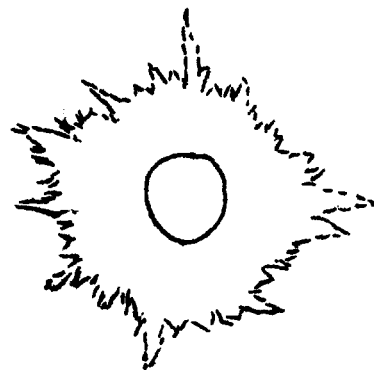
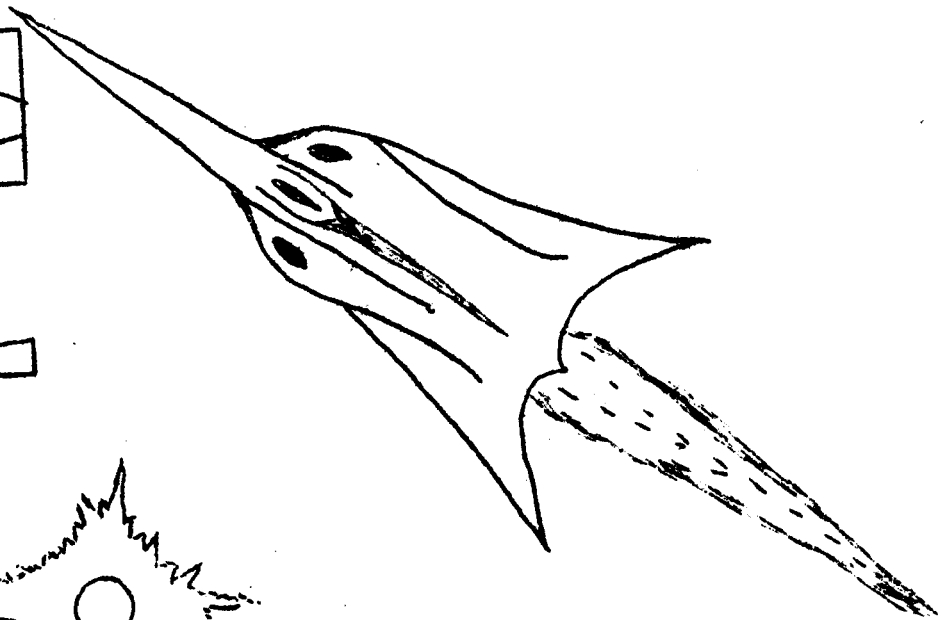
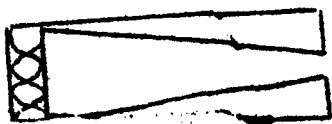
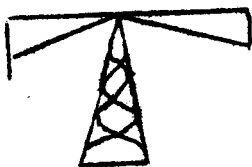
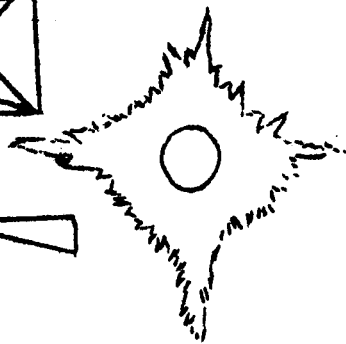
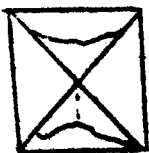
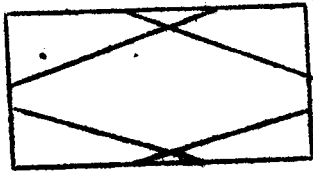
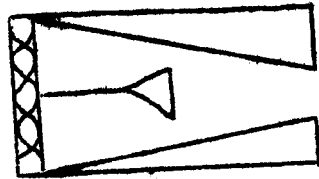


NEOLITHIC

No. 18



25

This is NeOL 18 from the basement of Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota. September, 1961, bi-monthly (bimonthly? but it just came out last August). One gets it by trading (all for all), writing (once every two issues, more or less), subscribing (2/25¢), or by being stuck on the mailing-list.

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With the pictorial aid of Dick Schultz and eaa

EDITROOLINGS

At the Oz Convention, I bought a copy of To Please a Child by Frank Joslyn Baum and Russell P. MacFall. This is the first full-length biography of L. Frank Baum ever published. Indeed, it is very nearly the first biography of L. Frank Baum. Both authors are obviously well-qualified to write such a book. Mr. MacFall is a professional writer and a Baum-collector. Colonel Baum was L. Frank Baum's oldest son.

The book is well-written. I had been afraid that large sections of it would be given over to anecdotes of the "Life with Father" sort. Thanks to the writers' good taste, there are few such anecdotes, and the few appear only where they are appropriate.

The book's main fault is its lack of documentation. It has no bibliography and no index. Often articles are quoted in the text without identification. This is annoying even when one has read the article and can recognize the quotation; it is more annoying when one cannot. Several times the biography describes incidents in novelistic form. This makes interesting reading, but sometimes it looks as if the authors are confabulating their facts. For example, pages 106-110 describe Baum's use of the word "OZ." According to the book, Baum got the name from his filing cabinet. "'On the front of the top drawer are the letters A-N. On the bottom drawer are O-Z. The minute I saw it tonight I knew that OZ was just the right name.'" In Jack Snow's introduction to Who's Who in Oz, he said that the OZ filing cabinet was one of several "theories" about the creation of the word. This makes me suspect that the biography's version is a probable, but unverified story, but there is no way to check it in the book.

Except for this fault, To Please a Child will probably please many adults.

AD: Copies of The Road to Fame by Don Smith, published by the Professor Challenger Society, are available from me at \$1/copy.

AD: Remember, if we send enough money to TAFF, we can send both R. E. and R. E. to Britain.

AD: Karen Anderson gave me a pile of her No Holds Barred Guide. Anyone want a copy? Just drop me a note saying so.

Seacon Snapshots

P ROLOGUE:

On September 2, 3, 4 (and thenabouts), 1961, the fen invaded Seattle's Hyatt House Hotel. The Seacon was unusual in several ways. For one thing, Ron Ellik did not get sick to the stomach, but I did (mildly). For another (not to say pleasanter and more important) way, Robert Heinlein was the Guest of Honor. Mr. Heinlein was not only a perfect gentleman; he was a friendly, perfect gentleman. He was to be found chattering with fen and pros at almost any hour (when did he sleep?), and, on the last night of the con, he held a night-long, open party.

F RIDAY EVENING-SATURDAY MORNING

Eleanor Arnason, Ron Whyte, and I arrived at the King Street Railroad Station a little after Friday midnight. Outside of a face or two at the baggage counter, the station was empty. I called Hyatt House and learned that there were two ways to get there: by taxi (\$5.00) and by bus (\$.50). The bus sounded fine, but the clerk was a little vague as to how we should find it. Hyatt House is the airport motel, and they seemed to feel it a bit unsporting of us to come by train. I considered for a moment, then asked if any of the science fiction fans were still up. Yes, would I like to speak to one? I would.

"Hello?" said a high, acid voice.

"Is this eighth fandom?"

"No, it's more overgrown seventh. What can I do for you?" It was Bruce Pelz. Bruce, bless his fannish heart, realized that when I said I didn't know how to get to Hyatt House, I meant, "Could you maybe give us a ride?" Soon Bruce, guided by Otto Pfeiffer, appeared, and took us to the Hyatt House. Eaa and I asked if there any filk sings in session. Bruce said yes, but, when we went up, we found that it had stopped.

Just then, Karen Anderson came by and proposed that we go swimming. Bruce and eaa agreed, a little reluctantly (Seattle nights are cold), and I agreed to sit by the pool and watch, having forgotten my suit. We met by the pool a few minutes later, and our crowd of four grew larger immediately. Ted Johnstone and Bill Mallardi came; Sid Coleman came, and he and I set about trading Jewish jokes; Ron Ellik came, shouting "Did you ever see a squirrel with wet fur?"; and several others. Last and not least, the desk clerk came, explaining apologetically that the pool was supposed to be closed. Refreshing swim concluded. the fan fled to the warmth and towels of their hotel rooms.

SATURDAY EVENING-SUNDAY MORNING

Saturday evening, Bjo draped me and an army of others in Coventranian costumes. She worked swiftly, but was hampered by lack of space and Ron Ellik, who kept asking if she didn't need his help in draping the young ladies. So, when we got to the Satellite Room, the Costume Ball was in full and lavish swing. Unfortunately, many of us were handed bunches of sour grapes by the judges, and the Ball was rather spoiled for us.

The judges had several excuses: they had a large number of good costumes to examine, a crowded room, and lights which could not decide whether they were going to light or not. In addition, or so I heard later, Ella Parker had gotten the notion that, since there was no specific category for a group prize, no group could win a prize. It was a forgivable mistake, but we were not able to begin forgiving moods that evening.

There were three groups which, I believe, would have won prizes under other circumstances. First was an Alice group with Jack Harness and Liby Vintus as Knave and Queen of Hearts in handsome, elaborate costumes. I am tempted to say that Poul Anderson was part of the group, because he came with green whiskers and a fan in front of them "so high, that they could not be seen," but he was really not part of their group.

Second were Holger Danske, Sir Carahue, and Alianora from Three Hearts and Three Lions, shining in hand-knit chain mail and feathers (surely you can decide which wore which). Ron Ellik was a magnificent Holger with the appropriate shield, lacking only Papillon to make the illusion complete; Steve Tolliver was a swarthy Carahue; and Adrienne Martine was the Sway-may.

The third group was the Coventranians. I was in character as Lady Ruthien of Tarpinia, along with Duke Tedron of Methylonia (Ted Johnstone), General Bruziver of Linn (Bruce Pelz), Baron (Blake) Maxam, Baranna the Pirate Queen (Bjo), and a few others, such as Jane Jacobs and Fred Patten, whose titles I don't remember. In the end, the groups got a token recognition, because Bjo won the award for "Most Beautiful Costume," though the award was not appropriate.

Other winners—and they were good, even though I do grouch—were Monstrous Stu Hoffman, Most Joni Cornell, Faithfullest to Text Ernie Wheatly (an Egyptian priest), Ellie Turner, and Wittiest Karen Anderson (a Rotsler wench complete with signature). I remember several others especially: a priest from Heinlein's Sixth Column, Heinlein as an Arcturian, Debby Cornell as a Munchkin-like child, a Frankenstein who made a spectacular entrance which scared little Debby, Count Dracula with neatly printed cards (Gothic print, of course), Walter Breen as a curly beard, Elmer Perdue (throughout the con) as an impossible tie, and so on.

After the ball, Karen Anderson, Ron Whyte, eaa, Lou Ann Price, and I gathered by the pool-side where Ted, Bruce, and others hoped to have a filk-sing. Unfortunately, Others did not come. Outside of a few minutes' song with Bruce before he hurried away on an errand, neither did Bruce or Ted. No filk sing.

We five went up to Karen's room and, after a bit, we separated. Lou Ann and eaa retired, and Karen took Rowhy and me to a pro-party. We listened happily to vile pros like Heinlein, Algis Budrys, Poul Anderson, Harlan Ellison, George Scithers (Scithers? What was he doing there?) talking about swords, politics, New York jokes, and other related subjects. Rowhy and I felt a bit lonely, even though AJ Budrys (the host, and a courteous one) chatted with us and told us some New York jokes.

Sometime after two in the morning, Karen asked if I was going swimming with her tomorrow. I reminded her that I had no suit. "Suppose I loan you mine?" suggested Mrs. Heinlein. While I was supposing it, she went down to her suite, got the suit and a cap, and returned.

"Suppose we go swimming now?" said Karen.

I supposed it for a split second and said, "But it's cold out." Karen assured me that the pool was heated. "The hotel people will chase us out," I said weakly.

"We'll swim quietly," she said.

The pool was heated, but it wasn't that heated, so I was pleased when the desk clerk arrived, even though the swimming was fun. We got out, I began to shiver, and quickly threw on the rain-coat I'd brought down with me. Mrs. Heinlein, looking out her window, saw us squelching about and beckoned us in. Mr. Heinlein offered us robes to dry off in. Karen accepted, but I refused, since I had the rain-coat. Then he asked us what drinks we would like. Then Poul came down searching for Karen. Soon Poul, Karen, and I were seated in the second room of the suite, our eyes alight with awe: we were talking to Robert Heinlein. We talked of Oz and Alice and Anderson (H. C.) and Anderson (Poul) and Heinlein (Robert). Poul was awed at drinking Heinlein's liquor and smoking Heinlein's cigarettes. Later, I was even more awed than Poul had been; I was chilled through, so Mr. Heinlein tossed me a warm robe and told me to put it on—I was wearing Heinlein's clothes!

After two hours of talk, he gently shooed us out. I got my clothes and keys from the Andersons, returned to my own room, and spent an hour being crogged.

AFTER THE BANQUET: SUNDAY AFTERNOON

The banquet was pleasant, though the banquet photographer had an impossible assignment (oblong room with low, corrugated roof), so the banquet picture was not much good. When the banquet was eaten, Wally Gonser introduced Harlan Ellison, the toastmaster, who introduced Robert Heinlein.

Heinlein's speech was excellent. It was powerful and disturbing. Need I add that I disagreed with much of it? I don't know who has permission to publish it, but I hope that whoever has, does soon. I want to see it, as well as hear it. Heinlein received a standing ovation before the speech. The speech received a standing ovation after the speech. Each deserved it.

Then the Hugo Awards were presented. Best Novel was Walter Miller's Canticle for Leibowitz; Best Short Story was Poul Anderson's "The Longest Voyage" (pleasant, though not surprising that he won a Hugo, since he had two works in the running); Best Magazine was Analog; Best Artist was Ed Emsh; Best Fanzine was Earl Kemp's Who Killed Science Fiction?; and Best Dramatic Presentation was Twilight Zone. The sexy red-head who agreed to give Rod Serling his Hugo last year undertook the errand again this year. Rick Sneary was given the E. E. Evans "Big Heart" Award.

TUESDAY

Monday, eaa, RoWhy, and I had missed our train. This gave us an extra day, and—though I would not have thought so then—I am glad I had that time. We watched the last pieces of art being taken off the screens. The art show, I think, was even better this year than last. I was particularly taken with a set of drawings by Barbi Johnson for The Enchanted Journey. They won Gaul's award for Best Children's Fantasy Illustration, and they won my heart. Hey, Bjo, next year tell the artists to tell the author and whereabouts, if they draw for a story, so that I won't have to dash all over the place finding the story. I bought Juanita Coulson's "Glinda and the Wind Beast." It had some inaccuracies (Ozma, not Glinda, has a crown and scepter), but it had an Ozzy tone, and I recognized it as the perfect birthday gift for Justin Schiller (who founded the Wizard of Oz Club).

We spent most of Tuesday talking with old friends (mine) and new (eaa's and Ron's). Bruce Pelz and Ted Johnstone meant to organize a filk sing, but we had to leave on the Tuesday train before one started. It was a good convention, the Seacon, but—no filk sing. No filk sing, but lots of friendship; I'm satisfied.

EPILOGUE

Thursday evening I reached home. Friday evening, I jumped on the bus to Chicago and headed off to the wilds of Bass Lake, where the Wizard of Oz club was to hold a convention. The bus started an hour late, but the driver got into Chicago in time (6:30 A. M., ugh) by driving too fast through Wisconsin. From 6:30 to 8:30 I wandered about the station. Then I found bht that the 9:00 bus I was to take was not a bus; it was an electric train. I was pushed away from the information desk at that point, and couldn't get back in time to find out where to catch the electric train or if my ticket would be good on it if I did catch it. Besides, my father had checked my baggage to Chicago (so I could make sure it left the same time I did), and my baggage was not up at 9:00. At 10:00 my baggage came up. At 10:55 I got on the bus to Michigan City. I got into Michigan City at 1:30 and learned that the next bus left at 4:30.

At 5:30 I stumbled up the stairs to Ozcot, the Wizard of Oz Lounge (run by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Neal Baum—he is one of Baum's sons—on Toto Road). To my surprise, Hal Lynch was there. He and I had been telling each other at the Seacon that we might possibly make it the Oz Con but probably would not. He, too, had been caught in the wilderness of Michigan City, and they'd had to drive in (3½ hour round drive) to get him.

That Saturday evening we had, naturally, a Costume Ball. A young couple, Mr. and Mrs. John Tower, were Best as a life-like Soldier With The Green Whiskers and General Jinjur. Dick Martin, who illustrates the new editions of the Oz books, came as the Shaggy Man. He said later that he had one of Neil's drawings in mind—but he looked just like one of his own drawings. Justin Schiller was the Gnome King, I was Gureeda (from Ruth Plumly Thompson's Speedy in Oz), Dr. Hans Kolbe was the Braided Man, and Mrs. Baum was the Good Witch of the North. Hal had a straw hat, so we called him the Scarecrow, but he was really a kind of mobile Magic Picture, running all over the place with his movie camera.

Sunday afternoon I rode into Chicago with Betty Aranson (a sweet little old lady who looked as if she should be knitting in corners, not skillfully driving her car along speedy highways), Dorothy Fisher, Dick Martin, and Justin. As we got into the car, I set myself for an hour or two's pleasant chatter.

I woke up as we entered Chicago.

In Chicago, Dick Martin took charge of Justin and me, seeing that we got our luggage stowed, taking us to dinner, and helping us onto the bus(me) and train (Justin). Monday morning I was home. You know what? I was tired.

A LETTER FOR EMILE GREENLEAF
by Betty Pierson

I have been prompted to write you by your letter in Miss Berman's (she is a sweet girl, I've always liked her) Neolithic on my article about dear Dorothy (she was such a beautiful octopus) in All Mimsy. I am not Waaay out as you intimated. Rather, I am very in. In fact, I have been confined within doors ever since Larry's death ten years ago, and my one source of amusement is writing articles on Dorothy, who has been the one bright light in my rather dim existence. You must understand, I took Larry's illness (I must veil its name. It was a progressive illness) very hard, and the resulting breakdown of the tissues of the brain left me somewhat incapacitated. I have, however, kept this news under wraps.

In somewhat altered form, my articles (I have written a complete, documented book, most of it taken from Larry's thesis) have been rejected by numerous publishers. People will persist in believing only what they want, and the truth of my statements has not been helped by the British Government, which insisted that all news of subsequent events concerning Sir Henry must be suppressed for the good of the Empire, because Sir Henry was a German spy, perhaps the cleverest, most diabolical spy the world has ever known. And it was through his efforts, alone, that the Battle of Briton almost came off in favour of the Germans. Single-handed, he was responsible for the smashing of St. Trinian's Girls' School, and the utter annihilation of Project J.

But you would be more interested in Dorothy's last hours. Shortly after Sir Henry played Cassius to Hitler's Kafka (for it was Sir Henry, who, on his master's commands, strangled Hitler, set fire to his bunker, and drowned himself afterwards), Dorothy returned to this country. I was still living in southern California. Larry had been dead a few months, and I'm certain that Dorothy's feelings were much the same as mine. The fact that she was draped in widowseaweeds only brought back my sorrow for Larry. But I mustn't wander. I must worry about sentence structure. We comforted each other.

We lived, and never removed our mourning, and each night read a bit in our respective holy books (I'm Ba Hai and Dorothy's quite solid O. of E.). Our evenings were spent, as were our days, waiting for death. To tell you this is very difficult, though I have written it elsewhere (in Drie Dorothy, an unpublished novel).

One fine, chill morning in August, I awoke to find that Dorothy had swallowed a bottle of sleeping pills and...fini.

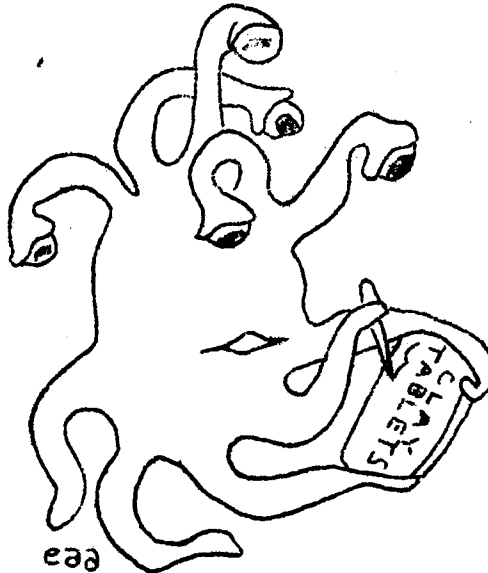
I want to tell you something, Emile. There never was a finer creature than Dorothy. Even if she was an octopus. But thank you for your interest. Please promise to keep what I have told you somewhat secret. You know, after writing this, I feel quite refreshed. Almost happy. It must be some sort of Catharsis.

Thank you again,

B. V. Pierson



'Boy oh boy, what won't those enthusiastic neos do to get votes for their TAFF choice!'



From HARRY WARNER, September 3, 1961
423 Summit Avenue, Hangerstown, Maryland

This [no. 16] is the first issue of NeoLithic that I've seen, and I'm impressed by an indefinable something in its makeup or content that can also be found in the fanzines of other tender-hearted female fans like Peggy Rae McKnight and Lee Thorin. As closely as I can define it, this consists of ignoring most of the normal rules of typography and contents and getting away with it so completely that the reader hardly notices the difference.

You're stage-struck too? Maybe it's the exhibitionist element that makes so many fans both produce fanzines and go on the stage. The list is endless. Lee Hoffman was a big shot in amateur dramatics in her teens. Ted White played the lead in an amateur production of The Male Animal. Phyllis Economou had enough adventures on the stage to fill up a whole article in her AFA publication. The only thing that has saved me has been work on the night shift which makes it impractical to get too closely mixed up with the local little theater. I help them out on publicity and learn enough remarkable things that way to realize what I'm missing

I don't agree that the great play is well-disciplined. Too much discipline leads to the perfection of a sort that you'll find in the plays of Sardou, which nobody wants to produce or watch today. If the playwright doesn't keep too tight reins on his horse, he'll sometimes find it going places that he didn't believe he could ever reach.

In your letter section, it is a pity to find another fine mind succumbing to the great illusion over the phonetic qualities of certain other languages. Marion Bradley did it with Italian in another fanzine, and here Redd Boggs gives German more credit than it deserves. You can't be sure you're spelling the word right, just by hearing it in German. For instance, t and th at the start of a German word are identical in sound. So are the ai and ei vowel combinations. I defy anyone to distinguish in normal conversation between the death rattles at the end of gutig and wunderlich. Doubled consonants usually sound like single ones in the spoken language. It doesn't work the other way around, either. I've heard excellently educated Germans give every shade of sound between guh and gah to the verst vowel in a word like getan or gegeben.

from ED MESKYS, 7 September 1961
723 A 45 Street, Brooklyn 20, New York

You certainly must have been in a lyrical (or some such) mood when you wrote your main editorial. I'm sure you don't always feel that way, do you? [No, but I feel that way often—RB] I suppose much of what you said can apply to a number of places, and is not necessarily limited to one city or even state. And it doesn't even apply to the entire city or state, looking at it in another way.

from RICK SNEARY, September 9, 1961
2962 Santa Ana Street, South Gate, California

Neolithic #16 has just worked its way to the front of the Answer Me Box, all by itself, and bears a June date. Hardly ever am I this late in writing and not find two or three issues to review. [Your copy of Neol 17 is late, because I hoped to give it to you at the Seacon. You had better come to the Chicon so you can get all your goodies in person. And congratulations on receiving the Big Heart award—RB]

As a sidelight to Ella Parker's visit here, I began trying to think of another interest or hobby that would have made it possible for me to meet someone like her. Nearly all hobbies have an international circle, but, even in the other literary groups I have read of, the area of common interest seems to be more limited. I suspect that even BSI members don't have many things of common interest, not related to Holmes or the times. Fandom seems to appeal to people who are literate and imaginative and have almost nothing else in common. Which means that you can meet the most crashing bores and bounding clods, or the most wonderful, warm and thoughtful people.

from DICK ENEY, 10 September 1961
417 Ft. Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia

I croggle at your enthusiasm over Minnesota, now that I've had a glimpse of the Pacific Northwest. I've never seen the Hostile Northwe...never mind. Wow. Flying back from that lovely cool weather to 94°, 95% humidity summer in DC was the least, and I shudder at your casual mention of weeks of 90° weather. Any place where the thermoemter goes as high as 90° for more than two or three days in the year is unfit for human habitation. I need only point to Dixie for evidence supporting my contention, ma'am.

Say, that Loy Pren story, though painfully derivative (I believe that's the OK-word in these circumstances) wasn't bad at all. The only good imitation is a good imitation, and though I was waiting—knowing your BSI connections, and guessing that Eleanor likes The Canon—for Pren to make some crack about "you know my methods, Othyiryaxnith-oth," this picaresque stuff goes very well.

from DICK SCHULTZ, September 16th, 1961
19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan

It's been raining over a good portion of the States, it seems, and Ella Parker tells me that it followed her all the way from the Rockies. Ella? Oh, she phoned from the Kujawa's today. We had a nice, long talk. About Bob Pavlat, Don Ford, Buck Coulson and his asthma cigarettes, Yankee vs. British fags, British tea drinking habits (Gene is horrified at Ella's, whatever they are), IPSO, Time Travel, Joe Patrizio, The Scottish Take-over of the SRCoL, George Locke, the 'orrible fate awaiting Ken Cheslin when Ella gets back, photography, flying, the Kujawa's gold-plated hangar for their plane, the post office at Fond Du Lac, the Grennells ("Dozens of them, I tell you!"), and, last but not least, Redd Boggs.

Ella and Bob went through Minneapolis on the way east, and were at a motel. Ella had the bright idea of calling Redd, and, when on the phone, Bob suggested that she invite him over for a drink. He accepted, of course. Ella was quite amazed at his apparent age, for she had never seen a picture of him before. Here was a practically first fandomite, and he looked younger than Betty or Ella did!

BAC QUOVER
or
Saith the Seacon

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of blog!...Someone in the pool

First time I've ever had a pass made at me by a squirrel...aaa

I am bumming God's liquor...Poul Anderson

Dave Kyle, you can't sit there...Al Lewis

That is Bjo getting an idea...Al Lewis

Who is the idea?...Ruth Berman

I am bumming God's cigarettes...Poul Anderson

It's just a sawed-off plonker—with a hair trigger...Bruce Pelz

I'm a modest man, really I am...Harlan Ellison

Let's have a boo for the toastmaster you hate, Harlan Ellison...
Wally Gonser

I am bumming God's clothes...Ruth Berman

This is September Third, and it's been a long month...
Adrienne Martine

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