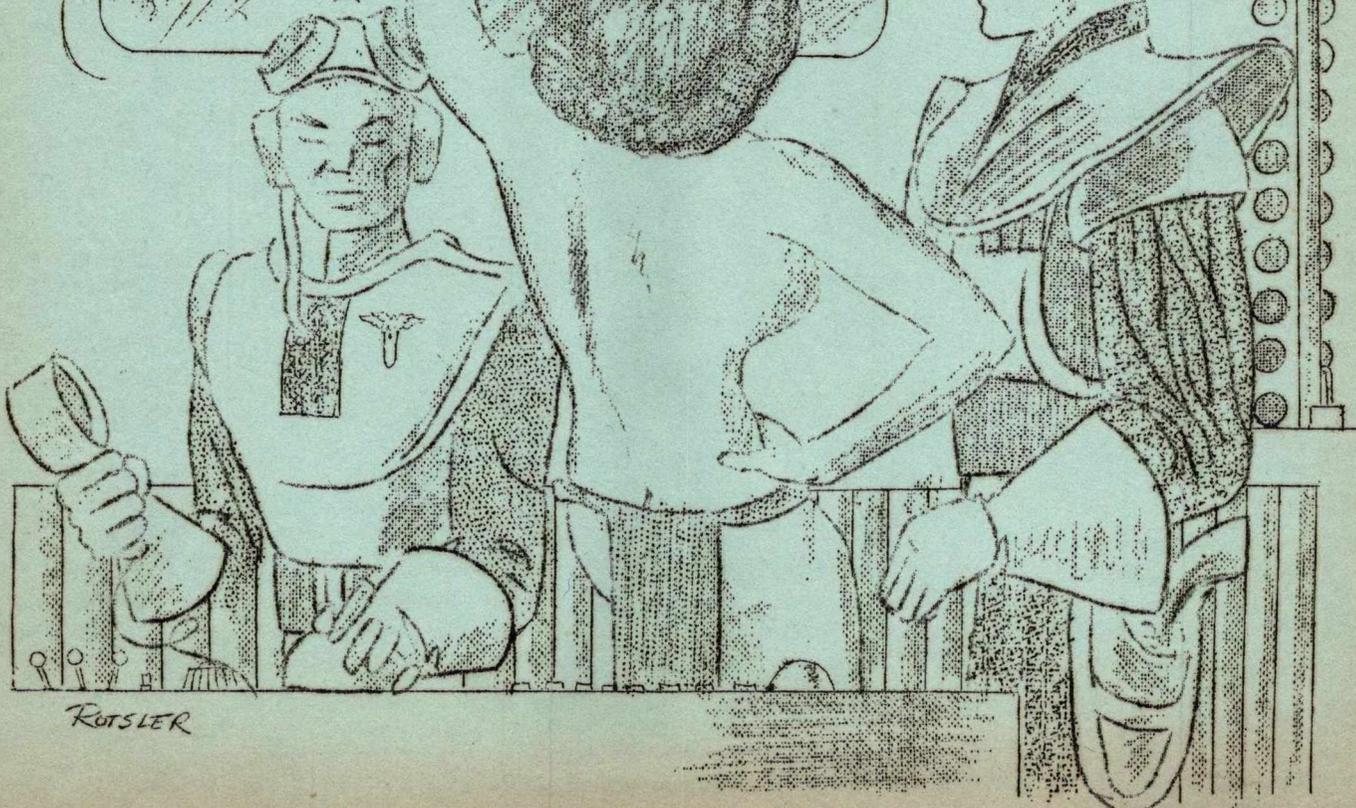
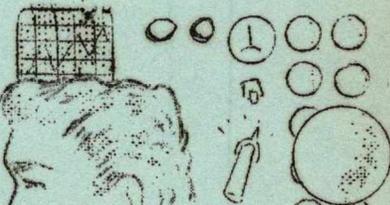
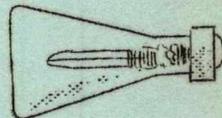
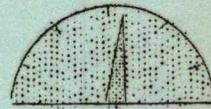
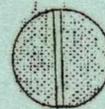
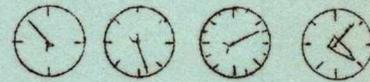
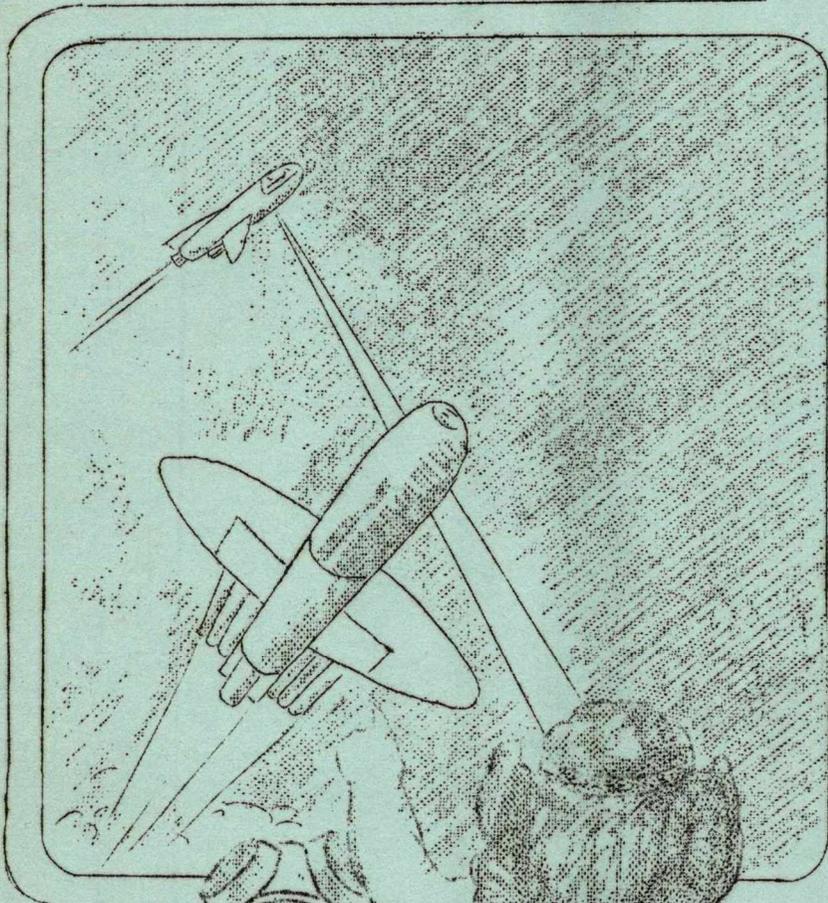
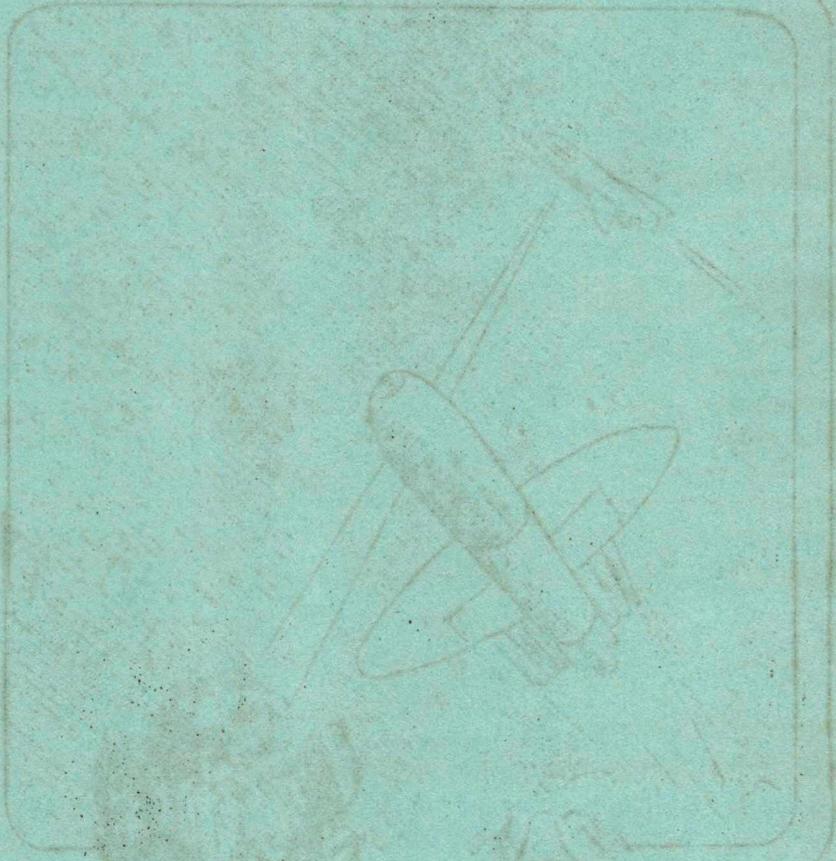


# BURBLINGS NUMBER TWO



ROTSLEK

BURBANKS  
TWO  
NUMBER



# THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE

WILLIE  
WATSON

When I heard from Charlie that there was a possibility of the KNAVVE being resurrected from a premature grave, I squashed my 210 pounds into the favorite chair and hauled my typer a little closer. I also saw to it that I had plenty of cigarettes and a cold bottle of beer handy. It's a habit I've acquired in past years: I no longer talk about vices. I indulge in them.

Since I returned from the army some months back I've had the opportunity to reread a few of the fanzines I had amassed in past years. There were still quite a few of them, despite the fact that the majority of them were dumped Don Bratton's and Hank Spelman's way--for a negligible sum.

They were all pretty poor, too, my own outpourings not excluded. Kepner's sociological edicts in VoM, Speer's dazed but detailed accounts of this and that in Sus-Pro, Yerke's violent gushings re personalities and personals, my own juvenile accents on whatever struck my fancy, my good friend George Ebey's faintly adolescent poetry, Laney's rabbit-minded notions about literature, Liebscher's inane humor, Larry Shaw's obvious kow-towing to the Futurians, and generally speaking the whole mountain of crap spewed forth my mimeograph, hectograph, printing press and rubber stamps during my period of rise and decline in fandom.

I went away for a couple of years. Six months before I went away I dropped out of fandom, more or less without a word. I had managed to turn professional editor. I discovered I could sell my artwork. A woman ten years my senior was occupying all my spare time, and I didn't object, thankyou. In short, I had money in the bank and had discovered that a woman's arms are far more pleasant than spending lonely evenings hunched over a mimeograph.

Then the army swiped eighteen or nineteen months out of my life. My Military Occupational numbers were many and various, running the gamut from Intelligence Investigator to Artist. And now I'm out, selling automobiles at a sixty percent profit and enjoying it.

Upon my return I got in touch with George and we ensconced ourselves in the local pub while I caught up on the world in general. Eventually the subject turned to fandom and inevitably the LASFS.

George related to me all the sundry details of how the joint was populated by an eighty percent margin of homosexuals, among them -----, -----, etc. I was not surprized. Almost every fan I had ever had the distasteful opportunity of meeting had a cog cracked somewhere, and it was usually concerned with -- ah -- the necessities of his sexual existence.

A deplorable situation? Hell, yes. And why is it that fans are almost completely a group of people who are mentally maladjusted..? Remember Honig? Today he is as queer as a three dollar bill, dressed completely in black, and has consigned himself to the nether regions of social anarchy. A good poet, yes, but otherwise ... ugh. He is just one example.

I am, at the present moment, engaged. Several times my fiancée and myself have wandered down to Los Angeles. And frankly, I've been afraid to look up any of the old fans I knew down there for the simple fact that I wanted to avoid question and possible disgrace in her eyes. Charlie Burb's address I did not have at the time, else I would have gladly paid him a visit. He, and possibly Ackerman, whose

manners and conduct are at least above reproach, are the two people whom I would have anything to do with.

Not only are most fans sexually out of whack, but their social standards are miserable, their dress sloppy, their conduct idiotic. They stress their long-hair tendencies, seems to imagine the world is wrong and is wronging them. They are a race within themselves, dabblers in oddities, purveyors of structural disintegration.

Christ knows I am not moralizing. My good friend, Lou Goldstone of this city, once a fan, can tell you that. I drink more Scotch than is good for me at my still yet undeveloped age. My associations with the opposite sex would certainly not be condoned by the Society for the Suppression of Vice. I like people, parties, and pester beds, and I'd be a damned fool and a liar if I said that I didn't.

But I am not a fan.

To me, fandom is a disagreeable thing. It is a distasteful form of absolute mental-- and physical -- degeneracy which can be combated only by its complete demise. And rebuilt by completely new blood....if anybody wants to bother.

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## OLLA PODRIDA

The above article was to have gone into WILD HAIR #2 (The Magazine for Insurgents) but since we don't know just when we are going to do WILD HAIR #2 (The Magazine for Insurgents) I am using it here. Good old Willie. I wonder if he has a flippant attitude toward our sacred microcosmos? I actually have the feeling that he doesn't believe Palmer is prostituting science-fiction.

###I have no mailing comments this time but I am certainly going to have some next time. It is a sad and wonderful thing to be OE. Wonderful because you get to see all these juicy mags as they come in, Sad because you are deprived of that ineffable joyous surge that seized you when you see that thick envelope bulking in your mailbox and you realize that hundreds of pages of FAPA crud await your esthetic gaze. My pleasure is spread out thinly over a period of months. I fritter away the holy passion. I am unable to have a fannish orgasm like the other 61 of you. Pity me, fellow faps, even while you praise me to the skies for actually doing what the OE is supposed to do--get the mailings out on time.

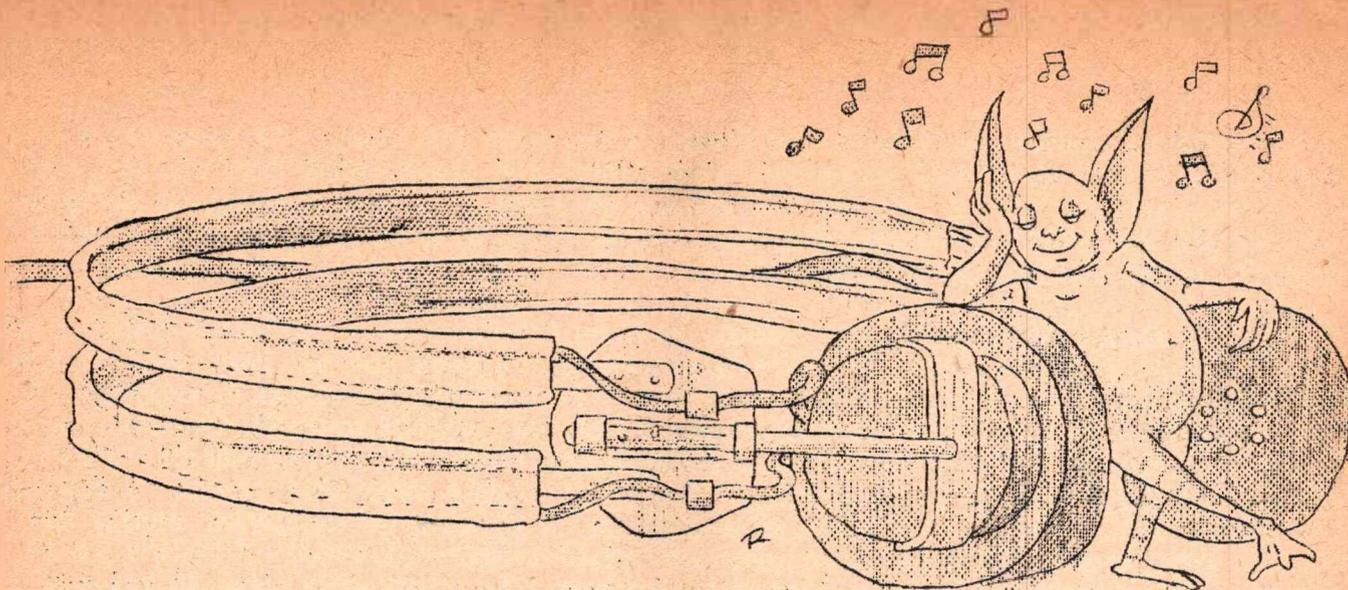
As I bang away merrily here it is 9:30 the night of Friday the 13th of Feb. Deadline is nearing. I can't sit here typing any more. I gotta go and get this thing run off.

Sorry if I have to leave the rest blank. I can't accept a mag after the deadline, you know.

---burb

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BURLINGS is the FAPAmag of Charles Burbee, 1057 S Normandie Ave., Los Angeles 6, California. Appears irregularly. Wouldn't have appeared this time except that I saw a drawing of Rotsler's (on the next page) and had to write an article to go with it. And, too, I wanted Willie Watson's article to see the light of day before too long. ##Ah, well, I see I didn't leave this space blank after all.



## THE ETHICS OF ELECTRONICS

This is going to be a serious discussion (I think it is going to be a serious discussion) on radio. I may not have room to talk about phonographs, high fidelity, etc. You people who don't care about these things are therefore warned.

I started mulling over the idea of writing something about the subject when Harry Warner talked a little about the record-player that was taking up his spare time (much as Al Ashley's yo-yo is taking up Al's time). He said things I forget now and I wrote him disputing a point I now cannot remember, and he answered, saying things I could remember if I hadn't lost his letter. You can now see what an erudite article this is going to be and what sort of thing you can expect here. I did no research for this article, but will occasionally throw in a reference to something which will supply you perfectionists with something to sink your teeth into.

I have been interested in radios, phonographs, etc...For years I have been mildly obsessed by the subject. In my early days I bought a phono-combo with earnings from a paper route. I heard something better and later bought something better. I was pretty well satisfied till I heard something better, at which point I became dissatisfied. I have been dissatisfied ever since. Anyhow, I am now engrossed in the study of radio via a GI Bill of Rights financed course.

I thought, after about two lessons, that I was pretty good, so I build a radio from a diagram I saw in a magazine. It had 3 tubes. The text said: "It is an easy receiver to build; the hand-wound coils are easy to make, and the parts fit nicely into the chassis with plenty of room to spare."

I worked on this easy-to-build set for 12 hours and it may have been more. At length it was finished. I plugged it in. A loud crack snapped through the midnight air and I jumped 14 inches. I yanked the plug as smoke feathered upward from my creation. I squatted down and peered wisely at it. After a time I shook my head and said intelligently, "This shouldn't be."

I was right, too. A resistor had blown up. At the radio parts store they said maybe the wattage-rating was too low. It had been only a half-watt resistor. I bought a 10-watt resistor. It went. So did a 40-watt resistor. At last I put in a 75-watt resistor which held. But no sounds came. I discovered the filaments were

incorrectly connected and a tube had gone. I replaced the tube. No sounds. I realized I should have used an output transformer for the speaker (the diagram did not show this) but when I got one the set didn't work. I stuck it away in the closet next to the skeleton and since then have looked at it only to salvage usable parts from it for my subsequent experiments.

I knew then that I must build something less complicated. All radio instruction articles tell you how simple to build this set is. I have learned that this is not necessarily true. So I chose a one-tube set. It used earphones and a battery. I built a power supply that rectified AC house current. (This actually works!) I built the one-tube set. I checked the connections twice and thrice and yet once again. I plugged in the power supply. The house lights went out. Fuse. I replaced the fuse (this is simple for a man of affairs). I plugged in the power supply and another fuse went. I reversed the plug and my troubles were over. I hadn't first tested to see which side of the line was grounded. It seems that even AC has one side of the line grounded and in a DC item like mine that contained no precautions against such eventualities, wrong insertion of the plug will blow a fuse. The full line voltage appears across the chassis. I know this now.

I said my troubles were over. They were, except that the radio didn't work. I fooled with it for a day or two, then shoved it into a safe place where I am sure I can find it any time I want it.

I decided then I was still attempting things too complicated. I found a diagram for a crystal radio. Nothing is more simple than that, I thought. "Anybody can build a crystal set," I said. "Even I can build a crystal set." So I built one. And it didn't work. "Oh well," I said. "I will put this aside with my other adventures into thinking and come back to it later when I know more about these things." So I put it aside.

Then I came across another diagram which told how to build a "simple" phono oscillator to play records through "any radio," I thought this a fine idea, since my phonograph is out of whack. Of course I can't fix it. I have decided, though, from careful observation of symptoms and correlation of known facts that it is suffering from parasitic oscillation. I don't know what to do about this. Do you suffer from parasitic oscillation? Get up nights? Feel old before your time? What do I do about parasitic oscillation?

I built the simple phono oscillator. It didn't work. I checked the circuit a dozen times. I took it apart, put it together, checked each part. I took it apart and put it together, successfully. Successfully, I say, because I didn't burn myself on the soldering iron. And the simple phono oscillator doesn't work.

I said to Rotsler the other night, "How is it that a man with a fine mind can be so stupid?" And he said, "I could answer that one out I am your guest."

When Rog Graham visited LA the other week I asked him if he knew anything about radio. He said he did, after first saying he didn't. I showed him the gadget and the diagram. He said I needed an iron-core IF oscillator coil. I had an air-core coil. I got an iron-core coil. I installed it. It doesn't work. Graham explained about the time-lag in an iron-core coil that permits the tube to oscillate. Well, it doesn't take advantage of the iron core. It doesn't oscillate.

Last night my mother said to me, "Our radio doesn't work. I'm sure you can fix it."

This has been an essay on mother love.