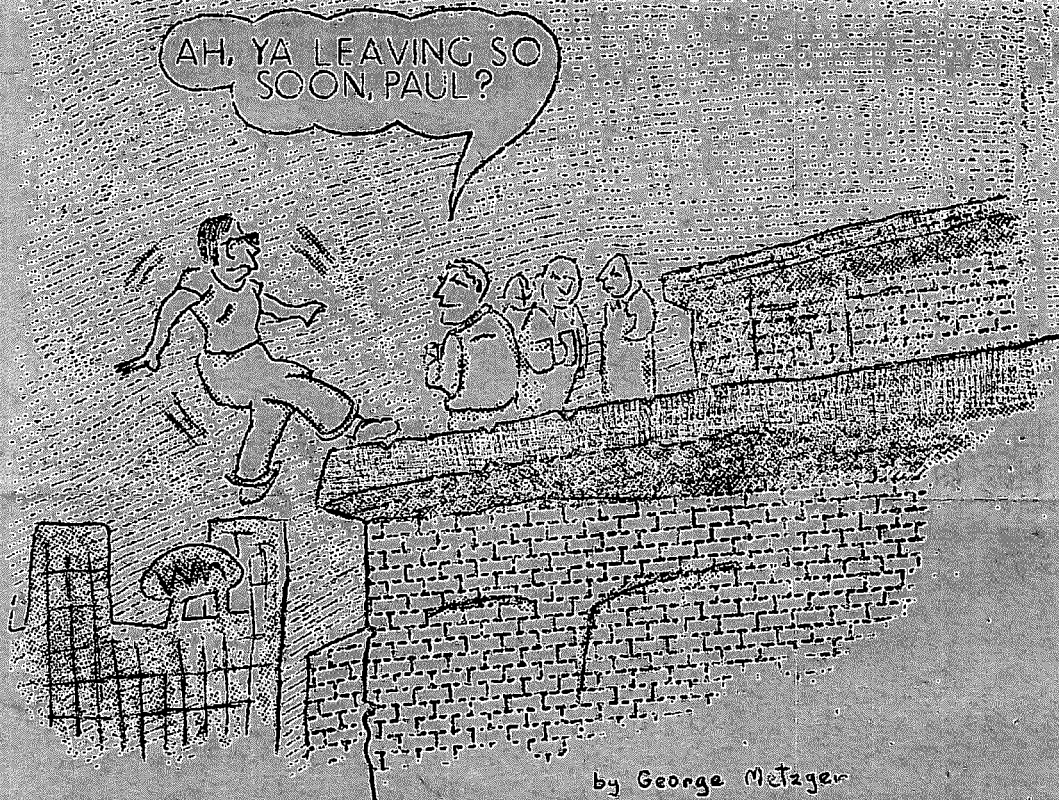


RUR 16

Published by David Eike, who dwells in a dimly lit room at 2431 Dwight Way, Berkeley zone 4, California. Carl Brandon from time to time helps out, but finding the lure of money irresistible, he's now busy at work.



by George Metzger

Communication From Paris (from a letter sent to Miriam Dyches from her father, who is in France . . .)

"Well, they've invested Charlie. The Socialists all over are yelling, 'Sell out,' the C.P. is even louder and viler in its traditional name-calling. But the fact of the matter is that Guy Mollet et Cie, (the SP) faced with what I think is the toughest choice possible, made the only move they could have. To have turned him down would have opened the door to a bloody civil war. It would have been of right wing making but eventually the army would have been called in and it would not have been the conscript of white people (the militaire would never have risked asking white kids to shoot down the citizens) but professionals of the Foreign Legion (merdenary trash), plus the soldiers from the Senegal, Camerons, and Equatorial Africa.

"The French today want somebody who can settle the problem of Algiers. France is absolutely bankrupt today. (it is way behind in its payments to E.P.U.; the Common Market is a dream, not real) Because of 3 successive wars: WW II, Indo - China and now Algeria. The French have no faith in anybody now on the political horizon. They've had enough of what they call 'cette bande des imbeciles' that have been using the swinging door of the Matignon (French equivalent of 10 Downing Street) ever since the Liberation.

(continued over)

"De Gaulle is not a fascist; he is a fiercely patriotic Frenchman who wants a halo. If he succeeds in getting France out of this mess, he will merit one. He is only asking powers for six months. He is putting constitutional reforms to a national referendum (not the usual tactics of a dictator) and he had surrounded himself with what I would call "the reasonable center." At this moment the people who are most concerned are of the extreme right and the Colons who are afraid he is going to adopt too liberal a policy in that country to suit their selfish interests.

"It is my firm conviction that he will hold office only as long as France is not squared away on the Algerian situation and the necessary constitutional reforms. I feel that he may make some changes in the political alignments and this is high time too. There are about fifteen political parties in France, which as you can see makes for splinters of splinters. It IS ridiculous. Four or five maximum would be it for me. I think the two party system stinks. And I think that once Charlie has wiped up the mess on France's living room floor, he will retire and await cannonization. But I'll tell you this, I am firmly convinced that had there been no crisis of the moment, within six months there would have been one that would have meant real civil war based on Algeria."

"I won't believe we're on the Road to Socialism until they nationalize women."

(Roger Plumb, who drew the cover-illo for RUR 10 and has rendered invaluable aid in the production of past issues of RUR (like opening letters, licking stamps on envelopes, etc.) has recently shipped out on a boat en route (eventually) to New York. He writes from Aberdeen, Washington.)

"Well, here I am, in God (& Satan) -- forsaken Aberdeen, Washington. We picked a hell of a time to get here, this being the Sin Center of the Pacific North West. That is, until 6 pm tonight when the local vice squad was finally mobilised and seized POWER away from what passes for City Officials. This leaves us without "Girls" and likker. (Also left out is the Navy, due to arrive tomorrow and the local Proletariat, the loggers who periodically invade every 7 days on Friday nights.)

"Most of the gang was extolling the virtues of this burg on the trip up here and now you never saw a bunch of gloomier looking-sailors. So far no fights, we've only been here since 5 tonite. (it's now 9.)

"I am on the 4 - 8 watch. The first time I was on the wheel, the Chief Mate tells me, "Hey, try to keep at least within 2° of the course."

"I've never been at the helm before," says I.

"'Oh? Oh!', sez he and goes below, leaving the ship at my mercy . . . whee fun! As I leave (a nervous wreck) an hour 20 minutes later, he says, 'You're OK for a beginner.'

"'Thanx,' sez me, still not knowing very much about steering. I still don't, but I don't get very nervous any more. Anyhow, we were probably not more than 10 miles off course in spite of my nobel efforts.

"One A.B. { able-bodied seaman } here showed up when we left, or were about to leave, Oakland and went to the wheel house. The skipper asks him, 'Well, how's it going?' A general question not referring to the ship's course.

"This A.B. peers thru alcoholic eyes at the binacle, 'Steady on 215°.'

"'Wha . . .?' says the skipper.

"The A.B. gets mad at being questioned about his steering, 'Steady at 215°!'

"'It godamm well better be steady, we have 5 (count 'em) lines to the dock.

GO BELOW!

"This is a pretty happy ship, as the saying goes. The Bosun is an old sailor who knocks us off every time he gets tired, which is often. So far I've gotten alot of pure gravy overtime. (I and the rest of us can't figure it out; the company is giving it out all over the place.)"

published by David Rike on June 18, 1958; the 44th anniversary of Red Week in Italy.