

in which Dave Van Arnam completes a solid year of writing and publishing a weekly fanzine, and is rather curious as to whether this is a record...

NEW YORK IN '67!!!

TAFF!!

EASTERCON!

HOPEFUL REQUESTS DEPT: As the next issue of FIRST DRAFT will be the Annish (13 years after my first fanzine, finally an Annish!), I'd be beholden to anyone who wd like to contribute to it; I realize this is a bit of Short Notice and all, but if you happened to come up with anything over the weekend you might just pop it in an envelope and send it to me. As long as it got to me by Thursday, or even Friday, I cd get it in the issue. I don't have to mention that ol' Dave Van Arnam's address is 1730 Harrison Ave., Apt 353, Bronx 53, NY, do I? I shd have thot of this last week, I suppose. *sigh* Then I cd have asked the Ellers, too...

☐☐ In FD/51 I mentioned a few subjects which I didn't get to. One was inspired by the recent Fanoclasts meeting which, because of Rain and Cold and Coincidence, was far less-well attended than the usual Fanoclasts meetings of the past $\frac{1}{2}$ year or so. One of the people who didn't attend was rich brown, who previously had not missed a meeting in a Great Long While. It happens that Ted White wrote a piece on me in MINAC/15, copiously egoboosting to me, in which among other things he commented on some mysterious Benign Influence I have on Fanoclasts meetings. (Hey, Ted, when are you going to mail out that issue?)

I have decided that Ted White is Wrong. It is rich brown who has the Benign Influence on the Fanoclasts meetings. I realize this may be a trifle difficult for some SAPS and FAPA members to believe, but -- at least in my opinion -- it is True. It may only be a subjective thing with me -- rich is frequently the only other person who laughs at my brilliantly witty and perceptive remarks (other than me, of course; I am one of those who cheerfully laughs at anything he considers funny, even if he has made the Funny himself) -- but somehow I never feel that the meeting has perked up until rich walks in.

Some non-subjective support of this view of mine may be gleaned from the fact that, with dismaying frequency, the meetings break up when rich leaves; this phenomenon Looms Large in the rich brown Legend, in fact.

Other Fanoclasts, of course, have created Traditions for us. Steve Stiles, for instance, is almost invariably greeted by a round of applause and loud cheers when he makes his appearance. Assembled Fanoclasts also tend to warily observe Andy Porter's reaction when anyone arrives; Harvey Forman was at the last FISTFA meeting, and when he came in with Fred Lerner and passed by Andy, we all heard Andy remark, with loud and clear enthusiasm, "Harvey Forman, wow! It's the Great Ass of Fandom Himself!" Such genialities have also become Tradition, tho Andy's remarks are more usually along the vein Ted White has described as Surrealistic... "Hey, Andy Porter, you just said a Surrealistic Thing," is about what Ted says on these occasions.

But it is rich brown who, for me at least, really makes the meetings Complete. It is rather a pity that, as he himself has admitted, he does

not come thru in print at all the way he does in person. It is, of course, for this reason that there will be people who will think I am Lying in my Teeth about him, or Something. But they will be Wrong, too.

"FOR 1967 SAY BALTICON" DEPT: I sorta wish I'd attended the Open ESFA last Sunday. I've never had much of a chance to talk to Jack Chalker, for instance; I notice he's a bit defensive about the actions of some of the younger Baltimore fans at the last Phillycon, and I wanted to mention to him that I, at least, have no particular desire to criticize the Baltimore bid on the basis of the antics of a few neos. In fact, one of the kids, who couldn't've been more than about 13, in effect reminded me of one of my swell old precepts, namely, don't be too quick to judge someone. The first day of the Phillycon, my impression of this kid was that he was a rather obnoxious little squirt; the Baltimore group by coincidence was sitting directly in front of the Fanoclasts Lobbyists, and when we unrolled Perdita's magnificent banner (NEW YORK IN '67 is about what it says, you will remember...) the kid was the one who had the bright idea of the Baltimorons hold up handwritten signs with such witty remarks on them as "Why?" and so forth. We didn't try to put him down, or anything, feeling that his actions rather spoke for themselves.

That evening was the surprisingly good party at Harriet Kolchak's. And at one point I found myself having a very pleasant conversation with the kid. He was really quite a nice guy, and not at all reminiscent of, say, Harlan Ellison in his youth. Just a little overenthusiastic. Owell. There went Points on the '67 bid; too bad he turned out to be a nice guy.

ANDY PORTER SOUNDS OFF ON MUSTARD AND TOMATO SOUP DEPT: When the purple oranges are in blossom in the heart of Texas, you can smell them for miles around because they're lemons! However, not even the green frogs that live in the heart of Texas know that they are lemons or oranges or fruit at all, because only idiotic people give the names of lemons or apples or anything else to the names of squiggles, which is what the frogs call them. And if you think that I'm lying, go and ask a frog, and I bet he'll say that they are indeed called squiggles. In fact, if a frog does tell you that they're called squiggles, than you'd better go over to your squiggly department store and pick up a dozen or so nut-doctors, because you can be sure that you ain't no lemon, baby! In fact, you might even be some kind of walnut yourself. Anyway, as I was saying about the Heart of Texas, it's red and drips green from the ceiling, especially at nighttime when Venus is 14 degrees northwest of the constellation Jupiterious, and when this is so, it has been recorded in medical journals renowned throughout that great slag heap called Baltimore that even Little Annie Fanny is better at making the buck than Orphan Annie. So when Dave Van Arnam mails this to you people out there {{Do you think this is maLaise?}} whether you be in Brooklyn or Berkeley {{Never!}} or Burbank you can be sure if it's Westinghouse.

-- Wardron Tovallon, trans.
THE BOOK OF MADNESSES

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU ASK ANDY PORTER TO DICTATE SOMETHING TO FILL UP SPACE DEPT: Yes, that is about what happens when you ask Andy Porter to dictate somethink to fill up space. Sorry about all that, gang... *sigh* After that, I know with a cold and pitiless finality that it is absolutely useless for me to continue to go on hoping you are the sane ahahahahahahahahahahahahaha