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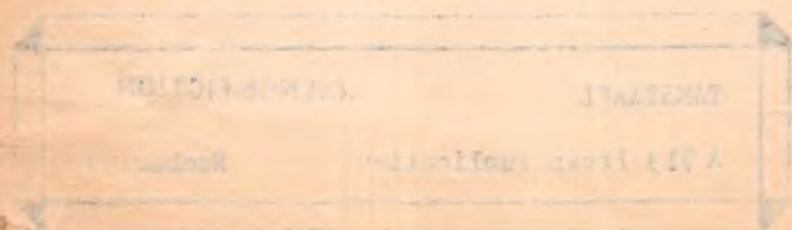


TANSTAAFL

SCIENCE FICTION

A 713 Press Publication

Number 5



TANSTAAFL TANSTAAFL  
 TANSTAAFL 7 5  
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This is TANSTAAFL 5,  
 coming to you from  
 John Godwin, who re-  
 sides at 2426 Belvedere  
 Drive, in the wonderful  
 city of Wilmington, North  
 Carolina with a zap...er,  
 zip code of 28401

September, 1968 issue

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There Ain't No Such Thing As A Free Lunch is available  
 for loc, trade, contributions, a languid show of inter-  
 est, or even -heaven forbid- ~~no one~~!

TANSTAAFL is published irregularly (but frequently if  
 I can manage it) by 666 Press

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The  
SEX LIFE OF AN  
ITALIAN APE, or:  
BOY, WHAT  
VICARIOUS FUN!

Column by Bryan Jones



I've been sitting around lately watching Godwin and Grady doing various things in this fan-zine. Like Twain, I enjoy watching others work. But, somehow, in a moment of total insanity, I promised Godwin that I'd write something for this issue. He wants me to write more Star Schlep satires. I want to write a column, just to get the feel of it. So I'm writing a column about Star Schlep.

As most of you know, a writer wishing to write an episode of Star Trek must go by the Star Trek Guide. Therefore, I feel it is necessary to publish for fan authors...

THE STAR SCHLEP GUIDE  
THE STAR SCHLEP GUIDE  
THE STAR SCHLEP GUIDE

1) The USS DOORPRIZE This is the home base (don't let this tv type lingo bother you) for the series. It is a StarShip of the Third Class. It is quite similar in mission to a "turn of the century" American tuna boat or scum trawler. It is 433 feet in diameter across the main disc, or, in the language of the Schleppers, "Fritz Bay".



Its overall length is 972 feet, or 1,982 hands. For some reason it was measured in the English system, rather than sanely.

It is powered for sub-light speeds by an impulsive engine, so called for its property of switching itself on impulsively, often during a critical maneuver. These engines are powered by atomic rubber bands and controlled by high-level prayer. For faster-than-light speeds the DOORPRIZE depends on the SUDSE (Scientifically Unlikely Deep Space Engine), a system powered by feeding Tribbles Borax. The resulting off-spring are magnetically impelled thru the engine tubes, providing thrust and cleaning the tubes at the same time.

When the DOORPRIZE travels at speeds exceeding that of light, its speed is measured in Wart Factors, named after the inventor of the system, Harold B. Aardvark. A Wart Factor is determined by taking a star chart and placing on it a picture of Thomas E. Dewey. Measure the distance between the stars to be traversed in terms of the length of Dewey's mouth. If distance do not come out equal, do not use fractions. Use the Dewey-Decimal System. (If a picture of Dewey is not available, Nixon or Charlie Brown will suffice.)

There are 52 decks in the engineering hull, and 172 decks in the main, or Fritz-bay hull. Recently, the Burlesque Hall deck was removed, causing discontent among the members of the crew, and cried of StarFleet brutality. However, as Denebian wine is often served in the Rec Hall, this recreation will probably still be in effect on the ship.

Four shuttle craft are carried aboard the DOORPRIZE, three of them kept inoperative at all times. These are used for short (2,3,4 billion miles within a solar system or giant amoeba, whichever comes first. These shuttle craft are seldom used, and the one operative craft is NEVER used. The most used craft is the Aardvark 7, named after Harold B. Wart. Transportation to and from the ship is accomplished by use of the transcendentaler. The trans-transcendantee stands in one of the three trip areas, beneath a glowing light, and swallows a sugar cube. He is then sent on his trip. (They don't get anywhere, but then they don't care.) /// Jones says this is the first installment. Next issue will see part two of SSGUIDE. ///

# THE CITY OF VISIONS



Each day Dorys and her friends met each other and went for a fantastic journey over the tops of buildings of City. They would walk and talk to each other, exchanging news of important things that happened in City. For as long as any of them could remember it had been this way.

One such day, Elsy, one of her friends, told Dorys the news of the year ---Glorya was having a party at her palace the next week. This made Dorys very excited, but also a bit worried, as she thought Glorya might not invite her. She had never worried before and wondered at this strange occurrence.

When she glided home, however, her greatest expectations were fulfilled. There, in the codebox, was an invitation, signed by Glorya, who was the most admired woman in all City. And, since there was nothing but City, this meant there was none to match her anywhere.

Came the night of the party, and Dorys dressed up in her best. She was on her way to the affair when she was stopped on Lyfe street by a tall man. He grabbed her mouth and kept her from screaming.

"Listen to me," he told her. Before continuing he slipped something in her arm that sent a seizure of pain through her body, but only for a second. Then her mind reeled, spun upside down and backwards a thousand different ways. She saw herself die a thousand times, saw galaxies go spinning by, saw clocks run backwards, saw stars falling from the sky. Her wall of security fell away.

She opened her eyes (which she had closed even though it had not stopped the dancing visions) and saw the strangest sight yet.

The man bending over her looked like a half-dead,



hunchedback feline. He had no teeth, but one arm too many hung from his shoulders. One eye was precariously close to falling from its socket, and the other was missing entirely. He got closer and she could smell his foul breath.

"This is the way it really is. IT REALLY IS. THIS IS REALITY! Look at yourself!" He dragged her over to a mud puddle, although, having never seen one before, she could not have identified it.

He pushed her face close to it. She saw a strange woman in it, looking back at her with staring eyes. She was dressed in rags, as was the man. Dorys felt herself and looked down at her trembling body. SHE looked like the woman in the puddle! It must not be!

?????

!!!!

.....No. Rejection.....

"Yes," said the gnarly man, "It is you. You must believe me. I have no desire to lie to you. This is what we are all like." He waved his hand to indicate City. It was all rude mud huts, with walking bundles of rags walking among them. The streets were covered with filth. Some people had too few limbs, or thrice too many. Some had large heads, some almost none at all. They were idly chattering among themselves, impervious to what was going on around them.

The man talked some more, and Dorys looked back at him. "There was a war starting. Men had nothing to look forward to. Something called RADIATION produced something they called MUTANTS, which is us. A new....drug, LSF-23, was found to bring about complete subversion in a fantasy world. What was even better, the drug could be made so each person experiences basically what is the same illusion. A few friends of mine found the antidote in some old documents. It is only temporary, but it is the best we can do. Believe us! Go and tell the world what we are really like! Maybe...we can rebuild our decadent culture!"

Dorys fainted as the man released her. She fell into the mud puddle and lay there for sometime.

Dorys awoke. The golden streets were almost deserted. How long had she lain there? She got up and hurried



off to the party, her long silver dress flowing behind her in the gentle breeze of another perfect night.

Then she remembered. What did it mean..... Nothing! She must reject all such ideas. This was the real world, the world, City.

Dorys was walking with her friends the next day. "I must tell you," she told them. "Last night, as you know, I was late for the party. I was stopped by a man on the way. He grabbed my arm and stuck something into it. Then I felt funny. He told me I was seeing "reality", but it must have really been funny-gas like at Joy's that time the other night..."

Dorys and her friends walked off, stepping as they went around a monstrous pile of waste that to them was a multi-faceted diamond that shimmered radiantly, reflecting all the colors of a perfect day.

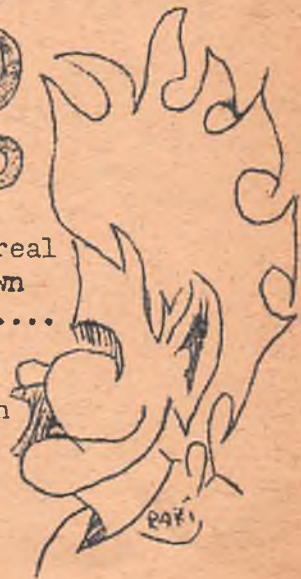
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## PLANNED RABBITHOOD

A column by BILL KUNKEL, who is a real trufan and a great person in his own right.....

Let me preface all of this by letting you know I've never written a column before. The idea, of course, has been incubating for about a month now and when John mentioned needing material and requested that I help in the effort to establish a better TANSTAAFL I weighed all things and you have, oila, this.



What, though, would the column be about? This business  
Note: The drawing above is not of Bill. I rather suspect that he has antenna, faceted eyes, and mandibles.

-9-

ness, I soon discovered, was tricky. I'm, should I say, partial, towards political stuff. But the Godwin fanzine was not politically orientated. I considered using sf as my topic-for-today. But that would get dreary. And lastly, since I live in New York, I assumed that a little discourse on my fair city would provide you with some pleasure in your emptiest hours.

What Makes For A Readable Column In A SF Fanzine? You ask. Okay. It's a little sociology, a little sf and a little local color. Wow. So I'm going to write about bugs on buses.

BUGS ON BUSES This (in case you might be making faces) subject is intrinsically bound up to the realm of science fiction for two reasons. One is that bugs figure importantly in a great many pieces of hack and even good sf. And for another thing, I believed Ray Bradbury when he said that cars were choking up our very lifelines of existence and refused to take a course in driver education this year. Ergo, I make use of NY's myriad mediums of mass transit, as the sole alternative.

And undeniably, the most gruesome of them all is the bus.

Unless you reside here, or have visited extensively you have not seen them. For they have sharp, bug-eyes in their bug heads and those little feelers can pick out a local from a tourist with one look.

But once you're spotted as a resident you are at their mercy.

I'll cite with a clarity, born in abject horror, the instance that prompted this expose on insects. Sit down now, and if you itch easily then don't go on. Read the letters or something.

It was late, after one in the morning, and I passed through the night onto the late-model city bus which now held only one other passenger. Your average passenger at this unholy hour is either loaded or a bust-out mental patient visiting his parents.

They eye me nervously, asking without words why I have come.

With a pained shrug I answer that I must be home. I don't live in the bus terminal.

They understand. And I move to the back of the bus



and throw open the window. A few seconds tick by as I wonder why the blacks wanted to get out of the back-of-the-bus. It looked quite comfortable to me. In a moment I would know.

"Yow! A roach!"

Their panicky eyes dart to the seat I'm now hiding under.

"Sorry," I say with good-nature in my tone. "It was a roach."

The bus driver looks smugly at me, as if to say that he knows there are no roaches on NY city buses. Bugs horrify me, as they must many people. But still, in my terror, there is a fascination with the grotesque. I stare at this bug with a terrible curiosity. It crawls along the chromium window ledge, some two inches from the seat, and flees (a pun) from sight.

What an oddity, I think, I really saw a bug on a bus. I think that I may never see that again in all my days. And then I turn, unsuspecting, to the seat opposite me and--God!--it is veritably crawling with the stupid things!

"Bus driver! Bus driver! Bugs on the bus! Bugs on the bus!"

He pretends not to hear. My skin is crawling. I imagine them now, even now, secretly occupying every crack in my person, crawling, inching their way along, its--ugh! I summon the fellow from the front of the bus.

"Are these bugs or aren't they?"

"They sure look like--"

Of course they do! They are!"

"The bus driver says  
all-



they're Rasinettes."

"How could they be Rasinettes? They're crawling!"

He looks.

"Well?" I ask. And I chance to look into his eyes.

Blank! Bleary! And I know that They are in control of him. They force him to say They're Rasinettes when I know that They're roaches. How insidious!

More and more people enter the bus. It's getting crowded. Some naive idiot sits on a seat that five minutes earlier looked like an insect culture. And I'm standing now in the middle of the bus and I'm helpless.

I peer at the seat below me and its alive with demons. And They're sticking their bug tongues out at me. Even nyaa-nyaa-ing me. You can't hear it if only one does it, but when a few nyaa in unison its an awful sound.

So anyway, I eventually decided to capture the more brazen ones on the seat beneath me (the introverted roaches have the decency to die when smashed with a shoe). I ask a man for his hat in the interest of preserving mankind and with a blank look he hands it over.

I fill the lumberjack cap to the brim and get off the bus a few stops early, and quickly bring the captives to a scientist I know. He looks them over, turns to me with a blank look and says:

"Why they're only M&Ms."

But really, you should see them. Astounding. After that last trip I vowed to walk wherever I must go...

THE LUNACON I visited the Lunacon here in New York a month or so ago and found it a rather boring and dismal get-together. They had the usual cast of thousands milling around a packed huckster room. The fanzines with the offset covers were being sold and old TARZAN editions were in boxes.

I think Ted White was in charge. There was a talk on the colors of paperback books by Samuel Delany that was more interesting than it sounds and an oafish and ignorant debate/discussion on the merits or lack of merits regarding the film 2001. My mind is a little groggy, but I believe the panel consisted of Lester del Rey, Isaac Asimov and Panshin. I think it was Panshin, anyway. Aside from the fact that none of the three were quali-



A black and white photograph of a portrait painting by Hans Holbein the Younger. The painting depicts a man with dark hair, wearing a dark, patterned robe. He is looking slightly to the right with a somber expression. His right hand is raised towards his face, with fingers slightly spread. The background is a mottled, textured grey. The overall style is characteristic of Northern Renaissance portraiture.

The only interesting thing to happen was a guy getting up and challenging Ted White to throw him out. Oh yeah, and I went across the street to a cafeteria parallel to Carnegie Hall and asked for a hamburger.

Another day in good old New York.

As most of you know the photo on this page was first printed in the last issue... Well, it printed very poorly, and I said then that I might run it again. This time I hope I have better luck...JWG //

BOOKENDS THEME...Paul Simon (From BOOKENDS by S&G)

A time of innocence, a time of confidences.  
Long ago...it must be...I have a photograph.  
Preserve your memories;  
They're all that's left you.

# "TINY <sup>LITTLE</sup> TANSTAAFL"

article by John Godwin, the purpose of which is to explain why TANSTAAFL is a half-size fanzine.....

Ever since I started TANSTAAFL, much of the letter-column has been filled with discussion of fanzines' sizes. And the why-the-heck-don't-you-make-TANS-8 $\frac{1}{2}$ /11-like all-the-other-zines-? type comments.

The question right now is purely rhetorical; the mimeograph I own prints  $\frac{1}{2}$ -size, and the machine I had hoped to get this summer will not, apparently, materialize. And if I buy a car this summer, it will take the money I could have used on the mimeo, and much more. Therefore it seems as if you can expect no change in the size of "713 Press" publications, unless I really go  $\frac{1}{4}$  size and ruin some filing systems.

Hahahahahahaha.

I am going to attempt to weigh all of the facts or opinions about fanzine sizes in this article. First is a list of these "facts and opinions" gleaned from past TANSTAAFL lettercols. Any additions will, of course, be welcome...

....."louse up my elegant filing system"

....."tiny little TANSTAAFL"

....."still don't like your half-size paper, but if its the best you can do, okay."

....."I can't quite understand all the complaints about the size of TANSTAAFL; I rather like it for a chage."

....."There is only one reason for most fanzines' sizes, and that's because its casier to produce on most machines."

....."Perhaps we should start a campaign to get other publishers to adopt our size."

....."the smaller the mag, the more space you waste in margins."

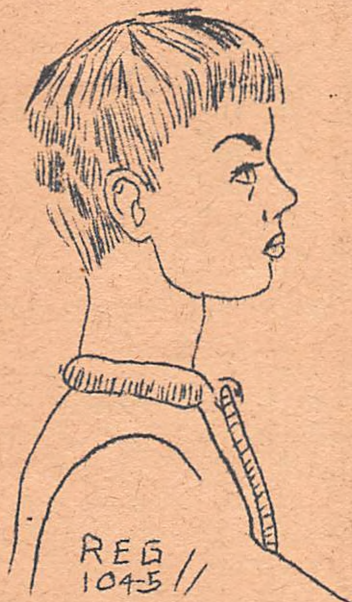
....."harder to hold open while reading."

....."enormously better in full size."



Taking them in order (unless otherwise noted):

**Filing systems:** The filing systems of most fans are, to my knowledge, merely old boxes that happen to be about  $8\frac{1}{2}/11$  by whatever length; these are fine for holding regular size zines, but  $\frac{1}{2}$ -size zines are hard put to stay in place among the giants. One system of avoiding this is to place half-size zines side-by-side, and in equal number. This way you have two half-size zines taking up the place of one regular zine, and no problems, as usual. A better method is to take a small cardboard box and cut it to the proper size (and you could use this file for prozines, too), and sit this small file on top of your regular box. I use this method and it works quite well.



method and it works quite well.

You can just stick them in with the full-size zines, of course, but this results in wrinkled zines of all sizes. The separate file works best.

TANS' size, along with that of the other  $\frac{1}{2}$ -size zines, is a change from the norm, and one would think that this in itself would please science fiction fans, most of whom deviate from the norm of the average in some respect, and quite often many respects. A well-done half-size zine can use the size to its advantage, as it will immediately stand out from the general run of things, and if it is well done prompt immediate reading. On

the other hand, there being so many full-size zines, unless you have read enough issues of a particular one, and you know that it is interesting, it is difficult to pick a single one from the run-of-the-mill stuff. TANS is a second-rate fanzine --I won't dispute that (at the present); but there being so many 2nd-rate zines, TANS will stand out on sight. Get the point?

Some people want to have all fanzines the same size; I can see their reasons, but why not  $\frac{1}{2}$ -size? Not all mimeos can print full-size, but any full-size mimeo can (obviously) print half-size, and so can offset, dit-





Drawing up a contract with the Maharishi's local booking agent, Birkhoff headed to the Himalaya's, where he turned to the rewarding study of Transcontinental Mediation.

While learning the secrets of Teleportation from the Guru himself, Birkhoff accidentally succeeded in transporting himself to Manchuria, where he came to in a dungeon. He started when he recognized the famous Atlantan adventurer, King Lluk. He was sure the man chained to the wall in front of him was Lluk because of the political bumper sticker on the chap's broadsword which read, "CHEER ILUK!"

"Well," demanded the Senator, "Aren't you here to advance the plot by telling me where I am?"

"Jawhol, mon ami! We are in the Dahlz Empire. The Dahlz used to control all of Manchuria, but their holdings have been reduced to a single valley, now known as the Valley of the Dahlz. Their sovereign, or Moor, is a chap by the name of Elohn. And that's all I can say without ruining the suspense."

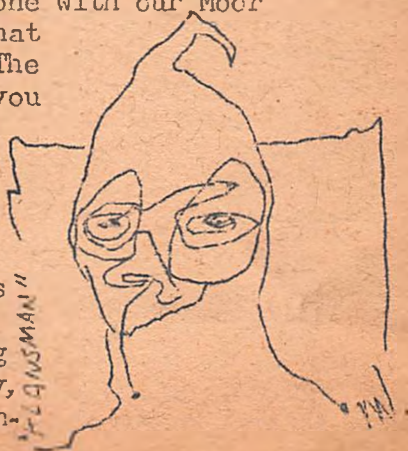
At that moment, a group of guards burst through the door and began pounding on the Atlantan with clubs, but it caused him no harm. "Tough Lluk," remarked one of them.

They grabbed Birkhoff and carried him to the throne room. A tall, dignified man wearing a sign which read HELLO THERE, I'M THE PRIME MINISTER said in poor English "You stranger, no?"

"Yes," replied Birkhoff.

"Don't contradict. We dislike strangers around these here parts. What have you done with our Moor out Moor? And don't claim that you haven't kidnapped him. The only thing that would save you would be for a messenger to walk in thru that door with a ransom note."

Suddenly a messenger walked in and said "Master, we have just discovered this message which reads 'We of the Funz-city-states, having united against our old enemy, do hereby inform you that unless you leave \$5000 in



small bills in the back of the Bijou at 6:30 tonight, we will see to it that you will never see your Moor again!"

The Prime Minister was horrified. "It is true? Is it true Funz have Moor Blohn? Oh, woe it us! Where can we get \$5000 in small bills at this time of night? Hey, Yank, you got change for a \$20,000?"

"If you'll see to it that I'm safely returned to civilization, I'll give you \$5000 in Monopoly money, the smallest bills I have."

"You would do that for us?"

"Sure! I can even write it off my income tax as a donation to the United Funz."

He was safely transported back to civilization in a pine box.

-d gary grady

## DAS KRAPITAL Grady's column

Or: How I managed to get two contributions out of him, I'll never know--JWG  
(Formerly GRADIATION)

Even though I have now officially become a columnist, I don't want anyone calling me a dirty collie. Oh, yes, the title change. The reason is that I have launched myself into the wicked world of personal comment zine writing. The first issue of GRADIATION runs 6 pages. Wonderful, eh? The truth is that I intend the thing more or less as a letter substitute. I ought to write more letters than I do, I just don't have the time. So, I decided that a personal comment zine was the answer. It will not be generally available and I plan to keep the circulation as small as possible. If you are actually interested, though, (which I doubt), you can get it by writing to me at 222 Forest Hills Drive, Wilmington, N.C., 28401. That is, you can get one issue; thereon out it depends on what I think of you. I know you'll sit up worrying about that.

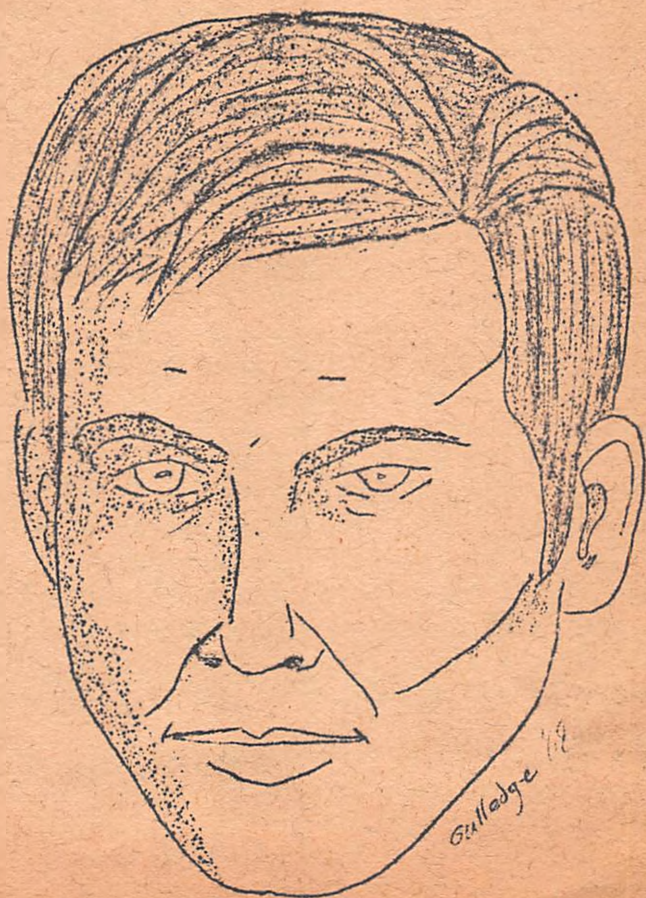
I see that Bill Kunkel's PLANNED RABBITHOOD column is on bugs on buses. Reminds me of the time I saw a woman with a flyswatter attacking flies on the Sanitation Grade A sign in the New Hanover High School Student Union. Bugs are a big problem in this region, most of them having built up a resistance to all insecticides excepting hairspray. (If you're wondering about my sanity, hairspray happens to be a laquer which clogs a bug's

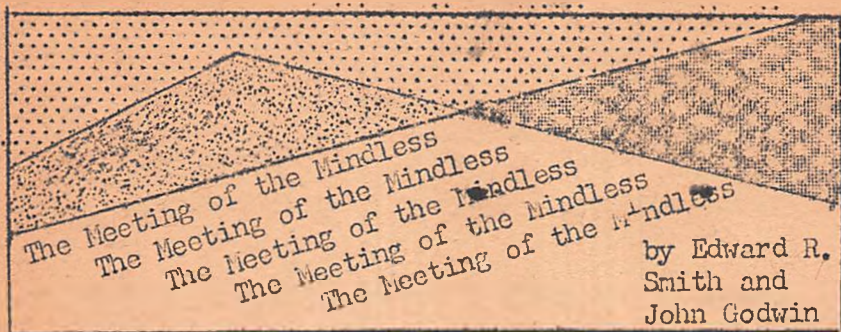


breathing passages - unless he happens to have a bottle of Dristan handy.) Moreover, some hairsprays are flammable so John Ambrosiano has developed a masterful method for murdering the little things. He places a flaming piece of tissue paper in front of the nozzle of a hairspray container with a length of clotheshanger wire. This makes for a handy blowtorch and is quite effective, except that the flame tends to back up the spray and may lead to a rather embarrassing explosion.

I am at this moment at Ghodwin's house, pecking away on his typer at 11:40. Since this is not good for my health I'll say enough is enough already and leave!

-d (one and only) gary grady





We discussed the idea carefully, and finally decided to go to one of the two Cinerama theaters in North Carolina to see the movie "2001".

Things move fast when my friends and I are working together. The idea was started in the early spring -we left for Charlotte, NC (a journey of some 200 miles) from Wilmington on Saturday, the 14th of July.

A brief introduction to the characters in our little drama is in order at this point, I believe. Ed Smith, Gary Grady and myself you know. The other two are John Ambrosiano, ace photographer and bad punster, and Mike Atkinson, ace driver and bad punster. Ed, Gary and I are also bad punsters. Mercifully none of the dialogue on any part of the trip was taped, and my memory of the incident is blurred, else you would be suffering through a wave of bad puns of horrible magnitude.

We left Wilmington at about 5 a.m. The trip was uneventful. We arrived in Charlotte at about 10:30 a.m. (I said the trip was uneventful.) After shopping at the Charlottown Mall and finding little we either desired or could afford (well...), we piled into the fortunately large and roomy car and headed toward ~~The Original House of Sin~~ Ed's.

EDSMITH: I was quietly reading the morning mail when there was an impatient knock on the door. Thinking it was my twill-tone from Mishek's, I hurried to answer, only to be stared upon by four unfamiliar faces. Or three, really. I recognized



one of them as Gary Grady, who had come up for a few days the previous week. A young man with a Spock haircut and glasses with sunshades over them stepped forward and introduced himself as John Godwin, the famous North Carolina faned (No, he just said "John Godwin", I added the other), and the others were (he explained) John Ambrosiano and a rather (more like "quite") large fellow, Mike Atkinson.

"Uh, hello," I saith dumbly. "Are you planning to go off? You are? Be right with you."

After a quick change of clothes, I was ready, but they had entered the house (for some reason, I didn't invite them in--too excited, I guess). I heard someone say

"Are you decent?"

GODWIN: I asked. A few minutes ago, the door had opened and I found myself facing the first real fan I had ever seen. Golly gosh. He was nothing like I had pictured him. He was the opposite, as I had pictured Ed-smith as short and stocky and this...fake was as tall as I and slightly thicker, and I myself am of medium height and slender. We told him we were going to shop through the afternoon and see "2001" that evening, and asked him to come along. He vanished into the house and we hesitantly followed.

Now the idiocy of my question hit me. Is any fan ever decent?

EDSMITH: We were off in a cloud of dust, in Atkinson's car. I sat in the back, between Ambrose and Godwin, and Godwin and I talked about Paul Simon and Robert Silverberg and how to get to Independence Boulevard (I was lost) while Ambrose fiddled with his movie camera and sighted on Gary's mouth in the front seat, while poor Atkinson tried to find his way around without much help from me, I'm afraid (My bearings got much better as the day went on. I must have been still sleepy or something at the time). They were trying to get to Cotswald Mall, they said. I hadn't the slightest idea where that was.

First they checked into their hotel room. On the way there, Godwin showed me a copy of what he had prepared of TANSTAAFL 5. I noticed the same photo of Godwin in it that had been in the last issue, and he stated that he was trying to improve the repro of the photo while Grady said that it looked worse every time he ran it. The

hotel was nice, but, hot and tired as they (and myself) were, they had trouble with the air conditioning. Atkinson called the desk, and we waited and watched THE LONE RANGER color cartoon form on the set so kindly furnished by the hotel.

GODWIN: All the while arguing about how the air conditioning unit worked. As we watched THE LONE RANGER, I mean. That show has terrible animation.

The TANSTAAFL proofs vanished mysteriously along the way from Ed's to the motel, and later turned up behind the back seat. The motel was nice, and since we were sharing a room with two double beds, the cost was only a few dollars each. This still horrified Gnady, who jumped around the room shouting "You mean I have to spend money? In that case, where are the girls and wine and servants?" When after about 15 minutes no air conditioning repair man had shown up, the desk received another call from the same room, this time with an irate Godwin on the line. I was told that he was on his way, and sure enough, he knocked on the door as soon as I hung up.

EDSMITH: After all that was settled, we finally did get to Cotswald Mall. On the voyage there, I talked with Godwin on nothing in particular, and got round to mentioning that Dan Adkins was a woman, which I assumed John knew. He was surprised that a woman could draw like that, and as several young ladies walked along the road I remarked "They sure can draw attention very well."

GODWIN: Charlotte was crawling with the aforementioned attractive young ladies. At the mall we split into teams but spent more time looking at the girls than anything else. (That is, the others did. Really, honey. I kept my eyes and hands entirely to myself. Really. Ask ~~Vixie~~ ~~Ed.~~)

EDSMITH: Arriving, we ate at a cafeteria across the parking lot from the Mall proper. All four wolfed their food down with remarkable speed and efficiency, and I almost choked trying to gobble chocolate cake, which was very dry. And of course there were girls to watch to keep us occupied. I paid Gary back for the program book of



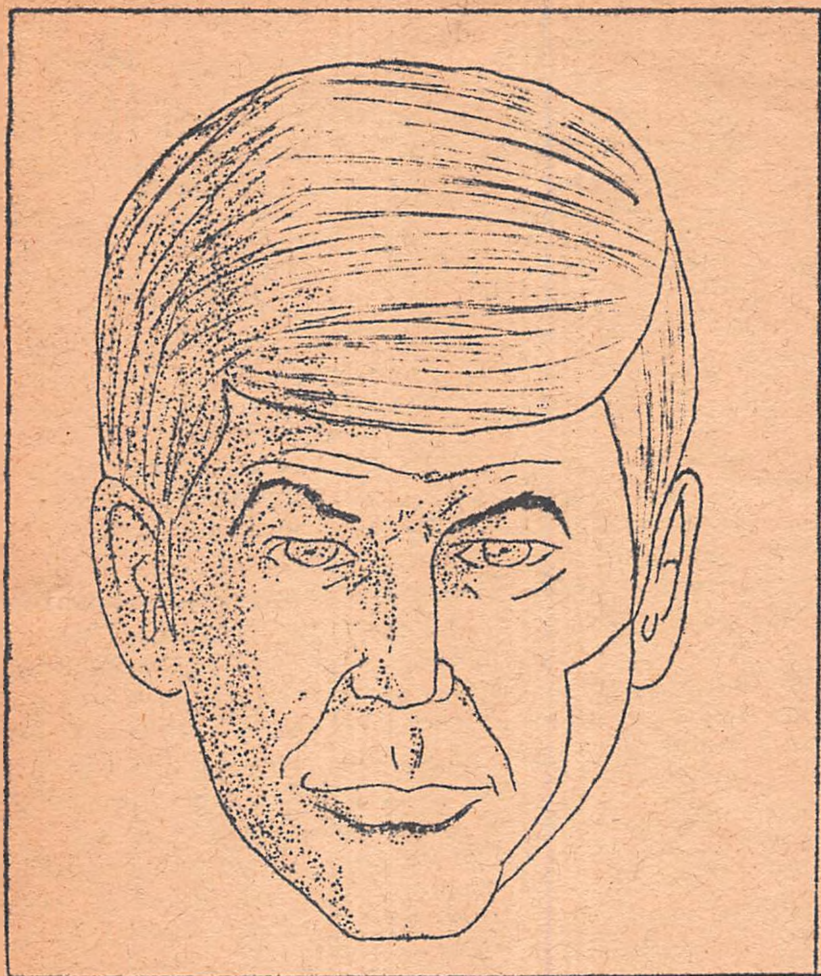
"2001" he had given me earlier. This seemed to make him very happy. We walked across the parking area to the Mall itself, where we engaged ourselves in looking at anything and everything in sight (including, of course, pretty girls). We hung around Ernie's Record Shop for a particularly long while, and Ambrose bought a copy of the "2001" soundtrack. We went into several other stores immediately afterwards, and all of them had the same record, and the price grew progressively lower.

All I bought were some Olde English lettering guides, and I had to put back several paperback books since I would not have the money for that and the "2001" ticket that night. I told the group my pun that appeared in Vardeman's *Apal45* zine, and John Godwin gagged a little while, and then was alright.

GODWIN: Are you kidding? I'm still gagging. As a matter of fact, the others are still gagging from all of those horrible puns that were bandied(?) back and forth.

EDSMITH: We then went into town (me directing, but we made it anyway) to visit Belks and Ivys and a book and a record store, plus secure our reservations for the movie. There were several good one-liners and puns that I can't remember enough to be able to work into this report, but I wish I could. We all had a good time looking at the books and records in the Belks dept. store. As we went up and down the escalators, Mike remarked that he had once read a story about a man who descended via an endless escalator to the bottom of the earth. "Yes," I said, "that was *DESCENDING*, by Thomas M. Disch." It made me sound like I had a very good memory, but in truth I had looked over it again a few weeks ago in a Judith Merrill anthology.

I brought up the subject of Jack Gaughan, making the mistake of saying "Gaug an" rather than "Gone" or its approximation. "Just the way we southerners pronounce things," I explained. "But we don't say things like that, and we're southerners," replied Grady. "Southern Charlotte, I mean," I amended.



GODWIN:

Actually, I don't know if that is how you pronounce it or not. I do pride myself on the fact that I have very little accent, and Ed had to keep using that "Southern Charlotte" gag all afternoon. He and I did most of the traveling on escalators, as he made the mistake of volunteering to accompany me on my floor to floor search for something for my dear sweet girl friend. Finally we met up with the other members of the group in the book section.

EDSMITH: We were all dying of thirst by this time (Atkinson threatened to dig up a sewer if we could not get a drink soon), but Gary almost knocked over



the CLOSED sign in the Belks snack bar before he saw it. I looked at the PEANUTS campaign materials. "Don't let Edsmith near those," Grady cautioned, "Last week he paid \$2.50 for six PEANUTS posters." No one else seemed to think this was too much. We went to get tickets for the movie.

GODWIN: At the same stand in Belks where they had the PEANUTS materials there were gag posters, and like stuff. A young lady held up a poster, after she had seen us laughing hysterically over several others, that was a picture of this...bum wearing a Superman suit. I wish I had that poster.

EDSMITH: We went back to the motel room to rest and cool off. I looked at the records and books they had bought and cracked a few silly puns. John turned on his cassette tape recorder, and we listened to and sang along with ROCKENDS. (If you will look in my first issue of my zine FLIP, you will note a pun by Gary Grady, in which a terrible punishment is supposed to be "listening to Ghodwin and Edsmith singing Simon and Garfunkel songs." Well, Grady had to listen all right, and it wasn't too bad, I pride myself by saying.) We then discussed Ap45 and John said he might join. We went to get food and drink at the Plantation Restrant across the street.

GODWIN: At this place Gary's tongue managed to somehow get tangled around itself, and he, while refering to the waitress we had kidded, said that we had to leave her a big --well, it was supposed to be tip. I imagine that explains why several of the group buried their faces in their arms and laughed insanely when the rather \*bosomy\* waitress returned.

EDSMITH: I had spaghetti and the rest had things like hamburgers and cokes. Of course I drank tea. The humor was worse here than ever before, and Ambrose told of a bagpipes player who attracted sheep when he played a certain tune. Someone remarked that someone else had an offensive odor, and Ambrose said "Save us from arm."

We five returned to the room, and I got to see the first 15 or twenty minutes of THE PRISONER. All of us enjoyed it except Gary, who had some minor quibble about

the cameras that tracked poor old Number 6. He and Ambrose argued about this on and off, with Ambrose and I agreeing that it was a good method. Gary remained unconvinced. He seemed to dislike everything that we liked.

GODWIN: If you ever have the chance to see "2001" in Cinerama, do so. The impact is possibly double that of the film shown on a flat screen, and the impact on us was only slightly lessened by the fact that the screen is getting old in the theater in which we saw the film. STAR TREK will have to go a long way to beat this. (And how, you ask, can you even compare ST with this?

You see, I reply, you have to take into account such things as budget, who the producer has to satisfy, and other things of similar nature. Proportionately, ST has produced some episodes that are the equal of "2001". Comparing the two would be almost impossible, and completely impossible if you tried to be fair, and please remember that this is my opinion and that I will change it if someone can present evidence to prove someone else's opinion. Even yours.)

It is a great film, though, no matter what some critics might say.

EDSMITH: The movie was as good the second time as it was the first. Try as I might, I could not ignore the remarks of the stupids around me. I alternately felt sorry and disgusted at the intelligence of these patrons of the arts (sic). I am sure Kubrick would have been very disappointed at this attitude and general behavior.

I was returned home and promptly fell asleep upon hitting the bed.

GODWIN: Ed refers to the patrons other than those in our own group. We had made an agreement before we even left Wilmington that we would have absolutely no talking among our own group while in the theater. Especially not like the usual "Wow, look at that matte jump;" "Gad, that effect is impossible;" "Arrgh, if you say 'Gad' one more time I'll kill you;" "Arrgh;" "Gad;" "Choke..." "Hey, kill the noise;" "I am, I am;" "Gack. . ." Anyway, you get the idea.

When we got back to the hotel I collapsed on the bed while the others fiddled with the tv and such, John





# THE CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED

FANZINE REVIEWS BY JOHN GODWIN with an assist by the famous fringe-fan, BRYAN JONES.....

STARLING 12 from Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood, Missouri 63122; and Lesleigh Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri 63010. Normally 25¢, next issue 50¢, or for trade, contributions, letter of comment or anything else you can convince us is worth publishing.

Repro is fine, with the first color work I've ever seen in a mimeoed fanzine. Editorials, book reviews, lettercol, fiction, a poem and a column on pop music. First issue I've seen of this zine; most enjoyable.

SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN 1 from Gene and Chuck Turnbull, 801 Grosse Pointe Court, Grosse Pointe, Michigan 48230. For trades, contributions, letters of comment, or anything else you can convince us is worth taking.

This is not a typical first issue; don't be fooled. The repro is about average; the material is the same. Art is good but I know that some of it is copied; and I don't like that as a rule. Gene is a good artist, other than that. Chuck writes all of the zine except for Gene's editorial and a "movie review" by Bob Vardeman, who seems to be popping up everywhere. Pretty good.

PLAK-TOW 8 from Shirley Neech, Apt. B-8, 260 Elkton Rd., Newark, Delaware 19711. Monthly. 5/\$1.00, and she will trade. Contributions welcome.

Good multilith repro, new news, great art, and good layout go together to make this the STAR TREK newszine.

QUIP 8 from Arnie Katz (98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, NY 11040) and Cindy van Arnam (1730 Harrison Ave., Apt.



353, Bronx, New York 10453). Bi-monthly. Available for trades (copies to both editors and No Monsterzines), LoC, contribution, or 50¢ a copy. Fanzines for review should be sent to Greg Benford c/o Dean Wise, Personnel Dept., LRL, Box 808, Livermore, Calif. 94550.

And now here is your guest reviewer, Bryan Jones:

THIS REVIEW IS BY BRYAN JONES BECAUSE GODWIN WOULDN'T LEND ME A FANZINE TO READ UNLESS I REVIEWED IT, AND I WAS HARD UP FOR SOMETHING LIGHT TO READ, SO I DID.....

I found this irritating--after blackmailing me into this review, Godwin gives me a zine I can't tear apart. QUIP is quite completely crammed with a quantity of articles of quiet quality. There seems to be a purposeful if unmentioned juxtaposition of articles by fans of different periods and experiences. (Ted White, Katz, Charles Burbee, Lon Atkins, Harry Warner, Dick Geis, Dick Lupoff and F.M. Busby.) Beautifully mimeoed, simple and effective layout, and lovely reading. By the way, Katz old man, how about sending some reject articles --say a couple of Blochs and a White or two to TANS. Better yet, send them to me, and I'll start a zine with them. (After all, Godwin, half of that mimeo is mine.) // Yeah, but what'll you do for an encore?--JWG//

In Katzenjammer, the editor rambles meaningfully and humorously.

In Editors' Quips, the editors Katz and Cindy Van Arnam talk about Baycon, after having borrowed Ted White White's Jaundiced Eye.

White talks about neos, as usual, he makes good points. (Not intending to be a neofan, or any other type of fan, I can be fairly objective.) Ted seems restrained and polite in this one, except for his inability to care for losers.

The Ideal Fanzine, Charles Burbee's essay from a 1949 Fapazine, shows that fans haven't changed much in 19 years --neos haven't, anyway. It sounds suspiciously as if Burbee had seen the future, 1968 to be exact, and Godwin pubbing TANS. // As a matter of fact, it sounds so much like TANS 1 and 2 that it hurts.--JWG//

Time Enough is Lon Atkins' proof that life is cornier than fiction, but he keeps it believable and interesting. (And the fact that I like corn helps.)

There is an article on Chanticleer by Harry Warner that is extremely interesting, even to an Outsider.

F.M. Busby's column, One Fan's Beat, spends time on death and STAR TREK. Nicely done, but a bit rough on ST, but that, I have gathered, is to be expected from the North East, no?

My Friend Alan Shaw is a dissertation by Katz on the joy of dissolution.

Dick Geis reviews his neo days. (Then he was a dirty young man.)

Lupoff contributes an epic poem about QUIP vs the USPOD.

A good zine, and more than that, a thoroughly enjoyable one.

My compliments to Cindy Van Arnam and a real cool Katz.

Now back to John Godwin, live from Wilmington:

GRADIATION 1 from Gary Grady, 222 Forest Hills Drive, Wilmington, North Carolina 28401. Irregular. Available for...hmm. Well, write and ask, if you're interested.

This is somewhere between a letter-substitute and a personal comment zine. Repro is fine, on heavy golden paper. The only art(?) is hidden somewhere in the logo, but the written material is at least interesting. The longest thing in this issue (which runs and rambles thru 6 half-size pages) is a pun, reprinted in this issue of TANSTAAFL. Now that I think about it, this rather reminds me of the first issue of TANSTAAFL.

A BLEEDING ROSE 2 from Michel Barnes, 1716 Summerlane SE., Decatur, Alabama 35601. Irregular, I gather. Can be obtained for 25¢ in precious metal, LoC, decent contribution of art, poetry, articles or essay.

This is a poetry zine. I even liked some of the poetry.

GRANFALLOON 3 from Linda Eyster and Suzanne Tompkins. At present write: Linda Eyster, 1610 Belvedere Blvd., Silver Spring, Md. 20902; After Sept. 10 write: Apt. 103, 4921 Forbes Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213. 5 times yearly. For 30¢. contribs., LoCs (printed), trades.

Good and steadily improving.



ECCO 4 from Randy Williams, Box 581, Liberty, N.C. 27298 25¢ per issue, no schedule I could find, and he will also trade or send you a copy for a contribution or letter of comment.

Gary read this and had two comments: One, Randy had better learn something about the copyright laws (in this issue he has reprinted from Marvel Comics, National Comics, Walt Disney Productions, and a local newspaper). Two, if you can't see something nice, then say nothing at all...

Personally, I rather liked it. The editor has a lot to learn, but then, don't we all?

NO-EYED MONSTER from Norm Masters, 720 Bald Eagle Lake Road, Ortonville, Mich., 48462, 4 times a year. Available for trade, material or 30¢ per issue.

Both this and ECCO are half-size; the difference is in the quality of the material.

Lessee...this runs 59 pages, most of it devoted to humor. Pretty good humor, at that. Fred Phillips does a large part of the writing, and does an interesting job. If he ever wants to contribute to TANS, his material would most certainly be welcome.

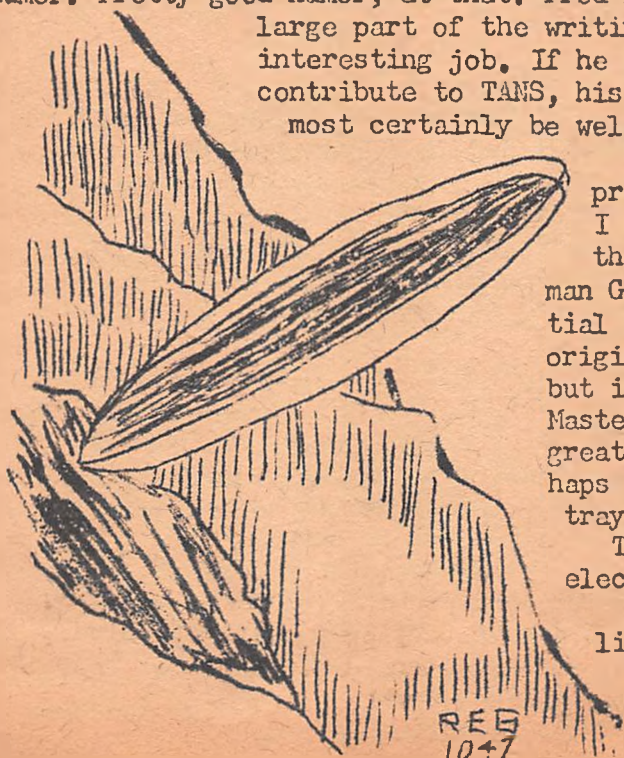
Norm Masters is pretty good, also. I don't know where that feature "Newman Gottski: A Partial Bibliography" originally came from, but it is superb. If Masters wrote it, great. If not, perhaps I have just betrayed my ignorance.

The art is mostly electrostenciled;

Mr. Masters, a little constructive criticism:

Leave more margins.  
Good effort.

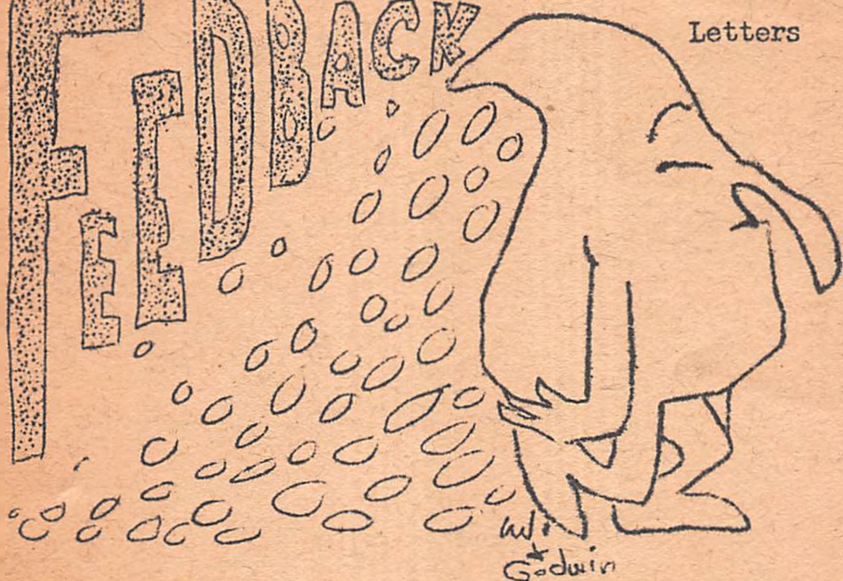
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REG  
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# FEEDBACK

Letters



Jim Ashe  
PO Box 461  
Ithaca, N.Y.  
14850

I liked your TANSTAAFL very much, John. It has improved tremendously, and now you will find further improvements harder to achieve. Up til now you have been able to aim at what others in the

field are doing, and use their work as a goal. But now yours is as good as anybody else's so you must strike out on your own.

All comments I might have made about the size of your zine have to stay home now, all except the one about mechanical size being inappropriate for storage in a normal Accopress binder with all the other zines.

This binder method really works, by the way. I expect many more fans will be using it in the next few months or a couple of years just because it is so practical. I acquired the idea from George Heap, who has quantities of zines done up this way, and already I have a substantial part of a foot of zines, not including last year's and previous which are stored inaccessible in boxes til someday I come to them.

So eventually you'll have to break the size barriers or your zines will disappear into oblivion.



Doug Lovenstein:

425 Coolville Ridge  
Athens, Ohio 45701

About TANS 3: Liked the cover a lot --- looks like pretty good tracing to me, too. Your stenciling is pretty good, John --- my illos came out well and the headings were nice. I sympathize with you about catching errors and typos after it's too late. I got the page numbers messed up in ARIOCH 3 and I had to stick in a page 48.5 to make it come out right. Damn, and you're going to have to grit your teeth while reading A! 3 --- I intend to run the thing on half Dynatron-green paper (the other half on brown or faun--the color of A! 2) // That combination of colors doesn't sound very appealing. Faun (also used in TANS 3&4) and granite might be nice. I plan to use those for this issue if I have to money to buy it --- I have a stack of light yellow I got free, and will probably use part of it. By the time you read this you'll know. //

Don't complain --- at least you have a mimeo. I've got to run ARIOCH on a machine in an office, going every day for a week and doing about 10 pages a day.

I'm going to try and run A! 3 on the COPSFS mimeo in Columbus if I can, tho. It give great repro.

Saw PLANET OF THE APES and I agree it was damn fine. Not "superb" tho, the way I looked at it. The main idea of the thing is an old pulp cliché, you know---still very effective as drama. I got more of a kick out of it than anything else ( and funny, I thought Zira was cool even thru all that make-up---her eyes

were fascinating) although I didn't look at the film in a purely comical sense. I guessed the ending even before



it happened but still got a little shock when Heston dropped to the sand...GOD DAMN IT ALL TO HELL...and we zoomed up to see: MESSAGE. There were many messages in it, the main ones I found being Man's Technology And Emotions Will Together Be His Destruction, and Animals Have Feelings Too. The latter was probably very effective with the kiddies and the former, tho probably true, has been warned too many times to shock people. Damn Good, tho, and if I don't like "2001", CHARLY, or anything else that comes with '68 more, I certainly shall boost it for the hugo in (St. Louis in) 1969.

Did you notice that the ruling apes and scientists were white, chimpanzees, I think, and the laborers and warriors were black (these probably gorillas)? The classification was also made in the novel, I understand, which is completely different from the film. (I haven't read it yet but a friend told me about it.) And all the horses were black. II I hadn't noticed. Yes, it was the same there in the novel, and yes, the novel is different from the movie. The movie is better. I finished the novel only by sheer cussedness. Rather poor, actually. II

Recommended if you haven't read it: Chthon by Piers Anthony. Fabulous.

Watch that Roy Tackett, John, he's a mean one. Lures unsuspecting neos into his hands and grabs them, he does. Good old RoyTac. Yes. Until he eats you. He's a sly one. (Even stooped to writing a column for ARIOCH. He's okay. Mean, but okay...) And the zither laughs at that.

Enjoyed TANS very much, actually. Yes. Good luck.

Edward R. Smith  
1315 Lexington Ave.  
Charlotte, N.C.  
28203

TANS 4 just dropped in, and I don't feel like reading, so I'll offer my comments instead.

I didn't see anything wrong with the stencilling of the Gaughan

illo. I liked the light effect.

Surprisingly enough, I agree with Bill Danner's and your comments about wanton mutilation of the English language. I can't stand the Madison Ave. Boy's spelling of brand names: things like Ultra-Brite, Cleen, Fantastik, etc., go all over me. You keep kidding (at least I hope it's kidding) II Yes. II about my spelling. So, maybe I'm not the world's greatest. But it is not, usu-



ally, intentional. I don't really think that its all that bad, myself. In fact, people frequently ask me to spell things in school.

Well, PLANET OF THE APES was good, maybe not the best I've seen, but it deserves a better rating than the "corn" tag that Bryan Jones put on it, no matter what else (favourable though it was) he said about it. Maybe the humor was obvious, well, it was supposed to be. It was not laugh-out-loud stuff, I saw a critic reviewing APES that protested that the movie was kiddie entertainment, because she heard the kids laughing at this or that point. So did I; I went on a Friday night, and almost everyone there was my age or younger, ofteh much younger. I liked the humourous parts, but I didn't laugh out loud at them, and I expect I appreciated it better than the very young ones in the audience.

But, have you seen "2001: A SPACE ODESSEY" ? Unfortunately, some of the fans have been criticizing it, so it may not win the Hugo for dramatic presentation in 1968. Damn unappreciative fans! They see one of the greatest films ever made, and they say "Phooey" because they don't understand the ending, and go back to reading the July issue of "Blood and Guts Space Tales" with a contented sigh. The outside world, so to speak, gave it much better reviews, thank God.

Where have you been,

John G. Godwin,

Pandom searches mail-  
boxes for you,

Woo-woo-woo.

What's that you

say, John-

ny God-

win,

TANS has left

and gone  
irregularly,

He-he-he

He-he-he.

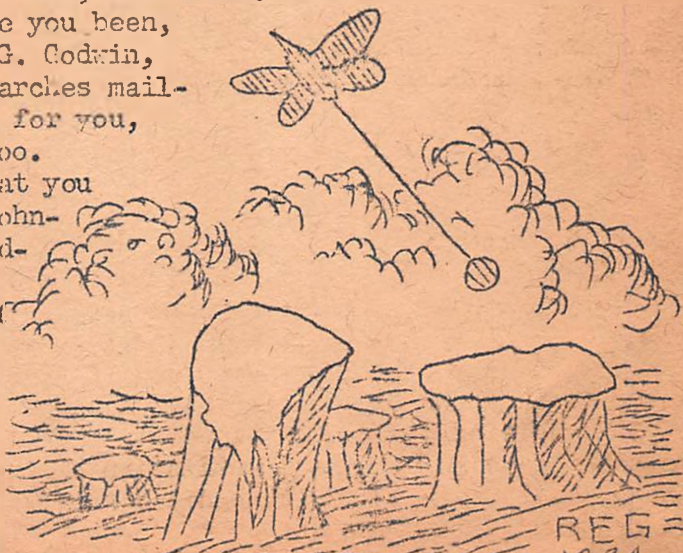
See, I'm

a Simon fan

too. // That's

John W Godwin, as in John W.

Campbell. Ed. William, you see, //



REG =  
1234

I don't see that doing prozine reviews, if I may call them that, serves any purpose. If you would make them just a little bit longer, and give your opinions rather than just saying: "This issue contains the conclusion of the twelvepart novel by Axminister Bugtustle, THE GIRL WITH THE GLASS NAVAL, as well as..." Now they seem like advertisements. // That's about all they are. If TANS remains irregular, I'll either review several issues of each mag at once (and expand the reviews) or drop them completely. //

Ghood letter from Gaughan.

Better artwork from Gaughan.

I am for gun laws, strict ones. After a while, perhaps firearms shall be done away with completely. People yell, "Constitutional Freedom", which is true, in part, but we don't need guns any more. In colonial days, the rifle was a necessity, since food had to be hunted and killed, now it is only a sport done by some sadistic gunslingers. I'm surprised to see, after having said the above, that Buck Coulson is a gun lover. Well, there's another thing we disagree on.

I think I can agree with you re BEDLAM PLANET. I'm surprised that Ace didn't issue it as a "Special." It deserves more than most of those they have been putting the "Honour" on. I agree with you in that they should limit the series to original novels. Well, you didn't exactly say that, you just stated that you thought Ace was going to play it that way.

If you can't take Lafferty over 32 pages, I suggest you try FAST MASTER. // I have. Made it to about 50 in that one, which is a sign of some improvement, either in my "taste" or Lafferty's ability to sustain interest and readability. // You may not like it, there's no accounting for taste, but its unlike any of his other work.

I wish you hadn't printed my letter. It was just a personal thing to you. // Sorry. //

You should join Ap45 while you're joining groups. They're (we're) a fine group. Right, Bob?

// To avoid printing anything that is intended to be personal (unless it is obviously so), simply mark the passge or missive DNQ or DNP. I might join Ap45 Ed, tell me some about it. Is there a waiting list? //



Mike Horvat  
PO Box 286  
Tangent, Oregon 97389



Ah so...YES...TANS is improving by the proverbial leaps and bounds. (I have often, usually on a clear and starry night, pondered the mysteries of leaps: compare a lady-bug-leap with a kangaroo-leap...you see the basic conflicts of life here... but I digress.)

John, I like the half-size paper, for whatever that's worth. You know...it gives ole TANS a certain individuality that's noticeable

without even bothering to read the thing (which so many fans seem to shy away from anyway -- reading fmzs in general, not just TANS). I wouldn't worry too much about running off larger art; I doubt that there would be that much inherent improvement in full page art: most of the larger stuff I've seen is basically half-page with larger white spaces.

I think that any book written by someone corny enough to take the pseudo of Ptolemy must have some merit -- it MUST.

I've recently finished up at school (like, zow, permanently) and have been sitting around waiting for the world to clasp me to its bosom (well...). It's not. Hence, I've had a good deal of time for reading sf: it's some fun -- I heartily recommend it to all fans. I read THE REEFS OF SPACE and STARCHILD (Pohl & Williamson), THE MILLION YEAR HUNT (Bulmer), and A TRACE OF MEMORY (Laumer). All three were very good books; I recommend MEMORY most highly, then the Pohl & Williamson volumes -- I didn't have a pb copy of REEFS, so I dug up the GALAXYS wherein it appeared originally; I rather suspect that the pb version would have been more interesting. HUNT by Kenneth Bulmer was an awful lot better than I expected, I've never had much luck with the ACE double books, and didn't anticipate this one being an exception -- but it was. Oh, it could've used a bit of padding to

fill out the story line, but it wasn't bad...

Robert E. Gilbert (REG)  
509 West Main Street  
Jonesboro, Tenn. 37659

What do I think about TANS-TAAFL #3? Well, it was a pretty color. I liked the Conan drawing by Jim Cawthorn on the cover. George Scithers sure likes to spread around the drawings he collects. I thought the editorials were improved, and the reviews were good. I've read only two of the books reviewed, STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND and THE WITCHES OF KARRIES. I didn't care much for STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. It seemed highly unlikely somehow. I read THE WITCHES OF KARRIES from the Jonesboro Public Library. It was just my type, and I enjoyed it very much, even if it didn't have any sex in it. THE WITCHES is well-written space opera: STRANGER is loaded with thought and philosophy instead of violent action; two harder-to-compare books would be difficult to find (and I mean hard to compare fairly --you would be bound to like one type or the other better). Personally, I liked the KARRIES book least even though I enjoyed it very much myself; but aside from the fact that I am a Heinlein fan, I liked STRANGER better --I would have liked it immensely even if someone else had written it --more my type... //

Maybe you wouldn't be so cramped on 8 1/2 by 11 paper. As it is, you don't have any margins. Anyhow, you all did a good job this time.

// And the debate on fanzine size rants on and on. I have to hope of getting a full-size mimeo this summer, but even if I do I am tempted to let TANS remain half-size --it is distinctive, and more convenient to carry around (if that's what any of you do), and other such. If I were to do so I could use saddle-stapling, and that would be nice..... Thanks for the art. //

// And look who's here again... //

Mike Horvat  
pob 286  
Tangent, Ore. 97389

For what it's worth, I don't find pro-pob zine reviews interesting enough to read. If you do think that it's a valuable addition to TANS, I suggest that you extend the column to include more analysis rather than concentrating on a listing of contents.



If you are going to mention a book, like review it, you may as well go whole hog, John. I'm thinking of your review of SPACE SHANITY; you while away a paragraph telling us that you can't take more than 30 pages of RAL -- the space could have been better used telling why you don't like Lafferty, or rather, why only small doses are acceptable. Now, your review of MASKS OF TIME is another story; it does say something ('course, it still could've been longer) -- I'm anxious to get ahold of the volume now.

// I don't understand myself why I can't read many pages of Lafferty at once --after a while, tho, my head begins to ring and my toes buzz and my hands shake and I feel that if I don't stop soon I'll throw up. MASKS OF TIME had a better and longer review because it was a better book with more to write about. (Sorry, Edsmith) //

Re DEATHWORLD: there is a series of sorts -- as I understand it. Harrison made a smash hit of DEATHWORLD and when a second novel came out as a sequel with a completely unconnected title, his pb pubber forced him into using DEATHWORLD 2 to capitalize on the past success. I'm rather glad to find that #3 is out.... the above is all "I think" info...

Perhaps you gentlemen (well...) would give me a hand in my CRABAPPLE CAZZETTE efforts? Will you send me the addresses of fans that you think might be willing to do a bit of artwork for me?-- I'm in great need of it. I am hoping to receive some of your work, John. Unlike you I can't afford to tempt fate and try to stencil art -- I've got to put up the shekels periodically for electro-stenciling.

// Thanks for the info. The only artists I know of that contribute regularly to TANS are Gary, Doug Lovenstein, myself, and a friend named Curtis Gullledge. His address is: 323 Gaston Ave., Dallas, N. C. 28034. Send him your zine and a request for art and he might send you something. You might try sending something to Jack Gaughan. I just noticed that I left out RDG, but you probably have some of his art already. //

Frank Lunney            Of course, the first thing I saw  
212 Juniper St. when I pulled TANS out of the mailbox  
Quakertown, Pa. was the front cover, and I couldn't help  
18951            but look at it, all the while trying not

to. I was wondering who had drawn this  
monstrous sketch, and it turned out to be Lovenstein.  
Surely he can put more into a pair of hands than a few  
squiggly lines. In fact, it didn't look like he even  
signed the thing competently. Of course, this could be  
blamed on the electrostencil, but they probably won't  
be reading this. The Gaughan illo you put in back looked  
very good, and would have made a great front if enlarged  
a bit.

II I stenciled the cover myself - the back cover  
was electrostenciled, though. After the extremely detail-  
ed and complex illo on the cover of #3 I thought a very  
simple drawing would counterbalance -- besides which I  
did the cover over at the last minute. This issue's cov-  
er is better, though, at last as far as the drawing  
goes. I didn't like the layout and logo myself, however.  
Ahhwell. II

How can you buy AMAZING and FANTASTIC without buy-  
ing ANALOG or F&SF? I see no reason for buying the two  
Ultimate publications except for a few reviews which  
occasionally set the paper on fire (yeah, Tanner) or an  
issue of coming out next month with the majority of the  
stories being new, and one by Ellison, but for the long-  
est damn time those pubs have been trash. They have been  
under Harrison, and that may be one reason why he's be-  
ing replaced by Barry Malzberg. I realize Harrison has  
been improving the zines greatly, but that was all he  
could do...they couldn't get any worse. But it'll go  
downhill with the inception of Malzberg who seems to  
have no ambition at all.

F&SF has been turning out some great stories, and  
has a monopoly on the best shorts. They all aren't sf,  
but it's a perfect magazine for those who are interested  
in sf and almost mainstream writing yet having some of  
the qualities of sf.

ANALOG is the big circulation sf mag, and is made  
specifically for those who aren't hard-core sf-eers,  
but they also print stories that are worth reading, and  
it doesn't set you back a helluvalot over a years time.

The Pohlzines have the best stories overall, but



are sadly lacking much of the time. IF is starting to decline as evidenced at first by the departure of the major artists...replaced by some illustrators that would work better in comic books (and probably not there...comic books have high standards!) and now by the phasing out of the serial as a regular feature. First they didn't overlap, starting with ROGUE STAR, and now they're gone altogether with the conclusion of ROGUE STAR. Perhaps it's because people (authors) aren't writing novels anymore, but I think IF doesn't want the novels anymore, and they'll show a decline in overall quality because of it.

Herman F. Blount  
407 S. Eastern St.  
Greenville, N.C. 27834

If you will look more carefully at SPACE CHANTEY by R.A. Lafferty you will see that the whole story

is nothing but a take-off on the ODYSSEY by Homer. On the first page you get a hint of this in the little poem written there. The last two lines of it go:

And some were weak and wan, and some were st  
strong enough,  
And some got home, but damn it took them long  
enough!

As I'm sure we all know, the epic adventures in the ODYSSEY took 20 years to complete. This little poem is hinting that the epic adventures of the character in SPACE CHANTY is similar to the epic adventures of Ulysses. Also I disagree with you on the unreadability of Lafferty's works. I find them quite good and often funny.

I really enjoyed the take-off on Mrs. Robinson that Bill Kunkel did. Keep up the good work, Bill!

The thing that really compelled me to write this letter was the horrible mistake you made on page 28. It might seem that Harry Harrison's DEATHWORLD 3 continues from where DEATHWORLD left off but its not so. There is a DEATHWORLD 2. It's a very good story about when Jason Dinalt is shipwrecked on a BARBARIAN planet.

//There is more, but space prohibits. Thanks, all.//

## Gibberish

This is John Godwin, back again after a period of time that may have seemed too long -- or may have been a blessed relief.

Times change, people change. Anyone of you with all of the issues I've printed at this stage should-I hope - be able to tell how much I've changed since I started in fandom. TANS has improved; but it is nowhere near the quality I want it. I still want serious articles on sf, or whatever interests you. I'm not knocking my contributors -- they all did a good job, at least in my opinion (even though Grady slipped in a free plug -- I was half asleep when he gave it to me -- and, it seems, the rest of the contributions ranged from humor to humor).

I like humor, especially fannish humor, and like to feature it in TANS. I'm planning to continue to feature it. But howbout some o' you wunnerful people coming up with something serious?

Lately I've managed to catch up on my reading, and it has given me a lot of ideas. Even ideas relating to serious criticism.

I'm going to try to carry some of them out.

Like, the book reviews will no longer be "Duh, I liked this becaause..." or "I didn't like this book because, uh..." if I can help it. I might lose a few friends if I start cutting up their material, but I want some book reviews -- and I want quality book reviews. I doubt I can write any that are up to the high standards I have in mind, but I'm going to try.

Another idea was suggested to my by Jack Gaughan.



Instead of having prozine reviews (which you might notice are missing this issue), why not review the art in them?

The idea was that the artist likes to have some idea of what people think of his work. People occasionally discuss proartists (and fanartists) work, but seldom in detail. I'm, again, not sure I can handle this as well as I'd want, but, again, I'm going to try.

Why don't you at least try too?

You'll notice that there are no book reviews this issue; it grew without me knowing or realizing it, and I just can't afford to lengthen it further. Beware, though, because next issue will have as many as I can manage.

As a matter of fact, the editorial is cut short for the same reason. If I have enough material, I'll bring TANS out more frequently, but this summer a combination of working (in reproduction -- have pun, Vardean), laziness, supporting a girl friend (of whom I am rather proud, and half-a-dozen other things. This winter I won't have as much to do, and can spend more time on my fanatic.

I want to apologize, here and now, to those waiting with ~~flaky~~ baited breath for a letter from my wonderful self, who has also been too busy to keep up with his correspondence. If you have something to say, write anyway and I promise to be better in the future. Sure.

But really, write anyway.

I also have quite a few zines that were too late to be included in Children of the Damned, and I'll get to them nextish.

This issue was spread out over a period of three months, which is ridiculous and won't happen again, I hope. Sure.

Thanks to all my contributors, and you future contributors out there, get to work! TANSTAAFL!!!! If you want future issues of TANSTAAFL, you'll either have to pay, contribute, loc, or make me think it is work it to send you a copy. Is it?-----John Godwin-----43

WHY YOU GOT THIS ISSUE and other comments by the Editor

I'm starting my mailing list over; after this issue only those who actually do trade with me, write locs to TANS, contribute or pay, and those with whom I am very friendly and such will get future issues. I like having a large mailing list, but I'm still plagued by that terrible grim fiend, money, lurking as far away from me as possible. If you want the next issue of TANS, do something -- like trade, contribute, loc or pay, or become my friend -- but have a heart, and help out.

WYGTI:

You paid \_\_\_\_\_

You wrote \_\_\_\_\_

You contributed \_\_\_\_\_

We trade \_\_\_\_\_

We don't trade but I'd like to ~~X~~

Please review this issue ~~X~~

Please don't review this issue \_\_\_\_\_

Please? ~~X~~

You are Bill Kunkel \_\_\_\_\_

You are Edsmith \_\_\_\_\_

You are both of the above \_\_\_\_\_

You are neither of the above \_\_\_\_\_

You will contribute \_\_\_\_\_

You will contribute \_\_\_\_\_

You will contribute \_\_\_\_\_

C'mon, contribute \_\_\_\_\_

You are a sexy femmfan \_\_\_\_\_

You are a handsome, intelligent manfan \_\_\_\_\_

You are both of the above \_\_\_\_\_

You are neither of the above \_\_\_\_\_

You are \_\_\_\_\_

You aren't \_\_\_\_\_

You like Simon & Garfunkel, the Beach Boys, the Beatles, and the rock revolution in general \_\_\_\_\_

You like Pete Seegar \_\_\_\_\_

You think the USPOD should be run by fans \_\_\_\_\_

You think the USPOD should be run at all \_\_\_\_\_

You think the USPOD should be impeached \_\_\_\_\_

You think the Supreme Court should be impeached \_\_\_\_\_

You are a man after my own heart; you can't have it think miniskirts are square ~~X~~ (Yah ha!) \_\_\_\_\_