
FIRST DRAFT #33

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being Dave Van Arnam's fabulous fan-
tastic written-on-stencil fmz as ever,
coming to you under the auspices of
nobody at all (**NY IN 67!**)-----

Talking to Pat Lupoff last night at their Imitation Lease Breaking Get Together And Introduce McInerney To Jack Daniels Swell Old Sour Mash Whiskey Plus Background Music Party, I suddenly realized, in the course of inquiring, facetiously, when the Lupoffs wd be publishing another XERO-type Monstrous Fanzine while knowing that probably nothing was further from their minds, that my own Aims In Fandom have suffered, or rather experienced, a Great Change in the last 6 months or so.

No longer do I feel an immense inchoate urge to publish the biggest, best monthly fanzine Fandom has ever seen; no longer do I feel the urge to attempt total communication with two to four hundred fans, an urge which led directly to JARGON #1 (yes, there will be a J2 and more) even tho I only ran off 100 copies (I planned to rerun it after the DisCon, but...)

Instead, I seem to have happened upon this thing called FIRST DRAFT and this group of people occasionally called the Fanoclasts, and at other time the FISTFAns, and a curious alchemy has seen to it, as I realized last night in talking over Large Fanzines with Pat, ~~th~~ that FIRST DRAFT (and to a far lesser extend FanoMatiC) has provided me with about as much experience of Communication as I seem to have felt the urge to achieve.

This attitude is subject to change with less than no notice, and likely will when and if Money ever begins rolling in enough so that little things like postange and paper costs will not deter me from Large Fanning; but I have this curious quiet feeling that FIRST DRAFT is going to go on and on, week after week, piling up the Publication Numbers and the Volume Numbers, maybe as long as I stay in Fandom, which as I see it will be for a Long Time.

Ah, but it is getting to be time to take off for the Fanoclasts; to save time, and to Cheat, and what not, I am going to (watch out, here it comes again) quote some more of my poetry!

But here's the switch -- I have hardly a better idea of what's to come next than you do -- I've just dug up a pile of untranscribed handwritten poems and I'm going to transcribe a few here for the First Time. They will probably not be very satisfactory.

A man for Hell in the morning
Sunday's final tomorrow
arriving before the papers,
ironic, rich, and terrifying,
time for an instantaneous word to sum it up,
time
for death at last to mean something
time
for destruction to create a vast sky-wandering dream
dream in a palace or forever frozen

moment

:: QWERTYUIOPress (!?!)
Undecided Publication #54

Despised
lonely
distant
wholly desecrated monument
man
glitter, you dead future,
fools are your destiny
-- you dreamed of them
and
they are come
they embrace you

beslimed
you may
mercifully question
but the rotted answer
was born in your bones
and in your terrible whisper

/-----/

scream
through pipes
along echoing corridors

scream
to the roofs
and empty seats
and

today the fires are higher
and the streets are made of straw
today the

you never know
what moment will spark glory
from

the shudder of the

every day
growing Spring

every day
a new past

judgement on the hours
dead days' wasted tatters of its
momentary cloth
throned curbstones with rain presenting
butts and shreds

but

whatever lasts,
is a poetry in itself
the simple beauty of survival
sculpts any rot away

and thus

a short waterfall of words
rings downward against deaf rocks of
strangers
you have known all your life

/-----/

And with that, hoping you are the sane,