



LRS.

II poems

the water has a hole in it,
so the sun plays shadows
against the rain.

meantime and other times:

the hand points into the light,
a dark gnawing the finger
showing the obscenity
of pigeons
procuring lust beneath
the tired crotch of a tree.



I copulated the moonsimago
in the moors
strewn with city walls
as
the world is lain aside
in the brief
flick of my sad passion.

and
with this
the rose spilled a rolled tear on my
lovesvelvet grave.

it seemed so soft
my young shadow
that danced Aphrodite
in the shade of this nites kiss.

and with this that same sorrowed rose
the red lost a year
the rose cast in loops
Effused one tear in this.....

catseye impaled high on the jest of a pine.



THE EDITOR SCREAMS (I THINK)
By Les Sample

Redd Bogg's DISCORD is a very interesting little zine, each issue of which I anticipate with pleasure,

Currently, the letter column of DISCORD is the scene of a heated discussion on integration. Bob Farnham is particularly vehement in his denunciation of the Negro race, although all of his arguments seem to be based entirely on prejudice, rather than logic.

Here I shall take the liberty of quoting, from DISCORD #8, portion of a letter written by Sally Kidd: "Among these closely reasoned arguments against the Negro, you state that 'some are outright lazy some of them will work, and work good.' This is a truly marvelous statement. Sit down for a moment, Mr. Farnham, if you will, and name for me an ethnic group, a race, a religious group, a tribe, a nation, a sex, a baseball team, or a crowd standing at a bus stop about whom this statement could not be made."

And, "...may I say that you're exactly the type that I have always thought of as the classical bigot: those who are so prototypically inferior themselves that they must create someone over whom they can feel superior."

I don't know Sally Kidd, but I'd like to congratulate her not only for the above quoted passages, but for the brilliancy of her entire letter

At this time, I would like to advance two hypotheses concerning this country today:

1) The United States of America is a democratic country, devoted to the principles of freedom and Christianity as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, The Constitution, and The Holy Bible.

2) The large majority of the inhabitants of these United States are emphatically opposed to the social, intellectual, and economic integration of the races, and many of them will use any means at their disposal to prevent such integration.

~~It should be quite obvious to any person with a modicum of intelligence, that both of these hypotheses are not, cannot be true. One refutes the other.~~

All right—assuming that hypothesis #1 is true, how are the race riots, bombings, and related incidents based on race prejudice that have been becoming more frequent in the past few years to be explained? You tell me.

In passing, it is interesting to note that, of the nineteen great civilizations built up throughout the history of mankind, all but three were destroyed by internal strife, rather than external forces.

Recently, I had the pleasure of viewing Stanley Kramer's production of Inherit the Wind. In my opinion, Inherit the Wind far out classes Kramer's previous superb production, On the Beach.

Spencer Tracy and Fredric March, in opposing roles as the atheistic

lawyer and the fanatical evangelist, also satirized the minister's daughter, Rachel.

If you never see another motion picture as long as you live, I suggest that you see Inherit the Wind.

You people may complain about the somewhat conspicuous lack of artwork, articles, etc. So, do something about it, already. I need all types articles (mostly science fictional in nature, but others considered), a book reviewer, and, most of all, ILLUSTRATIONS.

Send all articles, station artwork, and money (if anyone is so foolish) to 2735 Willingham Drive, Columbia, S.C.

While I'M at the typer, I'd like to thank John Koning and Henry Kaye, as they are the only two persons out of the many requested, who sent contributions.

"Christians hold that their faith does good, but other faiths do harm. At any rate, they hold this about the Communist faith. What I wish to maintain is that all faiths do harm. We may define faith as a firm belief in something for which there is no evidence. When there is evidence, no one speaks of 'faith.' We do not speak of faith that two and two are four, or that the earth is round. We only speak of faith when we wish to substitute emotion for evidence."
--Bertrand Russell

The history of the state is the history of the egoism of the masses and of the blind desire to exist; this striving is justified to some extent only in the geniuses, inasmuch as they can thus exist. Individual and collective egoisms struggling against each other--an atomic whirl of egoisms--who would look for aims here?

Through the genius something does result from this atomic whirl after all, and now one forms a milder opinion concerning the senselessness of this procedure--as if a blind hunter fired hundreds of times in vain and finally, by sheer accident, hit a bird. A result at last, he says to himself, and goes on firing."
--Friedrich Nietzsche

Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one."
from The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

In case any of you people out there are wondering, FAN-tome is, supposedly, an amateur science-fantasy fan magazine, published on an irregular schedule by one Les Sample, who can currently be reached at 2735 Willingham Drive, Columbia, South Carolina. In the future, this zine will be available for any combination of the following reasons: Trade, contribution, intelligent letter of comment, or money (2/15¢).

Furti ve G lances From An Ivory Towe r
by John Koning

Wh en I became a fan , almost four years ago, I exp e cted to find fanzines full of sf-oriented material. Aside from poorly written fan-fiction, the only stfish material I found was the frequent analysis of the "Boom and Bust" in science fiction. Most of you, I'm sure, will remember those articles, though today, with sf so completely in the "bust" period, very few are concerned with how it got there.

I am not one of tho se few, nor do I intend to analyze the sf market. I am more concerned with a similar trend in fanzines--one not quite as the one in the parent field, or at least not quite so well ballyhooed. A few months after I entered fandom, Rick Sneary said, in SFParade : "Looking back at the fanzines of the past year, I seriously feel that there were too many, and too irregular. We have reviewed over a hundred different ones, and there are more we never saw. Yet few of them saw three issues a year." At that time, I, all day eyed and Goshwow about fandom and fanzines, chose to disagree with Rick and wrote him a letter saying so. Rereading the carbon of that letter, I am amazed at the depths of misunderstanding it reveals. To say the least, my views have changed considerably since then. What Rick was saying in that article was that there were too many fanzines, and not enough good writers to fill them, though, as he says, they tried, they tried. The result was that we had a whole flutter of fanzines that were excellent...in parts, but on the whole dull. I disagreed with him then because I was new in fandom and everything I read in fanzines was new, and different, and interesting (and sometimes incomprehensible as well) . In fact, I often mistook what I now know is silly pointless writing for esoteric humor because I had been told that fandom was esoteric. I've outgrown my newness to some extent. I've been a fan now for Four years (not a long time as some fans go). My fanzines, were I to stack them up, would make a pile as tall as I am (6'0). I am old and tired and jaded. If SaMoskowitz doesn't mind, I might even say that I have lost my Sense of Wonder. Because I'm tired of seeing fanzine after fanzine appear with the same thing in it--an editorial, a few articles, a bit of fan (or even faaan) fiction, and a letter-column, with perhaps a few reviews thrown in. I'm sick of "fannish" writings that are nothing but 1000-word puns or jokes; I'm sick of reading editorials that talk endlessly about why this page is underinked and what kind of staples they use.; I'm sick of reviewers saying the obvious..." all stf movies are crud"; and I'm sick of poorly written, colorless fanzines with no more excuse for existing than the editor's desire to be seen (with all its juvenile overtones.) And ghod alone knows how this must affect the multitude of fans who have been around longer, and seen more fanzines than I have. No wonder the older fans rarely find anything to comment on in most fanzines today.

Today, as in 1957, there are some bright spots. There are many fanzines that are well worth reading...and rereading. But I find myself sitting and looking at a stack of fanzines a foot high and not even wanting to read them because they are dull. And the longer they sit, the duller they get. So I turn my back on them and read a sf novel-- something I haven't done in over a year.

The trouble is that every neofan who comes along has the "but I just gotta publish something" feeling, and something is just what he does publish, because in most cases he hasn't enough contacts to get good material, and not enough experience to write it himself. If he keeps at it long enough, his something will get better, his circle of friends will grow, and he will have a fine fanzine. Too often, he will never stick at it, though, but there will

be two more neofans waiting to take his place, and publish their fanzines... and the stack on my bookcase just gets higher and higher.

Eugene Hryb reads my fanzines, as he has done ever since I entered fandom. He too professes a disgust for much of what comes in now, but he reads them anyway. You see, he is a reviewer, and he has to review something (doesn't he?) But the more he reads, the more he is disgusted he gets... and it shows in his reviews.

I waited almost three years to publish my fanzine, and even so it was an almost neofannish first issue. Still, I had luck, and a lot of people were nice, and I've managed to come up with enough material to keep Dafoe at a fair level of quality. If I keep at it maybe someday it will be a fine fanzine and I can make it yearly and charge 25¢ OR ELSE! And maybe not. But I've got a start-- and since I no longer feel that "I just gotta publish something!" I can wait for three months... or a year, until enough material that I like (which does not necessarily mean that it is excellent) accumulates to fill an issue. In the meantime, while my fanzine is growing (or sinking) in stature a hundred new fanzines will appear, bringing with them a hundred new fans who can edit like mad, but probably not ten new fans who can write really well. And can those ten new writers supply the needs of those hundred new fanzines? Of course not. And so we'll be at it again, spreading the good material over too many fanzines, so that few, or none, of them achieve real distinction, but all maintain a steady level of mediocrity.

The answer to my dark little analysis of the "boom and bust" in fanzines? Well, Rick provided that too, because unlike me, he was not content to present a problem and then walk away without indicating an answer. His solution was to have only 15 fanzines, with staggered appearance so they would be timely and wouldn't overlap. With this small number, the material that would see publication would necessarily be only the best, and fandom's blood would not be diluted. Even forgetting, however, the drawback that this would eliminate any chance for new talent to develop, this is impossible. There are too many budding new fans and older fans with the desire to publish a fanzine to make this possible. Sure, I'd go along with this system, if I got to edit one of those 15. If I didn't, well damnit, I'm just not going to stand for anything so undemocratic, and you know where you can go, bub.

So, we will still have our flutter of fanzines, and though the good writers cannot possibly fill them all, they'll try, they'll try... and the spaces between will be filled with the writings of editors like me.

--John Koning

"Ten truths a day you must find, else you will still be seeking by night, and your soul will remain hungry."

--Friedrich Nietzsche

DICK ENEY FOR TAFF

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CONFESSIONS OF A NEO-FAN

by Lenny Kaye

How did I ever get myself into this God-awful science-fiction mess? This is the main question I ask myself every time I get behind in my correspondence. This question is foremost in my mind whenever I am dead broke from buying fanzine after fanzine. Then my warped brain (I read S-F you know) drifts back to when I was first caught up in that honorable(?) society called S-F fandom.

It all began with a harmless letter to a certain prozine (which must remain nameless) giving off the usual rash of complaints and which ended by me asking people to write yours truly. I was totally unprepared for the avalanche of mail that followed its printing. After digging out of the mess, I started trying to answer them. To this day, I am still trying.

Anyway, a few days later, I received in the mail (which was beginning to more than overflow my more than ample mailbox) a sample copy of a fanzine (which must remain nameless, you know; payola and all that jazz). Of course, this set off the fanzine fever. Every one of my hard-earned (Ha!) cents went for fanzines. Everything I could beg, borrow, barter, or steal met a similar fate. Needless to say, after a few days of this I was totally and disgustingly broke. So, wouldn't you know, a few days later somebody offers me a copy of a rare old magazine. Being about as rich as a bowery bum, well... The next few days, I did more odd jobs than I ever thought possible, for my 97 lb. weakling frame. Finally all the money was gotten and sent off. I then sat down and waited expectantly. About a week later, I received a letter saying that the magazine I had wanted had been sold a day before they received my order. I didn't venture out of my room for a week.

Then the confusion started. I found that S-F fandom was much more involved than I had thought. The fanzines didn't help any. My mind was in a whirl. I heard about big people(?) in fandom: Bjo, Terry Carr, and plenty others; the different organizations: ESFA, NFFF, and a score more; the round-robins, different addresses, and the mad rush to catch up on correspondence. All of these added to my present state of confusion.

So now when I ask myself, "How did I ever get myself into this God-awful mess?", I answer simply, I don't know, but I'M damn glad I did. For with being confused, broke, and behind in mail, I love every minute of it!!!

--Lenny Kaye

"The most booming sort of piety, in the South, is not incompatible with the theory that lynching is a benign institution. Two generations ago it was not incompatible with an ardent belief in slavery."

--H.L. Mencken

DICK ENEY FOR TAFF!!



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