

# ABED & BORED

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A One-Shot Fanzine by Al Ashley, 643 So. Bixel, Los Angeles 14, Calif.

Inspired by Charles Edward Burbee's misfortunes, the Southern California drouth, the discovery of Pluto, & sundry therapeutic considerations.  
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## CHARLES E. BURBEE & NEWTON'S THIRD LAW OF MOTION

Charles Edward Burbee, Jr., of the Normandie Burbees, noted promoter of Ant Wars and Beetle Battles, backed up to an innocent appearing pneumococcus and promptly got his shoulders pinned to the mattress.

You and you and you are to blame for this state of affairs. You see, Charlie Burbee (we always call him Curly)((Curlee Burbee)) is an odd sort of chap. Very odd. In fact it startles me to think how odd. Anyhow, he lives by and for ego-boo. To him the one eternal verity is unalloyed ego-boo. Without it Burbee withers. He wilts on the vine, so to speak. He weakens until even a small, innocuous, domesticated, fun-loving pneumococcus can lay him low with a casual flip of its antenna. So you did it! You withheld that vital ego-boo. Now Burb's on his back.

Speaking of backs brings us back to the Third Law of Motion---for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. That's Burbee! He approaches action by way of an opposite reaction. Backs up to everything as it were. Deep Burbee. (Forty-Fathom Burbee, we always call him.) Now take Laney. Go ahead. I've been trying to get rid of him for a hellowatime. Observe him. Curious, what? Notice the swivel-jointed knee action. Now prod him. No, thereto the left a little. Now see his ears flap rhythmically. He makes an interesting psychological study too. Laney's outlook on life is simply expressed---let's you and him fight, or let's you squirm like all billyhell. It must be admitted there is a certain crude effectiveness in his method. The more he can get others scrapping and squirming the less they'll notice what he is doing. Much can be learned from his early history, too. He ran away from college at the age of nine, and decided to work for a living. Failing in this, he turned to.....

Oh yes, we were discussing Burbee (Backwards Burbee we always call him.)

Did you ever come across the word "negativist"? It's a good fifteen cent word. That's what the language needs--more fifteen cent words. They sound so darn learned. Help keep the riff-raff out, too. A negativist is a guy who tries to assert his independence by always doing the opposite of what he is asked to, or ought to, or really wants to do. Gets real mulish about it sometimes. Well, Charles Edward Burbee is a negativist. Say you run across some amusing item on a page of print. You hand it to him and point out the paragraph. Does he read it? No! He'll read everything on the page but that. Or, take the horses

for instance. I'm not a horsey man myself, but maybe you like 'em. There's no accounting for tastes, is there? Anyway, Burbee wants to win a lot of money at the track. Now to win you have to have your dough on the winner. A favorite is the horse most people favor to win. Obviously millions of bettors can't be wrong. But does Burbee lay his lettuce on the favorite? No! He plays the long-shots. See, a negativist

Remember the fanzine called Shangri-L'Affairs? Burbee, you may remember, was the editor for some goodly number of issues. He wanted to go right on being editor. He wanted it more than he ever wanted anything. So what did he do? He used his usual negative approach and finally managed to get kicked out of the job. Even then Burbee wanted to remain a member of the LAFS. He needed it. Needed the ego-boo. Needed all those nice people for friends. How did he fill this need? He resigned from the club.

Then there's FAPA. Burbee never cared about FAPA. As Burbee has remarked time and time again, his sole interest in Fandom is to write and publish stuff so he can get more and more ego-boo. He always felt that FAPA provided too scanty a source with its limited membership. So what does he do? He joins FAPA, gets elected Official Editor, and spends most of his spare time running off fapazines for other members to get ego-boo.

A little while back, a bunch of us got interested in hypnosis. Burbee among us. We'd all succeeded in reaching some depth of trance--all but Burbee. He just went negativistic on us. The hypnotist would say, "You're going deeper, and deeper, and deeper. Deeper asleep. Your arm is growing light. Lighter, and lighter, and lighter." So Burbee's arm just laid there more completely motionless than it's ever been before or since. And he got so dang wide-awake he never did get to sleep that night. Burbee wanted awfully much to at least get a light arm. You could see he wanted to so bad he could taste it. So he got backward as usual. During the late war when Burbee was going through Basic, they'd order forward march, then signal a bugler to blow retreat to keep Burbee from walking backwards.

Burbee and I will be playing a game of chess. Maybe I'll have a King, Queen, and a knight. He'll have a King, Queen, and a bishop, and we'll be slugging it out. Then I'll notice suddenly that he now has a rook, too. Then a couple of them, and a knight. And so on. This always used to puzzle me no end. But now the explanation is obvious. He plays the game backward. That must be it, for I'm certain that Burbee is an honest and upright man. Another thing, Burbee really likes a good smoke. Best of all he likes cigarettes. But does he smoke cigarettes? No! Negativist again. He rolls Bull Durham, then sucks frantically to get two or three drags before the thing collapses.

Negativist Burbee. Backwards Burbee. You might say he has a complex that drives him to a rearward approach to life.

Charles Edward Burbee (Backdoor Burbee we always call him). By this time he should have derived so much ego-boo from seeing his name in print that he'll be back on his feet most any time.