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FIRST DRAFT #62

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Historians will please note that there has been no break in the series of FIRST DRAFTs; last week's FD was #60 (c/w maLaise/28), even tho the numbering was out-of-sequence and the date on the first page represented only the date the issue was begun -- the issue was completed last Thursday and Friday. So there.   This is the new colophonless FIRST DRAFT coming to you from "Dave Van

Arnam" at "New Kadath in the Cold Bronx," and why it and maLaise are still coming out, I cannot tell. For you Effers who may be puzzled by the MAL/30 this week, I will mention (or, "I" will mention) that last week in Apa L Arnie Katz blew the gaff on the Dave Van Arnam hoax, hitherto known only unto a favored few, tho he did get a couple of minor details wrong.

Basically what Arnie revealed is that rich brown, Ted White, and Steve Stiles several years ago dug up the name of a long-gafiated fan and created a mythical return for this guy to active fanning and publishing.

Since Arnie actually stated this, and since one of the prime rules of hoaxing is that one may not directly lie when challenged, Steve admitted this in comment to Arnie in this week's maLaise, at the publishing and writing of which both Ted and I (or, "rich brown") was present, and we all put in our two cents worth. Since then, we have decided to be subtle about the whole thing and continue publishing both of "Van Arnam's" weekly fanzines, and pretending that nothing had happened, just to see how other people reacted. Actually, since both in myth and in reality these fanzines have always been published under extreme pressure of time, "I" suppose even this explanation is not as clear as it might be.

Hell, I know it isn't. But you could knock me over with a wet FOCAL POINT any time you found FIRST DRAFT being clear, no matter who's writing it. It's part of the price paid for three people doing the same zine. Gets very confusing some times. Welcome to the club.

But we're gonna try to keep this schtick up a while, just to see what happens. And we're going to try not to let the mask slip (these two most recent weeklies will prolly be the only time, unless we decide to throw in some sly references for the ingroup, which is all you Effers and Ellers Out There).

Fair Play of course dictates that we take considerable care. I do hope Arnie doesn't mention this anywhere else. As for Undecided Publications #117 & 118, those few non-weekly-apans who are getting these "Van Arnam" fanzines will accidentally not get these two...except for those who are themselves aware of the existence of the hoax.

Gee, fandom's first Open Hoax...

Gee, I'm getting tired fast this week. Hey, Steve, Ted?

Ahem. I think I will not reveal at this point just who is writing this; it shd be an interesting test of our relative skills at being "Van Arnam"...

Andy Porter and Lin Carter for real happen to be here and "I" am having difficulty concentrating as Lin talks about Hugo Gernsback and the time

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Uncle Hugo blew up an iceberg with a heathray or something like that. It makes concentrating difficult, to say the least, especially when Andy Porter makes surrealistic remarks like 38-24-36. Gloriosky!

Hand me that Effer, Andy, and give me something to comment on. Gnych? I can't comment on that.

I'm a shattered wreck of a fat man? Go away, you're not part of this hoax.

Hm, here we are, rich brown, Steve Stiles, Ted White, and Dave Van Arnam, and we still can't think of anything to say.

So let's comment on a phrase in Andy's AMATEUR EFFER 44: the Howard Johnson Motor Lodge Hate Issue.

Some of us at least will never have anything to do with Howard Johnson's again if we can possibly help it. Of course some of the bad Image they projected down there in Wheaton was a particularly local problem, i.e. a crumb of a manager, but stillandall, they shd know better than to give clods such important positions.

That ludicrous moment in rich's room the first night, when maybe a dozen refugees from the main party room, 527, found refuge in 202, mainly to sit around and play poker, followed shortly by the entrance of the manager, who wanted to assess a night's rent out of everybody in the room on the basis that it was obvious they were all going to be sleeping there, was the high point of the conclave in some ways. Bob Madle put him down rather forcefully, of course, and the emergency was over, but it did rather put a crimp in the festivities. "Look, this is a convention," Madle said; "we don't go to sleep at midnight."

And we didn't go to sleep in 202, either. There was twelve bucks shot to hell...

There were other, more legitimately pleasurable highspots in the DisClave, of course, some very much so, such as observing Ted White Operating with a particularly attractive girl. I'd ask Ted what her name was (Mary-something, I know), but he just stepped out of the room and time marches on. Maybe in the final report. Next week.

This is rapidly getting to be a Nothing issue of FIRST DRAFT, eh, Steve?

☐☐ You betchum. We shouldn't have come out from under our clever plastic disguise. It seems to interfere with our natural jolly spontaneity. Next week will probably be better, and besides, we're in even more of a hurry tonight than usual, what with you also trying to get FOCAL POINT out, and all. And it is difficult to be Swell Ol' Steve Stiles in "Van Arnam's" zine, too. Gee, maybe we should just drop the whole thing here.

☐☐ I disagree, Steve. rich was right when he said yesterday that once we go back under cover it'll get to be like old times, especially since a lot of people won't believe the hoax anyway. We just won't say any more about it, and that should really gas the ingroupers and cross up those that aren't really sure. Gear, baby, gear!

☐☐ And now, from all of us to all of you, "hoping you are the sane," but mostly from....