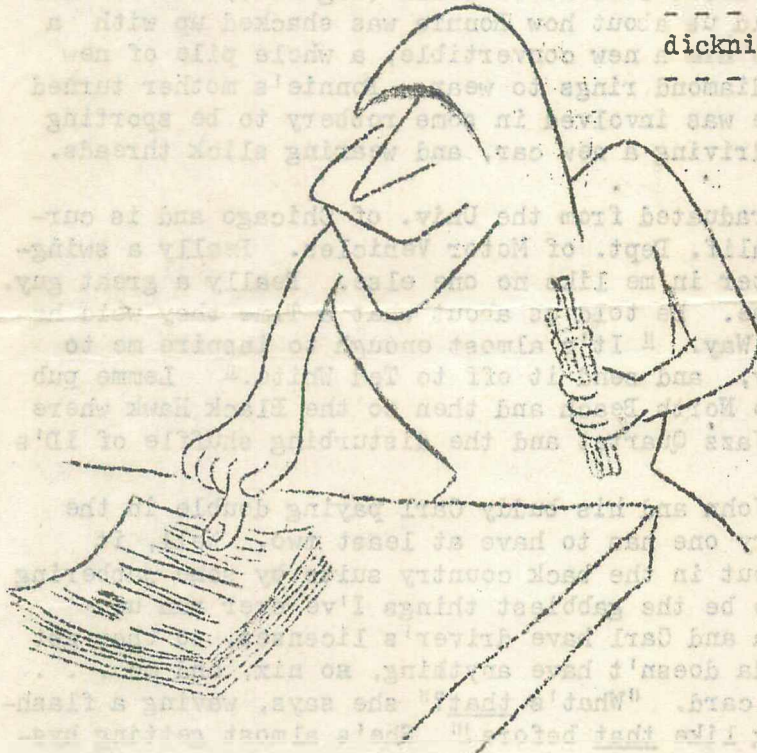


# RUR 15

Last week, this was not published by David Rike, 2431 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif., because he was too damn busy to bother with it. The cartoon below was reprinted for Bill Courval, who feels that I should make a career out of it and for John Quagliano, so he can cut it out and pin it up.

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Meet Albert Smuck, Young-Man-On-His-Way-Up. He's just come to work after sitting up all night designing a new, superfast, ultra-light electronic relay system that'll help propel a new ICBM that's guaranteed to decimate 10,000,000 people if it lands in a metropolitan area. Albert's going to get a raise. He needs it. Everyone who's Anyone at Genocide Research's Po-dunk, New York installation has a \$20,000 home, two new American cars (none of those foreign bugs for someone like Albert Smuck)--the best in everything.

Albert is a Scientist working on Top Security jobs. A man of learning. He took engineering in college, but it doesn't stop there. He reads all of the good magazines: Time, Reader's Digest, Fortune; he has made a thro analysis of The Capitalist Manifesto; and he will be going back to college to take some courses in Business Administration.

What does Albert think about Socialism? "Go-getters like myself don't pay any attention to that stuff. It doesn't help us to \*G\*E\*T\*\*A\* - H\*E\*A\*D\*."

If you'd like to find out what will happen to Albert Smuck after the Revolution, write to Spartacus, Box 1917, New York 3, New York.

Wow! I had a real swinging weekend, really doing Bakunin's birthday up fine. It all started on Friday when I went with Freuda Mittleman here and there on bus in S.F. supposedly Making Connections to hit a North Beach beach party. The party never did quite come off, but the people I met. . .

There was, for instance, Lora Nelson, an ex-common-law wife of Ray Nelson. She told us all sorts of funny stories about Ray, like the time he walked miles and miles to drown himself by jumping in the ocean but didn't because the water was too cold. Or how Ray once got a job as a painter (or something) but couldn't make it because he fell off the ladder the first day on the job. Quite a guy, Ray Nelson.

At one time or another, the name of Ken Spiker came up. "He fascinates me," Lora said. Well, there is a Certain Something about Ken that other persons on this planet just don't have. I recall one memorable night when Pete Graham and myself were walking up the Avenue and Ken Spiker came upon us, with his hair all bushed out and messed up, beat-out clothes on, and a haggard look on his face. "Rike," he said, "you have to give me 20¢ so I can get a hamburger. I haven't eaten in three days; please . . . give me some money."

"Ken really fascinates me," Lora continued. "In fact, I'd like to have sex with him, just to see what it would be like. Ken really fascinates me." Quite a guy, Ken Spiker. (He must've caught it from Ray . . . they were good friends.)

And then Lora told us about Ronnie. If I were reading this out loud, at this point I'd shake my

head and pause, with an expression of utter disbelief on my face. Ronnie is 17. Ronnie is a homosexual. Ronnie is currently up at Napa State Mental Hospital. He was picked up on a dope charge (not H dad, but rather that international joy smoke, P.O.T., pot.) (to use the words of Ray Nelson in his poetic facet) and was given the choice: San Quentin or Napa. However, Lora told us, Ronnie is regretful, now, that he <sup>didn't</sup> chose Q. "Imagine," Lora said he said, "me in Q . . . all alone with 5,000 \*M\*E\*N\*!" He's really kicking himself, she says. Ronnie's adventures were apparently varied and numerous. Lora told about some movie starx (big name) who Ronnie supposedly Made It with. She also told us about how Ronnie was shackled up with a 70 year old man in Sacramento who gave him a new convertible, a whole pile of new clothes, a hefty charge account, and diamond rings to wear. Ronnie's mother turned him over to the cops since she thought he was involved in some robbery to be sporting around diamond rings on his fingers, driving a new car, and wearing slick threads. Quite a kid, Ronnie.

I also met Reggie, a Negro who graduated from the Univ. of Chicago and is currently giving driving tests for the Calif. Dept. of Motor Vehicles. Really a swinging cat that brings out the crow-jimster in me like no one else. Really a great guy.

John Quagliano also made the Scene. He told us about what a Time they were having down on the 2300 block of Dwight Way. "It's almost enough to inspire me to write a 'Clayfeet Country' of Berkeley, and send it off to Ted White." Lemme pub it first, I exclaimed. We all went to North Beach and then to the Black Hawk where we dug the cool sounds of the Modern Jazz Quartet and the disturbing shuffle of ID's being pulled out of wallets.

We go in, paying 90¢ each, with John and his buddy Carl paying double in the process. Drinks are 90¢ each and every one has to have at least two. Well, it isn't too bad that we get parked way out in the back country suite by some jabbering idiots, but the waitresses turn out to be the gabbiest things I've ever run up against. "Let's see your ID's." John and Carl have driver's licenses, so they get by without too much trouble, but Freuda doesn't have anything, so nix, and me . . . I flash my ID, a selective service card. "What's that?" she says, waving a flashlight at it. "I've never seen anything like that before!" She's almost getting hysterical. It's a draft card, I tell her. No good, her barriers are down and the shields are rapidly pulling themselves up. Finally Help comes in the form of another waitress. "Wait, let me look at this, she's new at this. Hmmm, yep, this is ok, just a new form of a draft card." New form . . . 2 years new. Do they take our orders for drinks and go away? No, the newcomer has to give the other a lecture on the Fine Art of Reading Draft Cards and How To Spot the Age Even Tho the Birth Date May Not Be On It. "You see . . . this number here, the 3rd number, not the 2nd one, is the year that they were born in . . ." yak-ity-yak Now that that was over with came another hassle: Freuda's drinks. They were checking ID's not to boot anyone out of the place, oh no, but rather so that those without ID's wouldn't get drinks for their 90¢, but rather some 7-up and an ice cube in a glass, with a straw and marschino cherry; about a jigger full of 7-up. It just saves them about that much liquor. But, John argued, can't one of us have the liquor that would've gone into Freuda's drink if she had an ID? This took more haggling and yak-yak, but finally it was driven thru and off the waitress went for the drinks, while the MJQ clambered onto the bandstand. Do we get an evening of cool, very fine sounds? Well, yes, but without a fight. There was a loud speaker right above our table that bleeted out low-fi screeches, which was unnecessary. There were gibbering idiots all around us talking about if you could dance the cha-cha-cha, or the mombo, and the continual shuffling of ID's and lectures as new people moved in. However, what sounds did filter thru the noise level were indeed well worth the expense, and with it live, really quite, quite the most. Tho, we preferred that it all be moved out of the Blackhawk with its square, unhip crowd and somewhere else where it could be truly appreciated. No matter what Playboy (June ish, which we were made aware of, if we hadn't noticed it before via printed placards placed on our table) said about the Blackhawk, the place is not without some grievous faults.

(that article on how to pick up dames in S.F. is really a laugh; I read it in a barbershop the other day. Hell, I don't have to go to the Top of the Mark or some expensive restaurant. I just read Innuendo, maaann.)

And then, after the first set and after we all had our minimum 2 drinks, they try to bug us to have another drink if we're going to sit thru another set. We stand pat and say no, and they ignore us.

After dropping Freuda off, we take off for 2431 Dwight and come in upon a sleeping Bill Courval. We gleefully wake him up and shout the news of what we - all did into his slumbering ear. After a couple of hours, the others go to bed and Bill and myself sit around talking until 10 am. (It had been over a year and a half since I last saw Bill and we had a lot to talk about.) We talked about sex, literature, fandom, stf, Quagger, Dean McLees, Wayne Strickland, Cliff Gould, Tiajuana, Dick Geis, the Solacon, the sex life of Trotskyites, David Rike, fanzine pubbing, sex again, Ken Patchen, and Carl Brandon.

Courval told me how three San Diego fans reacted when they independently read City and the Pillar by Gore Vidal. Two of them, independent of each other, reacted by going over to Tiajuana and visiting a cat house there. The third, however, reacted by going over and having a session with a homosexual acquaintance. He didn't dig it, tho and is now strictly on Women from now on.

I like to talk with Bill Courval. A stimulating intellectual conversation for hours on end.

Bill and myself fixed up some breakfast and were eating our way thru it when George Metzger and Robin Wood dropped by and said hello and like that. Robin had some fried potatoes and onions while George went off to get a tape so he could dub a tape I had of Kenneth Rexroth reciting "Thou Shalt Not Kill" with the Celler Jazz Quartet blowing in the background (which is, much, much better than the Patchen jazz-poetry lp.)

Other fans started dropping in and by the beginning of the afternoon, I found myself and Miriam Dyches alone in a room below mine, which has portraits of Marx, Engels, Trotsky, and Rosa Luxemburg on the walls, looking thru back issues of the People's World for an article on or by someone she knew (or both) while discussing politics, the World Situation, France, California elections, and G.M.Carr,, and reading the letters from Paris she's getting from her father.

Terry came in and the subject changed to how Miriam took a dj off of a book on Zen Buddhism, put it around a candy box she has that's shapped like a book, and how she now carries it around like a book, but, in reality, uses it like a purse, having sandwiches and all inside of it.

That night, I think it was Saturday, there was going to be a Big party at the abode of Rog and Honey Graham for Joe and Roberta Gibson. We were all invited, but didn't go, for various reasons. John and Bill and Carl decided to take off for S.F. that evening for dinner and then later on bug out for Dago. While, on the other hand, Freuda and myself were occupied up to the hilt in my cooking, jazz poetry, and cool sounds from Charlie Mingus, Chico Hamilton, and Shorty Rogers to such a degree that it never occurred to us. Besides, Rog and Honey's place on Acton street is such a looonnggg distance away. Terry said it took he and Miriam 3 hours to walk it one night, which is Much Too Much for either myself or Freuda. As I always said, walking corrupts and absolute walking corrupts absolutely.

It was Sunday and Ron, Robin, and George dropped up to tell me what an utter gas the party was. Ron mentioned who William Atheling, Jr. was, which I think is supposed to be a Big Secret. He's someone who I think you-all know and are familiar with. On February 12, 1947 "Atheling" was at a meeting in New York City which was a demonstration against military conscription and the preparations of the U.S. Government for World War III, and during which he spoke and, with others, tore up his draft card as a gesture of civil disobedience and in line with his pacifist convictions. G.M.Carr, if she were around at that time, would've no doubt blamed it on his "communist environment" or some such thing and ask him how it feels to be a fellow traveler to the communist conspiracy that is world wide and has a tenticle in everything. However, I'm with "Atheling," perhaps not in the specific actions that he took, but in the basic, underlying outlook and motivation that impelled him to take these actions. (I bet that really helps you learn who he is, huh?)

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"Somehow, I always get common-law marriage mixed up with the Homestead Act."

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June 7, 1958, the day the militia moved in on Cripple Creek, Col., in 1904  
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# Individual Certificate

## Petition for (Special) Election for Adoption of Ordinance

### INITIATIVE PETITION

Requiring the submission at a special (or general) municipal election of a proposed ordinance attached hereto.

### PROFONENT'S REASONS FOR ADOPTING SAID ORDINANCE

Nuclear weapons tests, through the radioactive fallout they spread all over the world, are contaminating the air we breathe, the food we eat, and the milk our children drink, thereby sentencing thousands of the living to agony and premature death, and thousands yet unborn to defective lives.

Furthermore, if the nuclear arms race is not halted it may easily lead to a war which could destroy all mankind.

The time has come for the United States to reassert its leadership for peace by immediately seeking an agreement to stop all bomb tests. Such an agreement should not be tied down to any other disarmament proposals and need not wait upon working out a detailed inspection agreement, since it is now generally recognized that all major nuclear explosions can be detected by present monitoring arrangements. A ban on testing would help to ease the tensions of the cold war, prevent the spread of nuclear weapons to additional countries, and make possible further disarmament negotiations.

We therefore urge you to join us in putting our city on public record for ending nuclear tests, by signing this petition and voting for this ordinance.

--The Berkeley Initiative Committee to Stop the Bomb Tests

### PROPOSED ORDINANCE

WHEREAS the hazards of nuclear testing present a serious threat to the health and safety of the residents of this city which can only be eliminated by abolishing such tests, and

WHEREAS the City of Berkeley is authorized to take necessary and proper action to protect the health and safety of its residents; now, therefore,

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE PEOPLE OF THE CITY OF BERKELEY: That the President of the United States shall be memorialized to take immediate steps to affect a ban on nuclear testing.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF ALAMEDA, CITY OF BERKELEY, ss.

I, the undersigned, being first duly sworn, do hereby certify that I join in a petition to the Council requiring that it forthwith submit to the vote of the electors of the City of Berkeley, at a special municipal election, (or general municipal election), that certain proposed ordinance, a copy of which is attached to this certificate, unless said ordinance be passed by the Council without alteration, when and as provided in the charter of the City of Berkeley.

I further certify that I know the contents of said proposed ordinance and have read the above reasons for its adoption, and I desire that said election be held, unless said ordinance be adopted by the Council without alteration as provided by the charter of the City of Berkeley; that I am a qualified elector of the City of Berkeley, State of California; that I am not at this time a signer of any other like certificate; that I reside at No. \_\_\_\_\_ between \_\_\_\_\_ street and \_\_\_\_\_ street, in said City, and that my occupation is \_\_\_\_\_.

(Signed) \_\_\_\_\_

Subscribed and sworn to before me this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_, 1958

(Signed) \_\_\_\_\_

Verification Deputy (or Notary Public)

The petition of which this certificate forms a part shall, if found insufficient, be returned to Ida Wilcher, 2901 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley, California.