



The

NEOLITHIC

Borogove in orbit No. 12, November, 1960: a monthly mag

This is NeoLithic from the basement of Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota

WELL, IT WAS THIS WAY Department: next month is NeOL's birthday (or birthmonth, if you're particular). It occurred to me that it would be nice to conclude "The Hibbit; or There and Back Again" in the annish. This, in turn, suggested to me that it would be nice to get a case of pre-annishnesia and just skip the November issue entirely, especially since I was busy working on All Mimsy. I was all set to follow the dictates of laziness when, a few days ago, duty came out from under the mimeo and told me that it really would be a pity to skip a month when I'd managed to come out once a month for almost a whole year, and that since I was working on All Mimsy I might as well work a little more. I agreed that it would be a pity and that I ~~could~~ easily work a little more—hence this letter-columnless, articleless, "Hibbit"less, but not completely Ruthless, very short issue of NeoLithic. For the benefit of conscientious letter writers, I do not urge you to write in re: this issue. In fact, I rather think that I urge you not to write.

EDITROOLINGS

I wonder if any of you have ever been puzzled by the spelling of the name of that orbiting crittur up there. Up to about two years ago, I firmly believed that the word was "borogroves". Then one night Ron Whyte and I were talking about Lewis Carroll, and he mentioned "borogoves". "Hey," I said, "It's borogroves, not borogoves." "No," said Ron, "it is borogoves." I looked when I got home, and there in the book it said "sevegoried and orew yamim ifa" or "All mimsy were the borogoves."

Saturday evening at the Pittcon, Ted Johnstone and I were talking about Lewis Carroll, and I happened to mention the above incident to him. Ted gave me a very startled look. "But I always thought it was spelled that way, too," he said. We decided that the true explanation must be that, just as the crazy Jon Jarl writers say, there are an infinity of parallel universes, only the parallel universes are not separated. We often slip "over the edge" without noticing it. Obviously, then, Ted and I

had grown up in universes where Lewis Carroll wrote about mimsy borogroves, and had slipped into the universe of mimsy borogroves recently. However, if a large number of you have had the same experience, it is more likely (How to slit your throat with Occam's razor in one easy lesson) that it's a case of "language drift". Of course, if none of you have ~~and~~ thought the word was borogroves, why then, obviously....

To celebrate this month's laziness:

The Fan's Good Night

Lullaby and good night
Drink your blog, then sleep tight.
Tomorrow is the time
To write a-pa-zines in rhyme.
You may pub all next day
In your tru-fannish way,
You may pub all next day
In your tru-fannish way.

Lay aside fannish cares,
Close your Shangri L'Affaires.
Cover up the mimeograph,
You may dream of winning Taff.
You have pubbed hard today
In your tru-fannish way,
You have pubbed hard today
In your tru-fannish way.

INVERSE SALES Dept: I want INSIDE & SFA of January, 1955 and SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES numbers 42 and 43. Unfortunately, I have nothing to trade, but I am willing to ~~send~~ fairly large sums of money to get them.

NeoLithic
5620 Edgewater Boulevard
Minneapolis 17, Minnesota

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TO: *Mr. Jim Coughlin*
612 Putnam
2650 Durant Avenue
Berkeley 4,
California