

OLÉ

CLAVELA!







OLE CHAVELA!

egoboo for isabel

by the south pioneer beermoochers  
and freeloaders society

published 1960 by the FanHill Press

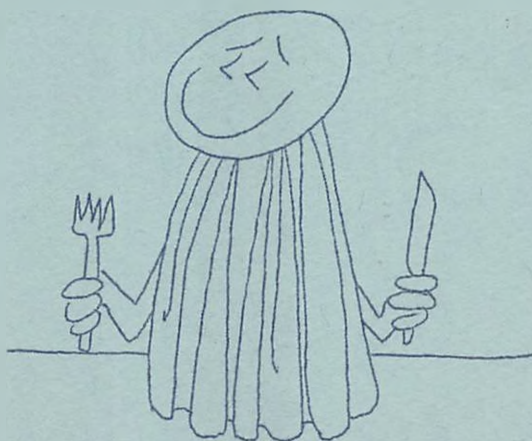
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This magazine was published in a limited edition  
of 150 copies, of which this is number:

34

and is the personal copy of:

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Salud y pesetas y tiempo para gastardas.

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HELLO, ISABEL BURBEE!

We've got a fanzine for you!

You've been hiding behind Charles Burbee long enough, Isabel; we're exposing you for all fandom to see!

Actually, even though it's full of unabashed egoboo for Isabel, this fanzine is also a public service to hungry fans everywhere.

Those recipes we collected from you are here; most of them just the way you told them to Bjo. So all of fandom will benefit from this project.

But the real reason for publishing all these words and illos is to spotlight you and your hospitality, generosity, and personal warmth.

So, with immeasurable help from some people who have been charter members of the South Pioneer Beer-Mooching and Freeloaders Society, and some others who have only just met you; we present this fanzine.

From your fans.

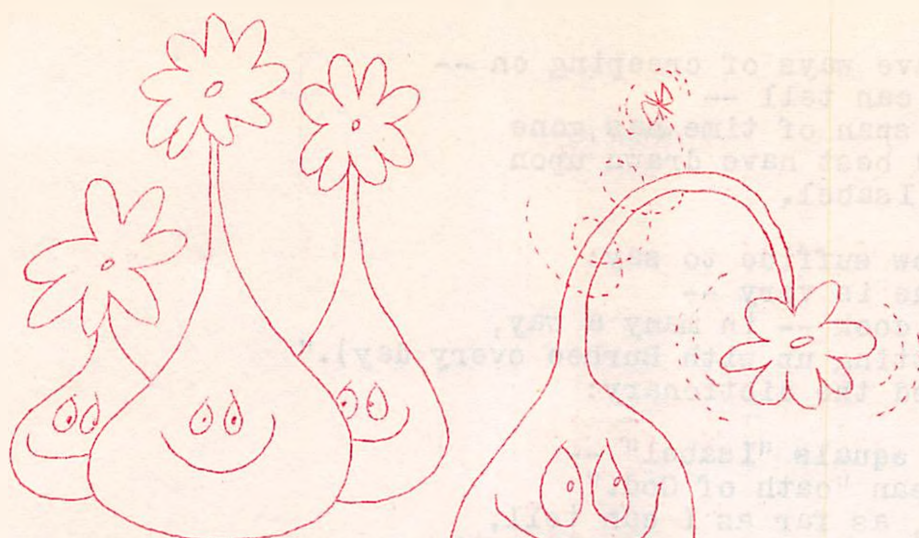
For you.

Hello, Isabel Burbee.

OLÉ CHAVELA!

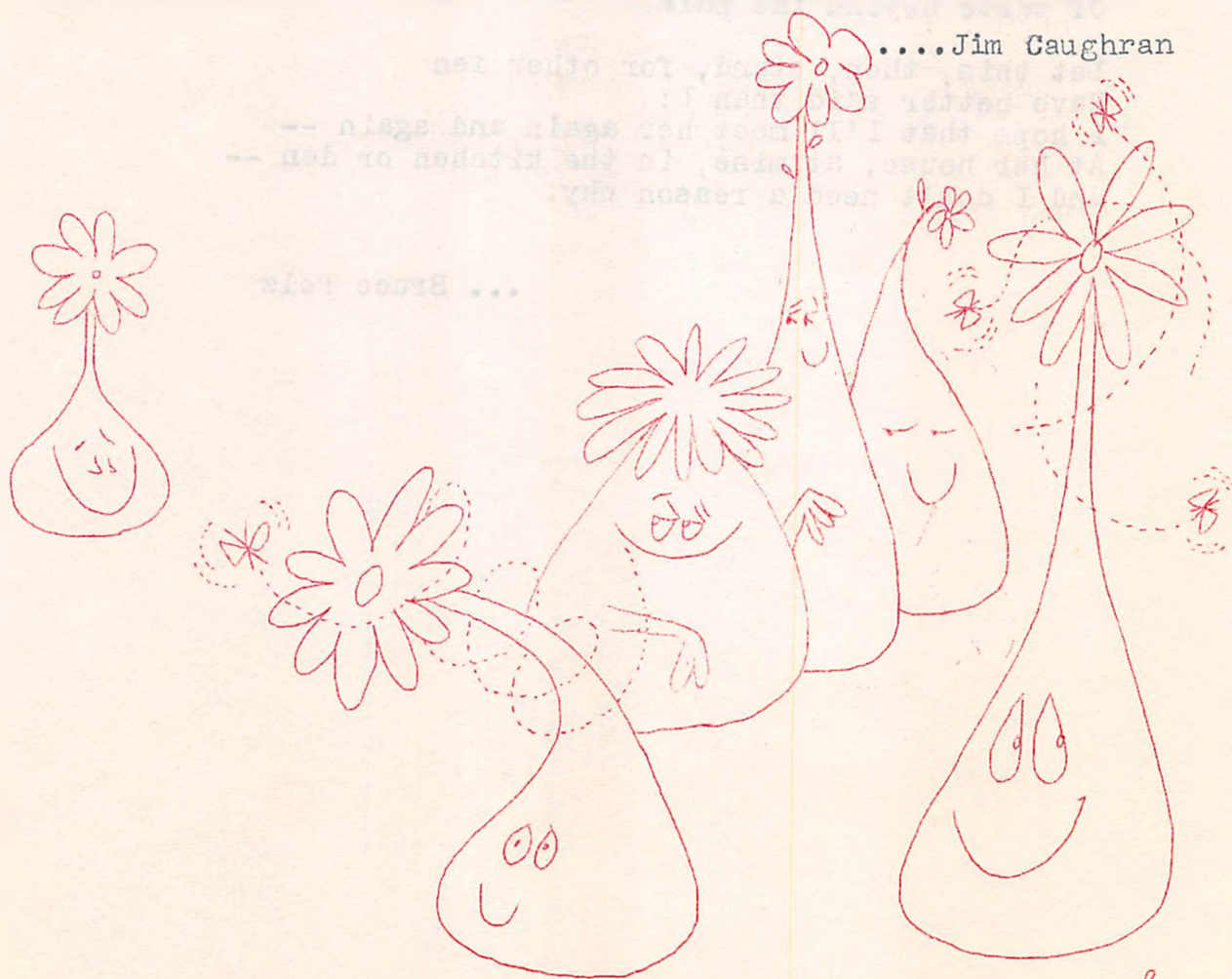
---uss trimble & bjo.





Writing something about Isabel is something of a difficult task; I could describe her personality or cooking, but it would seem clumsy, and others will already have done it better. I could tell something about the many times she has extended hospitality to me beyond any reasonable amount, but this would get repetitive. Suffice it to say that I think Isabel one of a superior class of people, and that I like her. Higher praise I cannot give.

.....Jim Caughran



Deadlines have ways of creeping on --  
As apa fans can tell --  
And now the span of time has gone  
That I could best have drawn upon  
To write of Isabel.

So let it now suffice to say:  
"Esteemed she is very --  
As hostess, cook -- in many a way,  
(Such as putting up with Burbee every day)."  
And I checked the dictionary:

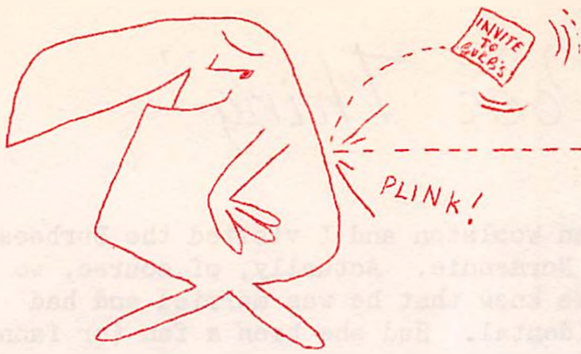
"Elizabeth" equals "Isabel" --  
They both mean "oath of God."  
Which means, as far as I can tell,  
That Burbee has her to give him hell  
If ever he plays the clod.

But books are only knowledge files,  
They can't tell all the tale.  
No mention is made of her friendly smiles,  
Or tasty food in heaping piles,  
Of taste beyond the pale.

Let this, then, stand, for other fen  
Have better said than I:  
I hope that I'll meet her again and again --  
At her house, at mine, in the kitchen or den --  
And I don't need a reason why.

... Bruce Pelz





The suave voice of Forrest J Ackerman was on the other end of the phone, informing us that he was going to a party at the Burbees and suggesting we come along.

"But", I objected, "though of course I've heard of them I've never even met them, so of course I can't come."

A few hours later, the phone rang. A pleasant feminine voice informed me that this was Isabel Burbee, extending a cordial invitation to us to come. She carefully gave complete road directions.

We went. We enjoyed ourselves tremendously. We ate.

To us, it seemed that asking people to come and enjoy themselves and then feeding them, was conduct above and beyond the call of fandom duties. In sincere gratitude, I award to Isabel the Order of World-Savers, First Class.

....Edmond Hamilton

## CHINESE CHICKEN

(adapted from "How to Cook and Eat in Chinese" - Buwei Yang Chao)

One whole tender chicken (5 pounds)

3 cups water

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup sherry

1 cup soy sauce

3 or 4 slices fresh ginger

1 tablespoon sugar

1 scallion

1 teaspoon salt

Boil water with seasonings, then put chicken in - boil 15 minutes

Turn off fire and steep 20 minutes -- (save juices for gravy or stew)

Roast chicken for 15 minutes at 500 until brown. Cut up and serve

\*\*\*OR\*\*\*

Omit boiling -- roast for one hour, medium oven

Baste with 1 cup water every 15 minutes until browned

Serve with salt and pepper sauce for dip eating

ONE OF BURB'S FAVORITE DISHES

## "His Wife, Poor Thing"

About twelve or thirteen years ago Stan Woolston and I visited the Burbees, when they were living in an apartment on S. Normandie. Actually, of course, we had gone to visit the great Burb himself. We knew that he was married and had children, but that, to me at least, was incidental. Had she been a fan (or fanne) I would have been more interested. Or -- if Burb had a sister, for instance, fannish or non-fannish, I might have been interested. But my early training, combined with my own fannishness, made it difficult for me to show more than merely polite interest in other men's wives.

The visit turned out to be a great event in my young fannish life. From the strictly fannish viewpoint two wonderful things happened: (1) Burbee told us the Watermelon Story. As I recall I thought it was a fairly amusing joke, but had no idea at the time that it was to become an integral part of the Burbee (Living) Legend. (2) Burbee made us publish a one shot with him, a two-page (one sheet) item which he dubbed "Brownout: The Magazine Fans Believe In."

While we talked, and while we wrote, great quantities of coffee were served. I assumed the coffee was being prepared by -- uh -- what's her name -- well, Mrs. Burbee, but took little notice, completely enraptured in the crifanac, noting only once that Isabel seemed to keep busy -- and out of the way -- as she did housewifely chores, entertained a visiting lady in the kitchen, etc. I also noted that there seemed to be more little children running about than was necessary, but not hasten to apologize for that wayward thought, considering the fine persons they turned out to be. (Why not some ego-boo for the rest of Burb's family too?)

The title of this article is taken from the bit of fan fiction I wrote on the spot for the one shot, and like most mere words quoted out of context implies more than it really means. My story dealt with Mental Giant Ashley taking over fandom by permitting his ego, in the form of an almost invisible "wraith", to leave his body and influence others (i.e. Burbee, Laney, Condra -- and now Stan and I) to write legend-like accounts of the great Ashley. Being a writer who believes in "realism" I felt it necessary to mention Mrs. Burbee in the story, as many fans were aware of her existence. So, I wrote:

"Burb sleeps in his chair. His wife, poor woman, moves about the apartment. Can't she see the wraith? She too is hypnotised!"

The story ends, of course, with Stan and me being hypnotised by the Ashley ego/wraith, denying all the previous observations, and screaming out a fanatical worship of the Great Ashley....

But here we have at least one mention of Isabel in a one shot produced for FAPA, years ago... How many -- or how few -- times has she been mentioned since? All things considered, too few...

Over the years I have become convinced that the long suffering wives, mothers, and other relatives of actifen deserve some kind of ego-boo, some sort of reward for putting up with the fannish hobby. True, any hobby can be a pain in the neck to the non-hobbyists in a family, but fanning at least does have a means at its



disposal to say Thank You in an ego-boosting manner, namely -- fanzines such as this one.

And I'm standing here in line with my thanks -- for more than one reason. You see, after we had run off Brownout, Isabel served us dinner. We really had not expected to eat there, having invited ourselves in the first place. But just try saying No to Isabel when she's ready to feed you all sorts of goodies...

Unfortunately the one shot was already written and mimeo'd, and I'm happy to have this opportunity (more than a decade later) to say Thanks in public print. Of course I have, along with numerous others, eaten at the Burbees' since that time, and can only "second" what others will have to say.

But why is this, I wonder? Why does Isabel, who makes no bones about the fact that she is not interested in crifanac as a hobby or a way of life, take such great pleasure in seeing that all the visiting fannish faces are fed -- and well fed, too. She doesn't go about it in the manner of the dutiful wife who, simply out of politeness, feels that she must serve a bit of food to her husband's guests.

Every meal is a project. Put Isabel near a kitchen -- and then stand back! Well, sure, cooking is a hobby too, and eating (I have in mind the fen who go back for third and fourth helpings) can be a way of life. But it is more than that.

I think it is simply that Isabel likes people, fannish or not. And as with every human being she wants to be useful in this life, and not just another human being drudging along. So she makes an art of cooking and pleases many a palate with her art. Thus she illustrates her liking for people.

I mentioned above that with Isabel every meal is a project. But -- unlike many a "fannish" project -- they are successful.

-- Len Moffatt



TWO COLOR ON  
CARR ARTICLE !!

Chavela - Spanish (familiar) ✓  
"It means 'Isabel' in the  
friendly way" - quote Isabel

USE

Burh: do you want some-  
thing printable or  
something quotable?

USE

OTSLER

ILLOS

## Huevos Rancheros

Tortillas One to one  
Eggs

Green chili (salsa)  
Grated cheese

Preheat broiler to medium

Fry egg in butter just long enuf to "set"  
it so you can lift it with spatula

Transfer egg to tortilla  
Put a tablespoon of chili on top of egg  
Cover with grated cheese

Put under broiler until cheese melts and egg  
is cooked.

Serve immediately

A peachy keen hangover  
remedy for the morning  
after  
- Ernie Wheatley  
(Gama operator)

STENCIL



# CHARLES BURBEE, you lucky dog!

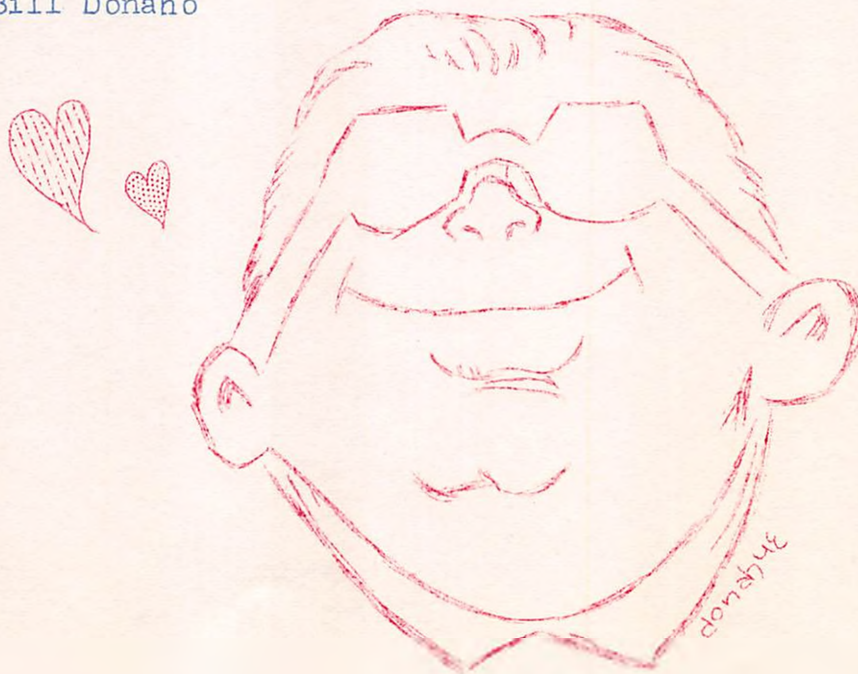
It seems to me that the gods have distributed their gifts quite unfairly. When I first met Isabel Burbee I was completely bowled over by her charm and vivacity, instantly saw why Burbee was in fandom. Who would listen to him when they could talk to Isabel? It's lucky for him, but unfortunate for the rest of us that she has never gone in for publishing. "Charles Burbee? Oh yes, didn't Isabel marry him or something? Haven't heard anything about him in a long time.

Then I began eating Isabel's cooking. My dream girl! I was glad that Burbee was engaged to Miriam. Now I could be engaged to Isabel.

There are many good cooks around (I consider myself one), but there are very few great ones. Isabel Burbee is a great cook. She can just sort of breathe on the most prosaic food and it is instantly transformed. You can count on savoring to the utmost each dish that she serves. I don't believe that she could have a failure if she tried. Or maybe it's that her failures are better than other people's successes.

Isabel is wonderful.

....Bill Donaho



Regards from

DON WILSON

who would have been more  
vocal in his praise if he  
hadn't been drunk most of  
the times he saw Isabel!

I had a jazzy item in the back of my mind, but somehow the deadline crept up on me (as deadlines will on the old and tired and gariated), and it didn't write itself. And it's for sure that I can't write it. But it is also for sure that my heart (not to mention my stomach) is in the right place; I am by no means forgetful of the years of friendship, hospitality and chow (thirteen of them now). Thinkin' of you, Isabel dear; see you.

Don Wilson



# I REMEMBER LEBOSI!

Let Richard Shaver remember Lemuria  
...Divorced Texas oilionaires remember the Alamony  
...Van Vogt remember the Mayne  
And Philip Wylie remember Mother's Day  
--I REMEMBER LEBOSI!

If there is anyone in the audience who does not know that Pelucidar is the world lying at the center of the earth, that Serutan Moorpark is Nature's Powder-room spelled miriamwords, and that to Ben-Hur (loved Him, hated Hur) life was just a bowl of chariots, I will explain at the onset (which is a process cheaper than offset) that Lebosì is Isobel spelled Ackwards.

And who, in this Who's Who of pagans paying paeans of praise to Queen Isabel the First, Most and Onliest, may Isobel be?

Well-- She may be my Maiden Ant (the one who writes sci-ants fiction)  
She may be the Daughter of Dracula  
She may be a B-girl I met at an isobar  
She may be the former's daughter

BUT: to the best of my knowledge she is the Mrs Burbee, wife of Charles, mother of Linda and secret lover of Weaver Wright.

In the Guide to Egoboosting Isabel, pertinently prepared for us contributors by the beneficent Bjo, the name (and spelling) Isabel appears no less than 11 times (actually 10, plus one typo of "Isabell"). And further, in the original typescript in which AE van Vogt had paid homage to the Burbwife, I noted that the spelling Isobel had been hand-changed to Isabel.

At this point I become more confused than customary. Is it possible that I have been nisspelling Isobel's name all these years, or has she adopted Isabel as a reformed spelling (Dick Daniels has just recently become Dik), or--?

I am reminded of the anecdote once told me by Edgar Rice Burroughs, who said he had always wanted to see one of his books published without a single typographical error in it, and so finally he personally proofread the galleys and eliminated every mistake. At last he held the completed product, the error-free work, in his hands. Beamingly he opened it to the title page. I wish to Helium that I hadn't forgotten what the name of the particular work was, but anyway, it read: by Edgar Rice Burrough!

So: I remember the ministering angel the nite the Little Boy Grown Tall (me) was laid low at Laney's by alcohol poisoning...the gal who went with me to see a British-made Chevalier film called "The Gay Vagabond" or "The Singing Vagabond" or something like that...the pleasant voice on the phone inviting me to this, that, and the other always-enjoyable fannish affair...and of course, thru the years, I have always wondered why such a prim, proper, even prudish, essentially sexless creature such as her husband (Churl Burbee) should rate such a sexpot?

Anyway: Isabel or Isobel, she rhymes with SWELL, so let the belles toll for Charles, just call me Isobell-boy any time the world needs to be tole about the various virtues of the distaff half of Burbeedom. For Isobel: a 3-cheer egobeer!

-- Forry

From the far fannish coasts of Seattle to the shores of Maine (Andy, that is) the cooking of Isabel Burbee has been proclaimed as magnificent. Praises of her cooking have been heard and are mentioned everywhere. It is as conversationalist I want to praise her.

Charles Burbee has a reputation as a humorist of sorts, only because he writes. In my opinion, Isabel is the more interesting person to talk to. Every time I go to Whittier I end up in the kitchen talking to Isabel. Burb winds up sort of wistfully trying to get into the conversation and getting tromped on.

I remember the last time I went over. Isabel and I were left in the kitchen discussing religion until 1 or 1:30 in the morning. I was on the side of God and the Devil. Next time we will probably shift sides.

-- William Ellern



# Of Course I Remember Isabel!

It would be about the first or second week in January, 1944, that I arrived in Los Angeles. I met Isabel the night I got here. She was a vivacious brunette who was a gracious hostess, what with a batch of no-goods running around drinking beer.



Memories of those early years -- before a hiatus of several years shortly after my ill chosen marriage -- are altogether pleasant. There was dropping by -- maybe delivering Burbee after an afternoon's publishing -- and being invited to share potluck. My first taste of her cooking artistry. Burb ate the baked potato skin and all. My folks had trained me to peel baked potatoes (parboiling fingertips in the process), but I tried the fashion of the hosts. The Burbees introduced me to the joys of potato hides.

Then there was the hypnotic session, with Isabel being regressed a few years; then Burb changing her drink, and Isabel (in hypnosis, but knowing what was coming) pleading, no, Charles, and then her non-alcoholic but happy inebriation on pure water.

A quiet evening with Charles and Isabel, with three dark-eyed youngsters gently happy: Johnny, with a large head on a pipe-stem neck; Linda, with long straight hair and quiet pleasurable antics; and the comparatively boisterous Eddie. Isabel discussing opera and playing some arias on the Burbee-built hi-fi. Chess sessions with Charles, before he put away such childish amusements. A game of kriegspiel with that little man we don't mention, and Charles as interlocutor. And in all that time Isabel genuinely glad to see me...

It is, however, of the present-day Isabel that I would like to speak. Burb has long been fabled in song and story -- perhaps too fabled -- one evening I sat drinking beer with them while complaints were voiced about living legend my left foot, I've been around as long as you have and I'm no living legend -- maybe you better soft-pedal that legendary aspect, huh? The storm was over then and all was sweetness and light once more. So I sing of Isabel---

Of Isabel, whose son Eddie joined the Navy. And who thought so much of his mother that he bought her a complete dinner service in Japan, and shipped it home, not to commemorate Mother's Day nor a birthday nor Christmas, but just because he was proud to be her son.

Whose daughter, Linda, is beautifully upbrought. I have never heard Linda complain, gripe, squawk, or carp about housework. Linda's fiance is getting a prize, and not merely in appearance. So maybe three years ago I stopped by to pick up Unca Charlie for a day's bookhunting. When I got there, I was asked in, and the first thing I knew there were some scrambled eggs under my nose. By Linda. Isabel had been called away unexpectedly, and had briefed her daughter on the duties of hostess -- even for such transient hosting as when a man picks up the Burb for bookhunting.



Or whose son Johnny has been unfailingly polite: his thoughts may be his own, but on the surface he has been urbane, polished, gentlemanly. If I may complain about something that is not my business, I sincerely regret that John was the last. They're such good kids!

And doesn't that indicate something about the mother?

Ah, but Isabel, let me sing about thee, and not thy children, indicative though they may be. Of the time I complained about the difficulty of self hair-washing. And you led me by the hand to the washtubs and personally outscoured the dust of months, whilst Chas muttered oh Christ to himself -- and you repeated the action not too many months later...

And when, mindful of how it would have been so much better had I asked your advice the first time, I asked if I might bring for your consideration another unmarried miss? This was one of the few times, Isabel, I've been irked because you fixed a meal, kept it hot, waited for us. I think of you as a friend and not as a restaurateur. I brought the girl by for an opinion and not to chisel out a free feed...

Of thee I sing, Isabel, and of the occasions when you've been in my house. The memory must be complete, and must start with when you came to a jam session here, sat in the kitchen discussing babies, and then went in to ask the piano man to please play some dixieland. And he wiped his brow, saying, lady, I haven't played anything but dixieland for the last two hours and please don't bug me. But offsetting this:

There was another time I threw a jam session here, and asked you to be hostess. You did beautifully, Isabel -- there was a lovely baked ham, a salad with those little decorative frills so beloved by females, so ignored by hungry males... I was able to repay you for the out-of-pocket costs incurred for raw materiels. I can never forget nor repay the tender loving care that went towards the hostessing... Thank you again.

And now, let us revert from the second person singular to just talking about the lovely person. If I violate any confidences, the hell with it, account of there's some Biblical allegory about lights and bushels and such like...





Isabel has some neighbors, Mexican type. They started a restaurant, and then Mamma, the chief cook, took sick. Who carried on, as cook, without pay?

There's a beautiful red-head in local fandom, whose hair needs trimming maybe four times a year. Who wields the scissors? Well, it's not Unca' Charlie!

And the emaciated young lady who passed away last year. Who hid the wine jug; insisted on her eating; encouraged her through her husband's spinal injury so long in healing; kept her house in order, and undoubtedly added years to her existence? Who else?



Some things, though, I cite for action over and above the call of duty. To wit: I assume any red-blooded, 100% American female would do what Isabel did when the Burb was hospitalized with a collapsed lung: make sure the progeny were cared for, and then move close to the hospital until the crisis was ended.

Salutations and hail, Isabel Burbee! Let those who know thee not, know that Fandom has not one, but two living legends!

-- e b perdue

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ISABEL won \$5.00 from the Mirror News' "My Best Recipe" section for:

## MEXICAN PIZZA

Start with some chili (salsa), cheese and French rolls  
(Can use sliced French bread, but it gets soggy)

Split rolls and spread generously with butter  
(This keeps chili from soaking into roll too much)

Spread chili over roll and top with grated cheese.

Put rolls under broiler until cheese is brown

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WONDERFUL WITH BEER!

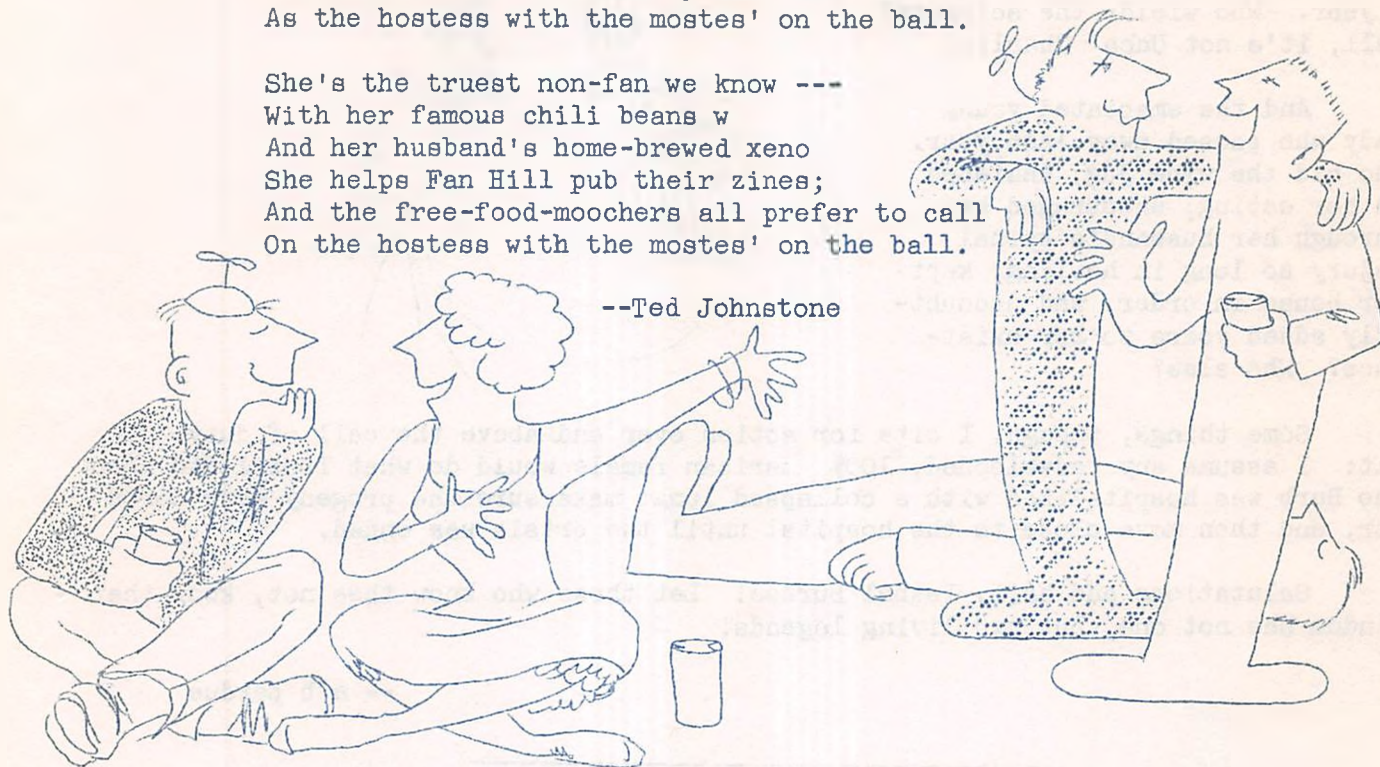


# THE HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTES'

She's the chosen party-giver  
For the acti-fannish crew;  
We know that she'll deliver  
When we drop out of the blue.  
On Fan Hill she is known by one and all  
As the hostess with the mostes' on the ball.

She's the truest non-fan we know ---  
With her famous chili beans w  
And her husband's home-brewed xeno  
She helps Fan Hill pub their zines;  
And the free-food-moochers all prefer to call  
On the hostess with the mostes' on the ball.

--Ted Johnstone



## OVEN STEW

(Amount of ingredients depends on what you've got and how many to be fed)

Sliced raw potatos  
Onions ("You can't have too many onions in this!")  
Raw ground beef  
A large can of tomatos -- broken up a bit  
Salt and lots of pepper (remember that potatos absorb lots of salt, too)

Mix all together and bake at 450 with a lid on until it boils around edges  
Then turn down to 350 and cook one hour

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Idaho potatos cook in one hour; White Rose and others take longer

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"Louis the XIV favorite dish was hamburger, tho they didn't call it  
'hamburger' in those days; they called it 'duckling de la menge' "....Burbee



# MY BURNING PASSION

Isabel Burbee is an amazing person, I must say; every time I meet her this fact becomes more and more clear to me.

I remember her first words to me. "Is Burbee pouring that home brew down your throat? Well, never mind---I'll feed you in awhile so you won't get so drunk." I raised an eyebrow at Burb after she'd gone back in the kitchen, and he told me that Isabel doesn't like his home brew. She's an iconoclast; she drinks store-bought beer. And she warns visiting fans about Burb's home brew. "I'll have to feed you to keep you sober," she says.

She fed me all right. She brought out a tablefull of fine Mexican food and said, "Help yourselves." We did. I was particularly struck by her chili beans. In fact, that's an understatement---I was bowled over. Good Lord, I'd never tasted such hot chili beans in my life! (I think one of the Burbee kids called me a tenderfoot, or maybe a tendertongue, that day.) I took one mouthful and started perspiring. My eyes watered, my breath came in short gasps, and I grabbed my full mug of home brew to cool my raw tastebuds. (That was a mistake, by the way, but that's another story.)



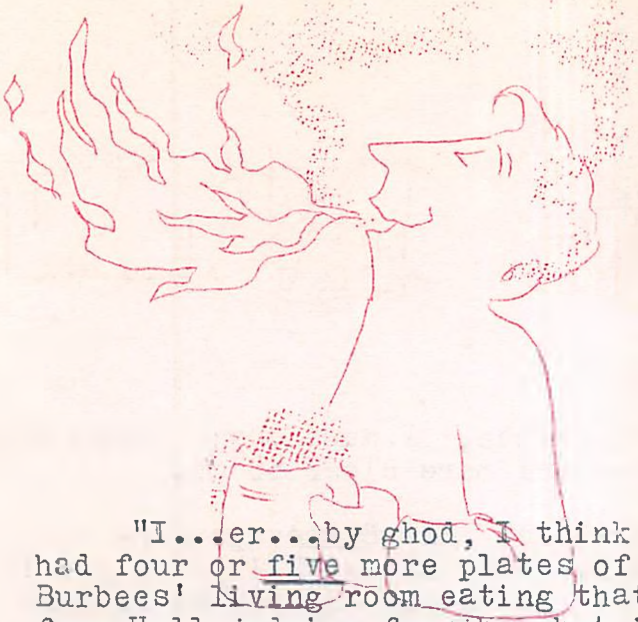
"I'll just let these beans cool down a bit," I said casually, and buttered a piece of French bread. Isabel smiled.

Fifteen minutes later, while Burb had his mouth full and Isabel was telling us some preposterous tale about F. Towner Laney, I remembered that plate of beans, and I took it up to sample it again. I took a big mouthful and---froze. My eyebrows shot up, my teeth clenched, and I sat immobile for at least a full minute, while Isabel looked curiously at me. The beans bubbled and sizzled in my mouth, like a volcano with a cap on it. Finally I swallowed.

"I'll just, just let these ole beans cool down a bit more," I muttered vaguely, setting the dish of beans aside again.



"They won't cool down, Meyer," Burbee said, "You might as well eat 'em now."



I decided he was right---after all, if I let them sit much longer they might explode. So I started eating them. They were hot, all right---but not really unbearable so, once you got a few mouthfuls down. In fact, once you got your tastebuds numbed, they weren't so hot at all. And they tasted good. Gee, but they tasted good! I ate the whole plate.

"Have some more?" said Isabel.

"I...er...by ghod, I think I will!" And I did. In fact, I had four or five more plates of beans. And sitting there in the Burbees' living room eating that manna which must surely have come from Hell judging from how hot it was, I began to understand masochists. Not fully, you understand---but I began to see how they must feel. Those beans were burning my insides out, but I loved 'em. I couldn't stop eating them. More, more! I cried: I hungered, I was insatiable.

Well, the evening went on and on, as evenings at the Burbees' have a way of doing (the last party there that I attended lasted for two days nonstop), and at length I staggered out. I smiled a weak smile and muttered something like "My cup runneth over," and went off into the night.

And, of course, every chance I've had since then I've gone back. And every time, Isabel has fed me those gloriously hot chili beans. They get less hot every time, too, and one of these days I think maybe I'll throw away that tongue-splint I've been using on days-after. Heck, Isabel's chili beans aren't so burning hot.

Actually, of course, the insidious thing about them is not that they're hot, but that they're so good. I can't stop eating them. I mean, I'd have been okay if they'd been just normal ole hot chili beans; I could have made up some clever social lie like "I'm allergic to chili, Isabel," or "My horoscope says I shouldn't eat reddish things today," or "I've just had seventeen ulcers removed and my stomach is a little tender," and put them aside. But they're so goddam good that I can't live without them, it seems

Last time I was there, for the 1960 New Year's Party, I walked in and saw the table loaded up with a gloriously large turkey, golden brown and surrounded by goodies. I stared at it, awe-struck. "My God, Isabel!" I cried, "where are the chili beans,"

She laughed and told me she'd made some of them too. And I spent the evening eating turkey and swilling home brew and gobbling down mountains of chili beans. I even cut strips of white



meat and wrapped them 'round beans tortilla-fashion, which brought raised eyebrows here and there.

But I didn't care. I'm addicted to Isabel's chili beans. I can't live without them.

In fact, I'm beginning to suspect that I have a chili bean on my back.

....Terry Carr

ISABEL'S

Use basic bean recipe

CHILI

BEANS

Take 14 California chilis and wash carefully

(The long dry dark red chilis, not the curly ones)

Soak chilis in pan of hot water for one hour or until soft

(Hold them down with something -- they float)

Save water from soaking chilis

Use blender -- about 2 cups water, 5 chilis, and one garlic per load

When blended, put in big bowl

Fry 1½ or 2 pounds of meat -- not until brown or it gets too tough

Add chili sauce to meat -- (about 2 quarts chili to one pot of beans)

Use about 2½ tablespoons oregano -- grind between palms of hands  
(Use dried leaves, not oregano powder)

Add 1 or 2 tablespoons cumin -- or to taste

One can tomato sauce -- OPTIONAL

Simmer meat and chili for an hour or two, stirring occasionally

Add beans and simmer ½ hour

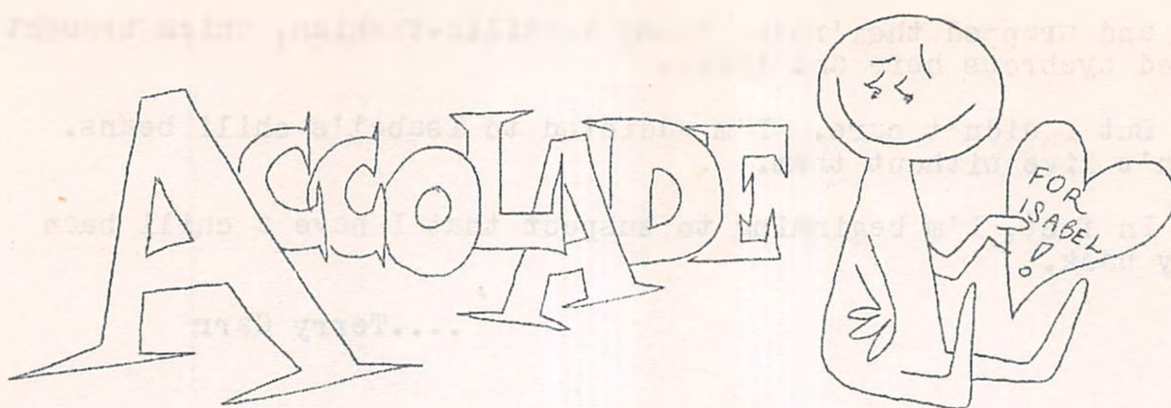
Chopped onions as garnish when served -- Optional

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It's best if the chili beans can sit for one or two hours to absorb all the flavors. Best of all if you can make them one day and serve the next.

IF YOU CAN HIDE 'EM  
FROM THE FANS FOR THAT LONG!





This morning, and this is Sunday the 22nd, I was quietly dozing on the couch, listening to the Dodgers in the process of winning, for a change, a game at Philadelphia when the phone rang and lifted me six or eight inches off the couch.

Gathering myself together, I staggered over to the radio, cut the volume and quaveringly lifted the phone. "Hello?" I gasped and a sexy red-headed voice said the same thing back at me. We did this twice and once this was accomplished, the redheaded sexy voice berated me for not having written this piece.

Frankly, I'd sort of forgotten about it. Which sort of croggles me because I wanted to have something, if only a smidgion, in this booklet to let Isabelle know how much I really appreciate her cooking. Now isn't that what most of the single type males are saying? So who am I to be different?

Seriously, also, I want to point out that as much as a woman, any woman, young, old, married or single is liked by a single-type male, the fact that she is kind to him, feeds him goshwow-type food and doesn't treat him as a weird type of individual (as most married women do treat bachelor types they meet) really puts her high on the top forty in at least this particular weird character's estimation. Besides, I Like Isabelle. How anyone can be consistently surrounded and pestered and badgered and annoyed and irritated by fans, people, hungry and drunk types (in approximately that order) is more than I can imagine. If it were me, I'd soon change hats and chase the pack of them out, at least the noisier ones, the more irritating ones...the ones like me.

But she doesn't. She puts up with us because, by ghod, I think she genuinely likes us! And that includes me. Which makes me feel fine! You know, like she acknowledges that I'm a people. The reason I say this is because most other married women I meet immediately figure: Hah! Here's a single one! What can I do about this terrible situation?

Because they figure that you're liable to be a bad influence on their husband...like when I went to a friend's place once he chortled happily and said, "Oh, good, now I can drink beer!" Or they figure that the very fact that I'm single means they should match me up with some unlucky girl! This irks me.

But Isabelle doesn't! She lets me drink home-brew and put out one-shots with her husband (or we used to, years ago!), and talk and yak about piano rolls, her husband, fandom, music, etc. Then feeds us. Wow! Does this sound like an accolade? Does this make you think that when everybody else is running around wearing pins that say "I Like Ike" or "I Go Pogo" that I'm wearing one that says "I Like Isabel"? Well, you're right and I'm glad that we're letting her know about it for a change!

Is that okay with you, Isabelle?

-- ed cox



# The Legend of Isabel



"You know what Isabel's chili beans are like, and..." said Bjo. I interrupted her.

"No I don't," I said somewhat wistfully. "I've never eaten them!"

"Never eat...?"

No, I haven't. For years I've heard about Isabel's chili beans and Isabel's huevos rancheros. I've listened to innumerable reminiscences of parties Down In El A, and noted the special warmth that comes into people's voices when they talk of Isabel.

Now, we all know that fandom is a hotbed of feuding and slander and rumor and simple or horrendously complex misunderstanding. I've heard things about myself that -- well, if I didn't know the truth, I'd avoid me like Twonk's disease. But I don't think I've ever heard anything even vaguely derogatory of Isabel.

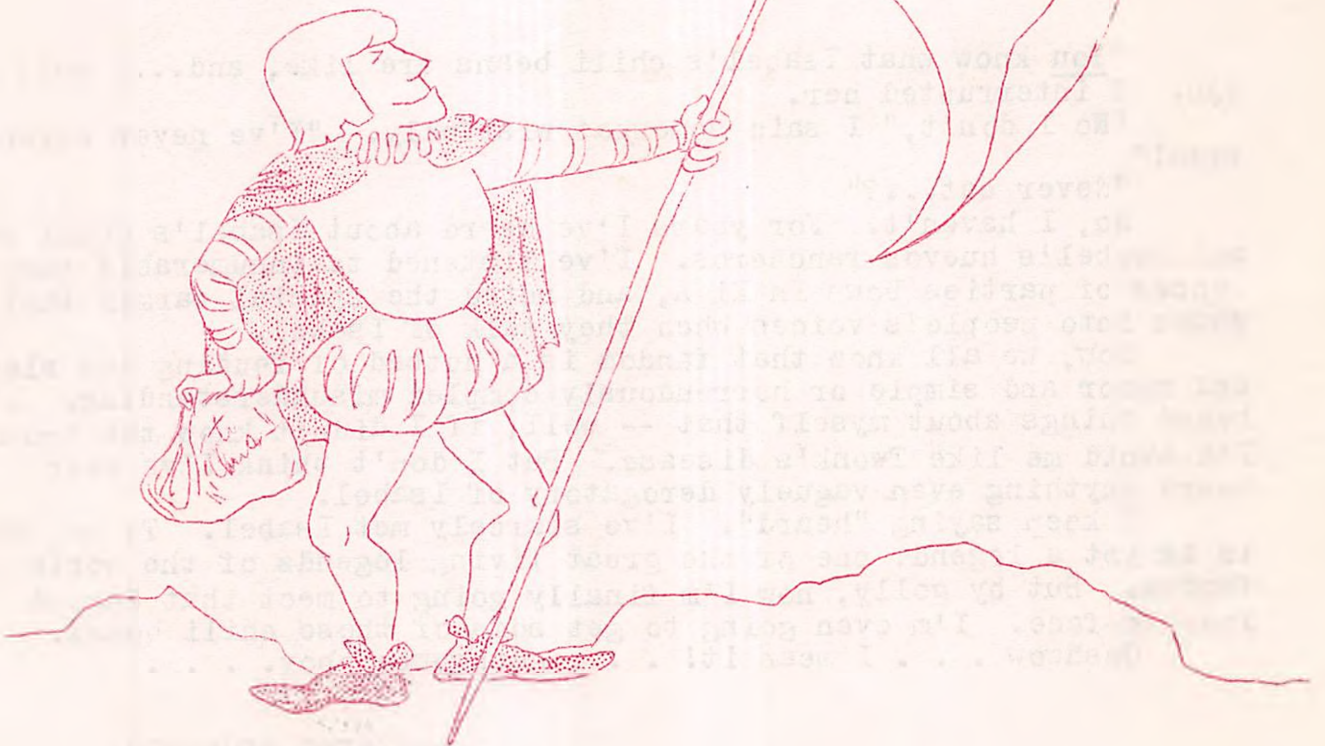
I keep saying "heard". I've scarcely met Isabel. To me, she is as yet a legend: one of the great living legends of the world of fandom. But by golly, now I'm finally going to meet that Legend face-to-face. I'm even going to get some of those chili beans.

Goshwow . . . I mean it! . . . goshwowboyoboy. . . .

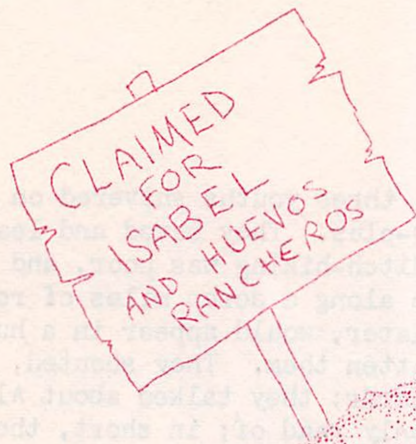
---karen anderson.

# I. Remember Isabel

I remember Isabel, and like her very well indeed  
But am reminded she is the namesake of a queen.  
I wonder. . .if in some Shaver-ian fantasy  
(Reference is to her husband's favorite author)  
Is it possible that she put up Columbus' lunchbox?  
Since the thought is possible, the deed is; that's logic.  
No wonder he said, "Sail on!" while all  
The other poor devils were bitterly opposed.  
He had a satisfied palate and a full stomach,  
And was well furnished with intestinal fortitude.  
And so, because of Isabel, America was discovered.







I should like to think that that were true.

After all, she is married to a Ferdinand Burbee.

In the world I am writing about, that makes enough sense,

Though I should report that after ten years of brainwashing

My memory is a little dim, and I sometimes wonder

If perhaps I am not thinking of other times and places.

I find myself on occasion getting the past and the future

Mixed up. Suddenly a strong emotion seizes on me

From 1980. And then again I feel the bitter cold of the moon

Seeping through my spacesuit. But Good God, man, I tell myself,

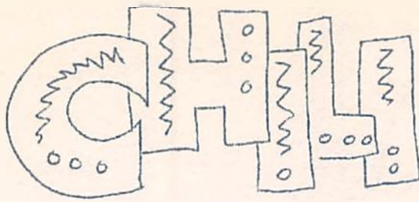
That won't happen for another fifteen years. Can it be that

I am living all this stuff vicariously, so I won't have to go?

Isabel, pack me a lunch, put it in a vacuum box, and wish me

As well as I wish you. I'm off to Venus in the morning.





*and near death....*

On a cold October night, about 10:00 pm, in 1957, three youths shivered on a free-way in east Oakland. Traffic slashed past them at 60-plus. They waved and leaned toward it, trying to look like interesting people. Hitch-hiking was poor, and they talked to each other to keep spirits up. Single-file along a dozen miles of road, they tossed back and forth phrases that, six months later, would appear in a hundred pages of the works of the man who had inspired or written them. They shouted, "Zip!" and laughed uproariously; they called each other bastards; they talked about Al Ashley and F. Towner Laney and people they'd never met but only read of; in short, they talked Burbee, and it was Burbee they were journeying to see.

+ + + + +

"Do I know Burbee?" I asked Dave Rike right back, incredulously. "Do I know Burbee? Do I know Burbee?" I looked up at him from my typewriter and grinned. "You want to know if I know Burbee?"

"Yeah."

I pushed my chair back from the desk, and expansively began to tell him how well I knew Burbee; for that matter, all the Burbees. But Terry Carr interrupted me. "Don't let him get started," he said, leaning out of the adjoining broom-closet, which was his room. "He told me all about it last week. Burbee used to attend FAPA sessions at his house, and his brother used to date Linda Burbee. That's all there is to it, but he took an evening telling me about it."

"I've always wanted to meet him," said Rike. "Is he still down on having fans visit him?" Dave was the real scholar of Burbeeana amongst us, having a larger fanzine collection than any of us, and having read all the writings of the Insurgents he could obtain. He was referring to the Insurgent attitude as expressed by Towner in "I'm Afraid They'll Come to My House."

"Well, " I said, "I visited him once. It was late last year, right after the FAPA election, and I found myself out in the area of Whittier one Sunday afternoon with Bob Christenberry...."

"Don't let him get started," Carr interrupted again. From what he had told me, I don't think Burbee would mind visitors if they wrote in advance; if they were coming from four hundred miles away; and mostly, if he had time to write back and tell them he was busy that weekend."

"Ron," said Dave, "You're going home the end of this month; do you think Burbee would mind if you visited him?"





I thought about it. "I'll send him a postcard first, telling him about it; but I don't think he'd mind."

"Do you think he would mind," continued Dave Rike, who should study to be a lawyer, "if, having two house guests, you brought them along? If you said as much in your postcard?"

And so I wrote two postcards; one to Burbee, the other home. Eventually two answers arrived: it seemed Burbee would be happy to meet Carr and Rike; and my mother was always glad to have company. So one Friday night we took a bus to downtown Oakland and began to hitch-hike along towards the junction with US 99, which would take us to Los Angeles, Long Beach, Whittier, and the author of "I Was Captain of a Spaceship."

+ + + + +

I tried to act nonchalant about being in The Presence, but actually we competed for the honor of Goshwovest about spending an afternoon hearing the stories of Charles Burbee. Burbee and Isobel seemed to always be bringing in more homebrew (with rootbeer for some) and just about the time we were privileged to hear the wire-recording of the Laney Laugh, Isobel started serving dinner.

"It's only four-thirty," I protested, as she spread the table with a huge meal: chili, corn-on-the-cob, green peas, pinto beans, and tortillas, with various trimmings.

"Nonsense," she laughed, bringing out ham, creamed corn, string beans, bread, and more chili. "We always eat at this time. Would you come out to the kitchen and help me carry some of the food?" When we finished trying to stack the table three-deep with dishes, I found I was already at a disadvantage to eating. Carr, Rike, and Burbee and various little Burbees were spread out around the living room, still talking between mouthfuls of food.



Terry Carr sat in the big, stuffed chair near the bookcases, and tilted his mug up, relishing the last of his second big glass of homebrew; immediately Burbee leaped up, brought a fresh quart from the kitchen, opened it, and poured. "You sure like this stuff," he said, and stopped just before the mug was full. "You don't want the dregs," he said, catching the last, bitter parts before the bottle emptied. Carr looked at his mug; he hadn't realized it held a full quart. "We've got more out here," Burbee said, dodging around Isobel as she brought out more tortillas, just toasted on the stove.

"You eat like you don't like my cooking," she complained as she looked at my empty plate. I wiped up the last of two full dishes of chili-and-beans with one of the hot tortillas, and grinned back at her; she told me to try the ham. I did.

By six or so, we were through eating, and settled down for more talk. Far into the night we heard the history of war-time and post-war LASFS. We heard how Laney advertised in the Mirror for a woman, and about the answers he got; how the publisher



of Ah! Sweet Idiocy! never owned a complete copy; how Willie Rotsler grew up; and how the Battle Creek slanshackers came to LA. Rike was mildly amazed that Burbee still owned the car in which he had sat with Les Cole, talking fandom and science fiction, when Burbee told Cole that his (Cole's) favorite author was queer. Carr swilled home-brew; and for once I was quiet most of the time, when I wasn't laughing.

About eleven o'clock, on errand to the kitchen for more root beer, I found Isobel cooking. Exclaiming, I complimented her again on the excellent dinner we'd had, and asked what she was up to now.

"The kids are hungry," she said, turning some small steaks, "and I thought I'd fix something for your people to eat too. It's been hours since we had supper." She turned to the sink to cut vegetables, and asked me to stir the chili, and taste it.

"Wow," I said. "Hot!"

"What kind of hot?" she asked reasonably. "Here's some more chili for it, if it isn't spicy enough."



Just then Linda Burbee came into the kitchen, tasted the chili, and told her mother it wasn't hot enough. She walked out again and I stared. It seems the Burbee progeny have innards of stainless steel, and like their Mexican food hot.

We crowded around the kitchen table this time, five of us, and wrapped ourselves around another meal. Mixed cries of pleasure and agony arose on discovering that the chili-and-beans, this time, was incredibly spicy---but incredibly good. We experimented coating out throats with various liquids before the chili, and various liquids after the chili. Mostly, we experimented eating the chili.

"This is delicious chili," said Terry Carr, diplomat. "It's so good I have to keep on eating it; it sure is hot, though." He grinned, emptied his mug for the ---fourth?---time, and Isobel refilled his plate while Burb refilled his mug from a fresh quart of homebrew.

Isobel sat and talked with us, when she wasn't moving about the kitchen, preparing food. I think I had eaten three steaks, and she was about to give me a fourth when I passed it to Rike, who had only had two. "I'm getting on towards being full," I said, wondering if she were worried about the weight I'd lost earlier that year. I dished myself out some more chili and creamed corn, and leaned forward to let Carr out to pay a visit to another part of the house; and leaned back just before Burbee poured homebrew down my back, attempting to fill Rike's glass.

Later---almost half an hour later---as we were clearing the table, Isobel asked where Terry was. "Bathroom," I said. She thought he had been there a long time. "Oh, I'll go take a look; he's a big boy, though."

"Carr," I said to the bathroom door. "You in there?" Long wait.

"Yeah."

"You all right? Fall in?"



"Yeah. No. I'm all right."

That was good enough, so I went back to the kitchen and we talked fans and food and homebrew, and eventually Carr came back to the table, looking a little green, but much more relieved. He didn't drink much more.

The next afternoon---Sunday---we drove out to Pasadena and visited Rich Brown and John Champion, and stopped to talk to George W. Fields in Montebello on the way back. That was when we found out about the first plans for The Incomplete Willis George was going to publish. Since we had to pick up my brother's jacket at Burbee's, George gave us a book Burbee had loaned him a few weeks earlier, and we dropped in at Pioneer Boulevard to thank the Burbees again, and to say good-bye, as we had to leave for Berkeley that night.

It was about four when we arrived, unannounced. We located the jacket, returned the book, and were saying good-bye to Burbee when Isabel started setting the table. We looked at each other and she looked at us. "You're going to stay for supper, aren't you?" she asked. "Call your mother," she said, "and tell her not to cook dinner. She doesn't start dinner for a couple more hours yet, anyway. Go on. And see if that chili's still too hot, while you're in the kitchen."

Our appetites overcame any desire we might have had to leave, and we settled down to more of the best food we'd ever eaten.

Sometime around two in the morning we made our way back to Long Beach. Carr had had one full glass of homebrew all day, to Burbee's disgust, and Isabel had threatened to become insulted if I didn't eat more. We were wine, dined, and talked to far into the night---and we've never enjoyed ourselves more. Burbee had firmly entrenched himself in our minds as the greatest raconteur we'd ever met---his stories became a hundred percent more interesting when he told them, even though we'd read some of them several times. We felt like we'd lived through the Insurgent War; like we'd worked with Laney and Chow and Willmorth and Burbee at the machine shop, where every day was like a prolonged fan-club meeting; and we felt like we could never eat another bite... unless Isabel cooked it.

No one, in my experience as a travelling fan, has matched Isabel Burbee for ingenuity, inspiration, and sheer persistence as a cook. Dean Grennell comes close with his original recipes prepared for huge numbers of people, and Phyllis Economou and Elinor Busby compete in their spontaneous inventiveness. But none of them---indeed, no one---can really be compared to this woman who has fed three generations of fans; LASFS members, Insurgents, and us Neo-Insurgents, Berkeley fandom, with the various odd people we've brought along, and Carl Brandon, who was always invited to visit Burbee, but who never made it.



After visiting Whittier, the three of us spent half a day crossing LA, and a full 22 hours altogether in hitch-hiking back to Berkeley. That story itself could fill an article at least this long---we learned not to try to hitch-hike in King City,

We nearly died en masse on foot in the Interchange in Los Angeles, and we found out what you call a potato in West Virginia; maybe someday all that will get written down. But as I sank into bed in Barrington Hall, having missed two days of school, all I could think about was how good that chili was, and how I wished I could have some more of it.

Later on, I did, too. Lots more.

---ron ellik

## ISABEL'S BASIC BEANS

Take: 1 lb. pinto beans (2 or 3 cups)

{look for rocks & dirt lumps while beans are dry, then wash.}

Put in bean-pot and cover well with water

{about 2/3 full; if you fill pot to 3/4 and don't watch it, it will boil over too easily.}

Don't add anything until it starts boiling or it will froth and boil over.

AFTER it starts to boil;

add 1 tbsp. salt

{taste later, for beans absorb salt }

about 2 tbsp. lard

{oil isn't the same! beans will absorb lard, while oil will just float on the water!}

a fair-sized clove of garlic

{about the size of your first thumb joint}

Either chop very fine or use garlic press.

{use fresh garlic--NOT oil or salt}.

Turn fire down & put lid on pot

{cook with lid on, or beans will turn dark}

Taste juice after one hour: add more salt as needed.

Don't let beans get dry; keep adding water.

Cook for 3 or 4 hours.

Will serve 4 people w/ 2 helpings each.

OR - WILL SERVE  
ERNIE WHEATLEY &  
JOHN TRIMBLE  
AT A SHAGGY SESSION!





What can I say about Isabel? I met her once at a party, so I can't even say that I know her well. Yet somehow I feel that I do, do, although I wonder if it's all really true. Was it really Isabel Burbee I saw, the Isabel that all fans who have met her hold in earnest awe? What can I say about Isabel? Only -- for I don't even know if her cooking is good -- that I was a neofan, lost and lonely, and yet, when I spoke, she understood.



- - - donald simpson

## UNLIKELY CONVERSATION:

SCENE: Kitchen of Burbee House, party in progress.

CAST: Burbee, Bjo, Bloch and Isabel

BURBEE: There are too many beautiful girls around. Soon I'll start copping feels. "Keep away from Burbee, he grabs!"

BLOCH: (indicating necklace on Bjo) What is that stone?

BURBEE: Is that a cabachon?

BJO: No, it's a baroque -- tumbled and drilled.

BLOCH: How do they manage that inside the tumbler?

BURBEE: You get in feet first.

BLOCH: OH?

BURBEE: Yes, the ratio is usually three women to one man inside each tumbler.

ISABEL: (waving electric mixer) Burbee! Get your thing and come mash the potatoes.

BURBEE: (with great dignity) I don't mash potatoes with my thing!

Dear Isabel

When asked to write something for this fanzine for you, it seemed like an easy thing to do. After all I've known you longer than most of the little scapers who will be included in these pages. But I'm not very good at writing brilliant witty things. I don't know enough about food to run up a list of my favorite dishes. And I've really never spent enough time around you to tell funny little stories about things that have happened, or even about the things that didn't. In fact, about the only thing I think I'm good at is writing letters. So, about the only thing I can do is write you an open letter, and a rather serious one at that.

For there are a couple things I have really wanted to tell you for a long time. You see, when ever I've been around you I've experienced two emotions. That of being overwhelmed, and disturbed.

In following my studies of the art of being a guest, I have been entertained in a number of fannish homes over the years.. And in most a pattern is generally followed, something like this: (a) You enter, and if a large party you have been met at the door by one of the other guests. (b) You find out who is ~~there~~ worth talking to, and set down. (c) About one hour later the host produces drinks for everyone, and indicates where refills may be had. (d) Four hours later the hostess (if there is one) informs you that "food's on", and everyone comes out of their conversations and starts milling around the table, filling plates.. (e) After that you usually are on your own, with refills of plate or glass being up to personal initiative... The host relaxs and enjoys himself, and it is all very informal... In fact, the few times I have been trapped by guests of my own, I have forgotten steps "c" and "d", and had to be reminded.

But this is not the way it is when ever I find you in control of things. One hardly gets in the door with a story of how he got lost this time, when you have filled his hand with something cold, wet and refreshing. And the only way he can keep from having an ever-filled glass, is to hide it.

Of course, if in your presence some one stops either drinking or talking, he is bound to be asked if he wants something to eat. Just a sandwich to tide him over 'til dinner... Maybe a box of crackers and cheese... (Of course, if it is a party, the table is filled like a movie version of the free lunch table at Delmonico's of the Gay 90's.) --I'll not bother to mention the quality of your cooking, as greater knife and fork experts than I are here pledged to do just that... But the quality of your hospitality is, to say the very least, overwhelming. I am not used to it, and don't know how to act. If I am my normal, polite, self, I'd be stuffed to the gills. I feel I should be doing something sparkeling and gay, to repay ypu for all the attention. But the best I can due, is try and reassure you that really, three helpings of potato salad are all I had in mind, even if it is the best I've had in years -- and then hide.

Now, as to being "disturbed" by you. This isn't quite the word I want, but is close to the feeling I get after all to many conversations with you...



For you are all too often selling your self short. For some reason you believe that people like you only because of your husband, and if it wasn't for your cooking no one would notice you. To this I could protest with a number of rather rude words, but I will simply say, "nonsense". Most fans did meet you through your husband, but one meets most friends through some one else. And now you are a personality all your own. And look, most fans, no matter how loud and brash, are generally rather shy and insecure. Do you think they could help but like some one as warm and friendly as you are? You welcome all with warmth as if each were a lost brother, and listen to troubles with quiet understanding. You boost people's egos till we come away with heads almost as large as our stomachs... But the warm memories remain longer than the hot meals. And the only sour note I've ever run across, was your own under-rating of your self. I'm glad of a chance to return a phrase your husband once used about me... Don't sell Isabel short.

Yours,

*Rick Sneary*

Rick Sneary

## CHILI SAUCE (SALSA)

One pound Long Green chilis -- if you can't get fresh ones, Ortega cans them  
5 little yellow Fresno chilis -- or jalapenas (also Ortega), but they are hot  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 large cans solid pack tomatos, juice and all  
one large clove garlic or 2 medium ones  
1 tablespoon salt or to taste

Put chilis in broiler to blister, turning often -- this makes them easy to peel  
Put chilis in pan and cover with wet cloth so they steam while cooling  
When cool enuf to handle, peel. Throw away stems, keep seeds

Grind in molcajete with garlic and tomatos -- add salt  
(Can mix tomatos in blender, but not chilis -- taste isn't  
the same and colors are too well mixed. Use meat grinder, tho)

Store in jars -- salsa is better when allowed to blend flavors a couple of hours  
Will keep in refrigerator for several weeks

\*\*\*\*\*

A molcahete is a grinding utensil of Mexican-Indian origin, made of igneous rock. Every hut south of the border has at least one molcajete for grinding corn to make the daily staple of the Mexican, meal for tortillas. In the U.S., the cook who wants authenticity will have to search the sections of town which cater to a Mexican-Spanish clientele, in special delicatessans, or send for one thru an import-export agency. An electric blender is not the same thing, at all.





Everybody else in this zine will be going into loving detail as to Isabel's prowess with Spanish-American cuisine. This will include people who can even spell the various dishes correctly. So in order to keep my ignorance under wraps as much as possible, I'll just say that these connoisseurs are Absolutely Right.

Elinor and I helped do justice (I hope) to a very fine spread of Tacos and enchiladas, the final evening of the Solacon. So I know whereof I speak, even if I did have to check with Elinor for the spelling.

And so every time that Elinor fixes up a batch of frijoles refritos according to Isabel's recipe, in the genuine unglazed-clay bean-pot that Isabel rounded up for Elinor, I am pleasantly reminded of the memorable evening that sparked this reminiscence. And Isabel's warmth and friendly hospitality was a great part of that evening.

Like, when are you folks ever going to come up here?

....FM Busby

## REFRITOS CON QUESO (FRIED BEANS)

Use basic bean recipe plus juice

Put a tablespoon or two of lard in a large skillet

(You could use oil, but no good Mexican does)

Pour beans in skillet and mash with potato masher while cooking

When nicely mashed, stir and turn over with spoon occasionally until juice is mixed in -- but not too dry

Then put grated cheese over it -- either in skillet or when served

\*\*\*\*\*

Longhorn cheese is best for grating -- Tillamook (cheddar) breaks into chunks and grates badly.

\*\*\*\*\*

## WRAP A TORTILLA AROUND REFRITOS!



Things ~~we~~ we would never find out if we didn't visit Whittier, California.....

\* \*\*\*\*

--- : Periano was invented by a homosexual who didn't like the natural  
smell of a woman.

USS JT: You're right! There's nothing as exciting as the natural smell of  
a woman -- unless it's the smell of roast beef.

\*\*\*\*\*

Don't put the pen away, I'm ready to say something quotable.

You are?

Sure, name a subject.

Mongoose.

Mongoose is the day after Songoose.

\*\*\*\*\*

BURBIE: You may not believe this, but some of us men are not interested  
in cleavages and such.

BJO: You're above such things?

BURBEE: Yes, that's the best way to observe cleavages.

\*\*\*\*\*

The mention of sex reminds me of a story about us, but I can't tell it  
in front of Isabel.....Charles Burbee

\*\*\*\*\*

Just say we cut our feet on clam shells out at Muscle Beach together, so we're  
blood brothers.....

OR

We half-killed each other throwing beer cans, so we're blood brothers.

\*\*\*\*\*

If you flour fruit first, it won't fall to the bottom of cakes, muffins, or  
fruit cakes during baking.....Isabel Burbee

\*\*\*\*\*

That reminds me; I think at least one party in a marriage should be feminine!

\*\*\*\*\*

Isabel collects back issues of Gourmet Magazine. She has had a sub since Jan, '53.

Gourmet Magazine has been in publication since 1941, issued once a month.

# ...Too Much Salt, I Think...

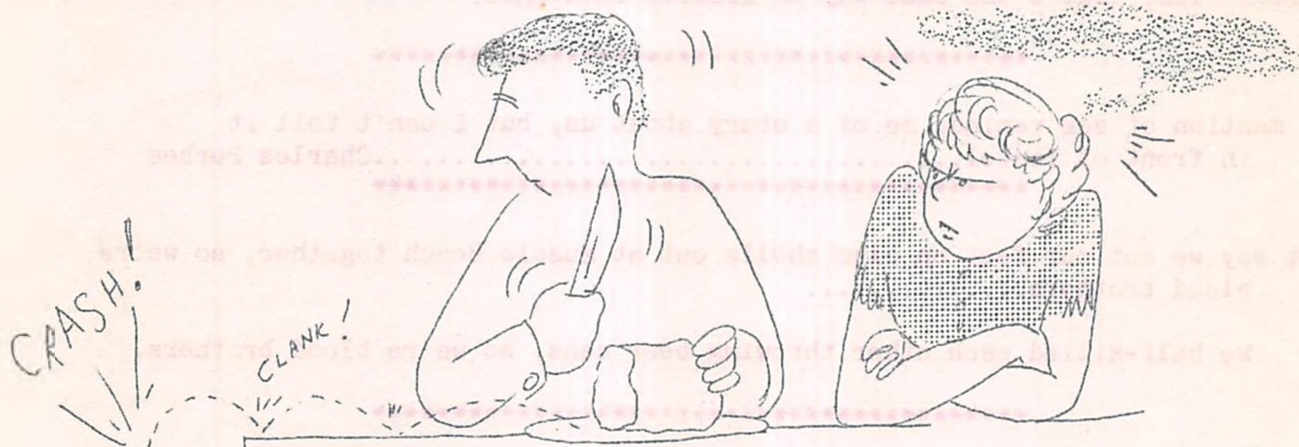
The other day while casually complaining about my wife Isabel's cooking--something about the sauce having too much salt in it--I was suddenly struck with the thought that at last it was happening to me, what people had been wondering about for years...my belly was beginning to bulge.

Seems that Isabel is so famed as a supercook (able to leap tall buildings in a single bound) that people are always remarking that it is odd I am so skinny when I really should weigh 400 pounds. Usually I get off the nasty remark that she doesn't cook like that for me, just for guests.

But now here I am, developing a pot belly. Already Isabel has dubbed me a "middle-aged Casanova". Sheeks, I'm only 45. Seems she saw me chasing a redhead around at a party. God forbid I ever be a pot-bellied Casanova.

Isabel's cooking may today be fabulous, but it was not always so. Oh, long ago, her cooking was not fabulous. Today it would probably be impossible for her to cook anything badly, but there was a time she could cook badly. I served that hitch with her.

Maybe I deserve a lot of credit, too. I experienced her first loaf of bread, for example. She went right at bread-making from memory, having helped her mother make it long ago. That first loaf of bread--I can see it clearly in



my mind right this minute--it was about the size of an alarm clock and weighed four pounds. The crust almost withstood the attack of our finest knives but I managed to remove a slice or two. I ate them. They tasted pretty good and the next day was Sunday so I didn't miss any work.

Another item in her early career was roasted short ribs. They got burned black. She put them on the table anyhow. I looked at that sad black roast and at her sad pale face, and with what I thought was a cheery smile I said: "Please pass the charcoal."

She picked up the platter of ribs and threw the whole thing at me. I ducked and it hit the wall behind me. I laughed, thinking this rather funny and she got madder.

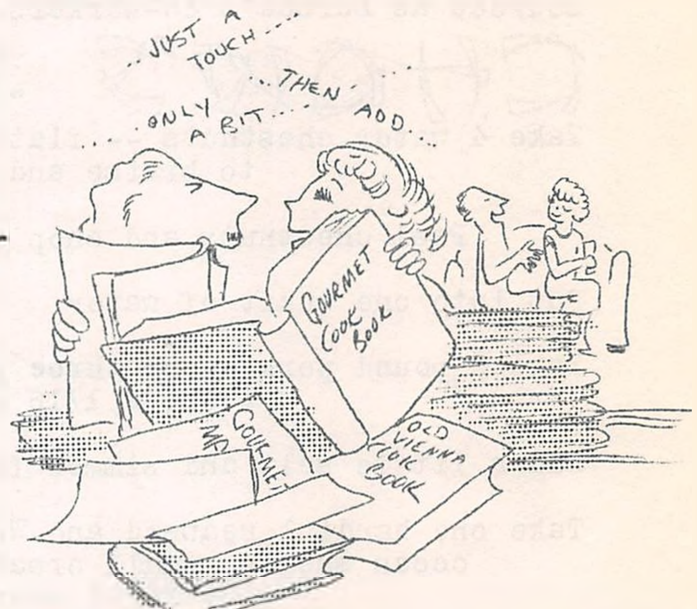


Since then I have always taken care to criticize her only in small things like lack of or over-abundance of some spice like salt which is the only one I recognize.

Too bad Gordon Dewey isn't around to add something about Isabel's cooking from a gourmet's point of view. He is a gourmet. I guess he must really be a gourmet because he is the only person Isabel fears. I mean she is nervous and apprehensive when she knows he is coming to dinner because she feels everything must be superlative rather than excellent.

He also loves her food. Once a few months ago while he was lying around doing nothing in Queen of Angels Hospital, Isabel prepared and I delivered a Chinese dinner. He had Roast Chicken, Chinese Style, steamed rice, shrimp and crab cocktail, spiced peaches, hot biscuits and honey, and maybe one or two other things I've forgotten. I recorded mentally his remarks so I could report to her afterward. Both of them were mighty pleased at the whole thing.

I remember how it was when Gordon and his wife Helen would eat with us. Isabel and Gordon would get lost in some esoteric branch of cookery so Helen and I would get our own little dialog started. Neither Isabel nor Gordon would pay any attention to us till maybe they overheard me say something like: "...he was the finest skirt-lifter in the county, and one evening..." At this, Gordon's attention would stray my way long enough to hear the story, making me wonder if hunger really is a more powerful force than sex. Maybe to laboratory rats it is but maybe sometimes the science boys forget that people are not laboratory rats.



Speaking of lab rats, I intend to digress as usual. Digression, you know, is nine-tenths of my style. I see by the Wall Street Journal for May 10, 1960, that root beer makers are no longer using oil of sassafrass roots in making root beer because "Federal health sleuths suspect the oil causes liver damage in Laboratory rats..." Damn those health sleuths anyhow. If I want to go to hell by way of root beer made with oil of sassafrass roots I ought to be able to. There goes another of our freedoms, men. We've got to limit the power of the government.

Well, to digress back to Isabel for a moment, she is one who believes in spreading the gospel of good cooking. She does not hoard recipes so that she might be unique in the world of cookery. She'll give detailed, accurate recipes to any really interested person. Not long ago she gave Bjo a recipe for beans and Bjo followed the recipe exactly (which makes Bjo something of an unusual person) and the beans turned out to taste exactly like Isabel's.

I've been married to Isabel for almost twenty years and all this time she has remained just about the same sort of person she was when I married her. At that long gone time I thought she was pretty, sensible, charming, gracious and reasonably intelligent, with a great desire to learn to cook exceptionally well. Well, the wear of years of living with a guy like me has knocked the heck out of her youthful prettiness, but she is still all those other things and has now learned to cook like crazy.



Scratch Isabel and you find more Isabel. Her "company manners" are her everyday manners; isn't this amazing?

Her Mexican friends all call her "Chavela". It is the affectionate diminutive of Isabel. I find myself calling her that quite often.

And even though she becomes impatient with me when I chase redheads, and never reads my stuff in fanzines, and scoffs at the idea of my being a living legend, I like her pretty much.

---Charles Burbee

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Isabel collects recipes from everywhere -- even from such fannish sources as Burbee's co-workers. A delicious and authentic dish is:

## CHOW'S SEAWEED SOUP

Take 4 water chestnuts -- flatten (Hit with flat of chopping knife to bruise and let the juices come out)

Peel chestnuts and chop fine

Put into one quart of water

Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound pork -- or three pork chops -- and slice real small ("Oh, a 1/16 or maybe 1/32 of an inch would do.")

Add a little salt and simmer for 20 minutes

Take one handful seaweed and WASH, then let soak to get rid of sand, ocean shells, small creatures, etc.

(Packaged seaweed isn't this much trouble -- ask for "naruto-wakame"--dried seaweed--in Japanese section of a super-market)

Drain in colander, and cut up, then add seaweed to soup

Simmer for 10 minutes -- don't boil, it makes it tough

Meanwhile, beat up an egg

Stir soup with fork and while it is in motion, add egg and turn fire down immediately -- egg will cook to shreds in seconds

Add Accent (monosodium glutamate) to taste, add more salt if needed

Serve soup, sprinkling each bowl with green onions chopped thin

Serves four

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A FRAGILE FLAVOR - NOT "FISHY"!



# THE SANDWICH CAPER

So while I was copying recipes from fabulous cook-books and taking notes on the dishes that are Isabel's specialties, John was drinking beer and having a "little snack". John always has a snack or "a little something until dinner" when we visit the Burbees.

"Here, have some cheese," says Isabel, stacking the table with Swiss, Bleu, Guda, Monterey Jack, Tillamook and Longhorn cheeses. Then she adds the rye, wheat, and soda crackers, throws down a basket of corn chips, and opens a jar of smoked Japanese clams to go with the beer. "Now," she says with satisfaction, to me, "we can talk!"

Burb comes home from work, views the ruins of the "little snack" and says, "Why aren't you people busy getting drunk? Here, have some more beer!"

A little later, the kids drift in from somewhere. They have already been in from school, fixed a snack and gone about some business or other. Now it's time for a "little snack" to hold them until dinner.

Johnny fixed himself a sandwich. I found myself watching in horrible fascination as he made a particularly thick peanut butter and sliced banana concoction. I don't like sandwiches, anyway, and have considered peanut butter an abomination since high school days. (And my wildest step into the realms of peanut butter sandwich-making was one with bread-and-butter pickles and bacon.)

John watched Johnny make the sandwich. "That looks good," he said, wiping the last of the Swiss cheese off his chin, and looking at the sandwich now poised in Johnny's hand. I stared at John, for he'd just finished the last of Isabel's entire supply of cheeses, or so it seemed to me.

"Here, try one," said Isabel, generously whipping the sandwich out of her son's hand and giving it to John. At Johnny's squeak of protest, she suggested that he make himself another sandwich. John fell to with gusto on the purloined goodie, while the Younger Burbee stoically proceeded to make another sandwich.

"Would you like to try one?" asked Isabel of me, taking Johnny's new sandwich off the board and handing to to me. I admitted to an interest in the taste of such a thing as a peanut butter and sliced banana sandwich, but protested that perhaps Johnny would prefer to eat his sandwich in peace; I could make one for myself. There was some background agreement from Johnny, but Isabel's native generosity won out again, and I was awarded the sandwich.

Johnny Burbee, undaunted, made another sandwich, while keeping an eye on the eggally undaunted USS JT. John had finished the first sandwich and showed signs of interest in Johnny's new project. There was much glancing over protective shoulders, and around corners where Johnny vainly tried to hide his sandwich. Isabel made a flank attack, swept the sandwich off the board and made a perfect overhand forward pass to the waiting John Trimble.

The sandwich was devoured before Johnny recovered from the shock. By this time, we had used almost all of the bread, most of the peanut butter and two bananas. Johnny was getting desperate. "How about some beer, John?" he suggested, in an effort to divert attentionm long enuf for him to make another sandwich and escape with it. The ruse worked, tho I was betting against it. And Johnny disappeared into the living room with his sandwich, and a rueful look for John.

---Bjo---



# THANK YOU

I first met Isabel Burbee in April, 1958, as she was bustling around her home in Whittier preparing a surprise party for her husband. The smell of her fine Mexican cookery was wafting thru the house, she was greeting people, directing them to the beer and soft drinks, and all the while looked cool and relaxed. (Her calmness and gift for making people happy and at ease is a constant source of amazement to me; I'm always in a dither at times like that--will so and so get along with what's her name?--is there enough ice?--all sorts of silly thoughts like that go thru my mind keeping me from enjoying the happenings.)

Since I really don't know Isabel nearly as well as I'd like to, I can tell you only a few of her most outstanding characteristics. I guess by now everybody knows that she is not only a perfect hostess, but that she goes further than anybody's expectations like providing beds and breakfast for people who ~~pass out~~ are overwhelmed by her husband's home brew.

One of Isabel's most fascinating aspects is her speech. Every time I see her I'm amazed and delighted with her Mexican accent. Isabel is of Scandinavian descent from Minnesota, I believe. She speaks no more than maybe 25 to 50 words of Spanish, but she has always spoken to me with a South-of-the-Border type grammar, sentence structure, voice and idioms. I'm told that since her Mexican neighbors moved away, Isabel no longer speaks with any accent at all.

The lady to whom we pay tribute with this fanzine is such a charming gal that I am truly speechless to add more. Thank you Isabel for making such a wonderful addition to the lives of so many people.

....Miriam Carr

*CMW*

BURBEE: I quit smoking in 1956 on Terry Carr's birthday.

BJC: Why?

BURBEE: Because it was Terry Carr's birthday!

DEWEY: I quit smoking on St. Whitsun's day and took it up again at Michaelmas.





## NATURE LOVER

Her husband once said to me, "Scratch Isabel and you find Isabel."

I am not so sure. I think she would scratch back.

What I say is: Shred the Isabel integument (you go to San Quentin for this, but what the dickens) and out pops a seven-year-old girl with bright eyes, mischief and with mind wise in deep intuitive fashion of seven-year-old girls. (Most females begin to deteriorate mentally shortly thereafter, though the physical improvement is sometimes astonishing; for males, mental deterioration sets in only at the age of nine.)

One reason I know this is that little girls are born kitten-cuddlers. Isabel is that and more. She is a nature lover; she loves kittens, Mexicans, fans, and other small mammals. (This is nothing derogatory in my books, believe me. I can spend hours staring wistfully into a cageful of fennecs. I have at this moment inside my bathrobe, which I am wearing, a small black kitten--conveyed to my by Isabel, of course, after I'd sworn off on kittens and made my wife swear off and



It's good that Isabel is a nature lover. It makes her want to feed the animals. She does not do this by purchasing a bag of wormy peanuts and a container of dusty popcorn, or even by saving up breadcrusts (unless it be her own inimitable home-baked variety)--oh no! Like the true knowledgeable zoologist she searches out succulent grubs, rare seeds, Martain nuts, crisp leaves of the Venusian salad tree--whatever happens to be the favorite food of the small animal for which she is preparing a table d'hote. Live herring for the seals, live froglets for the snakes, live fruit flies for the frogs, live bananas for the fruit flies. What more could a small animal ask?

A typical Isabel party recipe is two parts mad conviviality, three parts insomnia, sprinkle with endless conversation (known in England as "hundreds and thousands", or does that refer to the number of guests?), wrap in a giant tortilla, dranch with Napoleon brandy and serve flaming on a pitchfork.

---fritz leiber.

MACARONI & CHEESE (LINDA'S FAVORITE)

When cooked, drain

Then remove lid until cheese on top gets golden brown. Serve

Use basic macaroni recipe, add tuna, pitted ripe olives and pimientos for color. Add mushrooms for a company dish.



