
FIRST DRAFT #6

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being an on-stencil fanzine contrived
for an ever-increasing number of NYC
fans, by Dave Van Arnam, who is easily
fooled by all them different clubs

Flash Late News Break!: SPECTRUM/FIVE is all run off and will be collated tomorrow! Of course, since S/5 is being handed out at Fanoclasts Friday together with this estimable publication, this news item may not seem quite so overpoweringly revelatory...probably I should have lied, and said maybe, SPECTRUM/FIVE has been published -- But You'll Never See It In Fandom, or something.

FISTFA continued its shameless imitation of Fanoclasts Friday, last, er, let's see, Friday...John Boardman showed up and handed out fmz and various ballots for various purposes, my copies of all of which I managed to leave behind accidentally, while by mistake (thinking I'd gotten the right ones) picking up instead several of Earl Evers's tradezines (with, I hasten to add, no thought of illgotten gain on my part, since I was due to receive copies on my own hook anyway -- hi, Ted!). I'd only met John Boardman about twice before, or Twice Before, and all three times I've been rather disappointed, now. The first time was when I nailed him in the main meeting hall at the Discon, and was trying to get some nasty digs at the Supreme Court across to him, in relation to their more liberal decisions relating to subversion, or "subversion," which subject I am fairly conservative about, but don't bet on it one way or the other. Unfortunately, he started discussing SCOTUS in relation to its antisegregation decisions, and I am a frothing radical when it comes to integration. Score one for John Boardman. Second time I met him was the Farewell Avram Fanoclasts Meeting, and I wanted to talk Nixon and deepdown basic (tho antiGoldwater) Republicanism with him; we got deepdown, all right. He and Dick Lupoff and I spent a fair portion of the evening on John's proposed and purely scientific explanation for the mechanics of Pellucidar. How can the author of THE READER'S GUIDE TO BARSOOM AND AMTOR argue with that? Finally last Friday's FISTFA came along, and there was John Boardman, passing out fmz -- I recall the singularly startled and rather wary look in his eye when I handed him FIRST DRAFTS 1 thru 5... Anyway, I was determined to get in some conservative licks, but allofasudden there he was, discoursing on Henry V and the elder Mrs Oswald and indicating that he might be a Richard III gonfalon...well, what the hell, I sez to myself, whatthehell. There is some higher destiny in store for John Boardman, or conceivably even for me, than to get into inconclusive debates on the Rosenbergs, Castro, Nixon, the Bay of Pigs, North Viet Nam And Whether To Invade It, ban-the-bombers, disarmament, and lots other things I can't remember right off the top of my stencil. I love to needle liberals, and all that, in the style of NATIONAL REVIEW, but goddamit, not when I agree with so many of a guy's nonpolitical opinions. I'd as soon argue politics with Ted White, or Dick Lupoff, or Steve Sti-- hell, I'm not going to list the Fanoclasts, and that's what I'd have to do. I'll admit I can always be goaded into discussing politics, as Calvin Demmon and Ted White know, having heard a good deal of my Nixon Is A Really Good Man routine. And that seems like a good line to end a page on.

Q Press

Undecided Publication #7

(Hey, maybe I'll start a new series... "Firstdraftulated Fanoclasts"...
hmmm, well, maybe not.)

Actually, it's unfair of me even to imply picking at Boardman's political opinions, in my own fmz; he's sent me a potful of his various publications in trade for JARGON, and tho I drafted several pages of a long loc to him recently, I never got round to polishing it to the point where I'd dare take a chance on its being a sound enough statement of my position to let John Boardman have free licks at it. This delay unwittingly (on both hands) gave FMBusby first chance at being recognized by JB as being a more or less conservative who nonetheless was an integrationalist; and I had rather pleasedly looked forward to demonstrating that such a combination could occur...

At any rate, FISTFA Friday turned out to be Quite A Decent Evening (hi, Calvin!), and such knotty problems as Did Small Fan-Child X Really Try To Flush The Rabbit Down The Toilet were discussed in depth (disclaimer). Later, due to about minus-two hours sleep the night before, combined with a lengthy conversation with several representatives of the Shaeffers people, I apparently got treated to an extra-long survey of the IRT line, as I know of no other explanation to account for the hour that passed while I was blinking my eye... years before, after a particularly overwhelming Nunnery party, I recall getting on a northbound IRT at Astor Place just south of 14th St., yawning a bit, and waking up in the early morning at a stop clearly marked "96th St." (At the time I was living on 94th St.) Getting out of the subway, I found myself on the eastern side of a park (I knew it was the east because the sun was coming up there, and as an additional item of information, my 94th St. address of the time was half a block from the Hudson). Realizing that Central Park lay between me and long overdue sacktime, I hailed a passing cab and imperiously required him to transport me to 96th and Broadway. After he told me this would cost me in the neighborhood of \$6.00, and after I belatedly thought to ask him just where the hell I was, I learned something about the great length of the NYC subway system and the benign tolerance of NYC conductors towards passengers who have worked a little late...

But back to FISTFA Friday. Back to the thronging multitudes, including Mike, Earl, Steve, Frank Wilimczyk alias the bestial Wigglemiggle Bird, rich almanack, John Boardman, and dgv.

Hey, gang, nostalgia time -- the theme music for "Your FBI In Peace And War," or maybe it was for "Gangbusters," or Lava Soap, or ghoddamit I don't remember, anyway, it's on the ol' FM right as I type. Alias "Suite For the Love Of Three Oranges," or SOMETHING. Hell, I can timebind like a champ; it's factbinding I get all clotted up with.

@*#&\$%#@&#&\$# it, I don't think I'm going to distribute FIRST DRAFT even to Fanoclasts any more. I think I'll just run off one copy, read it, then burn it and distribute the ashes over the East River and the Hudson on a bright sunny excursion cruise around Manhattan.

What it is, basically, is that I'm frustrated because two issues ago I announced I was going to start printing letters of comment but that since then about 3 people have seen the issue announcing same, and the moral is that I shouldn't bring out issues so damn fast. Like, three issues since the last Fanoclasts meeting.

I was pretty mad at the motorman, the station men, and the small crowd of commuters, and I said ... but here's the bottom line... -- dgv