

# RUR7

This is put out by David Rike, with occasional aid and comfort from Carl Brandon, from the sign of the drooping palm tree at 2431 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California. It is sent to correspondents, faneds I trade with, friends and likable strangers

## Fables for Fandom

### THE PIG, THE OSTRICH & THE RAT

Once, there was a barnyard in the eastern part of the land, with some very odd fences. These fences kept moving, dividing the barnyard in different ways. At the time of which I write, one of the divisions of this barnyard included only a pig, an ostrich and an albino rat. These three animals became fast friends, for they heard that the barnyard would soon have no fences at all, and they knew that the part where they were would then be the very center of everything.



They wouldn't have known this except for the ostrich, who kept his head buried in the sand all of the time, and heard all of the news from the animals of the earth. He didn't understand why the earth-burrowing animals had all this news, or why they kept repeating it, but he taped it all on his recorder, and played it all back to the albino rat, who would sit back on his haunches, close his pink eyes behind his dark glasses, and think how best the news could be taken advantage of.



One day, some time after the ostrich had told them of the coming removal of the fences, the rat said to them, "We must plan carefully for this, for once all the other animals are free, they might not recognize us as the center of everything, but they might, instead, set up a center somewhere else." Both the pig and the ostrich agreed that this would be a bad thing.

"We should have some way of making them notice us," said the ostrich. "We ought to be able to rule them, because we are the center."

"Yes," agreed the pig, "Why don't we grab them, just when the fences disappear, and make them agree to a set of rules? We can tell 'em that it's just to keep order."

The albino rat said very little, for he was thinking about this. The pig and the ostrich got very excited about the whole affair, and wrote a long, long set of rules, which would govern all of the animal kingdom, not just that little barnyard. When the rat saw



what they had done, he smiled over it, and said, "This is too long. We can accomplish everything necessary in much less space. I will re-write these by-laws." And when he had re-written them, the pig and the ostrich saw that the new by-laws were no different from the old ones, except that they were shorter, and had the rat's name in more places.

"You, pig," said the rat, "can enforce these by-laws, because you are very heavy, and your words carry much weight with other animals. You, ostrich, can be our link with the ground-animals, for they know you."

"What will you do?" asked the ostrich.

"I will supervise the affair," said the rat, peering over his dark glasses, "and very little else, for I am about to get married, and will be very busy with my wedding trip. I shall also have to collect money from some of these animals for my wedding present. I hop you can understand this." He looked very sharply at the ostrich.

"Oh yes, yes indeed!" quailed the bird. "And, anyway, once we have taken over the animal kingdom and have it incorporated under New York state law, we can all rest easy, for there will be no work to do."

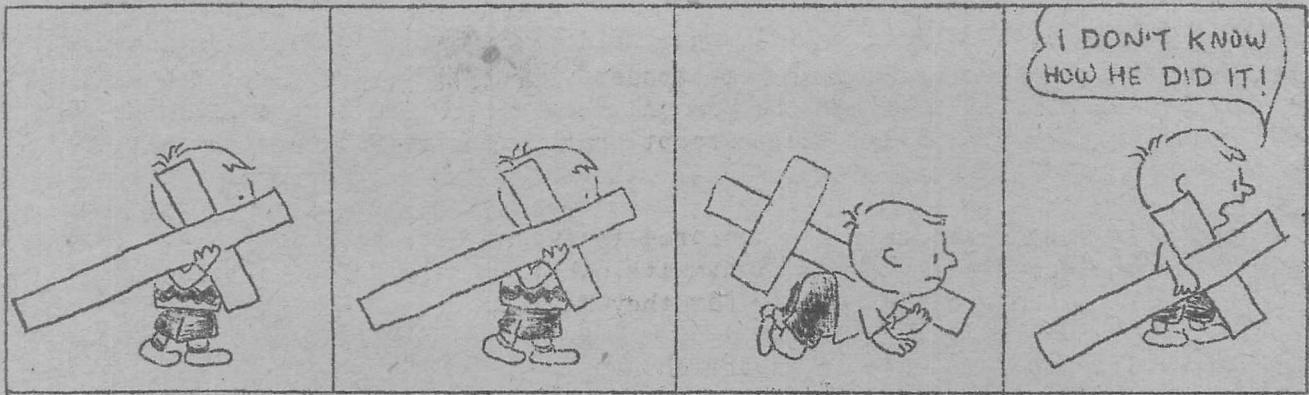
"Yes," said the rat. "Exactly. Once this is done, it will be irrevocable, and then we can all sit back and enjoy being the center of things." And it came to happen this way, for the animals did not know when they were being dictated to, and thought that the pig, the ostrich and the albino rat were doing them much good.

-- Carl Brandon

John Quagliano writes, "I've recently become interested in social psychology. Anyway, I'm sick of technical writing. I intend to go to Berkeley, which will be inexpensive since I will be a resident come June." Ah good, that means another faaann and FAPA member joins our happy throng.

Dick Lupoff mentions, "I'm about to leave the womb-like state of the Army and strive to make my way in the Big World. And I don't know where in the Big World I'm going to wind up." And thus, he is unsure as to what his address will be for the next few weeks and he would appreciate it if all mail were held up — especially fanzines — until he's settled down and the Word gets passed around via some weekly journal of news and opinion, like Fanac or HUR.

Cry of the Nameless #113, 10¢ from Wally Weber, Box 92, 920 - 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Washington. Well, well, ol' Norm Beattle-brain Harris finally gets into print. Harris is a guy that Brandon knows, and who Carl continually tells us about. We spend nights in uproarious laughter listening to Brandon recite Norm's Views & Opinions on Fandom, the Nation, and the World. Naturally, since we haven't met (uh, by "we", I naturally mean Terry, Pete, Ronel, etc. of course) him, the tales that Carl has been telling us about N. Sanfield Harris sounded grossly exaggerated and utterly fantastic. However, here he is in print and — by damn — it's about the best thing in the issue, which bespeaks little for Cry. "Fandom: Is It Enough?" (the title of his soul-stirring article) has become a catch-word around here. "Is it enough for you, Terry?" "Hell yes! In fact, it's too god-damn much, as far as I'm concerned." "Shall we broaden and enrich ourselves with a discussion of science fiction, especially it's scientific content, tonight?" "Screw that noise, what I'm interested in is broadening and enriching myself with that case of bheer over there, especially its alcoholic content." Norm Harris is Too Much. We all think that he might be a reincarnation of Al Ashley. too too much.



## Question & Answer...

Who in the east coast is laughing at the Solacon Committee? "East Coast" covers a lot of territory, fannish or geographical. Can you list the laughers and tell us why they are laughing? Strangely enough we have more Solacon members from the East than we have from California to date! What's to laugh at? We aren't interested in idle rumors and imagined troubles. Be specific or shut up.

from a letter from Len Moffatt of Downey, California, dated March 16, 1958

Besides, I probably won't see you at a con before 1959, anyway. From all I have heard of the Solacon group, I have formed the considered opinion that the convention won't be worth a trip to California.

from a letter from Bob Briney, Boston, Mass., dated March 12, 1958

(Both were letters address to Ron Ellik and they were received on the same day.)

Boy! those "idle rumors and imagined troubles" sure do travel, don't they?

Dick Ellington writes that he is now a proud papa of a beautiful little girl. She's named Marie-Louise, after M.-L. Berneri, noted radical writer and one of the editors of the English anarchist weekly, Freedom, until her untimely death in 1949 at the age of 31. Both mother and child are in the greatest of health.

Dick also reports that he's been made secretary of a newly reorganized wobbly branch. However, there are no plans afoot to turn fandom into One Big Union.

Larry Bourne, a buddy he hitchiked down from Oregon with and a friend of theirs dropped over Thursday with Carr and Ellik. Larry's an average high-school looking guy (even if he is in college) of average build and a little on the short side. And I don't think he has a sensitive fannish face. He was staying over in San Francisco and somehow or another he didn't care for the City, what with its traffic, congestion and all. Of course, they were living on Market Street and were in the center of all of that instead of padding in some quiet alley in North Beach.

The Mulligan quartet lps I had on the fono when he came in, he said, were the first real good music he had heard since he left home. They guys he was with seemed afflicted with a mania for rock and roll and that that it was the most. In fact one of them was telling us that the ultimate sound would be a lp of music played at a burlesque house. Now, I've been to what was the biggest and best

strip joint around here before they tore it down for freeway construction, the El Rey, and its three piece combo was nowhere — nothing exceptional, save that it was rather jarring on the ears. Maybe he wants it for music to masturbate by. However, Bourne didn't dig that sort of noise and so the talk turned to things fannish: the latest gossip, homosexual fans we know, the Solacon, Jack Kerouac, Ken Patchen, and Pete Graham. Lars was under the impression that Terry Carr was Pete Graham. (Isn't that hoax that Bob Stewart pulled over five years ago ever going to die out?)

"Do you wear glasses, Terry?" Larry asked.

"Yeah," Carr said, with a now-what-in-the-hell-is-this-foolishness look on his face.

"Could you put them on?" Terry put on his glasses. "I saw a picture of Pete once, Geis had it, and there is a resemblance." Since this was getting to be a little too absurd, I pulled out my cigar box of fan fotos and showed him three pictures of Pete, taken at various times. The rest of the photos were also passed around, most of which consisted of myself in assorted poses, the local bhoys, and some girly fotos that Cliff Gould sent me. "Say, these look Pretty Good," said one of Larry's friends, referring to some bare chested blonde. "Umm, I like that. Is this what you fans do all of the time?"

A tape of Kenneth Rexroth and the Cellar Jazz Quartet blowing up some jazz-poetry was in the background while Larry showed us some of his sketches and discussed things Cultural. His friends were getting bugs up their asses and wanted to walk up the block and take pictures where there were some buildings being torn down. "They collect staircases," Larry said. Larry had to go to the bank before it closed, so he and Ron took off up the street and Carr cut out for Barrington Hall to read his mail for the day.

-----  
"What . . . me read Cry of the Nameless?"  
-----

Phillip J. Castora has changed his address from the Wormwood in Washington, D.C. to 331 Ashland Avenue, Pittsburgh 28, Pennsylvania. Harness is still there, though, learning new and greater things thru Scientology.

We around here have been wondering what has happened to the monthly Void, which hasn't been out at least a couple of months now. Lessee . . . the last one came out just before Ron mailed off Benford his copy of Laney's memoirs, Ah! Sweet Idiocy! and the last contact we've had from him was a card acknowledging receipt of Towner's meisterwerke. Maybe he's taken what FTL said to heart, and has removed himself from this realm of misfits, screwballs, and fuggheads.

Carl Brandon has been talking to us since Xmas about going to New York, and as the weeks went by, he had elaborated his trip up into the proportions of a Daugherty Project. Well, finally he left, around a week ago. "Be sure to write us," we said. "Yes, yes," he said. "And don't visit any strange fans." "Yeah."

The days passed and no word from Carl. Not even a single-angle post card. Did he get into an accident, hitchiking cross-country, we wondered? Was he beaten up and robbed and left out in the wilderness? Would he come back and finish his rewrite of "The BNF of Iz"? We were worried.

So, half an hour before an air mail special delivery letter came for him from Ted White, in came Carl. Terry was here, running off Fanac #6. "How come you didn't stay in New York over Easter Vacation? And, say, how in the hell did you get back so damn fast? What fans did you mooch off of? Did you catch cold in all of the rain? How was New York?"

"New York . . . hell. I spent almost half a day getting as far as Sacramento, got tired of thumbing, and spent the rest of the time at my grandmother's place up there, laying around doing nothing."

March 31, 1958