

# THE BEST LINES ARE WINGED

This blank space, and this whole fanzine, is dedicated to Ed Cox, who right this moment is gainfully employed as a camel rustler in Saudi Arabia, which is as good an excuse as any to miss a FAPA oneshot.



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THE BEST LINES ARE WINGED, number six in a series of fabulous genuine FAPA oneshots, is produced at the household of Charles and Socorro Burbee, 12723 S. Gabbett Drive, La Mirada, CA 90638. It is written by everyone who bothers to put hiser name on the material being cranked out (plus, no doubt, a few anonymous bodies), and the cranker is Dave Locke who is in temporary possession of EdCo's Gestetner. You, whoever you are, are the crankee. Charlie is the crank. And so we end another superlative colophon. As soon as we tell you that this is for the August 1976 FAPA mailing. There, now we've told you. Though you had no burning desire, we felt you had a need to know.

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Dave Locke here, though actually I've never left. Unfortunately I've had no time during the current phase of the moon for such frivolities as fanac. Thus we must dispense with the usual Locke article, and break tradition. Isn't that the shits? EdCo and I became gainfully employed at about the same time, though in our rush to find a source of paychecks I managed to stop just short of U.S. territorial waters. EdCo didn't apply the breaks until Saudi Arabia. Saudi Arabia. A place where there are no available women. Ain't that the shits? The mere thought of my spending 18 months on a job in Saudi Arabia makes my ass want to take a dip of snuff.

As it is, my ass is quite busy now during the first half of each month. During the last half of the month, it is true that there is little to do except drink coffee and make sure that your chair doesn't catch on fire. Sorry to say, this fanzine is being produced in the first half of the month, at a time when many things are vying for my leisure hours. I have squeezed in this stencil between drinks and tennis matches. It, and a whole mess like it, will now be run through FAPA. Like a dose of salts.

Breaker one-five-six, come on back? You got the ole Tailgunner here, requesting a radio check. KDG-92629/temporary. Which is to say that the Snarling Canary has been fitted (rather loosely) with a CB radio rig and my routine syntax may never again be quite the same.

CB radio types employ the ten-code, which is not a point in their favor, imho. I have an eidetic memory (I used to know what that means, but I've forgotten), but it does not extend to the ten-code, more's the pity. Back around '64 or so, when I used to push patrol units for the German-town (Wisconsin) PD, trying to keep track of the furschlugginer ten-code was one of the great banes of my existence. And the ten-code was much sparser in those days. I seem to recall that it petered out around 10-40 or so. Now -- good grief -- it goes well into the 10-90s and, to make the whole schmiz most obscenely unfair, they've even changed some of the smaller numbers that I did manage to more or less commit to memory.

Take "10-25," for an instance. It used to mean "disregard," or never mind or forget it, friendly. Now, it seems to mean "get in touch with," as in, "Did you 10-25 Lt. Frommish on that 3rd degree mopery rap?" Only they wouldnt say 3rd degree mopery, of course. I think 10-175 is the code for 3rd degree mopery.

10-12 still is listed as "visitors or officials present," which by no means carries the full contextual flavor of the abbreviation as it is employed and it's employed fairly often. The real meaning is more like, "Unfriendly ears are monitoring the transmission from this end, so watch what you say, for the love of pete!"

10-9 means repeat that last transmission and that's sufficiently handy, given ears like mine, so that I have it firmly in memory's tenacious clutch. Only, more usually, I prefer "say-again' in place of 10-9.

I have cultivated the fine fannish art of spewing forth the mandatory identifying call-letters in a sort of breathless gibberish (Looky there, it's a big Gibber, speaking Gibberish!" --Pogo, c. 1952), hopefully defying interpretation, but more or less complying with the letter of the law, if not the spirit of same.

Down where I make my lairish bailiwick, channel 12 is where most of the local action takes place. There is a CB club, known as the S.V. Jaws, (S.V. is for Saddleback Valley) and Tailgunner is on their roster as member #286. I toyed with and discarded The Snarling Canary, grounds being that it was unique (probably) but a word such as snarling does not emerge very identifiably through the scrangle of the 23 channels. For various reasons, I did not settle upon Barely-Managing Editor, either. I have the option of switching to that, if I wish, natch.

One of the locals goes by the name of Lady Plumber. No, she doesn't thread lengths of pipe for a living, but it's fitting enough for all that. What she is, in the real world, is a lab technician for a urologist. Another member uses Super-Trooper as a handle. His real world job? He pushes a California Highway Patrol cruiser; and packs along his CB rig. Innocent souls ask him if he's seen any Smokies and he replies (in all honest candor) that he's not seen a one, so they say "gonna put the hammer down"and he says "I'll watch your back door," which he proceeds to do.

Well, it's a whole new fandom out there, that's wot it is, and sort of fun. I've beeb rapping with Elephant about it this afternoon. You know him as Bruce Pelz and me as yours ever so humble & truly, Dean A. Grennell,

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CIGAR ROACH FOR PRESIDENT #59 By Mike Glycer 14974 Osceola St  
Sylmar CA 91342 : For the 247th Mailing of FAPA  
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Let's see. Dave Locke has just reminded me that this is the quarterly mailing again, so I have to remember that I'm addressing people not just in the vicinity, but all the quarterly members of FAPA too who aren't aware that while they were doing their annual 8 pages, this apa went weekly.

You'd be surprised -- sure, you say to yourself that it's rough to cut the stencils and slog over to crank the machine just on an annual basis. But that's just psychological. If you start to get into an apa that's more frequent -- and, of course, where some of the members actually do mailing comments -- you don't even notice that you're back doing regular fanac at a much higher rate than before. That's why you'll find so many former quarterly FAPAns back in the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (Weekly).

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2. Mailing Comments on FAPAW 246  
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HARRY WARNER, JR: I'm not quite sure I agree with the assertion you made to Willis on page 22 of your last week's FAPAWzine, because even though the price of chicken necks has dropped slightly in the past year, I doubt that the price trend will ever bring them low enough to be practical for use as mailing tubes.

.....Dave Locke just read this stencil down to here, and didn't crack a smile all the way through. Looks like a good time to take this stencil and shove it into a chicken neck and mail it to Glicksohn....Goddamit, I came here to collate FAPA, and these legendary fanwriters left the typewriter unlocked, plied me with rice and beans, and now \*sigh\* see how I've become an embarassment to my friends and community!

Dave Locke here, thinking that perhaps it is not the best use of natural resources to shove this stencil into a chicken neck. I just suggested that we shove it where it would give Mike's proctologist a real challenge. Mike didn't think that was funny, either. Mike shouldn't give out straight lines, though. He should listen to his proctologist, who tells him that he should always cover his ass.

Enough of this frivolity. ((In the immortal words of Stven Carlberg: "Quak quak!" That'll teach you to try and one-up me, Locke! --Now if I could just sit down and think it over....))

If Stven ever reads that last paragraph, all but the first sentence was writ by Mike Glycer. I say this (me being Locke), to protect my reputation. Everyone knows I am not that erudite in my wordsmithing. Not everyone knows that Glycer isn't, though. He doesn't know, for one. ((If not a good word, it is the last))

THE BURBEE-wings-it-department, as follows:

Hello out there, you all, this is Burbee winging it. Or ad libbing.

This is our first experiment with a two-fold objective. That doesn't sound right. We are trying to produce, in one afternoon, a one-shot fanzine and the FAPA mailing. To do this, we appointed Dave Locke, local publishing Jint, as Editor-in-Chief of the one-shot and gave him a typewriter, a Gestetner, his own dancing girls and two square feet of space to operate in. Then we appointed me to do the FA and try to square away the FAPA assembly sequence. Frankly, though, I am terrified at the sight of those magazines stacked there, especially the ones that are stapled in the upper left-hand corner only. I have the little old FAPA assembler himself here, Bruce Pelz by name, who was given the task of getting this mailing out. That is, I gave him the task. You know what he said to me?

And so it appears I will have to supervise the getting-out of this mailing. I can't even plead drunkenness because that sly old critter--you ought to see him crit some time--Dean Grennell, has drunk up all the Coors beer on the premises. When it comes to Coors, ole Dean loses control of all his psych, I mean, physiological, processes. Anyway, I think he does. You want to hear the rest of this story? I don't.

They told me it was in bad taste to comment on a magazine in the same mailing that the magazine appeared in. You know, in the old days, F Towner Laney complained to me that I was doing it. So I am going to do it again and who will stand in for Laney? In that sub-standardly reproduced Synapse, Jack Spper asked who were E and JD Burbee. Answer: They are my two sons.

Change of subject. As all of you knew before this, I gave out some Faaan Awards at the recent Westercon. I practiced up on my gags ahead of time this Con, instead of winging it, mostly, the way I did in Goleta two years ago. Most of my gags fell flat, except that Dave Locke, bless him, laughed some of the time. Come to think of it, so did Gregg Calkins, Fan Guest of Honor, but maybe he was just nervous.

Darn it, that young lady, Leonore Cannon, came to this thing and brought her fine article. After I read it I said to myself "shit", why did she do that? She is raising the standards of this magazine. How am I going to rise to that standard? She kind of reminds me of Shakespeare's women--they are, in spite of the Elizabethan attitude toward women, mostly equal and often superior to the men.

I tell you, men, if we ever give women the vote, first thing you know they'll have us flying to the moon and other stupid stuff.

I also tell you now that if Laney were alive he would protest vehemently this business of flying to the moon. After all, one of his prime pleasures was fucking on a big freshly-dug and filled-in grave, in the moonlight. And if you're going to screw up the moonlight with capsules and satellites, there goes half the fun.

Spaceflight and sex don't mix, men.

## THE BEST LINES ARE ON THE WING

by Leonore Cannon

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It was just a year ago that I wrote an article in this very high class magazine about attending my first Westercon.

The convention was held at the Knickerbocker Hotel in 1957 and I was dressed as if for an afternoon tea at a top sorority house to be hopefully accepted as a pledge. This outfit naturally included hat and little white gloves. Of course no sensible con member would be caught dead conversing with anyone so establishment and so I spent four interesting albeit lonely days at the hotel.

The lonely years arrived and departed and I still met no one from this fascinating world of science fiction. I was slowly becoming more conventional each year. Even the Republican party was too far out for me.

Suddenly it was 1971. Oh! I shall never forget that February of 1971. I was at a classical rag time meeting when there appeared, like a vision, two of the most God-like men I have ever seen. These wondrous beings sat near me and I heard one say to the other that immortal line, "Gad but I want a Coors." The resonant voice winged its way into my heart. I timorously raised my eyes and smiled at them. They introduced themselves. Even their names were a symphony. Charles Burbee -- Elmer Perdue. And then the Ultima Thule. They were science fiction fans. At long last i was conversing on a personal level with people like me only on a higher plane. My cup was runnething over. They told me about the Second Saturdays and the Jazz Clubs and LASFS. The metamorphosis had begun.

For the next five years my admiration and esteem, dare I say love? grew for these sainted men, and they in return initiated me into the secret rites of the world of fandom and some of their own secret rites as well. Not so slowly my built-in inhibitions were stripped from me and I emerged from my chrysalis a perfect science fiction fan.

Now I can attend conventions and be just like any other fan. I'm a liberal, I drink Coors and I speak in the vernacular like St. Burbee. No one would ever know that at one time I was Miss Prissy Snob.

I owe my whole new way of life to these sainted beings.

Charles Burbee.

Elmer Perdue.

I salute you.

Ah yes. Glycer here, and Locke has handed me another stencil, not unlike handing me my sword so that I might fall upon it.

Don't look now but a non-Fapan sneaked in here, William Rotsler by name, who is writing on the manual with approximately the speed and skill of an Archie (oops) archie, throwing himself headfirst down upon the keys. Electric typers have seduced me thoroly (as have shortened ways of spelling, but when you are hurtling headfirst, why not?) Not only electric typers but the Selectric II with the nifty correction mode, which alters your syntax, makes you sit up straight, and puts i before e except after dinner. Actually, he wrote, searching around for a suitable subject in an organization where he no longer knows the current catch-phrases, I have devised a new typing position.

I started having headaches and neckaches after a day of writing my deathless prose. Even went to a dr. to sent me to a therapist. She stretched my neck every day & gave me a massage (No, not that kind!). She said lots of typists have the same trouble, as the head is tipped down, carrying all the weight on the neck muscles, etc. So here's my new position: it's the typer that moves not me. I built a stand for it, raising it up in front & back, but higher in back, so that the keyboard is higher, but more importantly the paper & keys are easier to see. Much more comfortable. Try it. But a couple of old Silverberg novel under the front (no charge for the plug, Bob) and a Yellow Pages in back, then salt to taste.

I just realized, doing that drawing that it is a fake. I type with only one finger. 3 million words--15 million hits on the end of one li'l fingertip...!

Now to finish with a DAGish line: "Polish terrorists send postcard bombs."



...and then bronzed Captain Burbee took the half-naked form of the Princess of Fapa into his...

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FAPA--where old fans go to cryogenize.

...Blato

Don Fitch here, now, wondering if it is really Illegal (or even Immoral) to refer to something else included in this very Mailing. Harry Warner, Jr. Himself mentions that these Burbee Oneshots are Superior because they have a Unifying Theme. With the call of "Next!", I came in and read through the previously-typed stencils, in order to be able to adhere to this quarter's Theme. Now, Charles Burbee is well-known to be a Genius, but damned if I can figure out how even He can extract anything even vaguely resembling a Unifying Theme out of this material -- and there must be at least six more people around who haven't yet written anything. "Down to line 58" Dave Lock says, to which I must plaintively reply, "Can't I stop at line 57?"

DRAGON FLIGHT  
OR  
The Best is on the Wing

There was this young dragon, a very moral and religious chap, a Catholic by persuasion, who had, during a fit of passion, committed an immoral sexual act. This sin weighed upon his conscience, causing a loss of appetite and much mental turmoil. Eventually, he turned to his religion for surcease and taking wing from his eyrie in the crags he flew to the cathedral and sought audience with the dragon priest.

"Father," he said, "Save me, for I have sinned."

"Assuredly, my son. And, in what way have you erred?"

"Father, the other night when the twin moons were spinning beautifully in the sky, casting a ghostly light over the peaks and valleys, I flew beneath them, cavorting rapturously in their shimmering light. I spied another young dragon sporting in the misty sky, a most graceful and delightful lizard, and carried away by the moonlight and the glamour of the moment, I committed an immoral sexual act."

"Ah, well, well..youth, youth," said the priest. "Just what was it you did, my son?" said the priestly dragon.

"Father, I committed an act of sodomy," said the young dragon.

"Sodomy! Sodomy!" cried the priest. "By the Holy Father and Son, surely a mortal sin. We cannot tolerate such behavior in the Catholic cathedral. You...you're excommunicated! Excommunicated! Get out, and don't fly amid our lofty spires again. Out, you miserable, loathsome dragon!"

Well, the young dragon was absolutely shattered by this proclamation. He winged his way back to his aerie, sad and downcast. He felt terrible and contemplated suicide. Excommunicated! Cast out. Rejected by all that he held most sacred. It was a terrible blow, coming on top of the burning guilt he already felt. What was he to do? To end it all was the answer, but that too was a mortal sin, compounding his error and surely committing his soul to the burning fires of hell. From the depths of his despair he remembered the Protestant church that nestled in the valley below. Perhaps they would be willing to intercede for him. No sooner thought than undertaken and he glided down the lonely crags and glistening glaciers to the forest and meadows of the valley to the towering arches of the church and gained audience with the minister.

"Sir," said the young dragon. "Grant me absolution, for I have sinned." I turn to you

Now the piety of the young dragon was legend in the neigh-

borhood and his excommunication was the talk of the ecclesiastic community. The preacher was much intregued by the situati on, overjoyed at the opportunity to save a soul that his Ctholic colleague had relegated to the depths and very curmious concern- ing a sin that was too dreadful to be forgiven.

"I'm sure that we will be able to help you," he told the young dragon. "You will find that our Church is more forgiving than that hard-line Ctholic set. In fact, that is one of the reasons werleft the spires and came down here into the valley. To catch the cast out souls before their complete destruction. Tell me, my son, in what have you sinned?"

"Sir, I have committed and immoral sexual act and seek for- giveness." Indeed, I have committed an act of sodomy."

"Sodomy!" cried the minister. "My God, we can't abhdwneushch behavior in our church. The parishioners and God would never forgive us. Out! Get out of our church and never return. You are cursed, doomed. Get out!"

If the young dragon had been downcast before, this was the final blow. Utterly depressed, he beat his way out of the valley on heavy wings, determined this time to fly directly into the sun and destroy himself. Only the thought of burning forever caused him to cast about for a way out. As he rose slowly from the depth he glimpsed the thick walls and deep caverns of the Jawash temple perched on the walls of the gorge. It was completely out of the scope of his beliefs, yet these people too had the ear of the gods. As a very last change, he decided to stop and talk to the Rhabbi. Perhaps he would be willing to help him. He sailed in- to the temple and sought audience with the holy man.

"Holy Rhabbi, help me for I have sinned and all godly people reject me. I have been excommunicated by the Ctholic religion and cast out by the Protestants. My heart is heavy; my mind is distraught. Is there no absolution, no forgiveness in the world for a lost soul?"

"Excommunicated, eh? Cast out, eh? Vell, vot did you do that's too bad to stand by them schmucks, eh?"

"Sir, I committed an immoral sexual act. In the moonlight the other night, filled with the ecstacy of flight and the joy of the upper atmosphere, I committed an act of sodomy."

"Eh, sodomy! Vell, Vell..." The Rhabbi paced back and forth. He stroked his little gray beard. "Excommunicated, eh? Cast out, hmmm? Sodomy...my, my." Finally, the Rhabbi stopped his solemn pacing and faced the young dragon with a monumntal shrug.

"Vell...Velll...Them Goyem...Vot do they know about fancy flying!"

Taken from an old folk story...

## THE FETISH OF WORDS AND ALL THAT

Not everyone uses the same words. Imagine how monotonous it would be if they did. And of course, the way words are used are bound to be dependent on the psychological makeup of each, for we all have distinctive hangups and wordpatterns we use and avoid. The old mimeo kept in the corner but not used may be there to meet a fetish need, or the first hecto pad retired early in your fannish career. We have wordfetishes too—things we cling to for reasons a psychiatrist might frown over, because it is their job to frown or at least do something to indicate it's not the best thing to do.

The use of some terms in fandom are fetish-oriented. Look at the way some people (pros as well as fans) accept certain terms for "science fiction" and not others. Some feel the term science fiction is old hat; another term is more "respectable." Of course my use of the older term isn't suspect; after all, I may object to "imaginative fiction" or Sci-Fi on the grounds the old one is a settled pattern, but I'm not using words as a fetish. My use is purely utilitarian. Sure.

But when others overlove a word, my sense of Justice is engaged. (I like SF because it makes finding a certain type of stuff I like at times.)

Thet times I've found words fascinating have been many, I admit. The times I've noted the use of a title that seemed to be overused and probably overloved is, of course, when others use it. Words are one step away from enslaving, though, when clutched too tightly, like a blanket for a kid needing it for comfort, or a bottle for a—

Ah, my train of thought has been broken. Thank goodness. The Hostess needs the typewriter for a RR—a round robin using, of course, words of power and merit. Like the rice and bean diced with meat and with sauce and onions for those wanting them...An item which should be worthy of some sort of fetish-thoughts.

Bumperstickerstuffending.

Socorro Burbee here: The best lines are winged - that is a magnificent title when one stops to consider that a One-Shot, traditionally, is winged. Everyone seems to be having a grand time. Red beans and rice, New Orleans style is the fare. There is plenty to eat and drink, altogether, an enjoyable afternoon. Vote for the Burbees for O. E.

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Perdue at this end. He had at this moment in time planned to abbiybce (wgat tge gekk's ) what the hehl were those preceding words?) planned to announce his candidacy for official editor. But Socorro Burbee talked him out of it. They have just told me to stop at 58. This line is number 54. Anyway, it seems that a positive action is needed, such as writing to Bill Evans. Hell, Perdue hasn't written to anyone, including his own mother, since 1955 or so. So hereby Perdue announces that he is not running for official editor, even though all that it means is do nothing at someone else's home, drink beer and wathh others work.