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FIRST DRAFT #17

Vol. 3, No. 5

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which is Dave Van Arnam's written-on-stencil fmz for the Fanoclasts, whose watchword (faneds, please copy) is  
\*NEW \*YORK\* \*IN\* \*1967\*

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The very pretty girl's name is Jan Ferris. Fan X (the one that somehow gets left out each time) this time was Arnie Katz, who was also at that last Fanoclasts Friday. Congratulations, Arnie!

Now watch carefully, everyone, and see, if you can, who gets the accolade of getting left out this time. FISTFA included Mike & rich, myself, Arnie Katz, Steve Stiles, Andy Porter, Andrew Silverberg (but only long enough to make an unsuccessful attempt at calling Gary Deindorfer collect long distance), and a phone call from Ted White. Also Dave MacDonald and Marty Jukovsky, who was quite properly bugged because I spelled his name with an f instead of a v. That would be like spelling my name Dave Fan Arnam. Hey, now...

After FISTFA broke up, or rather, causing FISTFA to break up, was the general exodus to MacDonald's pad where we saw the pilot film for a TV show which -- happily -- never got off the ground (or, Into The Water), namely "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," or somesuch. Made from the leftovers from the movie and Sturgeon book. I hadn't seen the movie, and I sure can think of a lot of reasons not to go see it, after having seen the TV version. Ted, you didn't miss a thing. Except a lot of laughs.

Also, Mike, rich, Arnie, Steve, and Andy became card-carrying members of The Science Fiction Club Of New York, as did I (I'm Member Number 14).

MacDonald's showing up at FISTFA brings up the possibility that we may have to also revive the Society Of Daves, or whatever it was called. The evening was a remarkable example of fannish timebinding, but unfortunately my poor memory was again in operation. Most notable, however, were the continued expressions of puzzlement on the part of Marty and Dave concerning William Donaho's recent activities. As I did, they said that it just didn't fit the Big Bill Donaho of the Nunnery days, that same Nunnery that can be seen, just a building away, from Dave MacDonald's windows.

rich brown apparently has definitely decided against asking the Busbys for permission to continue CRY, which effectively kills that project because, as rich says, without the Busbys and Wally Weber ... it wouldn't be CRY. And Ted is dropping MINAC with the next issue. These, and a couple of other recent events, make me feel quite depressed. But I won't go into that. The CRY situation, though, is a beautiful example of the sort of predictable havoc that the thoroughly irresponsible publication of the BOONDOGGLE could have been expected to wreak in fandom. Jolly William Donaho has the second death of CRY on his hands. But I suppose he's content with the philosophy that you can't make an omelette without breaking a few eggs.

I daresay he feels as complacent and content with his actions, though, as I did after the Subway Incident with mine. But there's no accounting for tastes.

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Null-Q Press

Undecided Publication #18  
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But enough of William Donaho's mistakes. Let me tell you about a few of mine. Namely, the blight of typos in the last issue of FIRST DRAFT (KATHERINE EVE #16). First off, I got the number wrong -- it's Vol. 3, No. 4. Then, I misspelled the following words: unprecedented, know, ropes. And, in interpolating a remark of my own between pages 1 & 2, I managed to leave off the key phrase in Dick Lupoff's letter, the passage that should read, "Except maybe those who want to shoot Calvin's parents." These mistakes are a hair shirt to me -- I mean, FIRST DRAFT has got its low points in terms of excellence and clarity of prose; the least I can do is to see to it that I don't leave in my typos. (I make a lot; 6 already on this page...) (But I try to catch them and korrekt them.)

"You haven't done anything in 40,000 years!" (heard on the subway)

But I guess nobody cares about my typos except me. \*sigh\*

There's a sequel to that lino above, unfortunately. It happened on the IRT to Ted and me as we were on our way back earlier today from a visit to the promoter-producer who may make rich brown and us rich or maybe not. There was this rather short guy, ratty thick DA haircut, jacket that was three sizes too big for him, and a cracked look in his eye, who suddenly stepped over to me and shouted the above lino past me into the ranks of seated passengers, then stepped back.

Ted & I looked at each other, then at the little man, then shrugged. A minute later, he leaned past me again. "And you'll never make it, either."

"Who's he talking to?" asked Ted. I shrugged; nobody seemed to be paying any attention to him; it didn't seem like a family quarrel or anything. I was a bit regretful, since otherwise it might have been a perfect case for Subwayman (my costume-hero alter-ego).

Then I noticed his target. A Negro housewife, sitting there calmly. "Aha!" I thought to myself. "This is a case for Subwayman! Just let him open his yap again! Hoo-boy, will I hit him hard -- with a stinging retort." (He was smaller than me, but he had wide shoulders.)

But he didn't say anything more until the train was actually pulling into

"It got so much better, after I stopped publishing it." (heard at FISTFA)

our station, when he suddenly screamed loudly, "Not in fifty thousand years!" Then the doors opened. I was amused to note that a large Negro about two heads taller and half a foot wider was getting on the train right behind him, and regretted having to get off. But I brightened at Ted's next remark. He smiled quietly. "Did you see me stomp him right over the instep?" (I hadn't, but I wished I had, and followed suit. Sometimes I think John Boardman is right...)

This morning, the day after the signing of the new Civil Rights bill into law, the DAILY NEWS ran the following letter: "The people of the South are the greatest and most courageous Americans. When socialistic trouble-makers go down there to teach ignorant Negroes to vote democratically, the Southerners have every right to fight for their rights. /s/ Southerner at Heart." Boy, it sure is courageous to blow up Negro girls and kidnap cowardly Northern whites and kill them and fight better Negro education so they won't be so ignorant and ... oh, well, that's Creeping Cesspoolism for this issue. Hoping you are the sane.