

The



NEOLITHIC

Borogove in orbit

No. 5, April, 1960: a monthly mag

"Georg came from the wastes of Space,
Last of a less than human race:
Seer of the future, seer of the past
Seer of existence, as long as it last."

Over spring
vacation my folks
and I went to
Florida and,
fake-fannish
place that Miami-
Beach may be,
some odd things
happened around
the trip.

Georg
by
Rowdy



Thursday afternoon we scrabbled round, got ourselves all
ready, somehow or other, and headed southward. Friday morning
we scrabbled round again and headed northward, arriving back
in Minneapolis in the early evening. My little brother had
gotten ill on the way and had to be brought back for recuperation.

Penicillen and thoughts of missing the trip brought about
a fast recovery. Saturday afternoon we were on the way again.
The day was quiet and dull enough, but the night found us in a
place of marvelous receiving powers. At 7:30 (8:30 their time)
station WJF in Detroit put on the complete musical score of the
MIKADO. Thank you, Detroit! We'd just gotten past Act I when
static forced us to change. Then we picked up "Pictures at an
Exhibition" on a New Orleans station, and, after that, a soppy,
rather amusing program in Pittsburgh, "Party Line" on KDKA. Seems
it's the custom on "Party Line" to propose a "Party Line Pretzle"
every night. Saturday night's pretzle was to identify the book
which has this as its opening line: "In the year 1878 I took my
degree of Doctor of Medicine at the University of London."
Through the night answers kept coming in. I was pleased and not
surprised when many people answered it correctly. I was not
surprised when many people guessed "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde".

But I must confess to a slight puzzlement over the people who guessed ARROWSMITH and GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

Monday we got into Florida. Sun sand surf. You've read the ads. Consider the descriptions described.

There is one second-hand bookstore in the Miami area; it is the bookstore of Alfred Ledoux, out in Coral Gables. You may have heard of him. Last year when some horrible people were trying to remove the Oz books (and others) from Florida libraries, Mr. Ledoux remarked happily, "What do librarians know about books," -- and pointed out that the fuss was bringing in a demand for the black-balled books which made money for him.

Wednesday I went to his place and found a copy of Christopher Morley's THE TROJAN HORSE. This is a wonderful fantasy, a retelling of the Troilus and Cressida story, in a form that is half novel, half play. Funny, moving, go read it.

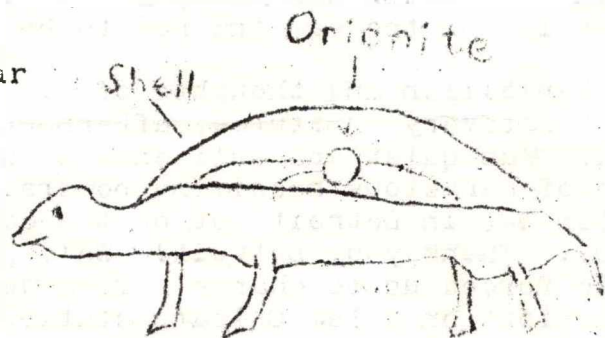
Monday morning (early morning, five in the morning, ough) we were home, still trying to adjust the pressure in our mis-treated ears. Monday evening I got the cat out of the kennels, got cat-fur all over my coat, and finished getting it all off by Friday. Back to Normalcy.

Bob Pattrick, 934 North Jackson Street, Glendale 7, California, wants to know if any of you can get him a British dust-jacket for THE LORD OF THE RINGS. He will pay reasonable amounts of cash.

Old Comet Firestone is still receiving.

This month I confine my researches to a subject near and dear to us all: Armadilloes. That was a bombshell. I have to get you out of the armchair somehow.

Armadilloes are not animals, nor are they plants. Armadilloes are weapons which the people from Orionis are using against us (see diagram). Soon these intelligent spiders will take over the world. Just a minute. Someone's at the No! There are hundreds of swarming Armadilloes outside my door. He... -- Bandersnatch



"some British editorialists were asking seriously last week whether there would ever be another Labor government at all."

--TIME March 28, 1960

Berman's Fair Something-or-Other

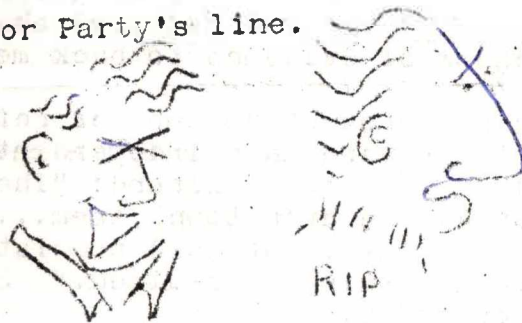
We need a loyal opposition.
Ding-dong don't let the death-bells chime.
Come all you Tories, start pulling lorries,
We need the Labor Party's line.

If they are fighting,
Go make them nice.
If they are all drunk,
Put 'em under ice.

For we need a loyal opposition.
Ding-dong don't let the death-bells chime.
If Labor goes out, England will blow out.
We need the Labor line,
We need the Labor line,
By God, we need the Labor Party's line.



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I just got a grand idea! Let's
hold a WorldCon in Minneapolis!
You can do the work.

This editor is currently in a
highly cocky state of mind, being:
Winner of a Certificate of Merit
in the National Merit Scholar-
ship program,
Tied for seventh in the state in
the Annual High-school Mathe-
matics Contest, and
The author of an article in the
latest BAKER STREET JOURNAL

And I'd hate to try to decide the order of my preference.

CLAY TABLETS

from TED JOHNSTONE, March 15, 1960

I was going to tell you about the argument Bruce Pelz, Bjo, Bill Ellern and I were having last Saturday night. Bill asked about the Lesser Rings and somehow Bruce came up with the opinion that the three Elven Rings were not forged by Sauron and were not under his domination; Bjo backed him up by citing contemporary witchcraft with symptoms of counter-spells which draw on the power of that which they are combating. We all agreed on the line and the Seven and the reference to the disposal of the Three was easy to find. But Bruce and Bjo both thought they had been forged independantly by Celebrimbor and the Elven-Smiths of Erigion. I retaliated by pointing out that according to the Tale Of The Years Celebrimbor did not perceive the designs of Sauron until ten years after the Three were completed, and the way between the Elves and Sauron didn't break out until 93 years after that. I don't remember how we went after that, but I know it wasn't until two days later that I thought of the lore-verse which says "One ring to rule them all..." and realized that was an almost incontrovertable chunk of evidence to back me up.

Bruce has brought up another reference favoring the idea that the Three Rings were made independantly by the Elven-king to combat Sauron -- I, 282: Elrond: "The Three were not made by Sauron, nor did he ever touch them...They were not made as weapons of war or conquest...but (of) understanding, making and healing, to preserve all things unstained." So I have withdrawn my argument, and conceded.

from MARION BRADLEY, March 21, 1960

The spring is springing all over the place. It's all I can do to refrain from wanderlustin...well, not refrain from lustin to wander, but refrain from wandering. Come spring I get an irresistable urge to climb in the car and put as much distance as possible between me and Rochester.

NeoLithic, the Fanzine that is a Culture, here and accounted for.

What I could see of it, that is. I'd say, offhand, that you need (1) a typewriter with sharper type and (2) about twice as much ink as you used on this issue. In general, portables do not cut good stencils, but if that's the only typewriter around, then you can improve your stencil cutting by using a carbon cushion sheet under the stencil, and cleaning the type before you start.

The synopsis of Lord Dunsany's THE BLESSING OF PAN makes me think of a novel by Dion Fortune --the Goat Foot God-- about a young man at loose ends who decides to invoke Pan for kicks, and gets considerably more than he bargained for. It is fantastically funny -- and deadly serious too..

On the inside pages of NeoLithic I also note that the stencils are much better cut than the front page; so I guess your major trouble is in the inking. If you are hand inking the machine, it should be inked, and the ink brushed down, until it shines and is glossy. All my early crudzines display my fear of ink...they are so pale grey they can hardly be read.

[Just about everyone commented on the terrible repro of the last NeoL. You are quite right, and I apologize...RB]

from DIC SCHULTZ, March 22, 1960

DON'T YOU EVER LET ME HEAR OF YOU NEGLECTING HOMEWORK FOR A DURNED HOBBY, LIKE FANDOM, OR I'LL RUN OVER TO MINNEAPOLIS AND SPANK THAT STUFF CLEAN OUT OF YOU! You hear?

Well, maybe I wouldn't be quite THAT violent, but I think that you get the BIG PICTURE. Fandom is, certainly, an engrossing cosmos. But that's all it is, just still a circle of friends and correspondents.

That quote of yours has already been quoted, by Ted Johnstone in his Detention Report for PSI-PHI #5. It is a weirdie, tho, isn't it?

eea is trustworthy, but YOU'RE NOT! Vot you so worried about her actions for, anyways? You thinking of illegally re-printing the Ring Trilogy or something, and she's got the only copy? Heh,heh,heh, now we all know what sort of person you are! To use hiding behind that copy of Wevsters!

Am not a poet or poetry reader, but I think that Kedd's quote was from one of the English (Greenwich) Romanticists of the pre- or-post Napoleonic period. Possibly written during the Regency. But not Victorian, or later. It just has that sort of a flavor to me. Now, am I wrong?

For Bruce Felz's edification, re his Union List of fanzines, here is mine: RETRIBUTION: John Berry Editor, Arthur Thomson Co-Editor of issues #1 to #10. First issue: January 1956. Latest issue: November 1959, #14. GYRE: Steve Tolliver Editor. First Issue: January, 1959. Fifth and last issue: April, 1959. HOB-GOBLIN: Terry Carr Editor. First issue: November, 1959. Fourth Issue: January, 1960.

[Nice guessing. Redd's quote ("This bouillabaisse a noble dish is...") was from "Ballad of Bouillabaisse" by William Makepeace Thackeray -- who comes before and just after the beginning of the Victorian period. And I found it in Bartlett's by looking up "bouillabaisse" in the index.]

This was Neolithic which, with ALL MIMSY, will go to all who send contributions or letter comments (at the rate of four a year) or who trade on an all of ours for all of yours basis.

Neolithic
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