

RUR 10

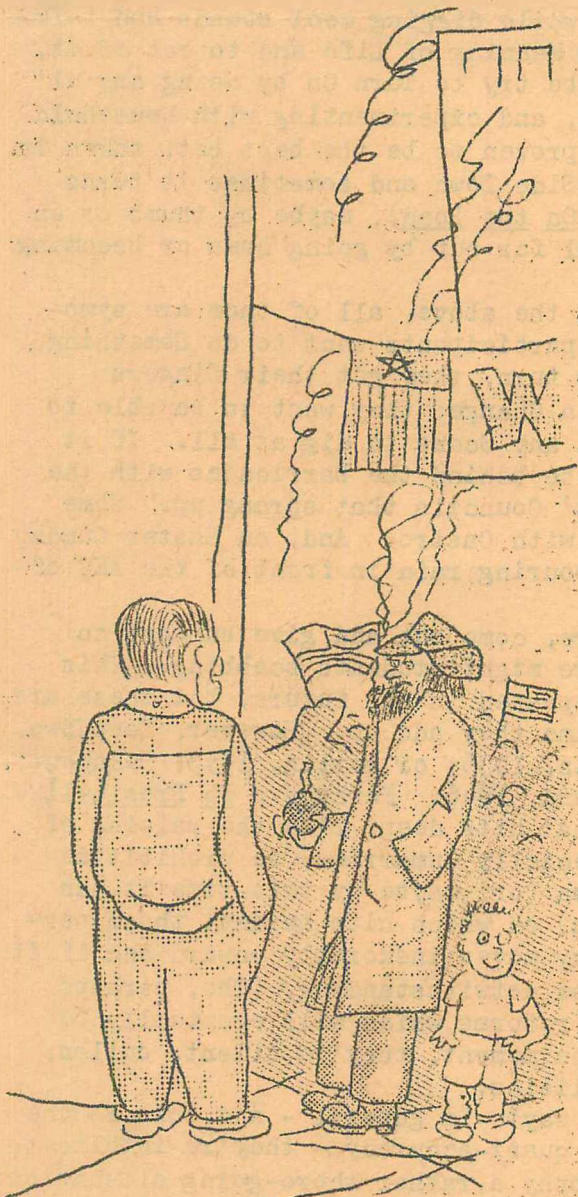
This comes from that continually dark 2nd floor room at 2431 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California where David Rike exists, digs cool sounds, and reads R&T.

Now that Fanac is a subzine, one may well ask, does that sub to Fanac also guarantee a steady supply of RUR, or, what? RUR is not included in your sub to Fanac, it is a free-type thing which you get thru the kind services of Ron&Terry, who distribute it, and me, who puts it out. Thus, if you were a cheap-ish type and didn't sub to Fanac, thus getting the axe and yet you still wanted to get RUR, a letter so worded so as to indicate sufficient interest in it to make me want to take the trouble to send it to you, with occasional follow-up letter, card, or contribution will get it for you. Tho, really, I think it's much much easier to get RUR via Fanac than by itself. I say this, since it means less work for me . . . something I heartily approve of.

F.M. Busby thinks that, "Dammit, it looks like we WWII types are a Lost Cause: too young for the Lost Generation and too beat to be Beat. I dunno -- maybe I was just a gahdam reactionary from the start -- instead of having two drinks and falling on my face, I always figured it was more sporting to get a heavy overload and try to navigate with a little decorum. Of course, I seldom succeeded....."

"Somehow, though, these "Beat Generation" deals remind me all too well of Seventh Fandom: self-announced and beating their own drum too much. I mean, if your crowd is Significant and Unique, it'll be noticed without a paid promotion campaign."

Who sez that the Beat-types are the ones who are loudly proclaiming that they are the Unique ones, maaann? The cats who've really beat the drums aren't of this generation, they're old, dad. Allen Ginsberg is 32; Jack Kerouac is 36, a WWII type, too; Kenneth Rexroth is, at 53, the grand-daddy of them all; Lawrence Ferlinghetti is 40, and another WWII-er; and, like that. These are all prominent "spokesmen" for the Beat Generation, a generation that ranges in age from 16 to the middle 20's. (I'm speaking from personal acquaintance with them . . . I live within their Center here in Berkeley, besides having dug the Beach over in SF on oh so many occasions.) I presume that you are familiar with them and their works. If not, then how can you pass judgement upon the Beat-ers if you know nothing about them, if you haven't read "Howl," if



"GOT A MATCH, BUD?"

(by Roger Plumb)

you haven't heard "Thou Shall Not Kill" by Rexroth and the Cellar Jazz Quartet; or dug works like On The Road, The Subterraneans, or Ferlinghetti's article on the Howl trail. Now, these are really meagre substitutes, by themselves, for really digging the scene in person, and they are, so to speak, commentaries on what the crowd is doing, but they are much much better than commentaries-on-commentaries and the pap treatment given to the Beat-types in the mass media press. Oh, you may think that you're real hep and Right-There after eyeing the article on SF in Life that appeared last year, but so might have other persons, who having read the article on stf and fandom that Life had around five years ago (gee, has it been that long ago?) believed that they knew all there was to know about this crazy, gosh-wow Buck Rogers stuff.

The feeling of being "Beat," is not something new. I can't pin down an article I read on this, but, for instance, Germany had the steppenwolfe after WWI, which was analogous to being "Beat," besides there being contemporary examples in Russia and elsewhere. And, the Beat-ones are, for the most part, silent, sullen, and waiting. In their day-to-day existence, activities take on a quasi-existentialist aspect (naturally, not French-like, but within the context of American society) which expresses itself in the general adolescent social and anti-social activity: Searching for a woman to shack up with. Blowing pot, while digging cool sounds and talking about how to extract the essence of the Inner Meaning of Life and to eat of it, in concentrated form, in some dingy pad. Or, maybe try to Turn On by using any ol' drug available: peyote, cough syrups, barbituates, and experimenting with household spices (from the field tests performed, mace has proven to be the best bet, taken in can-load lots). Sometimes the stuff puts you Up-Side Down and sometimes it turns you Inside Out. Mad, aimless wanderlusting (cf. On the Road), maybe by thumb or on 'bikes, ala the Wild Ones. And then, some go real far out by going homo or becoming dikes.

There's no particular significance to any of the above, all of them are symptoms rather than being a motivating factor. The participants want to do Something, but . . . what? And who can you trust? At every turn, they get their fingers burned (or their beards singed). Yet, they want a Change; they want to be able to Dig-The-Scene as human beings, before there isn't any Scene to dig at all. If it was October, 1956 and we were in Hungary, they'd be behind the barricades with the Freedom Fighters and participating in the Workers' Councils that sprang up. Some of them would very much like to be down in Cuba, with Castro. And, on Easter Sunday of this year, alot of them were marching in the pouring rain in front of the AEC offices in Oakland, protesting nuclear tests.

H-Bomb protests, & maybe they'll, in the future, come out and give support to strikes and labor struggles, especially when there might students scabbing. This has been done in the past and no doubt will be repeated in the future, but these are all Small and not, singly, significant, but in time they add up. However, Deep Down, they're Waiting. Waiting for something like Spain, 1936; or Berlin, 1953; Budapest, 1956; or maybe even San Francisco, 1934 or Oakland, 1946. Perhaps a Po Prostu-like incident will set it off, or some little thing that hits deep, like the raising of automobile insurance for those under 25 (and especially unmarried) to prohibitive heights when at the same time there is a recession (or, maybe by this time it has evolved into a full scale, old fashion depression) on which hits hardest those persons who have to foot the increased bill. History moves inexorably onward and if it isn't one thing, it'll be another; reform measures notwithstanding. (Tho, perhaps reforms will create demands for more and greater reforms which will eventually be balked at and that'll start it.) However, for the moment, they're silent, sullen, and waiting; fritting away their lives in trivialities.

What really motivates them, makes them this way? In general - and this is the only way I can put it down with any hope of quasi-accuracy - they're intellectuals who have as a primary facet of their philosophy a rather thoro-going alienation from society. They're in this world, but they aren't part of it: they don't want a damn thing to do with it, it's Sick, Sick, Sick and, besides, out to smach them . . . each and every individual one. So, they're sitting on the sidelines, Waiting.

I heard that Colin Wilson more or less fabricated his pose of an Angry-Young-Man in the Outsider. Maybe so, but it nevertheless puts down a fine feeling of the Alienation that is turning all-american boys beat. (Kerouac was a football star be⁴

he dropped out of Columbia when a sophomore because he was tired and beat.) I would also suggest two items by Albert Camus that're out in pb. from Vintage: The Rebel and The Stranger. The first is an essay on man in revolt and the latter is a novel which was pointed out as the first Beat-type novel. The Beat-types have a Film Hero, by the way, who you might dig, James Dean. I have yet to see a movie with him in it, but to judge from the mass media photo-stories about him that appeared in great number right after his death, there seems to be a bit of Beat-ness about him which might've been captured in the films he did.

Seventh fandom more or less came about from Agberg's article in Q, "First and Last Fans" in which he noted that 6thF was declining and wondered when 7F would really come into its own, naming some fans who he thought would be in its vanguard. No doubt inspired by this article some of the fans named by Agberg, but most notably Harlan Ellison, decided, wow! let's have 7th Fandom and . . . there is was, complete with bird bath. There was also a composite 7F fan, Wally Balloo, a 7F amateur press association (which saw 3 mailings which were populated mainly by inane one and two sheeters) and other odds and ends. Now, 7F wasn't an entirely artificial creation: if Agberg hadn't written his article, Ellison, Browne, Ish, and crew would've still had bunched together. The thing was, tho, because of "First & Last Fans," they became acutely self-conscious of themselves being the vanguard to the up-coming fannish era and this tended to intensify their activities and to give the group a cohesiveness it would've otherwise not have had.

The drum-pounding for 7F was done mainly by the prominent 7Fers themselves, while, on the other hand, the Beat-types have been written up by persons who might have felt the same way when they were in their youth (ie: before reaching 30) but who, now, are just around, watching the children of WWII and the Cold War react to reality. The write-ups might be in the form of a poetic indictment of society, like "Thou Shall Not Kill" and "Howl" (a thinly-disguised biography (of Ginsberg and Kerouac) which is what Gellion Holmes' Go is, or a literary novel based upon personal experiences like On The Road or The Subterraneans, and the bally-hoo accompanying them for the most part was promoted by the publishers of these works, since their main concern about a book like On The Road is for it to *S*E*L*L* and the more coverage it gets, they figure, the better. But, completely apart from this hucksterism, exists the Beat-types. If anything, they aren't pleased about all of the publicity since that means commercialization, the turning of North Beach into a tourist hang-out, higher rents, and the coming in of all sorts of squares, and weekend bohemians and out-right gawkers. With commercialization, their bars are no longer places where you know you can meet all of your friends at, since they are now squeezed out by the tourists who simply have to dig these cuh-razy people they read about in Life, Playboy, and Esquire. The rents have gotten so high that even Lawrence Ferlinghetti has moved out of the Beach and down to the Potrero Hill district, besides numerous other persons. And the squares: you know the type, they have a nice, respectable job, white-collaring it somewhere, during the day, but wow, man, they gotta be with the Crowd and be Hip and, like that, so they don their turtle neck/sweater, sandals, and frisco jeans and drive out to the Beach in their MG-As (discretely parking them in some dark alley, of course). But that's the way things go here in America.

When I first dug the Beach and the Beat-types more than a year ago, I noted that they appeared to be no more than Pachucoes who read books, had social consciousness, and didn't resort to violence so readily. This isn't coincidental, because as intellectuals, they play a vanguard role in Awareness. In Hungary, 1956, things got started by mass action on the part of the students, but when the chips were really down and the Russians moved into Budapest, it was the young workers from the factories who were manning the barricades, chucking molotov cocktails at tanks, and directing actions in the Workers' Councils. And the Beat-types have the potential for doing the same thing in this country.

"Sure, I'm a humanist, I believe in being kind to dumb animals."

New Sick jokes: "How's the job, Joe?", "Say, where's your new car, Ed." and like that have been making the rounds, especially where unemployment is high.

On Monday, April 21st, both Jim and myself received copies of a very neatly dittoed leaflet, mailed first class and with no return address. Under a hand-drawn head which proclaimed it to be from "The League for Combined Development," there was this message:

WORKERS OF EAST BAY!

Protest the Capitalistic Smog Plot
Greedy sinister capitalist elements are daily befouling our air with their noxious effluvia.

This is not accident but a deliberate boss offensive against the workers. To gain our rights we must speak out, but how can we if 87% of our lung surface is to be covered with capitalist soot? Socialism needs air, so the bosses give us soot!

Workers! Do not be misled by the phony liberals who say that it is possible for us to curb this menace without expropriating the expropriators!

The Fight for Socialism Is the Fight for Air

Fellow Wage Slaves: You are not helpless in this fight against the airborne boss offensive. Led by your militant vanguard, the League for Combined Development, you can teach the lords of mine and rail and soiled air the power that lies in your laboring lungs.

All Class Conscious Proletarians of East Bay

RALLY at University Avenue below the Freeway

11:00 am, Monday, April 28th

With a mighty united shout let us force back the smog to the strongholds of the class enemy on the hills across the Bay.

Time to Turn the Gusts the Other Way!

P.S. without for one minute encouraging illusions about their false and deceptive leadership, nevertheless we invite all other tendencies to join us in the monster demonstration.

It was, of course, a joke, cleverly made up to satirize a radical call for an united front, and we got a hearty laugh out of it, tho some of the other persons who got copies didn't think it was so funny (no doubt sercons). Who in the hell did the thing, I don't know. There were several suspects, but none of them admitting knowing a thing about it and most of them were able to point out something or another that would be beyond their singular or collective capabilities. Jim and myself went to the appointed spot on Monday morning, expecting to see the perpetuator or a friend of his there, rolling on the ground in laughter for being able to lure us out on such a wild goose chase, but no one was down there, save for the usual traffic and a helicopter flying overhead. Really weird. We still got a laugh out of that leaflet, tho.

On the weekend of the 20th, John Quagliano was up here, in S.F., but he was unable to make any connections with us'ns, so he took off. (Trying to reach me by phone at 8 a.m., when the whole household is in Deepest Slumber, and especially on Saturday, is not the way to go about it, Jawn.) On the weekend of the 27th, George Metzger came down from Oroville, dug some art exhibits over in S.F. (including the one with Rotsler's sculpture in it) and then came over here to visit with Terr and Ron. They were, however, down helping Burbee celebrate his birthday, along with Pete Graham. Pete Graham, who after only two visits to LA this year, has become their Favorite Personality. Why, there have been promises from two or three faneds down that way that, by damn, they were going to devote pages and pages of their next fmz just to Pete Graham; down in LA, Pete Graham is really *B*I*G*. And Carl was off again to Sacramento. However, George had better luck than Quagliano and found me at home.

George looks, for the most part, like the self-portrait what was pubbed in Fan-ac #7. In fact, his looks served him as a passport. Jim said he had let George in the house, after he noted that George had a beard, since he knew that he wasn't a government agent or a bill collector. This made George feel Good and right-at-home.

We walked up the Avenue (Telegraph, that is) to the U.G. Corner, the big newsstand around here. George naturally dug the rows upon rows of paperback displays, covering not only the popular, but also the cultural and scientific publishers. There was a large layout on stf, both pmz and pb., but he ignored that.

From there, we walked back toward Dwight, stopping off at the Coexistence Bagel Shop for dinner. In the middle of the meal, Ken Spiker wandered in and sat at our table. "Why Ken, you look decadently decent, what with your hair cut and combed, your face washed, that cord sport coat on. Hell, with that get up, one hardly notices that you're wearing washed-out levis and beat-out tennis shoes." Ken was embarrassed and said that today just happened to be that day of the week when he did his eating. Nan wandered in and talked about guitar players with us and mad parties, which occur around here all of the time.

We finished eating and since the place was closing up, cut out for a grocery store, where we picked up some snacks and then went back to my pad. There were cool sounds from my fono, a welcome change from all of the rock and roll that George had been subjected to up in Oroville. I started typing up the stencils for thish of RUR and George, with no prodding on my part, started turning out drawings;; fine things which will be appearing in the pages of future RURs. This went on to around 6:30 in the morning when we went to sleep.

I woke up around noon, only to be greeted by Patti when I stumbled downstairs. "Oh, good, you're awake. You can run off 250 copies of this five page thing for me." George was awake already, so he came upstairs with us and continued drawing.

"Well, where are the stencils?" I asked Patti.

"Oh," she said, "I haven't stenciled them up yet. In fact, I don't have any stencils. Can I borrow some from you?" While she was typing up the first stencil I ran off the first page of RUR 10. And we didn't get thru with the whole thing until around 3:30 or 4. I started fixing some breakfast, french toast, but by this time George had to leave in order to get the bus back for Oroville in S.F. Nothing exciting happened, but he really dug the scene here and is looking forward, eagerly, to padding down here while going to the College of Arts & Crafts, a private school here in Berkeley. I think he'll really enjoy himself.

Dick Lupoff, writing from NewYork, says, "I'm out of the Army now and back in the Big World. Also unemployed, but that won't last forever -- I'll starve to death before forever.

"Ennyway, I just received RUR 6, and thot it dandy. I'll admit that RUR 5 topped #6, but that's no adverse comment on #6; it's just that #5 was one of the finest one-sheets I've ever read. ...

"Speaking of USSR -- their latest issue has a space-station cover. I haven't read the ish, tho. Dast I? I was seen with a copy while in service and pretty near had my security clearance lifted."

Ron Parker writes a quaint missive. This was addressed to me and mailed to Ron and Terry's address.

"Jest like it sez in the box...hyar I been gettin' FANAC all this time and said nary a word. So I still won't say much, except that I'm not a foul-smelling hole in the ground...not yet, anyway. And that I'm surprised you've been going so regularly at such a rapid pace.

"I'll be sending you some bits of artwork a little later (primarily Goodwin's, which is fabulous), and mayhaps detailed comments. Someday maybe money.

"I'd do so now except that this is my last stamp and have to have this in the mailbox in 5 minutes in order to do a promo for local radio station.

"Do keep sending."

Steve Schultheis writes a short note that Carl demands be printed in full, otherwise he says he won't help me assemble thish of RUR.

"Nick and Noreen Falasca showed me their copy of RUR 7, in which I had the great pleasure of reading "The Pig, the Ostrich and the Rat." My esteem for Carl Brandon is raised even higher, if that's possible after reading his wonderful "My Fair Femfan." That lad is a master of fannish satire."

Well, as Dr. Teller said dear, two heads are better than one.

