

RUR 11

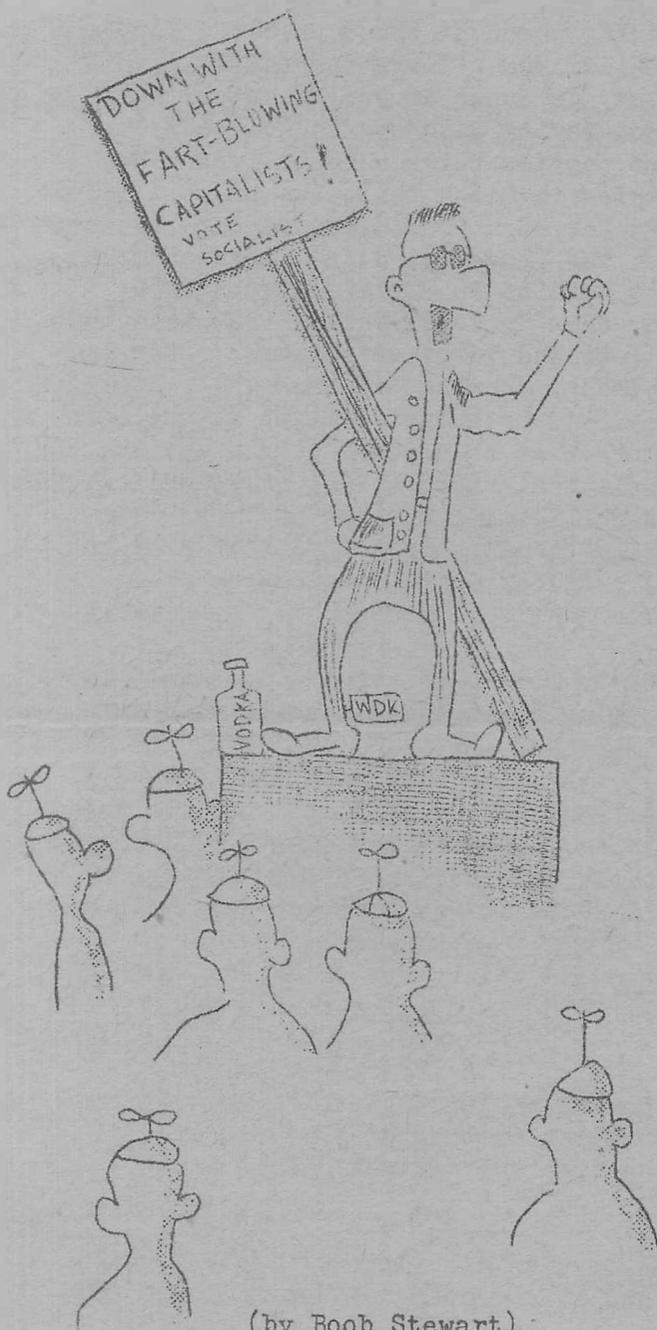
This is an occasional weekly chatterzine giving you the latest "party line" from the "communist environment" of 2431 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California, published by David Rike, with aid and comfort from "fel-low travelers Carl Brandon & Pete Graham.

Dick Ellington writes from New York, "Graham's thing in Inn killed me -- agree with him absolutely on every one of the WSFA group -- was sort of worried at beginning (thinking, 'after all, some of these guys are pretty nice') but sure enough, his opinions to-talled right down the line with mine. Is just as well I didn't meet him. If we think that closely about these types we would have but nothing to talk about. ...

"Do you mean to say Castora is not in Washington no more? Mayhap will not be at Disclave. This is most shocking as I have several little ploys I want to work out on this one -- vicious little things that require person one detests to work them on and Castoria is excrement of the first water. First met him at Philcon last fall and that was enough. Not just fuggedded you understand but a real nasty s--- of a b---- (RUR, the pollyana fanzine) in a stupid, sly way. I blech.

"One funny bit at the SANE demonstrations around Easter was Al Graham, on his black motocydle with his black leather jacket on and his Bermuda- short clad girl-friend on back and rode up and down Flying flag reading "IWW" flying from front. NY Times sneered at this but marchers gave him rousing ovation and lot of old timers cheered loudly. That idiot Bela Fabian and his so-called "Freedom Fighters" fouled things up good, accusing group of being commies, then apologized and challenged pacifists to come up next day (Easter Sunday) and help them picket Russian Embassy. So only Russ and me showed up and two young Hungarians and we walked around for an hour in the worst rain-storm of the year while Fabian stood across the street in an alcove, screeching that it was raining and he was calling the picketing off -- but one of the young Hungarians cussed him out -- in Hungarian -- and he shut up. Then the old bastard had the guts to get up on Night Beat, debating the whole bit with Muste and again accused the pacifists of being commies. Old Muste got mad as hell and in his own polite little way told Fabian that if he believed such a thing then, ".... sputter, sputter, you are not rational!" which is about as strong as Muste ever gets...

"Big Dave and me working very slowly on second edition of Bosses Songbook which will be bigger (same size as V&C



(by Boob Stewart)

or perhaps 8½ x 11 folded) with stiff cover and much more stuff inside. Will also up price to half a rock and run bigger edition of it. Trina Perlson doing cartoons and perhaps cover which is great bit as she doeth nice things. She will also have cheese cake type thing in forthcoming Dude or Gent -- dunno which or which issue yet tho. Will let you know -- her you must lamp as she is the most to say the least. She is married to Art Castillo, one of old University of Chi Whitman House group who left Chicago in a hurry and minus five or six front teeth which Chi police kicked out for his because he dared to be a conchy -- he is rather obstreperous on occasion and has vicious sense of humor to boot."

Perhaps I should explain the typos, strikeovers and other irregularities that have (will) appeared on these pages. They are being typed in the midst of a mad session here in my pad, with Carl Brandon, Rog Plumb, Terry Carr, and Pete Graham, and (now) empty bottles of vodka and apple juice and 7-up. There're a few parties up the street which we have been to, where we drank up to sheer delight, besides the stuff here. We just made a rather incoherent Cultape for John Champion and Larry Stark and maybe Ted White. Carl passed out on my bed, after relating a harrowing tale of his unsuccessful attempts of propositioning women at these parties. Apple juice and vodka is *M*T*A*N* stuff, maaann. Real wicked. I'm stone sober, I tell Carl as we walk down the street. "Dad," he sez, "I dunno if you're sober, but wow, you are sure stoned." After making the tape and saying good-bye to Pete and Terry, Rog and Carl and myself went back to the various parties being held on Dwight Way this evening, but took off since there was nothing to drink there (we had previously drained the bottles dry here, which is maybe why Carr and Graham bugged out) and all there were at these Blasts, at 3 am, were studs, who, however, didn't take any pushing around. And here I have an union meeting to make at 10 am this morning, for which I have to get up at 9 for, since it is way down in lower Oakland and like that. Besides some doing over in San Francisco, with Pete and Terry over there, and maybe Florence Mittleman and then a tour of North Beach, showing the lads . . . just country bhoys, you know, the Sights and then see Elizabeth Gurley Flynn in the evening, with my wobbly button on, and a picnic tomorrow at noon (when I wake up) and help run off this multilithed newspaper for a political party at Cal (more on that in a later issue when I have enough material for a full story; perhaps you have read about SLATE in the radical press, the Young Socialist and Labor Action both have had articles on it) and then scrounge a ride home (to Rodeo, dad) for a couple of days to help move my pmz and fmz collection down to an aunt's basement here in Berkeley. Rush-rush-rush.

Some guy asked if I would run off some (200 or so) copies of the bacovey of the last ish of RUR off for him, blanking out the typing on it (used masking tape for this) and so I did, since I had the paper furnished me. Well, he passed it around and pasted one up on Teller's office door. Well, the city editor of the Daily Cal, a friend from way back in 1953 when Terry, Pete, Boob, and myself used to have tape session and bheer bhusts at his place on weekends, asked if he could run it in the paper. I said yes. "In writing?" he asked. Take off your shirt and coat and I'll pen it on your back, I replied. He declined. I guess it was because his wife was there, and all.

Terry Carr is reading my copy of On The Road and thinks its The Most. Ron Elik is still reading the third-hand copy of the May, 1958 Astounding that's up here in my room.

Dainis Bisenieks, in a little note, makes mention of the fact that, "I've seen copies of your zine at the most recent meeting of the "Misfits." George Young read to us the account of the demonstration against H-Bomb tests." (506 - 5th Avenue, Ann Arbor, Michigan)

I dunno how that impresses you, but it fills me up with all sorts of egoboo. Well, have you ever had an article of yours read aloud at a meeting of the Michigan Science Fantasy Society?

today isn't Monday, but still it's dated May 5, 1958 & happy birthday to Karl Marx