

The



Borogove in orbit

# NEOLITHIC

R.I.P.

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"We're dittoed, but the spirit is right"

NeOL is put out by Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota. This is about the only stable statement around. Your vacillating editor changes again. However, you may blame yourselves, partly, for giving me such good advice. Next time when you give advice you'll know that I may follow it. ALL NIMSY, an amateur literary magazine, and NeOL will both go out to those who send articles, letterof comments, or five cents postage, sent at the rate of four a year. AM and NeOL will also go on an all-of-ours for all-of-yours trade basis.

"Why then should witlesse man so much misweene  
That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?  
What if within the Moones faire shining spheare?  
What if in every other starre unseene  
Of other worldes he happily should heare?

He wonder would much more: yet such to some appeare."  
That is nice, respectable support for sf, isn't it? How many of you can tell me where I found it?

"I'm great for providing the incidents we write about," wrote Djinn Dickson. Ha ha, I thought, ha ha. So on the night of Thursday, January 21, e.a.a. and I went over to the Dickson's for supper. Djinn, e.a.a. and I chattered a while. Gordon finished typing and came out of the back room. He nodded affably and went out to take a walk. We chattered some more, and then Djinn brought out a wonderful, spicy, aromatic, tasty concoction called Bouillabaisse. A few minutes later Djinn raised her head and said "Did I turn the oven off?" She went to look and see. A strangled yelp came from the kitchen. She had indeed turned the oven off before leaving that greasy pan in the oven, but had forgotten to leave time for the oven to cool. The pan blazed merrily, casting Mordor-like shadows on the wall while the smoke billowed out and out. e.a.a. dashed to the phone and told the operator that we had a "small fire." We spent some time convincing the operator that the address of the house really was the address, and not a mistake.

Once the operator was convinced we were all struck with thoughts of saving things. "My God! I've got to warn the people upstairs," cried Djinn, and dashed up. "My schoolbooks," exclaimed e.a.a., grabbing them and going outside, snatching her coat up on

the way. And my thought was of all those papers Gordon had been typing in the back room. But, observing that the fire was staying put in the oven while the smoke was billowing towards us, I merely took my books and coat and went out.

Turned out the man from upstairs was a fireman. He came down and put out the fire. He told us, consolingly, that when the fire department got here it would clear the smoke away. So we and I went out to watch for the firemen. We had not long to wait. Less, much less, than five minutes after we went out to watch we heard the wail of sirens. Soon there came into sight:

Three hook and ladders,

Two smaller trucks,

And one rather small police car.

Also every last child and most of the adults in the neighborhood.

The police car, fingering, I suppose, that there was nothing criminal about the fire, went away. The firemen came running into the house, carrying axes. Djinn tried to tell them that the fire had been put out, but they didn't listen. The fireman who went running in with the ladder did listen, though, and he left the ladder outside. The firemen also set up a big fan and began to clear out the smoke. The room became habitable again and we went in while the firemen took the fan in to the rest of the rooms.

My plate of unfinished Bouillabaisse was still warm, so I finished it while the fan roared away. One fireman looked longingly at the pot of Bouillabaisse on the oven (completely un-hurt by the fire) and asked what it was. "Bouillabaisse," said Djinn. "Would you like some?" "I...well... I'm on duty." He went out. He came back. He went out, this time with his axe, and all the firemen went away. The noses stuck on the front window drifted back to their own homes. The landlord came over to find out if anything had been hurt (nothing had) and left. Peace returned.

Then Gordon Dickson returned from his walk and asked if we'd had a nice time. We told him.



## CLAY TABLETS

from VIC RYAN January 3, 1960

Paradise is, it seems to me, a state of mind. Of all things that plague men, conscience is a factor which can lead him to discontent; that is, what I'm trying to say is that Pan, by turning the village into one of evil has, truly enough, destroyed its conscience. Therefore, the freedom of mind to do whatever one desires (what is the connection between inhibition and conscience? PANIC?) relaxes worries, etc., and, feeling free for the first time in their lives, the people envision their new lot as Utopia. [Interesting idea, that] [and from Vic, January 8]

I just get finished commenting on one issue of The Neolithic, and along comes another, just after my letter leaves. But, at least, you can see I'm making progress on answering my mail promptly; getting around to this the day after it comes is something of a revelation.

The repro remains unquestionable, and the Schultz artwork, at least, is good - can't say as much for that full-pager, which was only something slightly less than terrible.

Most assuredly NEOL is a fanzine; why not? Technically, or, as you prefer, untechnically, a fanzine is that amateur magazine put out by one who either thinks of himself as a fan of science fiction or fantasy or is told he is one: that is the distinction between the mundane apes and the works of our microcosm. Newsletters, letterzines, all these are fanzines, the tastes of the editor or the talents of his mailing list are the factors which determine the type and quality of his creation.

Bob Patrick's letter seems to have told you as little as mine probably did - or didn't.

Dick Schultz seems to be telling you how to go about publishing a stereotyped fanzine: don't do it. I like The NeOL chiefly for its fresh personality and uniqueness: uniqueness here is neither a compliment or a derogation, just a plain and simple comment which should have no extra meanings read in... (there I go, ending my sentences in prepositions again...)

from RON ELLIK January 7, 1960

I think you might get something out of PAN by Knut Hamsun (Noonday Press, NYC; 1956; paperback, \$1.25), which is a novel treating rather intently a form of the Pan mythos. Also, I recall a story called "The Great God Pan Is Not Dead" in Tenn's circa-55 anthology, CHILDREN OF WONDER; that was the title of the story, or else that was a refrain which ran through it. [It's name is "The Story of A Panic"] I don't recall the author or much else,

but it had to do with an Italian boy "captured" by Pan. Several stories in that anthology deal with the kinship between old goat-legend and the youth of our race, in one way or another. You might take strongly into account the traditional goat-legs of Pan and the identical hooves of his older cousin, Sathannas, who also wears horns.

from BOB PATTRICK January 11, 1960

A couple weeks back I concluded my second trip through Mr. Tolkien's remarkable saga, and I remain most impressed. Alack, as with all second readings, the astonishing joy of meeting all these people and places is dimmed by fore-knowledge. But the deeper import of the story comes across more vividly, and the long pre-HOBBIT history begins to come much clearer. I still don't have it all straight in my mind, and must read the various Appendices with care. But as I say, I do grasp it much more.

Of the characters, other than the Hobbits, I think I am most fond of Treebeard and the Ents. The Elves are nice enough, but a little too ethereal. The Dwarfs are too materialistic, with their passion for caves and jewels over-riding almost everything else. The Men are just Men, even as we and our ancestors. But Ents and Hobbits - ah; what rare and wonderful persons. If "persons" is correct to describe either.

I'm still wondering just who and what Tom Bombadil is, and his place in the scheme of things. And I'm wondering about the other members of Gandalf's Order. There were supposed to be five of them. Did the work of the other three also end when Saruman died and Gandalf passed over the sea? Who were the others, and what was their work? We know only about one of them: Radagast the Brown, who Gandalf met and who brought the news that Saruman was asking for Gandalf. Radagast was described by Gandalf as being a master of shades and changes of hue, with much lore of birds, beasts and herbs. So we have Gandalf the Grey, Saruman the White, and Radagast the Brown. Odd - none of these are Primary colors.

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And speaking of Tolkien, CRITIC, a "little magazine" around here has an excellent article, "Ethical Pattern in THE LORD OF THE RINGS," by Patricia M. Spacks. You can get it by sending \$1.00 to CRITIC, Box 4063, University Station, Minneapolis 14, Minnesota, and asking for the Spring-Fall, 1959 issue (Vol. III, No. 1).

TeoL goes out on the University Radio Station, KUOM. I discovered recently that the ditto machine there, indeed, ~~each~~ of their complex machines (but especially the leering dragon they call "Console") is known as an "Idiot-finder." Whenever someone makes an interesting goof the cry goes up: It found one!