
WALTER BREEN #14

Vol. 3, No. 2

19 Jun 64

written on-stencil by Dave Van Arnam
for the Nutty Old Unbearably Bad And
Incredibly Laughable Movie Serials
and for the Fanoclasts

This issue of FIRST DRAFT is dedicated with great pleasure to FAPA and its newest member, Walter Breen.

This strikes me as a pretty definitive kick in the head for Donaho's incredible campaign to separate Walter from fandom. It doesn't, of course, solve the question of the Exclusion Act, nor the perhaps bigger question of future cons and future Exclusion Acts, but at least we know that Walter is definitely safe from any ludicrous genocide of his various apa avatars. Something is wrong somewhere in that last phrase.

As the list last issue (which of course was of all the people I knew for certain were against the whole William Donaho campaign or at least against the blackballs in the apas), and this week's wonderful and warm news from Redd Boggs, fandom is not being stampeded by the California Crusaders.

And this of course is at least as important as Walter himself is -- hell, it's much more important. One of the first reactions I had, that evening up at the Lupoffs when I first read the Boondoggle and discussed it, was a great fear that fandom would really be split in half by this thing. There were bound to be far too many people who would be overwhelmed by the mere nature of the accusations, too many people who would rise up in puritanical wrath to Stamp Out Evil...the fandom that I had just come back to (wondering why the bloody hell I'd ever left ten years ago, and incredibly frustrated at the thought of all I'd missed) suddenly looked much less like the fundamentally good-natured and fraternal and open group I had been sure it was. I now foresaw a time of bloody warfare, with old friendships shot down in flames, new friendships made impossible across the bloody barbed wire of the greatest feud ever. Already it was impossible for me to shake hands with an old acquaintance, offer him a drink in memory of the good old Nunnery days -- Bill Donaho ceased to exist for me the night I read the Boondoggle. Now there's a guy out there in Berkeley named William Donaho, and he's effectively wrecking a Fandom I had known and loved half a decade before I came to New York and met him for the first time. Or so I thought, unhappy at such a foreboding but sure it would be that way. And after Bill Donaho, who next?

But it didn't turn out that way. I did find out, more or less, why Ted White and Dick Eney, er, don't seem to get along with each other, but I found that I was not so much irritated as amused by the pro-Exclusion's wilder factionalists. And it seemed like nearly everyone was either cool to the Total Exclusion notion, or strongly against it; only a handful were for it.

When I made up that list last week I felt a lot better. And then came the list Redd Boggs was able to make up...well, I guess most of fandom is still about the way I'd always pictured them. Or it.

Or Something. Maybe I shouldn't be so determinedly first draft about this magnificent publication...

Null-Q Press

Undecided Publication #15

Anyway, I feel a hell of a lot better about people after that fantastic FAPA showing. Does a lot to clean out the bad taste left by Avanc #7 and Eklund's cultzine.

I'm only sorry I didn't really speak out myself very much on this matter, before it was so obviously the side that would win. FIRST DRAFT doesn't really have that much of a circulation, after all...

I see, in glancing over my colophon, that I have, with a deft ineptness that fair overwhelms me, managed to leave off a key word or two. (You may recall that my name did not appear anywhere in the first issue of FIRST DRAFT...) At any rate, it is, of course, the Nutty Old Unbearably Bad And Incredibly Laughable Movie Serials Study And Rapport Society that I was referring to, with special reference to last Saturday's seance, which featured a particularly witless gem called THE IRON CLAW. As I remarked to Chris Steinbrunner afterwards, at first I was afraid it was only going to be mediocre, but fortunately it turned out to be incredibly bad. Words cannot say how bad it was. So I won't try.

Well, let's see. There was this estate, belonging to the Bensons (it was of course located in Bensonhurst), and somewhere on it there is supposed to be a treasure. So all the Bensons are there looking for it. Also this mad incompetent master-criminal the Iron Claw. Now this house, see, is also riddled with a maze of secret passages. So in and out of these passages, for the first six installments, everybody goes zipping wildly, for no reason at all. Nothing whatsoever is accomplished by a single character who goes into the secret passage, except at one point one guy melts down a pile of old Spanish gold coins into an ingot, of course destroying a numismaticist's dream worth fifty times the ingot. Then everybody goes to Mexico. Oh, and there's also a bunch of mobsters. They get into two fights each chapter with the hero, a reporter, and his sidekick. Each time the two heroes defeat the six gangsters, in a fist fight. All told, rich brown announced at the end of the movie, there were 50 fights in the serial. But there were only about 6 murders. A very poor showing.

The Iron Claw? He accomplishes not one single solitary thing during the entire 15 chapters. Damndest thing I ever saw. I wish Lin Carter would President Goldwater. it's an anatomic attack! What'll we do! come to Fanoclasts Meetings. He'd tell it right.

And speaking of meetings, let's see if I can remember who was at the last "First, have all the wagons form a circle." FISTFA meeting. Hmmm. Mike McInerney, rich brown, me, Ted White, Arnie Katz, Andy Porter, and Andy Main. And, courtesy of AT&T, Dick Lupoff and a Mets play-by-play. The Mets won going away. And Steve Stiles came to the meeting too, only I forgot him because I am an imbecile.

Also, Mike, rich, Steve, and I went out to Shea Stadium Monday night to see the Mayor's Trophy Game (Mets-Yankees), and of course it was rained out. Though I can't imagine what's the sense of raining out a Mets game.

And Ted White taught us how to play Whammy, and he lost. Arnie Katz won. Arnie Katz also doesn't think I'll ever get the Subway Incident written up. He is Wrong. Calvin Demmon should not stay in California any longer. New York in '67. A little Donaho is a dangerous thing.