
FIRST DRAFT #8

Vol. 2, No. 2

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being Dave Van Arnam's on-stencil fmz
composed for the Fanoclasts and with
an *A*L*L* *S*T*A*R* LETTER COLUMN
(mostly by Good Old Steve Stiles)

Here it is 6:15 and I can't think of anything to write about, so I guess that's FIRST DRAFT for today.

Hell, no, it isn't. (Just thought I'd shake you up a little.) There's more on the Involvement scene. Last week a rapist chased a naked young woman through an apartment house down to the first floor while a bunch of "citizens" stood around and watched; the girl was screaming for help all the while so they couldn't have mistaken what was going on. They didn't do anything. And two nine year old boys drowned off a New Jersey beach while around 12 people stood on the shore and watched. One man went in to help them and almost drowned himself.

Yes, I know, maybe none of them could swim.

But the guy who went in for them couldn't even get the bastards to help him launch his boat, so he had to swim.

The following statement occurs in the latest Cultzine, but it seems to me that its nature is such that it should be spread around just a little bit... To quote Bill Donaho: "You are also quite right in saying that it behooves Breen and his supporters to be careful what they say. The Committee has decided to take all defamatory statements about the Committee or any of its members to our lawyer. And if he considers them grounds for action for criminal libel, such action will be instituted."

So "the pro-pervert faction" can, I suppose, consider itself warned. (Gratuitous insult courtesy of Dick Eney.)

Frank Wilimczyk said at the last FISTFA Friday, or rather asked me, "Where do you stand on the Breen matter? I see words in FIRST DRAFT on the subject, but they don't really seem to make a stand."

So I'm going to quote (absolutely letter for letter, to preserve FIRST DRAFT's virginity) from a letter to Bruce Pelz I just wrote earlier this evening (partly as an acknowledgement of the latest SPECTATOR): "I think publication ((sic; if I changed the spelling it would be a second draft, which would be illegal)) of the BOONDOGGLE was wrong, I strongly doubt that WB shd have been excluded from the con, I am pretty sure that very little of the BOONDOGGLE will stand up under thorough examination, and I am absolutely positive that WB should not be expelled from any by-mail-only organization." Hey, "publication"! I wonder what that could be made to mean... Anyway, when I say "strongly doubt," I mean nobody's shown good reason yet, and I strongly doubt anyone can.

Unfortunately, I accidentally left the copy of the BOONDOGGLE that Ted loaned me, left it at the apartment, so I can't quote here any of the

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hitherto-unremarked innuendos, fallacies, etc., that my first two readings of it have resulted in the discovery of. And contradictions. Jesus, the contradictions.

I have just about concluded, now that AVANC 7 has arrived and I have seen the positions that have variously been abandoned and fortified as the first wave of anti-Donaho/Pacificon material has been assimilated, that the only way to clear up one major aspect of the situation is just by ghod to publish what would amount virtually to a sentence-by-sentence analysis of the BOONDOGGLE (and bearing in mind at all times, of course, subsequent pro and con material as relevant). This is something I do not relish doing, as the BD itself is eight elite pages long. I can see grim promise of 30 or 40 pages developing out of this. But from the nature of the arguments presented by the pro-Donaho faction in AVANC 7, there seems to be only the alternative of an increasingly bitter war that will pyramid itself on the layers of invective and counter-arguments already set down. The BOONDOGGLE is being treated as Holy Writ by one side. As the other side represents a spectrum (oops) of opinion from mild doubt down to outright refusal to accept the BD as Holy Writ, the other side, the pro-Breen faction if you must, is being subjected to an ever-increasing amount of ever-harsher invective.

Well, I hold that Sturgeon's Law applies to the BOONDOGGLE, and since the simple assertion of that fact will obviously not suffice to aid us in the eyes of the Other Side, I'm afraid the tedious job of pointing out every failure of the BOONDOGGLE must be done, and I guess I'm the volunteer. I also volunteer (Frank, take note) to aid in the project of getting a great volume of Walter's writings reprinted; i.e., I volunteer to cut stencils on my trusty typer, and if necessary I'd even run them off on the Null-Q Press.

Dick Lupoff's hypothesis may be right, and Donaho and the concom may have hidden evidence that in the long run will get WB a stretch in the California State Laughing Academy. I don't believe it, but just suppose so for the sake of making my position clearer: It would not make me regret, or be ashamed of, a single word I have written. For there is another and larger issue here, that goes well beyond any question of the mere guilt or innocence of Walter Breen.

You could simply call it the propriety of the publication of the BOONDOGGLE. It was not the decent thing to do. And its after-effects will be playing merry hell with fandom for a long time. Flames of hatred are being fanned that will be burning for a long time.

(And mighod! Think what they must be saying of us in the N3F!)

□□□□□

Hey, it's 7:15! I gotta get this thing finished. And I had to commit myself to a lettercol this issue. Damn.

I'd like to report on last Friday's FISTFA meeting, but as it mostly concerned an analysis of Earl Evers's attitude towards the Army, it wouldn't make very stimulating reading. Mike McInerney, Earl, myself, Frank Wigglemiggles or Something, a sturdy NAPAn, and Swell Old Steve Stiles were there. It was ok, but.

One line to tell you more about the Subway incident. Well.....

-- dgV

Zowee, gang, a LETTER COLUMN!

a LETTER COLUMN

□□□□□ And first we have a 17-page letter from Steve Stiles which I have edited down to the following pitifully mangled corpse. □□□□□

STEVE STILES (1809 Second Avenue, New York 28, NY) (April 30, 1964)

Dear Mr. Van Arnam,

It has come to my attention that you are desirous of receiving letters of comment on your publication, or "fanzine" as it is known as in the local Jargon, entitled First Draft. Therefore, I am taking this convenient opportunity to express my opinions on said journal in the hopes of enlightening you as to your function as a science fiction enthusiast and advocate.

Dear Dave,
Hello dere!

Um, what do I do next?

Your idea of having letters of comment may be a dangerous one. Mark well my words when I tell you that you are treading on dangerous waters (or, if you're not Devine, ground); the next logical step from this move can only be a table of contents, which in turn may involve actually having contents by persons other than yourself. ((As a true solipsist, I must point out to you that there are no persons other than myself. Sorry, old chap. ...dgv)) And, when you have contributions by any number of other people it is always advisable to have heading illustrations for each piece, plus a scattering of spot illos here and there. All of a sudden you have a full fledged fanzine to grind out each month, egged on by impatient and slavering fen. This leaves you with First Draft a "real" fanzine, Jargon, co-editorship of Spectrum, occasional publisher of some gigantic tome on ERB, membership in the Cult, eventual participation in Shadow FAPA, and, if you live right, membership in FAPA itself. ((I'm also an incipient sap. --SAP, dammit. ...dgv)) Where does this leave you? It leaves you in the less than envious position of having to put up with the monotonous drivel of egoboo, of placing on fan polls, and finally winning the Hugo, thereafter faced with the tedium of maintaining your position in the fan world. You wouldn't want that, now would you? Hmmm.

You will also be stone cold broke, and thus a "faan."

Your Subway Incident is not really so surprise provoking -- or at least not in these parts. I can well recall my childhood, when once in broad daylight I was beaten up by two toughs much older and larger than myself. As one held my arms, and the other placed well aimed boots at my stomach, I yelled out pleas for help to adult passerbys. Not one so much as looked in my direction. Looking back on this incident, it was not the beating that was so frightening, but the unreality of situation -- it was as if I hadn't existed. Things like this happen all the time, and I'll wager that more than one person has been beaten to death in full view of pedestrians.

((STEVE STILES continues the Good Work))

The Hot News of today is that I sent a letter full of pro-sexual freedom propaganda to a fundamentalist anti-sex magazine edited by one B. Graham. I was very sarcastic and witty. I also signed the letter "H.P. Norton." I was very chicken.

-- Steve

((Steve has now broken all records; he is the only person to be first to write me a letter of comment to two of my zines. And next we have a letter from...a letter...from...oh, well. ...dgv))



Jesus, what am I going to do with the Fanoclasts Meeting coming up and the unbelievable quantity of 4 pages still to mimeo...

All that space and no time...

I could have filled up the space with more letters if I'd had any...

Well, if I can't use it, you can. Dirty pictures is my suggestion, all you artists.

(Of course, inside the paper is a mono-molecular layer of incredible stuff that will react with certain etheric vibrations when anything is drawn on it; it is hooked up with a complicated device the Pacificon II committee has donated to the police, and it will all be Taken Down And Used Against You. You hear?)

-- dgv (who

is not responsible for anything appearing in the above 25 lines or so)