
FIRST DRAFT #1

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being an on-stencil fanzine contrived solely for the Fanoclasts that have been showing up at Ted's, and maybe a few of the others

Actually, gang, this is all because a carton of Topsham Granite has just been delivered to the office (along with 1 each Ivory and Lime for Lin's next SPECTRUM), and I can't stand looking at that clean nude paper any longer without doing something to some of it. Also, of course, as this is Good Friday, I wanted to remind you all that Jews are Christkillers (was it TIME Magazine that had an article on this, indicating that something like 1/4 of American Christians believe this wholeheartedly?)

Nobody's here at the office, and I'm here only because I'm supposed to be working on THE READER'S GUIDE TO TARZAN'S AFRICA (progress report: some 32 people have sent a total of \$115 so far... "so far" being in a week and a half); and also I'm waiting for Lin Carter so that he can proof the 27 stencils for SPECTRUM I just cut for him, and maybe run some off tonight before the meeting; but instead I'm just sitting here inventing FIRST DRAFT.

Actually, I do have something of a reason for FIRST DRAFT, at least for this issue, namely to induce me to get started writing up The Occurrence At ~~QWY QY~~ A BMT Express Stop, or whatever. This is a Genuine First Draft, tho, folks, so don't expect it to be any good. I write lousy first drafts.

Lessee, now; it was the last Fanoclasts meeting (held on a Thursday because otherwise it would be Friday the 13th) held on a Thursday because it was the Great Farewall To Avram Davidson Who Is Leaving For Mexico Fanoclasts Meeting. Present were a whole mess of people which I made a list of next day and checked later with Ted and rich and which is not with me at the time I am writing.

For me it began earlier in the evening, over at the Lupoffs', when Dick gave me a copy of RUMBLE, which he and Walter Breen published back in 1960 and which was more or less the forerunner of XERO, since locs on it were published in XERO 1 & 2. I had never seen this publication, tho the whole story has been frequently recounted in conversations. All about the fans out on a picnic who were shoed off by a street gang's warlord because of a rumble his gang was about to have with another gang, and how the fans backed off because the party included women and a small child, and should they have stood up for their rights as citizens or were they right to protect the women and children. I'm just as happy that I was in Korea at the time and didn't have to make the decision. It all seems rather unreal when I'm just sitting here pushing on little peices of plastic with letters on them, but New York City is like a jungle in some ways. There are times, many times, when the ordinary citizen (much less the trufan) suddenly finds himself in as savage and brutal a situation as old Tarzan the Unavailable ever got himself into. Like the TV show several months ago, "Terror On The Subways," or something. The Transit Authority was bawling about how things like that

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never happen on the NYC subways (the hell they don't; the story was about two teenage punks who terrorize a subway car, the stops were those just to the north and south of mine, and Lin's when he was a Fanoclasts Host, and about two days later some drunken kids almost pulled off the same thing on that line, only they got off after a few stops) but the station went right ahead and put the program on. The next day two punks knifed an off-duty cop to death in a subway car.

Which is getting a bit off the point, tho not really. As you all know (to get on with it), Walter Breen was at the meeting too, and I was pleased at the coincidence of getting RUMBLE and seeing him for the first time since the Discon, both in the same evening. I am perhaps easily pleased, I suppose, but such congruences do please me. Steve Stiles, the Lupoffs, and I shared a cab from 73d St, and arrived before most of the rest; let's see, there was Ted, Sandi, Les Gerber, Walter, Jock Root, John Boardman, Avram & Grania (I remember Avram saying to Ted, "Well, I'm here now, why aren't they all over here grovelling at my feet?"), rich brown, Mike McInerney, eevers, and dgv (that's me, hey, gang). And probably at least one other person, who will be mortally insulted because his name isn't here. Oh, yes, Ray Syzmanowski or something like that (sorry, Ray), and of course Frank Wilimczyk or Wigglemuggle, who Had Trouble With The Subways himself. And still probably one other person.

There was a lot of discussion with Walter, of course, concerning the D*n*h* fracas; Dick showed him his loc to MINAC on the subject, and later I showed him my Cultletter on the subject (Don Fitch published it in toto, by the way, except for the omission of one rather confused phrase), and Walter seemed to approve of both. Again I'm getting off the track...but I told you this was a First Draft.

The Regrettably Absent Calvin Demmon was mentioned a number of times, with regret that he was unable to attend this Fabulous Fannish Event. Ah, but there I go again, bringing up irrelevancies. With Lin Carter due to arrive here at the office at any minute. Tch.

Mercilessly, I drag you away from Joyous Fanoclasts Meeting into depths of deep dank subway after meeting is over. Now present on platform: dgv, Walter, rich brown, Mike McL., eevers. Subject: how the hell do we get back to Manhattan when the train isn't running in that direction. Answer: proceed farther out into wilds of Brooklyn to catch express. We do so, crossing over from outbound platform to inbound platform via stairway over track. Walter convinced this wrong procedure; me certain it is, by virtue of unassailable logic and the fact that I'd done it just two days before. Outcome: on outbound express track, comes inbound train which stops, picks up passengers, and proceeds towards Manhattan. Sensation, among rump Fanoclasts. Walter's attitude turns gently accusatory, while I stand gabbling and pointing bewildered collection of fingers in the general direction of the impossible event just past. "But -- but -- it can't do that!" was about what I said. Fortunately, inbound express train now shrieks into station on proper inbound express tracks (a different train, I point out), with horn hooting like a demented drunken monster; a sound much reminiscent of that of subway train some months before which dgv, Les Gerber, Calvin Demmon, and girl whose name firstdrafting dgv cannot now quite bring to mind, were on, and which was signalling ahead about divers mischiefs being performed on train; but that incident is DNP. And this incident is Continued Next Meeting, because Lin Carter is Arriving. See you in FIRST DRAFT #2