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The following tributes were not, for different reasons, printed in the last issue. We are happy to share them with you here.

C.I. "Sherwood" Smith Lowentrout, Westminster, CA

PROSIT

How can one properly express appreciation for something that has been a part of one's life for 25 years? I was a skinny 16-year-old when I first joined the Society, and now I'm a matron of 41.

I came to Tolkien by a somewhat circuitous route: a friend brought me these three library books, saying, "Here's a grownup who's doing what we are. And he published it!" (The 'what' being writing about another world, which I'd already been at for six years.) "It better not have dressed up animals," I said darkly. "I don't think it does," she replied. "Hobbits aren't animals, they're people — with hairy feet." "Hah!" said I. So we sat in her attic, me hotly finishing my ninth novel about that Other Place while intermittently watching her make her way through The Lord of the Rings. When she showed me the maps and the languages, I was ready to take Tolkien seriously. I devoured the trilogy in one weekend, and then began my quest to find others who liked that kind of thing... and maybe, maybe, someone else who wrote it.

Never mind about my unsympathetic family who thought fantasy and writing weird, and the West Los Angeles schools that seemed to breed Barbie and Ken cutouts. When the hand-addressed invitation came (I still have it) to that very first picnic, I was thrilled — but my parents refused to drive me the fifteen miles to what was probably going to be a hippie gathering (they thought). So and panache all too rare in our dusty, noisy, tech-driven 20th Century; the award meant that someone else — looking perhaps through the lens of kindness — could see it too. I still have that award, a cardboard circle with ballpoint pen-drawn curlicues and a plastic gem set in the middle.

There are other bright memories: the live Narnia Chess Game; the laughter of a pun tourney in the slanting rays of an autumn afternoon; the beauty of voices intertwined in the on-going The Lord of the Rings opera; the applause of the audience after friends and I finished dancing my choreographic homage to Till We Have Faces. But it would be a mistake to name only the superficiales. There are also the intellectual and philosophical explorations, the way lit by Tolkien putting to words the peculiar to sub-sehnsucht.

And I have. Though I didn't find otherworld seers, the ardent spirits I did find made life a joy, and I lived for those monthly excursions. Through the Society I broadened my reading; when, at last, I could drive, I attended as many discussion groups as I could afford gas for. And as my life changed, so did the Society. It was soon after I began driving (1969) that Glen GoodKnight held up the cover drawing for a new magazine he was proposing — Mythlore.

Everyone OOOOOHHHed and WOWed. And not long after, he announced that there'd be a conference. O joy! O exaltation! A Meeting that would last not hours, but three days! Then began the agonizing scramble to scrape up the, what, thirty dollars? for membership, room and board. A lot back then for an impecunious college freshman, but again it was worth it.

How, then, to express appreciation? Sifting through vivid memories, I find the word "Joy!" reified through experience. At the second picnic, I won the Most Beautiful award. Me! A scrawny, bespectacled, reject-from-the-surf-set teenager, wearing a costume handsewn of a 25 year old blackout curtain and an old bedsheet over worn ballet tights. For a few hours I could aspire to the kind of grace and panache all too rare in our dusty, noisy, tech-driven 20th Century; the award meant that someone else — looking perhaps through the lens of kindness — could see it too. I still have that award, a cardboard circle with ballpoint pen-drawn curlicues and a plastic gem set in the middle.

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Tolkien putting to words the peculiar to sub-creation; the metaphor from Lewis "Farther up and farther in!" inspiring us to widen our awareness while always trying to achieve, and look for, and believe the best; Williams' Co-Inherence, which encourages us to look at one another with understanding and compassion and willingness to learn, while knowing that all our actions, good and bad, passionate and indifferent, weave their way into the fabric of collective human experience.
We played with passionate intensity — and sometimes argued passionately, but this is also good, and right. Caring deeply means passion; those who run the Society bring to it the best of motives, including desiring to give back to it some of the gifts it gave. I know that even after 25 years of helping out in myriad ways, I still have not repaid my own debt.

In summer of 1972, I sat alone in Oxford’s Bird & Babe and saluted the Mythopoeic Society. As I write this — August, 1992 — a number of friends are over there now, in Oxford, and maybe even at the inn, holding their glasses high. To them, to everyone — Prost! Here’s to another 25 years!

Ted Nasmith

Toronto, Canada

I believe I first heard about the Mythopoeic Society through the "Small Press" column in Amon Hen. By this time, as a recent member of the [British] Tolkien Society, I was familiarizing myself with the Tolkien fans scene, and was more than a little intrigued at the several fanzines and journals available. I decided to give Mythlore a try and haven’t looked back since. My first Mythopoeic Conference was in 1987 at Marquette, and, as if to fully cement my complete loyalty, it was one of the most memorable Mythopoeic Conferences in many years, as those fortunate to attend will attest. I discovered with The Mythopoeic Society several things, including consistently penetrating analysis of Tolkien’s work, a lively exchange of ideas in members’ letters, the first objective assessment of my Tolkien illustrations, but most importantly, my acceptance into a warm community of kindred spirits and new found friends who remain among my most cherished acquaintances. After years of painting scenes from Tolkien relatively isolated from other fans, I now could enrich my work with ideas and inspiration that contact and exchange with friends and members of the M.S. (and T.S.) provide.

I’d always known there was an audience for my art, but The Mythopoeic Society gave that notion shape and identity. Interacting with certain members has challenged me and inspired me to ever new heights.

Melanie Rawls

Tallahassee, FL

A burden shared is halved; a pleasure shared is doubled.

Sounds like something Bilbo Baggins would say doesn’t it? I’m not sure where I heard or read this aphorism, but the later half of the statement certainly applies to The Mythopoeic Society. I know that my pleasure in the mythopoeic imagination and all that it produces — tales, poetry, music, drama, art, dance, etc. — has been more than doubled by knowing that other people share my enthusiasm. I’m positive that other Society members feel the same.

Most of the contact with the Society is through its publications. I can’t wait to receive Mythlore in the mail. A quality publication — lovely to handle, easy on the eye, obviously a labor of love. And the contents! Such a satisfaction to belong to a group whose members’ contribution express wide-ranging interests, keen and flexible intelligence, care and craft, humor and hope. One could almost be hobbit-smug about such an association. I count my own publications in Mythlore and Mythprint as true feathers in my cap. (Very prominent on my resume!) I’m proud to have made the grade.

Mything Persons are so often regarded by non-Mything people as folk who have somehow gotten stranded in childhood or whose elevators go sideways. Explaining one’s interest in fantasy literature and related fields can be so unrewarding: "How can you read this stuff?” people ask, and go on to proudly add that they’ve “never read that kind of thing.” This kind of proud ignorance can be most exasperating when you wish to share something wonder-full, exciting, thought-provoking, moving. The Mythopoeic Society is a refuge from that kind of condescension. What a relief to be able to discuss and display mythopoeic imagination without having to recount plots, explain that Tinkerbell isn’t all there is to magic, or justify justify justify your interest. Kick back, we’re all on the same wavelength here.

That’s the Mythopoeic Society — forum, refuge, and association that doubles the pleasure. A satisfying example of fellowship.

**Mythopoeic Core Reading List**

Mythlore frequently publishes articles that presuppose the reader is already familiar with the works they discuss. This is natural, given the purpose of this journal. To be a general help, the following might be considered a core reading list, with the most well known and frequently discussed works. Due to the many editions printed, only the title and original date of publication are given.

**J.R.R. Tolkien**


**C.S. Lewis**

Out of the Silent Planet 1938; Perelandra 1943; That Hideous Strength 1945; The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe 1950; Prince Caspian 1951; The Voyage of the Dawn Treader 1952; The Silver Chair 1953; The Horse and His Boy 1954; The Magician’s Nephew 1955; The Last Battle 1956; Till We Have Faces 1956.

**Charles Williams**

War in Heaven 1930; Many Dimensions 1931; The Place of the Lion 1931; The Greater Trumps 1932; Shadows of Ecbacy 1933; Descent Into Hell 1937; All Hallows’ Eve 1945; Taliesin through Logres 1938, and The Region of the Summer Stars 1944.