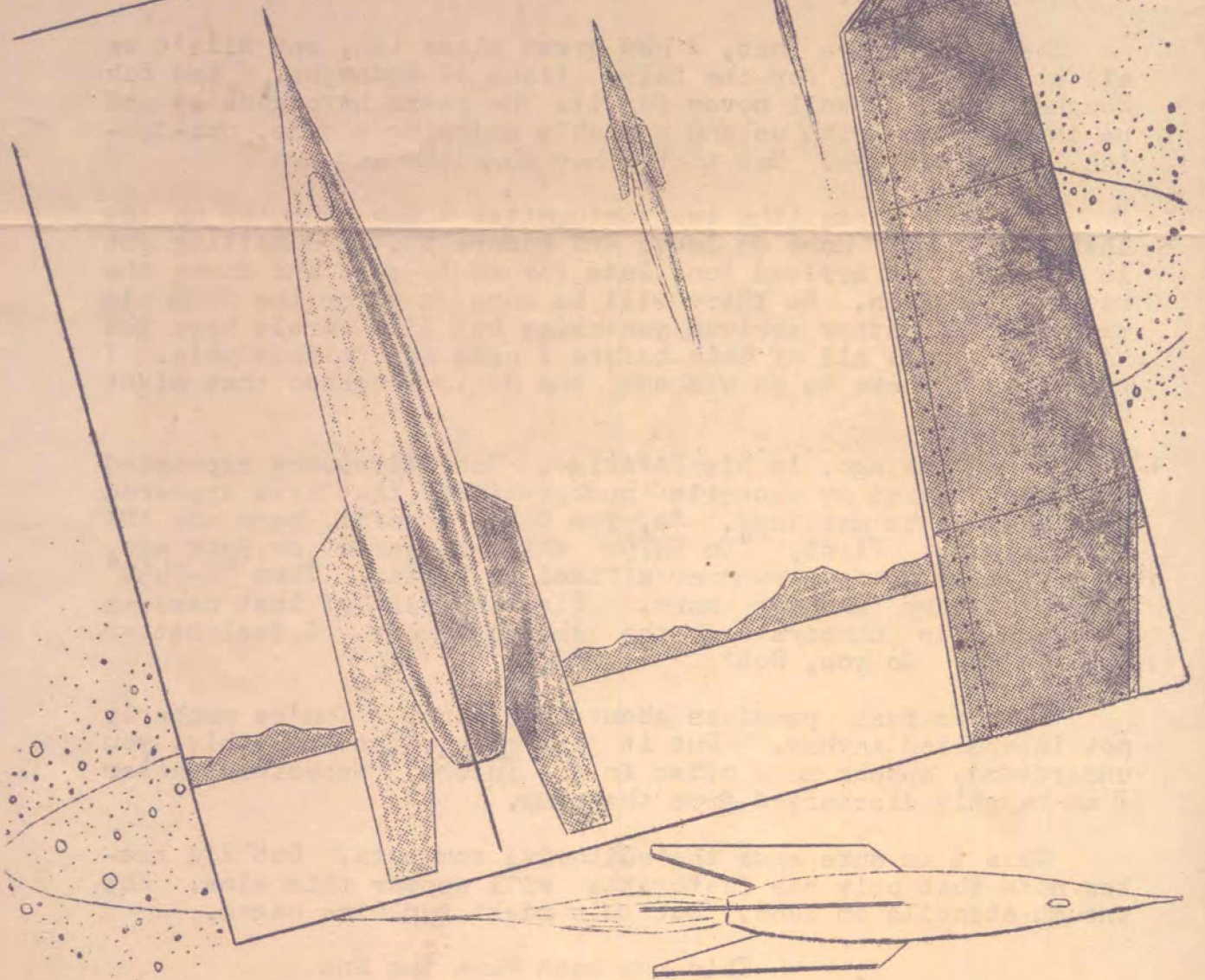


ESDACONS

Nº 3



Here before you is the 3rd issue of Esdacyos, the sometimes
publication for FAPA by Ed Cox, 4 Spring Street, Lubec, Maine.
This is supposed to appear in the 65th mailing, November, 1953
*****This is the Historical Issue.*****

In this, which is supposed to be an editorial of sorts, I will explain how this is called the "Historical Issue." Over a period of years, actually, bits and chunks of this issue came to be. When I joined the army (foolish youth that I was, but it turned out all right) in early 1951, Bob Silverberg was going to publish Esdacyos for me, combined with Irusaben. Good old Bob. But I must have greivously disppointed him in his well-meant generosity. I never did take him up on that. Or I didn't think so until last week when I discovered nearly three pages already stenciled late in 1950 intended for the combined IRUSABEN-ESDACYOS!

So they've been tacked onto the end of this mag purely as a historical note.

Now even before that, I had great plans (ah, but didn't we all at one time?) for the third issue of Esdacyos. And Bob Dougherty did a swell cover for it. The years have gone by and he is no longer with us and probably enjoying a sane, non-fan-ish life somewhere. But that's how come the cover.

Six more pages (the two featurettes) were dummed up the last time I was home on leave and before the 63rd mailing got to my door. It arrived too late for me to read and dummy the mailing comments. So there will be none on it or the 64th mlg either. The latter arrived yesterday but I'll barely have the time to stencil all of this before I head for Philadelphia. I guess you'll have to do without the dubious egoboo that might have been.

Some time ago, in his FAPAZine, Bob Silverberg expressed his annoyance at my esoteric number-titles that have appeared at times in the mailings. So, for Bob's benefit, here are the explanations. First, "Bu 8479b" which appeared so long ago, is the title some astronomer affixed to a star. Then "C-9432" is my military laundry mark. First letter of last name and the last four numbers of the serial number. I feel better about this. Do you, Bob?

No more rash promises about this zine. You're probably not interested anyhow. But it just might, just possibly, you understand, appear more often in the future. Especially after I am happily discharged from the army.

This I am sure ends the editorial comments. But I'd better note that only one featurette will appear this time. Not enough stencils on hand. But this might run nine pages.

This has been Page the 2nd.

a n e s d a c y o s f e a t u r e t t e

e d c o ' s l a i r

If trend it is, then I'll add to it with a description of what can be called my "fan-room". 'Tis really my bedroom and does still look like one despite the stuff I have in here.

Here is how it looks if you should happen to walk in here today, May 20th, 1953. As you come in the door, on the right is a bureau which has my brother's clothes in it. No other embellishments of any kind there. Turning to your right, is my brother's closet. In it are his clothes and an assortment of his junk. And would he be surprised upon opening the door to find four cardboard cartons of my fanzines containing some 600 of them. I intend to remove them in the near future. In back of them are my STARTLINGS, CAPTAIN FUTURES (complete) and the recent issues of DYNAMIC, S. F. QUARTERLY and possibly others.

Closing the door, immediately on your left, working along the wall, is a home-made table which is also my brother's. On it there is my copy of "45th Infantry Division" book still in shipping wrapper (opened) with a big, glossy PIO pic of me in an SCR-399 radio housing inside the front cover. A base-ball mitt (Don's) on top of that, a tiny radio with Christmas cards stacked on it, a shoe-box full of negatives and prints, two small boxes of 35mm color slides, two 35mm cartridges of undeveloped film and other trivia.

Now comes my desk. On top of it, always, is my Halli-crafters S-38. Lee Riddle's 1953 PEON calendar on top of it. The typewriter in the middle-front with typer-pad underneath. A stenographers' notebook on my right on which I jot notes; but not in shorthand, a couple of prozines on the left-rear, a few unanswered letters nearly in front of the typer. This is about as neat as this desk has ever been. To the left of the desk, on the floor, against the wall, is a carton of 1937-38 DOC SAVAGES which will be stowed somewhere else someday. On top of this is a photo album, empty, cardboard that came in originals packages, Don Day's INDEX OF S.F. MAGAZINES, an envelope of fan-artwork and odds and ends of wrapping paper. To the front of this is the wastebasket (nearly empty at the moment!) and other items to be thrown away but too big to fit in to the wb.

On the wall above my desk is a road-map of the U.S., a small picture of ducks bought somewhere but no originals.

Now to the left of the wastebasket is my closet. To help things out, the closet runs the whole length of the room but is partitioned by the regular plaster, etc., wall making really two closets. Besides clothes, mine contains the bulk of my pro and fan-zine collection. All in cartons. On the right as you enter is a tall carton containing ASF from 1934-1941 com-

plete. In front of this is an orange-crate on end. In the bottom half are non-stf pocket books. In the top half, about 50 stfantasy pocket books. Oh, yes, on top of the ASF carton are EDISON'S CONQUEST OF MARS, THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND, THE BLACK WHEEL, DOUBLE SHADOW AND OTHER FANTASIES, two PS originals, a Vic Hamlin "Alley Oop" original and a little original from a Fantasy Press E^ESmith book (the latter two items acquired at the C invention).

Then you go around a small corner (must be a chimney flue or something there) deep into the confines; where my PS collection (complete) resides in two cartons, with a carton of UNKNOWN (both US and BRE), a carton of all Clayton ASFs but four (1930's, all of them), and one of all pre-war S.F.Q.'s, DYNAMIC and FUTURES. These are all complete. About six cartons in stacks of three. Now we start back toward the left along the inside wall. (This is all no doubt confusing!) A shelf about five feet long starts about where the cartons mentioned above end. It's about two and a half feet from the floor and a foot wide. Under it are more cartons, plus a stack of FAPA mailings complete from 1948. A carton contains MoF and GALAXY (both miserably incomplete) and under it, a carton of DOC SAVAGES, most from 1940 until extinction. Then further along, a huge carton with all the small ASFs. On top of it, a small one containing all of the bed-sheet ASFs. These fit into the corner. To the right of them, is another smaller carton in which lives FANTASTIC NOVELS complete except for a few of the last issues, complete "sets" of COSMIC, COMET and, I think, DYNAMIC. So the latter can't be where I thought it was previously! Also some FANTASY BOOKS with the FNs.

Then on the left wall of the closet (facing thru the doorway) is a big "Rinso" carton with TWS pretty near complete from 1939, with later issues and WSQ, the Annual and SPACE STORIES in a smaller one which just about fits under the shelf which is a continuation of the other mentioned above. Between the TWS cartons and the huge ASF carton in the corner, reside two cartons of FFM, which is complete except for a few recent issues. On top of the FFM domiciles is a stack of fairly old fanzines. On the remaining floor space left, is a scattering of small cartons, some containing old FAPAZines (FANTASY JACKASS, READER AND COLLECTOR, hektoed HORIZONS, ICHOR, etc.) Yet another lil carton contains non-FAPAZines: Old LeZ, Shaggy (including all Burbee's), 1948 FANTASY ANN., Speer's Decimal Classification, Evan's INDEX, etc. On top of this are most of the SAPSmailings. Also a number of mailing envelopes full of various and sundry mss., drawings, etc.

On the shelf now. The long shelf facing you as you enter contains, left to right, a stack of 1953 prozines, four or five notebooks full of ???, some slick mags, and a terrific batch of odds and ends, mostly non-stf. Included are several FLASH GORDON, BUCK ROGERS, etc., "big little books" acquired in a younger day.

On the shorter shelf on your right, as you enter, are

four stacks of books (only temporarily). Mostly old ones, for example, THE JINGO, three old McClurg CARTERS, a bunch of English editions, SKYLARK OF SPACE, JIMBO; IMAGE IN THE SAND, a stack of English editions of Sax Rohmer, and so on. On the remaining space, there fits in a stack of N3F publications, on top of which there are several small-sized FFMs and all 1953 ASFs. That pretty well gives one a confused impression of The Closet. Since I cleaned it out last week, it is much easier to get around in; used to need contortionistic measures to get around in there.

Out of the closet, breathe deeply awhile, and we turn to the left, facing the wall opposite the door. The main feature of this wall is a window. Through it one can look over part of Lubec, out on the reaches of a bay and see West Quoddy Head which is the most eastern point in the U. S. To the left, big chunks of Canadian islands. Other times, you see only fog.

Receding back into my room, we find a small book-case to the right of the window. On the wall above it resides a road-map of Maine. On top of the bookcase can be found: DOORWAYS TO SPACE, PLANETS OF ADVENTURE, TO WALK THE NIGHT, EDGE OF RUNNING WATER, LIFE EVERLASTING (with accompanying biblio), THE WORKS OF CHARLES FORT, Shasta's CHECKLIST, ERIC BRIGHT-EYES and BARB WIRE. The latter is, you're right, a western.

On the top shelf you'll find: SPACEHOUNDS OF IPC, THE LEGION OF SPACE, THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN, THE BOOK OF PTATH, OF WORLDS BEYOND, TRIPLANETARY, SINISTER BARRIER, DIVIDE AND RULE, DARKER THAN YOU THINK, SKYLARK OF VALERON; THE INCREDIBLE PLANET, THE TIME STREAM and THE WEAPON MAKERS, all first editions and most FP books are autographed.

On the middle shelf you'll find: RHODE ISLAND ON LOVE-CRAFT, SLEEP NO MORE, WHO KNOCKS?, EYE AND THE FINGER, JUMBEE, LOST WORLDS, MARGINALIA, SOMETHING NEAR, THE OPENER OF THE WAY, GREEN TEA, LURKER AT THE THRESHOLD, THE HOUNDS OF TINDALOS, SLAN!, THIS MORTAL COIL and REVELATIONS IN BLACK. Some Derleth books contain autographs.

On the bottom shelf (aren't you glad?) are: JOURNEY TO OTHER WORLDS, IN SEARCH OF THE UNKNOWN, THE TREE OF HEAVEN, (all 1sts), THE BEST OF S. F., a gaping space where ADVENTURES IN SPACE AND TIME should be (wherein hell is it??), LEST DARKNESS FALL (PrimeP), SLAVES OF SLEEP, THE CARNELIAN CUBE, THE PORCELAIN MAGICIAN, THE SHADOW GIRL, THE SIGN OF THE BURNING HART, SOME CHINESE GHOSTS and THE CROQUET PLAYER. All, I believe, 1st editions. There are scads more in a huge carton in the hall accumulated in the last two years, mostly Arkham, FP, Gnome and so on. Including THE WIND THAT TRAMPS THE WORLD and A TOUCH OF NUTMEG, 1sts.

Why did Eney list his books? Would've saved me trouble! Beside the bookcase is a new piece of luggage nearly unused, a big original from PS and the typer case. These to be stowed away later. On the other side of the window, is my bureau, no

fanstuff in it, just clothes. Unique isn't it. However, past the bureau, extending to the next wall, are my duplicate mags. Consisting of a lot of AS, FA, TWS, with some FFMs, UNKNOWNNS, and Roscoe knows what else. Also some fanzines. In the corner is another carton with a bunch of hekto stuff in it. I'll probably dispose of this outfit unless I happen to try some colored covers someday (not for FAPA, so breathe easy).

So now we've worked around to my rear, or to be explicit, to the room to my rear. There live two beds. Since my brother used to live here (he's in the AF on Guam now), there are twin beds with a night-table between them. Surprisingly enuf, no stacks of anything make their home under the beds. I also intend to remove the duplicate junk to a place further from the bed. On my bed, at the moment, is the 1st BEYOND. On my brother's bed resides only a box of mss (mine). So we are now back to almost where we started over three pages ago. To your left as you enter the room, is my brother's bed. On the wall is a small book-shelf containing a stack of antiquated boys books, with such titillating titles as: BURT WILSON AT THE WHEEL, OUR YOUNG AEROPLANE SCOUTS IN TURKEY, THE MOTOR BOAT CLUB AT THE GOLDEN GATE, etc. These will no doubt be disposed of in the near future.

This pretty well covers the contents of the lair. Maybe, at this late time, I should mention the dimensions of the room about which some of you still awake might wonder. 'Tis about 13' by 16'. No heighth, it's two-dimensional.

Addendum: My stacks of AS, FA and (lesser stack of) WTs reside at the other end of the house in a store-room. Huge tonnages of LIFE, SATEVEPOST, PHOTOGRAPHY and others are also slowly but surely being carted up there, along with quite a few pounds of NATIONAL GEOGRAPHICS which by no means rival Bob Silverberg's stacks. Have most of the '20's complete though. My record collection, such as it is, resides in the music room downstairs where also are kept three saxes, a clarinet, huge old-fashioned grand piano, set of drums and I don't know what else. Oh, yes, a guitar on which I used to play reasonable facsimiles of Hawaiian tunes.

To fill out the page: In my desk drawers are contained stationery (the two bottom drawers), 2nd down on the right is the abiding place of my Leica and light meter, top left has a lot more stationery (envelopes) and some prints. Middle left contains photography, record and book catalogues, address-book containing out-of-date addresses, photos of fans, some letters from editors and a bunch of old membership cards. Top right contains recent answered letters, odds and ends of fan trivia, Japanese Language book, drawing ink, oblitterine, and odds and ends. Speaking of ends....

this is.

Here we have the unofficial third issue of Esdacyos, the mag within a mag. I'll bet many of you that you'd seen the last of me here but despite rumors that I'm dead, I ain't.

Thanks are due to the gracious offices of Bob Silverberg and Saul Diskin for opening their pages for the homeless (or jetter, mimeo-less) Esdacyos. And to Bob Dougherty go humble apologies for not replying to him after receiving the wonderful cover-pic he sent to me so many eons ago. It is reproduced herein so that it may not be lost completely.

To those who do not already know it, Altair is now daid. It became impossible for me to keep it going after its one lone issue. Not the least of the causes of its demise is that I got so little response. An odd note is that months after the review in SS, and after I'd folded it, I began to get unsolicited material from many people in the US and Canada. In FAPA, this effusion from 4 Spring Street will follow quite closely the pattern of the individuzine (or the individuzine within a zine) I once had in SAPS. Just comments on just about anything of possible interest to those wov may read this. More or less like "Len's Den" which may no longer be with us. Mailing reviews will be incorporated right in this affair. So, let's go.

...00o00...

This February 1951 mailing will be the start of the fourth year in FAPA for me. I didn't know I'd last that long. Let's hop into a little jim-dandy time machine and fizzle back to February 1948. In that mailing, there were about 16 new members at the time the OO was mimeoed. More came in time to fill up the roster by the next mailing. Let's see who the newcomers where in Feb48.

Don Bratton, Clements (Jack), Cy Condra, Ed Cox (that's me), Roger Graham, Charles Hansen, David MacInnes, Howard Miller, Stan Mullen, Boff Perry, Bill Rotsler, Joe Schaumberger, Bob Stein, Rex Ward, Don Wilson and Stan Woolston. Now to fizzle back to the present. All that are left of that intrepid group reads like this: Bob Stein, Stan Woolston, Bill Rotsler, and Ed Cox. Unless Charles Hansen, Graham and Stan Mullen do something in a hurry (at this writing) they'll also be gone. That's quite a turnover in three years. Of course, taking the whole roster will present an ever bigger turnover. But then, this isn't the Membership Turnover in FAPA Research Bureau so we'll let it go at that. Someday maybe I will check on that but until then, Coswal can do all of that stuff.

...00o00...

But while we're at this business of comparisons, let's look at the page totals in the past three years. There has been much crying in the beer lately about how the mailings have been dropping off and also a lot of beard-muttering about postmailings. So let's see how serious the situation is.

In the three years that I've been in FAPA, 1948 was the biggest by far. The Winter mailing found 296 pps with another 100 postmailed making it 396. In 1949 the mailing found 284 pages with 81 postmailed, making a total of 365. Not too great a drop. In 1950 we found 239 in the bundle but 181 postmailed. A grand total of 420 pages. Second largest mailing since spring 1948. So in the Winter

mailings show no great drop and this year's a really great increase. So now to the Spring mailings. In 1948, the Spring mailing plopped 367 pages into our groaning mailboxes and 151 pages of postmailings followed to make a grand total of 510 pages. The greatest mailing possibly in FAPA history. In 1949 it dropped to 226 pages in the main bundle plus only 33 postmailed pages to a piddling total of 259. In 1950 it was disgraceful. A total of 186 of which $14\frac{1}{2}$ were postmailed. So we see a terrible slump in the spring. (I always understood spring to be different than that, but then there is such a thing as spring fever...) Now to Summer. The summer mailings hit a pretty steady par. In 1948, it was 266 pps with 90 pstmld to make a total of 356. In 1949, 237 pps in the main postman's-burden with 92 postmailed. A total of 329 and a drop of 27 pages. This year found only $147\frac{1}{2}$ pages in the main bundle but with $166\frac{1}{2}$ postmailed. This could be unprecedented. But anyhow, the total was 314. A drop of 15 pages. While there was a small decrease each time, the Summer mailings were all over 300 pages, all good hunks of reading matter. And now to the Fall mailings. These are the worst of all. In 1948, which seems to be the Golden Year, the Fall bundle brought 231 pps, with but 45 postmailed. A total of 276, the smallest that year. In 1949, a mere 156 came in the bundle plus a trifling 33 pstmld came to 189. That was the smallest FAPAmailing up to that time. This year, all of the postmailings aren't in at this writing. But only 116 pages came in the main bundle. This is the smallest since I've been a member. There will have to be 73 pages postmailed to equal the Fall 1949 total and 198 to equal the Summer 1950 mailing. So to sum it up in a few long-winded paragraphs or so, we (me, myself and I....the "we" just sticks) find that 1948 was the most consistent year as far as page totals go with an average of $384\frac{1}{2}$ per mlg, 1949 dropping down to $285\frac{1}{2}$ pps per bundle on the average (and with a much greater extreme in the bundles) and in 1950, dropping to 259, not counting any possible postmailings. But seasonally, there is hope. It seems as if in the winter and summer mailings, a good mailing can be expected while in the spring and fall mailings, the number has dropped off drastically in the last couple of years, especially in the spring. A drop of from 510 to 186 in the spring and from 276 to 116 in the fall. Fall, it seems, just can't turn out a sizable bundle while spring can but goes to extremes. So in the 54th mailing (this one), we should see over 200 pages and possibly over 300.

These facts and figures may prove boring to most if not all of you but they do show something. The average FAPate is duly influenced by the season. The quality of these scads of pages is, of course, something else again. Through thick and thin (and we ain't kidding here!) there are some zines, such as HORIZONS and SKY HOOK, that remain with us to remind us that quality is still here. But when some may ask, why have a 500 page mailing if there is liable to be some 400 pages of crud? My answer is: I dunno. But the odds are that when enough members turn to to turn out that many pages, it is pretty possible that the more that publish, the more quality material in proportion to the crud will be present.

Nah, I don't know what it was all about either, but you can mull it over!

...00o00...

OODS and ENNDS. There will be no anti- or pro-dianetics in this section of IRUSABEN because I've not yet read DIANETICS and can't speak with any knowledge: So I won't. I just think that if it is all it is supposed to be, the headlines would've screamed it out at us long ago. Something like the atomic-bomb publicity or a new murder would get. *** GALAXY seems to be the one mag that will pull away from the whole field, bar non. Not even ASF. I've been reading up on the 1950 issues of Campbell's magazine lately and find that it is still the top mag it was with many stories of the same constantly good calibre, but one issue of GALAXY gave more satisfaction and a feeling of reading time well spent than most all of those issues of aSF. I found, while reading many an aSF story, that it was a duty to finish rather than a pleasure. And as Harry Warner, in a recent letter, put it, "....I've not yet encountered a story ((in GALAXY)) that was a duty to finish rather than a pleasure." This, I fear, is what's wrong with so many of today's s-f magazines. More and more I find that it is rather exacting to grind on and on thru a not-too-well-written story even if the sociological theory presented is interesting. James Blish with his BINDLESTIFF is a notable exception recently. Most of the longer stories in Astounding can't combine easy readability with thought-provoking concepts. The "O'Donnell", Leiber and some other's opii (??) number among these. In the Gold-en mag, we find a type so much better that comparison is almost impossible for me, at least. I think we could say that this is the slick-stories in pulp-paper magazine, the title formerly held by aSF. I wouldn't care if Amz never went slick, or never appeared again.

...00o00...

If the foregoing seems quite incoherent to you, it is. My brother happens to be sick with a cold and has my Hallicrafter radio at his mercy. So I have Roscoe-knows how many different kinds of languages gabbling out at me, plus all manners of standard band broadcasts. So coherent thought is anything but possible here.

These first two and a half pages were typed directly on stencil on November 27th, 1950. The rest will no doubt take place on the 28 of the above-mentioned month. All, I might add, is stenciled with only partial benefit of obliterate. Coming up will be recollections of early s-f reading, how it stemmed from early interests in astronomy and then reviews from the past two or three mailings.

...00o00...

So now we jump back into the present, August 1953, for a few last comments. One is that how many of the people on the back covers of MoF ever heard of the mag, let alone read it?

This has been the long un-awaited third issue of Esdacyos. Absence of page numbering courtesy of Alcoholics Unanimous.

We'll be seeing you happy people.

FROM: Ed Cox
4 Spring Street
Lubec, Maine

MIMEOGRAPHED MATTER ONLY
(Return Postage Guaranteed)

TO:

Sam Moskowitz
127 Shephard Avenue
Newark 8
New Jersey