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# NEOLITHIC

THE FIRST NEOL IN ANNISH IS HERE

Borogove in orbit No. 13, December, 1960: great Ghu! an ANNISH

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Neolithic is a bimonthly mag (which should surprise everyone) going to people who send articles or write letters of comments every other issue. If a number appears after your name on the address, you are a subscriber (a noble person) or a free-loader (a loveable person, but not noble at all) and the number is the number of the last issue you will get unless you send a letter (which brings you two more issues, even if it's only a pocksarcd) or money. People sending money hereafter will get two issues for 25¢ or 10 issues for \$1. Last issue without response. If that space is checked, you are a letter-writer (or article-writer) from whom I have not heard for five or six months. I also trade Neol on an all-of-ours for all-of-yours basis. Note on the accompanying "Carroll": extras are available at 25¢ each. This is the only McArdle Press Publication which will go free to the people on Neol's mailing list. Neol comes from the basement of Ruth Berman at 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota.

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THE HIBBIT;  
or THERE AND BACK AGAIN

Part II: and Back Again

Last year a large group of Califen managed to get themselves to and from the Detention safely (reasonably) and cheaply (very). A similar group was going to and from the Pittcon, and they had room for one hibbit-sized Minnesotan to travel out to California

with them. Originally, I was going west to the U. of C. at Berkeley, but when I decided to go to the University here, my folks said I could go out to California for a visit.

So there I was at Harness's Tuesday, September 6, 1960, feeling very goshwowish and preparing to leave with the traveling tru-fen. There were twelve of us and three cars: Al Lewis's Peugeot, with Ingrid Fritzsich, Jack Harness, Ted Johnstone, and Ernie Wheatly; Bill Ellern's Hillman, with Bill Ellern, Ron [?], Bjo Trimble, and me; and Ed Cox's Volvo, with Ed Cox, Robert [?], Martinez, Andy Main, and Bruce Pelz. The Volvo was to go to La, while the Peugeot and the Hillman were to go together, at a slower pace, to Salt Lake City, where the Peugeot would go to La and the Hillman would go to Berkeley.

I cannot help thinking that the rest of the group must have had a great, though understandable desire not to hear Gilbert and Sullivan all the way from Pennsylvania to California, because they put Bruce, Ted, and me (Savoyards all) in different cars. However, the nefarious purpose was foiled, because the Peugeot and the Hillman switched passengers around quite a lot, so much of the time Ted and I were able to sing G&S, although Bruce's bass and sweet falsetto were taken from us. Still, they may not have meant to try to keep us from singing G&S. When Ted began singing the complete Mikado, I was the one who let him get to:

Schoolgirls we, eighteen and under,  
From scholastic trammels free,  
And we wonder—how we wonder!

and then interjected, "What has it got in its pocketuses? We wonders, yes we wonders." [a line from The Hobbit] Quite broke Ted up, it did. And he never did finish the Mikado.

All Tuesday (and part of Wednesday) the hours and toll-gates flicked by, and at 3:30 am we reached Chicago and the house of Billern's aunt, who had thoughtfully scattered mattresses about the floors.

When we arose (or were made to arise) Wednesday morning, we were given an excellent breakfast... Indeed, all through the trip, people kept shoving appetising things at me in the mornings. I don't believe I've ever eaten breakfast each day for so many days in a row (at least, not willingly). At 11:30 we set out again.

Wednesday evening we camped out, and Thursday evening around midnight we reached Bob Leman's house in Rawlins, Wyoming. Norm Metcalf greeted us pleasantly as we walked in the door. Leaving Pittsburgh about the same time we did, hitch-hiking cross country and spending a little time in Denver on the way, he had reached Leman's an hour before us. He probably teleported part way.

At Bob Leman's house I met several interesting people. There was Bob himself, of course, a tall fellow with a blunt, kindly face and a good critical ability. There was his gorgeous red-haired wife. Most important, as all aileurophiles will agree, was the cat, Tiger, the first of a number of unusual cats I met during the trip. Tiger, a handsome ginger cat, had the habit of sucking his tail, much as some children suck their fingers. After an hour's talk or so, we unrolled our sleepings bags all over the Leman's living-room floor and went to sleep.

Friday evening, September ninth, we reached the Calkins' home in Salt Lake City. Norm Metcalf opened the door for us. He'd gotten there only a quarter-hour before us. Gregg and Joanna (like practically everyone I met on the trip) were cat-owners. That is, they were owned by: Grey Baby, Gorgeous George (Gorge for short. A giner puss with light-red markings), and Serendipity (a black cat with orange high-lights in her fur).

We decided to go out to dinner at an Eat-All-You-Want place, so we squeezed into cars and went off to pick up George Barr, who knew the way to the place. George Barr ought to illustrate Great Expectations some day and use his house as the model for Wemmick's home in Little Brittany. He does not have a cannon on the roof, but he does have a moat out in front which fits Dickens' description. He got into the car somehow and was soon hopelessly lost in a rat-maze of short-cuts and "Road under construction" signs. Like the rats, we finally got to the food through a process of trial and error.

After dinner we drove back to Calkins' where Bjo gave George Barr the many awards he had won. Then Bjo took out the stacks of pictures she was taking back to California to return to the owners and held a small art show in the Calkins' living-room. Meanwhile, Ted Johnstone had decided that he would like to visit the Bay Area. There was no room in the Hillman for him. Ronel suggested that he hitchhike.

"But I've never hitchhiked before," said Ted. Still, he decided to try. This move left room for Norm Metcalf in the Peugeot, but not room for his baggage, since Ted was leaving most of his stuff in the Peugeot, so Norm had to hitchhike on into Los Angeles. I believe he got there ahead of the Peugeot.

Saturday morning, Norm and his baggage squeezed into the Peugeot, and Ted and his jump-kit squeezed into the Hillman, and we drove to Wend-Over. Just past Wend-Over the highway splits, one part leading to LA, the other to the Bay Area. Soon we came to the junction. The Peugeot went a few yards to the left and stopped; the Hillman went a few yards to the right and stopped. A brisk and shining young man stepped out of each car. The cars started up and off, their roads slowly diverging, while Norm, at the left, and Ted, at the right, stood and waited.

Midnight Saturday we reached Reno. Bjo and Ron wanted to gamble for an hour or so, Billern wanted to watch them, and I wanted to sit quietly somewhere in the building (Harold's Club) and read, which was just as well, as I am under twenty-one and look it. We went up to the restaurant in Harold's Club to get a snack. There were signs on all the walls saying "Minors not allowed in this area unless accompanied by parents." "Parents" can be stretched to mean "adults," but it was still troublesome, because all three adults wanted to go into the gambling area where minors are not allowed at all.

Ron, who is 22 but looks a little younger, went up to the cashier's desk to ask if there was a place where a minor could be left alone. "No," the cashier said, looking at him suspiciously. Back at our booth, he remembered there was a theater in the Club. He asked the waitress if a minor could be left alone in the theater. Yes, one could, and No, the theater wasn't open.

The kindly waitress eyed Ron suspiciously (I was on the inside, and she couldn't see me) and said, "How old is he?"

"Eighteen," said Ron, stretching the truth slightly.

"Do you think he could pass for twenty-one?" She went on with a masterpiece of tactfulness for Ron's [presumably] wounded feelings, "Who is it? Is it you? You could pass for twenty-one." Ron shifted his position so that the waitress could see me. "Oh! but you don't even look eighteen." Noticing Bjo, she added, "And how old are you?"

"Oh, I'm twenty-seven," Bjo said.

The waitress looked dubious, told Bjo to be sure to keep her ID handy, because she'd surely be asked for it, and told me that when I became twenty-one and came to Reno again [ha!] I would have to keep my ID handy, too. Getting back to our immediate problem, she pondered a bit, then announced that she knew the answer: I must be taken to a hotel and set down in the lobby to wait. Nobody would mind, but I must be careful to stay awake, because if I fell asleep, I might be arrested for vagrancy. This we did, and I read quietly while Bjo and Ron each set about disposing of fifteen dollars-worth of chips (Bjo came out with \$18.85 and Ron with \$20.00). At 1:15 Ron came to get me, we met Bjo and Billern, and left. And that is how I had a wild time in Reno.

Sunday morning we reached Sacramento. We left Bjo at her mother's home with her folks and John Trimble who'd come up from Los Angeles to get her, and then Ron and Billern took me over to my cousin Jessie's house. They left me there and went on into Berkeley. I spent a quiet day, washing, playing games with Jessie's girls, and telling them stories. Nice children. I

always have a special fondness for children who like my stories. In the evening I went from Jessica's home over to the house of her parents, Bill and Zetta Berman.

Monday evening I got into Berkeley and phoned Miri and Terry Carr. I was rather amazed by the friendly welcome they gave me. Of course, they did know I was coming and all that, and I had been a name on Fanac's mailing list for a whole year, but, still, the closest I'd come to ever meeting them was seeing them act in The Musquite Kid.

So I came over to the Carr's house and--that's right!--met some more cats. The first was Tigger, a grey-striped kitten who reminded me of my own cat, Tiger, who has the same markings. Second was Tigger's mother, a handsome Siamese named Pyewacket.

The Carrs, kind people that they are, were letting Ted Johnstone and me stay at their house while we were in Berkeley. And how, you wonder, does a couple with a small house, however hospitable they be, find room for two young fans of different sex? Well, you put bedding on the two couches in the living-room, and set Pyewacket to chaperone. Pyewacket turned out to be one of those cats that like to use humans for foot warmers at night, and I suspect that she has a system of some sort for figuring out which human is radiating the most heat at any given instant.

Tuesday my cousin John Berman (Bill and Zetta's son), who lives in Oakland, came over and took me sight-seeing. Karen Anderson had invited Ted and me over to her house for that evening, and John's wife, Barbara, said she was willing to take us over to the house. This wasn't strictly altruistic; she collects stuff, and we pointed out that she could get Poul's autograph. So Tuesday evening Barbara put into her car: Ted, me, her children (they were just coming along for the ride), and her copy of Brain wave.

Barbara's children are also nice children. They listened with commendable interest to two stories: one about how they captured the dragon I bought in Chinatown, and one about the adventures of a young man named Peter the Poad. They enjoyed the latter, but their mother enjoyed it more, because every word in the story was true--and Peter the Poad is her younger brother.

Barbara got us out to the Anderson's, got Poul's autograph, and left. I was introduced to the Anderson's cat, Topsy, who didn't seem to approve of me, but was polite about it. We spent several hours discussing various subjects, ranging from Tolkien to why Astrid Anderson doesn't turn into Super-Squirrel when she shouts, "Fanac."

Then I said something to the effect that it was a pity I had to leave Berkeley tomorrow without meeting Anthony Boucher.

"Well," said Karen, "perhaps you could meet him now." She jumped up and went to the telephone. I wonder if Karen knew what a great favor that was. Probably; she's very perceptive. Anthony Boucher is my favorite critic and one of my favorite writers. His stories and reviews have introduced me to several of my favorite authors—Doyle and Dunsany, for instance—and have made my appreciation of others greater, as well as giving me several hours of pleasant reading. Yes, Anthony Boucher was home that night, and Yes, we could come over for an hour.

Karen took us over, and we met Tony Boucher, his wife, and his cat, Dash. Tony Boucher is a wonderful person. He seems to have stepped straight out of The Wind in the Willows. He looks like Toad, only without Toad's vanity, and he talks just like Rat. We talked (for quite a bit more than "an hour") about Oz, Tolkien, fandom, and Sherlock Holmes. Curious, how many writers really are as interesting as their books.

Wednesday the fourteenth I took the bus from Berkely down to Los Angeles. Dean and Shirley Dickensheet had invited me to stay with them while I was in Los Angeles, and at one stop I called and asked if they would be able to meet me at the bus depot. They said yes, and it wasn't till I got into the station that I remembered I had seen the Dickensheets just once before, and that was four years ago. As I stood wondering how I might recognize them, I saw the Trimbles. The Dickensheets, more foresighted than I, had asked Bjo and John to pick me up. While staying at the Dickensheets, I met their cat, Macavity. Dean decided later that Macavity was really an imitation mongoose, made up from a verbal description. However, Macavity is a very handsome Siamese mongoose.

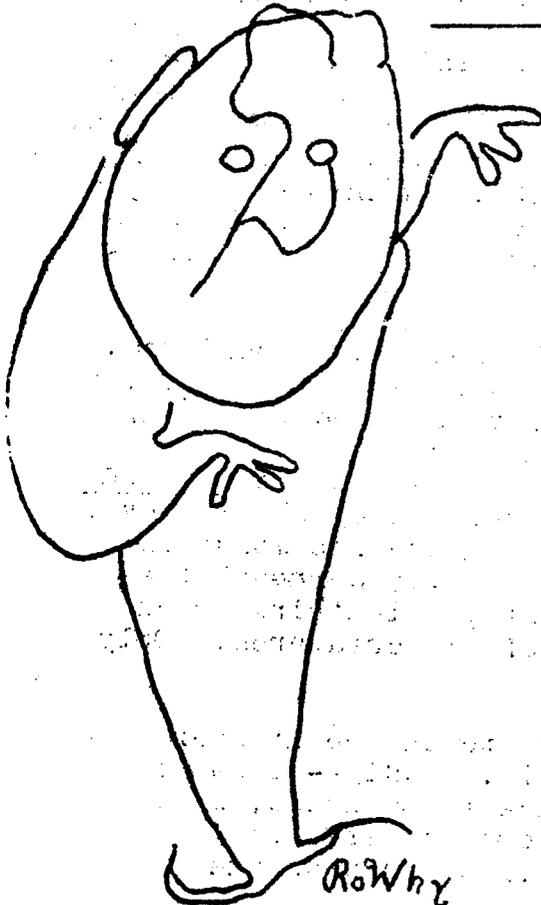
I spent a highly enjoyable week in Los Angeles; meeting old friends, making new ones, meeting people I'd corresponded with but never met, like Adrienne Martinez, Don Fitch, and Bob Lichtman. Thursday was the Lasfs meeting. Friday, Shirley Dickensheet, Bjo, Ted Johnstone, Bruce Pelz, Jack Harness, and I spent the day at Disneyland. We bought things, rode things, ran across and through things, climbed things, and generally had a gorgeous time while behaving like half-wits. Jack's face, normally placid, took on a peculiar gleam when we entered the place; and he began drawing Cultoons—buckets-full of Cultoons.

Saturday was the western premiere of The Musquite Kid, at a movie party in Al Lewis's house. Sunday evening several of us went back to Lewis's to watch Shirley Temple's version of The Land of Oz. We had several attitudes represented: I collect Oziana, most of the people there like it, a few don't know it, and Dean Dickensheet rather dislikes it, but we had the same opinion of Miss Temple's version: ugh. A few parts of it were good, but those were the parts least related to the main part of the production.

Sunday afternoon was the Trained Cormorants Meeting. Norm Metcalf and I were guests of honor. Shirley informed me beforehand, in a casual tone of voice, that it was customary for the guest of honor to win the quiz; was I up on "The Five Orange Pips," which was to be the subject of the meeting's quiz? I took down a copy of the story and read it through slowly and carefully. And, you know, I did win the quiz. Shirley doesn't seem to believe in making it easy for the guest to carry out the tradition, though; she was just half a point behind me.

Tuesday, Dean and Shirley, Bjo, Ted Johnstone, and I went to see the Huntingdon Library. The man showing us about, Mr. Carpenter, was a former class mate of Dean's, and he gave us a grand tour. We even got to stare enviously at the books in the stacks.

Wednesday the twenty-first, Dean and Shirley took me out to the airport and got me on the proper plane. I was going home, but the trip was not over. Not over, because, like the trip four years ago when I spent hours talking with Bob Fattrick and the Dickensheets, like all the trips during which I have met and made friends, it is caught in my memory, and I can re-live it when I please.



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A note on the change in NeoL's publishing schedule: I'm not changing because I need more time for schoolwork (I have enough now), but because I want to be able to do more articles for other fanlines. I don't plan to make NeoL a lot larger, but it probably will be a little larger after this. Originally I thought I'd stop NeoL entirely, but you noble people out there decided that this was the time to send me lots of good stuff which I couldn't possibly all use in one issue, so NeoL will just appear less frequently, instead.

"But I tell you he was green and at least this high.

RADIO DIATRIBE  
by Ted Johnstone

I prefer radio drama to TV when I can find any. The last I heard was the BBC's production of Day of the Triffids. It ran as a serial through six half-hour chapters and was broadcast, via tape, over the educational FM station in LA. It was a reminder of just what can be done in the medium with a staff of good actors, technicians, and writers. Radio is probably the freest medium outside of plain writing—a few notes of music, a few words of description, and a few carefully produced sound effects can create an effect that hundreds of thousands of dollars couldn't duplicate on the screen.

One show that could never have been done on television was the old BBC Goon Show. Could you, in a visual medium, have a mysterious criminal wearing a masked boxing glove who leaps from a leather omnibus and punches people up the conk (in the nose)? Could you even have the existence of the Goons themselves, those incredibly caricatured beings (all of them played by Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, and Spike Milligan), such as Gritpype-Thyne or 'Thighs' Moriarty? Or the great leader of the clan MacReekie, Redhairy MacLegs? Or the incomparable Eccles? What about the time when Harry Seagoon was talked into insuring the English Channel against the risk of fire? And then, much to Gritpype-Thyne's disconcertation, it did catch fire. Think of Moriarty riding his leather omnibus around and around the bedroom, practicing his leap-and-punch technique, until Gritpype comes in and warns him to be careful: "Remember, the blinds are drawn...they're not real." And, in a visual medium, what would happen to those deathless lines of dialogue: "According to the nine o'clock news it's getting dark outside." #Getting dark? What ideal conditions for night!"

No, there are things which cannot be seen to be believed. Radio is the only possible place for the wildest flights of fancy. Maybe this is why fandom seems to have started taking an interest in it. Television and even the movies have done some remarkable things with fantasy. Who could ever forget The 5000 Fingers of Dr. T? Yet there are things which they should never touch. Lovecraft, for instance...how often are his monsters described? No monster you could see would even approach the horror of the concept of unutterable fear and loathing which forms for you personally when you read of his creatures. Only radio can handle such as these.

I doubt that radio will ever revive to the point where such productions will be commercially feasible. Radio—commercial radio—has stabilized as a source of background noise; music to do something else by; and the few soap operas left are fossils, preserved between layers of rock 'n' roll or popular music. The

hope of the future, at least for the lovers of radio drama, is on the educational stations, tucked into the FM band between 88 and 92 megacycles. They have no sponsors to satisfy, no huge rating to keep up, a minimal budget, and a non-profit organization. They can take any kind of story and do what they will. These stations will be the custodians of radio drama as we knew it, and they will eventually, inevitably, discover that they can do so much more with so little than television can with so much.

A couple of summers ago Stan Freeberg did a radio show which ran for some twelve glorious, unsponsored weeks and included some of the highest points of radio broadcasting for the adult mind. Freeberg had no sponsor to limit him, and he took off for undreamed heights. My own favorite was Incident at Los Voroces. This was, basically, a satire attacking the Las Vegas hotels (characterized by two, the El Sodom and the Rancho Gomorrhah) and their rivalry. When one builds the largest swimming pool in the world (Florence Chadwick tries to swim across and doesn't make it), the other books in the presidential inauguration (twice a night for two weeks). Then the first transports half a mile of the Gaza strip complete with Arab and Israeli soldiers, and has a war. In case it's rained out, they have the St. Valentine's Day Massacre in the garage and an ancient 78 rpm recording in the lobby of Adolph Hitler singing, "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier." At last the ultimate is reached.

"Tonight, and tonight only...Live...On this stage...The Hydrogen Bomb!" And the narrator's voice, "There were over a million people present in the great amphitheater. The powerful electric motors slowly rolled back the roof; the spotlight slowly slithered up the tall silver tower and came to rest on the metal cab at the top...And the boys were still counting their money when the man pushed the button..." There is a long silence, and then, faintly, you hear the wind whistling, and in-cvër it comes the soft sound of a guitar being strummed. It grows louder, very slowly, and then the voice that opened the story with the "Ballad of Los Voroces" sings one last verse:

Oh, Los Voroces was a mighty city,  
As the hist'ry writers have penned,  
But her days were numbered in that heavenly book  
And she pushed her own button in the end...

He ends on a minor chord which slowly fades away, lost under the whisper of the wind, and from somewhere, far away, the wail of a coyote across the sand...

Could you do it that well on television?

ALFRED: or The National Purpose  
by e. atwood arnason

These are the times that try men's imaginations. Faced with a tangled, tortured world, in which action is both a duty and a necessity, America has gone down on its hands and knees to look under the carpet for a national purpose.

The president has an important committee devoted to beating the intellectual thickets of the land in the hope that this elusive animal will rise from its coverts. A major magazine covers the search with full page photographs, and countless great American thinkers contribute their different descriptions of the purpose. Not since the days when young knights chased the Grail have we known such a hunt, and not since men sought the unicorn has a hunt been so fruitless.

The careful thinker might ask about the habits of the national purpose before beginning his pursuit of it. Where does it graze and breed? what does it graze upon? when does it breed? How does one find a purpose, and, having found it, how does one capture it?

The answer might come like this:

FEEVIL: Good day, Mr. Gweeb. My name is Feevil, and I am a parfit gentil poll-taker, asking about national purposes. Do you have one?

GWEEB: Yes. He is thirty-one feet long, dark-blue, and answers to the name of Alfred. He goes with me everywhere.

FEEVIL: I see. Alfred. What color are his eyes?

GWEEB: Baby black. His wings are red, and he has a white crest. When he flies, he looks like Old Glory.

FEEVIL: Uh-huh. And his age?

GWEEB: Very old. He remembers a man called Spartacus.

FEEVIL: His opinions are?

GWEEB: 'He who is unflinching, bold, simple, natural, and un-hurried approximates Manhood-at-its-best.' K'ung fu-tzu said that.

FEEVIL: Chinese, eh? It sounded un-American. Anything else?

GWEEB: 'I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man.' Jefferson. Alfred liked Jefferson.

FEEVIL: I'm not criticizing a great American, but don't you think that's a little strong? I mean, live and let live.

GWEEB: Alfred likes it.

FEEVIL: I'm not arguing. After all, he was a Founding Father. Now, how did you catch Alfred?

GWEEB: I sprinkled thought on his tail.

FEEVIL: Did you thay thalt?

GWEEB: Thought. T-h-o-u-g-h-t.

FEEVIL: Oh. Thought. Where did you get it?

GWEEB: I made it. It's sort of a hobby of mine. I think for myself.

FEEVIL: I see. No offence, but it is a pretty primitive thing to do in our modern assembly-line world. Still, we can fix that easily enough. Modernize. Mechanize. Put mass-produced thought on the market. What did you think?

GWEEB: To get Alfred? I thought that it is every man's right and duty to be free and to be good.

FEEVIL: Vague. Vague and dull. Doesn't give the great American public anything to bite into. Mind if we jazz it up, make it a bit snappier? 'Americans be good, like Americans should,' or 'I'm for you, and you're for me, with Uncle Sam we make three. Beat the Reds, be free, be free! Fifteen cheers for Liberty!'

GWEEB: I don't think it will work. Alfred likes homemade thought. He says the other kind tastes flat.

FEEVIL: It has to work. It's the American way. Now, may I see Alfred?

GWEEB: All right, but be careful. Alfred tends to eat people who aren't very free or very good. They give him protein.

FEEVIL: I am a loyal American. Call Alfred.

GWEEB: Alfred! Here, Alfred! Here, boy! There you are. What's wrong? Are you hungry? I'll give you my latest meditations after the nice man is gone. Now, say hello to him—Alfred, unhand Mr. Feevil! Alfred, stop that at once!

FEEVIL: [various sounds indicating extreme surprise, fright, horror, and pain. Then silence.]

GWEEB: Dear, dear, dear. I did warn him. Still, it was not good of you, Alfred. Was the nice man tasty? That's some consolation. Come on, Alfred, you can have my new idea on world government for dessert. I shall have to phone Mr. Feevil's employers and tell them that he was eaten by my national purpose.

the end

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CLAY TABLETS

from DOC WEIR, 6 October, 1960  
Primrose Cottage, Westonbirt Village, Nr. Tetbury, Glos., England

[In #10] I notice that the bird is inscribing FUGG in the dust outside Berry's doorstep in the illo, and this reminds me of something. Has anybody besides myself noticed that J.R.R. Tolkien, in the kindness of his heart, has provided us with the Elven equivalent of "fugg-headed"? In volume I p. 296 we are told that the mountain which men called "Cloudyhead" and the dwarven-folk "Bundushathûr," the Elves called "Fanuidhol; while in volume III p. 409 he makes it pretty clear that the Sindarin added "-ëa" as an adjectival suffix; hence "fugg-headed" = Fanuidholëa; and very nice, too!

from RICK SNEARY, October 19, 1960  
2962 Santa Ana Street, South Gate, California

The resent editorial [in #8] and letters regarding memories of early video programs seem to answer a question that the Kyles and I rased last Spring..It has been evadent from the resent fanzine articles and our own conversations that most of us who were born in the 20's all listened to the same kind of radio.. They were in fact a fairly important part of our memories of childhood. And we wondered if the children of the TV age will have simular memories..The reason we questioned that they would was the lack of dayly serials, the bed-rock of radio. Also that series do not seem to last as long on TV..Jack Armstrong and Little Orphan Anne must have lasted ten or fifteen years..(Little wonder that some of us can still sing the theame songs, 15 or 20 years later.) But from what you and the readers say, you remember something...

Your gripe about editorial blurbs giving away stories is well taken. Mills looks so bad in contrast to Boucher that one wonders that he can still salect more readable stories than other magazines. Mills now eather says to much, or nothing at all.. Of course, you can hardly expect anything more than telegraphed punch lines from Campbell, after all for years in Brass Tacks, he put his answers to letters before the letter it answered.

from KEN CHESLIN, 31 October, 1960  
18, New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, England

Dear Sussex Vampire, I hear that you are the founder of Ruth Berman,,um, something sounds wrong there; hum...mebbe it was the Wessex Wampire?

er...enjoyed the conadventures...I liked the word pictures you drew...one or two of them were nicely vivid. Hey, just how do you know about the Goan Show?, have you actually heard a/some shows?. Sigh, I used to love those mad Stooges, I haven't seen a Stooqe film for years and years and I really do feel the gap, shame...must see about getting this "Bosses Song Book" sounds amusing

[the title page says the songbook is 50¢, published by Dick Ellington, PO Box 104, Cooper Station, New York 3, New York.]

from JON ARNASON, November 13, 1960  
1719 Bryant South, Minneapolis 5, Minnesota

I have been brooding over the letter of Ted Johnstone saying that Eleanor Arnason was imaginary and George Karg was real, and George's letter in return saying that that was not the case, that both George and Eleanor were real.

As I said, I have been brooding over these letters, and I have decided to reveal the truth to the world. True, I feel the world is not ready for this news, but the letters and other events have caused me to take typewriter in hand and settle the matter once and for all. It is not true that Eleanor is imaginary and George real, nor that George is imaginary and Eleanor real, nor that they are both real; they are both imaginary. I thought them up after a very wild night on the town, and they have been haunting me ever since. I have tried everything, but nothing words. I suffer the same plight as A. Conan Doyle. My fictitious characters have become more real than I am.

I hope this has set the matter straight, and any suggestions as to how I may get rid of them will be appreciated.  
[my god, they're all mad!]

from ED COX, November 20, 1960  
984 South Normandie Avenue, Los Angeles 6, California

Now in NEOLITHIC #10. I notice something about that borogove in orbit. The one in #9 seems to be pretty complacent but the one on #10 seems to have a little more personality. Besides that, its wing markings seem to have changed somewhat. Otherwise, as usual, your editorial was more interesting than most other stuff. The John Perry bit, while not top-flight Perry, was the only other good thing (and this in some length for a change) that I've seen in NEOLITHIC for some time.

In NEOLITHIC #11. the Borogove in orbit has really gone wild! Its wing-markings have sprouted into long hairy projections! Its eye has opened and the antennae on the helmet have spread further apart. What will happen next?

from FRED GALVIN, November 27, 1960  
840 Algonquin Avenue, St. Paul 19, Minnesota

In the October 1960 issue of True Romance I ran across, of all things, a far-fiction! This was a horrible thing titled "The Dangerous Game; I Dated a Wild Boy". It is about a girl who makes the mistake of dating a science-fiction fan (the Wild Boy of the subtitle), who reads Sturgeon ("The Huckle is a Happy Beast"), and talks about going to the moon. As you might expect, he comes to a bad end; at the end of the story he attempts suicide and his parents commit him to a sanitarium.

The Karg platform was interesting. Unconditional surrender is not the answer, but this proposal is almost sane compared to that advocated by Kennedy and Nixon (two other presidential candidates), viz., that we spend billions of dollars on missiles and H-bombs (C-bombs?) for "deterrence" and "retaliation". Fortunately both candidates were thoroughly repudiated in the recent election, in which the American people cast over thirty million votes against each of them. I considered running for president myself, on a "compromise" or "middle-of-the-road" platform: I favor the defense of Quemoy, but I don't think we should defend Matsu.

Whaaat? It's borogove, not borogrove??! By God it is I just looked it up. This is the most unsettling thing I've heard for a long time. I seem to hear my world crumbling about me. I wonder how many other people have made this same slip; I'll take a survey at school tomorrow. Mass psychopathology? Wonder what its Freudian significance is? Or maybe Carroll is wrong and Borogrove IS the correct spelling. I'm not so sure we can accept Carroll as an authority. After all, he is certainly wrong in telling us to pronounce gyre with a hard g; and he has taken liberties with the rules of chess. I wish I still had the Alice in Wonderland book that I first read 13 years ago; I'm sure it was borogrove there.

from REDD BOGGS, 29 November 1960  
2209 Highland Place N. E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota

Mimsy #6 was all very pleasant, and I'm sorry the magazine has folded. Everything in it is somehow familiar -- I think young writers must have to go through the same stages of development that writers through the ages made part of their heredity. Familiar, but I think above average. Eleanor Arnason seems to have swallowed, and not entirely assimilated, all the minor Victorian poets I admire too (and find myself rereading more often than the

bigger names) -- William Morris and Henry Austin Dobson, in particular. Anyway, this is good apprentice stuff, and pleases me much. Your poems were a bit too cerebral perhaps, if that's the word I want and I guess it isn't but it is too late now! Anyway, this understatement gimmick is something of a pose and as such must be assessed rather than felt, I think.

"The Last Authority" was, like the poems, something of a small triumph in handling, and whatever word I was groping for when I said "cerebral" fits here too. Maybe I mean dispassionate. Anyway, I have the impression that you were quite pleased with the effects you achieved here and made the effects carry the story instead of allowing yourself to feel any commitment to the attitude displayed. Maybe that's all right, too. I think this is a good job as it stands. In fact maybe it's too good -- maybe your failure is to play it safe all the time. What the hell. Plumbly you can sculp these miniatures in soap like nobody's business -- but when are you going to trundle in a half ton of granite and start chiseling out Laocoon.

While I don't agree with Marion's estimate of NeOL (as set forth in the current Kipple [#7]), I do feel that she's right in pointing out that it has more promise than performance. And I wonder if you shouldn't enlarge its scope to allow inclusion of some of your fiction and poetry -- now that Mimsy has folded.

"The word is commonly mispronounced as 'borogroves' by Carrollian novitiates, and this misspelling even appears in some American editions of the book." -- The Annotated Alice, p 196. Ken Beale once published a fanzine for FAPA and SAPS titled Borogrove; the title was altered to Borogove with issue #2.

from BRUCE PELZ, 7 December 1960  
2790 West 8th Street, Los Angeles 5, California

Thanks for AM and NEOL. Frankly I can't think exactly which way I'd been spelling "borogoves," though I think it was with the extra "r." Right now, when I try saying the line "mimsy were the borogoves" it doesn't sound right either way!! eaa's poems were of interest (primarily for form, not content) and Ron Whyte's article-story was entertaining. "The Last Authority" is as thoughty a piece as I've seen in a fanzine for quite a while. And it's a thought I agree with -- provided my interpretation is in line with what you intended: that as long as man needs "experts" he might as well keep the politicians, rather than try to find an "authority" in another field to do the job.

from EMILE GREENLEAF, December 11, 1960  
1303 Mystery Street, New Orleans 19, Louisiana

You mentioned something about not commenting on your latest productions. So, I guess this is not a letter of comment. Or

else it is a not-letter of comment. Or else it is a letter of not-comment. Pick any one with sweet and sour pork, or any two with egg roll. I could say your zines are unin-hibbitted, but such things I reserve for CRYhacking.

You have some nice poetry. Both by yourself and Eleanor Arnason. Is she real or another hoax? Wacky little bit, that story about the octopus. Get some more stuff from Betty Pierson. She's waaay out, man!

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THE HIBBIT QUOTES:

You published my last book, God love you...Harlan Ellison to Mr. Wanshel from Ace books.

God help you...Mr. Wanshel.

I stumbled over Harlan Ellison whom naturally I did not see... Isaac Asimov.

Will seventh fandom please be quiet?...Don Ford to Bruce Henstell.

Tony Boucher managed to say harsh things so gently, you didn't realize it till five days later when it's too late to shoot him... Asimov.

You're carrying your Fear Of The Locust too far. They only eat harmful birds...Jack Harness to Ted Johnstone.

Look at that elbow!...George Barr.

We sell duplicates, Caxtons and things like that...Mr. Carpenter.

Wipe that Sense of Wonder off your face...B go.

The Mad Tea Party is a gaily colored whirl in people-sized tea-cups...Walt Disney.

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