



DISTURBING ELEMENT

Or the BEDSIDE BURBEE is published for FAPA by William Rotsler, Camarillo, Calif. This issue, the first, is dedicated to the virus and/or germ that struck Burbee low. Yes, the virile Charles Edward Burbee II was fouled by the fickle digit of fate and taken abed. There is no truth to the rumor that the copy of Amazing in the house at time had anything to do with it. Volume I, Number 1

AL ASHLEY: MAN OR MYTH ?

As I approached the Burbee manse the somber mood of mourning overcame me. Once admitted the soft padding of trained nurses and the hushed tones of waiting attendants heightened this mood. Doors opened, whispered snatches of low conversations and I was admitted to the vaulted dome of the Burbee bedroom.

"Doctor Yenal, Mister Rotsler, Doctor Ardnoc, Mister Rotsler."

"Gentlemen. Is he...?"

"No, but he's sinking fast. Someone mentioned Ashley and his fingers started to twitch."

"Will he...?"

"Has me baffled. Dr. Ardnoc here, thinks he'll last the night but not if another SHANGRI-LA is brought in."

"Have you tried everything, gentlemen? Fandom cannot lose him!"

"Yes, mimeo ink transfusions, shredded crud sheets in his cereal, correction fluid in his coffee - alas!"

"Quiet," whispered Dr. Ardnoc. "He's mumbling something!"

"Burbee is a big name fan, big name fan, big name fan, big name fan, da, da, dah, da dah, da, dah!"

"Singing!" said Ardnoc, "He's delirious!"

"Fandom is a way of life, where every boy is like a wife!" Burbee suddenly slumped down in the bedclothes.

"Quick," cried Dr. Yenal, "wave a Shangri-L'Affaires under his nose!"

"...get the mailing out on time...!"

"Too late, he's gone!"

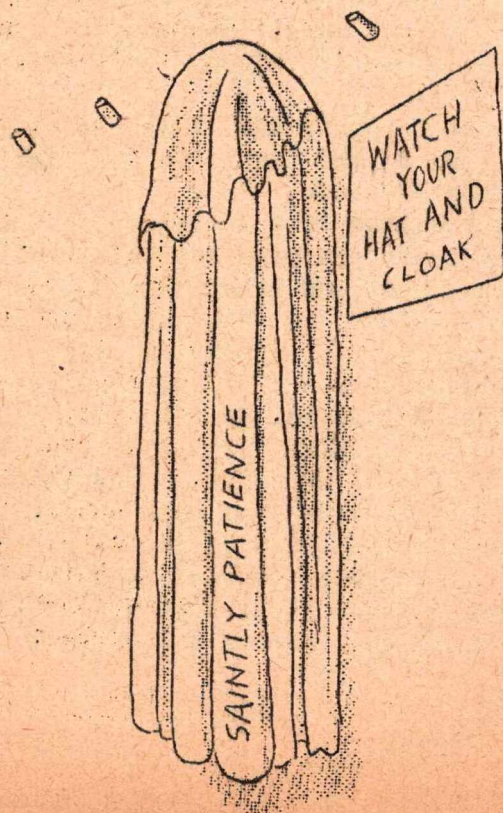
Burbee was no more. 'Now he belongs to the ages'. Sobbing, I stumbled to the door and disappeared into the night.

FILLER



Charles Burbee, the same Charles Burbee that is the author of "The Ethics of Prodding" and "Fandom IS a way of life," borrowed Cy Condra's wire recorder and for about a week had a great time reading Albert & Pogo stories, recording the fine conversations of Rotsler & Burbee and, best of all, Burbee thot, listening to the Burbee voice.

FAPA - where old fans go to die-Sneary.



PARTING SHOT *Cyrus B. Condra*

To those who may feel concern regarding Burbee's demise, the terrific output of crud from the Burbee typer is in no danger of dwindling. Two days after he died, while Rotsler and I were quarreling over the division of his personal effects, there was a creaking of the door and in walked the late Mr. Burbee. He took his typer from Rotsler's unwilling hands.

"Sorry, darling, I need this."

Rotsler protested. "What for? You died! You're dead as a copy of the new Shangri-La."

"Yes," said Burbee. "That's what they say. I love it! I love it!" he shouted. "Now I can do my publishing on the graveyard shift!" Then he went away again....

I understand that his last resting place is the only graveyard in the world with a box for outgoing mail.

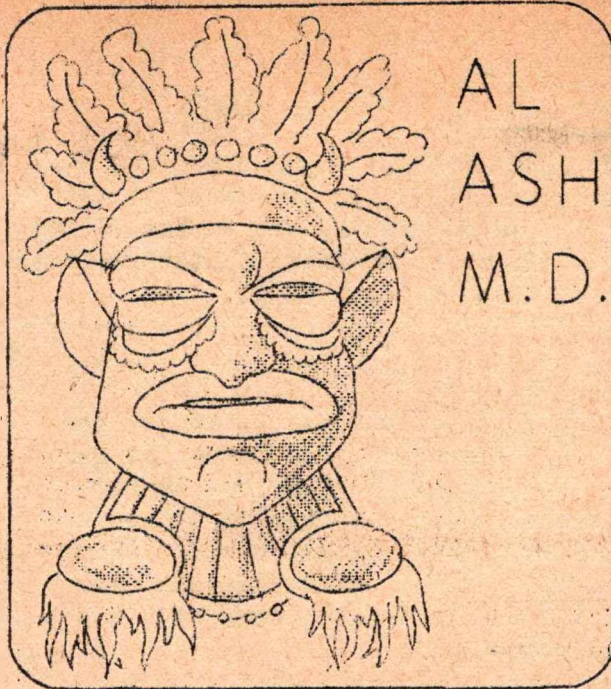
AN EDITORIAL ON THE MINIATURE MAILING

By now you've found this fanzine sandwiched between Laney's & Ashley's (whisper that name!) one-shots and before Burbee's which isn't written yet.

I was going to run this on legal size paper and call it the fanzine with the New Look.

Your editor was sitting at the Burbee typer pounding out this brutish fanzine when none other than Cyrus B. Condra, author of "Al Ashley and the Christian Slave," appearing in the next issue of M A S S U E, the gaudy fanzine, walked in. Cy, that is.

Burbee, looking with glee over the proofs of this monoshot, found that it did not mention his name emuff, the DISTURBING ELEMENT is dedicated to him. So - Burbee, Charles E. Burbee II Burgee, Burbee, Burb, Burbee, Burbee, Burbee, Burbee, Burbee and Burbee!



AL
ASHLEY,
M.D.

CYRUS B. CONDRA AN APPRECIATION CHARLES BURBEE

It is about time you FAPANS learned a little something about Condra, or Cyrus B Condra, as he is known to the trade. After all, he is a member of FAPA and I think it only just and fair that we know all there is to know about this man. Yes, he is a man---"Four Square!" he shouts, when asked.

This, then, will be about Cyrus B. Condra, Man Four Square.

He is a hyper writer. He is a man of fine sensibilities, with a rare wit and a generous hand. He is far faster in his reactions than anybody you've ever known. He is smarter, better looking, more thrifty, more generous, than anybody you've ever seen.

That's about all I can say about Condra. These notes he wrote for me aren't very legible and I can't read the rest.

