his income by carving walking sticks — "fantasy folks" he calls them — at \$20 a crack.

His magnum opus, however, is a splendid 5-foot staff, intricately carved from bottom to top with a progression of scenes from "The Lord of the Rings." "I let the piece of wood determine the ultimate shape of the stick," says Miller. "This one took me 200 hours over five weeks. I'm asking \$500 for it — that comes out to \$2.50 an hour. But the thing is — it pays me in ego building."

The dozen or so participants in the reading of "The Silmarillion" are but the small tip of a large iceberg. The international Mythopoeic Society, now 10 years old, claims a dues paying membership of nearly 1,400 — 90% of it in the United States.

The \$8-a-year membership fee enables the Society to produce the quite expensively-got-up quarterly Mythlore and the newsletter Mythprint in addition to a wide variety of occasional papers and minutes of special conferences.

Although Tolkien's imaginary universe dominates the functions of the Society and its publications, the society also devotes much time and study to the works of two of Tolkien's friends and fellow Britons — C.S. Lewis and Charles Williams.

These three were the leaders of a group of writers who called themselves by the most felicitous name any group of writers ever chose for themselves — the Inklings.

Lewis, well known as a Christian theologian and as author of the "Screwtape Letters," is also appreciated on several levels for his philosophical/fantasy "Ransom" or "Peregrina" novels and the seven-volume "Narnia" chronicles.

The lesser-known Williams is highly admired by a small circle for two volumes of poetry that examine the Christian foundation of Arthurian myth — "Taliesin Through Logres" and "Region of the Summer Stars."

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[REDACTED] Subscription to Mythprint and Mythlore is included in Society membership, which is \$8 for a 12 month period. Second Class Postage paid at Whittier, Ca. Letters and Fiction should be sent to the Editor, Glen H. GoodKnight, [REDACTED]. The typing of the fiction in this issue was done by Karen Mathews. Copyright 1977, The Mythopoeic Society.

# THE MAN WHO HELPED NATVILCIUS:

## A Fantasy on a Footnote in Perelandra

As a starting point for future investigation I recommend the following from Natvilcius ( [REDACTED] 1627, II. xii.): *liquet simplicem flammam*. . . . C. S. Lewis, *Perelandra* (Footnote)

Mr. Edward Castleton  
El Dorado Press  
[REDACTED]

31 February 1977

Dear Edward:

A *Festschrift* on the 350th anniversary of the book is all very well, but you could hardly have handed me a tougher assignment. Where you picked up that old fellow with the barbarous name or how you suspected he was linked to Natvilcius, I'd like to know -- probably from a scrawl on the flyleaf of that mouldy first edition you're so proud of. There are no clues. The man is not in any standard encyclopaedia or dictionary of biography, as you doubtless knew -- though now, I suppose, he will be. And that imaginary lead you gave me -- to look for a family named Ebboch in Wales -- was no good.

Oh, I followed it up. There are several old churches in and around Ebbw Vale, one dating from Norman times. Unfortunately, they were all sacked and burned by Cromwell's men, and parish registers before 1647 simply don't exist. And the Welsh National Museum people in Cardiff were even less help. They told me they were "modern," meaning I needn't look for any records there earlier than the 19th century.

So -- as a last resort -- to the British Museum, where I wasted almost a week going over old chronicles and genealogical material. It was only after I gave up and began leafing through some 16th century plays for relaxation that a lead surfaced. Look at this, from *The King's Jester*, Act II, Scene 2, by John Shinbone (pseudonym for Ben Johnson?):

Jest.: Ho! Halt! Hold! (Seizes the king's sleeve.)

King: Unhand our royal personage, sirrah! What means this arrant villainy?

Jest.: Your pardon, sire. At easliest glance Methought you hadst the knavish look Of one Knarf Bboc whom I did meet in Embrika.

At Embrika (now Emmerich on the Rhine), I enquired at St. Willibrord's church and was sent across the bridge to the Liebfraukirche. Sure enough, in their parish register, under date of 15 December 1540 was recorded the baptism of an infant Knarf, son of Ruhtra Bboc and Aroca Nordlaw. Not quite the name you want, but close. We searched the register for several decades further without finding the right one. Finally, the sexton, Franz von Hofen, told me he had some old letters at home that might shed light. On his kitchen table he plunked down a tin box full of paper shreds tied together with a ribbon that had once been blue but was now no color at all. He wouldn't let me touch them, but he did read them to me over several cups of coffee. I give you the essentials. First, from his great-aunt of 13 generations back, Gertrude von Hofen, dated Cleve, 14 September 1580;

Dearest Sister, you can not imagine how many people have left our little town since my last letter. Only last month, our own nephew, Ludwig, left with three other boys to seek their fortunes in the great world. You would not believe how silly they looked with all their worldly belongings tied in a cloth over each one's shoulder. I wanted Karl to call the town constable to stop them, but he only said, "let them go, Wurstchen. Boys must have their amusement. They will be back in 14 days." Even that good for nothing Ecnawal Bboc was with them. . . .

Karl was right. In three weeks Ludwig was back, without his bag, but with a wild tale to tell as he wolfed a huge meal in our kitchen. . . . They went all the way to Paris, and it had taken them a whole week, even though they had ridden on the backs of carriages, clinging there unseen by the drivers. In Paris, they made friends with students at the Universite. They audited a few of the lectures, and in the end they all decided to enroll as students themselves. Where they stayed, I do not know, nor where they expected to find the money they needed, unless they hoped their parents could be persuaded to supply it.

On the third day of their residence, Ludwig says, they were surrounded by a mob of students shouting, "Down with the Administrator! Set his house on fire!" When the gendarmes appeared, Ludwig had the good sense to extricate himself and return home, but as far as I know, the others stayed on. . . .

On 23 May 1583, Gertrude writes to her sister again:

. . . . as you know, our Ludwig has been apprenticed to Herr Hofstrau, the wine merchant, and is in a fair way to make something of his life. Sometimes he even goes with Herr H. on business trips. Only this week he returned from Paris where he visited some of his old friends at the Universite. Ludwig says he found them all well except that unreliable Bboc child, who had left a few days before for parts unknown. He seems to have fancied himself as a poet, for Ludwig brought back one of his poems which the boys had been passing from hand to hand. Ludwig thinks it very fine, but I disapprove on general principles of a male child falling in love unless he has the means to support a wife. . . .

There is no more word of our man for 13 years, after which we hear from Ludwig himself, in a letter to his aunt dated June 1596:

. . . . you will hardly believe me when I tell you that I have run into my old boyhood chum Ecnawal Bboc. You know that I was on a business trip in Denmark, and one of my contacts there suggested that I see a friend of his in Stockholm. This I did and received a very good order. This man sent me on to Uppsala, which proved to be a wild goose chase as far as business is concerned. But the first day there I saw a familiar figure passing the window of my inn. It was indeed "Eggy," whom I had not seen since Paris. He had me around to his rooms which are on the second story of a private house near the University. . . . he has them all filled with scientific apparatus. He does experiments which he tried to explain to me. I'm afraid

it was over my head. . . . I told him I had to get back to Copenhagen at once, but he asked me to stay over for two more days, as he had business on the island of Hveen in the Sound and would welcome my company. The trip down through Sweden's lake country was beautiful -- something like the Low Countries, but wilder and windier. . . . I went to Hveen with him. There is a castle there called Uraniborg (that means Sky Castle). It belongs to an old eccentric named Tycho or Tyge, who has a pipe line to the king's treasury. (Would you believe he has a gold nose! Lost the original in a duel.) The castle is full of scientific apparatus, too -- telescopes and big curved frames with numbers on them. . . . Bboc belongs to some kind of a club that meets there, but he told me this is the first time he has been to a meeting. Usually he sends his reports in by post. They were glad to see us, but the talk was all about stars and planets, so I left as soon as I could. . . . Bboc has nice, comfortable rooms in Uppsala, but it's no place to make a living. . . .

Not then, but later -- knowing you might ask what was in that report -- I tracked it down. As everybody knows, Tycho left Hveen in 1597 (when the new king, Christian IV, cut his pipeline) and settled in Prague, with all his scientific paraphernalia. Getting a visa to Prague was all delays and red tape, so I went to Copenhagen and talked with the people at the Danish Royal Academy of Sciences. They have a pretty complete library of Tycho's books and papers, but no record of the "club." However, the caretaker had heard of it. He suggested I try the British Museum (again!), and even gave me the Latin title of the "Proceedings."

This was the *Collegium Curiosorum*, evidently once a popular title, for the attendant at the reading room in London brought me three of them, all different, one from Germany dating from 1672, another from Sweden beginning with Linnaeus in 1739, and finally the right one, with an English translation entitled "Proceedings of a Learned Society." I expected to find it pretty heavily dominated by Tycho, but no; he must have realized it would end up gathering dust, so he made sure all his important work had public exposure elsewhere. There were six contributors, our man among them. His papers are:

Experiment in Opticks, Employing the Lenses  
Lately Invented by Mynheer Leeuwenhoek  
1592  
Experiments with Lodestone and Electrum 1594  
Experiments in Chymistry 1595  
On Natural and Artificial Flight 1596 (the  
one Ludwig mentions)  
On Aerial Phaenomena, and On the Planets,  
both 1597

All signed Ecnervallis Borealex Bocca. Somewhere along the way, Bocca managed to get himself drafted into one of Charles IX's armies. In June 1611, Ludwig writes:

. . . . you and Onkel Karl may be interested to know that I had word of Ecnerval Bboc. My good client in Copenhagen has a son in the Swedish army. In his last letter home, he said, ". . . the general (de la Gardie) said he would take us to Moscow, but in reality we took him, for it was we who did all the work and all the fighting. He sits on his horse and gives orders. Now he is taking us to Novgorod -- or we are taking him. The Russian army has collapsed, so it's more work than fight. The mud is terrible, and we have the world's worst soldier in our outfit, a character named Bboc. When the sergeant

hollers for him, it sounds like a cow pulling its foot out of the mud. He looks the part. . . ."

My client wishes his son was out of the Swedish army because it now looks as if Denmark will declare war on Sweden.

As you know, that happened only a month later. But eventually Bocca got out of the military service. Ludwig, in 1615:

Dear Tante, I am well and hope your rheumatism is better. Was sorry to hear that Onkel passed away last winter. The wine business is better than ever. Perhaps some Rhine wine would do your old bones some good! If you can believe it, there is word again of Ecnerval. A fellow wine merchant whom I met in Munich told me he had met him last year in Transylvania. We were in a tavern all sitting around the fire gossiping after supper. Another man, just back from Spain, then told us he saw him in Madrid, and then an Italian priest said he saw him in Rome not two weeks ago. Would you believe "Eggy" has grown wings and just flies wherever he wants to go?

Perhaps there was something to that report on "Flight" after all? But in the next letter he is trying a different means of transportation. Ludwig, to his wife, in 1620:

Dearest Irmhilde, I am very sorry to hear from you that Tante has passed away in the severe winter weather. Please do take care of yourself -- you know I could not exist without you to come home to. . . . You remember our old playmate, "Eggy"? When I was in Zurich last month, I talked to a customer who had met him. He said he had stopped at his inn, the St. Peter, for three days and that he said he was going on into the forest cantons. In Geneva, another customer told me he had seen him at St. Nicklaus in the Alps. They have a plaything they call "skis". One slides over the snow on it. "Eggy" was amusing himself at this. I hope he does not break a leg. . . .

The customer from Geneva, M. le Pluie, to Ludwig, in 1622:

My dear Herr von Hofen, I sincerely hope you arrived home safely. There have been reports of rock slides and avalanches ever since the day you left. Your wine was excellent. Please send me another case of the Schloss Johannisberg 1617. . . . An associate of mine from Basel visited here last week and says he met your friend Bboc in that city. He has friends there with literary and scientific learnings who meet regularly for discussion and (liquid) refreshments. One of them at least, Herr Nathville, has had books published under the name of Natvilcius. Not that that is such an accomplishment. The printers are so eager for material that they will print almost anything. Witness the popularity of Herr Luther. Anyway, my friend saw Bboc at the meeting last time he attended. The gossip is that he is helping Nathville with his latest book. . . .

From M. le Pluie's friend in Basel, 1624:

My dear Maurice, It is such a pleasure to write again to someone with common interests. I send felicitations and best wishes for your health, but most of all, wish to share with you some of the intellectual feast at our last meeting. . . . M. Nathville read us all of the latest chapter of his new book, of

which I give you a *precis* herewith. . . . Is that not remarkable? He gives great credit to his new colleague (new since 1622) for many of the most striking ideas -- you remember M. Bocca, of whom I told you before . . . .

So there is your link with Natvilcius. I wish your rewrite person much fun in putting the story together.

You haven't asked for anything on Natvilcius himself, so I assume you have someone else bulldogging him. I volunteer a few crumbs: He was known in Zurich and Basel as Thomas Nathville, earlier in Paris as de Nathville, but in Viborg where he came from as Tarko Nattvilki.

I know what you're going to say: What about Nak Whilk, cleric? All right; but Nattvilki can be documented; Nat Whilk is -- well, a rumor. First of all, it's not a name but an Anglo-Saxon

expression, "I know not what," as if you said, "My friend Jene Saisquoi." But let it pass; many personal names have been formed in stranger ways. Second, how did he get to the eastern Baltic? Well, the English did send missionaries there in the 12th and 13th centuries. But, third, if he were a cleric, presumably celibate, how did he manage to transmit his name down three or four hundred years? I draw the curtain.

But the ways of editors are like those of God -- not to be inquired into too closely. You will not be daunted by such slight obstacles.

Yours for research,  
Emmett Nordlaw

P.S. You may have done me a favor in putting me onto a family antecedent. Borealex is a reasonable Latin facsimile of my own name.

## WILLIAMS, LEWIS & SAYERS SESSIONS AT MLA AND TOLKIEN SLIDE SHOW IN CHICAGO

Every year between Christmas and New Years the Modern Language Association holds its annual Conference in a major city in the United States. Last year it was in New York; this year it is in Chicago. Between eight to ten thousand college professors and instructors, as well as others interested in the field attend. This year there will be three special sessions of interest to Society members. At 8:30 am, December 28, in [redacted] of the Palmer House, there will be a Session on "Critical Approaches to C.S. Lewis's Ransom Trilogy." At 2:45 pm, December 28, in [redacted] of the Palmer House, there will be a Session on Dorothy L. Sayers. At 7:15 pm, December 29, in [redacted] of the Palmer House, there will be a Session on Charles Williams. This will be the first time a Session will be held on Williams, and will be led by Glen GoodKnight. Attendance of the Sessions is open to members of the MLA only. Registration is available at the Conference.

While in Chicago to attend the MLA, Glen GoodKnight will bring a special collection of Tolkien slides to show to the newly formed discussion group, MINAS AEARON, in Chicago. The slides will be shown at a special meeting on December 30, Friday, at 7 pm at the home of Renee Alper, [redacted].

All those interested in seeing slides of the various places known to Tolkien, his family, and a large number of slides of Tolkien related artwork, are invited to attend. In addition (learned to late to include in the Activity Calendar) Minas Aearon will also have its regular monthly meeting on Sunday, Dec. 18th, to discuss the first four chapters of *The Two Towers*. The group also publishes a newsletter at \$3 a year.

## YULE MOOT

The Southern California Yule Moot will be held on Friday, January 6th, at 7:30 pm at the home of Glen GoodKnight, [redacted]. [redacted] Ph. [redacted]. If you would like to help in bringing refreshments, call Meg Garrett [redacted]. All members and friends are cordially invited.

NOTE: Those that participated in the non-stop reading of *The Silmarillion* included: Glen GoodKnight, Bruce McMenomy, Frederick Brenion, Christine Smith, Bonnie GoodKnight, Ginger Johnson, George Colvin, Antoinette Brenion, and Linnea Lagerquist. It took over 12 hours.

## Editorial Apology

Readers have surely been wondering where their copies of *Mythprint* and *Mythlore* are. This is the first publication since the August issue of *Mythprint*. Readers deserve an explanation for this break in the regular publication schedule. It is this: due to a martial separation that occurred earlier this year and the unforeseen internal confusion and pain created a temporary period of distraction that interfered with the Editor's productivity. I ask for your understanding in this. We are back to work again, and am completing the next issue of *Mythlore* (17) which will be a special one. An addition delay in this issue was an unforeseen delay in obtaining permission to reprint the article on pages 1 and 2. There need not be a concern about this dry interval complicating subscriptions and expiration, since expirations are keyed to published issues of *Mythlore*. — Glen GoodKnight

THE

# Calendar of Númenor

With last year's CALENDAR of IMLADRIS an outstanding success, Thorin & Co. proudly presents the second in our series of Middle earth Calendars: The CALENDAR of NUMENOR for 1978.

The CALENDAR of NUMENOR is presented with Gregorian dates as well as the Númenórean System. The Calendar is illustrated with 14 scenes chronicling the long history of the Dunedain.

The CALENDAR of NUMENOR will be officially published November 1, at a price of \$300 (ppd.). A special price of \$2.50 is offered to Mythopoeic Society members who order prior to that date.

Thorin & Co.

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# Activity Calendar

## Discussion Group Meetings

Meeting information should be sent to Meg Garrett, [redacted], before December 21 for the next Mythprint.

### KHAZAD-DUM

Info: David Bratman [redacted]

Dec: no meeting

Jan 8, Sunday, 2 pm, Pavane by Keith Roberts at Amy Falkowitz, [redacted]

Feb 5, Sunday, 2 pm, King of Elflands Daughter by Lord Dunsany, in San Jose. Contact David for location

### DESOLATION OF SMAUG

Info: Meg Garrett [redacted]

Dec 10, Saturday, 8 pm, "Flight of the Noldor" from The Silmarillion by J.R.R. Tolkien, at the Hodges, [redacted]

Jan 14, Saturday, 8 pm, The Ballad of the White Horse by G.K. Chesterton, at the Williams'. [redacted]

### SUTTON HOO

Info: Dolores Espinosa [redacted]

Dec 11, Sunday, 2:30 pm Contact Dolores for  
Jan 15, Sunday, 2:30 pm location and topics

### CAIR PARAVEL

Info: Scott Norton [redacted]

Dec 10, Reading and eating meeting at San Diego State University. Contact Robin Hunt [redacted] for info.

### LOTHLORIEN

Info: Anne Wilson [redacted]

Dec 17, Saturday, 8 pm, Susan Cooper's The Dark is Rising series. Contact Anne for location

### SAMMATH NAUR

Info: Debbie Jones [redacted]

Dec 4, 1:30 pm, Dragonflight by Anne McCaffrey at Sunset Beach, Oahu

Jan, All Hallows Eve by Charles Williams. Contact Debbie for date and location

### BARANDUIN

Info: Mark Newbold [redacted]

Dec 9, Friday, 7:30 // Jan 13, Friday, 7:30  
Contact Mark for location and topics

### GALADHREMMIN ENNORATH

Info: Grace Lovelace [redacted]

Dec: "Leaf by Niggle" by J.R.R. Tolkien. Contact Grace for date and location

### WHITE COUNCIL

Info: Alan Binkow [redacted]

Dec ?, Sunday, 7 pm // Jan ?, Sunday, 7 pm  
Contact Alan for date and location

### MIDGEWATER MARSHES

Info: Cindy Wenger [redacted]

Dec 4, "Favorite Villians in Fantasy"

Jan 8, Shardik by Richard Adams

Contact Cidy for dates and locations

### PRANCING PONY

Info: Eileen Ribbler [redacted]

Dec, Second half of L'Mort D'Arthur by Sir Thomas Mallory  
Jan, Annotated Wizard of Oz by L. Frank Baum

Contact Eileen for dates and locations

### REGION OF THE SUMMER STARS

Info: John T. Mulvey [redacted]

## New Groups Forming

Info: Frank Brummett [redacted]

Info: Kevin Keach [redacted]

Info: Barry Robbins [redacted]

Info: Kevin Miller [redacted]

## BALLOT and QUESTIONNAIRE

You may cut this out, or send a xerox copy, or make a fasimile copy to return. Please vote and participate.

Nominees for the 1977-78 term for the Council of Stewards and following offices.

Frederick Brenion

as Steward Yes No as Corresponding Secretary Yes No  
George Colvin

as Steward Yes No as Recording Secretary Yes No  
Mag Garrett

as Steward Yes No as Special Events Coordinator Yes No  
Bruce McMenomy

as Steward Yes No as Conference Coordinator Yes No  
Christine Smith

as Steward Yes No as Vice-President Yes No  
David Townsend

as Steward Yes No as Treasurer Yes No

1. Age 17 or younger, 18-21, 22-25, 26-33, 34-45,  
46-60, over 60

2. Male or Female

3. Level of education: less than H.S. graduate, H.S. Grad.,  
some college, B.A. or B.S., M.A., Ph. D.

4. State of residence \_\_\_\_\_

5. Source of hearing of the Society \_\_\_\_\_

6. Year you joined the Society \_\_\_\_\_

7. Suggestions and comments (please use other paper)

Send your Ballot and Questionnaire to the Recording Secretary, George Colvin, [redacted],

[redacted] Your name needs to be on the outside of the envelope to verify you are a current member. Letters need to be postmarked by December 31 to be counted.

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