

Burblings is the publication of Charles Burbee, P.O. Box 3722, Anaheim, California 92803. I am hopeful that Gregg Calkins, the one in Walnut Creek, will frank this thing for me above the objections of Jack Speer.

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I lettered this thing "A" because I have mislaid my file of Burblings which some years ago was my fapamag and I don't know what number it should be. So I'll letter it A. Next issue, B. After 26 issues I hope to have found a new numbering system.

Gregg Calkins, genial overweight Official Editor of this group, lent me the August mailing so I could comment on it. I never did that much but I might as well start doing it.

I was struck with the generally high standard of the writing. I think it is much superior to the writing in the FAPA of the 50's. It is probably due to the humanizing effect of TV.

The odds are I will not cover the entire mailing. Fact is, I haven't even read it all. Besides, I will be lucky to do two pages, considering that it is two days before the deadline. I may have to deliver this to Gregg in person. I thought maybe I'd get Elmer Perdue to deliver it by plane but when I called him and asked if he were going to Walnut Creek for the Assembly Session he said, "Damned if I know, Meyer." So I guess I'll have to go myself, taking along a bottle of burgundy to soften up our ole OE so he'll frank this thing. Or maybe he's just good-hearted enough to do it anyway. After all, didn't he frank THE CREATURE for my son two mailings ago?

By the way, when I told my son, whose name is also C E Burbee, that I would borrow the fapamailing so I could gather up the comments on THE CREATURE, he wrote to me thus: "Comments about my abortion arouse my interest less and less. Send them along at your leisure. I have reached the point where I will deny having written the story should somebody ask me about it. That is the best way. Silence and ignorance."

Yike. Now I cannot find the mailing. I had it sitting on top of my chest of drawers two days ago. Now it is gone. It has not been carted off by little pixie-type people; there is a mundane explanation. Cora put it away somewhere. This is a common thing around here. She is a neat and orderly person. I am not a neat and orderly person. She hates stuff to accumulate in corners. I let stuff accumulate in corners. She has actually been known to throw out today's paper today.

So I must move on to other things than the mailing. I do remember one remark from REG. He said he didn't like bitter wine, liked sweet wine. I think you mean dry, don't you, REG? There aren't any commercial bitter wines I know of. It is an undesirable element in a wine; probably if a batch came out bitter it would be dumped. According to a dictionary of wines I have here, bitter

means: "excessive tannin from stems, stalks or seeds during crushing or fermentation; too long in wood." Dry means: "Without sweetness, measurable by degrees of sugar; not 'sour'". I can recommend as a Best Buy in California wines, Gallo's Hearty Burgundy which goes for about \$2.30 per half-gallon, including sales tax. So much for wine and on to sex. I hope your frank sex episodes will start a new trend in FAPA.

Now is the time for me to suit the written word to the opinion stated above. What a bad sentence; comes of hasty writing. I mean to say, now is the time for me to write about a sex episode of my own of more than general interest. And I can't do it. I am not so frank as REG. Is anybody else?

DESCANT - N & G Clarke. Loved that cover. Must have showed it to forty people. Everybody loved it except one of my neighbors--"Is the guy that did that some kind of nut?"

THE PASSING PARADE #1 - Milton F Stevens. Liked incomplete history of LASFS. Have you tried to track down all the people who once started to write the history? I remember sending some carbon-copied minutes from the 40's to George C Fields. I was once the secretary of that club. I think if you tracked down all the folks who started to write the club's history you'd find a fairish stack of material.

PLACEBO - Moshe Feder and Barry Smotroff.---Barry once send me a postcard: "Why did you write about Laney? What was the fascination?" ~~When~~ I replied that after all I'd known ftl for many years and worked with him in the same place for eight years, and he was frequently doing and saying reportable things so I could hardly help myself. Turned out Barry'd never read anything I'd written about ftl. So I came over here and wrote a four-page Laney article. And it stank. Still does, for that matter. In spite of the colorful subject matter, ftl and his sex-life, or the more spectacular parts of it, it stinks. So I will let it sit a while. Then I will rewrite it, leaving out all the good stuff. and give it to Gregg Calkins.

BEARDMUTTERINGS - rich brown. I estimated 18,000 words for this fine effort. Mostly all highly readable, too. When I observe this and REG, I am aghast at such industry; I used to think Terry Carr was the publishing jint of all time. I'm almost ashamed to put in my 600 words.

It appears that I found the mailing after all. It was twelve feet from me as I stood here typing. I began to read it and got hooked on it; had to tear myself away because I knew I'd never finish this in time to get it to that friendly Xerox in Anaheim.

Congratulations to you, Stan Woolston, FAVORITE UNSUNG FAPAN.

Next issue of this shitty sheet will be bigger. Maybe two shitty sheets.