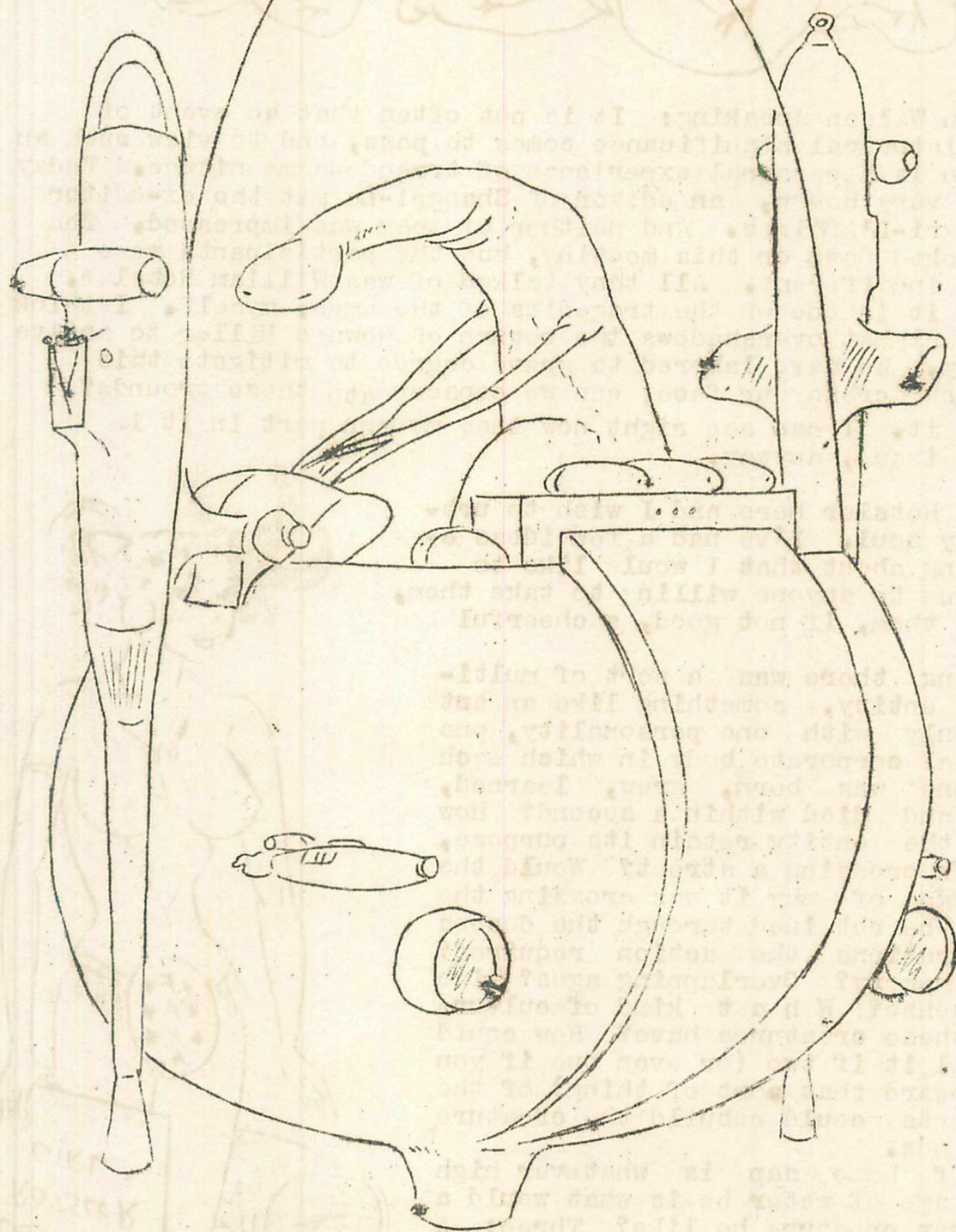
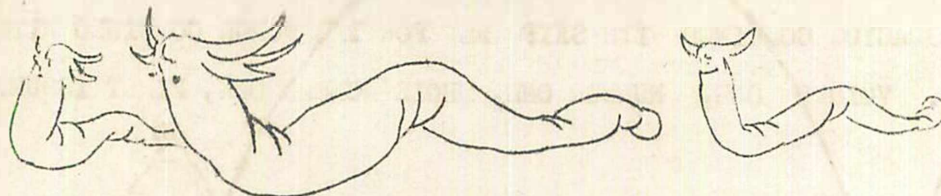
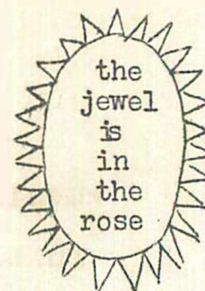


MURBLINGS COMBINED WITH DREAM QUEST COMBINED WITH PRIMAL COMBINED
WITH ESDACYOS COMBINED WITH SKIP ME FOR THE NONCE COMBINED WITH
MASQUE. VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE, WHOLE NUMBER ONE, FIRST ISSUE.



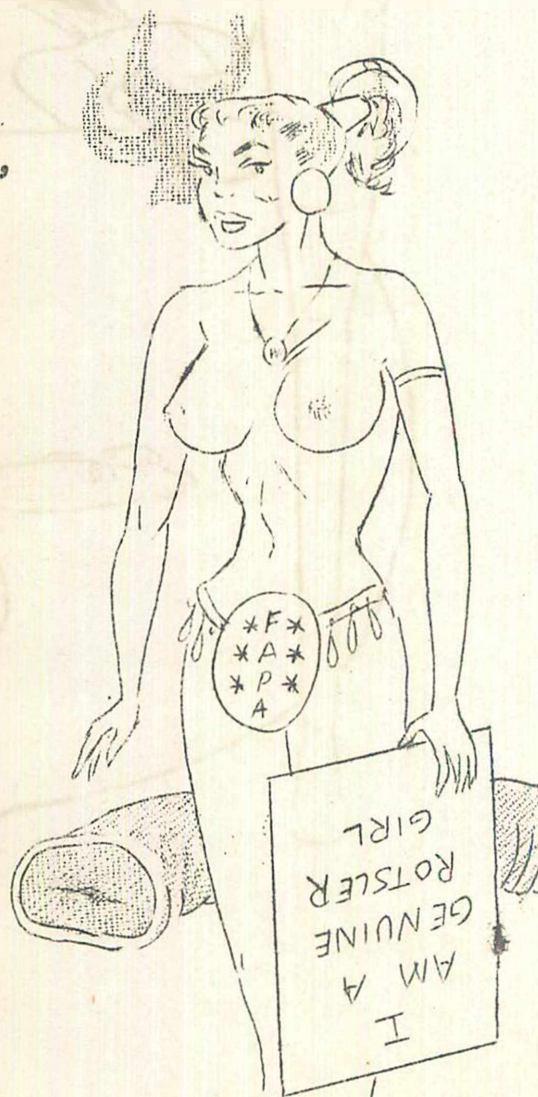
ROTSER

BURBLINGS COMBINED WITH DREAM QUEST COMBINED WITH PRIMAL COMBINED WITH ESDACTOS COMBINED WITH SKIP ME FOR THE NONCE COMBINED WITH MASQUE. Volume One, Number One, Whole Number One, First Issue. Published for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association at 7628 South Pioneer Blvd, Whittier, Calif. by Charles Burbee, Don Wilson, Lee Jacobs, Howard Miller, Ed Cox and William Rotsler. For the 68 th mailing.

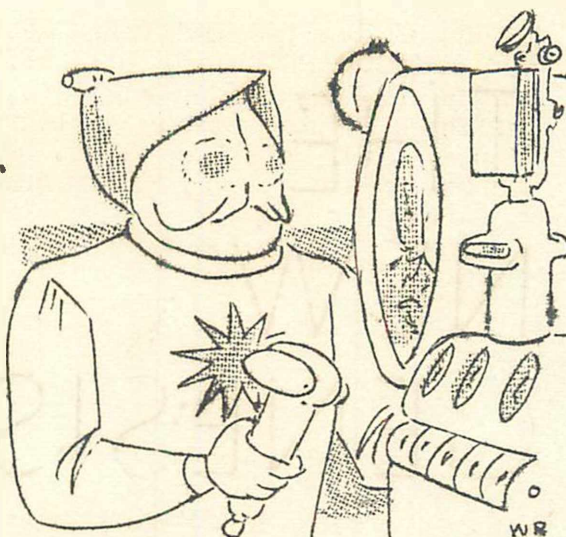


Don Wilson speaking: It is not often that an event of great historical significance comes to pass, and to view such an occasion is a personal experience of tremendous magnitude. Today in this very house, an editor of Shangri-La met the ex-editor of Shangri-L'Affaires. And neither of them was impressed. The ages looked down on this meeting, but the participants were somehow indifferent. All they talked of was William Rotsler. I think it is one of the tragedies of the ages, myself. I think that it almost overshadows the return of Howard Miller to active artistry. We have labored to grave degree to mitigate this dark blot across our face; can we consecrate these grounds? I doubt it. I can see right now that my own part in it is without issue, anyway.

- William Rotsler here and I wish to urbanize my soul. I've had a few ideas chattering about that I would like to give free to anyone willing to take them, to give them, if not good, a cheerful home.
- Supposing there was a sort of multi-bodied entity, something like an ant army only with one personality, one essential corporate body in which each component was born, grew, learned, acted and died within a second? How would the entity retain its purpose, say, in crossing a street? Would the knowledge of why it was crossing the street be retained through the dozens of generations the action required? Racial memory? Overlapping ages? Time ratio sense? What kind of culture would these creatures have? How could you kill it if two (or even one if you lean toward that sort of thing) of the components could rebuild the creature in seconds.
- Two: If homo sap is whatever high percentage of water he is what would a 91% water creature be like? Three: A sane scientist with a mad daughter. Four: If there is "nothing new under the sun"-why that proves time travel. Five: Science-fiction stories are always having men shave with delipatory



creams. I wonder how many men would actually give up the right to grow a beard if the creams were permanent after the first application? Six: If fanzines were the only writing found by our descendents of e-t creatures after the A-wars how would they reconstruct our culture? Seven: If a fan were to be actually the first true telepath, teleporter or whatever would anyone believe him? They didn't believe Lee Jacobs when he told them. Well, anyway, they're all yours, honey. END



There I sat, a smug smile creasing my unsensitive and non-fannish face. "Two pages," wrote Charles Burbee. "When you come to the house this afternoon have two stencils cut." So I did my duty. For various reasons, EdCo and even Burbee Himself had not cut their stencils. Wilson had a terrific idea. Cox was cutting a stencil. Burbee Himself was cutting a stencil. Wilson was cutting a stencil. Miller was drawing illustrations. Rotsler was screaming down the Hollywood Freeway. There I sat, a smug smile creasing my unsensitive and non-fannish face. I wasn't doing a goddam thing. I'd met the minimum stencil requirements; I had no ideas for more writing; all around me people were doing serious and constructive activity, but I wasn't doing a goddam thing. I stared into space, thinking Cosmic Thoughts. I felt Alone.....
Lee Jacobs

Enough said! Howard Miller

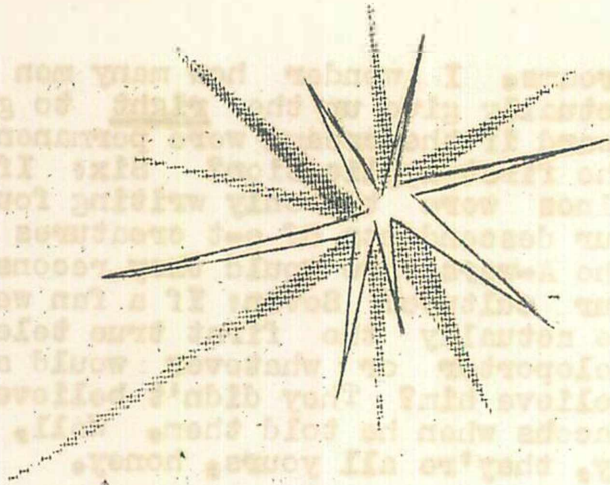
Cox writing: Well, there we were. Gallons of home brew consumed, stencils stacked, all typed and enhanced by Rotsler illustrations and some even had Howard Miller illustrations too. The mimeo was carted out. Then somebody plunged the room into an awful silence. The editorials! Migod, the editorials! So we were faced with the task. Not only did/do we have to write them, but we have to make the editorial pages consume just so much space to even out the issue else the page numbering gets all fouled up. Especially since over half the pages have already been run off. So what does Howard Miller do. A half a line.

But this is unfair. He spent hours on the art-work and lettering appearing in this fabulous-type one-shot fanzine.

However, this still leaves a lot of space and I happen to be turned loose on this free-wheeling typer. But I quit.

Burbee now: At last this issue is about wrapped up. In about 15 minutes the last stencil will have been run off and a chain gang of six eager fans, with sensitive fannish faces glowing in anticipation, will queue up to pick up and assemble, looking forward to that magic moment when they can sit down, light up, and read their own stuff over and over and over and over....

THE NEW GENESIS



ED COX

Jonathan Carver walked silently over the spongy floor to the desk. He clutched the papers in one hand and wearily looked askance at the creature behind the desk.

"Yes, he's ready to see you," she said. Carver mumbled something and went to the entrance. The iris-port dilated and he stepped into the office of Richardson L. Jacobs V, supreme potentate of Stollar Publishing Co., Inc., Ltd.

Carver's expression was glum as he waved the papers at Richardson V.

"Latest circulation reports still indicate sales are falling off, RL," he said. He stood in front of the immense desk, waiting for the explosion.

None came. He looked up from the sheaf of papers. Richardson V was smiling.

"Carver," he said, "something big, I mean big, has happened."

"Huh?" said Carver.

Richardson V picked up a manuscript from the desk. "Here," he said, "is the answer to our problems."

"A new writer?" asked Carver. "But people are tired of reading adventure, how-to-do-it articles and....well, there's nothing new, that's all. This is 26987AA, remember?"

"Hah, but this is! What," he leaned over the desk, blue eyes sparkling fiendishly out of his puffy red face, "would you say if I told you that I have here," he tapped the mss, "a new kind of story?"

"What kind?"

"Imagine this: Men riding animals, men eating animals, men living in great open spaces... You know what animals are, don't you?"

"Uh, no," confessed the Circulation Director.

"Once, ages ago, on this very planet, they had 'em."

"But what are they?" asked Carver.

"It's all in this story. Try to imagine what it would be like if Greater SanFrangelos wasn't here." Carver shuddered. "If the great hydroponic farms didn't cover the Ariveda basin. And," he breathed, "if it was all covered with trees, and red-skinned men who rode horses and attacked white-skinned men who rode horses!"

"Fantastic!" gasped Carver.

"That's it, that's it!" chortled Richardson V.

"What...what?"

"That's the name of Stellar's new magazine. It will be filled with fantastic stories like this one," he said, happily riffling the pages of the mss.

"It'll sell?" asked Carver.

"Of course. Imagine a great herd of four-footed animals being driven across hundreds of miles of open country!"

"Amazing," breathed Carver.

"Think of men mounted on a different, speedy kind of a four-footed animal, firing a weapon that propels small pellets of metal at other men!"

"Startling!" whispered Carver, eyes bugging.

"Visualize towns, no bigger than the area of this floor of



the Richardson I building with places that men drink, gamble, fight and fall off balconies in!"

"Thrilling wonder," gasped Carver.

"Yes," said Richardson V, "the sheer fantasy of it will sell millions of copies. I'm calling a conference immediately. Get my editors in here, tell the secretary to get my writers in here as fast as she can locate them! This is BIG!"

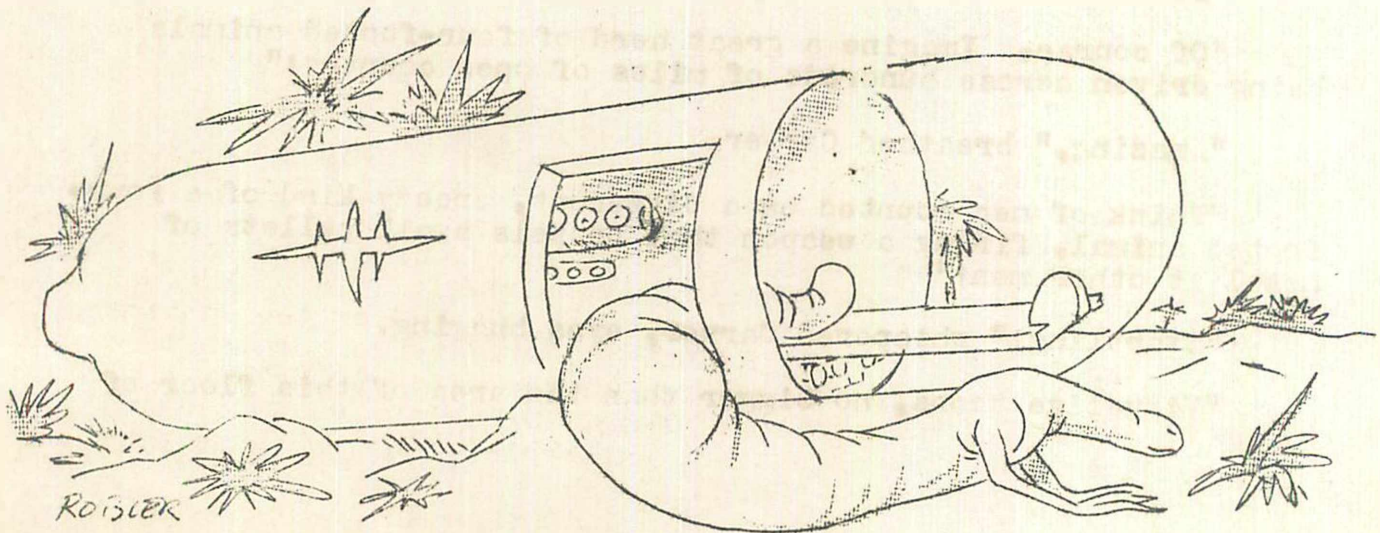
Carver dashed out, seeing skyrocketing sales-graphs for his department.

Harlan Graham, age 15½, wandered disconsolately into the literastore. He idly pawed over the latest issues of "Stellar Adventures", "Star Heros", "Two Complete InterStellar Books" and the rest. He was so tired of reading these things. He turned away, then quickly spun about. What was this! He picked up the magazine called "Fantastic!" On the cover was a man, it must have been, sitting on top of a...a beast. The man was clad in outlandish costume that covered all of him except his hands and face. He had a fantastic weapon, it must have been, in one hand, that spit fire and smoke. Graham leafed through it rapidly, heart thudding. He rushed to the counter, paid for it and ran all the way home, forgetting to use the powerwalks.

Two and a half hours later, he laid it aside, a dreamy expression still on his peach-fuzzed face. This was wonderful. He thought a moment. He had to talk about it to somebody else. There must be others who loved this fantastical literature. He imagined an organization of devotees. He reached for his scripter.

"Dear Editor," wrote the incipient founder of First Fandom.

the end



A PRELIMINARY STUDY OF CHARLES BURBEE

WILSON
BY MARY

CHARLES BURBEE was undoubtedly the most magnificent specimen of manhood that I had ever laid eyes on. I could not suppress a small gasp of amazement as I looked at CHARLES BURBEE, standing in all his glorious splendor of vitality, charm and breath-taking masculine beauty. That was it! Sheer overwhelming masculine beauty!

"This is CHARLES BURBEE," someone, I think it was my husband, murmured.

"How do you do, CHARLES BURBEE," I gasped weakly, clutching for support at the nearest available object (I think it was my husband).

It was the head of CHARLES BURBEE that first caught my attention when at last I got around to noticing details. The massive, splendid leonine head of CHARLES BURBEE, with the fine, midnight curls of CHARLES BURBEE clustered tightly and tenderly to the fine dolichocephalic skull of CHARLES BURBEE. Then the eyes! Ah! the splendor of the eyes of CHARLES BURBEE, clear limpid pools of gentleness, subtle and keen intelligence and wit. The whole face of CHARLES BURBEE was radiant with a sensitivity that I have yet to see equaled. Sensitive fannish face I believe it is called, and surely this descriptive phrase was originated by someone who set eyes on the face of CHARLES BURBEE for the first time, for never have I seen a face more sensitive and more fannish than the face of CHARLES BURBEE. As CHARLES BURBEE spoke, each subtle nuance of wit, each sparkling gem of wisdom was underlined by the delicate, almost shadowy expressions that flickered across the face of CHARLES BURBEE. Magnificent!

Oddly enough it was the hands of CHARLES BURBEE that next drew my attention. Delicate and graceful, yet withal, strong and manly -- sensitive fannish hands. And when he spoke CHARLES BURBEE moved his sensitive fannish hands, underscoring his words with sensitive fannish gestures, just as the expressions of the sensitive fannish face of CHARLES BURBEE underscored his sensitive fannish words. As he spoke the sensitive fannish hands of CHARLES BURBEE spoke with him in gestures now humorous, now scoffing, now scornful, now witty, now melancholy, now ecstatic, now gentle, now pleading, now entreating, now beckoning, now enticing, now singing. Such were the sensitive fannish hands of CHARLES BURBEE.

But if the physical magnetism of CHARLES BURBEE was of such power, what was the power of the mind of CHARLES BURBEE! The intelligence of CHARLES BURBEE, I may say without hesitation, was of such a fine-grained quality as I have never seen equaled. Now subtle, now bold; now vigorous, now flashing, now cutting, now profound, now probing, now . . . Never, and I speak with firm conviction, backed by the unanimous opinions of the friends of CHARLES BURBEE, will tongue or pen be capable of doing even a modicum of justice to the mind of CHARLES BURBEE. Fool that I am, I have tried in these few paltry words to give a small picture of that unequaled, unparalleled man without peer . . . I give you . . . CHARLES BURBEE!!!

my god BURBEE



(Note: The following is NOT a work of fiction. Every event mentioned in this article is true. It was written two years ago, but is not in the slightest bit dated. What do you think?)

"Charles Burbee is the dirtiest talking person I know."

I stared at those famously infamous words in Ah Sweet Idiocy. Surely Towner isn't serious, I thought. Charles Burbee a dirty talking person? The clean living, high minded, witty and urbane Charles Burbee a dirty talking person? Ah, but Towner must be josting.

But it bothered me. Is Charles Burbee a dirty talking person? I had to know. I decided to ask Les 'n' Es Cole. They had conversed with the clean living, high minded, witty and urbane Charles Burbee. They would know if Charles Burbee talks dirty. They talk dirty themselves.

"Les," I said, "you have talked to Charles Burbee. You would know if Charles Burbee is a dirty talking person. You talk dirty yourself. Is Charles Burbee a dirty talking person?"

"Well..." he said slowly, "you better ask Es. I always have Es make the really important statements."

He turned his head away bashfully.

"Es," I said, "you have talked to Charles Burbee. You would know if Charles Burbee is a dirty talking person. You talk dirty yourself. Is Charles Burbee a dirty talking person?"

I waited eagerly for her answer, the answer that would confirm my faith in the handsome, intelligent, serious and constructive person that is Charles Burbee.

"No..." she finally said, choosing her words with obvious care, "I wouldn't say that Charles Burbee is a dirty talking person. He talks like most fans."

I blushed. ((Now that I've met Burbee, I can truthfully say that he doesn't talk dirty at all...))

Although my faith was shattered, I wasn't particularly shocked. I had heard fabulous tales about the fabulous person that is Charles Burbee. I didn't believe them of course.

I attended a three day 'clave in N'Yawk over July 4th weekend in 1950. "You come from California, don't you?" asked a female N'Yawk type fanno.

"Yes," I agreed, "I come from California."

"Well, since you come from California, you might be able to answer this question for me." She smiled prettily, or as prettily as a female N'Yawk type fanne can smile. "Is it true what they say about Burbee?"

"I don't know," I said. "What are they saying about Burbee?"

"They say that Charles Burbee..." She paused for a moment, then whispered something unprintable in my ear. "Is it true what they say about Charles Burbee?"

I'm no prude (well, not much of a prude) but there is such a thing as good taste. I didn't think this question was in especially good taste. I looked at her with a rather shocked expression on my face, said something to the effect that it was none of her business, and hastily left her company.

But then later I reproached myself for not being more polite. The female N'Yawk type fanne was obviously and expectant mother and perhaps she was just accumulating information for her own use.

A legend is growing around the personality that is Charles Burbee, a legend that should be of the greatest inspiration to every clean living, high minded, serious and constructive young red-blooded American fan. Certain dispicable parties are trying quite unsuccessfully to shatter that legend.

In any society, there will be those, less fortunate, bright and witty than others. These people, full of petty jealousies and with small minds, will deliberately attempt to drag the shining character of the few really superior beings (like Charles Burbee) down to their own abysmal level. A brief example will suffice.

In 1952, then-servifan Hal Shapiro, received a post card. This in itself was not unusual, since Hal is one of Fandom's more active fans, and as such received many communications thru the mail. But this post card contained filthy language. I quote:

"Dear Hal,

"You sonofabitch.

/s/ Burb"

Now Hal, who is, like Charles Burbee, a handsome, witty, high minded and clean living example of the active fan, was quite hurt over this post card. Not only did he find its indelicate phrasing offensive to his sensitive fannish mind, but the expressed concept was decidedly uncomplimentary.

At first Hal was going to the postal authorities with the card. He was going to teach Burbee that postal regulations could not be flaunted in such a smug manner. At first, that is.

But Hal, never one to condemn a person without the logical process of logical thought, did not go to the postal authorities with the information. After all, Charles Burbee is a clean

living, high minded, serious and constructive fan, even tho some claim that he is a dirty talking person. And would a clean living, high minded, serious and constructive fan send such a communication to another clean living, high minded, serious and constructive fan? Obviously not. Evidently, some enemy of Charles Burbee was attempting to cause ill feeling. ((

Tomorrow's children in the world of today?

Quite.

But such attempts are quite unsuccessful... No one fan, no group of fans can possibly dim the glory that is Charles Burbee. He will continue to shine in all his many ways.

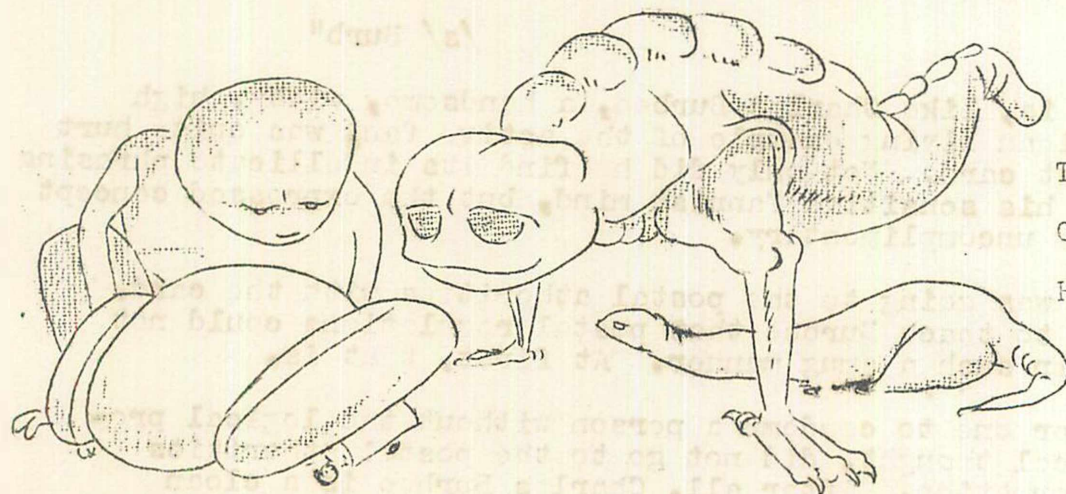
Have you ever read Burbeestuff? I don't mean just a snatch of Burbeestuff between other Fapazines; that is a notch above the common herd, true, but you miss the more subtle nuances, the pure creativeness of pure Burbee. I refer to a solid three hours of reading Burbeestuff.

I did that once. I gathered Burbeedited Shangri-La's, Burblings, Wild Hair's, anything that had Burbeestuff in it. I had a veritable ball. I staggered away, shaken, my mind teeming with "downward slanting eyes," and the other intellectual phrases of the intellectual Burbee. I read about the scientific discoveries of a world famous scientist and about the Big Name Fan. I was awed by the unbelievable episodes related in the Ashly Chronicles and stunned by the brilliant passages of Burbee prose.

I cannot believe that Charles Burbee is merely a dirty talking person with an electronic soul. He is, he must be, a man superior to other men, a genius in comparison to the mere creatures.

We in the Fapa should be elated that Charles Burbee, the analytical, compassionate, creative Charles Burbee chooses to favor us with his deathless Art. We should read his Works in the full realization that our gain is the loss of an entire world.

For there is truly a giant in our midst!



THE
CHILDREN'S
HOUR

WR

THE IMMOLATION OF THE BLACK POPE

BY
CHARLES BURBEE

Rather an odd title for a dignified fanzine like this, or for any fanzine, even Abstract, for that matter, but it was Don Wilson's obsession some years ago. He wanted, more than anything, to write an article with that title. I remember the time he and Howard Miller came over, back in 1946 or so. I forget now what magazine we put out at the time. It was a one-shot. I think I have a record in one-shot-fanzine form of every fannish type who was brave enough to visit me in those times. The moment any fan walked in the door and I realized that here, in one room, was a gathering of at least two fans, the idea of perpetuating this event in mimeography popped into my head. Almost immediately I would say, "Let's publish a one-shot fanzine!" I would say this with enthusiasm.

Furthermore, I was deadly serious about it.

I was frequently answered with vague mumblings and hunted looks in the eyes of my victims, but it made no difference to me. I was a one-shot specialist. The most important thing in the world was the publishing of fanzines, especially one-shots. I'd get out my two typers, and everybody would get to work. A magazine, usually one sheet, would result.

My mimeograph was always handy. It was in the front room, along with stacks of supplies. It was always ready to roll. In fact, since I was helping Gus Willmorth publish Fantasy Advertiser at that time, it usually was rolling. He published his mag in batches of a thousand. Anyhow, it was to such a set-up that Howard Miller and Don Wilson came unwittingly one day. The magic words passed my lips instantly and in no time those two hapless beings from ill-fated Banning were dripping greenish fan blood trying to write something.

I can see Don Wilson's seriously blank face yet as he sat there with a far-away look in his eye. "The Immolation of the Black Pope," he said. "The Immolation of the Black Pope." I bit. He told me it was his great desire (with the overtones of being a great Mission) to write a story with that title. It thrilled his teen-age soul right to the rind. I could almost see, in DW's dreamy nestish eyes, the reflection of the bookjacket. By peering closer I could read the blurbs on the pb edition: "A lusty, brawling tale of love and death in a new world!" Or: "Her lips, her eyes, her loveliness, were meant for kings, but He was a devil whom kings could not conquer!" On this jacket I could see a lovely woman with lovely legs and incredible breasts, all suitably revealed. Maybe in the background was a mob of men with whips or guns, but in the foreground it was all legs and breasts.

Well, as I said, Don Wilson sat there trying to find Paragraph 1 of his lusty brawling tale but I guess he gave up because after a time all he did was curse my old pica typewriter in polite English and ask me how the devil I ran it. (I simply had grown up with the thing). Eventually he wrote an article about Forrest J Ackerman called "The Immortal Sergeant" which should have been a fine thing, though sans brawl and lust. But although the article ended up neatly at the bottom of a stencil it had no bottom of itself. I remember supplying him with the title. He seemed to love as much as I did, but nothing really came of it. But that didn't bother Don Wilson, who is sometimes blessed with the happy unawareness of a 7th Pandemite and can type and type at a steady rate whether he is saying anything or not. Some of this happy ability has rubbed off on me, I fear, judging from the looks of this page thus far.

Anyhow, the title The Immolation of the Black Pope has now been used as a title and must be struck from the roster of possible titles which is floating out there in subspace. And now Don Wilson can get that teen-age gleam out of his eye, because I have written the article. I think this was very nice of me because I never had the obsession to write a deathless story of strife, forgotten vows, lust and brawl.

I hate to expose myself as a fantasy reader in such distinguished company, but for the sake of Art I guess I am willing to mortify myself. I am brave.

Sometimes I check in the truckloads of new books at the library, and I snagged one not long ago which I'll bet Forrest J Ackerman does not have. It's called The Infernal Wanderer, or; the Devil Ranging upon Earth. And I think perhaps there was something illicit about it when it appeared. For there is no publishing data on the title page of the multitudinous variety that you usually see on books of the period. It says simply: "London: Printed in the Year M DCC II."

It is fantasy, of a sort. I shall reproduce portions here, trusting that the copyright owner will not bother me (although maybe there's a chance that the vacation here described might be due again!) It begins: "The Sable Monarch of the Subterranean Dominions, having with wonderful Alacrity receiv'd the News of the Wars and Confusions which are now on foot among his Christian Enemies in the upper World, hath of late thought fit upon the Joyful Tidings thereof, to proclaim a Jubilee for a whole Year thro' the vast Extent of his Infernal Territories, his Penal Laws are suspended for the Time, his Fire's extinguish'd, the Furies lay aside their Scorpion Scourges, and a general Cessation of all Punishments are graciously commanded thro' his Sultry Regions. This favourable Interval having not only given Ease to the miserable Souls of convicted Sinners, but also Liberty to their Tormentors to rest from their Labours, ever since the Fall of Man; I having been doom'd one of that unhappy Order, was always too strictly confin'd to incessant Business to have Leave or Leisure to travel amongst Human Kind, and view Heavens Favourites in their mortal State. But of late, being resspited from my Nocturnal Drudgery, I obtain'd a License to behold the Light and inspect the Actions of that Noble Creature, whose Happiness and Perfections have been long eclipsed by our envious Fraternity."

And so he does. For fourteen pages (for this is how long the book is), he inspects the perfect mortals of merrie England.

I wish to reproduce here, for the edification of my august fellow members of this benighted organization, one of the infernal Wanderer's adventures, in the hopes that it will provide inspiration and guidance along the road of life. Are you there, Fitz Gerald? "I left them bedeviling their imperfect Juices and preparing an Adulterous Potion to Couzen Mankind out of their Health and Money, and return'd again into the open Street, where just before a Vintner's door near Fleet-Bridge, a Croud of People were listning and laughing at a merry Ballad, and an Ovster Wench Scolding and Raving at the Ballad-Singers, as if more Devils had

possest her than was at the drowning of the Perd; the Subject of the Song I soon found was an Intrigue between Miss Open-Ovster and the Vintner at whose door she had the liberty of setting her Tubs, and opening her Commodity, and because the whole Town should be as well diverted as my self I have here recited the Song for the Jests sake, for we unlucky Spirits upon wagish occasions, have the Devil of a Memory.

A MERRY NEW SONG, CALL'D, THE COMPANY KNOCKS BEHIND THE BAR, OR

A TAVERN CHAIR WILL CARRY DOUBLE

As Oyster Nan stood by her Tub,
To show her Vicious Inclination,
She gave her Noblest Parts a Scrub,
And sigh'd for want of Copulation.

A Vintner of no little Fame,
Who exc'llent Red or White can sell ye,
Beheld the little Dirty Dame
As she stood scratching of her Belly.

Come in, says he, you silly Slut,
'Tis now a rare convenient Minute,
I'll lay the Itching of your Scut
Except some greedy Devil be in it.

With that, the flat Cap'd Phubsy smil'd,
And would have Blush'd, but that she could not;
Alas! says she, we're soon beguil'd
By Men, to do those things we shou'd not.

From Door, they went behind the Bar,
As 'tis by common Fame reported,
And their, upon a Turkey Chair,
Unseen, the Loving Couple Sported.

But being call'd by Company,
As he was taking Pains to please her,
I'm Coming, coming, Sir, says he,
My Dear, and so am I, says she, Sir.

Her Mole-Hill Belly swell'd about,
Into a Mountain quickly after,
And when the pretty Mouse crept out,
The Creature caus'd a mighty Laughter.

And now she's learned the pleasing Game,
Altho' much Pain and Shame it cost her,
She daily ventures at the same,
And shuts and opens like an Oyster.

Page 14 ends: "I took possession of the Tool-Mender, of which in a little Time you shall hear further." Maybe Coslet has v.2 of the series for sale? I think it's an excellent item, myself. I sort of hate to let the library have it back. # # #

I AM THE VICTIM OF A CURSE



Miller stole my thunder.

Here I was, all set to do a marvelous article chewing Miller out in the style to which you all might have become accustomed if you had been around to read my writings in 1948 and 1949. This was when Dream Quest was being published on a subscription basis, and Miller and I devoted practically full time (when we were not attending high school) to publishing, and I had devoted page after page " . . . in both public and private to rhapsodizing on the utter worthlessness of Miller as a fan, as a friend, and as a human being."

Those are Laney's words. They were written in one of the issues of Wild Hair, in an article called "Banning's Leading FAPA Member."

They somewhat reflect the truth. Time deadens old memories, but they survive in spite of all sorts of miraculous things. Miller has been sailing all over the Pacific for the last four years. I have been doing one thing and another which have had very little to do with the publication of fanzines and the old science-fiction existence which was practically the Banning Science Fantasy Society . . . in fact, I venture to say that there were days which went by when I never even thought of Howard Miller or of Dream Quest.

But today, when he did not show up at my place by 12 noon, an article suddenly took form in my mind, commenting on the utter worthlessness of Howard Miller as a fan, as a friend, as a human being, and as a rum buddy -- for Howard Miller was not going to show up for the one-shot session.

But he showed up. So I could not write the article. I am sure that if the article had been written, the story by Ed Cox which is the backbone of this issue of BURBLINGS COMBINED WITH DREAM QUEST COMBINED WITH PRIMAL COMBINED WITH ESDACVOS COMBINED WITH SKIPME FOR THE NONCE COMBINED WITH MASQUE would have been topped. Ed Cox would have paled beside this miraculous article.

But this article was not written. Miller showed up, and you are seeing example after example of his matchless artwork right here in this very fanzine.

And he has left me cold. The inspiration for my miraculous article has vanished. And the fact that it has vanished is obvious by reading the present product.

And my recent fannish existence has been fraught with occurrence after occurrence which followed this same pattern. I am the victim of a curse. I did not dance to their frenetic fluting and they cast a pox on me.

The other week Mary and I went to New York. This girl we know from UCLA was driving her boy friend to NY so he could catch his boat for Iraq. They came by to say goodbye and we went with them.

We passed, at one point in this incredible trip, nigh to Hagerstown, Maryland. It was a perfect chance to visit Harry Warner, Jr., whom I will probably never again have a chance to meet. Starting about at Tucumcari I began to anticipate this magic meeting. I dreamed of the words with which I would greet this marvelous man who has met only a scant score of members in eighteen years of FAPA activity. I envisioned an afternoon of enlightened gab.

The meeting did not come to pass. We passed within forty miles of Hagerstown, but it was at 3am and somehow it did not seem to be the thing to do to call on Harry Warner at that time. Besides, we were in some all-fired sort of a hurry to get someplace by some certain time . . . place and reason escape me at this moment.

We passed not near, but through, Hyattsville, Md., home of Robert A Pavlat . . . who once purchased my copy of OUT OF SPACE AND TIME by Clark Ashton Smith and who therefore is a good man, just by the nature of things.

I called him but there was nobody home. So we spent the afternoon with a relative of Mary's . . . a grandson of Theodore Roosevelt named Archie, who works for the Dept of State, and who entertained us with lore, rare records, fine conversation, and powerful drinks until far into the evening. But I did not see Bob Pavlat.

My idea that I might see Redd Boggs on the way back died aborning. I sensed dimly that we would not touch Minneapolis. I was right.

My article on Miller died. He showed up and here he is, producing deathless material and for all the world acting like somebody who does have worth (as a fan at least).

I am mortified. I am reduced to writing of Oyster Nan and the Infernal Wanderer. I am reading incredibly fine stuff by Cox and fair stuff by Burbee and sitting here trying to turn out something which will be at least halfway readable. I have a horrible feeling that I am not succeeding. Are you there, GM?

The Curse did this thing to me.

It would crush the soul of a hardened neofan; much more the tender feelings of a softened ex-fan.

Perhaps I incurred the wrath of the heavens when I jumped a curb the other month and plowed into a mimeograph store.

Perhaps it is because I did not go to a meeting of the LASTS after I was invited by Sam Sackett.

Perhaps it is because I did not steal the 1946 FAPA mailing which the UCLA Library has which lists among new members, "Charles Burbee."

But I know that a mordant curse follows me and renders my fan type deeds inoperative. I cannot meet a FAPA member. I cannot write anything which is fit for mimeograph ink. The tales of my fannish exploits have retreated into the background of reality.

To my right sits Ed Cox. Once he was a mere subscriber of DREAM QUEST and before that he was a reader of PLANET STORIES even as I. Now he has written "The Second Genesis" and my glory has paled.

Today when Pete Vorzimer walked in here he scarcely had heard of me.

Soon I will not even be legend.

~~godwhatafoolI wasto thinkI could string this out to half a page godwhatafoolI was~~

PRIMATE PUBLICATIONS PRESENTS

THE BURBEE LEGEND !!

BY M. MEGOD YUFOOL FOREWORD BY PLANFY

COMPLETE IN FIVE VOLUMES

ORIGINAL "ROTSEER" ILLUSTRATIONS

YOUR CHOICE OF BINDINGS IN: DURABLE MONKEY HIDE,
SELECT CUCKOO SKINS, ETC.

WHERE'S ROTSLER?

BY
BURBEE

"I think mostly Pete Vorzimer just wanted to look at you," I said to William Rotsler.

"I can understand that," said William Rotsler.

I don't know why we were talking about Vorzimer. We had gathered at my house to publish this magazine. I guess he just came up in the conversation. There were six of us. Rotsler, Wilson, Ed Cox, Jacobs, Miller and I. Everybody was supposed to arrive with two cut stencils and an idea for at least one more to cut on the session. (Lee Jacobs was the only one to arrive with assignment completed). In no time, the theory went, we could sit around, copies of the completed mag dangling carelessly from our hands as we drank home brew and told each other how clever we were. All of us were here close to the appointed time. Except Rotsler. He was supposed to come down from Camarillo, which, for those of you who might benefit from the information, is about 17 miles from Oxnard.

Before Rotsler arrived Vorzimer had phoned twice. His well-modulated voice held a hint of worry as he inquired after Willie Rotsler. "You sure he's going to be there? Are you sure?" He wanted to come out to deliver some run-off material to Rotsler and perhaps commission him to produce artwork for Abstract, his fanzine. I said OK, and gave him careful directions. He lives in Hollywood and I gave him comfortably explicit directions: "When you get to Rosemead you are a mile and a half away. It is the next to last signal. From the next signal you can see the bridge straight on down. Turn left at the second street beyond the bridge. And a word of caution--if you come to Norwalk Blvd., you've gone too far. Turn back right away. You can't miss Pioneer; it's a wide street."

He got here eventually, with another fellow, a non-fan, who for a time seemed like the only human being in the room. When he stuck his fannish head in my fannish door and peered about with true fan myopia at the group his face bore a strange expression of fannish anxiety. "Where's Rotsler?" he said. For all he knew, Rotsler, whom he had never seen, was standing somewhere in that group of five, looking right at him. Rotsler, however, had not yet arrived.

I turned from the door. "Come out, Rotsler," I said. "Meet your #1 Fan." But no one stepped forward to carry the ball. Vorzimer's eyes darted from face to face as though he knew some instinct would cry aloud to him "This is He!"

I began introducing those present. "This is Howard Miller," I said.

"Never heard of him," said Vorzimer.

"Ed Cox."

"Hardly know him."

"Lee Jacobs."

"I don't think I know him."

"Don Wilson."

"I've heard of him."

"I'm Burbee."

"Oh, you're Burbee. But where's Rotsler?"

We told him Rotsler wasn't there yet but any moment would wheel onto Pioneer at 69. He was pretty disappointed at this piece of news but bucked up when he began to distribute copies of his well-duplicated, well laid out but well-nigh unreadable magazine Abstract and tell us about the 100-page Convention issue he plans to turn out within a week after the Convention itself.

He was a rather hard boy to convince about some things. For one thing he could not accept that fact that Rotsler was not there. For another thing, when I told him that if the group produced a magazine like this every month for four months it would be the top fanzine. He balked at this. He refused to accept. So I amended my statement. I backed down. "Well," I said. "Make that five months."

He still said he didn't think so and in the same sentence asked about Rotsler. Then he told us that he almost hadn't gotten here at all. Seems he got lost.

"Lost?" I said, incredulous.

Yes, they'd gone down Washington according to my directions but wound up at the intersection of Whittier and Washington Blvds., and a service station man had directed them to an older and therefore better known section of Pioneer (the street is not a through street; it still has miles of orange groves between sections) and since this was miles south of here...well, they almost hadn't gotten here.

"But I gave you perfected direction info," I said. "Half a dozen fans and an uncounted number of fans have made their way here without trouble. How did you get lost? Didn't you see Norwalk Blvd? You were supposed to turn back it by some chance you'd overshoot the mark."

"We went on," he said. "The man in the service station told us about Pioneer only it was the wrong part and we almost never got here."

"But the bridge," I said. "The second street past the bridge. A wide street. What about that?"

"We saw the bridge," he said. (I felt a bit better about that, at least.) "But I was looking for a wide street. You know, a wide street."

"Pioneer is a hundred feet wide," I said.

"We went on," he said. "It didn't look very wide to us." This boy must look at the world through 2-D glasses. "Is Rotsler really going to be here?"

He went away after awhile. I didn't give him any directions at all for getting back home, so I am pretty sure that right now, even as you read this, Pate Vorzimer and non-fan friend are nearing Arcturus and looking for a service station at which to inquire directions to Hollywood.

