

SQUIRE

SUMMER 1963

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS



WILLIAMSON

A PARADISE ALLEY PRODUCTION — THIRD ISSUE

SQUIRE

 SQUIRE is an amateur magazine of social commentary and devastating satires that is published for the sheer unadulterated hell of it. There is absolutely no set schedule of publication, so the next issue may come bounding your way tomorrow morning, but more than likely there will be a good interm between issues (as has been our hard-as-nails-policy in the past). When we are not busily giving away free copies of our magazine, we are busily selling them for 35¢ per copy. Contributions are welcomed, but payment other than fame and recognition is nil. And a pox upon he who does not write me a letter of comment on this issue--SKIP WILLIAMSON, 700 WHITE STREET, CANTON, MISSOURI--This is a PARADISE ALLEY PROD.

SUMMER 1963

THIRD ISSUE



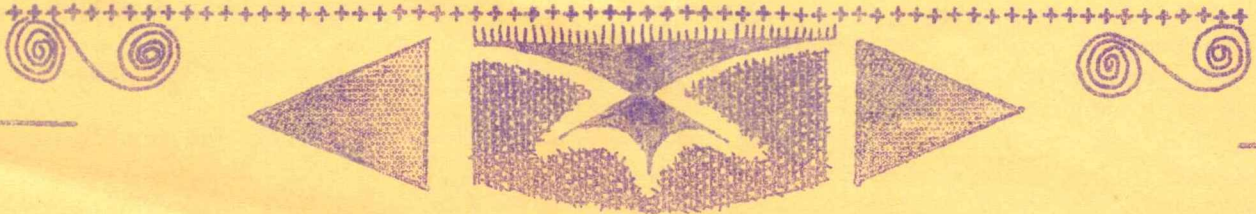
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EDITOR and PUBLISHER Skip Williamson WRITERS Richard Baily, Joe Pilati, Ray Nelson, Alan Ackerman, Tim Blickhan, Marka Parka, Skip Williamson ARTISTS Tim Blickhan, Art Spiegelman, Jay Lynch, John C. Roberts, John Carter, Skip Williamson LAYOUT Skip Williamson DUPLICATION Courtesy of Culver-Stockton College SPECIAL

THANKS are due to Bill Holiday, Rudy Hendrickson, and all the others who helped me get this issue out.

 "I feel like a Republican. Always running, but never getting anywhere..."--Red Skelton

 This issue of SQUIRE is respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Rose Bimler, whoever and wherever you are.



↑ EXPOSTULATIONS ↑

CONSISTING OF BLAND EDITORIAL
CHATTER FROM THE DANKEST CORNERS
OF THE PARADISE ALLEY



THERE WE WERE, sitting around procrastinating in a bright bubbly state of euphoria. Two of my friends on either side of me (both Mundanians of rather ill repute). The first to my right sniggling over something that must have indeed struck his fancy at that particular time, and the other (quite female) sat cuddled kitten-like in a chair across from me. I guess it was then at the height of our exuberance that we realised that we were truly, dreadfully in the depths of despair and subterranean boredom.

I could have suggested something to pep the group up, but then Friend #1 (who was totally male) was there, and Friend #2 (still quite female) probably wasn't in the mood anyway. So I simply sat back, took a drag off a half gone Joe Winston, stroked my face reflectively, and thought to myself—picturing in my mind's eye all kinds of nice things.

My mind's eye must have been a little over active that night because one of them asked what I had said.

I think I must have replied with a quaint bit of repertoire like "I dunno" or "Nothin'" from sheer lack of anything more pertinent to say. I was bored speechless (a precarious situation I seldom find myself in, and when I do I also find myself in utter awe and horror at the absence of my usual titterings of insanity).

Someone blew a cloud of smoke across the room, Friend #1 shorted to himself again, and the phonograph made a clunking sound as it dropped something by the Dave Brubeck Quartet down the spindle and on to the turntable. Our dream world thoughts were whirled away for a couple of minutes as Paul Desmond wailed out with a solid beat in two-four time.

"Why don't you help me publish a fanzine," I screamed with total disregard of our surroundings.

I'm not exactly what reaction there was to my proposal, but when I looked up both of my friends had expressions of shocked animosity written on their faces.

"Why do you both have expressions of shocked animosity written on your faces?" I asked, not without provocation.

"What, pray tell, in all of pluperfect hell is a fanzine?" Came the reply.

Now it was my turn to be shocked into complete flabergation. Was it indeed possible that there were people so mundane, so absurdly unaware, that they were ignorant of fanzines?

After mustering what wits I had left I jumped from the sofa, tore out the door, ran all the way to my house, grabbed an assorted pile of fanzines, varied fannos and other forms of kipple, flew back, came to a screeching halt at approximately the same spot I started from, and started passing out copies of VOID, SHAGGY, HABAKKUK, YANDRO, WARHOON, and others. I also spread around some convention pictures (I took these at the Chicon last summer), an empty cigarette package autographed by such notables as Sam Moskowitz, Robert Bloch, Avram Davidson, Clifford Simak, and Forry Ackerman. Things were fluttering about like THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, Bloch's THE EIGHTH STAGE OF FANDOM, and one page flyers among which was Les Gerber's BULLSHIRT (a fanzine title I've always loved and envied with all my heart).

"These," I spouted with as much majesty and pride as I could gather on the spur of the moment "are fanzines! Fruits of the fannish world."

One of them muttered something to the effect that I too must be a fruit of the fannish world. The remark was disregarded with pomp.

I proceeded to explain in minute detail the facets of fandom to these products of a mundane society.

This set me to thinking. If these two people (both confirmed and trouble good buddies of mine) were totally ignorant of fan magazines, how many millions of others then, find themselves in a likewise situation. I guess it's true

that most of these people wouldn't give a damn even if they did know of fandom, but nevertheless I'm taking the initiative and am circulating half of this issuance of SQUIRE throughout fandom and the other half is to be propagated into the darkest regions of the mundane world.

Already I can hear the cries of my fannish elders screaming that SQUIRE really isn't a fanzine and that if I really must go through with such an atrocious plot the very least I could do would be to show the outside world a true fanzine, and not something as totally absurd as SQUIRE.

Well, I suppose my fannish elders speak the truth to a degree. If this were a true fanzine it would be dedicated to science-fiction and other silly things like that. But wait a minute. I seem to remember that the Hugo award for the best fanzine of the year went to a politically oriented magazine called WARHOON. And somewhere in the intermost reaches of my cranium lurks the memory of other superb fanzines such as KIPPLE, CINDER, ENCLAVE, and ALTER-EGO that are definately accepted as fanzines but are dedicated not to science-fiction, but to things like social commentary, politics, atheism, and comic book heroes.

I will heed the cries of my fannish elders, and explain to everyone out there who isn't a fan or a member of fandom just what a fanzine is.

A fanzine (fan magazine) is an amateur magazine circulated throughout a select group of interested parties, and is theoretically dedicated to science-fiction and nothing else (although there are a good many being published now that are dedicated to everything else and not science-fiction). One of the few advantages to publishing on a small scale is the freedom of expression one doesn't have in the mass media. Quite often articles in fanzines are controversial. It's not at all odd to see things on politics in general, sex, the foibles of our modern society, booze, general mayhem, religion, and everything else that makes life worth living. There are countless disadvantages to this small scale form of publication. Not the least of which is the fact that one does not make any money from his labors. In fact, he quite frequently loses some. Why then, you ask, do these fools persist in indulging in this folly? And that's a good question, you know.

I would suppose the main reason is self-satisfaction (at least for me it is) and the egoboo (ego booster) one gets in the form of praise and applause of something well done. It's a delightfully warm feeling and makes it well worth the troubles and trials one goes through to publish a fanzine.

That, in a nutshell is what a fanzine is: An amateur magazine alot like SQUIRE only dedicated to science-fiction. But sometimes fanzines aren't dedicated to science-fiction. SQUIRE isn't dedicated to science-fiction. This is all very confusing, so I digress. Figure it out for yourself.

DON'T BE SURPRISED if the next issue of SQUIRE comes bounding your way from the confines of the local calaboose. I may end up spending time breaking up rocks for the state because of the article I've published by Ray Nelson on How To Be A Beatnik in this issue.

You see, the article originally appeared in Bill Donaho's fanzine, HABAKKUK. Fanzines aren't copyrighted (mostly because they aren't worth the effort) and I found no copyright either on the article or on the magazine. But it is an unwritten taboo throughout all of fandom to borrow, steal, or reprint something without the author's or the original publisher's permission. I mean, it's the only proper thing to do.

I never was considered a very proper person.

Oh joy of joys! Oh wonder of wonders! Oh glorious days! At long last it has happened---at long last! Those of you who are already well acquainted with the malicious atrocities of one Skip Williamson will also be well aquainted to the fact that he has been thrown into the dankest hell-pits of the typeress since the days of yore (last September, at least). It was around that time of the year that his one and only faithless typewriter went and destroyed itself beneath our hard, horrified fingertips. Needless

to say he was cast into the valley of despair. And it has been a good long time since he published a fanzine or written the letters that he should have written. Whenever he wished to write a letter or cut a master he had to run and beg the use of someone else's typing machine, which he proceeded to pound the very hell out of with gay profusion--thereby losing a good many friends (at least those with typewriters). This should partly explain the grand confusion of this issue. It has been typed on not less than three typewriters.

But the times are changing, and Skip Williamson has grown in wisdom and stature and has gone out and gotten himself an a brand spanking new typewriter. Thus, the Paradise Alley Presses will roll on forever (or at least until this particular typer crumbles into dust). Extol, extol! Laudations are due, I say!

There is a cancerous metabolism creeping across America today killing all individualism that happens to be in its destructive path. I fear the eventual death of free will and the individual if crawling conformity and conservatism remains unchecked--or at least if it is not slowed down somewhat.

I'm not calling for a complete revolution throughout our current social structure, but if we could perhaps shine out of the darkness with an individualism of ideas and ideals than is currently allotted it would be nice.

One of my favorite fan writers seems to express and emulate the spark of individualism that so delightfully tingles me: This is Ray Nelson in *INTROSPECTION* #4.

"My philosophy has to cover things for which there are no words, no symbols, the greater part of life that lies like an iceberg under the surface. It has to make room for things that do not repeat, that cannot be subjected to experiment. The unique moment, the vision, the sudden insight into the absolute heart of things that later fades like a dream in the daylight. It seems to me that if mankind is to survive at all, they must take a new tack altogether. Simply forget about everything else but achieving a permanent state of ecstatic revelation. I'm looking for a way to get high and stay there, a way to get turned on and stay turned on. I want a new world where everyone blows cool, where even the kids are saints and everybody has been to Nivana and beyond. I'm not satisfied with Nivana. I want saints who can fuck and eat and dig this crazy world, not try to chicken out of it. I want the human animal to function like other animals, easily and guiltlessly, without effort. I want to abolish all the laws, except the law of inner need. I want to really let my mind go and see what it can do. I want to take the governor off the motor. I want to live a real life and die a real death, going down singing. If you don't know what I mean now, man, you never will..."

This eloquently crude utopian philosophy of Nelson's does not altogether agree with mine, but if I were to censor parts of his message that would make me the suppressor rather than the objector.

Ray Nelson seems to be talking of a power free-free love society. The same, in fact, that was advocated by Socrates some sons ago, and the same that was practiced with gay abandon (at least the free love part) by a good many poets of the Romantic era. Poets like Coleridge, Byron (who practically spawned a bastard generation throughout England), and Shelly (who helped Byron out whenever he got bored or worn out). Their individualistic spirit glows in their immortal works, while the strict conforming moralists

of their time remain dormant, and best stay that way.

The only difference I can see between the thoughts of Nelson and my Romantics (assuming of course that they thought/think on the same levels) is that the poets of the pre-Victorian age practiced their transcendent delights and regarded them as their way of life, while Nelson's Elysium is a state of mind. Naturally one just can't go revelling about as one could during the Golden Age. You are liable to end up a ward of the government in some looney bin or penitentiary. One must contain himself.

Right about now I'm becoming worried. A question is plaguing me: What is an individual? Sure, I've give some insignificant examples of my conception of individualism. Poets, Socrates, fan writers, the list is innumerable. I have a little pocket dictionary that I carry around with me that says, "INDIVIDUAL, Person (in the high or emphatic sense, person full of character, self-directed being, self-determined being."

In this age of vultures how many self-directed or self-determined people do you see skittering about? I can tell you that the figure is low--lower than it should be. Man has set himself on a flannel lined pedestal, and mankind is supposed to be a carbon copy of the model, without any character and personality of his own. Meatballism is here and the limp spaghetties are conforming to their assembly-line encasements.

WHENEVER I GET A LETTER like the one from Phil Roberts in this issue I delight with warmth at the thought of sheer unadulterated argument.

I suggest that Phil read a paper-back published by Gold Medal Books called Inside the John Birch Society written by Gene Grove. The book goes into detail about the "Society", its aims, and especially the personalities of Robert Welch.

Roberts is forever tickling my sense of wonder. First in that he is an accomplished fanzine editor, artist, and a budding writer, and second that he is a 17 year old (or maybe 18) with apparent conservative rather than the usual liberal political feelings of that a e bracket (perhaps it's a glowing ember of individualism...in which case I would say WOWEE!). Unfortunately I find myself lost amog the typical average liberâas of our youthful era, with tendencies that swing ever so slightly to the left.

I found some highly controversial remarks in Phil's letter but have declined little if any comment and passed the torch to Joe Pilati (to whom the letter was directed). I feel that Joe can certianly defend himself more aptly than if I were to try. Besides, it's a sneaky underhanded way to get a letter of comment.

I just want to say to Phil that the pink paper in this issue in no way represents my current political standings.

THE SPACE BELOW will stay blank in memorium to my old housing at trustworthy 1008 College Street. For I've moved, and now live at 700 White Street in Canton, Missouri. The king is dead, long live the king, and send your letters to the change of adress.

skip

...you may be blown to bits by tomorrow... sleep

}}You gonna let him get away with that Joe--skip}}

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Send all correspondence
to: SKIP WILLIAMSON
700 WHITE ST
CANTON, MISSOURI

PHIL ROBERTS
RURAL ROUTE #1
BRONSON, MICHIGAN

This Joe Pilati fellow has one of the most politically jagged (and all too prominent among fans) ideas imaginable. His first mistake is misnaming General Walker, General Bircher. John Birch was never a General, in fact he died, I believe, in Korea by Bayonet at the hands of the Communists. That is why Robert Welch & Co., named their society, with ideals of defending American beliefs and ideals, THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY. Basing a parody on General Walker's Southern accent, et al on a man who gave his life for this country was extremely in bad taste.

Of 39 cases in the Supreme court, Earl Warren voted 36 times in favor of the Communists! That makes his record 8% American. Warren helped make it possible for you to have a Communist lawyer, nullified the subversive control laws of 41 states (meaning the Communists can plot the over-throw of any of these states by violent demonstrations, and almost anything short of police violations--literature, threats, blackmail) He helped make it possible for teachers to freely teach Communism...I don't mean about Communism in proper comparison with our system, but Teach Communism. Your elected representatives cannot inquire into the activities of identified Communists with proper thanks to this man. I could go on.

Joe McCarthy was, in a friend's words "getting too close to the Communists in Washington." He was soon on the Communist's "smear-list" as is the Birch Society now. I would say they did a pretty effective job, wouldn't you?

In Detroit Michigan, a Methodist Minister named Henry Crane preaches policies of 1) reduced sentences on convicted Communist spies, 2) he said "...This country needs small groups in every town and community in the land (America) who are willing to defy the government, and refuse to go to war, refuse to sail the ships, refuse to man the factories producing war materials." (When this happens, what happens when a foreign power starts war...which the surely would if we followed the Good Doctor's advise?) This man is called "Great", "Marvelous," and "Wonderful" by America's intellectuals.

This is the liberal/socialistic/ Northern-Democratic stand.

If I might borrow a much-used liberal phrase, "How can we take these people seriously?"...The "House-broken" Communists, they.

I have more harrangue, but that is enough for tonight...sleep tight. We may be blown to bits by tomorrow...

{You gonna let him get away with that, Joe?--Skip}

+++++

JOE PILATI
111 SOUTH HIGHLAND AVENUE
PEARL RIVER, NEW YORK

"Operation Abolition" rates as the greatest satirical film since Charlie Chaplain's "The Great Dictator" (I think that was the title). It is good to find another editor of a satire fanzine who possesses liberal tendencies. Philip Roberts, nice guy though he is, finds the John Birch Society a peachy group. Don Dohler has no political awareness at all. I don't know about Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon or some of the editors of magazines that are partially humor. At any rate, JFK in '64 unless somebody better come along--and I don't mean Barry Goldwater!!!

+++++

HARVEY KURTZMAN
11 AUDREY AVENUE
MOUNT VERNON, NEW YORK

Received SQUIRE the other day, and I've just been through the article on (snif) HUMBUG.

Now I know that somebody else out there cared besides my mother.

I hope that Kurtzman is not on the downhill as SQUIRE seems to feel. I shall do my best to change your opinion.

I think what really is on the downhill is my typing.

{{Things have happened since the last issue that have changed my views on Kurtzmania somewhat. Not to a Giant degree, but enough to have inspired me to write a series of articles--opinionated articles--on my present views of Kurtzman and his stuff. The first of these will appear in this issue.--Skip}}

+++++

JOHN C. ROBERTS
6120 HOYT STREET
ARVADA, COLORADO

First off, I enjoyed the Alan Ackerman piece as I have some feelings of my own on the tribal practice of the atavistic viewing of the clay.

Man! You are a good copier of stuff (I greatly admire anyone who can make drawings of any kind since I have the kind of hand-eye coordination that is so bad I can barely hit the paper, much less represent anything with lines...) You also do alright in your own style. I guess "Lethargy" is in your style.

Liked your bit on HUMBUG since the "reasonably intelligent Kurtzman fan" you referred to on page 29 was me. The article was good even though your judge of character is obviously poor.

I liked your introduction. You make clear the fact that you are doing SQUIRE for the hell of it, and 'caveat emptor' is a good policy in any case.

Blickhan's comment of "tumultuous cries of glad indifference" recalled a similar phrase I once read... "An orgy of unbridled celibacy" -- I like these senseless jibes at the descriptive narration in by WRITERS who quail at the meaning of words and carefully create a rather simple scene with polysyllabic embellishments.

I was very shocked by your irreverent statement about the fact that you had to verify the fact that you aren't God... Everyone knows that I am.

Kepis and Croix De Guerres.

CHUCK ALVERSON
221 EAST 76TH STREET
NEW YORK 23, NEW YORK

Three more straight rejects from HELP in a row and you... Homer X. O'Brathersakete revolving and memorial trophy, which is by the way a gold plated Dormouse, dipped in melted X-lax.

I remember a while back a simple rustic country boy with straw yet in his hair named Hop, or Jump, or Stagger, or something sent in a cartoon showing two New Orleans trash baskets, one marked WHITE TRASH and the other COLORED TRASH. Now that fellow, unlike yourself, had the right idea.

The weekend in D.C. wasn't too grim. Old Dee's parents turned out to be pretty good heads even if they are reactionary, fascist, conservative, segregationists. Her only problem is she wants a yankee in the family to add some pep to that tired rebel blood. I met Strom (One World) Thurmond and Lyndon B's Administration Assistant.

Thanks for the PANIC BUTTON. Very interesting. I didn't know anybody could read, much less write in Canada. Thought it was merely a small group of extremists who paint their funaments blue, burn their houses, and drink bourbon.

You may have noticed my name missing from the new HELP. Jim Warren has excommunicated me name-wise, but I did the issue for Kurtzman. Last one though. I am now Associate Editor of a neighborhood type weekly on the lower east side. What use to be called the "Gashouse District." I write this sort of thing: "Last night, Susie Smith, 7 and really stacked, lost her cat. She was heard to say 'Boo' and also 'Hoo.' Who could have wrought this heinous crime?"

Isn't this great having an editor of a world famed magazine treat you as if you were almost as good as he is? Thrills, eh?

How about sending me a fairly nubile Missouri type girl. My very own is off slumming in l'europa.

Keep sending SQUIRE, MIRE, SMUI or any of your other tawdry publications.

As you may have guessed, this was not a letter of comment. In fact the best thing about the letter of comment on SQUIRE I got from Chuck was the address on the envelope: "Skip Williamson--Publisher of SQUIRT, PLUG and a host of other more or less scatological and neo-nazi publica-

tions, including the arresting and true-to life-story of a man and a boy and their werewolves, or : WOULD YOU WANT YOUR SISTER TO MARRY TIM BLICKHAN? (I wouldn't)--1008 College Street--Canton, Missouri."

I guess that Chuck has now become a Big Man in New York newspapers. I got wind that the paper that Alverson works on switched format (because of the newspaper strike in NYC) and jumped in circulation from 4,000 to 400,000.

Best of luck Charlie, baby. Just remember me when you've earned your millions--Skip}}

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LARRY AND NOREEN SHAW
16 Grant Place
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK

We thought we had seen some of the worst fanzines and "humor" in existence, but that was before SQUIRE arrived.

The death of six-million people does not strike as a particularly funny subject.

Please remove our names from your mailing list.

{{ Can this be the same Noreen Shaw talking as the one who advocating starting a "Save Adolf Eichmann Campaign" in a 1961 (I believe) issue of HABAKKUK?

Granted Blickhan's cartoon may have been in bad taste (it depicted two dogs digging through the bones at Belsen as one said to the other: "What would we have done without Adolf?") For that I apologize. In fact, I was condemned from all sides by readers. The only one who said anything good about the cartoon was Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon. He said that it was "Neat" in the usual Demmon aplomb.

I believe, Noreen, that when you were pushing this "save Eichmann" bit you were expressing your feelings that no human has the right to take another person's life. If this is a correct assumption I agree most thoroughly with you. If I had my way capital punishment would be totally abolished throughout the world. I cannot bring myself to see how it serves any purpose other than cutting down on the population and saving the State having to foot the bill for the room and board for some prisoner.

Statistics seem to prove that states and countries where there is no capital punishment have a lower crime rate. This takes care of the state having to pay room and board for a bunch of extra convicts. Because it stands to reason that with a lower crime rate there would be fewer criminals and thus fewer criminals to care for. Even if the government did have to pay to keep a few extra men in prison, what is more important? Money the state has to put out, or a human life?

Once more my apologies to you, Larry and Noreen Shaw, if you were offended by Blickhan's cartoon. If I had it to do over I would probably use the cartoon again. It was a good one. ## Your names are off my mailing list after this issue.--Skip}}

+++++

REDD BOGGS
2209 HIGHLAND PLACE N.E.
MINNEAPOLIS 21, MINNESOTA

Thanks for sending SQUIRE. The title seems not to be justified or explained in the magazine, and standing unadorned on the front cover it conveys little to me. At least it's a more vivid title than Plague or Abscess, both of which you finally rejected. I can't see why for a magazine full of juvenile humor, but what happens if you keep on taking hormones and finally mature, and decide to let your magazine mature too? Abscess might not be a very fitting title for a publication featuring a 10,000 word autobiography of Harvey Kurtzman (the god of satire fanzines).

Your humor runs strongly to "sick" humor: the front cover drawing and the cartoon about "Belsen", etc. The latter cartoon is particularly significant because, I suppose, sick humor might accurately be called extermination-camp humor. I note also an attendant preoccupation with filth for its own sake: filth, not in the sense of obscenity but nonmetaphorically, in the sense of foul, disgusting material. You call your editorial "selected filth", refer to your readers as "filthy peeping toms," print a story by Tim Blickhan in which the dialog consists largely of invective like "You filthy shrivenhunt!" and another story (by yourself) in which someone is alleged to have "thoughts of incest and filth." Not being a streetcleaner, I may have missed other references to filth in the issue, and I haven't even mentioned the other references to uncleanness and corruption where the word "filth" is not actually used.

I suppose when someone is trying to satirize or make fun of a society in which cleanliness is a hallmark and a watchword he may be forced to identify with and adopt the opposite state. But I also suppose that it's a non-survival technique: living in a sewer isn't very healthy even for idealists and patriots. Don Dohler's article or column was a desperate try. About the only comment I can make on it is that the percentage of casualties from doing the "Twist" is probably vastly smaller than those from smoking, swimming, or motoring on the freeway. Going to a baseball game is dangerous too: all those foul balls. Baseball is a menace to society.

I'd go easy labeling your magazine as containing "varied pornography." The post office is a notably humorless governmental department. Someday you may print something a little off-color and will have a helluva time explaining it away if it's labeled pornography.

of
JAY LYNCH
19530 N.W. 11th AVENUE
NORTH MIAMI 69, FLORIDA

I noticed much reference to Tom Swift in SQUIRE #2. I like Tom Swift. I've got about twenty TOM SWIFT books. These are probably the funniest thing ever written without the author's intent to be funny. I have a feeling that Tom Swift is probably banned from grammar school libraries. Appleton, in many of his Africa books, has Tom kill off the blacks (negroes) like they were mosquitoes--while in other parts Tom seems to have the greatest respect for the lives of members of his own race, be they good guys or bad guys. I too read Catcher In The Rye and Lolita--but TOM is still the king.

you if you
blow I read it to be over
probably use the cartoon again. It was a good one. Your name is

TRILOGY
BY
RICHARD
BAILY

I

The man walked with no intent purpose. He just walked. He had been walking for a long time, but he didn't know how long. He didn't care where he walked. There really wasn't any place to go. He walked along the edge of a forest and up a hill. He looked over the countryside in all directions. All of this land was his. It was his as far as he could see, and beyond that. He didn't know how much of it there was, but it was all his. It had been given to him. There wasn't any choice about who it was to be given to when it was given. He was the only one. He was the first. He was the first man.

He walked on, came to a river and drank from it. He lay down and thought. There wasn't really much to think about, but he thought. He thought about his possessions: the land, the animals, the rivers, the hills.

"What good are all of these things?" he thought. "I have all of this earth and no purpose. I have all of these beasts about me, but none of them know who I am. None of them can talk with me or console me. I am lonely."

The man stood on the shore of that river and, looking up to heaven, shouted, "God, why am I?"

II

The man walked with no intent purpose. He just walked. He had been walking for a long time, but he didn't know how long. He didn't care where he walked. There really wasn't any place to go. He walked through the rubble of the city, past destroyed buildings and monuments to men long dead. He climbed to the top of the rubble of a collapsed building and look out over a city, a world in ruin. It was all his now. There was no question of that. He had seen no man in years--ever since that day, that day when the fires of hell rained down on the world in the form of nuclear warheads. He was the last. The last man.

He walked on and came to a library, or what was left of a library, although it was still standing. All around him in the books that were lying among the rubble were the entire fruits of man's labor on the earth, the knowledge of a world.

The man sat down, and he thought. There was a lot to think about, so he thought.

"All of this, the world, lying on the floor at my feet! What good did it do for humanity? Once it was everything, and now, now it is nothing. The world had no reason. It had no purpose. What has humanity done for anything? Humanity destroyed itself and the world. Now I alone am humanity. I have no purpose, and I am lonely."

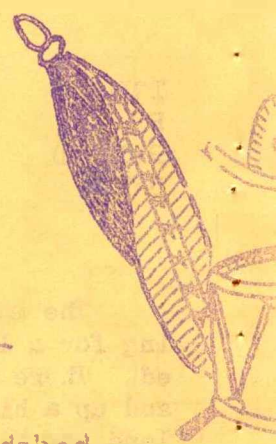
The man stood and looked up to heaven through the gapping hole where there should have been a roof, and he yelled, "God, why am I?"

III

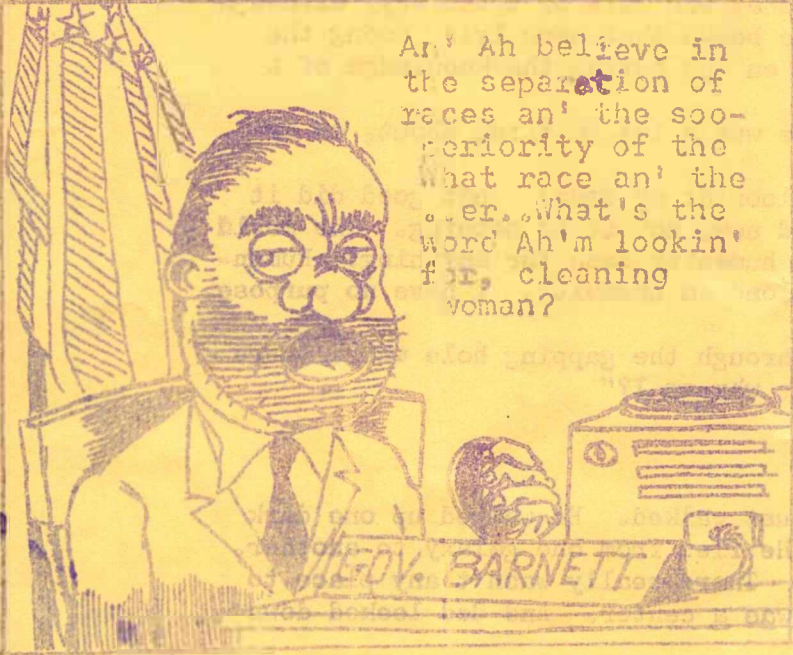
He walked with no intent purpose. He just walked. He walked up one dark corridor of the universe and down another. He flew from one galaxy to another. He didn't care where he went. He just went. There really wasn't any place to go. He went to the center, if there really was a center. And God looked down at the earth, and he asked, "Why am I?"

THE SECOND

THE EVENTS AT OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI - - -

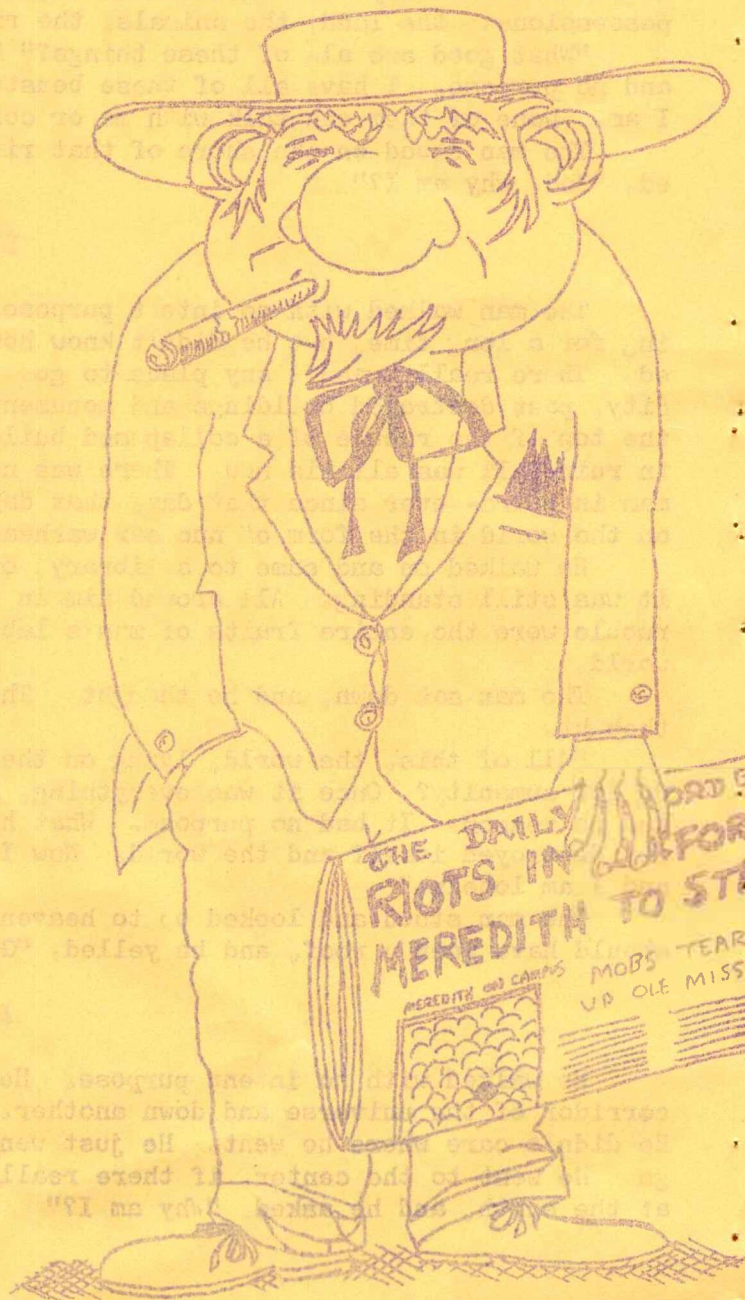


You know what Ah hink? Ah think we oughta SEE-CEPE!



Ar' Ah believe in the separation of races an' the superiority of the white race an' the color. What's the word Ah'm lookin' for, cleaning woman?

Hell, Ah don't like bloodshed... Ah would've offered the boy a job in mah cotton field!



THE DAILY OXFORD RIOTS IN MEREDITH TO STAY

MOBS TEAR UP OLE MISS

ARTWORK BY TIM BLICKHAN



CIVIL WAR

--- REHASHED AND EMBELLISHED BY JOE PILATI

"WHAT DOES HE THINK HE IS --
OWAH EQUAL???"

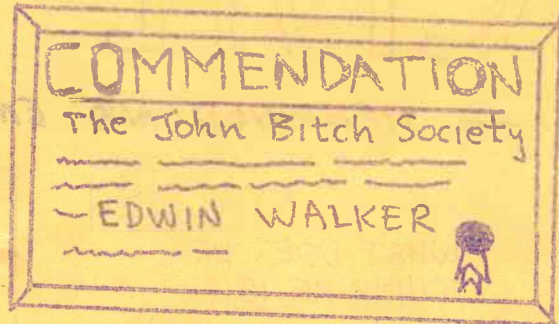


"Better than a panty raid any day....."



TURN THE PAGE

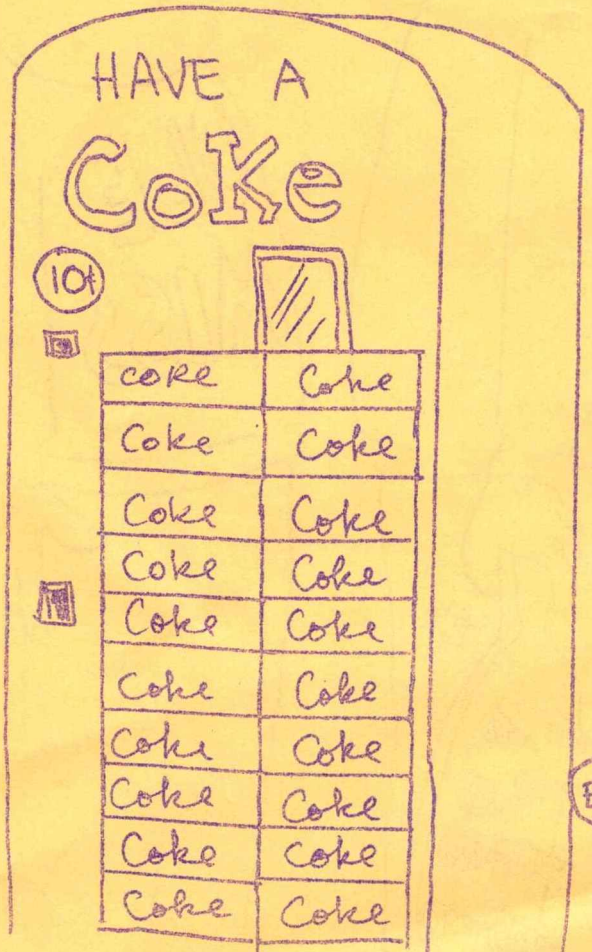
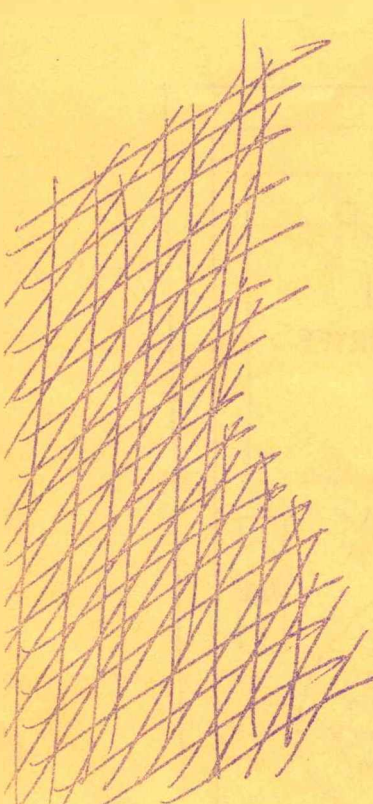
AND AFTER.....



"EVEN AFTER MY BEAUTIFUL CHARGE AT OXFORD, THOSE DAMNYANKEE HISTORIANS LEAVE ME OUT!"

John Bitch
1963

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU'D RATHER NOT TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO THE EMPTIES?"



END

HOW TO BE A BEATNIK

REPRINTED FROM HABAKKUK #6

BY RAY NELSON



It doesn't look as if the discovery of the "beatniks" by the general public is going to die away and blow over after all. The public interest in the Beat Generation is proving to be as disconcertingly lasting as the permanent vogue for Rock and Roll and the Debbie Reynolds, Eddie Fisher, Elizabeth Taylor triangle.

More and more young people are thinking seriously of Beatism as a future career and way of life. Everywhere one sees the hopeful sprout of the first spring beards, the swishing of pony tails.

For almost any other way of life there is a wide selection of courses of instruction, but for the profession of Beatnik there exists no authoritative textbook or school. The following work is my attempt to fill this gap, at least until someone else comes along and does it right. At last it will be possible to learn in your own home and in your spare time, how to be a real professional beatnik.

First, we'd better define just what we mean by a beatnik. A beatnik, as we will use the term here, means someone who places other interests such as poetry, art, music, dance, radical politics etc. ahead of financial considerations; someone who feels there is more to life than just slaving away eight hours a day, five days a week, in the Big Garbage Factory in order get a little hunk of garbage for himself. It may be someone who feels that his role in life is to wander among his fellow citizens like a modern day Socrates asking searching and perhaps embarrassing questions. It may be someone who wants to get off by himself as Christ or Buddha did at the beginning of their ministries to try to hear the voice of truth that is ordinarily drowned out in the blare of auto horns and TV. It may be poet, artist, or creative thinker who rejected by his own time awaits the verdict of posterity. It may be the saintly anarchist who preaches the replacement of cops, courts, jails, and taxes by the rule of human love, or the conscientious objector who would rather go to jail than disobey the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." It may be the political demonstrator carrying his sign or risking his neck in sit-ins rather than admit that he is helpless to improve the world. Or it may be the person who is rejected by society because of difference in sexual practice or political practice, or difference in race or religion. It may be someone with an illegal habit or a crackpot idea. If he places values such as truth, freedom or beauty higher than money, he is a true beatnik.

It isn't as easy to be a beatnik as it might at first appear. It is not a life that should be taken up lightly. You must be prepared to turn your back on the security, comfort and social acceptance of those who toe the line who don't try to jump off the bandwagon. You must be prepared to go hungry, to suffer cold and damp, to be spat upon and beaten up, to die at last without even enough money to pay for your own funeral. Their marriages are so shaky that they become uncertain. You must be prepared to live like a dog, or worse, like a broken-down dog. If you're not prepared for this, you'd better forget it.

But if you think your life is too short to spend it in the meaningless routine of "Making a Living", if you think there are better things to do with your time than punching a clock, then read on.

THE BIG FAMILY. The Beat world is very much like one big incestuous family. In a real sense the survival of every beatnik is dependent on the survival of the beat movement as a whole. Every beatnik is directly responsible for the welfare of every other beatnik, directly and personally responsible. If one beatnik has a place to stay, he lets other beats sleep on his floor. If he has a dollar, it is an unwritten law that he must throw a feed for his whole group. Ideally every beatnik regards every other beatnik as his blood brother. Like all ideals it is not always lived up to and beatniks are quick to forgive even the most serious lapses, but nevertheless the feeling is always there...you ARE your brother's keeper.

The beat world is actually quite small. If you meet a beatnik anywhere in the world, it is almost certain that you have a friend in common. You may be surprised to find out that you have even slept with some of the same women. The movement is also without any leader or spokesman, in spite of the claims of some for those roles. Certainly there are some beats who swing more weight than others, whose opinions are listened to more seriously, but they hold their positions of influency only because they have been around longer, or have more and better ideas, or have distinguished themselves in some way in the eyes of their fellows. The people the beatniks regard as important figures are NOT the same people who have nominated themselves spokesmen and leaders of the beats in the eyes of the outside world.

Beatniks seldom marry outside the Big Family. They seldom even associate much with non-beats. There is too much of a gap between the beat and the square worlds. It is hard for a beatnik and a square to find even enough common ground for an intelligent conversation, let alone a marriage.

When a girl marries one beatnik she in a sense marries them all. She is potentially the wife of every male beatnik in the world. If her marriage with one of them goes bust, there is another one just waiting his chance. The beatnik does not impose a preconcieved pattern of sexual relations as does the monogamous square. It is not uncommon for a girl to live with two or three men at once in a one room apartment or for a man to have more than one "wife". Where homosexuals or bisexuals are involved these relationships can become quite elaborate and complex.

Children in the beat world are not regarded as property as they are in the square world. They are persons in their own right. This is partly because it is often hard to determine who the real parents are. When a beat marriage breaks up the children usually go with the mother, although the father may keep the child for awhile during the wife's honeymoon with her new lover. The stepfather generally likes his children more and cares for them better than if they were his own as there is less of a feeling he is being "replaced" by them.

Marriages involving more than two people sometimes last longer than monogamous ones in the beat world. The availability of the extra wives and husbands to serve as babysitters prevents the wives from feeling trapped and shut-in the way square wives are. There are also more hands to do the work and less chance of loneliness. It is also an economic advantage to have a larger number of potential breadwinners in the family.

While the beatnik allows a wider latitude in sexual relationships than does the square, he does not have the same obsessions about them that the ordinary man does. If a beat does not feel the need for a sexual relationship he simply doesn't. He does not feel that he should exploit every possible opportunity. I once knew a beatnik couple who lived together for years and even slept in the same bed together, yet never once made love. They explained quite simply there were other relations possible between a man and a woman.

Other beatniks go to their graves virgins. They just don't feel like it, that's all, and in the Beat world there is no social pressure forcing people to copulate in order to "prove themselves". Why, I know of one poetess who when she was fifteen tried sex with a man and then with a woman. She didn't think it was worth the trouble and hasn't done it since. She thinks it's too much like an epileptic fit to be suitable for cultured people.

One of the solutions the beatniks have found to the pressure of economic necessity is the communal-pad, sometimes called a housing co-op or slum shack. A large group of beatniks rents a house or an unfurnished apartment in a low-rent, mixed-race area. When the rent is divided up among fifteen or twenty people, the financial burden on each individual is not very great. Each person has a part of the room or at least an area of the floor in which to spread his sleeping bag or blankets or to even set up army cots. Of course since the beats often have overnight guests the space allotments are quite flexible.

The reason a mixed-race area is chosen is that otherwise the mixing of the races among the beats might cause trouble with the neighbors. Also the beats are very socialable and are always having parties, and in a low-rent mixed neighborhood landlords, neighbors, and police are much less strict about parties.

These parties are sometimes a source of income for the inhabitants of the co-op. When things get tight they charge admission and really throw a super wing ding. The entertainment may consist of poetry readings by prominent beats, community folk singing with guitars and banjos, small-combo jazz, or even a speech by some anarchist or left-wing radical.

Every co-op has its own individual character. The now extinct Whitman co-op in Chicago for instance went in heavily for politics and folk singing while the Castle in Berkeley was relatively peaceful and emphasized painting and chess and that sort of thing. The Nunnery in New York on the other hand was full of science-fiction fans.

Even if there is no admission charged at these parties, there is usually some benefit for the occupants. These parties are usually bring-your-own-bottle and there is often enough booze left over after all the guests have gone home to keep the inhabitants plastered until time for the next party. Where the guests bring food, it works out even better. It is the responsibility of the party organizer to see that more food is brought to the party than can possibly be eaten.

Where Beats are not grouped together in Co-ops, they tend to favor the cheapest individual accommodations they can find. This usually means "Sleeping Rooms", preferably in buildings that are on the verge of being condemned. There is a definite reason for this. A landlord of such a place is used to waiting for his rent and besides, if let him know that you are a good friend of the city building inspector, he will be very reasonable about asking for his money. It is a good idea to carry a copy of the city building code at all times while living in such a building and to make a note of all violations you find in the building. If you happen to be white and the landlord hates negroes, you may be able to get out of paying any rent at all.

Sleeping rooms can take on a remarkable amount of individuality in the hands of a creative beatnik. If there is a bare bulb hanging from the ceiling you can just hang a Chinese lantern over it and watch the transformation. A few children's drawings or art school nudes or even an original painting or two of your own or by some unknown artist will make any room look "beat". The only thing that's taboo is prints. No prints, for godsakes. If you want an original painting, buy the largest stretched canvas you can at the nearest art supply store. First, paint the background with a large brush, just as if painting a house. Let it dry, then stand over it and dribble paint of many different colors onto the canvas (which should be lying flat on the floor) more or less at random. When the surface is pretty well covered with paint

splatters you can toss sand or coffee grounds or something over it for texture and then allow it to dry. When it is dry, frame it by tacking thin pieces of black wood all around the rim, put screws and eyes and a wire on the back, sign it (the name need not be your own) and hang it up.

Also, where you intend to stay awhile, it might be fun to paint your masterpieces directly on the wall. I once had a place where I gave one of the walls a base coat of Navy Blue then stood back about three feet and threw chartruse paint at the wall with the mixing stick until it was covered with fantastic patterns of a nubela of supernovas. If you move into a place that has a lot of old plaster flowers and cherubs and birds and so on trimming the ceiling and walls, you can get a set of enamel paints and when you don't have anything else to do, paint the birds and flowers and all very carefully to look just as realistic as you can. It will really look pataphysical when you get it done.

One place I had I painted murals on the walls of the bathroom. I tried to make it look as much as possible like a Henri Rousseau jungle with tigers and snakes and huge flowers and everything. When you sat on the pot you were sitting in the mouth of a huge purple rhinoceros. However, don't make the same mistake I did and paint a crocodile in the bottom of the bathtub. Even with waterproof paint it is likely to be slowly worn away. Sometimes murals are begun by one occupant of a room and will be finished by another, particularly when one beatnik does his duty by making sure that another beatnik moves in when he moves out. There is one mural on the wall of a pad in North Beach that looks as if at least four different artists have worked on it.

One of the best pads I ever saw however was Sin Center in Chicago. When this guy moved in there was furniture in the place, but he figured he really didn't need a moth-eaten overstuffed chair, a cast-iron bedstead and a picture of General MacArthur. He tossed every last stick of furniture out, as he put it, "into the outer darkness". There was absolutely nothing in his room but a sleeping bag resting on some newspapers, a hot plate and a pile of paperback books. There wasn't even a rug on the floor, but the floor was always spotless. You weren't allowed to wear your shoes inside the room. It was a basement room with only a little window up near the ceiling where you could see people's feet going by. But after he made a shade for the naked lightbulb hanging from the ceiling it was really cozy. Tea was served on the hot plate every afternoon and young girls came around and listened while I talked about God and Fate and Free Will and the Destiny of the World.

My room was just down the hall. It was more primitive, but not so effective. Its main features were a big hole in the floorboards, steampipes in the ceiling and hot and cold running cockroaches. I slept on an army cot and I had the backside of an old couch resting in the corner for guests to sleep on. I wrapped masking tape around the legs of the army cot with the sticky side out so the cockroaches and beetles couldn't climb the legs without getting their legs stuck. I had to be careful that my blankets didn't hang down to the floor though. When beetles and cockroaches ran into my quarters I would step on them. He was studying to be a saint, but I thought that I was more saintly than he was because I had learned to live with these lowly creatures in peace.

When the spring rains came we had to leave Sin Center because the water got so high, but I'll never forget those afternoon teas as long as I live.

The beatnik tends to favor food which is easy to prepare and eat. That's why beatniks like peanut butter like peanut butter. It's easy to eat, it's cheap, it's unshelled, it's whole. The peanut is whole, it's easy to eat, it's cheap, it's unshelled, it's whole. You can have a whole peanut for only a few cents.

doesn't have much food value--particularly bleached rice, but it's cheap and goes well with peanuts.

Actually if you are willing to do a little hunting, you can live off wild game right in the heart of the city. I used to know a ballet dancer from Mexico who made a wonderful "Gato Soup" out of alley cats. He also made "potted pigeon pie" out of pigeons he potted with rocks in the park. His roast dog was mouth watering and he made wonderful salads out of dandelion greens and miner's lettuce and other leaves and plants he found around. He even made things out of the fur of the animals he ate.

In cities where there is a body of water nearby even the squares do a certain amount of fishing, but if there is a license to be paid for or something like that, beatniks don't like fishing. Sometimes it's worth it though if you have the money because of the important cloud watching you can get done at the same time.

Nail Soup is a favorite with beatniks living in co-ops. You just take a big pot, drop in a nail, and add everything else you can beg, borrow, or steal. You cook well and serve hot and there's absolutely nothing that can beat it.

A lot of beatniks would rather mooch. It's more sociable. These are the guys who have a way of always showing up right around supper time or lunch time or breakfast time. Some of them are pretty useful though for washing dishes and cleaning house and so on. People get their money's worth out of them in gossip alone. Since they are always visiting people these mooches know all the dirt...who's shacking up with who...who's divorcing who...who's dodging the draft or in jail or writing a novel...the moocher knows it all. For the beatnik he takes the place of a newspaper.

Some moochers hang around eating places, coffee shops, cafes, bars, ect. They are the philosophers and psychologists of the beat movement. When a beatnik has a problem he doesn't write Ann Landers or go to a head shrinker or the local bar tender, he goes to see somebody like Mad Alex of North Beach. Alex is like the oracle of Delphi with the crazy stuff he spouts, but for the price of a cup of coffee or a pizza you can confess everything, and nobody is taking notes to be used against you later, or laying penance on your head. And Alex really makes sense in you can listen on more than one level at once. One meal with Alex is worth ten years of psychoanalysis.

Once I used to belong to an Anarchists Discussion Group at the University of Chicago. We met in the Unitarian Parrish House on Monday night. The thing that made Monday so nice was that on Sunday the Unitarian Youth Group had a big supper for their members and as a result the ice box was always stuffed with left-overs on Monday when we anarchists and free-lance ice box raiders met. Nobody ever complained since the food would have only gone to waste otherwise. Yes, Monday was always a big day for the Chicago anarchists.

Hungry beatniks always like to go to conventions too. There is always a lot of free food being passed out at cons. They like crusades of the Moral Rearmament Group and such things too. When Moral Rearmament was on the University of Chicago campus they had lots of free cookies and sandwiches for the students every night for a week and me and my group never missed a night. We had a lot of interesting discussions with them too, and they seemed very sincere but too well-fed to be real saints.

Parties are great too. If you can clean up afterwards and do what you can to help the host and hostess in their hour of need, they are so grateful they don't even care if you fill your pockets as well as your stomachs, so long as you don't take anything but food.

Unless these are second hand there are some very low prices if you can compare it with what you can get at the Salvation Army Store. Or maybe there is something awfully wrong with the clothes, like no fly on the back or four arms on the shirt.

Sometimes squares are surprised at how little the beatniks eat, even when someone else is buying and "the sky's the limit." This is because beatniks have found that if they eat very little as a regular habit, their stomachs shrink and they don't need so much food, but if they eat just one really big meal, they'll stretch their stomachs and be hungry as hogs for days afterward. Besides, modern science has discovered that you live longer if you don't eat too much.

If there is an automat restaurant near you, you can treat yourself to self to some catsup soup, Just take a bowl, fill it with hot water at the tea dispenser, mix in a little catsup, and season to taste. A delightful mid-morning pick-me-up that doesn't cost a cent!

The handbook for the beatnik to dealing with the practical necessities of life is Victor Arden Croley's How to Live Like A King On Little. Here he lists a number of different ways a man can eat a full, well-balanced diet on only about \$100.00 a year--about \$8.00 per month. The trick to buy only simple basic foods, like unbleached flour, corn meal, potatoes, raisins, navy beans, oatmeal and powdered milk and eggs. (Powdered milk tastes fine if you mix it stand overnight instead of drinking it right away.) Croley also favors soy beans, dried peas, pinto beans, spaghetti and macaroni. I know a girl beatnik who brought up her kid on a diet like that, and he is so healthy at the age of nine that he is a match for some grown men (such as myself) in wrestling.

It would pay you to find out what plants growing wild in your part of the country are good it eat. There's nothing cheaper than something that's free for nothing. Also it would not hurt you a bit to read up on the boy scout manual or to dig up some of these air force survival manuals they use to issue in the last war and may still be publishing for all I know.

One thing I wouldn't advise though--even if it does seem like a good idea. Don't rummage in garbage cans. There's no quicker way know to get a man picked up by the cops. The garbage in this country is guarded better than the gold in Fort Knox.

CLOTHING. The general rule on clothing is to try your best to get hand-me-downs from friends, but if you fail at that, be careful where you buy. Just as the square always buys from Marshall Fields or Wards or something like that, you always buy from St. Vincent de Pauls, the Goodwill Industries and the Salvation Army. If you want to blow a little dough, go to an army surplus store. That goes double for furniture and other stuff like that.

If you have to pay anything at all for something, give yourself a black mark.

If you buy it new instead of second or third hand (at least) give yourself two black marks.

If you buy it at a big department store--even at a so-called bargain sale--give yourself three black marks.

If you buy it at a high-priced "arty" or "exclusive" store, don't try to pass yourself off as a beatnik around here.

Above all, don't fall for any bargains or "wholesale" deals. Unless these are second hand, there must be a catch in it somewhere. Often the prices only look low until you can compare it with what you can get at the Salvation Army Store. Or maybe there is something awfully wrong with the clothes, like no fly on the pants or four arms on the shirt.

One thing the wise beatnik does is to always help out when somebody is moving, particularly when that someone wears the same size clothing. When people are moving they always throw out a lot of stuff. You offer to cart the stuff away for them and they shower you with gratitude. This is particularly smart for women beats, since women often throw away clothes they have hardly worn, just because the style has changed or the clothes don't look so good on their fat bottoms as they did on the store window dummies. It happens many times that the good-as-new dress that the square woman throws out is just the thing that looks best on the hip woman.

The squares think that all beatniks dress alike, but the truth is that beatniks will wear anything that is free or cheap, warm, and long-wearing. If it was originally intended for a member of the opposite sex, who cares? I remember Allan Ginsburg use to look like a Russian cossak in a woman's fur hat he picked up in the Flea Market in Paris. All he had to do was remove the feathers (and I think he was a little reluctant to do that much). I've seen Greg Corso wearing a horse blanket with a hole cut in the middle for his head.

In the winter, take a tip from the Japanese soldiers in the last war and wrap up your tummy real warm with an old towel or a rag or something. If you keep your belly warm you'll need a lot less clothing elsewhere on your body. Even wearing newspapers wrapped around you under your clothing can keep you surprisingly warm. And don't forget long red-flannel underwear. It may look funny, but it's warm. Above all, when it's winter and cold winds blow, avoid at all costs getting wet or working up a sweat. It's even more important to stay dry than to stay warm.

MAKING A LIVING. If you keep your outlay low enough this is not too pressing a problem. I once lived for several months without a single penny passing through my fingers, but it was pretty hectic. I lived in a building which had been condemned and vacated, but was not yet torn down, and I used all the dodges I've outlined here and many more to feed my face. I just wanted to see if a man could live without money for an extended period of time in a big city. He can, if he's lucky.

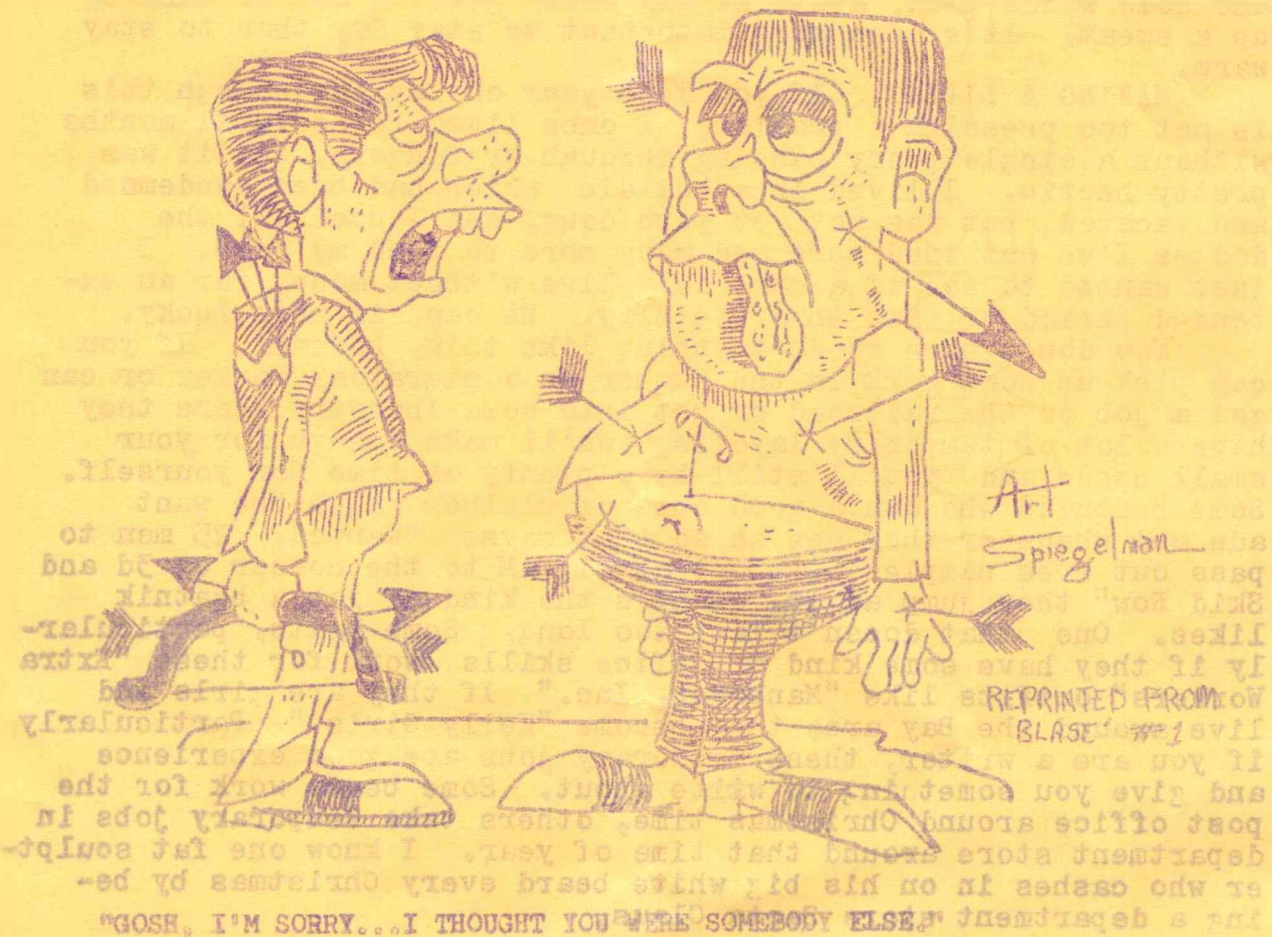
You don't have to do anything like this, however. If you can pick up some work in the summer as a migratory worker or can get a job on the railroad or get into some industry where they have a lot of temporary layoffs, you'll make enough for your small needs and you'll still have plenty of time for yourself. Some beatniks who own a good suit of clothes watch the want ads and whenever they see an ad that says: "Wanted. 25 men to pass out free samples. Report at six AM to the corner of 3d and Skid Row" they jump at it. That's the kind of job a beatnik likes. One that doesn't last too long. Some beats, particularly if they have some kind of office skills, work for these "Extra Workers" outfits like "Manpower, Inc." If they are girls and live around the Bay area they become "Kelly Girls." Particularly if you are a writer, these temporary jobs are good experience and give you something to write about. Some beats work for the post office around Christmas time, others take temporary jobs in department store around that time of year. I know one fat sculptor who cashes in on his big white beard every Christmas by being a department store Santa Claus.

Other beats give piano or guitar lessons or teach painting at "community centers." Most of the girl beatniks are, or have been, artists or photographers' models. Some male beatniks like modeling too.

Just don't become a salesman, whatever you do. No matter how much they promise about a guaranteed commission or salary, you'll never see a nickle if you don't sell, and if you were the sort of person who can shove down people's throats what they don't want, you wouldn't be interested in being a beatnik anyway. Let's face it. A beatnik is simply not what you'd call an "aggressive young man."

FUTHER READING. I mentioned Groley's How to Live Like A King on Little, and Henry Miller's Tropics are good, and of course Thoreau and Orwell's Down and Out in Paris and London; also the pocketbook Subways are for Sleeping, and almost anything on hunting and fishing and wildlife.

If you can go, you might like to attend the Peacemaker Training School at New London, Conn. For information on this real school for beatniks (although perhaps they would be suprised to hear it called so) write Gladney Oakley, 278 West Baltimore Ave., Lansdowne, Pennsylvania. Also write Joffre Stewart, 6114 S. May St., Chicago 21, Ill.



Despite Maynard G. Krebs, the "Beat Generation" has had it. What killed the "beats"? It wasn't that nobody understood them. Heaven forbid. Had they been understood, they would have died at birth. Perhaps the problem can be more clearly shown when we realize that some clowns believe, for example, that the accounts of the "movement" written by people sympathetic to the "beats" or of the pernicious slanderers of the "movement". That in a nut shell explains the whole mess. As long as a middle class standard can be applied to the beats, they are "all right". And if they are all right, they merge with the middle class and disappear. That's where they came from, for the most part. The angels looked homeward and came to roost. The "beats" went middle class.

Of course some resisted. Ginsberg tried taking his clothes off in front of an audience, but after awhile even that begins looking bourgeois.

The jazz musicians were the greatest inspiration for the "generation" and now Charlie Parker is dead and his memory is on the way; Dizzy Gillespie has gone "square"; and Thelonius Monk comes out from under his rock too seldom to do much inspiring.

To a philosophical opponet who questioned the validity of universal values, Socrates was supposed to have said that by his opponents own standards, his opponent's opinions were no better than those of an ape. The obvious reply that the philosopher could have made was, "My opinion may be worthless, but I'm making a heck of a living out of it." It would be a bit unfair to suggest that the "beats" intended this, but it looks as though the results may be the same.

Kerouac will end up national guest lecturer for the P.T.A., taking time out only for "Father Knows Best" and to count his money. Ginsberg will set a string of pawn shops and count his money even during "Father Knows Best". The rest of the "beats" are akin to the goldfish swallows of a few decades ago.

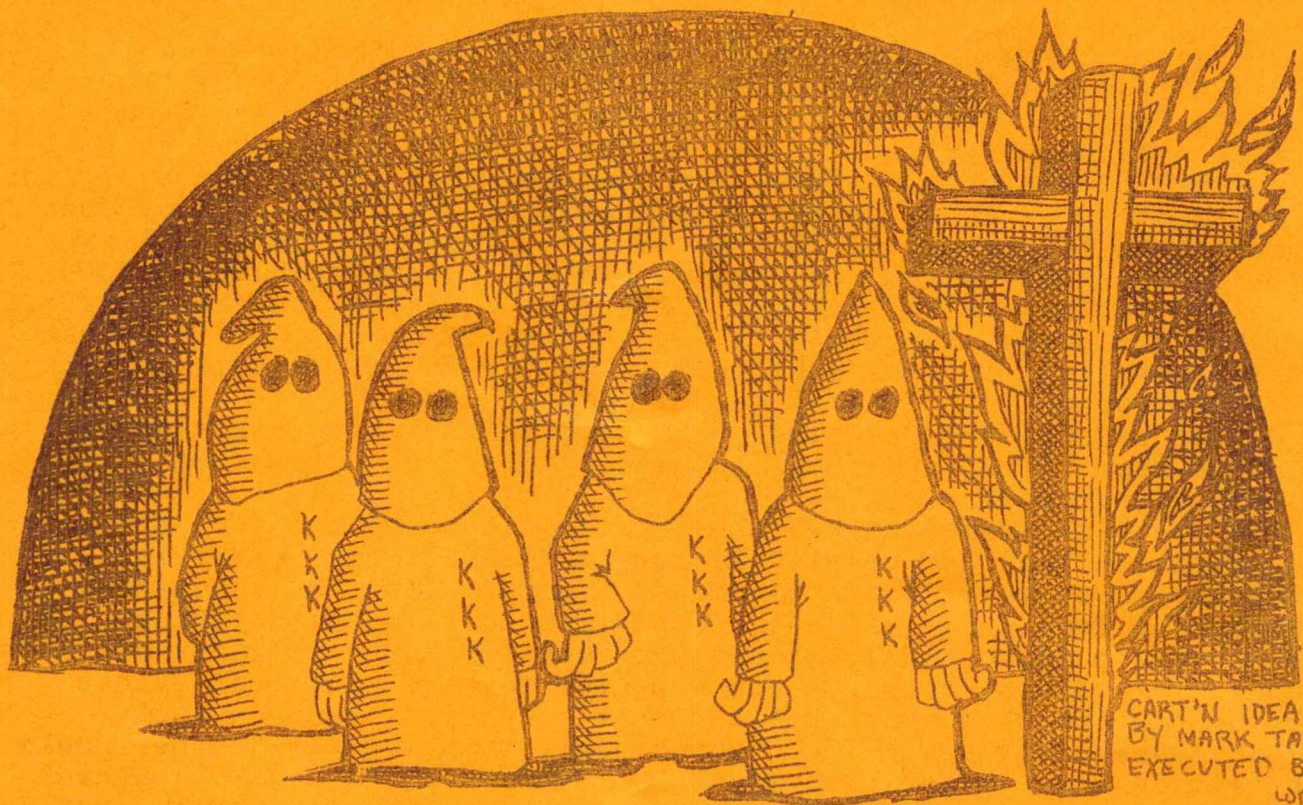
About the last glimpse of the real thing, or at least a portrayal of a reasonable facimile of the real thing can be had at the movies. The "beats" have been featured in "The Subterraneans", "Pull My Daisy", and "Operation Abolition". There are rumors of a new "beat" movie to end all "beat" movies. It will star Adolphe Menjou and Loretta Young as the leaders of a motorcycle gang. Doris Day will play an espresso waitress and Robert Young a juvenile delinquent trying to go straight after massacring the family of a priest, played by Sal Minea.

Then there are Madison Avenue beats. They make the scene on weekends provided they don't have any homework from the office. They usually pass for the real thing, but somehow their white buck sandals and their monogramed sweat shirts don't go over too big. And if you've seen them smashing cigaretttes on the floor and dying them yellow or perforating their arms with pin cushions, the whole illusion is spoiled.

LETHARGY

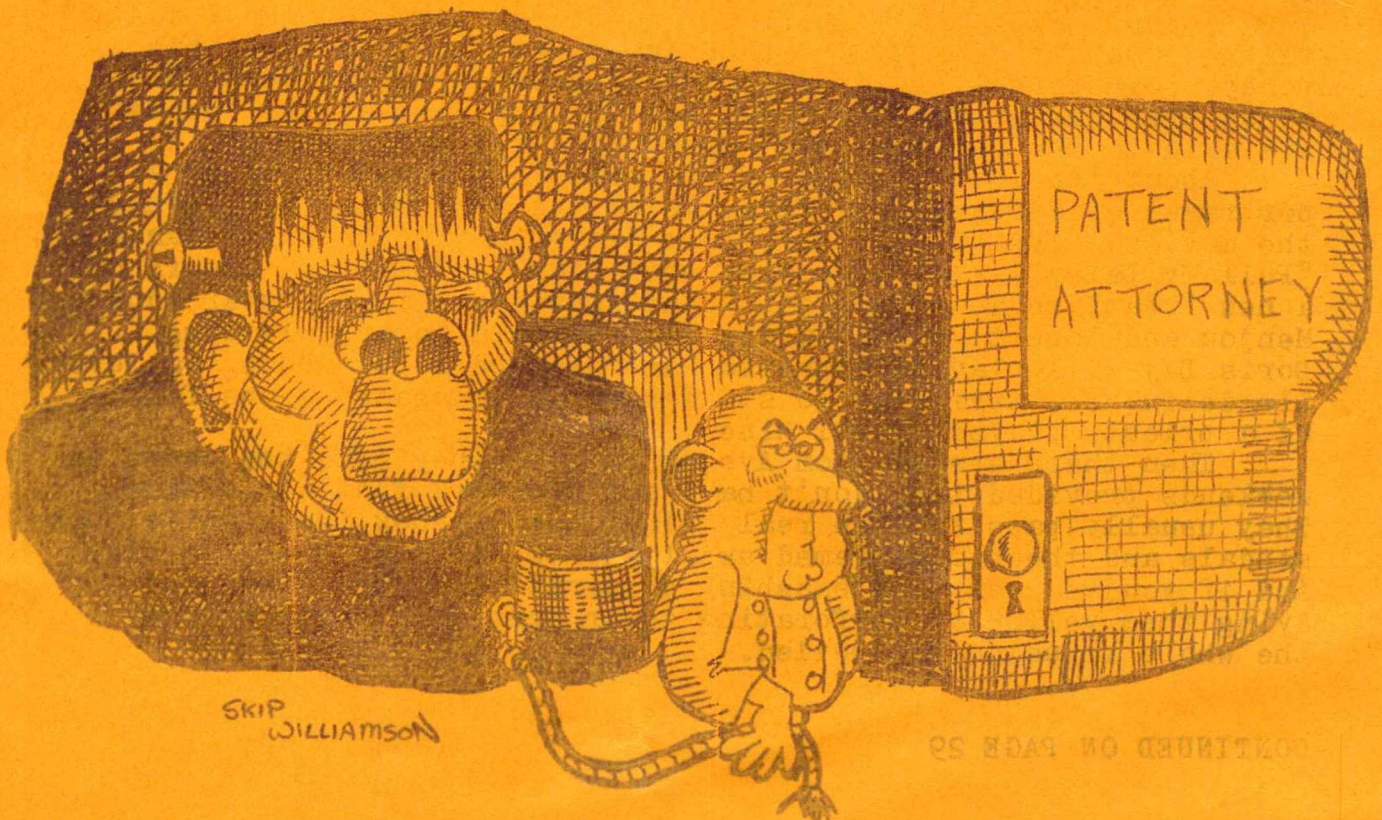
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A SUSTAINING FEATURE -- CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOMED



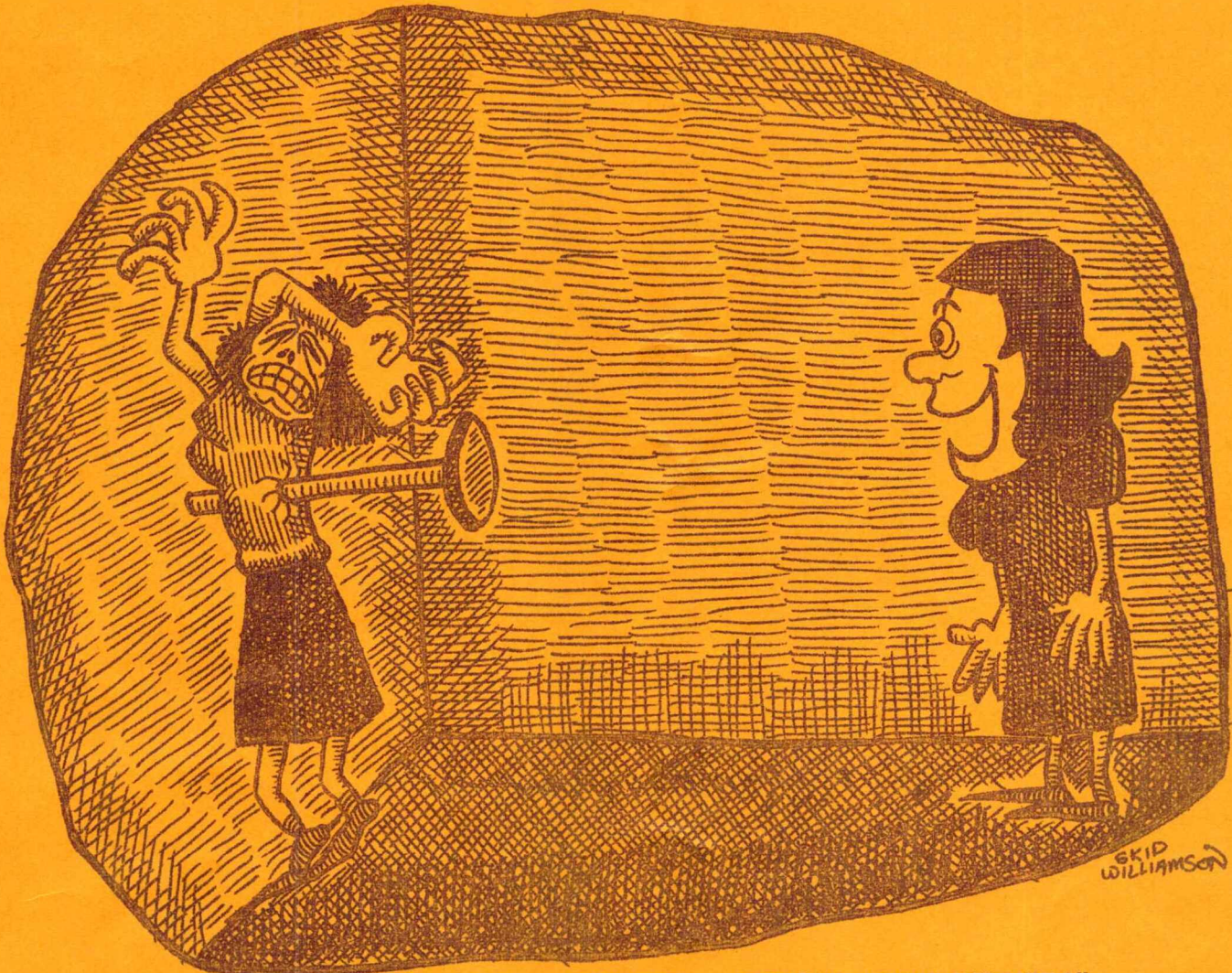
CART'N IDEA
BY MARK TARKA -
EXECUTED BY
WILSON

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU..."



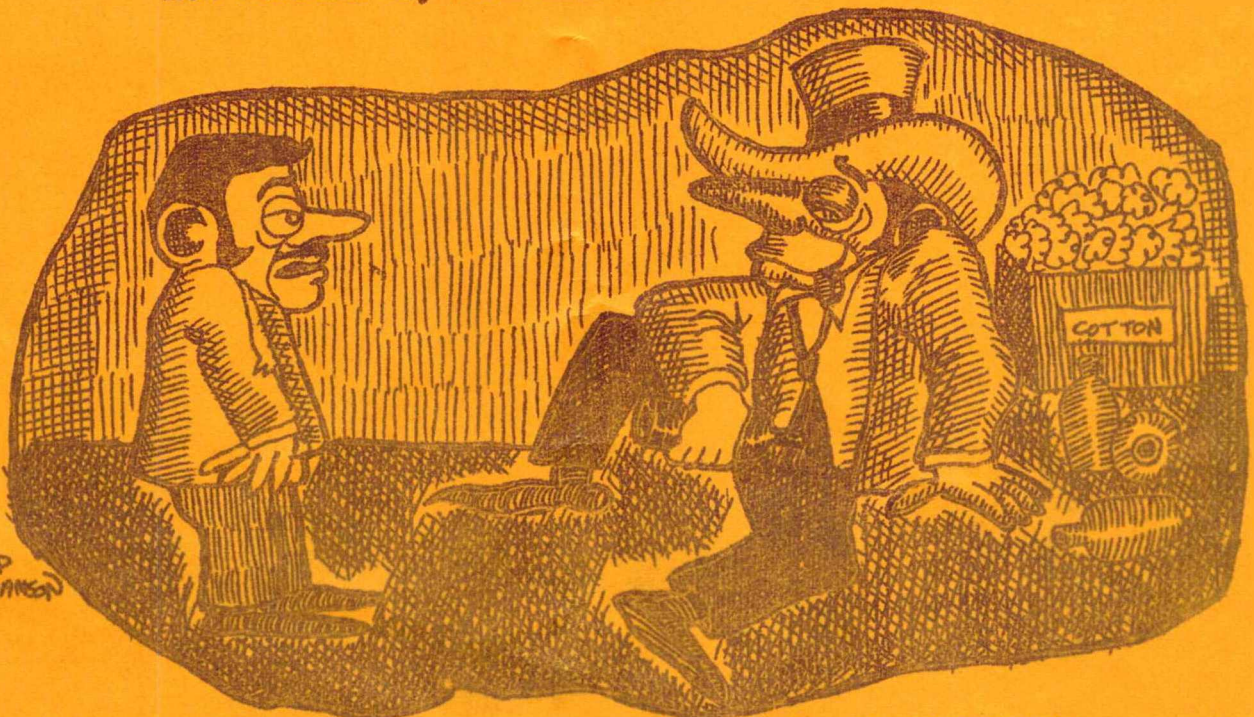
SKIP
WILLIAMSON

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25



SKIP WILLIAMSON

"HOW WONDERFUL, MILDRED. YOU'VE BEEN PINNED!"

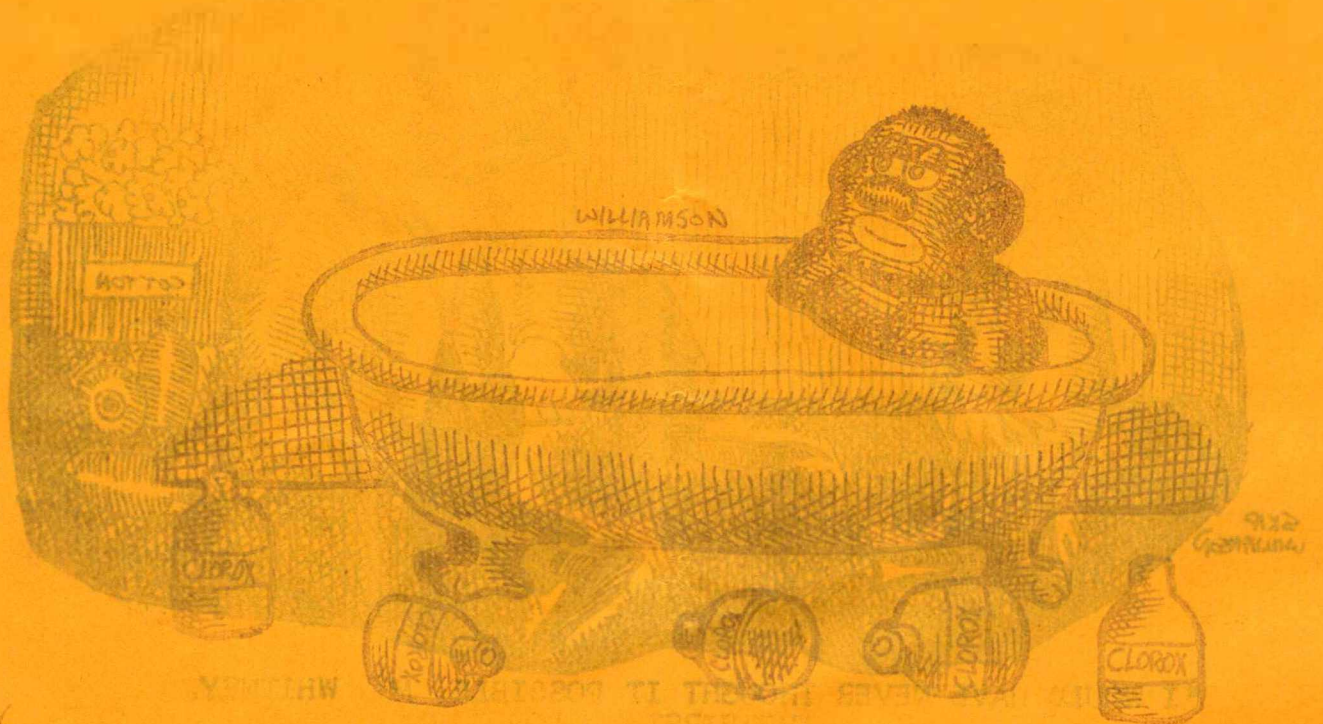


SKIP WILLIAMSON

"I WOULD HAVE NEVER THOUGHT IT POSSIBLE, MR. WHITNEY, THE FIRST COTTON GIN!"



SKIP WILLIAMSON



WILLIAMSON

912
GENTLEMAN



JAY LYNCH

BLACKOUTS

BY

JOHN C. ROBERTS

MEN... THIS IS THE
CAPTAIN... I'VE BEEN
HIT, TAKE HER
DOWN!

DON'T CONCERN
YOURSELF WITH
ME... WE'VE
GOT TO DUCK THE
ENEMY—TAKE
HER DOWN!

THAT'S A
DIRECT ORDER!
LEAVE ME ON
THE BRIDGE
AND TAKE
HER DOWN!

YOU CRAZY
CAPTAIN??
THIS IS A
DESTROYER!

DOCTOR... THERE IS
NO PULSE AND
THE RESPIRATION
RATE IS ZERO.

DOCTOR!...
THE PATIENT IS
NOT BREATHING!

DOCTOR...
I THINK WE'VE
LOST THE PATIENT!

OF COURSE WE
HAVE YOU IDIOT—
THIS IS AN
AUTOPSY!

THE YEAR IS 31 A.D.

THE PLACE IS THE
HILL OF CALVARY
NEAR JERUSALEM

THE CENTRAL
FIGURE
SPEAKS...

WHAT A HECK
OF A WAY TO
SPEND EASTER



"WELL PROFESSOR, ALL SET TO EXPLORE THE INTERIOR?"

A BRIEF AND INFORMAL COMMENT (Continued)

Of course every now and then the "beats" light upon a new "messiah", but just when he is (I should use the past tense) about to be taken for savior once and for all, he does a Winston commercial or a guest shot on the Ed Sullivan show, and it's back to espresso and Edgar Allen Poe for the disciples.

All is not gone, though. The hipster has left some mark on the language. Unfortunately, many of the "beats" words have had their meanings changed. Some have come to mean the exact opposite of what they originally meant. "Square", for example, was a term applied to the uninitiated (symbolically, the beardless one). Now it means those who do not shave regularly--according to the Gillette people. And this reflects, more or less, the general deterioration of the hipsters vocabulary.

The underlying motive behind the "beat philosophy" was the assumption, conscious or subconscious, that the only uncompromising or non-hypocritical situations in life are to be a priest, a criminal, or a bohemian. Perhaps they are guilty of philosophical hypocrisy or at least inconsistency in combining the three. But in existentialism, anything goes; and so have the "beats".

THE FANTASY PAPERS

BY

TIM BLICKHAN

FANTASY #1

Skyveeps shudder and Snorklers snork,
Skinch bugs skitter and Whornklers whornk,
Rokspaws slither through the Neolithic slime,
And the Vrombats whisper "'Tis time, 'tis time!"

Fifteen men on a derelict old,
Fifteen men who were brave and bold
When they started the trip across a trackless void,
Playing Chinese tag with an asteroid.

Fifteen men who were young and hale
When they started out across the star-struck trail,
But the blackness pressed down upon their souls
And they lost sight forever of their distant goals.

Galaxies exploded; cities turned to dust,
And the fifteen's craft was red with rust,
And the years went by like one-two-three
On an endless voyage through Eternity.

In the misty tunnels of the mighty boat
A klaxon sounded its fearful note
As the ship sailed through the warped time shelf
And took up a collision course with itself.

A catastrophic blast rocked the Universe
As mass equals energy made the dead men curse,
And the heavens split, and black turned white
And the stars began to lose their light.

So man left Terra for the gulfs of space,
And lost the secrets of his fledgling race
To the Skyveeps, Snorklers, Skinch bugs bold;
Rokspaws, Whornklers, and Vrombats old.
And the earth went out like a candle's glow,
Lost forever because man was slow
To reach the safety of his down-lined nest,
And the Vrombats whispered "'Tis time to rest!"

FANTASY #2

Starlight on Terra
Beautiful, desolate
Empty.
Armageddon's passed.
We lost.

FANTASY #3

Star struck,
The sailors go
Out to the vast reaches of nowhere,
And though they find nothing
They still go on,
For theirs is a legion
Of lost souls,
Transfixed; mesmerized
By pinpricks in
Black velvet.

FANTASY #4

And man stepped ou on the Universe
And said "I'm lonely.
I'll make me a God."

FANTASY #5

When man stepped out of the rubble
That was left from the Big One...
(You know, doubleyou, doubleyou two)
He said, "This won't happen again."
Boom!

FANTASY #6

"Preposterous!" said Og to her husband Oog,
"If man had been ment to ride around he'd have been born with wheels !"
Take her up a little higher, Orville.

FANTASY #7

Wouldn't it be funny
If vapor trails froze,
And stayed up there in the high blue reaches
In a cross-patch of lacy whitness
That made clouds obselete?

FANTASY #8

I wonder where we'd be today
If some wise-assed scientist/theologian
Went back in time
And stopped a certain execution....

FANTASY #9

Let's go back in time
To the very beginning,
Right with Amos and Andy in the Garden of Eden,
And stick a worm in that apple.

FANTASY #10

Out in the nothingness
Of Nowhere
A being woke up
from a very bad dream,
And we ceased to exist.

TREASON

BLUE BLAZES

A SERIAL IN 4 PHASES DEPICTING THE LIFE, TIMES, AND TRIBULATIONS OF HARVEY KURTZMAN AS OPPOSED TO THE VIEWS EXPRESSED BY OTHER HEATHEN WARLORDS.

PHASE 1-WHITHER GO THE APES, MY SON?

Before I begin this idolatry and propagation of the masses maybe I better explain just who Harvey Kurtzman is.

This has been done too many times before me, so I may tend to plagiarize (unwittingly of course) to some small extent, or overly eulogise this man to the status of Lord God Almighty (not totally unearned, but nevertheless the vacancy has been filled).

I could say that Kurtzman is a slight three-foot Giant who edits magazines and sells bagels every Saturday to keep his mother in diamonds. Or that he is a fifth avenue mercenary who has millions in a Swiss bank but keeps the starving appentice front to martyr himself at the feet of his drooling fans.

I could say this (in fact I already have) and speak the truth to a minute degree. But these two facets of Kurtzmania are overshadowed by the fact that he is in reality nothing more than a funny little man, surrounded by funny little cohorts who help him edit and publish funny little magazines.

This is the first in a series of articles--opinionated articles--on Harvey Kurtzman, which I shall continue until I bore of the man and turn to others who have won a warm spot in our hearts because of the joy and laughter they've brought us (Martin Luther King, Barry Goldwater, etc.)

Don't expect any actual continuity out of this thing, because there probably won't be any. You see, all I'm here to do is talk about this man who gives me approximately the same thrill is get from drinking Coke and aspirin or sniffing gasoline fumes.

Someone said that a genius is a person who thinks about the worldly things and has an urge to destroy them, while an insane man thinks of the worldly things and actually carries through by destroying them.

If the fella who said this is correct, I gather that Harvey Kurtzman is a well developed insane genius. And brother, if you don't think that's a dangerous combination then look again.

It seems that at the present time there is a Saturate-The-World-With-Kurtzman-Campaign in full swing.

The old comic book dealers around the U.S.A. are making ready and available copies of early and ancient MADs and EC line comics by Kurtzman to his fans. And on the general market there is H.K.'s present publication, HELPI! Not to mention other little ditties circulating around like Harvey Kurtzman's Jungle Book, Little Annie Fanny in PLAYBOY, The adventures of Goodman Beaver in a paper back book called The Executive's Comic Book, and a book of captioned photos soulfully dubbed Who Said That?. Then there are the two HELPI! paper backs and some of the early MAD pbs.

Naturally Kurtzman is fabled about and sung praises to by a good many of the fan magazines and other amateur publications throughout the country. This is probably because these types of publications are spawned by hopeful young visionaries who have dreams of making the B*I*G T*I*M*E, and Riotous Living with Women and Gold.

Kurtzman's first real and major triumph over grey flannel mankind came in the discerning form of a paper back distributed by Ballantine in the September of 1959, Harvey Kurtzman's Jungle Book.

Thus segment one of Harvey's complete destruction of our social structure was introduced to the virginal and unaware public.

Be wary, indignation societies. To hell with the commies! Kurtzman has vowed to bury us. And he will, too.

I don't think I'll fo into the content of the Jungle Book too much in this article. Because, if you a a trueblue Kurtzman fanatic you will have already read and drained every ounce of the writer's blood from it. And if you haven't seen the Jungle Book you probably aren't intrerested in this psuedo-hero worship to begin with, or else you've become infatuated and have Seen The Light and will immediatly send 40¢ to Ballantine Books for your own copy.

The next Harvey Holocaust came in the form of HELPI! And it was because of HELPI! that so many of his disciples thought that Kurtzman was losing his immortal (sometimes immoral) gift.

Was this the same HK that got his start by snatching purses and chalking indecent comic-strips on the sidewalks of New York during his pre-puberty years? Was this the same Kurtzman that brought warmth and truth and the American Way into the hearts of insidious comic-book lords? The anathema of the imitator? The crusader in the name of all that was ribald?

Yes, by golly, this was the same old Harvey Kurtzman. It was just like the sonuvagun to try something new.

As usual, higher justice and knowledge triumphed over the dark forces, and HELPI! emerged to find its place in the sun. Or maybe it has just found its place in Telstar or some other man made moon. Leave time to tell whether the glory is artificial.

With HELPI! came the developement of a character introduced in the Jungle Book: Goodman Beaver.

Goodman is an ideology decked in Ivy-League threads and supporting tresses a la JFK. He is the cry of the oppressed, a boy scout in shining armor surrounded the by the ogres and dragons of an ammoral society and all sorts of ugly things.

In Kurtzman's own words Goodman Beaver was patterned after "Voltaire's Candide's idealist-boob hero," and "Little Orphan Annie, whose blunked-out eyes and blunked-out homilies Goodman emulates."

The Will Elder-Harvey Kurtzman team has come up with a cousin for Goodman Beaver: Little Annie Fanny is a delightful little nympho female version of Goodman that graces the pages of PLAYBOY fairly regularly. Keeping in the true PLAYBOY atmosphere Annie, when not delving into deep sociological aspects of our civilization is otherwise preoccupied with S*E*X for sex's sake. I have to add that Annie is presented in glorious, blazing, sordid color and that Kurtzman and Elder are raking in truckloads of money (which is the best excuse I can think of for one to prostitute one's talent).

I don't know if Harvey Kurtzman has given up his stereotyped soul-searching plight to find the True Meaning of Life and Labors of Love to the more luring aspects of monetary gain. But in any case he has provided his public with a drive and an admiration for himself.

What kind of man is Kurtzman? I wouldn't know, because I've never met the man (naturally this makes me such an authority that I can write lucid articles on his personalities), but remember this. He is the man of whom Jerry Lewis said, "He is more apt to be struck down in his prime by a flying brassiere."

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE => PHASE 2 OF THIS SERIES ON HARVEY KURTZMAN

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Since the above article was written two or three months ago, a slight revision or rather a postscript is necessary.

As of now two issues of HELP! have been published without the consolidated efforts of Kurtzman and Elder rendering any further Goodman Beaver episodes. In fact, the latest issue to date had a letter from a reader asking about the disappearance of our idealistic hero. Kurtzman answered that Goodman is "gone but not forgotten". Well, I for one must weep a subconscious tear of disapproval. Why did you do this to us, Harvey Kurtzman?

I think I can probably answer my own question.

Without doubt both Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder are busy men (doing what I'll never know), and since Annie Fanny brings in more greenback dollars, I suppose that one evil was substituted for the other. Goodman was a victim of circumstances.

It is my own personal opinion that most of the Annie Fanny scripts have been pretty weak thus far (except for one great one they did on the commercialization of Christmas) where Goodman Beaver's adventures held me spellbound throughout almost all the issues he appeared in.

Now I want to ask you a question, Harvey Kurtzman: Is Goodman gone forever or his demise only a temporary arrangement? I, for one, can only hope that he will reappear someday. We miss him, Harv.

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EXCHANGE ISSUE



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