
OLD LAUNDRY #15

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as every schoolboy knows, this fmz is
written on stencil by Dave Van Arnam
and as always the entire proceeds go
to *TED* *WHITE* *FOR* *TAFF*

But I'd heard Eney was running this year....

At the very end of the last Fanoclasts Meeting, Ted started telling me how I shd start trying to make my first draft writing a little tighter and more organized, and in a way I'm sure he's got a point. The whole idea of FIRST DRAFT, of course, apart from providing a vehicle for telling you all about the Subway Incident, is to allow me to, or to force me to, loosen up and knock out two or more pages every week with the intent, in turn, of getting me more in the habit of writing, and what is more, writing pretty much as well as I can considering it's the first time through the typewriter. Unfortunately I'm the kind of writer who can only get part of his thought down the first time through, no matter how carefully I plan ahead. (There was one exception, tho -- the two treatments I did toward this TV goldmining operation that's still pending. The final versions were both only second draft, but were pretty much unchanged from the first draft material save for padding inserted only to make the thing stretch out to some 22 pages. But the old adrenalin was pouring into the old system like never before on that job, and, frankly, I don't expect ever to make quite as much as a thousand dollars per FIRST DRAFT...) So I just write as much as I can down, and hope that nothing too vital gets left out, like forgetting that Ted was at a particular FISTFA Meeting, or summat.

But I suppose I cd be a little more careful. That pseudo-synopsis last issue, for instance, could have been vastly improved if I'd just thought a second. Prime example: "They get into two fights each chapter with the hero, a reporter, and his sidekick." Apart from any other considerations, now, the words "a reporter" had no purpose whatsoever in that sentence. In any second drafting, the words would either have been omitted completely or somehow been added to. But in my first drafting haste, I spotted this flaw only several lines later.

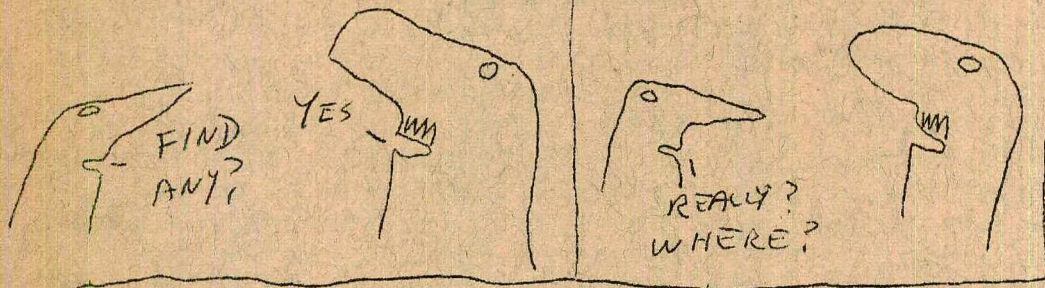
What it amounts to is that the first job, the main job, that I have found I have to face up to, is to sling a bunch of words down on a page and then lean back and take a look at them. I've taught myself to do this; when I first decided I was going to become the world's greatest poet, critic, and novelist, I was strongly under the influence (unfortunately) of James Branch Cabell, and consequently I would agonize for many minutes over the question of whether a certain punctuation mark, for instance, shd be a comma or an ellipsis...with the result that the frenzy of inspiration that I'd started out with would be completely burned out before I'd finished two paragraphs. And the two paragraphs more often than not were lousy anyway. Heh-heh; I'll reprint some of the stuff in FIRST DRAFT one of these days. At any rate, I finally realized that I wasn't getting anywhere, and slowly began training myself to worry about the punctuation marks, the precisely necessary adjectives, the more perfectly organized presentation of scene or thought, after I had gotten something down on the page relatively quickly and easily. The culmination of this process was a 120,000 word novel I wrote in 5

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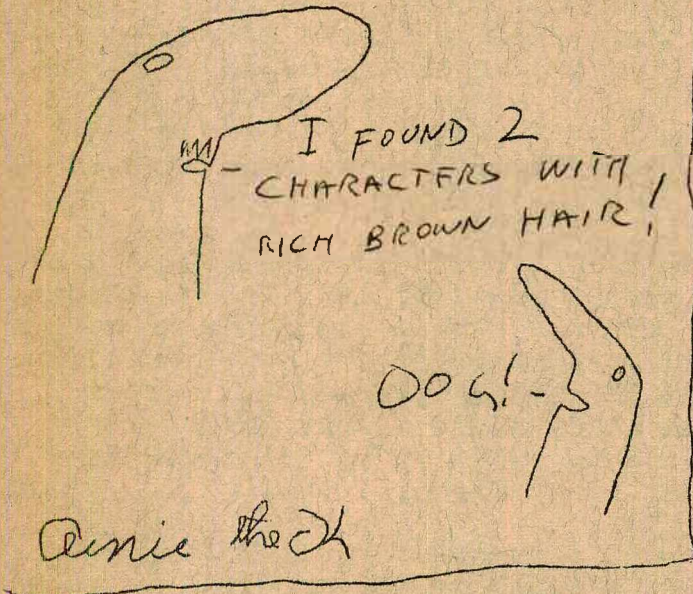
Undecided Publication #16



weeks, just slapping words onto the page as fast as I could. Then, after I got out of the hospital, I went back and did a



second draft, cutting the first one in half (and there I go again; I mean that I cut 60,000 words out of the first version) and immeasurably improved the story. And



no, I've not yet finished the third draft...those last 20 pages...ah, me.

But I shall continue this in some future issue. Time for more important things. Such as *ART* *CREDITS* which go this issue to Fine Arnie Katz, #1 N --er, #1 -- er, A Ghood Man.

The artwork qualifies as authentic first draft material because it's my first attempt at doing art on stencils (since 1953, anyway).

I don't think I'm too sure how many of the Group were at the last Fano-clasts Friday. I'm gonna *choke* start taking notes, I guess.

Anyway, there was Ted, rich, Mike, Steve, Sandi, Joe (Omaha Slim) Pilati, me, and a very pretty girl who I don't remember who she was.

Joe passed out ENCLAVE #5, I think it was, or maybe #6 (sorry, Ted); it is a very fine issue and it has a letter closing out the letter column which happens to be by me. I read over this letter, which I had written a number of months ago, and industriously tried to figure out what I was talking about. Tell me -- do you people have that trouble when reading FIRST DRAFT? ...

There were a number of very funny things said at the meeting. I cannot, however, seem to recall any of them at this time, save for rich brown's pathetic insistance when he left that everybody else had to leave with him. But that spell has been broken. Now we all leave when Frank Wilimczyk leaves. Of course, since he didn't come to the last meeting, why, we're still there...