



It may not look like it, but this is ESDACYOS despite the absent
nudes and heads. Otherwise, it is the same, typos and all, with
this being the fifth issue. Perpetuated by Ed Cox at 115 19th
street in Hermosa Beach, California. Destined to appear, despite
everything, in the August 1955 mailing of FAPA, the 72nd bundle.
Have I left out anything?

QUOTES FROM THE CAVE

Nobody has asked just whose quotes these are, but they're
mine, all mine.

All tomfoolery aside for awhile (I know we haven't had any
to speak of so far but I was thinking about it).

First, by now you might know that I am running, or at least
walking rapidly, for the position of Vice President of this out-
fit. To a lot of you, this may seem odd in that I've not been in
FAPA for long. But this is my seventh year of FAPA membership.
In my previous six-year membership (1948-53) I feel that I know
a little about the organization and its constitution. This for
any constitutional squabbles that may come up.

Activity wise, I wasn't spectacular in output, but previous
to going overseas in 1951, I had barely missed a mailing. This
may surprise some of the greybeards if they should check, because
I used pen-names frequently. Then, being of a statistical mind,
I'd be only too happy with the annual FAPA Poll.

(Right about here I realize I should leave space for a filler-
pic.....)

I would also like to make it known that there is nothing at
all wrong with having the FAPA officialdom all in the same general
area (as several people have mentioned here and there). First,
don't worry about an H-bomb wiping out LA and the officials as
well. If that happened.....they'd probably see the flash in Las
Vegas.

Other reasons....take a count on FAPA members in this area
and in all of California as well. Quite a chunk, wot? Then
think of the quick action any emergencies would get (as in the
case of the 71st mailing). Postage from points east? It would
level off for several reasons. The many California members would
require less postage for their bundles. Most of the LA members
get their bundles personally, not through the mails. So we actu-
ally pay for the difference in large extent.

So go ahead, vote the LA slate in this election. A faster
working, smoothly running organization localized for top efficiency.

Sounds real SerConish doesn't it! But I assure you, if
elected, we LA officers would take FAPA quite as seriously as
we do home-brew.....well, almost...

Okay, Burbee, tell the Marilyn Monroe joke Okay, Burbee, tell the Marilyn Mo

Concerning the Constitution Ammendments as tentatively proposed by the Committee in the OO. Let's go through them one by one, all the time realizing that I am dead-set against increasing the membership.

First, there is no need to increase the membership. By now there have been many reasons which are clear and logical as stated by several people so far. Jack the membership up to 75 and you'll get ten more members, most of whom will fall short of producing enough to off-set the already present dead-wood. The problem is the be rid of the non-participants already in the ranks. This would partly be accomplished by

the second proposal. However, it doesn't go far enough. It should be standard practice (SOP if you prefer) to have the requirements four pages per two mailings all the time, new members or not. This doesn't have to be a mere four pages either. Some have mentioned that this isn't fair to the old standbys who publish reguarly. Or e ven regularly. These members have no worries on that score. The deadwood will.

I'm in complete accord with the third proposal. There is always somebody who really needs this emergency postmailing. I know that it has been abused quite a bit but if the second proposal is adopted, then this abuse should be cut down.

On this I'm undecided. There could be some emergency similar to that which makes the postmailing worthwhile. But as things stand, I'd go along with this.

The Fifth and Sixth proposed ammendments are good enough and for obvious reasons.

To clinch the above, let me state a few statistics. The 71st mailing of FAPA had 345 pages mailing in the bundle. A few post-mailings to this date bring it up to 387 unless I've missed some (and I'm not sure where P00 fits in). This represented possibly half of the membership. (Would ten more members produce the three hundred odd pages needed to represent the rest of the membership if this were to be even a once-in-a-lifetime 90% membership active mailing?)

In the 32nd SAPS mailing, there were 452 pages in the bundle. This represented t he work of at least 24 members (out of 35). Most of these members hit at least three out of four in a year! SAPS has, as you know, a 6-pages-per-six-months activity requirement. No postmailings. This last item doesn't stop an occaisional credit-less postmailing.

Now consider this. About half of the contributors to that SAPSmailing are bi-apans. When you consider these facts, can you see any reason to raise the FAPA-membership or any reason why we shouldn't revamp the activity requirements of FAPA?

end of semi-campaigning

I can see right now that this is going to be a very short issue of ESDACYOS. Of course, there haven't been many and all of them have been short. However, I find that it is extremely necessary this trip since time is limited. I wrote the first two pages Tuesday night and this is Friday night. Ghod! This is Saturday night! I've been working overtime so much that I don't even know what day it is.

No, Lee Jacobs, I haven't met myself going to work yet.

Wednesday night, however, I did not work overtime. Instead I went to Art Widner's house up in the part of L A adjoining S. Pasadena. I don't know what they call it there but that is where he lives. Or will for about another month at this writing. He is moving to the Oakland area and thereby is this story.

I brought home his fanzine collection th at night. Ron Elik and I found out, from Elmer Perdue, during the recent Westercon that Art Widner was moving and had to dispose of his collection. So we jumped to the opportunity.

You should see the loot. Since it has been barely pawed through at this time, I can't give much detail. He sort of hated to part with a lot of it, of course.

By the way, anybody that knew Art in his previous membership in FAPA might be happy to know that Art is considering rejoining the august ranks. Naturally, he couldn't say one way or the other right now. He wants to get settled in his new home and job first. But maybe we'll see YHOS again.

Let's see....there are a lot of VAPA mailings here. With the ones I have back in Maine, I ought to have quite a run of these. Then with these FAPA mailings that run all the way back to 1940, I'll have a run of those that will keep me happy. There is going to be a lot of work straightening out a lot of the loose stuff, of course. I have found already that the early 00s did not list the contents of the mailing. Also, what do you know. Close on the heels of the recent revival of morbid interest in the Cosmic Circle legend (or whatever you wish to call it), I find an old FAPA mailing with a variety of CCC stuff in it. Including little glueless stickers which say, "DAOW WITH ASHLEY!! DOWN WITH SPEER!!" In case you were wondering, that first typo is mine.

This can be boring, but at least I am not giving a zine by zine listing of the stuff like Coswal used to years ago. Not because it wouldn't be interesting, but because it is too much work and time consumed.

I suppose there ought to be a break of some kind right about here but since I don't have the time to try anything fancy nor have artwork....and I can't remember any small incidental items that are humorous as hell, this will have to suffice.

Next and last page please.

-----I used to use asteriks here-----

I was going to give a fairly complete rundown of the Los Angeles music station, KFAC, stemming from something Bill Danner said on a tape recently, but I haven't been home long enough, or awake long enough when I was home, lately to remember all of the programming or anything currently featured. Suffice to say, it presents classical music on both am and fm, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. It is a clear channel station and sounds fine even on my small Hallicrafters clock-radio. Lee Jacobs could get fine listening enjoyment if he used his hi-fi outfit to listen, but he only like Ruth Wallace and Stan Freberg. Which is an outright lie, of course, but ask Bill Danner.

Isn't that an under-handed way to fish for mailing comments?

Not five minutes drive from here up on Alt. 101, also named Sepulveda Blvd., as well as Pacific Coast Highway in spots, right near 2nd street, is a place called "The Pitcher House". For weeks a guy at work has told me I ought to go there. And for some time after that, at intervals, asked me if I'd been to the Pitcher House yet. Well, it doesn't always make too much difference to me where I sop up my brew, so I thought it was just another joint and didn't sweat any over finding it.

Until last week. I was at Cy Condra's place sopping up sunshine, of all things, in his backyard when Elmer Perdue drives up. Well, we talked awhile and to make a long story longer, I could write what we talked about, but I won't. It developed that Cy had to take his wife shopping, so Elmer and I piled into his car to take a check on some old book stores and such in the beach area.

On the way back, he said that we ought to stop in at The Pitcher House. So we did. The first thing we noticed, of course, was the sign hanging out shingle-like, which said "OPEN". Only it was upside down. I thought somebody had goofed.

My first real inkling was the bat-wing doors. First ones I'd ever bashed my chin on. Just like in western movie bars. You know....they swing. Then we were inside. EEEEEEEEEEE-GADS!!.

What a joint!

First thing we noticed was the huge bull-dog (from a type of ale I'm sure) on the back wall some thirty feet away. Then the tremendous assortment of junk, oddments, curios, nude pictures, pictures of nude women, and so on all over the place. Old movie posters up on the walls. The ceiling must be twenty or more feet high but beer-bottle labels are stuck up there helter-skelter. A pair of light riding breeches are spread up on the rear wall with a sign proclaiming that they once belonged to Rudolph Valentino. An old up-right piano complete with a full bearskin is over on one wall. Egads, I can't begin to describe the place. One major item before I close up this issue. There's nary a light in the joint '. Next time, more description. Vote for me folks!