
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

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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 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 recieve a complaint that the gutter was full of dead leaves before 1234 south Frigate Avenue, for exanple. 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

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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 musing, 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

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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

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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 one 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 Zamenhof, 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--

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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 Zamenhof'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 naksfestojn 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 encyclopoedia, becoming proficient about 1945 or so...

The story will develop in parallel the rise of these

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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 American's attending a banquet
in 1955 and his purchase of the green star, -- la
verda stello, -- 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:

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

persono konsciigi nin?
somebody to introduce us?

And the two, arm in arm, walking toward 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

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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 trouvas 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 telephoned, 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. Jeg borrow a tape recorder
for home demonstration from Sears, Roebuck, et cie.

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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.

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