

Remembrances of Glen GoodKnight

(excerpts from *Mythprint* #340, November 2010)

Sherwood Smith: First of all, his name really was GoodKnight. He was Glen Howard GoodKnight III.

I first met Glen when, as a sixteen year old, I took the bus across L.A. to attend a meeting of a sub-branch of the Tolkien Society. This was January 1967. He gave a talk about how the map of Europe symbolized the Inklings. I didn't understand a word of it, but Glen was kind, welcoming, interested in when I'd read Tolkien, had I tried C.S. Lewis ("Yes!" I cried thankfully, "I've read Narnia!") and Charles Williams ("Who?"). It turned out that evening that there were other science fiction and fantasy readers who shared my tastes—or, as we discovered within a couple of years, fellow fans. In the following meetings, I was introduced to a raft of new-to-me writers, from Lewis's adult works to William Morris and Lord Dunsany and Evangeline Walton.

Glen had re-invented the Tolkien Society Branch as the Mythopoeic Society. He didn't want to talk about Tolkien exclusively, and he had a strong ambivalence toward the "Middle-earth as stoner Wonderland" vibe that was strongly associated with JRRT in those days, though he liked some of the early Middle-earth rock art, and I think he even had a black light for a while.

One afternoon he invited a very few of us to his apartment for tea and talk. Bernie Zuber was there, an older fan who later picked me up and dropped me off from my grandparents so they wouldn't have to stay up, and also a young artist with super long hair that I envied, Bonnie Bergstrom. The apartment was in Maywood, not a great area, but to my eyes his dilapidated building, the ceiling sagging and the floor at a decided slant, were glorious because of the solid wall of books he had. Not just any books, but the kind of books I loved! He served Constant Comment tea, whose smell still evokes those days, half a century later, and some kind of cracker—which was all he, a struggling student, could afford.

I sat there largely inarticulate as I tried to absorb references way beyond my reading. I did wax indignant and passionate when I complained about how no teachers would even let us do book reports on *Lord of the Rings* much less talk about mythopoeic literature. Others at the ever growing meetings agreed emphatically. Meanwhile, not just the meetings but the picnics were a glorious success. At the Spring 1967 one I even won a prize, which Glen made—I still have it, a cardboard medallion with ink-scrawled engraving, a plastic stone glued in the middle, on a long blue ribbon. I won this prize for my costume, which was an "Éowyn" tunic made out of forties brocade blackout curtains hanging in my room until that year, which I hand stitched, a borrowed costume cape, and my ballet tights. We played games from LOTR, had pun and trivial tourneys, we talked, flirted, role played to a limited extent. Glen himself wore his Elrond robes and his elf ears (Spock ears) and romped with us, but that wasn't enough for him.

Within a couple of years there were so many people coming to these meetings that Glen was ruminating over new plans. By 1969 the Society was solidly established, and Glen had an idea that the monthly meeting notices, and the twice-yearly picnic notices, should be consolidated into a kind of news-letter. That became *Mythprint*. Those early years of *Mythprint* are real treasures to read now—typos and all. *Mythprint* then became a worthy venue in its own right when David Bratman took over editorship.

The new plans that Glen contemplated were two-fold: one, a magazine devoted exclusively to the Inklings, and two, an academic conference. There was a one-day dry run on the academic conference, organized around Lewis. I went to that, but all I remember is the killing heat, the crowded room, and the intensely academic focus. I did not admit I was bored, especially being stuck in the back of a crowded room, unable to hear the quieter speakers. But later I intuited that I wasn't the only one.

Glen certainly picked up on these reactions because his new idea was to combine the academic with the fun stuff of the picnics, at which everyone obviously had a great time, and it would last three days, and include creative productions as well as papers, panels, games, contests. The academic-plus-fun conference—he insisted on *conference*, not *convention*—turned out to be Mythcon. The first one was a tremendous success, and Mythcon has taken place ever since. Those first ones were all organized by Glen, but within a few years the Mythopoeic stuff was beginning to overwhelm him—that and the difficulties of his own life. That was the seventies, which, in spite of the sixties

“freedoms” were still not exactly big on tolerance. By then Bonnie and Glen had married, and had a daughter named Arwen, but they were not happy as a married couple as Glen was gay, and the only way to cope with a severely compartmentalized life for too many people was to turn to alcohol.

In the later seventies, he decided to clean up his life, and not only came out, but joined A.A. in order to “dry out” and stay dry—which he did. Bonnie and I moved in together, and I served as Glen’s nightly contact for A.A. He and Bonnie stayed good friends, including after each of them found new life partners. Meanwhile Glen mastered Spanish in order to become an ESL teacher at his grammar school, where he introduced every class to his favorite books, reading Narnia to them. He had a long and successful life as an elementary school teacher in poor neighborhoods. He did everything he could to get those kids excited about reading.

These were difficult years for Glen with respect to the Society, though. From my perspective, in hindsight, the main problem went back to those early years, when Tolkien, Lewis and especially Williams had become unacceptable in the scholarly climate of the late sixties. Relevance was big in those days, and the Inklings were irrelevant. Existentialism was chic, and Oxford Christians were about as fuddy-duddy and backward as you could get, especially when they wrote about magic space ships and little dwarfs with hairy feet. (Two never-to-be forgotten excoriations when I tried to convince a prof to let me do a paper on the Inklings my second year of college.)

Glen deplored this attitude in fandom at large. There was no delving deeply into mythopoeic roots in Los Angeles fandom, and the Oxford Christians were vehemently rejected, root and branch—and he had no interest in SF. So Glen felt he had to extirpate fandom from the Society to preserve its integrity. He resisted the publication of the word “Mythcon” instead of “Mythopoeic Conference” in Society venues. He did his best to squash the nickname “Aslans” for the awards, though the model was the lion at the New York City Library, and he tried to keep *Mythlore* tightly within his particular vision. That caused years of various ructions, until finally he began to let go of control, one item at a time, and finally resigned except as founder.

We were talking at Mythcon 28, when he’d been away for a few years. This was at beautiful Pepperdine, where Orson Scott Card was the GOH—and we’d been doing a lively readers’ theater production of Card’s adaption of LOTR. It was lots of fun, and Glen had a good time. After the reading, he and I shared a meal. He smiled as he looked around the cafeteria full of people talking about mythopoeic literature of every kind. Then he said, “I was afraid the Society would die when I died. Now I don’t think it will.”

— Sherwood Smith

From around the world ...

I'm so sorry to hear of Glen's passing away. We will always owe him a debt of gratitude for his founding work and long dedication to the Mythopoeic Society, and for his friendship to so many of us through the decades of his service. He was a true "elf friend." I first met him in 1987 in Milwaukee at my first Mythopoeic Conference, and greatly appreciated his enthusiasm and welcoming kindness to me as an emerging Tolkien illustrator. Unfortunately, significant personal struggles and events came to affect his work and life, such that he withdrew from the Society in semi-reclusion for a period following the high water mark of the 1992 Centenary Conference. Thankfully, in time he came to resume his participation and relations with many of us, if to a lesser extent, something I think warmed many hearts. Society members who held him in high esteem missed his charm, intelligence and great knowledge of the authors we celebrate. In particular, I will always remember very fondly his love of gathering a group of early risers at each Mythcon on the Sunday, in order to watch the sunrise while he read a favourite excerpt from *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn* from *The Wind in the Willows*, weaving a sublime, unforgettable enchantment. The warm circle of Inklings aficionados has lost a great and faithful son.

— Ted Nasmith (Canada)

Glen was quite a character, a very important figure for the fandom. I was glad I got a chance to meet him once in person in 1992 at the Tolkien Centenary Conference when we had just founded the Finnish Tolkien Society. He was very encouraging, and interested in maintaining links within the international Tolkien community.

— Mikael Ahlström (Finland)

This is really sad news—I met Glen at the Centenary Conference in Oxford and remember him as a very kind person. May he rest in peace.

— Agnieszka Sylwanowicz (Poland)

It was a very sad news, though I have scarcely met him recently, for I am in debt to him for his encouragement and understanding. I first met him in summer in 1992 in Oxford, and was encouraged by him to join Mythopoeic society. He showed his deep understanding and highly appreciation of the Japanese translation with Ryuichi Terashima's illustrations of *The Lord of the Rings*.

— Tsukusu Jinn Ito (Japan)

Our deepest condolences for the passing of such a devoted Tolkien fan and great person. From the Greek Tolkien Society.

— Kaethi Karageorgi (Greece)

What a great loss to the Mythopoeic society and Tolkien fandom in general—I had looked forward to meeting Glen one day in person as someone whose passion and love for all things Tolkienian and beyond were without parallel. My thoughts are with his family and friends—they should know that even thousands of miles away his volunteer work inspired younger fans to follow in his footsteps.

— Marcel Bülls (Germany)

Frederick Brenion: Well Boss, here I am, ready to have my last talk with you. Of course I hear you saying again, "Fred, quit calling me boss." O.k., sir. "Frederick! No more 'sirs' too." All right, boss sir!

Anyway Glen, there's a line in *The Return of the King*, that the Third Age of Middle-earth "came to its end in the War of the Ring; but the Fourth Age was not held to have begun until Master Elrond departed." And now you, our Elrond, have departed, and for myself I feel a change in my world. I look in the mirror, and I don't see the gangly teen with long brown hair who found his whole world opening up because of you. The '60s and '70s were a unique time, and you were a unique man in that unique time. There was a saying then that only Nixon could go to China. Only you, Glen, could have created the Mythopoeic Society! It's true. Before you what was Tolkien fandom? A group of high school and college kids who decided to run around in costumes, write in Elvish, and wear 'Frodo Lives' buttons. I know because I was one of them. You took all this and raised it up to an unheard of level. You took the fun and made it serious. You took the serious and made it fun. You took a gaggle of young geeks and turned us into scholars, experts, and authors. We did art, drama, music. We did conferences and magazines. We discovered life and began to live it. That's a lot to accomplish. I didn't have many friends growing up, but all of a sudden I found others, like me, who said, "You too? You like this also?" The friendships that were made, marriages and children that came about, all because you, Glen, chose to start a "Society."

Now Glen, why did you use the word "Society?" Was that deliberate? An inspiration? Or just because it sounded good? You know. Glen, all these years I've focused on the word Mythopoeic—the art of creating a myth, but it was the word "Society" that was central to your vision. It was not so much a society devoted to the study of myth-making, but a society of myth-makers. Each of us, by entering into stories, living in the light of Middle-earth, Narnia, and Logres, entered into our selves, and each other as well, and began to see our lives and actions in the light of myth. And it was done in a context of a community, a society where the interplay of our lives and our own inner myths unfolded in an interplay of Co-inherence and Co-exchange as the warp and woof of life.

Of course, having a vision is one thing and the realization of it is the other. And I saw that as your primary struggle through the years, and the source of so much sorrow and tension for you, dear friend. Your vision, Glen, took form, but it became a communal vision as we entered into it and shared it. It began to transform as each of us brought something of ourselves and our own visions into it. It was yours, but now it was more than yours. As parents there is a point where one must let one's child go to be themselves. It is perhaps the hardest task for any parent to do. But you did do it. And when you came back for the 40th anniversary of the Society at the Mythcon in Berkeley, you shared your memories of our Elder Days, and you were welcomed and honored by all. The vision you had given, and which you let go free, will not go with your departure, but will continue to grow and thrive, much like Niggle's Tree. And you saw this. I was glad when I heard of that.

Of course, Glen, I knew you were on your way to this when some time ago we resumed our conversations. The fact that you called your home, "Niggle's Parish," spoke volumes to me. More than the volumes of books in that home! "Niggle's Parish" was a sign to me that you were getting it right. Niggle's painting was seen for the reality it tried to point to, and it was joined with the contributions of Mr. Parish. It was the merging, sharing, and appreciation of visions that allowed the Tree to be more than what Niggle was striving to express. And I think great and tremendous thanks are owed to your dear life companion, Ken Lauw, who, by your side, brought that sense of gentle life and love to your eyes, and helped you to bring this to pass.

And so Glen, what now? The elder days of Tolkien fandom is now passing. A new age begins. I sense it. But the world you opened for me, it is still open. We are living out our mythic lives, and there are newer stories ever arising on the horizon. Our own part in the Great Story is passing, but that's o.k. It would be a pity for this to be the last page. Others need to carry on our story into their stories. Life is a myth without end.

And now dearest friend, you must allow me to have these final words with you. I owe you such an immense debt of gratitude for all that you've done for me. As I've said before, you opened the world to me. Your enacting your vision gave me friends, wife, children. And you Glen, have been elder brother, mentor, and friend of friends. You, Bonnie, and Ari provided a home for me when I so desperately needed to be freed. And I should not forget to thank you for the acquaintance of many cats as well! Honestly Glen, I can't imagine where I would be now without your impact. There are a number of people I care about and love. You are, and always will be, one of them. Thank you, Glen, for everything. I wish I had been more of a friend, but I shall always be your friend. I am proud to have you as mine.

Someday I shall take my own passage across the water, and perhaps in the halls of Eressëa we shall sing again the songs of our days, and hear as well the songs and stories that are yet to come.

Till then, Boss.

— Frederick Brenion

I'm so sorry to hear of Glen's death. I'll always be grateful for his encouragement of my Tolkien-related writing and artwork, and I so appreciate his role in providing us with the wonderful experiences of so many Mythcons, especially in Oxford. Wishing him joy beyond the circles of the world ...

— Norma Sims Roche

I met Glen in the late 60's during the early SF Valley meetings of the Mythopoeic Society. He was a gentle, inspirational figure who never talked down to the younger members of the Society, but encouraged us to pursue our love fantasy literature and art. A memorable image was of Glen striding about in his "Elrond" crown and robe at a society picnic. At the 1970 picnic Glen gave me the honor of lighting the large papier mâché Ring of Power in the picnic's traditional sunset burning. However, neither Glen or I knew that someone had filled the thing with flash powder and it literally exploded in my face. Fortunately aside from a minor burn on my hand and some singed eyebrows I was unharmed. Not quite Mount Doom, but close enough for this hobbit!

As a working writer, artist and director in the SF and fantasy genre I owe a lot to Glen and his support of young artists like myself. Some of my first attempts at fantasy illustration were published in the Society's journal, *Mythlore*, thanks to its editor—Glen. To be published in the company of giants in the field like Tim Kirk and George Barr was huge boost to a young artist like myself. And Glen owned one of my all time favorite Tolkien paintings—a panoramic Tim Kirk painting of the charge of the Rohirrim, which looked pretty dang close to the version that appeared in the Peter Jackson feature many decades later.

I drifted away from fandom in the mid-80's, but had a brief phone call with Glen in the late 90's. He was still as gracious and helpful as ever. R.I.P. "Elrond". May you live long and well in the halls of the Far West.

— Joe Pearson

Sarah Beach: Alas, this week, I learned that another one of my friends from the Mythopoeic Society has passed away. I had corresponded with Glen before I met him. At the time, I was still living in Texas. But I had already been a member of the Mythopoeic Society for a few years, receiving the publications if not actively taking part. But I began submitting artwork to *Mythlore*. I finally met Glen himself when I attended my first Mythcon, traveling to southern California for it. That was a momentous trip in many ways.

In Glen, I found someone who appreciated the value of scholarship although it wasn't the path he had chosen. He was a public school teacher, primarily of fifth/sixth graders (by the time I met him). He was diligent about that duty. Yet he also read through *The Chronicles of Narnia* for his students each year. I think he felt it just as important to open the world of imagination to his students as it was to teach them the basics of math and language.

One major thing I admired in him was his sense of vision for the Mythopoeic Society. He always wanted it to be more than just a fan club. At the time he founded the Society, there was very little serious scholarship being written on Tolkien or the other Inklings. He wanted to foster the growth of serious scholarship, but he was also a bit wary of it getting too dry. It was not an easy balance for him. He took dignity very seriously and so had a bit of difficulty in understanding the more frivolous and playful traditions that sprang up at Mythcon. I think he feared that the silly activities would devalue the scholarship. In recent years, in coming back to attending Mythcon after a long absence, I think he was greatly relieved and delighted to see that it was not so.

He also felt it important that the presentation of scholarship should be open to anyone who had put in the effort at the analysis, even if they were not professional academics. He was always pleased when a youngster made a well-

thought-out presentation at Mythcon. He set the pattern of accepting the work of novice scholars (“novice” in years only) as equally worthy of a hearing as the work of college professors.

It is to Glen’s credit that he managed to communicate his vision for the Mythopoeic Society to others, particularly its place on the border between fandom and scholarship. It is neither too much one or the other. There have been times when some have tried to push it entirely into one realm or the other. But Glen sheltered it on the border while it took root. And now his tree is well established, giving shelter to both fans and scholars. Could anyone ask a better memorial than that?

— Sarah Beach

David Bratman: I hardly know how to step back and describe Glen: his presence was so pervasive in my life and that of everyone to whom the Mythopoeic Society was important, even to those who didn’t know him well personally. He founded the Society in 1967 with a clear vision of what he wanted this organization to be. That vision is perhaps best described in negatives, but his view was positive in nature: these negatives are the side tracks he didn’t want us to ramble off on and get stuck in a ditch with. It wasn’t just a Tolkien club, because it had an equal emphasis on Tolkien’s Inklings colleagues Lewis and Williams; it was interested in other fantasy authors who created myth (that’s what that “50-cent Greek adjective,” as he described it, “mythopoeic,” means), but it wasn’t a general fantasy club either; the three authors were all Christians whose belief permeated their work, but it wasn’t a religious organization; it wasn’t quite a branch of science-fiction fandom; it wasn’t quite an academic group, though it had academic members and would aspire to scholarly respectability—which, within its field, it has eventually achieved.

Like a great chef, Glen combined ingredients taken from all these things and created a dish with a unique flavor of its own. The Mythopoeic Society attracted people of disparate character and special interests, and blossomed in that part of the Venn diagram where they all met. All this is the mixture that Glen made.

I have always felt a unique air to the Mythopoeic Society, and despite the disputes and annoyances that attend any such organization, there’s a calmness and a genial collegiality to its meetings and publications that is unmatched even in the best of other social groups I know. That calmness, too, comes from Glen. Always slowly and softly spoken, even when arguing a position with great heat, even when exasperating everyone who knew him, he was always steady in his purpose, always in the same place, like a cool rock in the shade on a summer day.

The Society’s dynamics depend on an even keel resulting from the balance of many people pulling in their own different directions. Sometimes it’s wobbled a bit, sometimes Glen was the wobbler, but it’s gotten more stable over the years, even after he withdrew from active participation in events. Sherwood Smith writes that, over a decade ago, Glen looked around a Mythcon and said to her, “I was afraid the Society would die when I died. Now I don’t think it will.”

No, it won’t, and that’s because he built well. I think the reason the Society survived, where spinoff

groups founded by people who wanted a different direction have faded away, is because it had three pillars of activity—discussion groups, annual conferences, and publications. Each was founded by Glen and each gradually, not without pain, passed beyond his control. The Society was founded as one book-discussion group in LA, and quickly grew alarmingly. For a while there were four groups in the area, each meeting monthly on a different weekend and all moderated by Glen, but as the numbers grew further and expanded outside the area, that obviously couldn’t continue. The core committee that originally ran Mythcon—and, by Glen’s insistence, that’s the *Mythopoeic Conference*, not convention, a distinctive blend of the scholarly and the fannish—burned out after a few years and its other members went on to other things, and it had to be handed to groups outside the area to survive. If these activities’ directions have not been entirely what Glen envisioned, their courses were still set by him and continue to be influenced by his creative ideas. Mythcon is still recognizably Mythcon as Glen made it, not an SF con or a general fantasy monster, and long may it wave.

The job Glen kept longest was that of editor of our scholarly journal, *Mythlore*. He was always a unique form of editor, keeping *Mythlore* in a large format featuring cover and interior artwork (much of it very good) despite the formal scholarly contents printed in his favorite Palatino typeface. Some felt the format detracted from its academic respectability, and his successors shrank the page size and eliminated the artwork, which I miss. *Mythlore* was

nominally a quarterly, but the periods it approached that schedule were infrequent and short-lived. His often very personal editorials and some of the most truly memorable typographical errors ever made also contributed to its character. In his time, it was always his journal and expressed his personality, and nothing was going to change that.

I got to know Glen well after I became editor of the monthly bulletin, *Mythprint*—which Glen had first handed off to others long before I arrived—and sat *ex officio* with him on the Society's board of directors, the Council of Stewards. We made friendships in this group, but issues and disputes of Society governance often stood in the way of an easier relationship. I regretted this, because I genuinely enjoyed Glen's company when business was not on the agenda. We could talk well about the Inklings. I remember visits to the plush townhouse, perched alarmingly on a steep hillside, that he shared with his partner, Ken, filled with the conquests of Glen's ardent book-collecting fervor, and the gleam in his eye once when he handed me his latest wrapped-in-clear-plastic purchase, a small browning and crumbling unbound volume titled *A Middle English Vocabulary*, sure that I would instantly know its significance (the rare separate first printing of Tolkien's first academic publication).

I'd hoped that we could improve on that relationship when he finally, most reluctantly, retired from *Mythlore's* editorship, but he chose to withdraw entirely from Society activity at that time. We may—I may—not have done enough to assure him he'd still be welcome. In the last few years, though, he came back to Mythcon twice, and I count it as one of my better deeds that I helped facilitate his first return. Much older, obviously not in good health, he was still the same Glen, and now that the Society bird had truly left the nest, he was at last able to assume the uncontroversial role of benevolent patriarch for which he was best suited. At the first of these Mythcons, he gave a post-banquet talk expressing his satisfaction in what he had founded and what we had all achieved, and received a spontaneous standing ovation.

And that marks our appreciation of his achievement and his legacy.

— David Bratman

Oh Captain, my Captain!

If a ship is only as good as its captain, then the Mythopoeic Society under Glen's Captaincy was a splendid ship indeed. As a scholar, I have a tremendous respect for Glen's leadership. Mythcons were exciting, enriching, and enjoyable. He had a very graceful regal presence; he ran the Mythopoeic Society with a smooth sense of fairness; he had a kind heart and a winning smile that made me feel very important in his presence.

My heart goes out not only to Ken and Arwen, but also to dear brave Marion Van Loo in her bravely donning those Captain boots and piloting the Mythopoeic Society along in her continued voyage.

—Katrelya Angus

I probably knew Glenn longer than most, having gone to Verdugo Hills High School with him in the 50's. It was wonderful reconnecting with him after all these years at our 50-year reunion and I was deeply saddened to read of his passing.

— Judy Diamond

Bonnie Callahan: I was a starry-orbed neurotic insecure 20 year old the day Glen and I met. My mother had bought me a "Tolkien Society of America" membership after I read about them in the Saturday Eve Post in 1966. (My brother had introduced me to the "Trilogy" in 1965.) In September 1967 I found a feature in the Los Angeles Times covering a "Bilbo-Frodo birthday picnic". I had not learned about it in time to attend and was crestfallen. I proceeded to scour L.A. community calendars the following September for word of a repeat performance. 9-22-68: BINGO! I discovered a notice in "FM and Fine Arts" magazine and cajoled my brother to bring me and my best friend Karen to that Picnic.

In the course of conversations which led me to a chatting-up by Bernie Zuber, I discovered that a drawing I had submitted to the "Tolkien Society" in May '68 (and immediately forgotten) had been made into a cover. I found my way to Glen, who was sporting green garb and pointed ears. The following exchange took place:

Breathless Me: "Are you Glen GoodKnight? Do you have a copy of *Tolkien Journal* here?"

Glen, frostily: "Well, I don't carry around a copy in my hip pocket as a rule."

Me: "I just found out I'm the cover artist for the latest issue!"

Glen, suddenly wide eyed: "You're *Bonnie Bergstrom*?"

Me, thinking "*I'm famous*?: GOSHWOW!"

He invited me to the charter meeting of the San Fernando Valley branch the following Friday, and to submit art to his publications. For the first time in my life I felt respected and taken seriously by someone I could respect outside my family and circle of friends. I began to discover the literature of the Inklings Glen was working so hard to promote. I had read *Out of the Silent Planet* and *Perelandra* in high school but *That Hideous Strength* was a new and awe-inspiring discovery for me. He was so entranced with my illustration of Mark Studdock refusing to defile the crucifix that he invited me to a meeting to discuss art for issue 2 of *Mythlore* which morphed into our first date.

We were smitten. Glen had that effect on people.

I assisted as recording secretary during the development of our Articles of Incorporation, How I enjoyed being swept along in the formal birthing of the Society, and am a staunch supporter to this day. We were married at Mythcon 2 in 1971; Glen sprang it on the membership as a complete surprise. He was always the unorthodox leader, and effectively wielded his eccentricity with surprising creativity. Our daughter Arwen proved to be a bright and delightful child with a whimsical wit. She took to music, art, and literature from a very early age, and was my faithful model when I was teaching myself photography. A major contribution to my life was Glen's encouraging me to buy an airbrush and compressor out of my meager wages as file clerk, and to learn the use of it. As a result I eventually was able to gain access to the animation industry and enjoy a rollicking 22 years in the field, as well as 11 more years as a free-lance illustrator.

My father provided funds for us to travel to the UK in 1975, which figured fortuitously into Glen's book collecting. As a result we met members of the Tolkien family and Inklings contacts. I am pleased to recall that we were able to purchase some very special books from Priscilla Tolkien, which are part of Glen's collection, and which hopefully will go to a deserving institution. So much of this was well beyond the low expectations I had had for my life up until September 22, 1968.

Having to part from Glen was one of the toughest decisions I had ever had to make. If we had never married I would have stuck to his side like glue as beloved friend, role model, fellow lover of the Inklings, right up until November 3, 2010.

I am so hugely gratified to see how the Society has evolved from those early playful days. I'm in awe of the scholarly contributions we are now contributing to the realm of English literature studies, and myself extremely privileged to have had a ringside seat. 9-22-68 set the course of my life. In honor of Glen, I wish to be more proactive in promoting the Society, the life of the mind, and creative synergy for whomever will partake.

May you be "Farther Up and Further In", Glen.

— Bonnie Callahan

I just read, with fond sadness, the obituary of Glen GoodKnight. I subscribed to *Mythlore* way back in the 60's and early 70's. He and Bonnie and so many others opened my eyes to whole world beyond Eastchester, NY. I am now a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst here in LA with a deep appreciation of the power of mythology in our everyday lives.

— Dan Fast

I didn't know Glen GoodKnight all that well, but he was one of those personages who made up the background fabric of my life. Especially where my love of Tolkien's work is concerned. As the founder of the Mythopoeic Society, Glen was, to me, one of those mythic figures in fandom and scholarship – the kind you don't think you'll ever get to know in person. I remember seeing him at my first convention in 1984. I didn't approach him then. I was younger, and milder (mostly), and wasn't sure if anything I had to say would make an impression on this man I admired. Two and a half decades later, as the Author Guest of Honor at Mythcon, I did get to make an impression, when I gave the keynote speech at their annual banquet. And he told me he was glad to have attended that year (having not been as directly involved for several years prior), and that he was glad to call me a friend. So he's still a part of the fabric – but now in memory instead of woven into the future. I'm glad to have met you too, Glen.

– James A. Owen

I was sorry to learn of Glen GoodKnight's passing. My life has been enriched in many ways because of the Mythopoeic Society. May he rest in peace.

– Joan Marie Verba

I am seriously in shock. This makes me so sad! I hope Ken is hanging in there. This is such terrible news. My condolences to his family, to Ken, to all in the Mythopoeic Society, who were his family, too.

– Paula DiSante

So startled and so very sad to hear this news. It seems we had just gotten back in touch and now he is gone. My condolences to the family. For all of us who were active in the early years of the Mythopoeic Society, Glen moved us forward in how we thought and how we lived. Namarie.

– Mem Morman

I never got to meet Glen in person, but we corresponded via email. He expressed regret to me that he could not come to Mythcon this past summer, and I am especially sorry for that now. This is a terrible loss.

– Jason Fisher

We met first at the Mythcon/Tolkien Society joint event at Marquette in 1987 headlined by Christopher Tolkien. My wife and I were seated next to Glen at Karl Ratzsch's restaurant scrum and Jo asked him, "So is this your first Mythcon?" (It was ours). He kindly explained that it was not. 'Twas a wonderful blessing to meet him again in Berkeley and at UCLA, both of us no longer lean but still sandalled pantaloons. A fine graybeards' reunion it was. I was hoping for another, but, it seems, not on these but on further shores. Condolence and prayers are with Bonnie and Ken.

– Mike Foster