

BURBLINGS #8 $\frac{1}{2}$  for February 1960. Written and directed by Charles Burbee, 7628 S Pioneer Blvd., Whittier, California. A FAPA mag which goes to several folks on the waiting list also.

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This Xmas I was startled and gratified to receive a typewriter (this very one) as a gift from fandom. It was delivered to me in a huge carton the day before Xmas by one USS John Trimble. He is not really a ship. He told me with his innocent face that the pkg contained a watermelon and a sombrero and I almost believed him. However, during the day I spiffed casually over every square inch of the carton and detected the odor of light machine oil and typewriter ribbon. I opened the pkg on Xmas day and was certainly pleased and Thunderstruck at the idea of all those fine folks getting together to make me such a welcome and needed gift. My old pica had fallen to the floor during a recent party and gotten broken. This typer is a rebuilt Underwood office model with a 15" carriage. Exactly what I wanted. Seems they dug this information out of me in a very clever manner, using my daughter as a spy. Clever, eh? And generous and thoughtful, too. I thank them all most humbly.

oOb

We had a grand New Year's party. All of Southern California fandom, it seemed, was here. Present were: Bjo Wells, Steve-Freddie Tolliver, Ron Llik, Ernie Wheatley, Bill Donaho, Andy Main, Bruce Pelz, USS John Trimble, Kris and Lil Neville, Ed Cox, Lee and Jane Jacobs, Terry Carr (but no Miriam), Elmer Perdue, Noocey Bratmon (who brought a gallon of brandy), Fritz Lieber (who did the carving on the ham and turkey), Don and Mary Wilson (who brought me a fine tape loaded with ragtime), Howard Miller, Eric Gunther, Bob Lloyd, Joan Gerrish, Richard Leyva, Ken Bonnell and Evelyn, Zeke Leppin, Ellie Turner, Bob Bradford, Bill Ellern, Al Lewis, Liz Wilson, Thos Tamulinas, Blen and Cora Hodson, Doris Vigars, Buck Rogers, Linda Donovan, Rick Marcuse, Dan Curran.

The party went on all night. Thirty people stayed for breakfast. Isabel cooked them "huevos rancheros". By 3 AM Saturday everybody'd chickened out and gone home.

We had half a keg of Michelob Beer. 15 $\frac{1}{2}$  gallons. It was a chilly night and I doubted if we'd make much headway with it but by 2 AM or so it was gone. We tapped it around 4:30 Thursday and I instantly had a mug of it. Then another mug. The third mug I consumed while I was in the bathtub and no doubt I was a silly sight but I love beer. Does beer distort the time sense?

Some of the party is hazy to me. I did not sleep till 3 or 4 Friday afternoon. I remember sitting at the player piano delivering a short lecture on the structure of ragtime and illustrating it with a fine classic-form rag, The Mississippi Bubble. I meant to carry it further with an illustration of Eastern ragtime but I think it was about then that somebody came to me with the disconcerting news that the beer keg had run dry and in the face of this calamity I could no longer concentrate on music.

Far as I know, only three people passed out. One of them did it in a spectacular manner with even more spectacular after-effects, but the details are beyond the scope of a non-clinical publication such as this. One fella had providentially brought his sleeping-bag, so when he left us, Bjo's Mountain Movers stashed him away in the backyard.



One of my adult guests later claimed that he urinated on the man in the sleeping bag but since I know him to be a small liar gradually growing into a big liar I am inclined to discount his story somewhat.

oJo

I got kind of a kick out of introducing Cora (later known as "the exuberant redhead" because she had the energy of 4 people and never stopped all night) to Terry Garr because Terry is a Laney researcher. Here was a living, breathing woman who'd worked with Laney and me some 8 or so years ago. I thought for sure Terry'd ask her some real solid questions, but he seemed sort of shy. Why didn't he ask her if Laney'd ever tried to seduce her or something of the sort?

Bjo and Ron about eight months ago were both staring at me and saying "But who is Cora?" and I was staring right back at them wondering why they were asking such a question.

Seems they'd asked me to write an article for Shangri-L'Affaires and I'd written them one and it was a thing which used for its punchline a remark made by this young lady. I threw it in at the last moment without introducing her, simply mentioning her by name and giving her remark. Ron Ellick read the article and I waited for him to jump with joy but he merely looked sort of disappointed and said "But who is Cora?" Then Bjo read it and I regard her at a far kinder person than Ron, but she too gave me a startled pixie look and said "But who is Cora?" Then the other editor of the mag read it and asked the same darned question.

"Well, what the heck," I said, "Cora is a sexy redhead I work with but what has that got to do with the article?"

I still don't know what it had to do with the article.

Evidently it had nothing to do with the article but nobody wanted the article. They said it wasn't exactly what they wanted. They rejected it, in other words. An article by me, the guy who edited 25 issues of Shangri-L'Affaires, each better than the preceding issue, and who made it the #1 mag in the nation. (Actually the #2 mag in a poll of my own devising). Ah, it was a historical and bitter moment. I was shocked at first. But all the time I knew the article was no good. I just didn't think they'd know it too.

They gave me a squat typer, a tall can of beer and a short sheet of paper and I wrote them another article. They didn't like that one either but they did use it. Al Lewis later told me that he thought the article to be in dreadful taste and if he'd been the editor he'd have rejected it.

At that moment I made a pledge never to write again for local fanzines, a pledge which had little force because I hadn't been writing for local fanzines anyway.