
FIRST DRAFT #4

Vol. 1, No. 4

11-13 Apr 64

being an on-stencil fanzine contrived by Dave Van Arnam mostly for the Fanoclasts catching the action at Ted's, but also for a very few others

So to get to Evers & McInerney's place, either stick with the Lexington Ave. Line and get off at Astor Place or Bleecker (they are virtually equidistant from target-x, so get off at the first one, depending which way you're traveling), or be daring and take the IND 6th Ave. Line to 2nd Ave. (Houston) or Delancey; again, these stops are virtually equidistant in relation to where you're going. The first of the two IND stops puts you on Houston, from which you proceed east to Ave. B; the second puts you on Essex St., which, a little further north, is, lo and behold, Ave. A. Now you're on your own, gang.

Jolly time at Fanoclasts Friday last night; Tim Garber came in around midnight or so, and was pelted with a great variety of smallish fmz from Mike, rich, and myself, and shortly thereafter played the kazoo for a brief period of time...come to think of it, he was also pelted with BATHTUB GIN. Better than mineral oil any day, eh, Tim? Ho.

As editor of BAYING AT THE MOON #2, Mike McInerney had the honor or something of being the first fanned ever to review a second issue put out by me. That's not because I'm pulling a Don Fitch, unfortunately, it's because I've only put out two other fmz in the last 12 years. But there will be another JARGON. Many more, in fact. There will also be a TROUBLED OIL #1, presently, in which I shall endeavor to follow a suggestion made to me in the Cult and direct some further questions at the Pacificon II Concom, relating to points not satisfactorily treated by their recent bulletin. I hope to be able to publish their replies in TROUBLED OIL #2. Of course, they may not reply. This would be amusing.

I have decided to become a fannish wit. As a for instance, try this on for that risus sardonius: Starting next issue, FIRST DRAFT will publish letters of comment!

Wasn't that a pip? Haw. As it happens, tho, I mean it, at least as an experiment. FD will continue to have two full pages of on-stencil material in it by yhos, packed with valuable first draft material on the Great Subway Incident (the raison d'entre, as Lin says, for this fmz's very existence, as you all are fully aware). But it will also contain locs, on, naturally, additional pages.

If I get any response, and if I feel like it, I may then (I pause for a silent moment to curse Ghu for giving me this idea) ... reprint all the FIRST DRAFTs to (that) date, and begin circulating FD generally throughout fandom...

On the other hand, I may not. It's about gratifying enough when I hand out the latest issue to Fanoclasts to a chorus of, "Hey! Another issue of

Q Press

Undecided Publication #5

FIRST DRAFT! Hey! Gosh!" But it would be nice to get it in writing. One nice thing about FIRST DRAFT, I'm sure building up my Publication #s in a hurry, irregardless (yes, I know) of any other considerations. It's not deliberate, tho.

I desire, by the way, to communicate my pleasure over the establishment of the FAAANISH & INSURGENT SCIENTIFUNCTIONAL ASSOCIATION (FISTFA). Even if I did think the two strangers were N'APAns and thus paid less attention to them than perhaps otherwise I would have of.

Just one question -- what was AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF FABULOUS FANTASTIC FANAC #1?

It seems that Walter has been blackballed out of FAPA, on info from Ted White -- no news to those of you who were at the meeting when Ted read us the list of nine names (ten being required, and presumably a tenth will be forthcoming) a secret informant provided him with. My purpose in bringing it up is in relation to where this leaves the rest of us waiting listers, if any of us should choose to speak up and express some amount or another of shock, displeasure, irritation, disgust, or simply moral disapproval at such an act. My own reaction at present is simply shock. I find it incredible that such a thing should even be attempted, but I'm sure others on the w/l will feel it necessary to express themselves in much stronger terms on the subject. The reaction from FAPAns will probably be, "it's not really your business, since after all you're not in the organization," and strictly speaking this statement would be correct. What worries me is the possibility that other blackballs may be forthcoming, directed at those who might choose to defend Walter in perhaps too strenuous or too effective a manner; especially, that the idea of such a contingency will in fact tend to make otherwise forceful and committed waitlisters mute their indignant tones. Or prevent them from even analyzing the situation, if the conclusions turn out to be pro-Breen.

If this threat doesn't materialize in the minds of the waitlisters, it could be the making of Shadow-FAPA, of course. Which might be a very Good Thing indeed for FAPA. As for SAPS...what with Walter already in it...well, we shall see.

If Walter was Guilty As Stated, and if the concom was really in danger of criminal prosecution (they wouldn't have been, of course, if the Boon-doggle hadn't been published, a fact not so far taken into sufficient account) -- neither of which, I wish to state strongly, seem within parsecs of being proven -- why then just possibly Walter's membership could properly or at least prudently be revoked. What the truth of any of the "charges" made against Walter could possibly have to do with FAPA, or the Cult, or SAPS, is something that I doubt any member of the get-Breen-out-of-fandom faction could demonstrate. We shall see if anybody tries.

I won't say I expected the man to slip a knife into me in his rage, but the reason I missed parts of the action include the fact that I was paying considerable attention to the location of both of his hands at all times. The one time something like that did look like it was going to happen, I became aware that eevers was right there very carefully watching for the same thing and ready to move in. I was just as glad none of the four did step in and add to the primary confusion, by the way. Trying to get my own simple point across to the motorman and the stationmen was quite difficult enough as it was, without having to figure in the special philosophical opinions of the others. Ah, but guess where we are now...yep, the end of the page...
-- dgv