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FIRST DRAFT #3

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being an on-stencil fanzine contrived by Dave Van Arnam solely for the Fanoclasts making the scene at Ted's, and maybe a few of the others

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I think by next issue this magazine will have reached critical mass and it'll be worth mailing off to the half-dozen or so due to get it. Let's see, the doors of the train opened and this Spanish-speaking man and woman were discovered inside the otherwise empty train. They were fighting and shouting almost incoherently, as the motorman (I think I mentioned this was the front of the front car of the train) came out of his compartment. The man was shouting something on the order of "You cut me! You cut me!" and the woman (she was smaller than the man, and he was pretty short) was screaming, "Leave me alone! You gonna kill me! Somebody help me -- he gonna kill me!" The motorman stood by one of the centerpoles watching as the two surged by him finally and came out the door, round which were gathered me, Walter, Mike, eeevers, and rich brown.

(rich was up at Dick Lupoff's the night of the 3d of April, along with Steve Stiles and, later, myself, on a collating party for BATHTUB GIN, and I handed out FD2. And FD1 to Dick, who hadn't seen it. They were all a bit wroth, in a humorous sort of way, that I was always just getting to the story that FD was founded to tell, when I'd come to the end of page 2 and have to end it...it is with the hope of stifling such flyspeck criticisms that I have led off this issue strictly keeping to the subject and not divigating into discussions of extraneous matters. I came to this conclusion during the collating party, during spasms of cracking up all over again over BATHTUB GIN -- I'd read most of the stencils at the last Fanoclasts Meeting, but it was even funnier in actual print -- and another spasm of rampant professionalism, namely, I couldn't stand watching the way they were collating and took over the whole job, setting it up properly and collating about 5 times as fast as they had been...yaaaas, I collated BATHTUB GIN...I wonder how I got sucked into it...Dave Van Arnam, By Appointment, Collator To Fandom...hmmmm... -- At any rate, this impulse to do the thing right has carried over to FIRST DRAFT, with the present impressive result, hey.)

As soon as I finish this story of Subways Are For Slugging, by the way, I may very well just reprint the whole thing as it then stands. I think I mentioned this possibility at the collating party (hey Dick: One, Two, Three, Basingstoke!, hey) in among all the fannish chitterchatter and dramatic readings from old fanzine submissions by rich and Dick, and discussions of "Why didn't you call it XERO 11, gang?" (answer, because Dick bound his Xeros too -- including THE READER'S GUIDE TO BARSOOM AND AMTOR, which is plenteous egoboo for yhos, and which also leads me to the horrifying thought: what if Bruce Pelz didn't include RGBA in his bound Xeros? ... gakkk ... poor Bruce! Maybe I better not send him this issue of FIRST DRAFT.)

I was thinking of telling the Subway story to the two NAPAns that showed up at Mike and eeevers' Rump Fanoclasts meeting the night after the Great Collating Bee; but it required a preliminary outlining of what the Breen

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razzledazzle was all about, which several other of the attendees gave with great energy. Apart from the NAPAns, it was pretty much a straight Fanoclasts Meeting, but with more brew. Much more. There was eeevers and Mike McInerney, of course, and rich brown and Steve Stiles and Frank Wilimczyk or could it be Wigglemiggles? and myself. And as usual, Probably Someone Else, who will be bugged by being left out. The place is way the hell and gone into the deeps of the "lower East Side." My advice to anyone going there for the next Rump Fanoclasts Meeting is to pay absolutely no attention to directions provided you by the genial hosts. And under no circumstances allow yourself to be talked into taking the BMT 14th St. Crosstown to First Avenue, as you will spend the shank of the evening waiting for the ghod-damn train. There is an IND train that will take you just as close, but to the south of target-x rather than to the north. Unfortunately I disremember at the moment of typing just which stop is the one to get off at, but this is first-drafted, after all. Anyway, in my opinion it would even be quicker to take the Lexington Ave. local and get off at Astor Place or the stop one-south of it. And walk. You'll get there faster than by trusting the BMT. And as an added benefit, getting off at Astor Place puts you one block away from the hallowed Nunnery, scene of many storied parties of the dear dead past. Sob. Walking to the Village after the party, I even took it on myself to take Steve and rich a trifle out of our way to point out the very place itself. It, er, seemed like the fannish thing to do...

It was a pretty good party, I'd have to say; it wasn't really a Fanoclasts Meeting, of course, but it was probably the next best thing. Mike does tend to get a little spiffed, of course, but that, too, is occasionally The Fannish Thing To Do. Never touch the stuff myself, of course.

LIFE came out with a one-pager on the stabbing I wrote of last issue. Seems there were 38 people, not 37, that the cops tracked down and who were aware of what was going on -- and, as one said, "and in that building across the street there, nobody's admitted they knew what was happening ...but they knew, they knew, just as well as we did." It's a pretty affecting writeup. I recommend it, and the Hemingway in the same issue.

I wish I could remember exactly what the thing was that the man on the subway was complaining about -- all I can remember is that he kept pointing to his wrist and jabbering about how she'd cut it, and I didn't see anything. Of course, my attention was more generally distracted by the whole affair at once, so particulars did escape me. Which is why I'm hoping at least one of the other four attendees put their story down on stencil. Gee, if one, or two, or three, or four do, hell, I'll even pub it myself, as a rider, in a pinch. And the man kept hollering about not letting the girl get away. But he kept pretty clear of physical contact during the matter.

But this is a bit out of focus in relation to the sequence of events. The central incident actually when the girl charged wildly out of the subway door screaming for help and the motorman just stood there as she ran past. The man was right behind her. We five fans stood at the door gawking at the situation, and I was dimly aware that way down the platform there were a couple of station men slowly wending their way towards the scene of the action. It all happened very quickly, this first stage of the matter, so that when the girl came past me screaming "Don't let him get me," and the man started to push by me to grab her, it seemed only a moment ago that we had heard the train hooting way down the tunnel. I held out my arm and stopped the man, at the same time that my right arm grabbed hold of the girl to keep her from getting away. But...here we are again at the bottom of the page... --dgv