
FIRST DRAFT #30

Vol. 7, No. 2

27 Nov 64

continuing with the last surviving
shred of fanac this week for Dave Van
Arnam, who only wishes to remind you
of ****NY IN '67!**** and ****THE EASTERCON****

I suppose it had to happen sooner or later. I couldn't keep juggling all those little weekly fanzines up forever; it was in the cards that eventually I wd be out of town for a while, or my typer wd break down, or the mimeo go on the fritz -- or, as in this case, I might go on the fritz.

Which is what has happened. It came on me a week ago yesterday, the hint of a fever that usually has been enough to send me to bed to sweat it out quickly, overnight. But I had also been plagued with a more and more painful case of what possibly was bursitis, and I didn't take full precautions, being distracted. And Friday was Fanoclasts night. I dragged myself off my bed of pain and to work, to get some money, and debated if I cd make the meeting or not. But after taking a few aspirin at the office, I felt much better, and even put out my customary two fmz (which I had been sure I wasn't going to be able to manage).

But on the way to Ted's, I began feeling the fatal symptoms again. By the time the evening was well under progress, I had a pretty good fever. It was so bad I was only able to drink one quart of beer. Tiresome illnesses! But there was the moral boost of having brought the first 3 items in the mailing, which was kicky.

Anyway, I was so sick at the end of the evening that, at Ted's insistance, I spent the night (and Saturday night, and Sunday night) in his guest room under a tremendous electric blanket. Tremendous in its effectiveness -- it didn't cure me Real Quick, or anything, but I shudder to think what my fate might have been without it, or if I'd have tried to get home that night.

Ted drove me home Monday, transporting some rugs he was giving me; and the second stage of Dave's illness began. It seems for the rest of the week I have been having relapses (of less and less feverish nature) whenever I exert myself a little. Now the fever's gone; but when I so much as climb a flight of stairs, it takes fifteen minutes for my system to recover. One of these days I'm gonna see a doctor.

This is why, anyway, that I had nothing for Apa L this week, and why, for the first time since the founding of Apa F, FanoMatic is missing... but FIRST DRAFT goes on forever.

□□ Gee, fun in the Congo. I hope all the Liberals and liberals are happy at the results of their particularly stupid anti-Tshombe policies. We have to send in Belgian paratroopers to keep our own nationals from being chopped to bits and eaten by frenzied cannibals egged on by Swell Old Red China and Our Friend Russia, both of which pirate governments have with an incredible audacity that can hardly be hinted at, protested our intervention in Congolese affairs. And we're supposed to be able to deal with animals like that? By me, that's the Kennedy Myth. And people wonder why I'm a Nixon Republican...

Null-Q Press

Undecided Publication #71

The following is a revised (yes, not first draft; if you don't like it you can go eat your toes), only not very, version of something I wrote -- and planned to execute, only I cd not find two essentials -- the night before Ted's Great Thanksgiving Day Thanks Giving And Feed:

I looked into Ted's apartment from the street before I entered; yes, most of them were already gathered for the Great Thanksfanning Day Turkey Feed -- Ted, of course, occasionally darting into the kitchen like the master chef he is; rich brown and Mike McInerney, both looking amiable, as always; and Andy Main and Barbara, looking Zen; and Larry McCombs, strumming on a guitar and obviously singing something.

I smiled to myself complacently. First checking the huge paper sack I was carrying, with the gnarled and horrible turkey feet grinning nudely out of the end, where I clutched them and the top of the sack with care, I then proceeded thru the outer doors into the hallway outside Ted's apartment. I knicked, and entered.

"What's that," said Ted White, pointing his beard at the dreadful turkey feet and parts south.

"Why, gee, Ted, I brought the most important part of the whole meal!"

"Oh, no," said Ted, "Not -- not another turkey!" But he cocked his head suspiciously.

"Hey, great," said Mike. "Yes," added rich enthusiastically, "I see your point!" "Mmmm," Andy reflected. Larry put his finger on the cruz. "That means we can have one for dinner -- and one for supper!"

During all this I professed to look pained. "Gentlemen," I said at last, "please. I said important."

I set the sack down on the floor and carefully and reverently removed the two memorably hideous avian claws. Setting them carefully on the floor, I patted them and said, reverently, "Scratch gravel, White Wind," and watched with satisfaction as they skittered away, in search of ghostly grain.

"No, actually, Ted, this is what I brought." And I reached in the huge sack and pulled out a pint of dark rum. "For the punch."

sigh, said Ted White.

Now that I've tried the I CHING, and achieved a startling level of communication on what was really the only clear question of the three I had asked it last night, I think I'm going to buy the two versions (only not right away, because of Money). It is very interesting, that one set of answers I got.

I suppose nobody will be really surprised when I tell them that Shadow FAPA will be a little late this time, folks...

Well, Fitch never did send out the last one, for some inexplicable set of reasons, and so there never built up any feeling of pressure on me. And so I do not have anything done, and I've not yet pressured the Lupoffs for the XERO Fun And Games Book, and other Fanoclasts, etc. But it will get out within a month, I'm certain. It may be a little skinny, but that has happened before, and I think it's better it shd be gotten out at all. Hoping you are the sane,