

# THE BEST LINES ARE FOREVER ON THE FLOOR

CHARLIE BURBEE PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS:

A GENUINE ONE-SHOT



Jay Kinney

GREAT CANFIELD

THE BEST LINES ARE FOREVER ON THE FLOOR for October 1975. Produced all on a summer's day by Ed Cox, Len Moffatt and Dave Locke, with some guests like Bill Rotsler, Sharman DiVono, June Moffatt, Dean Jean and Bill Grennell and Charles and Socorro Burbee, and intended for FAPAmailing #153. Burbee had the choice of topic this time so he chose "Music." So, everything on the following pages dwells on musical themes, with various exceptions.

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...Round Robin Editorial...

Hullo-there. This is D. Adiaphorous Grennell, speaking and launching the round-robin editorial, which is unslightly anxious-making, as I've not the foggiest of notions what it is that one is supposed to say in a r-r editorial, nor even in a batman-robin editorial. I can reveal that I have a page, somewhere to the rear of this publication, which I started on this elderly Boxelderwood and finished on the Olympia that Len & June brought along. There is a pretty good light focused over the U'wood, so one can see what is being said. Over the Olympia (it's the water) there was no such light. Thus, the type at the bottom of my page is a bit more sightly but the words make, if anything, even less esnes (sense; sorry 'bout that). This is cranked-in by way of advance alibi. I will close this elocutionary intro by expressing thanks and appreciation to mine host and hostess for the franking privileges and for the goormay grade refreshments gracing Socorro's ept sideboard. Good kid, that Socorro and old whatzisface ain't all that bad, neither. Ciao, y'all DAG

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Yeah, the ciao here is pretty damned good' (and I can't find the back space on this ancient Burbeesque machine to make that a proper exclamation point or "howler" as I think they call it in British ad agencies)... Shux. Also some of the letters are rubbed offn's the keyboard...that should be off'n not offn's, and no this is not Edco typering or even Milt Stevens. It's me (last time I looked) and my room mate just came in and found the bakdammit.... BACKSPACE key...It seems there are two keys lzbeled Tab Stop Clear (and one labeled Tab Stop Set) and one of the so-called Clear keys is actually the Back Spacer. (Did this ancinet machine ever belong to L. Ron Hubbard?)

The stereo has been playing mostly classical type music. I think there was some Stan Kenton on earlier but we've heard nary a dixieland piece today. I've liked most of the stuff I've heard (and read) today but I yearn for the days when we sang around the player piano (with one of us pumping his laigs off). Still it is a one shot session in the Burbee manner. Some of us brought stuff already written. And there's been a lot of fangabbing (as Tripoli used to call it) about all kinds subjects, mostly in the kitchen-- close to the food and drinks... I'm thinking of writing a song about Kitchen Fandom. But don't watch this space as I think I'M through "editorializing" for this one shot the title of which I do not know and am wondering what it will be. Musicac, maybe? (Hope not) Everybody hang in wherever!

Rotsler here, typing on a genuine Burbee typer, which is manual, and has some of the letters obscured on the keys by years of use in the service of fandom, so if I make a typo t'hell with it. (I type with one finger, y'know.)

The theme today is music and I read Socorra's 1st draft in which she writes of scratchy 78's. It instantly reminded me of F. Towner Laney. (Fannish reference #2). The first time I ever met Laney we went to his house where he played some ancient jazz records that--to me--were 100% scratch. Absolutely no music at all, that I could hear, but there was FTL dancing and snapping his fingers and going "Now listen to Bix do this passage" and in-stuff like that. I mumbled things like, "Yeah, sure" and we went away after awhile.

Burb just said that was the Georgia street house and only 3 blocks from the old Biograph Studios. (Movie Reference #1.)

This typer is driving me crazy. First time I've written with a manual in years. It's so hard that I'm tempted to write in telephrspeze or Early Grunt.

Back to music. Sharman (who is in the living room embroidering a pair of levi's) and I have been buying a lot of albums of movie music lately. Mostly the music of Erich Wolfgang Korngold but Waxman, Young, Rosza, etc as well. Korngold has written some "straight" music too, but none as good as his scores for Errol Flynn movies and other warner Bros movies. Newman wrote for 20th and Tiomkin for Columbia, but I think Korngold wrote the best stuff.

I find I'm writing in Grunt on this typer so I'm quitting.

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"Drive on, brother--hell ain't half full"--bumper sticker today  
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TAKING THE BALL IN HAND AND RUNNING...

Sharman DiVono

Contrary to the opinion of most people, I think a movie is a participatory medium to the extent of the viewer's ability to enter into the adventure with the resources of his imagination. A large part of the enjoyment of such participation, at least for me, is derived from the quality of the musical score. It is the vehicle which helps transport me into the story on the screen by connecting my emotions with "celluloid reakity." I can stand and fight along side Captain Blood, and swing through the trees with Robin Hood. Korngold is right there seducing, enraging, and teasing me.

Unfortunately, the days of the great heroic scores are gone. They died with Newman, Korngold, and Tiomkin, and they will be buried with Rosza, Bernstein, and others of that following. The products being turned out now are cheap parodies of the once noble art of movie scoring. There have been brief revivals of the full orchestral ~~xxxx~~score with "2001" and "Rollerball." but in the main, big budget music productions are no longer fashionable or feasible.

Actually, I feel there are so many things I've missed in the area of movies and the golden era of Hollywood. There are good features being made now, but so few of them will ever become "classics" in the sense of what is usually considered a movie monument.

I'll never be in a movie with a Newman, Korngold or Tiomkin score. I'll never work with Bogart, Heston, Errol Flynn, Jimmy Stewart, John Wayne, Tyrone Power...God, the list keeps growing. ((Hey, Sharman, some of those guys aren't even dead yet! WR)) It is the misfortune of being born too late. There's nothing left. The days of the great superstars are gone. Sometimes I wonder why I chose acting. All the goodstuff's been done!

Sharman DiVono

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Are Science Fiction movies the last bulwark of musical good taste?

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Rotsler again. That last line sounds like someone who believes the Golden Age is always the age just before the one they are in. #Typing on two manuals in a row has really screwed up my style. Those 'lectric buggers really spoiled me! This one is better than the other one, this is a Moffatt Machine but both are powered by my one fingertip instead of connecting to Boulder Dam or whatever they are calling it this year. #We bought a Robin Hood album with the score and Basil Rathbone giving a verbal play-by-play account. Kinda fun. #Someone just said these typers are like typing into a bowl of oatmeal mush and I agree. Some people have actually written things out beforehand and are stencilling them now...that is not the "old" way and we all know the old ways are the best, don't we?

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Manual Typewriter is an illegal alien.  
Manual Typewriter is a Mexican-Computer

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This are Dave Locke, who is working on an uncompleted stencil, presuming that he is continuing the round-robin editorial. For all I know, however, this page might not wind up anywhere near the editorial, and FAPANS everywhere will point to this page and laugh and snort and snicker and soil their shorts at the fact that I am lost in this fanzine. I have never been lost in a fanzine before. But then again, I've never been missed.

This has been a terribly musical evening, an attempt to stay within the boundaries of our assigned topic. The only reason for it being a musical evening can be fully attributed to Cora's large pot of various kinds of beans. But music is music.

Ed Cox is faunching mightily to take over this typewriter, not at all unlike an alien invasion, and I am desirous of containing another drink, so it stands to reason that I will capitulate. If I knew what capitulate meant, I might even carry through with it.

Ed, tell us why your beard has a Coors head on it.

Because I've been drinking Coors and my head is filled with the fumes of Coors. That was easy. (This not Milt Stevens, by the way.) But it is the end of the stencil but at least I finally get a few words into the round-robin. And I'm not even an N3F member....



gondola by. God knew there weren't many happy Italians. Most were poverty-stricken, grubbing for a few lira, fighting, squabbling, shouting at each other all the time. And Lord, after the delicate aroma of the girl, the stench of the canal was like spikes up the nose.

"Giacomo!" shouted Vivaldi, waving. Then he coughed. Dammit, he said to himself. I ought to know I've got weak lungs. He scratched his hairy chest under his robe--another damned flea, no doubt.

"Il Cardinello! Goldfinch!" came the shout from the canal.

As Vivaldi turned away from the window, smiling, he answered the question in the girl's eyes.

"That was the name of the piece he was whistling. He knew I wouldn't remember it."

"But you wrote it, Fra Vivaldi."

"Si. But every week, a dozen new ones. One must supply the demand. The musical appetite of the Venetians is insatiable. So, one forgets easily."

"But perhaps you would be too busy with your work at the Ospitale to help us?"

"Never, signorina. How many concerti would you like? Ten? Twenty? Fifty?"

The girl laughed. "Fifty concerti--that's not too many."

Although this magazine doesn't seem to reflect it, we had a fine publishing session. We got to listen to a lot of Rotsler stories. Rotsler not only told us wonderful stories--he showed us his typing finger.

He actually types with but one finger, even hitting the space bar with it.

This is the finger that has produced more than 2,000,000 words. Words that sold. Some of the words have been sold two, three, and even four times.

For a while there I wished F Towner Laney were still alive for an hour, anyway, so he could marvel at Rotsler the Writer. Rotsler the Selling Writer. Laney, you know, always thought of Rotsler as an arty feller.

I marvel, too, at Bill.

I think that now and then he marvels at himself, a little.

That typing finger, now. Rotsler held it up for us to see.

"You would think it would be worn down to a nub, or thick as a wrist, from tapping out all those words, but just look at it."

We all looked at it.

It looked just like a lot of index fingers, right hand.

It shook a little while we stared.

"Hangover shakes," Dean Grennell said.

"Stage fright," said Dave Locke.

"The A & W Root Beer Quake," said Ed Cox.

I think all of them were wrong.

That finger was quivering with pent-up wordage.

It's not Eney's fault; DAG dunnit!

This is a second start. The first time, I mere cranked a stencil into this ancient and venerable Underwood and commenced flailing away right manfully at the console. June Moffatt came in and shuddered a delicate moue over the mess I was making and came up with a film-top stenciñ from somewhere. Hopefully, it may work out better. In the 1st attempt, I not only was chopping circles out of the stencil mem-brane with each o, but was cutting clean through the backing shee6 as well. Good grief but it has been a long while since last I grappled with a manual typer; this same one on/a bout 19 July, mos' prob'ly.

I am reminded a little of a scrap of li'l-knownñ fannish lore of long ago. I used to muck abaht with oil paints to some minor dilet-tante extent (c.1956)and, in a letter to Robert I. Agberg, had confided that I found it sort of groovy to get some pleasantly approp-riate music to paint to, by way of giving sweep and presence to my brush strokes, as it were.

"I tried your approach," he replied. "Put some music on the record player and commenced typing. When the music came to an end, I read what I had written and it turned out that I had written the same paragraph, over and over, just a wee bit darker, each time. It was then I realized what I had done: put on an album of Ravel's Bolero."

Well, that figures, I guess. I never tried painting to the Bolero, though Bob "Wilson Arthur" Tucker has shed some harrowing manner of narrative on the pitfalls of engaging in divers other forms of a c-tivity to its repetitive strains. I never tried that, either.

Speaking of the Belero remihds me of an amusing incident, long ago. I had just bought an a lbum of that composition and Eddie Knott and his bride dropped over. I mentioned to Eddie that I'd gotten the new album and he said he'd like to hear it. So we left our spouses yakking in the kitchen and went into the living room, where I stacked the discs onto the record player. Adjusted to get the faintest of s sounds at the start and we sat back to listen. It was while thus en-gaged that Pat wandered in and found up and decided we were a ready-

made audience, just waiting to be discoursee-at. She was and perhaps still is a compulsive marathon gabaholic, that one. Edd

Eddie and I exchanged quiet grins. We knew what was going to happen. We sat and listened, quietly, strain-ing for poker faces as she talked...and tãikëd and TALKED, impreceptible rais-ing her voice to out-shout each recurring stanza. Finally, at the very end, she sat there, shouting at the top of her lungs and somewhat puzzled as to why we were dissolving in gales of unseemly mirth.

Sharman finished with using this machine so I transferred the stencil to it, hoping for the best. I'm not sure it's an improvement. The old U'wood has a big light over it, so you can more or less see what you're saying. Here, one must talk blind, as it were. Forgive us our press passes & All That, no?

My words creep into the bundle, thistime, speaking as an ex-fapan, though not entirely by intent and design. In late July, I had not only the need three but a goodly four stencils all cut and ready to run off. It was when I tried-to run them off that my decrepit old 120 Gestetner threw in the sponge and retired without 2 weeks' notice. It was not readily expedient to explore other routes at the time and I just said so be it and accepted it as the consequence of practicing brinksmanship one time too often.

As nearly as I can cipher out, Charles Edward Burbee has inherited my seat in Fapa, which is not entirely unfitting, since I in turn inherited it from F. Towner Laney, on an August long ago. I think it was 1953, or was it 1853? It would be humiliating to be replaced by a Willfried Myers, or an Earl Evers.

I don't know if that title is going to mean anything, but since June and I are fond of puns and share a love for various kinds of music, it seems appropriate enough.

According to the Invite from C. & C. Burbee, the theme of this oneshot is supposed to be "MUSIC". Suggested (if not suggestive) sub-topics for discussion included:

HOW MUSIC HAS AFFECTED YOUR LIFE. I could write a rather long sercon article on that subject - but one hesitates to become too sercon in a Burbee oneshot. I was born into a musical family - at least on my mother's side. My father died when I was a baby and I know very little about the musical tastes or talents on his side of the family. But my mother, and seemingly all of her family, could sing, play various instruments, and one of them--my great-uncle John, taught music, wrote tunes, and had a good lip on the cornet. Unfortunately he didn't blow jass but he was great on Sousa marches and hymns, being a very religious man.

I had the opportunity to learn almost any instrument you could name. Uncle John gave lessons on all of them. I did have about one lesson each on the guitar, mandolin and cornet. But I wasn't interested in practicing and my mother did not insist. ((Typist's note: Your mother was too busy supprting the family to have time left over for insisting on musical practice!)) So I never did learn to be one of the world's greatest musicians, a fact I shall regret until my dying day (or night, as the case may be). ((I doubt that.))

I have written a goodly number of song lyrics over the years, and, as some of you know, I am a frustrated vaudevillian. Had I been born about 10 years earlier...

Is "glitter rock" music? ((WHAT'S "glitter rock"???) Subjectively speaking, my answer would be mostly "no". Objectively speaking, it must be to those who enjoy listening to it. What's in a name, a rose by any other name, etc. Me, I'd rather listen to Tailgate Ramble ((yeah! yeah!)) or dance with my bride to the measures of "Alley Cat" or the beat of "Chattanooga Choo-Choo". Or sing-along with a group around a player piano grinding out "Bye, Bye Blackbird" or the one I ask for in piano bars, the good ole "butcher" song--you know, "Butcher arms around me, honey, hold me tight..."

Is Bach an old dead punk? Well, if he were alive today he would surely be old, but yes, he is dead, and no, a punk could not have composed the good stuff he did. I can dig all three of the Three B's, but I'm more partial to C for Chopin and--to come forward a few years - G for Gershwin. I'm also fond of Verdi, especially Rigoletto. One of the high points in my life as a music fan was hearing and seeing Leonard Warren sing and act that title role. He could do it standing on his head, and in one scene he is almost literally in that position when he's begging the courtiers to tell him what's happened to Gilda, his daughter.

Do you have certain records out for show and play your real loves secretly? The Moffatt House collection of records are NEVER out for "show". The ones in the house are more or less neatly kept in a cabinet or on shelves, and the ones in the garage are on a sturdy shelf (and covered with plastic). When we have company that's interested, we play records for their and our amusement, which could be anything from Dixieland to pop to semi-classical to Tom Lehrer, Allan Sherman, Rolf Harris or whoever. It would be nice to have all of our records in one room, easily available on shelves or racks, and all neatly catalogued, but no room, no room... so we make do as best we can. If you should see an album or so lying around on a table or on top of the bookcase holding the phonograph, it's probably because we've been playing some lately.



I have been in homes where record albums and books were obviously on display and found that the record had never been out of the album, or the books had never been eyetracked, and wondered what these people really do when they aren't putting on a show for their guests.

Did you ever screw to the rhythm of Ravel's "Bolero"? No, but it might be an interesting experiment, requiring perhaps more discipline than most of us are capable of. Of course, music and sex are closely related, but if I had never heard a note of music in my life I expect I would still have been a Dirty Old Man since I was 12 years & old.

That covers the questions or subjects mentioned in the Burbee Invite, and it is time to leave and actually drive over to the Burbees' and throw this--and Foo knows what else--into the oneshot session.

Maybe after a couple of beers I'll get funnier. Or more sercon.

I'll end this with the thought that yes, I've had my share of musical fun, and expect to continue thus as long as my tin ear holds out. I also dance ie clog.

- Len Moffatt  
October 19<sup>th</sup>, 1975

JUNE MOFFATT continues: So this oneshot session is about music? So what I want to know is: Is Burb's player piano in working order, and if so, why haven't we heard anything from it? One other thing I'd like to know: WHERINELL IS THE CORFLU? (Oh? There?)

The subject of "Music" is a wide-ranging one, embracing everything from cradle songs to funeral marches. Len has given you some idea of our musical tastes on page 1 of this ~~mess~~ oneshot. One of our favorite placeses (well, how would YOU pluralize "places"? or maybe I should have said "some of our favorite places" to imbibe music are piano bars.

There is--or was--a piano bar man name of Brandie Brandon, whom we met for an unforgettable evening of song about ten years ago up at the Talk of the Town in Pasadena. Brandie knew all the old songs that we know, and played with a good deal of joie de vivre, or so it seemed to us. The evening was also remarkable for the number of Brandy Alexanders that I consumed--drinks that tasted as innocent as a chocolate milkshake (if a good deal more interesting.). We've never seen Brandie again, though we did see his name on a marquee down somewhere in Costa Mesa several years later. I wonder--how does one track down a piano bar man?

Another of our favorites was George Aubry, a real fine honky-tonk player who held sway at the North Woods Inn in San Gabriel for many years. He left us for Dallas, we heard, but fortunately he had cut a couple of records before he absconded, and we have the one that includes his version of "Alley Cat"--our very most favorite version of it!

There is a gentleman up at the Great Scot in Arcadia--spent last Saturday night looking at his nameplate, and can't remember the name!--who looks a little bit like Rolf Harris and plays very well indeed. My older son, Bob, is one of the "regulars" around that piano bar, and guided us there. Unfortunately, the racetrack crowd was also there--there were three people sitting at the piano bar itself with racing forms, paper and pencils, obviously figuring out their bets for the next day's races! Ye gods.

## THEY MAKE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC TOGETHER: HE'S AN ORGAN AND SHE'S A FLUTE

And it's time for another fabulous (frabjous, in fanese) Charlie Burbee one-shot. And I'm Dave Locke. And the topic for this gala get-together is music.

It could be said of me, regarding this subject, that had I only one magnitude less taste in music, I could be a critic.

Like all people in their early thirties, I grew up in the fifties. Think about that. I could have waited and grown up in the sixties, but I was impatient.

Yes indeed, I grew up listening to ram-a-lam-a-ding-dong, blue-blue-blue-blue-moon-baugh-ba-baugh-ba-baugh, but-when-I-kissed-the-cop-down-on-thirty-fourth-and-Pine-he-broke-my-little-bottle-of-love-potion-number-nine, and other travesties which would make Charlie Burbee break wind in church or Ed Cox stick two Coors cans in his ears. Eventually I outgrew the habit of listening to most of the abominations that fell out of the fifties (from a horse trailer), and moved on to develop a taste in music that has baffled even the less discriminatory listeners.

My tastes in muzak cannot be categorized by any given field. If you layed end-to-end all of the records that I play regularly, you would not find any polarization toward a single field. Also you'd get a crick in your back from picking them up and giving them back to me, because nobody likes people diddling around with their records

My favorite singer is Olivia Newton John, and she was a favorite of mine long before a whole bunch of people with good taste decided to give her Grammys and make her a music superstar. But then, I predicted that would happen. Of course, I predicted that would happen with Frank Ifield, too, and how many of you out there have ever heard of Frank Ifield? He once sang something that sounded like "I Remember Yoo-who." Remember him now? Well, I don't care. He's still my favorite male vocalist, though for all I know he probably died ten years ago, or maybe he's clerking somewhere in Australia. I just don't hear the name anymore. But I've got his records. I remember yoo-who, Frank.

I like instrumentals, and I dig the Ventures all to hell and gone. Particularly their renditions of THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY; WALK, DON'T RUN; CLASSICAL GAS; and SLEEPWALK. And they lend a bit of liveliness to classical music which makes it palatable to me.

How many of you know: Crazy Otto, The Statler Brothers, Don Lee, Duane Eddy, and Sandy Nelson. Perhaps you're more familiar with names like Eddie Arnold, Ringo Starr, Connie Francis, Englebert Humperdink, and Roy Clark. I like them all. Fairly diverse, isn't it?

I recall saying to someone, at the office, that Olivia was my favorite singer. I also recall a snort of disgust, accompanied by

the throw-away remark that: "She always sounds like she's whispering in your ear." I thought about that for the barest second, and promptly came up with a reasonable come-back.

I said: "Yeaaaaaahhhhhh....."

## NAME THAT CARTOON!



"Ah, shit! Another big turnout for the Fapa egoboo poll." -Locke

Words cannot describe the depth of feeling with which I vocalized that response. But then, we all know where I'm at.

In case it isn't all that obvious to you, in keeping with the subject of music I have stencilled up a little ~~cartoon~~ cartoon feature, for which I am soliciting captions from the other illustrious participants of this noble one-shot. Naturally, as befits the owner of this stencil, I shall start things off with a caption of my very own making. As soon as I can think of one.

Maybe if Charlie gets me drunk enough to feel brave, I'll pick up a stylus and draw a couple cartoons of my own for captioning. Undoubtedly the first caption would be: "this is a shitty cartoon." No one gets any respect at a Fapa one-shot. No one who participates in one of these things deserves any, either.

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Dean Grennell is not a college man

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Getting back to music, the two most pleasant songs I've heard in recent years are HAVE YOU NEVER BEEN MELLOW and LET ME BE THERE, both by Olivia. The first is sung as though it were done by an English teacher addressing her class, and the latter is from the viewpoint of a suburban housewife who is addressing her jack-rabbit husband.

Well, I think that's enough about music. Hopefully Charlie isn't going to play swing-era music again. I'd rather listen to ram-a-lam-a-ding-dong.

MUSIC IN THE KITCHEN

BY

SOCORRO BURBEE

10-19-75

"Ay, ay, ay, ay," I sang. "Canta y no llores, porque cantando se alegran cielito lindo los corazones..."

("Ay, ay, ay, ay, sing, don't cry, because when you sing, beautiful sky, your heart is happy....")

I was five years old and my little girl voice trilled through our tiny house from the kitchen where I was singing while I was doing the dishes. Sometimes I soloed, but most of the time my mother sang along with me as we did the dishes together.

We learned in Number One of this series of one-shots that I was raised in a Mexican household in Southern California, in a Mexican district, a "barrio".

Later, I saw a Disney movie in which Snow White told those seven little men that they should whistle while they worked and things would go much better, they were doing dishes too. It took me until then to realize what fine psychology my mother had used on me.

I remember many other songs: La Traicionera (The Deceitful One), El Venadito (The Deer), El Laurel (The Laurel), the tango, Volver (To Return), La Mancornadora - I don't know the English translation for that one. Charlie calls me a phoney Mexican every time I can't translate some little thing.

Other songs I remember: A paso doble, El Beso, (The Kiss, the flamenco song, Maria de la O, and La Adelita, which are simply the names of girls, Maria and Adelle. The latter was a very popular song from the Revolution.

One of the first songs I ever learned was La Cucaracha (The Cockroach):

La cucaracha  
La cucaracha  
Ya no puede caminar  
Porque no tiene  
Porque le falta  
Marijuana que fumar.

(The cockroach, the cockroach  
Can't walk  
Because he doesn't have  
Because he lacks  
Marijuana to smoke)

That song, like so many Mexican songs, is interminable. Of course I know many many others, perhaps around a hundred or even more.

When Charlie and I go to the racetrack down in Mexico in Tijuana, after the races, we always go to a cafe called the Uruapan and eat carnitas. That is a Mexican dish done in Jalisco style, which means, cauldron fried pork with cilantro (coriander), onion, radishes, chile, beans and of course, tortillas. Charlie flips over it and the Mexican beer, Tres Equis (Three X's). He says when he retires he is going to live in Mexico and sit on his front porch every day, eating carnitas, drinking Tres Equis, and watching the beautiful Mexican girls walk by.

"If the Mexican women ever start wearing girdles, I'll never go back." he says.

In the cafe they have peddlers wandering among the tables selling everything, it seems, from toy guns that shoot a one-foot stream of sparks (Charlie bought one to give to a college professor friend of his) to plaster of paris busts of saints and bullfighters.

Also through the cafe there wanders a mariachi band. This is Mexican music, the pure quill. The line-up consists of several guitars, including a bass guitar called a "Gitaron", some fiddles, and some trumpets. They always have some fine singers, too. Charlie says it is a wonderfully balanced music, just when you're getting sick of the strings, the brass cuts in.

The first time we went there, I quietly started singing in Spanish, the song the mariachi band was playing. Charlie looked at me in surprize. He didn't say anything. But when I was singing the third or fourth number, he said, "My God, do you know all of those songs?"

"Nearly all." I didn't tell him about the dishwashing sequence then. In fact, when he reads this article (if he ever gets to it after reading his own stuff forty times and laughing himself crazy) he will learn about it for the first time.

Well, I still occasionally wash dishes and sing or hum melodies. But times have changed a lot. Now I have a machine that does the dishes for me, and a machine that sings for me in the livingroom. I also have a television set that laughs for me, through the medium of that odd appurtenance of the comedy show, the laugh track. The TV folks don't think their viewers know what is funny, so they put in the laugh track to guide the poor enfeebled American sense of humor.

I hum music now that I didn't even know existed when I was five, or even six.

The other day, for example, while I was washing up a few dishes by hand --I really don't use the dishwasher often-- I found myself humming the first movement of Concerto in C for Two Trumpets by Antonio Vivaldi.

That, of course, is due to the influence of Charlie Burbee. He is constantly buying such music, whether it is in second hand stores or new record shops.

The other Saturday, in a second-hand store in Anaheim, he said to me, as he went toward the stacks of lp's, "I'd sure like to find some Italian baroque trumpet concertos today." It seemed but a moment later when he came back and held up a record for me to see. In letters one inch high, it said - ITALIAN BAROQUE TRUMPET CONCERTI.

Right now he is hot for baroque music, and I am also enjoying his new records almost as much as he is.

As a matter of fact, those baroque trumpet concertos sound very much like mariachi music. Perhaps this is why I liked them right off the bat.

Charlie is educating me in music, at least along new lines, lines I had never explored before. If it hadn't been for him, I'd probably never have known of Vivaldi and his sparkling concertos.

Charlie is an oldtime classical buff. Why he has old records he bought in the 1930's and still plays. They are 78 rpm records and are awfully scratchy. How he can listen to them and enjoy them is beyond me. I find the surface noise intolerable. When I told him this, he seemed surprized.

"Why, you just blank out the scratch and listen to the music. I've done that since I was a kid."

I tried to do that, but I couldn't. So, out of deference to me, he plays his 78's when I'm not around.

Another kind of stuff he plays when I'm not around is Bach organ music because while I like Bach, I hate organ music, at least I dislike it enough that I don't want to hear more than one or two pieces. My favorite Bach piece is the Third Brandenburg Concerto.

Not long ago, he bought four or five lp's of organ music and played them while I was gone.

When I returned, he said: "You know, I played three solid hours of organ music, and now my ears feel like little organs."

I have a lot of respect for his knowledge of music, but the other day my faith in him ebbed a bit when he came to me and said.

"Cora, what does 'baroque' mean??"

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The other day I stopped in at the shop where I had bought my sound system. I wanted to upgrade my speakers. I had just won \$224 shooting craps in Vegas and this was a good way to spend some of the money.

I told the clerk what I wanted and he got a system going and showed me the switches that would cut in various speakers for comparison. I had brought along a SWITCHED-ON BACH record which seemed to me to be a good test of bass and treble and mid-range. As the Third Brandenburg Concerto thundered forth, I said to the clerk: "That's short-hair music."

---Charles Burbee

## MUSIC IN OUR TIME

a thematic reflection concerning

the theme of this here one-shot

by

Ed Cox

As far back as I can remember (accurately: til last week), it seems as if music has been a part of my life. Having succumbed to the addiction of scientific fiction fandom, it was pleasing to find that many other hopeless ones also had appreciation for various types of music. It helped ease the pain. (The pain stems from the frustrated Collector facet of being a fan, for me.)

At any how, my earliest recollection of fan appreciation of music has to have been in FAPA. Surely everybody remembers the early articles/discussions, commentary or what have you, by Harry Warner in HORIZONS from as back as the beginning of Fandom, probably. Then there was some sort of an artifice/prose poem by a Boston area fan in an early issue of SPARX, also run thru FAPA.

See how lazy I am? In serried ranks throughout this den are all of those old mailings and fanzines but I'd have to get up from this desk to go look for them. Suffice it to say, the above references are to late forties zines.

During this time I made no secret of my love for jazz, especially modern jazz by Stan Kenton. I had, around this time, been a member of a dance-band and were no stranger to what is now known as "swing era" music. We played it in the era. But it was during my time in the army (1951-53) that my Kenton appreciation saw print somewhere in a fanzine or a prozine letter-column, which attracted the attention of (the late) Lee Jacobs. As soon as I arrived on the West Coast in spring of 1954, we got in contact.

The ensuing friendship is well-chronicled in FAPA, and especially in SAPS, mailings of the era. Suffice it to say, we spent a great deal of time in jazz joints, wrote a lot about it in our apa-zines of the time.

It was during this period that we tape-responded with the then Toronto Insurgents, Boyd Raeburn being the only survivor in FAPA (oops, is P. Howard Lyons still amongst us? The mailing is across the room on a table...). This brought out a lot more interest in the various types of music we all liked. The tapes often had favorites, or novelty, items included for the edification, amusement and/or appreciation by the various people on the tape.

It was also around this time that a lot of the local fans displayed a noticeable preference for earlier jazz, "old fig", or the traditional Dixieland. There were jazz jam sessions at Elmer Perdue's, Charles Durbee's, Phil Bronson's, Cy Condra's homes, among others. Also familiar faces from the fan world showed up at Sunday meetings of the SoCal Hot Jazz Society. It was also around this time of the mid-fifties that the fans who loved classical music were in our midst. Including me. And Burbee. It was at the home of Don and Mary Wilson, one evening, that Burb and I carefully walked across the living room floor, hip-deep in young, nubily rounded UCLA type maidens (or, girls, anyway) raptly listening to a record of classical music the Wilsons were playing. Burb and I raptly looked carefully where we were walking and Cleavage Fandom was born officially right then and there.

As

one can readily imagine, there are all sorts of attributes to music appreciation.

It was somewhere around this time, or a bit later, that the rock music was well under way. Boyd Raeburn and Lee Jacobs were especially taken with this facet of musical creativity. In fact, it was, in fact, in 1965 at the height of the then manifestation of rock-'n-roll, or whatever the hucksters were calling it, that Lee Jacobs and I found ourselves responsible for providing a music tape for the sort of disco dance at the Westercon in Long Beach that year.

Boyd Raeburn sent a tape full of exotic goodies from which we borrowed heavily. Most of the fans at the "ball" didn't care for most of the selections but I remember Ted White and some other east coast fans, among others, digging it muchly. We felt it was all worthwhile after all.

Needless to say, with the influx of huge numbers of new, young fans in late years, a rock group became part of the convention scene for a time. It was the huge-wattage type group which effectively blocked out any conversation that might have taken place by non-dancers in the room. I especially remember the convention at the Miramar in Santa Monica a few years ago. A nicely blooming conversation on, of all the unlikely things, science-fiction, was completely drowned out by the rock group that started up to provide background music or something. Maybe even dancing. Most everybody left the room.

Since then, rock hasn't been an integral part of conventions that I've known. But then, I don't go to many any more. Over 500 hundred and it's not so much of a convention as originally intended (and enjoyed) but another mob-scene like Disneyland or some other amusement park.

In recent times, music has remained a bond among some of us older LArea fans. FAPANS and PETARDS, a number of us have found common interest in the SoCal Hot Jazz Society and similar groups. Gus Willmorth has been active in that area right along and has even started showing up at FAPA one-shots. Of course, being active in that group appeals somehow to an old fan like Gus. He runs their fanzine...

In the realm of the Lockes and Burbees and Jones and Fitch (did I leave out anybody?), the San Gaboo Valley area, there is this keen radio station I believe I've mentioned before somewhere. KGRB, West Covina, am. They play strictly swing era music (altho it ranges as far back as a 1932 Bing Crosby to late 50s modern jazz sometimes). It was in the den of Dave Locke during a one-shot for STOBCLER, that Dean Grennell and I sat digging this great jazz stuff, he recording it into his cassette recorder.

Dave Locke, of course, listens mainly to Geroge Carlin. We intend to introduce him to Music some day...

Speaking of Daves, reminds me of the Hulan. And another facet of music. Spike Jones. Well, that wasn't what I intended to mention there, but he is a SJ fan, as am I. But I was thinking of the definite Gilbert & Sullivan following among fans. Especially like Dave Hulan, Bruce Pelz, and so on.

Ah, yes, music is very much a part of the fannish life. Or any life, if you are alive at all...

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This has been a segment of a real Genuine Burbee type one-shot for FAPA, written, stenciled (both at the same time) and run off in an edition of 125 copies before the actual one-shot session in the truly Classical Burbee one-shot manner. There will be, no doubt, more on music/fans in the round-robin editorial in which I'll consider some of the questions...such as "Did you ever screw to the rhythm of Revel's 'Bolero'?"

---Ed Cox