

None but *The Lonely Heart* Dave Van Arnam of the same old place in the (ptui) Bronx is bringing you this sturdy old one page weekly fanzine for the 113th straight week.

NOTE: This is a Genuine Van Arnam Fanzine. Accept No Others. Most Especially Do Not Accept Anything You May Read On The Other Side Of This Estimable Publication. Fred Patten Is Eviel!

[[[[Actually, that is not true. Fred Patten is a Good Man. I hope he is still a Good Man this time next week, because I finally missed a mailing through a definite mishap on my own part, namely not having any postage in the office last Friday to mail off FD 115. This makes the second time I have, as you might possibly phrase it, deliberately missed an Apa L mlg (I have missed several others through the @#\$%&* USPOD, may its tribe never win a pennant...).

So I may not get the Apa L mlg I missed, and I hereby offer a buck for it if I did miss it. Bruce?...

[[[[FUTURE BIG NAME WRITERS OF AMERICA DEPT.: Well, yesterday at work I took the afternoon off and typed up a submission copy of THE BLACK MAGICIAN; it amounted to 26 pages, consisting of two rather short chapters and 3 even shorter Interludes, part of one of which appeared in last week's FIRST DRAFT. Ho. Today I took another hour off and wrote a more or less final-first-draft outline of the rest of the action, amounting to seven pages, and to which I hope I am not held shd the book actually be accepted.

Then I called up Ted White.

Ted White told me to call Don Wollheim and tell him I was bringing it over. I felt a little nervous at this (or "scared" as we also say when people insist a lot), but Ted said it was the only sensible way. So I called, and Wollheim was not there. Secretly gratified, I said I was bringing over a portion-and-outline.

Wollheim was in when I got there, and I was ushered in by a luscious secretary. "My God, another beard!" said Wollheim, which took me slightly aback...

Seems, tho, he'd just had lunch with Lin Carter, who has an Ezra Poundish sort of beard, and it was Just His Way of putting me at ease. He asked me if the book was Abe Merrittish. "No," I said, "I never cared much for Merritt." "Pity," said Wollheim, "I've been dying for some Merritt type stuff for ages..."

"It's always good to see new writers coming up," said Wollheim. "After all, if Ted White can do it, why can't you?"

After a few minutes of such-like traumatic conversation (I am not quick witted in conversational Survival Situations) I left, consigning my beautiful mss. to the tender mercies of Terry Carr (who hates sword-and-sorcery) and made my way back to the office... [[[[This has been Part Of A Day With A Big Name Nobody, who is hoping you are the sane...

FIRST DRAFT #116

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Well, this time next month we will be at the WESTERCON!!!!

OPO 71 and DEGLER! 130

This is OPO 71 combined with Degler! number one hundred and thirty [that's not Too Many], published for an unassuming FAPA (August 1966

mailing) and also TAPS (this being AS 18.0604) by Andy Porter [24 East 82nd Street, New York, NY, 10028] and Dick Lupoff [Merry Hell, Poughkeepsie, New York, 12603]. And just as soon as I (Andy Porter) learn how to fully operate this damned typer we'll get in business with this thing. Or Maybe Not.

And this is genuine nonstparagraphing, being brought to you by Dick's typer, and IBM (Think of a Thark when Dark is Stark), who I think makes it.

Well, there were all sorts of wonderful things I was going to say in this here gosh-wow oneshot (although Degler! has been coming out for a bit under two years now, and is all first-drafted directly onto the master, which means I shd have more experience at being funny in first draft) but seeing as how Ken lupoff decided to get up at the unghodly hour of 7 am (and I having gone to sleep at 2 am) I find my brain strangely stilted, not to mention forced and unpleasant.

New York in '67 is guaranteed not to be forced, stilted, or umpleasant.

Somehow I think that Lee Jacobs writes better one-shots; and Lon Atkins (he of The Golden Flute Fame, or somesuch) certainly had more bheer in him when he assisted Lee in his pursuit, or whatever the hell you want to call it. Then again, I'm overflowing at the brim with chocolate milk, so I may be ahead of them all. All two of them...

The trouble with this oneshot is that I'm aimlessly filling up space. Now, I do that with Degler! every week, but somehow when I'm through it looks a lot nicer. I shall now try to be funny in my Calvin ~~ZEEK~~ Demmonish way. Uh, excuse me, in my Calvin Demmonish Way. Yes.

"See the big lady put the little lady in the bag." Hey, that Lupoff fella is pretty funny for a new fan, isn't he?

Thyra, A Romance of The Polar Pit: by Robert Ames Bennet, illustrated by E. L. Blumenschein; New York, Henry Holt & Co., 1901.

This book is dedicated "To Harold, who is to be A TRUE MAN OF THE RUNE."

The book also has a wonderful girl in it that weighs two hundred pounds and is wondrously fat.

Somehow I don't think this thing is working out; it wil not be going through FAPA, nor will it bei (that's the second time I've typoed "be" in here) going through TAPS. It will instead go thrpugh apa L mailing number eighty sumthing-or-other.

A Null-Q Publication is a Good Publication:

maLAise//OPO//First Draft//FanoMatic//APALing//NYBulletin//Et Cetera.

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