

Dave Van Arnam of New Kadath In The Cold Bronx brings you probably a two-page issue of FIRST DRAFT this week, not because he's done any writing, but because he's actually spent the last couple of evenings, or the most part of them anyway, cleaning up parts of his incredibly messy apartment.

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NYCON III! Fantastic! Wow!!

Among other pleasant surprises that this week has had in store for me, Con Ed provided the first, late Sunday night getting back from the Disslave. No gas. No electricity. No stove, no refrigerator, no classical music on the radio, no lights.

No electric typewriter...

And I didn't get power back until Wednesday. Lemme tell you, man cannot live by candles alone; he needs light bulbs. So I didn't get too much writing done the last three days. Instead I spent the evenings partly in frantically cleaning up the apartment so it wdn't look like a fire hazard when the ConEd man came in to check the pilot light on the stove.

Boy, one bachelor with utterly no ambitions towards neatness can sure pile up a lot of junk. But I did rediscover some old manuscripts, so I think I can count it as time honorably spent...

APOLOGIES TO DAN GOODMAN DEPT: I have two loc's from Dan Goodman on hand, both of which I've been planning to publish, both of which I have not published so far, due to my new one-page-only regime. And now that I'm going to two pages, I'm printing a letter -- from Dick Lupoff. I will publish the Goodman letters in the next few FD's. (Besides, I keep forgetting to transfer Dan's stuff to my briefcase, since he hands his loc's to me at FISFFA meetings.)

□□ LETTERCOLUMNHEY □□

DICK LUPOFF:

5/16/65

Dear Dave,

I must admit to some surprise when you offered a swap for that FAPA bundle I handed you at the Disclave...somehow FIRST DRAFT had gone out of my consciousness as a living, on-going institution. I associated it with Apa F -- with the formalized Apa F to split a hair -- and when the formal Apa F ceased to operate (and particularly inasmuch as OPO stopped too) I somehow consigned FD to that Heaven where Good Fanzines go when they die.

And here you were handing me a regular stack of FDs. Well, they made good (skimming-type) reading, so good that I may sit down and read them again, thoroughly. But anyway, even on the basis of a cursory examination, I have some things to say to you. Three at least; as many as five if I feel ambitious and my boss doesn't catch me. Zzo:

1. Yr MC on OPO 87 put it, apparently, in the same mailing with EFFER 90, which is obvious nonsense, as there was an OPO in each numbered Apa F mailing. Either EFFER 90 was erroneously numbered and included in the 87th mlg (that happened before, eh?) or else my Agent is screwing up his inclusions. ((Right; OPOs 87 & 90 got accidentally transposed.))

(back to DICK LUPOFF's letter:)

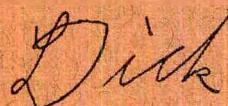
2. I remember JARGON. I have a book review coming up in the second issue. Of "Fanny Hill," remember? I wonder what I said about it... as I recall, it was a favorable review. ((Some day there will be a JARGON #2, complete with Jim Cawthorne cover, Steve Stiles illos, material by Dick Lupoff, Ted White, Lin Carter, and hordes of others, a good deal of which is extant at this very moment. Wow. Some day. -- dgv))
3. Digging through some corrugated cardboard mover's cartons that I had never bothered to unpack after we moved up here to Merry Hell, I recently discovered that I have the RGBA stencils, and also some extra copies of Larry Ivie's map of Barsoom. (Dick continues on this subject in a technical vein; I thot I'd mention part of it to note that THE READER'S GUIDE TO TARZAN'S AFRICA, tho stagnant, is not dead as a project, and that as soon as it's done I intend to do a revised index to the Mars Series for a new edition of THE READER'S GUIDE TO BARSOOM AND AMTOR. Please do not place any orders for the latter just now, tho...))

Now, I said maybe five things but I'm getting lazy by the moment, so the fourth, I will just tell you the heading of, which is I CREATED A MONTER (sic). And the fifth, I have forgotten.

Youre truely (sic)

PS - I remembered the fifth. It is:

A hobbit who called himself Frodius
Found "H.J.O.K." to be odious;
He found its inventor,
became his tormentor, T^OADiUS (ASIGHX -- dgv)
And turned him at last to a/



Those 'sic's were Dick's own. By the way, I'd like to point out that the above 'limerick' makes no sense to me whatsoever. Ho.

There was a Disclave last weekend... "Hullo, Dave Van Arnam," said Terry Carr, his hand surrounding a can of beer, "I just spent last night taking your name out of Lin Carter's next Ace book..."

It was that kind of a weekend.

It was pretty good, I guess, except that it wasn't the Legendary Disclave of old. They never are, probably; it's hard to believe that we're living in the Good Old Days right now... As for the Disclave, there were too many people. Somebody remarked that they used to be small enough for everyone to fit into one double room suite. Owell. East Coast fandom is getting the convention craze with a vengeance. The more regionals there are, the more people go to all of 'em. New records being set every month. I suppose it's a wonderful thing, but once in a while I pause to wonder whether enough might be too much.

Saturday afternoon John Boardman and I were having lunch when Karen Anderson and her mother joined us. I wanted to discuss sword and sorcery but pretty soon John was discoursing on the planetary system of 61 Cygni, or something. "He's boring her silly," I thot to myself. "Isn't that one 67 Cygni, John?" said Karen. "Oh, that's right," said John; "stupid of me." I sat there and felt stupid...

And now I sit here in my office, hoping you are the sane...

-- dgv