

Issue Number Three

Heirloom

Wild Heirs 11.5



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Heirlooms #3, the reprint supplement, is **Wild Heirs 11.5**. It is distributed in conjunction with **Wild Heirs #11**, November 10, 1995

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As everyone knows by now, the title **Wild Heirs** salutes a fanzine of similar name produced by the LA Insurgents. Burbee, Laney, Rotsler, Perdue and their rambunctuous cohorts give us the strength to say "One more round!" when the party starts to die.

Heirlooms #3 presents a small selection of some of our favorite Insurgent material. We plan to revisit this unique group of fanzine fans in future issues.

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I wish to swear publicly on a stack of Shangri-L'Affaires that the events depicted here are not fictional, nor are the characters represented herein. In point of fact, this is not a fictional account. It is all fact. It all happened substantially as reported here; this is a true and complete account, as I remember it, of the evening of August 11 and subsequent events involving the getting out of the last mailing. If anything, the high points of the story have been toned down a little for our family readership. — Burb.

I thought you might be interested in knowing just what and who and such were involved in getting out the last mailing. Of course, Elmer had set the deadline for material at July 26. Believing him to be speaking the truth, the LASFS boys who are members were batting away madly at the mimeograph. Hart, Evans, Willmorth, and Ackerman gave the LASFS mimeograph quite a workout the Thursday and Friday preceding the deadline date, which fell on a Saturday. Laney had gotten his mag in before (about two weeks), and I did not have mine done yet, being pretty sure that Elmer would not be on time. I had some other things I wanted to do, and I did them, and still had plenty of time to get out my mag.

As Elmer told you in last mailing's *Amateur*, Laney and I, armed with a letter from Milt, went up to his place and quizzed him about the mailing. He showed us three cut stencils and seemed to be very sincere about getting the mailing out that very evening. We didn't quite believe this, but we did give him a second chance before we decided to blitzkrieg the boy. This was Saturday.

Monday I called Elmer up, asked him how he was coming. He said he was cutting stencils on the *Amateur*. I asked him if he had the mailing assembled. He said no. Well, of course, I hadn't given him *Burlings* yet, but that shouldn't have held him up. At any rate, I said I would be over about 9 pm, at which time he said he'd be through stenciling. I said I'd drive him over to the LASFS clubroom where he could run

"FAPA Forever"
was published by Andy Anderson
as **Half-length Articles Number One**

FAPA

FOREVER

...being the
story of how
the last mig.
came out

By Charles Burbee

off the *Amateur*. I'd help him, after I'd gotten some *Shangri-L'Affaires* lettering-guide work out of the way. He said OK. About 8:30 he called me back and told me to bring four or five stencils because Betty (his wife) had torn up three cut stencils. I did so, arriving there about 9. I found Elmer in his shirtsleeves, busily cutting stencils. As I walked into the room in which they live, Betty was lying on the bed, her face covered from the world, in a semi-foetal position. I said hello to her. No answer. I thought she was asleep. Elmer greeted me vociferously, and, by the gleam in his eyes, I could see the boy was wined up. He was cutting stencils madly. I immediately went through them looking for my name. Betty was absolutely silent, and she'd sort of slipped from my mind when Elmer got up and went across the room for a bottle of wine. Quick as a flash the inert woman was on her feet and had reached the bottle before Elmer could get there. Then started a family quarrel about who had bought the bottle and who drunk most of it, etc.

Thus awakened, Betty began to clamor for more wine. They bugged me as a "friend" and "a good friend" and "a true friend" to go buy them more wine. I declined but was finally persuaded to do it. That was my mistake of the evening. I drove Betty out to get wine and bought 2 fifths of Padre Port and 2 bottles of Acme Beer (the beer, as they said, was for me.) When we got back Betty insisted I drink my beer at once. Among the litter on the table she found me a glass with a scum of old milk in the bottom and handed it to me.

"This is hardly what I'd call a clean glass," I said in my typical diplomatic fashion.

"You don't mind a little milk, do you?" asked Betty, wide-eyed.

"I don't care for milk much," I said. "Not this way."

"Well," she said, "I'll drink out of it. Here, you take this glass. This is a clean one. It's only had orange juice in it."

God forgive me, I took the glass, which seemed not too dirty, and as I opened the bottle I had to pour Betty a glassful which was, as she said, "To wash the taste of wine out of my mouth."

She asked then if I liked poetry. I said no. So she said she would read me a poem I would like. I declined with thanks. So she said, "Oh, but you'd like this one." "No," I said, "I don't like poetry. Especially fan poetry, which practically always stinks."

"You'll like this one," she said.

"No, I'd rather not hear it. I don't like poetry."

"I'll read it to you."

She had a copy of one of Dale Hart's mags. When I saw that it was inevitable, I had to give in and enjoy it. I said I would read the poem myself, and took the mag and read this sonnet by Sidney Johnson. I said I didn't like it too well.

"What kind of fellow is Sidney Johnson?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said. "I've never heard of him before."

"How old is he?" she asked.

"I don't know. I don't even know the man. Never heard of him in my life."

"Do you think he has a fine mind?"

"Well, that's hard to say, from reading one sonnet and that not a very good one."

"What kind of fellow is he?"

"Who?"

"Sidney Johnson"

"Oh," I said, "you mean Sidney Johnson!"

"Yes," she said. "What kind of fellow is he?"

"Oh," I said, "he's not a bad fellow -- now, I guess."

"How old is he?"

"Thirty-eight."

"How do you know?" asked Betty.

"His brother told me."

"Who's his brother?"

"Why, Johan P. Johnson. Teaches English at LACC. Used to be a great friend of mine."

"Are you sure he's 38?"

"Well, that's just a guess. He might be 42."

"Oh no! He's not more than 40!"

"Well," I said, casting a sidelong look at my host, busily cutting stencils a yard or so away, "I don't see why it matters."

"It matters a great deal," declared Elmer's bride. "I may want to marry him some day."

"Oh. Well, I guess he's around 42."

"You said 38."

"So I did."

"Come on Burbee, give a girl a break. He's 38, isn't he?"

"Wellllll, come to think of it, he is."

"That isn't too old, is it?"

"I guess not."

"Tell me about him -- what is his philosophy?"

"He had a strange philosophy. I guess he was a black sheep. Of course all my information is 7 years old, so he might have changed and be entirely different now."

"What did he do?"

"Oh, the family educated him. Brought him up to be a dentist. Paid some \$2000 to teach him the dental profession. After graduation he went into the business and after three years of work he'd paid them back and saved up quite a sum of money. So he thought he would take a little vacation. He went all over the world."

"Where did he go?"

"He wound up in India, where he ran out of money and he got a job of some sort. Maybe it was in Tibet -- I never listened very well when Johan told me about it."

"Johan," murmured Betty, "who is that?"

"That's his brother who teaches English at LACC."

"Oh, and how did he know all this?"

"Well, after all, even black sheep write letters home now and then. He wasn't completely estranged, you know."

"And how long did he stay away?"

"Eight years."

"But how old is he now?"

"38"

"Are you sure?"

"Well, not positive. Let me see, I will figure it out. He got out of college at the age of 22, was a dentist for 3 years, was gone for 8 years, and that was 7 years ago -- that makes him 40."

"Oh no!"

"Well," I said, "I happen to know he is 38, so my figures are wrong. They were only approximate, anyhow. Ah, yes," I added reflectively, "he thought he would take a little vacation and so he went to Paris." I drank a little beer. "And how long was he gone?"

"8 years," Betty laughed. "He sounds like quite a guy. What does he look like?"

"Well, I never saw him."

"Yes, but was he tall, dark, blond, or what?"

"I don't know."

"He's tall isn't he?"

"Well, yes, now that you mention it. I'd say he was about 73 inches tall, weighed about 170 pounds of lean, hard sinew."

"I thought so," said Betty.

"Had a lot of strange experiences in India. Once, while climbing up a rickety rope ladder while ascending Mount Kachima in southern India -- right near Tibet, you know -- he made the mistake of looking down. The lines of perspective pulled him down to the valley floor, three thousand feet straight down. He lost his head. He clung weakly to the rope and messed himself. Yes, he clung there, weaker than beer with ice in it and messed himself. Said he almost died there."

"Why," said Betty, "none of that shows in his poetry."

"Yes, that I must admire him for," I said. "A man like that, who knows at least fifteen native dialects, refrains from putting one word in a poem. That shows great restraint, which is the basis of artistry. Of course, there is a bit of Urdu philosophy in lines 8 and 9, but it is all to the good."

"I didn't notice that," said Betty. "I haven't read as much as you have."

By and by Elmer finished cutting stencils. He showed me the "cut stencils" Betty had torn. "They" were on stencil, uncut, wrinkled but not torn.

"Let's go to the Half World," I said. "I've got some lettering guide work I want to do. Then I'll help you with the *Amateur*."

"Coming along, honey?" said Elmer to Betty.

"No," she said.

"Oh come on," he said. "No use staying around here. Come on along."

"No" she said, "I don't want to."

"All right then, honey," he said. A moment passed. Betty said: "Trying to run out on me, huh?"

"No," said Elmer. "I asked you to come along."

"You gave up mighty easy when I said no."

"I thought you didn't want to go."

"You dnow damn well I'm going."

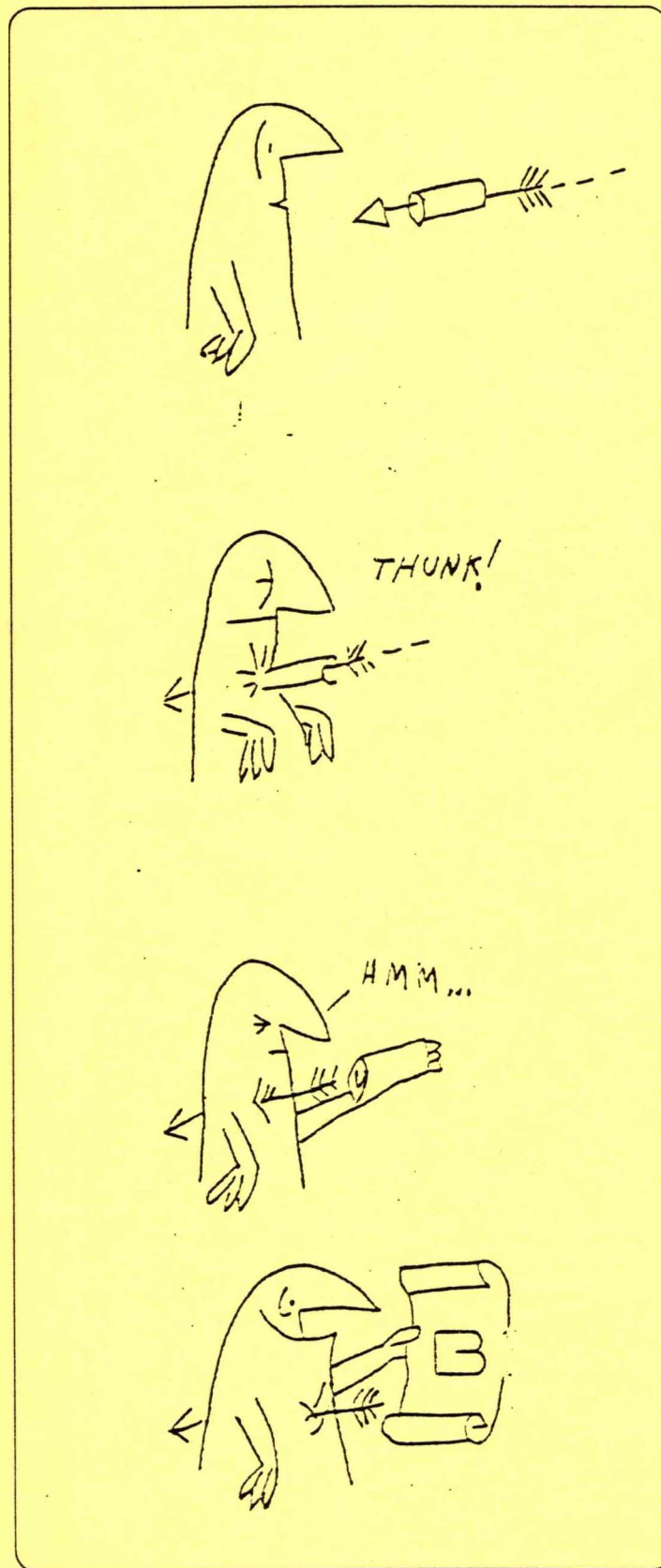
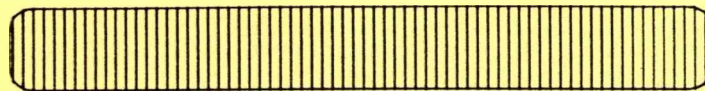
"Well, I asked you to come along."

"You were trying to run out on me."

Eventually they began to run out of words. Elmer stacked up the stuff he wanted to take -- ink, envelopes, stencils, paper. Then he got up, went over to the bed, pulled out a suitcase, threw the suitcase on the bed and opened it. It was full of sandwiches. He offered me one. I declined, but found it in my hand anyway. I started to eat it. It was soggy as lard. I said it was too soggy. Elmer looked at me in Amazement. "But Betty made it herself!" he exclaimed.

Finally, with beer, wine, sandwiches, ink, envelopes, stencils, paper, and potato chips, we left the room, descending the side entrance, a rickety wooden stairway down the side of the house, and as we passed the lower window, a shrewish voice from inside began to shout about people who raised hell at all hours of the night.

"What could possibly be wrong with her?" asked Elmer. "It's only 10:30, and we weren't making much



noise."

"Just before Burbee came I was screaming. You were choking me half to death."

"Why shouldn't I? You bit me. In three places."

"Not hard. Not one of them drew blood."

"You bit me three times."

We got to the club with practically no mishap except for the spilling of a cup of wine on the floor of my ancient car.

As soon as we got in I put on stencil number one and began to remember how the LASFS mimeo worked. After a time I got it run off. While I was running it off, Elmer went over next door to Myrtle's (Myrtle Douglas) house, in which live the Ashleys, Jack Wiedenbeck, Myrtle's son Virgil, and Walt Liebscher.

When he returned, Betty said: "Did you tell Myrtle I looked a fright and didn't want to come over but would if she wanted me to?"

"Yes honey," said Elmer.

"And what did she say?"

"She said it was all right. She was just going to bed. Said you could come over but she was just going to bed."

"Did she thank you for the present?"

"Yes, and she said Virgil would thank you too when he saw you again."

"Didn't she say she wanted me to come over?"

"She said you could come if you wanted to but she is just going to bed."

"Then she doesn't want me. I won't go."

"Aw, go on over to see Myrtle, honey."

"No, she doesn't want to see me."

"Sure she does. She wants to see you."

"What about?"

"She'd just like to see you if you feel like dropping over. You could meet her cousin. Very lovely girl. You could see her cousin."

"Did she say she wanted to see me about something?"

"No, she said she'd be glad to see you if you wanted to drop over."

"But she's going to bed."

So Elmer began to run off a stencil, having all sorts of trouble getting started, staggering around quite a bit. I was over in the corner, doing lettering-guide work on *Shangri-L'Affaires* stencils.

"Take me home Burbee," said Betty. "You can come back."

"No," said I. "I came here to do lettering-guide work and I'm just starting. If I leave here now I won't come back."

"Take me home," she ordered. "You can come back."

I went on with the lettering-guide work.

"Give me the keys, Elmer," she said. "I'm going home."

"Aw, stay around awhile honey," said Elmer.

"I'm tired. I'm bored. You're just running that machine and I have nothing to do."

"You want something to read? We have books here. You have potato chips and sandwiches to eat and a jug and beer to drink."

"That's Burbee's beer." She took a drink from the bottle.

"Why don't you go over and see Myrtle?"

"She doesn't want to see me."

"Go over and see Myrtle."

"I don't want to."

"Aw, go on over, honey, and see Myrtle."

"She's gone to bed."

"No she hasn't. She asked me to tell you to come on over."

"That's a damned lie, Elmer. You told me she was going to bed and now you tell me different."

"You could see her cousin. Very lovely girl."

"I don't care, I caught you lying to me. Give me the key. I'm going home."

No answer. She repeated this request or order three or four more times before Elmer finally said, "Will you let me in when I get home?"

"Why? Where do you want to sleep?"

"I want to sleep home, honey," said Elmer.

"You want to sleep home. You want sleep home. You don't care if I have a place to sleep or not. You want to sleep home. Give me the key, Elmer, I'm going home."

"Will you let me in when I come home?"

"I think you'd better give me the key."

"Will you let me in when I come home? I don't want to sleep on the floor out in the hallway again."

"Will you give me that key?"

"No Honey."

"All right, then, I'll take it." She made a grab for his hip pocket and got a good handhold. He pulled away and started to stagger. She began to swing around with him. And there they were, Betty hanging onto his hip pocket, Elmer swinging on a long circle, both staggering in unbelievable fashion. Betty was shouting: "Stop pulling. You'll tear your pocket and that'll cost you \$.75."

"Let it," said Elmer.

Around and around swung Elmer, like a dead cat on a string, a smile on his face; no expression on Betty's face, unless it was a grim smile. After a while, having rolled a cigarette, I said: "Elmer, got a match?"

"Yes, meyer," he said as he swung past, and proceeded to pull out a book of matches. He carefully and deliberately opened the flap, fumbling madly as he did so, going round and round the while.

"Oh, just throw me the matches," I said.

"No," he said. "I'll pick out the one I want you to use." Eventually he did so, isolating it on the outside of the closed flap. I lit my cigarette and waited for him to come round again so I could give the matches back to him. But he never did complete that circle. Betty pulled him off balance and he fell against the mimeo table. He began to choke her. I went back to my

Some Handy Info

When the BArea fans compiled *The Incomplete Burbee*, they made an editorial decision to abridge "FAPA Forever" and print only the section dealing with Sidney Johnson. Richard Eney, editor of *A Sense of FAPA*, went with the complete text. The Vegrants' edition of *The Incomplete Burbee* followed the text of the original.

After consultation with the Man Burbee, we decided to publish the full and complete "FAPA Forever" for the first time since 1963. We felt, and Burb agreed, that the death of Elmer Perdue negates the embarrassing element.

lettering-guide work for *Shangri-L'Affaires*. (\$.10 per single copy, 3/\$.25, 6/\$.50).

After a time things were abnormal again. Elmer was back at the mimeo and Betty was sitting watching him.

"You may think he's calm and quiet, but he's not," she said. "He's hit me in every conceivable place: in the stomach, in the breasts, in the back. Once he kicked me out of bed, right onto the floor. And he's even kicked me in the tail. That's the worst thing a man can do -- kick a woman in the tail. You kicked me in the tail, Elmer."

Elmer swung around from the mimeo. "But not tonight."

"No, but you have kicked me in the tail."

"But not tonight. Remember that. Not tonight."

"Burbee," said Betty, "How many children have you got?"

"He has five children," said Elmer.

"Is that right, Burbee?"

"Well," I said, "I guess that's about right. Let's see, one each by two girls I should have married, and three by Isabelle."

"You're married to her, aren't you?"

"In the sight of God, yes."

"But what about these other girls? Why did you get them pregnant?"

"Oh, I don't know. I thought it would be a good joke, I guess."

"I can't understand a man who will do that."

"Well," I said, "women are pretty hard to understand, too. For example, when I brought home a girl I had got pregnant, Isabelle refused to take her in. I merely wanted to take care of the girl while she was that way, but Isabelle wouldn't hear of it. That seems like a very strange attitude for a woman to take against a member of her own sex."

"But why did you get her that way?"

"Oh, I was thinking of something else at the time. You know how it is. But hell, Sidney Johnson had fifteen children, so I'm piker beside him."

"I thought you said he was single."

"Well he was. He had five or six native wives. But you can't expect a native marriage to hold in the courts of this country."

"No," said Betty, "I suppose not." Then Elmer swung away from the mimeograph and fell to the floor. Among crud sheets and automatic slipsheet cards lay the Official Editor of FAPA, senseless, unmoving. "Is he dead?" cried Betty.

"Only socially!" I answered.

On the floor lay the Official Editor of FAPA. One stencil he had run off, and the floor was strewn with crud sheets. But the Official Editor was not aware of the crud sheets. On the floor he lay, oblivious to all but the numbing influence of wine in his cells. He lay there, and all over the nation and England and Canada, Fapa members gnashed their teeth and nervously wondered where the mailing was. And on the floor lay the Official Editor of FAPA, senseless, lifeless, inert. One stencil run off. They were wondering where the mailing was and why it hadn't come out, and the Official Editor of FAPA, duly elected by his constituents, lay stone senseless on the floor.

Betty went over to him. "Get up Elmer," she said. "Get up. We're going home." He didn't move. "Burbee," she said, "see if you can get him up."

"Let him lie there," I said. "It does my heart good to see a fellow Fapa member at repose."

"But he's just lying there and I want to go home. Get him up, Burbee."

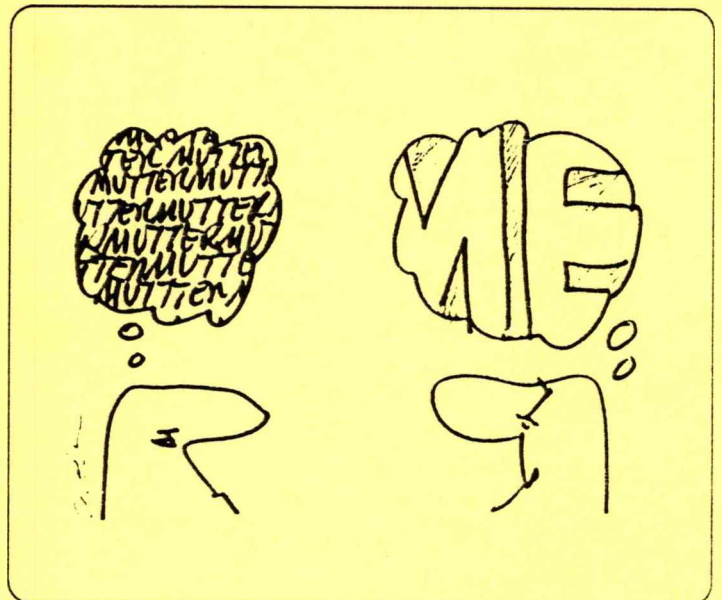
"Let him lie," I said. "He may need the rest." So I went over to the mimeograph. I checked the sheets he had run, the one stencil. He had run off 75 sheets, insisting that this was the ideal number of copies. I ran through them. Offset, pages half printed, semi-black pages due to the roller's being inked. I sorted out the blemished sheets and found only 20 out of the 75 could be used. I ran off the additional 55, turned the pageover and ran off the next page. Then I ran off two more stencils. After each stencil, Betty, who was sitting beside the unrun stack of stencils, would say, "Are you finished, Mr. Burbee?" And I would patiently answer "No. I still have to run those stencils on the chair beside you." So I'd run off one and every time I stopped to replenish the paper supply or something she'd say, "Are you finished Mr. Burbee?"

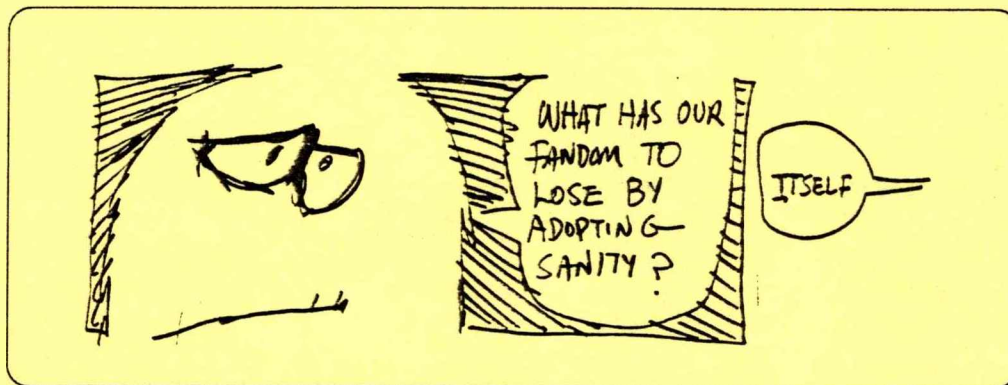
After the fourth stencil or so, I got disgusted with it all. "I'm through," I said. "I'm going to get out of here. I'll drive you home, and Elmer if he can be moved."

So I tried to awaken Elmer. Two hotfoots did not make him stir. While we were trying to lift him onto a chair, a car went past the open clubhouse door. It stopped up the street and backed up in a hurry. Curious onlookers peered from its windows. Inspired, I said, "My God, it's the cops!" The senseless, inert, lifeless body in my arms jerked into sentience. Elmer straightened, started to get up, looked out the door, saw not cops but curious onlookers and immediately became inert, lifeless, senseless once more.

After a time he mumbled something and pulled a piece of paper from his pocket. I read it. I seemed to be a pricelist of dishes. I put it back in his pocket. I shook him and shook him, telling him repeatedly to get up if he wanted to be driven home. At last he half opened his eyes and words tumbled from his lips. "Fuggem all," he said. "Fuggem, every one."

Later, when he was sitting up, I let go of him. This man, who found himself utterly without muscles to even try to stand unaided, kept his balance neatly on





the chair. He began to pull chairs into position for sleeping purposes. "Did he run off 75 copies of each stencil?" he asked.

"I didn't finish," I said. "I'm going home." I began to load stuff into the car, preparing to leave. As I came back from one trip I saw Betty kicking Elmer in the ribs with clinical savagery. He roused from his coma and struck at her swiftly. She jumped back out of range expertly after being hit only twice. (Later she told me she had been "prodding him gently with my toe and he struck me like a madman.")

Elmer flopped down again on his line of chairs. Betty pulled out the chair on which his head rested, and the Official Editor of FAPA lay there, mewling gutturally once more.

"I'd better get the key," she said. She got it. "I'll leave him his benny," she said.

So we went out of the LASFS clubroom, leaving the Official Editor of FAPA alone with his five or six run-off pages, stencils, paper, ink, and his benzedrine. We drove away from that place.

When we had gotten two miles away, Betty said, "Drive back. I want to leave him a jar of wine. He'll need it when he wakes up."

"I'll let you off here if you want to go back," I said. "Right now I'm on my way home. I intend to drive you home and go home myself."

She decided against going back by streetcar. "Do you think Elmer has a fine mind?" she asked me.

"Well, yes and no," I said.

"What do you mean by yes and no?"

"Well, from some points of view he has and from other points of view the issue is in doubt."

"Well, what do the other members think of him?"

"I never heard them say."

"You mean he's verboten?"

"Not necessarily."

"Well, I was wondering if he had a fine mind. He's always telling me he has, and I've been wondering what the rest of you think."

After a time, she said, "Do you think Elmer is a genius?"

Epilogue

Tuesday night I called up Slanshack to inquire about Elmer. It seems he was around, having just come in to borrow a pair of pliers to open a can of ink with, so I spoke to him. Said he'd slept in the clubroom till 6, had gone home to get a coat and had gone to work. Now he had come directly from work and was winding up the mimeo work. Had two stencils to go. So I was happy. He also said I had a lot of apologies coming to me for the way I had been imposed on. I

agreed with him.

Thursday night (Aug. 14) at 6 he called me up. "You've got to get out the mailing," he said. "That's fine," I said, and waited for the punch line, because this was obviously a gag. But he was serious. Said Betty's mother had died and he had taken days off from work and they were leaving at once. I said in that case I'd be glad to get the mailing out.

"How about express charges?" I wanted to know. "I have no money for this." "Mail it," said Elmer Perdue, the Official Editor. "There is nothing unmailable in the lot." Some of you might read that statement over again. I'll write it here for you. "There is nothing unmailable in the lot." Read that and ponder on it, Crutch, Dunkelberfer, Hart.

"But," I said, "with writing in the *Amateur*, the mailing will have to go first-class, at \$.03 an ounce."

"No," said Elmer, "that is a dedication to a book and does not come under the classification of written matter."

"But the *Amateur* isn't a book. It's only a magazine by a stretch of the imagination."

"Mail it," said Elmer. "Get the money from Ackerman."

"Are you leaving town?" I asked.

"I haven't time to talk to you," said Elmer. "We're leaving right away." He'd told me how to come get the stuff -- somebody'd let me in. At 6:30 he called again. He told me nobody'd be in the rooming house to let me in, so I could enter finding the key on the window ledge and would find the entire mailing (rather, the 49 envelopes he'd prepared) and on top would be the *Amateur* and the ballots. Again I asked him where he was going and so forth but he cut me off.

So in about 45 minutes I left and drove over to Elmer's place, which is about 3 miles from here. I got in, found the stuff on the landing, hauled it away and drove to the Half World, where a meeting was scheduled (it being Thursday). I picked out the *Amateurs* for the localites and later saw that they were delivered. In Slanshack I spoke to Myrtle Douglas. She mentioned Elmer and told me that he and Betty were not leaving town. They'd decided they couldn't make it. "Why," I said, "that's a late development -- when did you hear about it?"

"At 6:30, when he called," she said.

"6:30!" I said. "Why that's when he called me and told me for the second time he wouldn't be around and I'd have to get the mailing out. And I stayed around the house for 45 minutes, and got to his house and nobody was there, and no note was there telling me not to bother..."

For some inexplicable reason I got disgusted with it all. So the mailings sat in my car and went to work with me and back Friday. And Saturday, F. Towner Laney, who felt he had done nothing so far to help, said he would get the mailing out, so he took the stuff from my car to his car (we work in the same shop so it was all easy) and he said he would get money from Ackerman Thursday 21 August and probably mail the stuff Saturday 23 August. •••

I received not too long ago a letter from one John van Couvering in which he referred to someone or other as "a fabulous, Burbee-like character".

What a thing to say about anyone! Fabulous! Burbee-like! Why, this man Charles Burbee, whom I see and work with almost daily, is to some a people a myth. It is hard for me to think of this lank, lean, swarthy, irreverent, witty, obscene, companionable man as a living legend. I think of him rather as Burb, or Brub, or occasionally Meyer or Sammy -- yet I can see how he has become a living legend.

There was a time when the Burbee household was as full of fans as a septic tank is of sewage -- an amazingly apt simile even though I have never thought of the Burbee home as a septic tank. This was when Burbee lived at 1057 South Normandie, a location distressingly easy for fans to reach. A list of the visitors at that address reads like a roster of fandom itself.

In those days of course, Burb was anything but a legend. Fans could see, hear, smell, taste, and touch -- and many of them tried very hard to taste and touch him. You know how fans are.

Now that Burbee lives on the outskirts of nowhere, his life is pleasantly fanless. Since, due to the permanence of science fiction as a great Cultural Influence, the roster of fandom changes by 75% each year; Brub's two or three year absence from the center of town has led to his being in a fandom which has never seen him.

And a Burbee mythos grows apace!

Since Charles Burbee is beyond peradventure the most utterly fabulous, completely Burbee-like character in the world today, I thought I would tell you about him. Maybe you too can be fabulous and Burbee-like.

"Sammy," I said to him in my best pseudo-Yid accent, "vat meks you zo febulous and Burbee-like?"

"Do you think I'm One?" he quoted. "Well, you'll just have to prove it if you do."

"No, seriously. I thought I'd do an article for *Burblings* about how to be a fabulous, Burbee-like character. How can I write it if I don't know what makes you so fabulous and Burbee-like?"

"That's what's so fabulous about me," he said. "I don't try to be fabulous like everybody else."

A pensive look came over him. "You'd better leave the stenciling to me, Towner," he added "I might think of some more things that ought to be said about me."

Perhaps a few Burbee anecdota would be a good start towards hinting at the stigmata of the archetypal fabulous Burbee-like character.

There was once a kindly, middle-aged head of a family, who, within five minutes of having met Burbee for the first time, was compelled to throw himself back in his chair, mouth his cigar sensuously, and grate in a hoarse voice, "Mr. Burbee! I am not a c-----!" And as Burbee himself has since pointed out many times, he never again went out of way to meet this man.

There was a very edible looking young lady working at LaMoree's for several years, who became on non-speaking terms with Burbee over some cause celebre which neither of them could remember when I tried to find out about it. But, though they could not speak, they kept up an indefatigable written correspondence in Spanish which consumed dozens

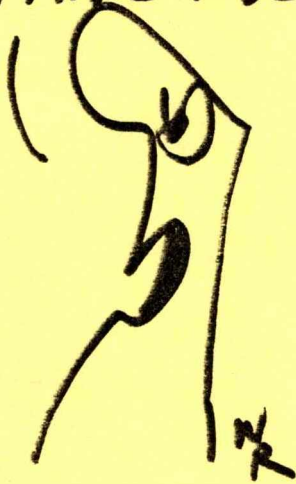
A BOY AND HIS PAL



A FABULOUS BURBEE-LIKE CHARACTER By F. TOWNER LANEY

"A Fabulous Burbee-like Character" was originally published in **Burblings** (1951)

GENTLEMEN!
START
YOUR
FANZINES!



of blank time tickets a week, and kept some of the rest of us quite busy trotting back and forth with little notes.

This same man will go into gales of laughter over the frequent repetition of such esoteric lines as: "He's not very clean, and he's not very good." "It's picnic time again." "Little Mutt. Little Mutt." "He's the best all-round man in the shop." "Feeeelix!" "They were removed!" "Can a man fall in love with metal? My God! I have!" "Give me eat!" "Where is eat?" "You are speaking to a member of your own sex, my dear." "We are ducks...quacking!" etc., etc. (This is also a criterion of being fabulous and Laney-like.)

This same man once referred to himself in print as having an "electronic soul". He manifests this by having a non-transportable portable wire-recorder, by playing records "too goddamn loud" (the only way they should be played, incidentally), and by constantly looking up crossover networks so his friends can build twin speaker systems.

This same man is hipped on deep-sea fishing, and for some reason looks askance at my contention that the only sensible way to deep-sea fish is with a war surplus sub chaser and plenty of depth charges.

This same man...but I could go on for pages. Pages of fabulous Burbee anecdotes revealing fabulous facets of the fabulous Burbee-like character. Helpless in the face of such a wealth of material, I think I'll try to fill out a personality inventory.

PHYSICAL. I could speak of olive skin, leonine heads, flashing dark eyes, and all sorts of stuff. But

instead I'll quote the exact words of a young lady I know who once met Burbee. "There is something about the set of his head that promises exquisite sexual delights to all women." What more does one need in the way of physique? By god, I wish I too were fabulous and Burbee-like!

MENTAL. The outstanding feature of the Burbee mind is a cosmic impatience with mediocrity and sham. (This is why he was such close friends for so many years with certain individuals whom I will not name!)

He is constantly infuriating the panel of self-claimed experts down where we work—experts on sports, politics, women, economics, sociology, science, everything—by interrupting their deliberations with a loud: "I'm just an ordinary guy working for a living in a cheap shop." (This recently led old C. D. LaMorse himself to explain very vehemently to our diemaker that by god this was not a cheap shop!

"I don't see how anybody can like the place he works in and still keep his self-respect."

---Francis T. Laney-----

Another allied trait is a sudden outbreak of shouting, "Big! Big! Big! Big!" over and over in response to the words or actions of some of his fellows—particularly actions in which they are putting antennae on radioless cars and similar bits of camouflage.

TEMPERAMENTAL. The true fabulous and Burbee-like character is relaxed in a high-strung sort of way and is constantly getting mixed up with weird happenings and people due to a mixture of easy-goingness and amusement at the antics of non-Burbee-like people. Burbee is almost as big an incident-prone as George Gordon Dewey. He is the only person I have ever known who has watched someone defecating from the top of an oil-well derrick. (This is what made it possible for him to take the LASFS in stride.) He has also composed and given public performances of a calypso about a well-known pro author who had his falsies stolen by one of his more besotted admirers who in turn gave them to another fan to use at the Pacificon and never saw them again.

If you were to gear your temperament thusly, and collect Max Brand, Albert and Pogo, Bach, and New Orleans jazz --- you might be fabulous, but you wouldn't be Burbee-like, unless you used up all the non-Insurgent Element fanzines you got as crud sheets.

For an ordinary person to try to be fabulous and Burbee-like is vaguely analogous to an attempt at a chemical analysis of protoplasm. As soon as you start analyzing, the protoplasm dies and then it isn't protoplasm any more. Just like Bill Rotsler who has spent half a decade trying to be fabulous and Burbee-like and has only succeeded in making himself an "arty feller".

Burb, here is some space. What would you advise the sincere acolyte of Charles Burbee to do? Where should the neophyte start his efforts towards becoming a fabulous, Burbee-like character? •••

The FANTASY-NEWS for February 18, 1945 had an eye-opening story by Raymond A. Palmer. For those who don't read AMAZING, which includes most of fandom, RAP is the Managing Editor of that sorry excuse for a pro mag. He is responsible for the Shaverism that has infected the magazine Gernsback begot.

William S. Sykora and Sam Moskowitz are giving fandom "News While It's Hot!" -- that's what it says on the front page -- while Uncle Sam tries to make soldiers out of Taurasi and Racic. They have a ring-tailed scoop this issue. You'll want to save FANTASY-NEWS #176 (Volume 9 Number 3) with your most valuable fanzines like SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES (but only Burbee's issues of this once monthly fanzine).

Ray Palmer says fandom is dead. The erstwhile editor of COSMOLOGY (and a lot of other fanzines Palmer names in his introduction to impress us) claims Fandom missed its big chance. The reason that fandom (as we know it) will soon vanish from the Earth (and wherever else Deros dwell) is that fans don't remember Lemuria.

Palmer speaks with the full authority of a past president of the International Scientific Association (R.I.P.). RAP writes, "This is something they could have pitched in and helped develop. Now they are too late. Overnight, a new "Fandom" has sprung up, with a powerful organization which will get all the credit."

RAP is sore at us as only an ignored prophet can be. "I warned them of what was coming..." he thunders. Since his message about the caves fell on deaf ears in fandom, "All the fans can do now is sit helplessly back and watch the fireworks."

You have to hand it to RAP. Far from ducking the blame, he marches to the head of the idiot parade in FANTASY-NEWS. Palmer wants to be first in line when they give out the credit -- and the cash. He is so eager to link his name to this debatable proposition that he nearly relegates prize boob Richard S. Shaver to the back seat.

Reluctant as I am to argue with the august co-founder of the Science Correspondence Club, RAP is bughouse. Maybe he should take a lesson from fandom and stop reading AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES before his brain rots worse.

People aren't dumb enough to swallow Shaver indefinitely. Sooner or later, they will heave it up. Shaverism will be given the same status as table-knocking and the transmutation of lead into gold. Fifty years from now, Richard S. Shaver won't be any better known to the general public than other pulp hacks like L. Ron Hubbard.

After rejecting RAP's version of the future, I wondered about what tomorrow holds for Science Fiction and Science Fiction Fandom. That's what's in the rest of this story.

Imagine what it will be like fifty years from now! I have, and it's like something right out of ASTOUNDING with a dash of WEIRD TALES. Here's what I see. The letter hacks can put in their two cents next month.

Many predictions made in science fiction stories will come true by 1995. There may be newsstands on Mars by then. Fandom may even include creatures from other worlds! Who knows? Some of them may even understand Ackese better than you or me.

THE RAP ON RAP BY PAUL FELLER

People will still read Science Fiction in the far future. Or maybe writers will read their stories to fans via miniaturized wire recordings. (If this really happens, Kuttner will have to learn to do funny voices or be forced to hire a "ghost speaker" to front for his pen names.)

Favorite magazines like ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION and PLANET STORIES will still be published regularly. So will AMAZING STORIES, hardy as a cockroach, but hopefully not with Raymond A. Palmer as Managing Editor. WEIRD TALES will still rate #1 with many fantasy fans, but a revived UNKNOWN will be a strong rival. The leading pro magazine will sell 500,000 copies or more.

Science Fiction publishing will boom in Britain once it gets back to normal after the war. Walter Gillings will ride high with TALES OF WONDER, increased to monthly frequency. It's plausible that other British fans will follow Gillings into the

The Rap on R.A.P."
was originally published in
Fantasy Dimensions #2 (1945)



publishing ranks with their own professional magazines, too.

The passage of a half-century may bring the first Science Fiction magazine published in outer space. Forry will edit it, so all the stories will be in Esperanto.

The World Science Fiction Convention will make the biggest headlines in FANTASY-NEWS in 1995. Fandom will sponsor World Conventions again after the war, but the days of one every single year are gone forever. Fandom could never sustain the convention-a-year pace once the novelty wears thin. The cost of attending a convention assures that they won't happen more often than every other year.

Those who attended the New York, Chicago and Denver conventions won't recognize the 1996 version.

It will be huge by today's standards. British fans will be able to come over by rocket plane, and there may even be fans in faraway places like Australia. Attendance could soar as high as one thousand fans!

The World Science Fiction Convention may even be covered on Radio and Tele-Vision (which many people will have in their homes by then). Stars of Technicolor Scientifilms will attend premieres held at the convention to get publicity.

What about the National Fantasy Fan Federation? The N.F.F.F. has achieved some successes in the last year, including the FANCYCLOPEDIA and WHAT IS SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM?, but it's hard to believe in any organization that would make EEEvans its President. In 1995, the N.F.F.F. will operate under its 24th revised constitution -- and will be debating the next one. The club's 102 bureaus, none of which does a lick of work except the Welcom, will keep all 200 members constantly employed with busy work.

The F.A.P.A. will use tomorrow's technology to increase to 200 members, at least one-third of whom will have detectable pulses. Mailings will grow to thousands of pages until

a wildcat post office strike forces the F.A.P.A. to set the page requirement at eight pages a year maxium.

I haven't joined Lowndes latest brainchild, the Gothic (or is it the Modern) (or is the Vanguard) A.P.A. but Kepner showed me the first (March) mailing when he brought it around to the L.A.S.F.S. a couple of weeks ago. The roster is small but high toned, and the mailing struck me the same way.. Somewhat impressed with V.A.P.A. -- which is what they finally called it -- I asked Burbee what he thought. "This Vanguard A.P.A. won't last," he assured me.

"Don't you think it's good enough? I pressed.

"That's the trouble," he said. "This Vanguard A.P.A. is too good."

"Too good?" I said.

"Look at these names -- James Blish! Boff Perry! Donald A. Wolheim!" He continued, with a Burbee comment on each. "John B. Michel -- who can forget 'Mutation or Death'? They've even got Damon Knight, the fan who invented the N.F.F.F.!"

"If these fans are so good, what's the problem?" I asked.

"That is the problem, meyer," he said. He shook his head, sadly. "They're too damned good to stay in fandom. These people won't keep plugging away at fanzines year after year like the all-out fans in F.A.P.A."

"They won't?"

"No, sirreee!" Burbee insisted. "They'll give up in a few years and find something better to do. They've already got some women with them, and that's a start."

Since the demise of the V.A.P.A. was the only prediction bestowed upon me by Charles Burbee (former editor of the formerly monthly SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES) I will follow his lead. The V.A.P.A. will be cold and mouldering by 1995. That seems like a pretty safe prediction, backed by the sagacity of Burbee. Besides, what would fandom do with more than one apa?

Some fans will cling to their atomic-powered hektographs, but most fanzines will be reproduced on the very latest automatic mimeographs. No one will crank copies any more, because these marvelous machines will run on radioactivity. They may even print in colors, at least for the covers.

Degler will love this (if he isn't lynched by a mob of parents of violated daughters and owners of property annexed by the Cosmic One during his travels), because exposure to radiation while mimeographing may mutate fans into slans.

The Post Office won't be any better, but at least stamps will be cheaper, thanks to modern technology. Mail to Europe will be especially improved due to the construction of trans-Atlantic mailing tubes, like the ones in some department stores.

Originally, I didn't plan to rely on just my opinions, so the other day I asked Laney about it. "What is the future of fandom?" I said to FTL between sips of Burbee's fabulous homebrew. Now that I have his answer, I plan to rely on just my opinions.

"There is no future in fandom," replied the editor of ACCOLYTE, a leading fanzine according to the Beowulf Poll. Don't book a bet that FTL won't still be grousing about the evils of fandom, while still publishing prodigiously, when 1995 arrives. And Burbee will still be grousing about how Lassfass took away SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES.

It's unlikely that many of the clubs and fanzines we know today will persist for 50 more years. Fan hacks like Ackerman, Moskowitz and Tucker will churn out fanzine writing as long as they draw breath, but who knows what new fans may appear in Los Angeles, New York, Chicago and other centers of fandom.

English fandom will make a postwar comeback. This will be good for fandom, because British fans are much more mature and have better manners than their rough-and-tumble American counterparts. The English fans believe in K.T.F. (Kindness to Fanzines), so their presence may reduce the number of personal attacks and unprovoked fan feuds.

"Why not forecast the lives of individual fans?" Laney said to me just after he told me that fandom has no future. Presumably, Towner meant the lives of current fans in his utopian, fanzine-less world of the future, but it sounds like a good idea, so here goes.

FORREST J ACKERMAN. Between issues of his Esperanto S.F. magazine, Forry will teach Simplified Speling at UCLA.

BOB TUCKER. He will become a movie tycoon with his own chain of theaters in the Midwest. When the Grim Reaper comes knocking, Tucker will point to the Death Hoax and refuse to go.

DONALD A. WOLHEIM. After the War, he will serve as Ambassador to Russia. He will settle there after retirement.

ART WIDNER. After a five-year stint as president of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, Widner will self-publish a book of literary essays about Science Fiction. The work's fame will land him the Jack Williamson chair at Harvard University.

CLAUDE DEGLER. Has anyone else noticed how similar Clod's life is to the early days of A. Hitler? That may mean that Degler is fated to become President of the United States in some dark future. More likely, he'll be a camp counselor in the Ozarks.

JACK SPEER. Non-fan activities will reduce, or even eliminate, Juffus' fan activity. On the other hand, Senator Speer will propose the bill that grants fanzine editors free postage.

E. EVERETT EVANS. One of the oldest current fans, Tripoli will be gone but not entirely forgotten fifty years hence. The way things go in fandom, someone will probably name an award after him to honor his secret wartime service for his country.

AL ASHLEY. This energetic fanzine publisher will come out from behind the shadow of EEEvans and become well known to fandom in his own right. Long after Evans' platitudes are forgotten, fans will repeat Ashley's famed quotes.

That's about it except for one final prediction. If Raymond A. Palmer is amazingly wrong in his belief that our fandom is doomed, some material-starved fanzine will reprint this article in 1995 and laugh like a hyena (or a Laney) at my expense.

Who knows? It might even be MY fanzine.

-- Paul Feller

Some Handy Info

Paul Keller, like other less-well-known Insurgents such as G. Gordon Dewey and Cyrus Condra, could nonetheless rise to the occasion when he chose to sit down at the typewriter. This article seems of particular interest to contemporary fans, both because of its attempts to forecast 1995 fandom and its 1945 publication date. (Have you voted for the Retro Hugos?)

Marginally active in Los Angeles in the mid-1940s, Feller evidently drifted away from it all shortly after VJ Day.

Heiritage Reprints

A Robert Lichtman

ELMURMURINGS VOLUME ONE NO. ONE

So I was sitting around the house reading some newspapers dated last November, getting caught up on the past, when I said to myself, Elmer, why must you continue being a parasite, just reading the fapa mailings and never contributing thereunto? It seemed to be a good legitimate question. The only logical answer was that of contributing a magazine written, created, and one-man show type. So after a little effort, the title was invented and a magazine written to fit. Herewith my first venture into amateur journalism. Hope you like it.

A personalized fan magazine can be of many types. They can be classified into varieties or combinations thereof, and no doubt you could do better thereat than I. Comes to mind the review of reviews; the general-interest; those wherein the editor wheedles contributions from correspondents and friends, spending more effort in so doing than would be taken in writing it yourself. It is my intent in this new magazine of mine to give a report, in informal essays, of the past year and plans for the future. The first topic of which will be taken up now, under the general title of

ELMER B PERDUE, STREETWALKER

So when I first started working for the City of Los Angeles in December of 1946, I was a clerk. The only clerk in the street cleaning section, which at that time consisted of about three hundred men, seven foremen, and one superintendent. Among other duties was

Selected and Annotated
by Robert Lichtman

This issue we home in on one of the Los Angeles Insurgents, the late Elmer B Perdue. (Yes, I know I said I'd run something by Laney in closing my previous column, but Amie is already running the piece I intended to use, "Syllabus for a Fanzine." Never fear, I'll find some prime Towner that maybe Amie doesn't already have for a future column.) I first met Elmer back in my youngfan days, when he appeared as a LASFS meeting in February 1959 and handed out copies of a fanzine with the lengthy title of BURBLINGS C/WELMURMURINGS No. 4 or 5 or possibly 7. I don't remember what he said to me at the time, but I remember a sort of mannered courtliness combined with definite strangeness.

When I got the fanzine home and read it, I was awed. Burbee wrote amusingly and interestingly about the Solacon, and Elmer—well, Elmer wrote a wonderful, lengthy, rambling tour de force about the "nook," a noun defined in Webster's 2nd Unabridged, 1947, as "an old measurement of land, sometimes equal to two fardels, sometimes to one." A piece that remains my single favorite piece of Elmer's writing and which I plan to include eventually in an anthology of Elmer's writing. It needs to be presented in its original form so that the accompanying Bjo cartoons may continue to, er, properly accompany.

Especially after the late '40s, most of Elmer's written output appeared in the pages of his annual contributions to the FAPA mailing. Elmer loved to live on the edge of FAPA's rules, and what follows originally ran nine pages in 1.5-spaced pica type, with wide margins, and probably appeared somewhere between the mid-'50s and early '60s. (All issues of ELMURMURINGS were numbered as this one is, so only a close reading provides any clues as to its actual date of publication.)

I didn't say so in the opening column, but the focus of "Heiritage Reprints" is on material published prior to around 1965, with special emphasis on the 1940s (from the fanzines Charles Burbee passed on to me). If there are any particular fanwriters readers would like to see appear here, please advise.

—Robert Lichtman, August 1995

taking complaints over the telephone. And that I suppose was what started the works.

There are, within the corporate boundaries of this municipality, some seven thousand miles of dedicated streets, about five thousand miles of which are improved. That makes ten thousand curb miles. I would receive a complaint that the gutter was full of dead leaves before 1234 South Frigate Avenue, for example. The boss left at nine each morning to inspect the city, returning about three-thirty. I'd lay the complaint, properly typewritten, on his desk. (The office force was two people—me and him.) He'd look at it and muse thoughtfully... 1234 South Frigate Avenue. Would that be the ... no, it would be the two-story frame next to the corner with the pepper tree in front. Yes, the two-story frame with the pre-gambrel roof and the winding staircase. And I would listen to his music, open-mouthed and (if one were not too precise in one's diction) flabbergasted. Do you realize what sort of memory is needed to recall each house on ten thousand miles of paved public street in a city of two million population?

And there was the problem. I was jealous. To me, a complaint was a voice from the blank white space that existed between the streets on a thousand-foot to the inch scale map with double-lined streets. On my salary I could not drive it. Besides, distracted attention would negate that. So on July 9th, 1947, I began streetwalking. The object: completely to circle every block within the city limits of the City of Los Angeles. Or to phrase it differently: to walk, with eyes wide open, every sidewalk of every street within said limits.

There were concomitant problems. Recording each walk to avoid duplication. Development of a recall ability. Courage to walk through a tough area with eyes wide open. Walking past a batch of kids or a school in session and worrying about accusations of child molestation. The walk down a dead-end street on one sidewalk and back on the other, while both wide-eyed and innocent. And of course the big problem, getting away from the erstwhile wife for even an hour's walk.

Got me some maps on a four-hundred foot to the inch scale. (With each roll map covering about six square miles, it takes a long time to complete one map.) Color in each side of the street in transparent red ink after walking same. When a block has been surrounded by red ink, I put in the date it's finished. As I ink, I recall the walk, house by house if possible, and if not impression by impression. (One 38-25-36 can erase impressions for several houses, I regret to say.) Work my way out from the City Hall. Each year, attempt to surround the completed area with one layer of completed blocks. Put off the tough areas until I can do so during school hours when the gangs will for the most part be dodging truant officers. And my apogee is now five miles away from the City Hall at Buckingham and Adams Boulevards with a swathe of completed blocks behind me to and past the Los Angeles River.

Oh, and there's another problem that has complicated matters. Freeways. Each of them ends by closing many streets entirely. So I race them. The



Harbor freeway won at about 58th Street, and I'm now racing the Olympic freeway to the ocean, and the Allesandro freeway to the closest City boundary.

ELMER B PERDUE, ESPERANTIST

We will now narrate the bare bones of a great tragedy, perhaps best titled *Destiny*, that I would I were competent to write. It could be a great story that entwines the Greek laughing fates with the dour Calvinist predestination. It would be laid in the viewpoint of one who could rise above space and time, untangling our four-dimensional ribands into one coherent whole

The tale would begin in 1850 with Zemenhof, the quiet Jew, speaker of five languages for commercial reasons, one extra for religious reasons, and his dream of world peace through one auxiliary language. His reasoning that such language would be accepted by all only if it were native to none—and the consequent invention of a bastard language which none need feel humbled by learning. You know the story as well as I, and can create the buildup of Esperanto, its growing recognition, and its ultimate slow death ... a long-drawn-out process that still continues. And of Zemenhof's incidental idea, the recognition-symbol of the green star in the buttonhole telling the observer that here is *persono kiu povas paroli esperanton*.

The story will then take a gap until about 1930. It will speak of the annual *naksiestojn* or birth-feasts, where Esperantists all over the world gather on the Saturday closest to Zamenhof's birthday to sup together and dream idealistically together Then the story will speak of two young men. One is unknown, save that he was European in background; our author must supply the details. Of the other, more is known:

a champion of causes only when they are lost; who studied the history of mathematics in order to learn how to multiply MCMXXXIV by CCCLXXXVII in the ancient manner. Who encountered Esperanto in a musty pulp magazine in April of 1930 and learned what he could from an encyclopedia, becoming proficient about 1945 or so The story will develop in parallel the rise of these two young men, the displaced person, the world war to destroy fascism, and the ultimate climacteric one warm March afternoon in the Los Angeles City Hall It will tell of the Americans attending a banquet in 1955 and his purpose of the green star—la verda stelo—and his wearing it. And of the punch line which the American, disillusioned now, looked forward to. Of wearing the green star in the lapel, being greeted by a stranger with:

Sinjoro! Vi apportis la verdan stelon!
Mister! You wear the green star!

Chu eble vi parolis esperanton?
Is it possible you speak Esperanto?

And then the cutting reply:

Sinjori, mi ne scias vin. Eble ni trovas
Mister, I don't know you. Perhaps we can find

persono konsciigi nin?
somebody to introduce us?

And the two, arm in arm, walking towards the sunset, two green stars in a nation of orange pentagons, in search of a third green star to make them known, the one unto the other

Thus the dream. This the reality:

In December 1955, the green star was purchased. It was then proudly worn in the lapel, awaiting the inevitable and the punch line. In three months, it was recognized by four people—which is damn good odds for a dying language. And then two weeks ago, it happened!

Li'l Elmer (for such is our hero) was walking down the Spring street level of the City Hall. He wore proudly his coat with the green star in the lapel. Appeared a small dark stranger of about his own age, who looked at his lapel and burst out:

Sinjoro! Kie me trovas la necesarejon?
Mister! Where do I find the rest rooms?

And li'l Elmer replies:

Estas unu estagon pli malaltan, je la bildcentron.
It's one floor lower, near the hallcenter.

How the fates must have laughed! One century ago, Zamenhof dreams and creates a language. He thinks of world peace, and invents a recognition symbol. An American learns his language for intellectual exercise, and a European for reasons unknown. And in the end?

One European stranger ne urinas en lian pantalojn.

ELMER B PERDUE, JAZZMAN

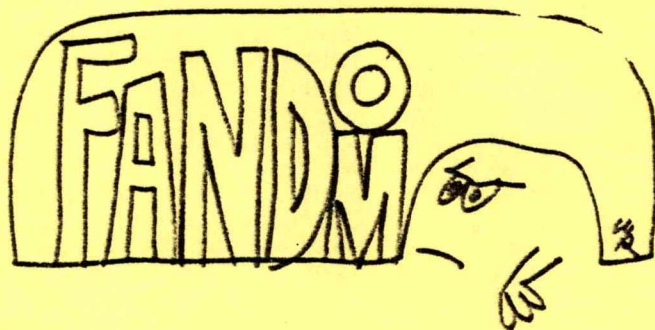
So on or about the second Friday in February, the good sister telephonas, dirante:

Elmer, Andy Anderson's girl is leaving town and Andy wants to throw a bash in her honor. Can you round up some musicians?

That I did, and more. Beg, borrow a tape recorder for home demonstration from Sears, Roebuck, et cie. That evening, I hitch up baby and do some solo work for a couple of hours at home. Man, what confidence as I develop! For the first time, I hear myself from a distance and begin to see that what I've been working towards for years, actually shows up and it's good! I've been trying to develop a twelve bar blues with floating rhythm, wherein both hands take off and leave the one two three four floating in air while attempting to improvise two melodies simultaneously, one in each hand. It worked out satisfactorily and more. So I took the machine and four rolls of tape to the session. Attended by three piano men, one guitar, one trumpet, one bass. And that bash has echoes that still ring pleasantly in my ears. That combo can play in my joint anytime! So about two weeks later came a hi-fi demonstration. Found that my ears cut out at about 12,500 cycles. So who needs one decibel plus or minus at 20,000 cycles? Nosuh baas not Im.

Among other reasons for immortalizing the bash was one Cyrus Condra, Esq., who was hospitalized at the time. An especial Blues for Cy was recorded which was professional by anybody's gauge.

And that does the eight pages for the nonce.



THE LORD
GOD
WILL
STRIKE
YOU
DEAD



YOU LUCKY FORNIGHTOR YOU!

WR