

I dunno, I guess I'll give this
format a second try, just to see...

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And this is Dave Van Arnam again,
this time with a Public Service
Announcement: my Beautiful Blonde
Boss has moved her office from Rm.
904 to Rm. 807. Concomitant with
this Exodus, there is a Change of
Telephone Number, which wd not be a
very Earthshaking matter were it not
that, as is well known, I have no home phone and hence my office phone
is the only one that I can ever be reached at, on. With.

TRICON! NYCON!! LA !!!

Actually, the office will now have two phone numbers, consecutive, with
those cute phones with the buttons that blink on and off while the
phone is ringing to tell you which of the two lines is ringing and all.
The phone company announced these numbers to us in a wretched gibberish
consisting entirely of digits, but painstaking research on my part has
established that the exchanges are actually JVstalin 1-7855 & 56.

Dick Lupoff thinks the exchange is KUmquat 1, but he must be Wrong.

You might perhaps prefer to think of it as LT 1, however, since this is,
after all, what the phone company wd have called it had they not suffered
an attack of Wild Hairs, or something. Anyway, for those of you who
might ever feel the urge to give me a ring at the office, I wd prefer
if you wd list the number as LT 1-7856, so that if the first line is
not occupied at the time you call, we in the office will know it is for
me, and we can all spare my boss the requirement of answering the phone
in hopes that it is business, when it is actually only some beatnik.
Or something.

My boss doesn't mind my getting phone calls at the office, but she did
tend to get a little unhappy when at some very busy time in the office
there'd be a call for me tying up what was then the only line she had
available. There are few people as willing to be understanding as
Lillian, but she is, after all, human, and when I can do anything to
smooth things over, I like to do so.

I also like to Go On At Great Lengths, too. I cd have simply announced
the new phonecall back on line 10 or so and gone on to something more
hilarious, like, say, the subway strike, or the SAPS deadline which hits
two days before I pub FR 174, a week or so from "now". *sigh*

Yes, and here we are in the swell ol new office, arguing with our
Beautiful Blonde Boss about where all the machines and tables and every-
thing, and trying to remember what it was I was going to continue saying
here.

One thing that everybody's talking about is ol Mike Quill and his god
damn subway strike. As far as I know, John Boardman is in favor of this
criminal action, but nobody else is. The total irresponsibility that
Quill has demonstrating has gone so far as to be breathtaking -- Mayor
Lindsay, for instance, requested that all car owners refrain from using
their cars except under absolutely necessary circumstances, and Quill
got on TV immediately thereafter and said he thought everyone shd just
continue as usual. I dunno how many people followed his advice, but

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I do know that yesterday there was a traffic jam that lasted 6 and one half hours... Good ol Mike Quill.

As the Times pointed out, it was fortunate for Quill that his heart attack or whatever hadn't occurred in a rush hour...otherwise the oxygen wdn't have gotten carted over from Bellevue.

There is no justification for the strike whatsoever.

John?

☐☐ One interesting aspect of the strike is the way in which New Yorkers have managed to get along so well under cruel and unusual punishment (we got another taste of this back when the Eastern seaboard quit flat, electricity-wise). Somehow things have kept going pretty well.

Of course, the fools we have with us always, the morons who decide that since they've always left for home at 5 pm, they are going to do so now. The fact that they have to wait two or three hours now for the NY Central or the LIRR apparently doesn't faze them a bit.

Me, I sit in the office a couple of hours extra, then go down to Grand Central between 7 and 8, walk right in, and sit down. Much better than standing in the rain for two hours, dodging the cops with their cattle prods...

☐☐ I cd have called this issue "I DISCOVERED THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD" (except of course that FD is limited to two-word Substitutes), for it is true. Oh, I knew in a dimwitted way that there was some sort of fancy rich men's transportation travelling thru an old abandoned-looking shed that was theoretically a stop on presumably the Central, only a few blocks west of my apartment. But the idea that this cd be of any use to me never struck before.

Of course, it costs a buck each way, and their scheduling proves that the company is run by a congenital moron, but at least I get to work when a fair percentage of NY can't. And I don't have to drive in, either.

If subway strikes were really illegal, as they are in Chicago, we wdn't have any need for those goddam steel-and-chrome murder machines (sorry about that, Ted...) in the city anyway. If we had a decent subway system, that is.

☐☐ Ted called me up the other day, just before we moved the office, to tell me that Don Bensen has accepted all 65,000 words in WHEN IN ROME, for September release (to give us a chance for serialization). This *flash* News Break shd please Tom Gilbert a Lot, because it means we won't either of us be talking about it for a long time, maybe. Enjoy, Tom! (We're rather pleased about the whole thing ourselves, and maybe next week I'll tell you all about the sequel we're thinking about...!)

And this has been another Filler issue of FIRST DRAFT, coming to you thru the auspices of FIRST DRAFT. Read FIRST DRAFT, the fanzine of Instant Insignificance. ☐☐ Hoping you are the sane...

-- dgV