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RUR8

For over a month now, this has appeared every week from the mimeo of David Rike of 2431 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California and has been sent to readers of Fanac and correspondents & faneds who aren't on their mailing list. It continues this way.

## *Outing On A Rainy, Radioactive Afternoon*

"We have enough people here to take over the city of Berkeley," Sherman, a bohemianarchist-poet told me. "There're enough of us here to capture City Hall, overpower the police, occupy the telephone exchange and control the town. Of course, the National Guard'll no doubt our little up-rising, but imagine what an inspirational thing it'd be." /smash

It was Easter Sunday and we were part of a procession that was marching up to the U.C. radiation lab to protest H-bomb tests. For me it all started about the Thursday before when someone came to the house and asked to borrow my typer to cut a stencil on. "Oh, what for?" I asked and she showed me the dummy for an anti-bomb test leaflet. "Sure," I said, feeling that I got off easy since it generally ends up that they try to push the production and publication of leaflets completely off on me and then get a blank look in their eyes when I ask innocently about stencils, ink, and paper. That Friday, I was at a party in San Francisco. My date asked me if I knew anything about the Bomb-test protest march that was supposed to be held Sunday. I had some vague details, but knew nothing definite; but, lo and behold, a friend came up full of details and asked us if we could help out some distributing leaflets. So, we spent Saturday afternoon in downtown Berkeley passing out leaflets by an anti-bomb test petition stand the Quakers had set up. And here it was Easter Sunday and the protest march was really coming off, tho no one was really sure it'd take place until it happened. Before things started, I asked one of the guys how many he thought would show up. He said he could count on definitely 30 or 50. Over 200 came, despite the dismal weather.

The road up to the cyclotron and rad. lab was washed out and the campus cops wouldn't let us go any farther than the road leading up the hill to the place, so the pickets and sound truck demonstrated there, with a couple of cops bullying their way around in their cars big-deal-like, trying to intimidate us. A pacifist was speaking volumes of innocuous things over the p.a. system and they were passing the hat in order to get money to cover the expenses incurred. However there were malcontents in the crowd who wanted more than talk-talk. "It doesn't cost a cent to throw a rock." "What we need is mob rule." "Take a gun away from a cop and he crawls on the ground like a snake." "Say, no one's in that police car over there, let's turn it over or ram it into the fence." "Why don't we turn this into a funeral procession, for Edward Teller?" "The day won't be complete without a little bloodshed." "Yeah, you have to fight for peace."

By this time there were around 250 persons milling around road that led up to the rad. lab. Unless they wanted to storm the gates that barred the way, there wasn't much else that could be done there. Oh, a few were still militating like, "There're 200 of us and only 2 of them (the cops) ... let's jump'em." but almost everyone was pretty meek and feeling that they were doing a big thing and acting brave-like just in joining in on the march.

The next item on the agenda was to walk, with pickets and sound truck, down to a lawn covered plaza in the center of Shattuck Avenue, the more or less main drag in Berkeley. There, they were to meet with cars which would then take them down to the AEC offices in Oakland, where the demonstration was to continue. The car I was in was parked nearby, so I got in with everyone else and we drove down to Shattuck. Tho generally packed with cars, trucks, buses, electric trains, and people during the week days, the downtown center of Berkeley was empty and bleak.

Parked by Berkeley Square, the place where everyone was going to meet, was a cop car, with small groups huddled together on the corners talking and waiting. There was a goodly number of the North Beach Crowd there, along with their Berkeley counterparts. One was out in the middle of the street passing out leaflets to drivers as they came by. It was cold, so I got back in the car and talked. Someone in the back seat was saying that Dag Hammarskjöld was a better singer than Elvis Presley. Someone else, while having no love for Elvis, couldn't dig Dag at all. "But," I said, "we must recognize that Dag is a much better performer than Elvis ever has been. Look at the song-and-dance routine he's been putting on in the United Nations for the last five years."

It wasn't too long before the sound truck came by, heralding the approach of the marchers. We walked up the block and joined the procession. Adding to the crowd now was Ken, bohemian anarchist and buddy of Sherman. "You know," Ken said, "I thought there was going to be some Action today, instead, nothing's happening at all. Lookit: they're even crossing the street with the light, instead of just walking across, light or no light. Hell, they aren't even civilly disobedient." However, this was no well-organized, disciplined march with every arranged and all mapped out beforehand; in fact the organization was kept at the bare minimum. There are two entrances to the radiation lab and the leaflet, for instance, neglected to mention which one was going to be used, or to even say anything about the meeting point, a dance studio six blocks from the University of California, where the march was going to commence from. The other road was not washed out by the heavy rains, but it was blocked by a cordon of policemen on the grounds that they would, as an university spokesman said, "...create traffic congestion." The persons who did gather up at the other road for the most part joined the crowd as they marched thru Berkeley and met at Shattuck.

When everyone had gathered on Berkeley Square, cars came up and they proceeded down to Oakland, after a short speech bomb testing. The cop tried to harry a few of the drivers, but since no one was causing any trouble and there was no traffic tie-up, he gave up. The procession now took the form of an auto caravan, with the sound truck in the lead, and pickets being waved from car windows. There were a goodly number of posters reading: "Rain, Rain, Go Away, Come Again Without Gamma Rays"; "April Showers Bring Radioactive Flowers"; "Peace Talk Instead of Eniwetok"; "End the Rain of Terror." This was heightened by the fact that radiation counts taken of recent rain water showed, at one time, that it contained 200 times the maximum safe drinking water standard of allowable radioactivity. Now, that in itself wasn't really dangerous, since the radioactive materials rapidly decayed and the level had more recently fallen to only 13 times and this fall out wasn't continual so it became further diluted. What was objectionable was the lax attitude of the State Health Dept. and the AEC. After this recent spurt of fall out, it came out that the State Health Dept. didn't have any effective monitoring system for checking the amount of radioactivity in drinking water or leafy vegetables. And the AEC has shown its inherent irresponsibility by conscious and deliberate concealment and distortion of information on fall out and bomb tests in general. It appears that truth, to the AEC, is of lesser importance than political motives. And, if this is the way things are done in the United States, can one expect a more enlightened attitude among the heads of the other bomb testing countries like Russia and Great Britain? I think not. If it isn't bomb testing, it'll be something else. After WWI, there was a big to-do over the hideousness of poisonous gases and it was supposedly outlawed, but at the same time, submarines, air planes, and armored tank divisions were being perfected as smoothly operating military machines. Currently, if bomb testing is cut out, the stock-piling will no doubt continue and other weapons will be further developed to fill the gap: like biological warfare, guided missiles, radioactive dust (remember Heinlien's "Solution Unsatisfactory," in the May, 1941 ASF?) or something else. And it was only a couple months ago that I read in the papers that the Pentagon was still looking for a workable death ray. Perhaps the first models would give off dangerous, uncontrollable side radiations that would cause bone cancer and leukemia

or irritate the human germ plasm so that it increases sterility and the birth of malformed children. So, the heads of state, while de-emphasizing these "dirty" side effects, state that they must continue testing this death ray so they can perfect a "clean" death ray, stating it has a responsibility to humanity to do this. Now, we aren't faced with a mythical death ray today, but a very real and material hydrogen bomb, but the justification for the continual testing of it are the same, as are the harmful side-effects; to say nothing of the potential danger such a weapon holds for a power antagonistic to the state that has a stock pile of them. It may not kill millions of innocent civilians, just thousands of soldiers who were conscripted by their country to engage in a war for them.

Tho the stopping of bomb tests is not an end in itself and no doubt really a small thing, it is nevertheless a step in the right direction, no matter how small a step.

On the way down to Oakland we saw a couple of kids riding along on bikes with helmets similar to those that traffic cops wear and with some gear packed on their backs. "What are those?" "Oh, no doubt some boy scouts out working on their Herbert A. Philbrick Merit Badges. The one in front probably has a junior wire tapping kit in his knapsack, while the other is no doubt carrying the Complete Works of Harvey Matusow with him."

By the time we got down to downtown Oakland, where the AEC offices were, it was raining fairly hard. The cops were already there, with two prowl cars and a paddy wagon. We couldn't find a parking place, so the driver let us out, while he tried to find one. The crowd formed itself a line that picketed in front of the offices (which had a modernistic front and no markings to indicate what it was). It was a double line, with the marchers in twos and threes, about a half block long with everyone slowly moving around. Reporters were there quizzing the cops and the security guards who were posted in the AEC reception room. Some persons stepped into the doorway to get out of the rain, but a couple of bully cops told them that they'd have to keep moving and shouldered them out onto the sidewalk.

The guy who was in the sound truck and more or less tried to direct the protest, was buttonholed by a couple of cops and they quizzed him, threatening to arrest everyone and throw'em in jail. The guy, a pacifist who runs a book store down in Palo Alto, told them to go ahead and do that, since the 200 persons who were there would no doubt enjoy getting free room and board from the city of Oakland. While they continued to harry and intimidate us, they backed down and didn't bother anyone.

The group spirit was high, with quasi-religious songs being sung: "We stand solid as a rock, oh we can't be moved"; "I'm gonna lay down my h-bomb down by the riverside and play with war no more." Guys were taking pictures of us and the were taking down the license plate numbers of the cars that brot the demonstrators but no one really care since if that was the price of protest, then so be it; tho this naturally increased our hostility toward the police. Some ol'fat fart stormed up thru the line, pushing people aside and trying to knock down signs. At first we tho that he was just trying to get past us, fast-like, but when he came up to a 5 year old kid and tried to take his poster away from him and hit him with it, it was quite evident that he was just out to make trouble and disrupt our precession. A couple of guys pushed him out into the gutter and were about to smash the ol'coot when a guy came running up yelling, "Peace, peace!" at the top of his lungs. The guy retreated to safety behind a couple of burly cops where he whined to them; but they ignored him and he took off.

After demonstrating for 30 minutes and assured that F.B.I., cops and reporters had their fill of us, we walked around the whole block and then started taking off for the original rendezvous point, a dance studio in Berkeley that was run by an ex-member of the War Resisters League. It was still raining fairly hard, but it didn't seem to bother anyone, even those who didn't bring coats, jackets and hats. We walked four blocks to the car and drove back to Berkeley, stopping at the dance studio. The place was filled with persons, talking over the afternoon's excursion and about how much better it was than everyone

expected. Plans and proposed actions were in the air: meetings, referendum plect-ions against bomb testing, more demonstrations and like that.

Back in a corner of the studio were a bunch of the North Beach crowd beating away on a couple of tom-toms and bongos they found. It was a weird primitively syncopated improvised rhythm. It faintly reminded me of a refined African tribal dance tune; maybe it wasn't too good, but, maaann, it was Real. As they were pound- ing away on the various drums, someone came up to me and asked who they were. "Why, don't you recognize them? They're the Beat Generation." There was an intense feel- ing of camaraderie in the air, that people get after they go thru a struggle toget- her. While the struggle was a very small thing and wouldn't achieve the modest goal that it set out to demonstrate for, it was doing something which is a far cry from the indifferentism and noninvolvementism that obsess most people. The only lasting thing that a small struggle like this protest march can produce is sharpen the appetite of the participants for more and bigger struggles. And I think it did that.

Change of Address: Pete Graham has been moving around as of late and his address, whatever it currently is, is only temporary; thus, could every- one please send all mail to him in care of Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, room 104, Berkeley 4, California.

Dick Geis writes that he is moving soon, exactly where he knows not, and requests that all fans not mail stuff to him at his old 1525 N.E. Ainsworth, Port- land, Oregon address but rather wait until he gets settled in his new pad.

Hmm, Lupoff lastish, and now Graham and Geis . . . it seems that instead of going Gafia or Fafia, fans are currently going into a sort of state of Limbo where even they aren't sure exactly where they are.

Greg Benford says that, "The ol' monthly Void sorta fell by the wayside because of studies and all that. But it shall return after I get some time off. Your guess about Ah! Sweet Idiocy! was pretty close to the truth; after reading about 3/4 of the thing over a weekend I became depressed and didn't do anything for quite a while. Laney makes some good points, which are worth consid- ering. I guess I'm just another Carl Brandon-type in that fanac is really a sec- ondary interest to me. I mean, it's really not worth all the effort."

Grue #29, 25¢ from Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Avenue, Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin.

This issue leads off with an excellent cover by Damon Knight, topped off by a striking three-dimensional rendering of GRUE's traditional odd lettering, done, we are told on the next page, by Ron Ellik. Inside, we have another 50+ pp of G\*O\*O\*D material, which backs up perfectly the great cover logo in three dimensions by Ron Ellik. Some of the spectacular points about this number are the stenofax foto of DWBoggs, Esq, accompanying the fifth in THE FALLEN MIGHTY series of articles on old pulpzines by same Boggsian reviewer, a cartoon by Rotsler showing who-all you might meet at the SOLACON (would you rather meet Burbee or a Rotsler nude??), and the remarkable lettering on the cover, in three dimensions, done by Ron Ellik. You should, by all means, write to this chap for his fanzine, and make sure you ask for the issue with the three-dimen- sional cover logo by Ron Ellik--it's probably the finest item in the ish.

--Guest review of GRUE by Ron Ellik; all other material thish EUR by Dave Rike.

9th April, 1958.