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Monolog of a Certain Hobbit

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SWOSUTM

Online Winter Seminar

February 4-5, 2022 (Friday evening, Saturday all day)

<https://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/ows-2022.htm>

Online Winter Seminar



Online Winter Seminar

The Inklings and Horror: Fantasy's Dark Corners

February 4-5, 2022 (Friday evening, Saturday all day)

Via Zoom and Discord

Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico; July 29 - August 1, 2022

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-52.htm>

Fantasy and Sword and Sorcery. We all agreed that there were similarities between these types of fantasies and it is sometimes hard to determine which stories fit which definition.

The Mythopoeic Society has finally decided to present Fantasy awards, something that was long overdue. Science fiction stories have been awarded Hugos since 1953 and sometimes a science fiction story that borders on fantasy will win a Hugo, but there hasn't been a separate award for fantasy till now (to the best of my knowledge anyway). Our award is a statuette of a lion, somewhat reminiscent of Aslan in the Narnia stories. At the convention's closing session Glen announced that the Mythopoeic Fantasy Award for Best Fantasy of 1970 would go to Mary Stewart for her novel *The Crystal Cave*, a tale of Merlin's early life before Arthur. Two awards for Mythopoeic Scholarship were also presented. One retroactively to C.S. Kilby, last year's Guest of Honor, and the other to Mary McDermott Shideler, the only one to receive her award in person.

The convention was then officially over but the day's biggest event was yet to come. Sunday night after the masque Glen had made the surprise announcement that he and Bonnie were to be wed the next afternoon and all were welcome to attend. We waited in the conference hall while Bonnie was being fitted into her wedding gown and Glen, in his new Elrond robe, sat upon his "throne" on the speaker's platform. When Bonnie did arrive we all followed the couple to the north lawn, most all of us in costume and with banners

flying. The Rev. Mr. Hartung, vicar of the Episcopal Church in Isla Vista, performed the ceremony while our colorful group watched attentively. About halfway through the ceremony Gracia Fay Ellwood and myself were called to be witnesses. I almost tripped in my eagerness to get there. After the ceremony Glen and Bonnie led the way to the reception surrounded by soap bubbles instead of rice. I've been to quite a few conventions but none of them ever ended in such a grand manner.

Thanks should certainly go to those whose time and efforts contributed to making Mythcon II even better than Mythcon I in certain respects. I'm thinking in particular of those who volunteered to do last minute work for the masque in the wee hours of Sunday morning. And, of course, we shouldn't forget Miss Hardcastle and her NICE security team who posted up the name tag requirements all over the hotel.

As Glen and Bonnie drove off to their honeymoon and the rest of us went home the air had a certain sharpness that cleared the coastal landscape, there was a rainbow over Ventura and the setting sun colored the western clouds. An epilogue as fitting as the Rivendell-TV prologue.



Monolog of a Certain Hobbit



I'm decent and respectable,
I know my worth.
I can gaze haughtily over my spectacles,
I know I'm better bred than any Took,
Brandybuck or Baggins on earth!

I'm a decent hobbit-lady, I am!

You can talk of your silly dragons
And (humph) troll hoard.
(If there were such ghastly things, I'd fix their wagons)
But I do know that that impostor's silver spoons
should be at my board.

I'm a decent hobbit-lady, I am!

There may be strange doings
In the Outside,
But these newfangled Shire-shirriffs soon will be ruing
Their outlandish behavior for I've still got
my umbrella — and I have got my pride!

I'm a decent hobbit-lady, I am!

L. S-B.