
FIRST DRAFT #2

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being an on-stencil fanzine contrived by Dave Van Arnam solely for the Fanoclasts that have been showing up at Ted's, and maybe a few of the others

Boy, gang, last issue was a howling success at the Fanoclasts Meeting that night. Mainly everybody was howling with laughter because I forgot to put my name on it anywhere. Last night's Fanoclasts Meeting, that is. -- Which included, for the record, Ted & Sandi, Steve Stiles, eeevers, Mike McInerney, dgv, and a newcomer, Fred Norwood. Fred, Steve, rich brown (rich was at the Meeting last night too, only I thought I'd fool him and make him think K'd forgotten him, heh-heh), and Dick Lupoff (not present last night) had just had a oneshot session at Dick's, and the stencils were in process of having the illos stenciled on by Steve on Ted's mimeoscope. It looks like a very funny oneshot, just by reading some of the stencils. Of course I could be wrong; and STARFINK could be a very funny oneshot instead. I doubt this, though.

Well, but I'm not trying to start up a NYC Menace Of The LASFS (Fangs Of The Fanoclasts, maybe? the mind boggles and the gorge...well, the gorge ...er...*choke*). I'm just trying to sort of put things in a setting, so's we'll have some idea where we're at.

he first issue, by the way, went/will go to everybody mentioned in it, tho the ones that will have copies mailed to will get 3, 4 issues at a time to save postage. Once on the mlg list, always on the mlg list. So far that's White, Bethke, Gerber, Breen, brown, Stiles, Wilimczyk, the Lupoffs, McInerney, eeevers, John Boardman, Jock Root, Carter, the Davidsons, Ray-from-Chicago, Calvin Demmon. And a few others, like maybe Pelz because he's a completist and an ol' buddy from the Uoff. A few extra copies will be run off for others, but 30 copies will be about it, not because I'm cheap but because this is what it says it is, a First Draft, centering for the time being on my trying to get set down the rather instructive and slightly depressing story of What Happened To Five Fans On The Subway After The Farewell To Avram And Grania Davidson Thursday Gala Fanoclasts Meeting, or, "Yes, But Will He Ever Get To It?" Later I'll write the whole thing over and do it right. This is just for practice, or something.

Let us to it, then, pell-mell. Let's see, I left off with the express pulling into the 59th St. (Bkln) Subway Station and hooting like a fiend possessed. This (the fact that I left off at this point) provoked some comment at the Meeting last night, by the way. I suspect some thought it was a trick or a hoax. Not so. Time would not permit further exposition on the subject that night, and I wanted to get FDI out by Meeting time. So now you know. Fred Norwood was a bit upset about my mentioning the Breen-Donaho contremps, also; which provoked discussion that took much of the early portion of the Meeting to clarify a little, Fred's contention apparently being that the arguing shd be left up to Breen and Donaho, and that it wasn't anybody else's business, really. This position was a new one to me, especially since it has always been my conviction that

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one has a duty to smite the ungodly wherever one finds them, and anyway my smiting has really been rather gentle so far. But somehow the discussion got onto Bob Jennings and the Berry business.

But back to the First Draft. About 4 a.m. Saturday morning (this morning actually, as I sit here typing) the Meeting adjourned to the only greasy spoon still open (I take back that insult, tho; the place was so scruffy and cheap they couldn't afford grease for the spoon). The conversation, in relation to FDI, turned to a particularly hideous story in the Friday NYTimes -- a particularly hideous set of circumstances surrounding the murder of a pretty barmaid near her home somewhere in Queens a few weeks ago. It seems that the police discovered that 37 people in the quiet, peaceful residential section where she parked her car that night after work, were aware of the following incidents, at least in relevant part. The girl got out of her car, spotted a suspicious man lurking nearby, and started up the street for a police callbox. She got about half a block when the man caught up with her and stabbed her, whereupon she screamed that she was being murdered, lights went on all over the neighborhood, shades were lifted, windows were raised, and the man was frightened off. The girl picked herself up and staggered back around the corner and the man came back and stabbed her again. Again lights, blinds, windows, and again the screams from the girl while the people looked out and saw all this!, and again the man was scared off. The girl once more began staggering down the street, and banged on someone's back door, begging, now weakly, for help. Half an hour has now elapsed since the beginning of all this. No one has made a single phonecall to the police. "They didn't want to get involved," was how the police interpreted their reaction, tho no one can explain how involved they thought they could get by making a simple phonecall inside their own home -- hell, the bastards didn't even have to give their names if they were that chicken(memories of Arnold Schuster and all that).

At any rate, the man came back for a third time. In the meantime, the girl had fallen in a doorway. He checked first one doorway, then another. Finally, he found her; the wounds he inflicted this time were fatal. The man left.

Someone now called the police.

There is apparently no legal recourse against the 37 swine who watched a beautiful young girl stabbed to death from the safety of their homes.

Ted and Sandi and I discussed what might conceivably be done by us as private citizens, legally, against these people, such as circulating fliers in the neighborhood (apparently Gerber had told Sandi about this, and had said "I would just like to be able to write something simple that would make these people see what they had done", and this is what we were thinking of). But I pointed out that we knew we weren't going to do anything either. I wouldn't, anyway, because I've done my good social deed for this six months or so, which Good Deed is what FIRST DRAFT is about.

I had mentioned an old coin-and-stamp friend of mine from high school days in St Pete to Walter, in hopes of starting a conversation on the subject, and at the time the Subway Incident started, he had been chuckling at my mention of his name. Then the train pulled to a stop, and the doors opened. We were standing at the very front of the train, by the way. The doors opened and a Spanish man and women inside came out fighting each other. This was why the train was hooting. But I'm out of space. More in FIRST DRAFT #3.