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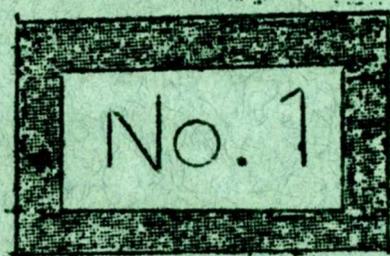
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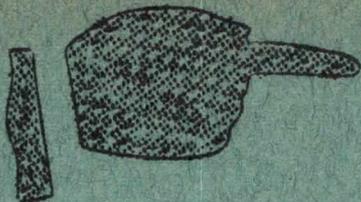
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KEROUAC'S

KREED

"TO REVOLT ONE MUST BE
REVOLTING"



BEDLAM 1

BEDLAM #1 is edited and published by Mike Deckinger, who presently is living at 85 Locust Avenue, Millburn, N.J. U.S.A. After about April 15, however, I'll be situated in a new location: 31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey. Before that date, my Millburn address will be good, but since we should all be considerate to our new Postal Administration, and not present them with any difficult problems (such as locating moved addresses) please use my new address after the above-mentioned time.

This fanzine interrupts my temporary publishing gafia imposed by the strain of several added jobs that I've been forced to cope with the past few months following the PITTCON. I have absolutely no plans for permanent gafiation of fandom however, and intend to still retain a trace of fannishness, no matter how difficult mundane life may become. I'm dropping all the apas I'm in, though I do intend to subsist for a while longer on the infamous FAPA w/1. Fanzines of course, still interest me, and requests for material will be acknowledged to the best of my ability (but please, no more requests for "Revelation" type fiction, you saw what it did to YANDRO).

A word about the policy of this fanzine now. BEDLAM will be irregular and there is little that can be done in the way of wailing, groaning, and gnashing of one's teeth to change that. Terry Carr, Bob Lichtman, and other publishing giants can rest easy; I have no intentions of usurping their positions. Since BEDLAM is irregular it would be sheer folly on my part to presume that a publication of this type is worth money, and to solicit funds for that purpose. Therefore, anyone sending me money will be insured of a front row center seat inside the Pearly Gates when the time comes, but it will do little to induce me to publish more. Trades and letters of comment are preferred. All written material by me unless otherwise credited.

"If it were true that men could achieve their good by means of turning some men into sacrificial animals, and I were asked to immolate myself for the sake of creatures who wanted to survive at the price of my blood, if I were asked to serve the interests of society apart from, above and against my own-I would refuse. I would reject it as the most contemptible evil, I would fight it with every power I possess, I would fight the whole of mankind if one minute were all I could last before I were murdered, I would fight in the full confidence of the justification of my battle and a living being's right to exist. If it is now the belief of my fellow men who call themselves the public, that their good requires victims, then I say: The public good be damned. I will have no part of it.

SONGS FOR CYNICS

WHEN JOHNNY COMES HOBBLING HOME AGAIN

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again

When Johnny comes hobbling home again,
Hoorah, hoorah,
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hoorah, hoorah,
He'll stare at the maiden he left with goodbyes,
From the hollowed sockets that once held eyes,
And we'll all wave a large flag,
When Johnny comes hobbling home.

Put on your artificial leg,
Hoorah, hoorah,
Cup in your hand, now start to beg,
Hoorah, hoorah,
Stand on that corner, rattle those dimes,
Think of the pre-mutilation times,
And there'll surely be employment,
When Johnny comes hobbling home.

The hero has come home to rest,
Hoorah, hoorah,
Beneath the ground without a chest
Hoorah, hoorah,
His body was appropriated,
For the causes unappreciated,
And we'll all wave a large flag,
When Johnny comes hobbling home.

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RECORD REVIEWS

"Lenny Bruce-Togetherness", Fantasy Record 7007

Lenny Bruce is a relatively new, young comic who has established a formidable record for himself in slinging insults, barbs, and offending statements to any that he chooses. Bruce seems to bear an inborn grudge for society and the rigid conformity that is associated with it. His routines and monologues dwell on whatever "tabu" subject he chooses. As a comic, he is unmoved by public sentiment or indignation.

Which is one reason that I think I admire him so much. Despite his lack of a beard and a sweatshirt, Bruce has every right to refer to himself as a beatnik (something I've never heard him do). His humor is biting, crass, incoherent at times, and brilliant, at times.

There are two previous Lenny Bruce records: "Interviews of our Times" and "The Sick Humor of Lenny Bruce" but it is the current one mentioned above that combines the better qualities of the past two in an invigorating fusion of wit and satire.

Bruce is opposed to censorship. In his monologue on "The Steve Allen Show" he explains how he was not permitted to tell a joke which was first judged to be "deathly offensive to the Jewish people" and after a conference among the show's organizers, considered to be "deathly offensive to the gentiles" as well. The joke is neither, but knowing the limitations imposed on inventiveness by television, it's not surprising to run up against opposition like this. Bruce does not treat the incident with malice, but rather with ridicule and jest which only serves to emphasize the foolish restriction.

In his sketch on "The Defiant Ones" he does a very funny take off on the picture, taking snaps at integration ("Remember, when you play the 'Star Spangled Banner' you need both the white keys and the dark keys") and culminating in a short ditty spiced with some rather strong language. Integration (which seems to be a pet of his) again is brought to the surface in his "Our Governors" sketch when Gov. Faubus' daughter announces she is going to marry a New York stage actor--Harry Belafonte. "Hmmm, must be an Italian boy..." muses the governor. Other monologues include his troubles with the phone company, his efforts to fly to Miami, and an overdone tour de force about an American stage actor at the Palladium in London who is unable to please the crowd till he yells out in a fit of anger: "Screw the Irish," and receives more applause and cheers than ever before.

Even the cover of the album, depicting a KKK gathering in front of a statue of Lincoln, deserves some merit, for the

sheer audacity it displays. The back cover has several smaller pictures of Bruce, including a revealing photo showing him slipping payola to a noted disk jockey.

Originally this record, and others of its kind, were designed as "party records" to titillate a sophisticated gathering with their bold examples of humor and tabu language. However, they have now adopted a new function and rather than being confined to parties, these "sick humor" records can be enjoyed by those persons who choose to think of such matters in solitude. Some humor records must be confined to parties or other gatherings, or else the humor is lost on just one or two listeners, but Lenny Bruce is different. His non-conforming humor can be heard by one or a dozen. The size of the gathering is unimportant, what really matters is the listener's receptiveness to the subject.

In all probability Bruce has been damned by a self-righteous few who choose to isolate his brand of humor and keep society free of its taint. Their cause is as worthless as the W.C.T.U. and its other idiot subsidiaries. The humor displayed by Lenny Bruce has already become deeply rooted in our society and is slowly undermining the conformity that has surrounded humanity for so long, keeping it fenced in self-imposed barriers.

The Jazz Combo from "I Want to Live," UA Record 4006

This album I am reviewing now is the original sound track from the motion picture, which Susan Hayward won an Academy Award for. The Johnny Mandel jazz score, as played by top West Coast jazz musicians is also available on another record (UA Record 4005).

This album has life. It contains vitality and bounce augmented by a toe-tapping rhythm that can't help but exert a compelling hold on the listener. The music is vibrant and youthful in this combo featuring; Art Farmer at the trumpet, Bud Shank: alto sax and flute, Frank Rosolino: trombone, Pete Jolly: piano, Red Mitchell: bass, Gerry Mulligan: baritone sax, and the superb drumming of Shelly Manne who displays his skill with the mark of a genius in "Barbara's Theme".

Jazz has been thoroughly integrated into the film "I Want to Live" not only as incidental mood music but as definite selections to emphasize the character of Barbara Graham and the situations that revolve about her. Her theme is fast, frantic, almost senseless; a whirling top of motion and pleasure, magnificently played by Bud Shank's flute Gerry Mulligan's baritone sax, and Shelly Manne's drums. Barbara Graham is frightened, defiant, lonely, mistreated. The music rides along each crevice and plateau of her emotions. It gauges her feelings, probes her consciousness the listener with it.

This album contains 6 selections, three on each side. The selections range from the slow, contrived mood of the "Theme from I Want to Live" to the raucous blare of "Frisco Club" and "Night Watch". The emotion is present in each bar, each wail, and each drum beat. Perhaps the emotion of this record is not as pronounced as the superb Ernest Gold score for "On the Beach" but it still is there, lurking within the grooves of a record that swings like few I've ever heard before.

Music from "The Man with the Golden Arm", Decca Record 8257

For sheer emotional impact this record eclipses the "I Want to Live" sound track and comes close to matching "On the Beach" in skill and direction. Elmer Bernstein has discarded his long-hair wig to conduct the orchestra that grinds out the wild, powerful music on this record. Shorty Rogers takes credit for the jazz sequences along with Shelly Manne, Pete Candoli, Milt Bernhart, Bud Shank, Bob Cooper, and Ralph Pena.

My first contact with this album was through the film, and the opening them, coupled with Saul Bass' off-beat credit design captured my imagination and I knew I just had to get that record. Eventually I did too, and I was not disappointed. All the emotion and the impact of the film is again mirrored in the throbbing, pulsating music.

In selections like "Frankie Machine's theme" and "The Fix" the music builds up into a frantic crescendo. The latter tune incidentally, accompanied the scene of Frank Sinatra having a return fling with drugs, and practically carries the same emotional impact that a real "fix" would deliver.

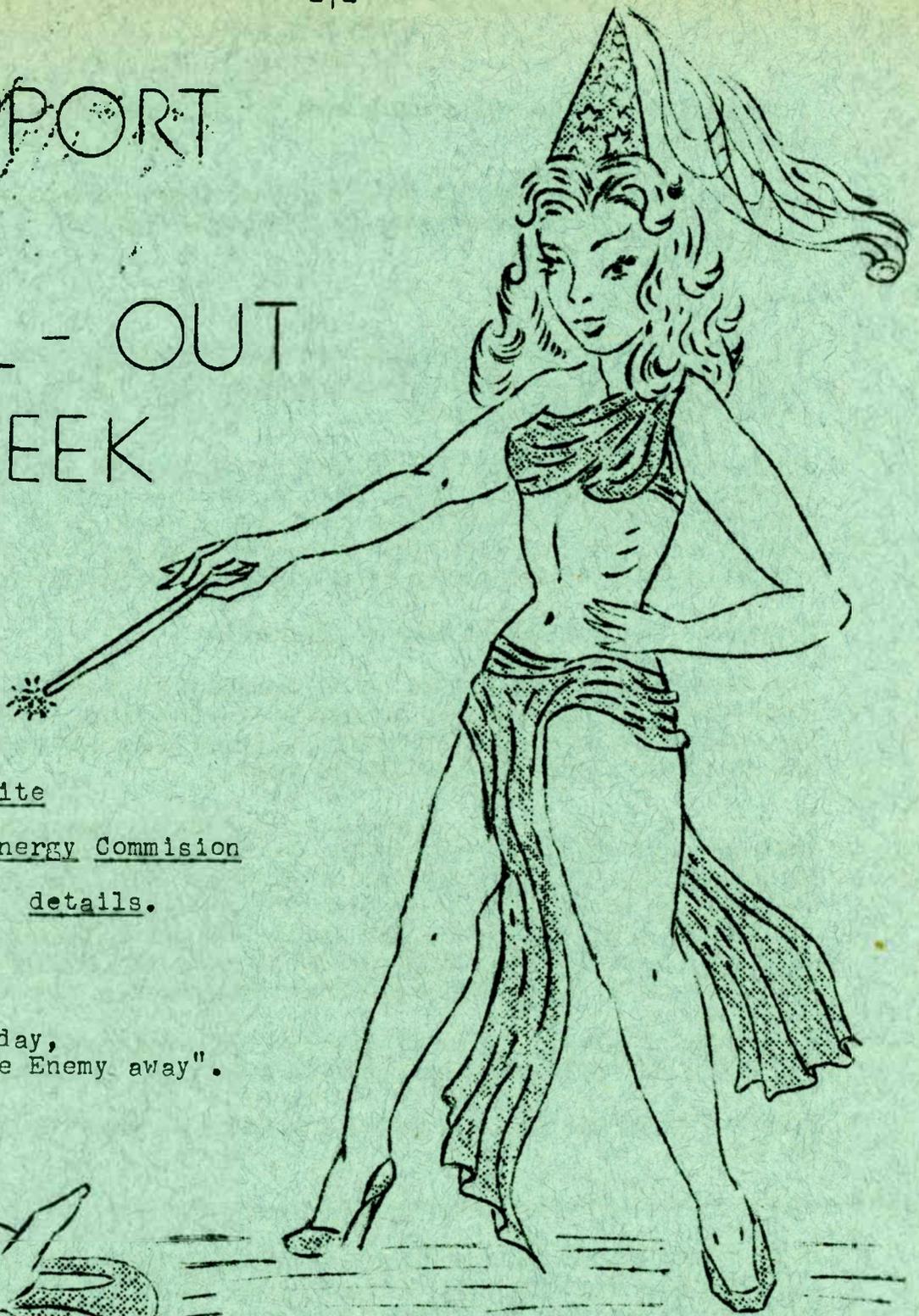
Otherwise, the music is hushed and despondent for "Zosh" and constrained, but with an edge of beauty for "Molly". The music is never quiet or dull. It leaps and it shouts, or else it cowers in hushed expectancy, preparing to spring with renewed vigor. This record, along with the sound track from "I Want to Live" is a must for any collector's library of outstanding motion picture jazz.

A man is what he is by reason of two things -- environment and heredity. Which is the greater no one seems to know. No man is responsible for his environment which includes everything a man does from childhood onwards. Everyone he meets affects his environment. The society and its mores effect his environment either for good or bad.

Equally true is the fact that man is what he is by reason of heredity. A man does not choose his parents nor his ancestors. Just how many persons is the average man kin to? If one accepts evolution, as the majority of scientists, especially the biologists and anthropologists, do, his ancestors go back to a remote branch of the ape family.

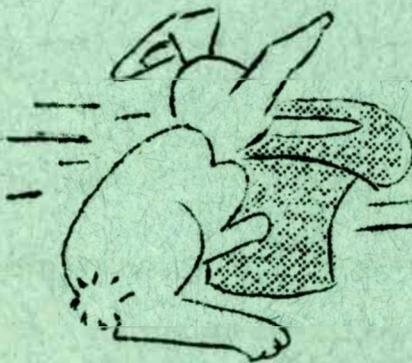
Since man is what he is by reason of these two factors, he is not therefore responsible for what he does, anymore that he is responsible for the size of his foot, the color of his skin, or his inability to carry a tune, and since he is not responsible for what he is, what right has anyone to decide his fate? If crime and punishment is for the consideration of the psychiatrist, the crazed killer will not be turned loose on society, but will be treated like other mental disorders--by scientists in hopes that some cure can be affected. At least the problem will be in the hands of those best capable of treating him.

SUPPORT FALL - OUT WEEK



Write
the Atomic Energy Commission
for details.

"A Blast a day,
Keeps the Enemy away".



Joni

A NEW IDEA (?)
by Marvin L. Rivers

I was just thinking...how about a rock 'n' roll Western, set in an isolation booth?

This is strictly off the top of my head, of course, and we'll have to run with it to see if it scores, but I'm giving the idea to the world for only one reason.

It's inevitable!

Some of us old-timers can remember the early days when it was possible to distinguish between Hindemith and Hammerstein. Crosby never borrowed from Caruso, and vice versa.

Today, vocalists who find it difficult to gyrate with a guitar are singing "Lonesome Road" to empty studios, and television plays laid somewhere east of the Mississippi can't pay the rent on the dinner jackets worn by the actors. Such horse-and-buggy approaches to modern entertainment leave the rating colder than the sponsor's eye.

Meanwhile, the audience is back at the ranch.

I've found the ideal solution. It is necessary to give the public a triple dose of what it wants. According to the experts, what it wants are double-talk lyrics, string-twangers, hired guns, and questions with answers valued astronomically--before taxes.

So open with a fast chorus of Purple People Eaters, cross-fade to Jack Barry on Front Street in Dodge City. And who is that spitting, instead of bullets, the principal products of Portugal? Why, it's our familiar friend, Wyatt Earp. Now, the gimmick is that, if he wins, he takes the Wagon Train to Cheyenne where Vint Bonner will be the challenger. Hal March, the emcee for this portion, will be assisted during the commercials by a group of unemployed Indians. Theme music? Witch Doctor!

Any agency or network concerned with the public pulse will consider I have given the world a blessing greater than indoor plumbing!

Somehow I can't get over the notion I was born 30 years too soon. Or too late?

It is impossible to give credit for the above article...we haven't the slightest idea who wrote it. It came to our attention via a letter in which it was typed as "something I read recently". But, it surely has, in our opinion, a great deal of worthiness to some of its ideas.

How many readers has ~~ACE~~? How many of the ~~1000~~ states does that represent? Send your guesses to the editor...someday he may have the courage to publish an answer!!

A LETTER FROM

DON FITCH

Don Fitch
3908 Frijo
Covina, Calif.
14 Feb 61

Dear Mike:

After reading HOCUS and a lot of other fanzines to which you have contributed during the past year, I feel that I know you quite well--- better than most people I meet frequently, since you express yourself accurately, eloquently, and without reserve. I can see myself quite clearly in you: when I first came out of the insulated cocoon of childhood and discovered a boundless world spread out before me, I soon came to the conclusion that the world was filled with agony, suffering, and injustice. Much reading of Bierce, Gissing, C.E.S. Wood, London, Dickens, Twain, Voltaire, and lesser writers of that ilk reinforced the opinion. But then, gradually, came the realization that these writers, who searched out and described with such depth of passion the anguish of man, were in the minority; that most writers and most people held a more optimistic view of life. They saw that there is good in the world as well as bad--if the majority is often wrong, it can also sometimes be right.

It might be possible to narrow the choice to three possibilities:

- 1) There is a God who is vengeful, malevolent, and cruel.
 - 2) There is a God (Force, cause, or what you will, this is not the place for semantic quibbles) who is good, kind, and just.
 - 3) There is no God or moving force in the universe other than chance.
- My observation does not permit me to believe the second, nor my inner feelings, the first--the third seems to be by far the most probable.

Assuming, then, that our lives are ruled by chance, that neither good nor evil is a prime mover, then there must be very nearly as much good as there is evil in the world, and my observation has found this to be the case. The good is not as widely publicized, nor as searchingly treated by writers, but it is there as a very real force. You, right now, appear to be collecting the injustices

which surround you, and to be examining them with almost clinical care, but not with sufficient detachment to see them clearly in context, where they appear side by side with pleasant, if less spectacular, happenings.

You are looking for justice in the universe, not finding it, and are crying loudly and with bitter disappointment that the universe is unjust; I think this is not the case, that it would be more accurate to say that the universe is non-just. This is still a source of sadness for all kind-hearted people, but it does permit one little crack of light to enter, a little bit of hope--it will be to some purpose if we work to make the world better. None of us will be able to do enough, or even very much; there will always be much suffering of body and spirit, more than there need be, but anyone can do something to lessen it.

To digress (perhaps) briefly, the greatest misery I saw in my life was encountered while serving with the army in Korea; I remember the time our outfit replaced a Korean battalion along the line in a mountainous section in central Korea; there was a little village nearby--2 or 3 hundred people, mostly children--mostly starving children. For more than three weeks no one in my platoon ate over one meal a day, despite the fact that we were doing heavy work, because we knew that the left-overs would be distributed in the village. There was no feeling of sacrifice, or of nobility, or of egoboo on our part; we simply were unable to eat while thinking of the people over the hill. After a few weeks, when starvation had declined to mere malnutrition, we resumed eating, though our outfit, like all others I knew of in similar situations, requisitioned as much food and clothing as it could, without attracting the attention of the quartermaster general; we realized that we were cheating the US taxpayers who were supplying us to fight a war, and we didn't care, nor would those taxpayers, had they been able to see the situation. Where was God while these children were dying of starvation, you ask. We didn't know, and didn't care. We did something about it. What am I doing about such things now? Very damn little--sending a ridiculously small percentage of my income to the American Friends Service Committee and to a small Catholic mission there, knowing that every cent will be spent wisely and well to alleviate suffering. I'm too selfish too egocentric, to devote my entire life to the service of mankind, as I would have to do if I were to take to long and searching a look at the injustice and misery of the world. As it is, I try to give some help to those who have made this their mission, and I try to avoid causing any unhappiness myself. This isn't much, but it is something, and if enough people did even this little, there would be some improvement.

What are you doing? You are bringing the naked fact of injustice and man's unhumanity, to the attention of many people, and this is a service to mankind--if you do it in such a way that you instill the determination to do something about it. In your story in YANDRO you attempt to destroy, with unnecessarily grisly detail, one of the basic elements which encourages adherence to a fine system of ethics. The fact that the established religion has in the past borne little relationship to the teachings of Christ, and that the practices of the members of that religion bear even less, is beside the point;

it does some good, and probably will, in the future, do more.

Rog Ebert is an extremely perceptive person, and his comment that you "have an axe to grind concerning religion" is a perfect statement of the attitude I've observed here and in HOCUS; your approach throughout seems, from what I've read, to be a destructive one, especially directed towards a church which has evidently caused you a great deal of pain, but it does not seem wise to topple the old gods unless you have better ones to put in their place, or something else to fill the void.

The modern tendency within the churches seems to be one of gradual change, and outside the churches the gradual development of a social consciousness which will probably in time largely supplant religion. This latter course I, speaking as a non-christian, rather prefer, but it's going to take a long time if it ever comes about. And, while we're entertaining doubts, just why should man have any more right to avoid suffering than any other animal?

Sincerely,

)ooOoo(

Your remarks have provoked a lot of thought in me, Don, and perhaps your letter will do the same for others who read it. My early literary contacts included the ones you've mentioned, along with others like Poe, Coleridge, Hemingway, and Steinbeck. At present Steinbeck is my favorite modern-day novelist, chiefly for "Of Mice and Men." And if you're familiar with his work, you know that his stories thrive on injustice, suffering, and degradation, while still retaining a hold on reality and plausibility. Writers who forever write in an optimistic vein annoy me; I can see no justification for prefabricating a world seen through rose-colored glasses, while ignoring the fact that even the lenses can become tarnished. I don't like people evading the truth, ignoring the obvious, burying the unsightly under a deluge of nicities.

I might add here that I am not plagued every minute by thoughts of dying and death, I do not live a hypochondriac's existence or spend my time in a bomb shelter awaiting the inevitable. I recognize what is there, I identify it, and then I ignore it. Most people today are woefully ignorant of true conditions. People today live in a self-imposed barrier of ignorance and optimism. They rely on rites and ideas first introduced to civilizations that were infinitely more different than modern day living is. As example, I might point out the deplorable condition existing on a medium of entertainment (?) known as television (or an "idiot-box", to be more accurate). In an article I did for KIPPLE I tried to point out just a few of the detractments that television has to offer us, but anyone with a little sense can see how bad it is by just sitting in front

of the screen for several hours and viewing everything that's offered to the viewers. I won't go into any more details here, I've covered it sufficiently in YANDRO and KIPPLE I feel, but the television situation is rotten. The trouble is very few people have the common sense to protest against it. They accept it with complacency, and thus it continues to exist. So it is with most things.

Granted there is both good and evil in this world. I do not believe, however, they have struck any sort of balance between themselves. Good and evil are simply terms (relative terms, I might add). What's good for one person may be evil for another, and vice-versa. If every living person today was convinced that there was an outside force shaping their destiny and life, I'm sure the majority of emotions expressed towards this force would be hate, rather than love. The man without any shoes is thankful that he has his feet. He rationalizes in his mind that he could be worse off than he already is, and thus disregards his present pitiable state. His true condition, thus is masked. He does not see it properly, it is distorted and instead he sees the way he could be, as compared with what he is.

My YANDRO story aroused more comment than I had expected. I was preparing myself for a heated lettercol after publication, which was there but then the remarks seemed to enter into new aspects, along with several uncalled for remarks which were voiced by a man who certainly should know better. I am content to remain reasonably quiet throughout the whole fray, and let the combatants verbally fence among themselves. No one, I assure you, no one is aware of my true motives or feelings, sometimes I wonder if I know them myself, so it's impossible to say just what the exact meaning behind the story may be. There is one on the surface which several people immediately pounced on, and there is another, not so apparent to the casual browser. I like protesting, I like non-conforming to certain ideals. I like Kerouac (despite the cover quote)---- and e.e. cummings and Truman Capote and J.D. Salinger and Norman Mailer and others of this type. And for those people who feel that "beatniks" have no place in fandom, I need only refer them to Donaho's HABUKKUK.

As I said elsewhere, most people today are ignorant of the true conditions of life. I've met students and adults whose combined intelligence might equal that of a frustrated earthworm. I've seen headlines describing incidents that could only have been perpetrated by madmen. At times I grow disgusted with life, I'm sure we all do. I must confess that I've never gone so far as to actually contribute money to bring about a reform. For one thing I wouldn't know where to contribute this money to, and for another, I don't know how it could be used. People like Kerouac and Ginsberg have the right idea. They advocate rebellion, not with force but in thought and idea. In some of their views they are misguided, or purposely boisterous, but the basic principals behind their thoughts are good one.

So what shall I do Don? I'll sit back in my chair, read the papers, do some writing, and spend all my time contemplating whether a few well placed H-Bombs from Russia delivered with force might be good now, rather than later. Or perhaps I'll go out and equip the human race with sticks, stones, and flint knives so at least they can put their limited intelligence to use.

I once knew a man who carried a great secret which he would reveal to no one. He enjoyed a meager, but substantial life and was arrested several times, in the course of a year, for what seemed to be motiveless acts. At my request, he finally told me the reason for his general unconcern for life. He told me that he knew no one else, he lived alone, and he hated it. He did little work and most of his actions were committed on impulse. He had loved many times, all forcibly and he did not care about the women he had hurt. He stole when he wanted to, killed when he had to, and thumb-ed his nose at society and the law. When I asked him why he engaged in such a reckless existence he told me. When he became 25 he said, he would commit suicide.

--Jacques Frenais

Television is progressing in great leaps and bounds. There are less moronic shows and Eliot Ness was nearly seduced on a recent "Untouchables" episode.

WHO
IS
JOHN
GALT

This is a NO DIRECTICN Fanzine

Send all obscene mail to the Postmaster, he's got to read something.

This fanzine condemned by Good Housekeeping.

BEDLAM also comes in sizes AA and AAA.

From: Mike Deckinger
85 Locust Avenue
Millburn, N.J.
U.S.A.

After April 15: 31 Carr Place
Fords, New Jersey

PRINTED MATTER ONLY
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED
MAY BE OPENED IF NECESSARY
(BUT ONLY IF NECESSARY, YOU
HEAR).

To:

Have you joined the "Fred Thompson fan club" yet?