

COMBINED WITH SCURVY

J.D.





TAFF SHOULD BE
LIMITED TO SOMEONE WHO
HAS PUT OUT A MONTHLY
FANZINE REGULARLY FOR AT
LEAST 20 YEARS, THE HELL
WITH THESE FAKE FANS!!!

Synopsis: Robert A. Madle, decrepit relic of antedeluvian fandom, fake and fringe an extraordinary, is talked into being nominated for TAFF. As we all know, TAFF (Transatlantic Fan Fund) was created by Trufen so that said Trufen could send Trufen to world science fiction conventions, which are attended almost exclusively by fake and fringe fen. At first aloof to the idea of placing himself in contention with Trufen for this distinct honor, our hero later changes his mind, accepts nomination. And much to the amazement and chagrin of Trufandom, he is elected --- nosing out such heavily-favored candidates as George Nims Raybin and Ed McNulty. After much intrigue and fantastic adventure, none of which has been covered as yet in the previous installment, ROAF (relic of antedeluvian fandom) arrives in England and spends exciting day meeting fans, drinking beer, and like that. Now go on with the story.

Wednesday, September 4, dawned bright and early. Or so they tell me, since it was almost midday when I finally sat down to breakfast in the Bulmer dining room. (My late awakening was not completely unexpected as I had been awake most of the two previous nights -- traveling from Charlotte, N. C. to New York the first night, and from New York to England the second.) Ken, who had just completed his third novelette of the morning, hustled me up some grub -- insisting that I have a cup of tea prior to the fried eggs. (Some of you may have heard of this strange tea-drinking custom which is attributed to the English. Well, don't believe it -- most of them drink coffee.)

After breakfast I read Ken's mail (none of mine had been forwarded to me as yet) and discovered the startling fact that English fan mail and American fan mail are very much the same. At this point, Ken combed his beard, and informed me that we were going to visit the editorial offices of New Worlds and Science Fantasy, and have lunch with the editor of said ~~staid~~, conservative journals, (Pamela, incidentally, spends her working days as a Personnel Assistant. Not, as Ken is quick to point out, that they can use the money. It's merely that Ken prefers to be in absolute solitude when writing --- which he does in the mornings. And the afternoons he devotes to thought and meditation -- which the presence of anyone would also disrupt.)

So we were off to visit Ted Carnell known to all as London's only active science fiction editor -- also rumored to be a fake fan who, through nefarious means, had gotten himself elected Chairman of the London Science Fiction Convention. Ken, as indicated in previous chapter, is an energetic walker. He has two speeds -- fast and faster. And I have two walking speeds -- slow and slower. Unfortunately, Ken was unwilling to compromise -- so I was compelled to amble along at a semi-trot, which almost invariably developed into a trot and then a veritable footrace as we approached the train station.

We arrived at the Red Lion just in time for lunch. Ted was there already as was Brian Lewis, his staff artist, and Lynn Berman, his girl Friday. (Lynn ordinarily works only part time -- on Fridays. But this convention week she was his girl Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.) Ted, for those of you who haven't met him, is rather tall, slim, and dignifiedly graying. He has been around the s-f world since the early thirties and is, undoubtedly, one of England's two greatest fans -- the other being Walter H. Gillings. (Members of Trufandom will snarl and rage in disgust at the latter statement -- but 'tis true, lads,) Brian Lewis is a jolly, somewhat heavysset fellow while Lynn can briefly be described as slim, blonde, and shapely.

The Red Lion, by the way, is a combination Saloon Bar and Public Bar. Ted explained that the Saloon Bar is the portion of the establishment where it is kosher to take your girlfriend or your mother while the Public Bar is the den of iniquity. This was rather surprising as, in America, the term "saloon" signifies a corner barroom almost invariably unfrequented by women -- except for irate wives who enter merely to drag out their besodden husbands.

Finally, Ted suggested going back to the office, which was located only several hundred yards from the Red Lion. Almost immediately upon our arrival the place became a beehive of activity. Lynn assembled convention programs, Ted made and received numerous telephone calls concerning where and how to pick up John W. Campbell, how the press meeting should be run, and so on. There is no doubt that Ted, as Convention Chairman, devoted a great deal of thought, time and energy to his position,

After leaving Ted's office Ken suggested that, even though I was a fan, maybe a little sightseeing would be in order. So we went uptown to St. John's Cathedral, a must for any American touring England. It would have shaken the very foundations of American traditions if I had returned to the states and informed various and sundry that I had not bothered to visit St. John's. In reality, the cathedral is very impressive: incredibly large, very soul-stirring and, I thought, it is no wonder that the peasants of the medieval ages were so completely under the domination of the Church. Those who attended mass in some of the larger churches that existed then must have thought they were actually in the presence of the Almighty himself. The ethereal illusion is spoiled somewhat, however, at St. John's by the commercialism that abounds unrestricted within.

Leaving St. John's, we boarded one of the famous London buses, took our seats on the second level, and rode through various historical areas such as Fleet Street, Regent Street, past the American Embassy, and so on. It is interesting to note that, as one approaches the area of the American Embassy, the cars appear to grow larger. Not more numerous, but larger. The Yankees stationed in London apparently prefer the monstrous tail-finned horrors to the small, utilitarian cars driven by the average Londoner.

By this time it was late afternoon, so we decided to drop over to the King's Court to see what was going on, if anything. There were a few fans wandering about, one of whom was Ron Bennett, editor of Ploy. Ron is a rather young (Early 20's) chap, full of enthusiasm, quite friendly, and mustached. Pete Taylor and Reiner Eisfeld were also wandering around and, I was informed, Will Jenkins had been about but had left for the Bulmer residence to meet Pamela following which my gracious hosts took me to a local (Catford) eating establishment where we indulged in a delightful and filling repast.

Deciding to rest up for the next day, we returned to 204 Welmeadow Road, where such subjects as Sam Moskowitz, old fandom, TAFF, et cetera were discussed. Ken startled me by tossing the March, 1938 issue of Fantascience Digest to me -- a publication which I read with enthusiasm. (Even though I edited it, I hadn't seen it for almost 20 years, so everything contained therein was practically brand new.) Ken compared the cover of that issue of FD (drawn by John Giunta) with the cover of issue #33 of Future Science Fiction (painted by Freas) to prove that science fiction has changed very little in 20 years. Both covers showed men in space suits shooting rifles at gigantic monster and, in fact, the similarity of the scenes is rather remarkable.

Like Wednesday, Thursday dawned bright and early, too. At breakfast Ken informed me that we were going to rent a car. We needed a car so John W. Campbell could be picked up in style. So off we went to rent a car -- a very simple project, thought I. Hah! Little did I realize that rented cars in London were in great demand and were, in fact, a premium. At any rate, after much walking and ralking, we finally gave up. I'm not quite

sure what happened when Campbell arrived at the airport. There was a story going around that he was met at the airport and brought to the convention hotel in the BBC car. This I can't verify, although my source of information is almost beyond reproach.

Quite disgusted with his inability to rent a car, Ken decided to walk off his wrath. So we did a little more sightseeing, visiting such historical sites as Big Ben, Buckingham Palace, and 10 Downing Street was barred by a guard so we couldn't get in to tell MacMillan that his conservatism was not in keeping with the conservatism of those who had recently occupied the house, Eden and Churchill.

Being in the area of the King's Court, we popped in to see what was popping. There was a little activity in the lounge. Bob Silverberg, ex-editor of Spaceship, was celebrating his first acceptance by a promag -- his first acceptance that day, that is. Barbara, Bob's well-groomed and good-looking nuclear-physicist wife, was present as was Boyd Raeburn and James White. Boyd had his usual sports-car driving appearance, even though, for once, he had not been able to bring his car to a convention. James White looked exactly as Ken had described him to me -- tall, Irish and immaculately dressed. (James and Ken, by the way, are now back to back on a recent Ace Double Novel release.)

It should be mentioned that one person who could invariably be found running hither and yon -- upstairs, downstairs, in the lounge, on the phone. Yes, wherever one looked -- one found Bobbie. For Bobbie was convention Secretary -- a job tackled only by the hardiest. It is assumed that her prior service in His Majesty's Rifle Corps prepared her, somewhat, for the challenging position she had accepted on the convention committee. Also, as most know, Bobbie resides with the Bulmer's and, late in the evenings -- about midnight -- she would return to 20⁴ Wellmeadow and, with her eyes radiantly aglow with ethereal worship of her ghodly position, she would recant the wondrous occurrences of the day.

About five PM Ken informed me that we'd better make haste if we were going to be on time for our dinner engagement with Sam Youd and John F. Burk. Sam and John, by the way, were very active in the fan world in the late thirties and early forties. During these years, when I was publishing Fantascience Digest, Sam was Publishing Fantast and John was editor of Satellite, both marvelous and well-remembered fan mags. Today Sam (John Christopher) and John are two of England's most prominent s-f writers and it was with extreme eagerness that I anticipated the upcoming meeting.

We met Pamela uptown and proceeded to our prearranged meeting place, which turned out to be an old-fashioned beer dispensary -- with small, private drinking areas -- the kind men like. Several fascinating hours were spent with Sam and John, both of whom are sparkling conversationalists. Sam just bubbles over with interesting comment on such subjects as s-f, world problems,

and USA politics. If the person to whom he is speaking is a conservative, Sam is a liberal. If his conversing partner is too liberal, Sam becomes conservative. American readers might obtain a brief glimmer of his personality if I should say he could be termed the English Isaac Asimov. Bob Silverberg says he reminds him more of Cyril Kornbluth -- but this I cannot buy.

John Burke is somewhat more reserved, although not shy, and his knowledge of political affairs, like Sam's, is remarkable. Both Sam and John are just about my age --36-37 -- and both are affiliated with the industrial editing field. (To a certain extent, I am, too. For I edit a house organ on a freelance basis, in which house organ I sometimes use cuts by Atom and Paul.)

This was a scintillating meeting and I was rather impressed with the knowledge of American political affairs displayed by my English drinking companions. In America it is somewhat unusual to find a drinking companion well versed in American politics, let alone British! In America, though, I suppose it is traditional not to worry about the rest of the world for, after all, we do make it go, you know.

Someone suggested getting a bite to eat before heading for the Globe. Yes, this was Thursday evening and, as all British fandom knows, Thursday evening means just one thing -- the Globe and the London Circle.

Ah, yes. Long shall I remember the anarchistic melee that is the Globe. We were riding in Sam's car and, after touring about on several main thoroughfares, we turned up what appeared to be a back alley, drove several blocks, and stopped in front of a smoke-filled den of iniquity, which reminded me of the locale of "The Face on the Barroom Floor." The sign outside plainly stated that this was the Globe, so we forced our way in. I use the term "force" with purpose, for we had to do just that. Fans and writers were packed into the Globe and, in fact were overflowing through the door onto the pavement. I suppose all of the Americans were there, as well as most of British fandom and prodom.

I recall pushing my way forward to the bar and ordering a "large beer." Let me tell you -- this was a large one! I no sooner finished that one than Ron Bennett grabbed my glass and had it refilled. After quaffing that one, I felt all aglow with a mystical ethereal feeling -- I could truly feel the magnificence of Trufandom, which was all about me. My head was whirling and my mind almost reeled with awelike reverence when GHOD himself approached me! Yes he did, really and truly. Walter A. Willis displayed to me a photograph of myself taken at the Chicon (1952). However, even though GHOD himself had taken such an interest in me I suppose I knew, even then, that the gates of Trufandom would be, to me, forever closed.

Tears came to my eyes and I shuddered involuntarily as this realization forcibly impressed itself upon the inner corse of my Id. I was brought back from the world of Nevermore by a voice belonging to Forrest J. Ackerman. I gazed at Forrie with that

longing in my eyes -- and he smiled wanly, knowing full well that I had found, like he had also, that Trufandom was not for us -- and that we would spend eternity on the stygian shores of fringe fandom.

Forrie took my arm and dragged me through the crowd, introduced me to a young lady who remarked, "And how does it feel to be elected to represent all of the hundreds of thousands of American science fiction readers." I shyly replied, "Well, there aren't quite that many." Anyway, this young lady, who represented the press, was out to get a story -- before the other representatives of the press. Forrie and I talked about TAFF and s-f in general for a few minutes, and then I was lost in the melee again.

I managed to find my way to the bar again and was introduced to Lou Mordecai, the manager. It seems that Lou was manager of the White Horse, at which establishment meetings of the London Circle were formerly held. However, Lou changed positions -- and the London Circle changed with him. Such loyalty to a bartender is almost unheard of in the States!

Soon I found myself outside in the alley -- pardon -- street and Sandy Sanderson introduced me to Vince and Joy Clarke, who, apparently, had been unable to force themselves into the Globe. Now, under normal conditions, this could possibly have been somewhat of a strained meeting. The Clarke's had been among those who had campaigned most actively for Richard Eney -- never even thinking anyone else had a chance of winning. This, incidentally, wasn't too illogical -- looking at the situation from the English viewpoint. Eney, for the past several years, had been extremely active in English fandom and, to the average English Trufan, Eney was a cinch. However, when the results were released a tempest in a teapot ensued. But, by this time, this was all water over the dam, and an extremely friendly meeting ensued.

The Clarke's are a very amiable pair -- Vin rather tall, fairly quiet, and very well plied with beard. In fact, Vin probably has more beard than anyone else in fandom -- which may appear to be a reckless statement when one considers the existence of Bert Campbell and Ken Bulmer. Joy is a well-put-together redhead, quite exuberant and, unlike many wives in fandom, is a science fiction reader. In fact, I believe it was s-f that brought the two together.

Others I can recall chatting with at the Globe were Arthur C. Clarke, who told me that William Temple should receive credit for facetiously naming him "Ego" Clarke, an appellation by which he was notorious back in the dear departed days of third fandom; Frank E. Arnold, also known in ancient fan circles, and also somewhat of a pro; Sam Moskowitz, who described the manner in which his projected frozen-food trip to Norway fell through--ineffective communications between hotel desk and guest, resulting in tickets reaching him too late; and Val Anjoorian, seriously constructed fan, discussed in first chapter of this report, yet to be written.

Watch for the next chapter of this exciting serial. Order from your newsdealer now so you won't be disappointed.

THE FIRST ANNUAL ILLWISCON WILL BE HELD JULY 4, 5 AND 6TH AT WELLER'S MOTOR LODGE - 6450 TOUCHY AVENUE - CHICAGO 31, ILLINOIS. YOU ARE INVITED TO ATTEND.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION YOU MAY CONTACT LYNN HICKMAN OR DEAN GRENELL.

A LETTER WHICH WAS PRINTED IN THE WEEKLY LIVESTOCK REPORTER, OF FORT WORTH, TEXAS, RECENTLY, IS WORTH REPEATING IN EDITORIAL FORM. IT EXPRESSES OUR SENTIMENTS SO EFFECTIVELY NO FURTHER COMMENT OTHER THAN THE REPRINT, IS NEEDED:

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE,
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
WASHINGTON 25, D.C.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY:

MY FRIEND BORDEAU OVER IN TERREBONNE PARISH, RECEIVED A CHECK FOR \$1,000.00 FROM THE GOVT., THIS YEAR FOR NOT RAISING HOGS. SO I AM GOING INTO THE NOT-RAISING-HOGS BUSINESS NEXT YEAR. WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, IN YOUR OPINION, WHAT IS THE BEST KIND OF HOGS NOT TO RAISE? I WOULD PREFER NOT TO RAISE RAZORBACKS BUT IF THAT IS NOT A GOOD BREED NOT TO RAISE I WILL JUST AS GLADLY NOT RAISE BERKSHIRES OR DUROCS.

THE HARDEST WORK IN THIS BUSINESS IS GOING TO BE IN KEEPING AN INVENTORY OF HOW MANY HOGS I HAVEN'T RAISED. MY FRIEND BORDEAU IS VERY JOYFUL ABOUT THE FUTURE OF HIS BUSINESS. HE HAS BEEN RAISING HOGS FOR MORE THAN 20 YEARS AND THE BEST HE EVER MADE WAS \$400 UNTIL THIS YEAR WHEN HE GOT \$1,000 FOR NOT RAISING HOGS. IF I CAN GET \$1,000 FOR NOT RAISING 50 HOGS, THEN I WILL GET \$2,000 FOR NOT RAISING 100 HOGS.

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)



Are you sure that's a breast stroke?

I PLAN TO OPERATE ON A SMALL SCALE AT FIRST, HOLDING MYSELF DOWN TO ABOUT 4,000 HOGS WHICH MEANS I WILL HAVE \$80,000. NOW ANOTHER THING: THESE HOGS I WILL NOT RAISE WILL NOT EAT 100,000 BUSHELS OF CORN. I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ALSO PAY FARMERS FOR NOT RAISING CORN. SO WILL YOU PAY ME ANYTHING FOR NOT RAISING 100,000 BUSHELS OF CORN NOT TO FEED THE HOGS I AM NOT RAISING? I WANT TO GET STARTED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AS THIS SEEMS TO BE A GOOD TIME OF THE YEAR FOR NOT RAISING HOGS.

SINCERELY,

OCTAVE BROUSSARD

P. S. CAN I RAISE 10 OR 12 HOGS ON THE SIDE WHILE I AM IN THE NOT-RAISING-HOGS BUSINESS ---- JUST ENOUGH TO GET A FEW SIDES OF BACON TO EAT?

Received a letter from Earl Kemp stating that the Chicago group will be behind the Illwiscon and will all be there. He does want it known that Chicago fandom is NOT responsible for this con, which is as it should be. The idea for the con was more or less formulated one evening at the Economou's in Milwaukee. Bob Bloch, Dean Grennell and myself were visiting Phyl and Arthur, discussing a little bit of everything and wondering how Bob would look with a potato stuck in his mouth with 1958 written across it, when someone mentioned cons.



We started discussing regional cons and the Midwestcon in particular. Dean and I decided then that we would try to organize one for that area (Illinois and Wisconsin) as many of the fans from this area just can't travel the distance to Cincy. That is the main reason behind this con, however since it will be held the weekend after the Midwestcon many fans are planning to attend both. So far I've heard from fans in Ohio, Indiana and Calif. that will also be attending. We plan to make this an annual affair and will be interested in seeing how the timing of this one works out. Should we hold it directly after the Midwestcon again next year or should we retime it to have at least a month between cons.

Tom Gerding is here visiting Doug. A real nice boy. I'll have a couple of drawings by him in the next issue.

I'm having to cut the letter column again this issue to be able to get this printed up and sent out this weekend. It will be back for sure next issue if I get enough interesting letters. So lets hear from you in time to make the next issue. It will be printed the second week in July.



A library is for reading: a child's definition, this, but perfectly acceptable. Anyone who buys a book should expect that book to be read more than once. I'm thinking of books as consumer goods, now; they are used up when they have been read to pieces. The "mint, in d/w" book collector certainly should be satisfied with

books that are good for a lifetime (his) of use. There are people, of course, who will buy books because an interior decorator has convinced them to do so. And there are publishers and book sellers - they certainly don't care for the idea of utilitarianism in book buying.

The cheap paperbound book is the perfect expression of this idea. The 25¢ or 35¢ paid for most of them is a reasonable price to pay for avoiding the inconvenience of borrowing from a library. Hardcover editions are for repeated reading, and certainly few books are worth reading more than once. Many paperbound books, in fact, will not survive more than one reading. Shoddy bindings probably are the result of rising costs; ten years ago, bindings were much better, and some publishers proudly pointed out the fact.

Magazines are also consumer goods, to be used briefly and discarded. However, there are groups that steadfastly deny the fact, and here we are, the science fiction fans. We're all collectors to some degree. Some actually claim to read everything that comes out, and many more collect all they can get. What the "average" fan does in this respect, I don't know, but members of fandom are certainly avid collectors of science fiction in various forms.

Collecting as a hobby is a pursuit full of contradictions. Some people collect items that can only be used once, or under limited conditions: matchbook covers, stamps, transportation tokens, campaign buttons, coins. Others collect useful items in unusable numbers: clocks, for example. Anything, as long as it's old, rare, or unique. Others collect books and other forms of printed matter. Every kind of hobbyist, when closely questioned, has his particular kind of rationalization. Only the hobbyist who exercises moderation can avoid being backed into a corner by questioning. The difference is the distinction between a -phile and a -maniac.

So now we take the science fiction collector, and we start asking him questions. He starts by swearing that, sure, he likes the stuff. Why else would he read it?



(continued next page)



I didn't intend to have any comments in this issue, but CHUX OWN is such a crazy, mixed up mess that I thought it deserved a little dept. all its own. Perhaps we could have an award for the fan-

zine that most resembles what comes from beneath the horses tail. I'm sure CHUX OWN would win hands down. Chux argument that Madle should never have been nominated smells pretty bad. I'll wager there were more American fans that had never heard of Ken Bulmer before he came over here, than British who had never heard of Madle. Or is British fandom comprised of neofen? At any rate we were all glad to have Ken come over. No one kicked that they hadn't heard of him and that their favorite hadn't won. They just welcomed him and showed him a nice time. So why don't you crawl off in a corner somewhere, lick your wounds in quiet, and try to be the front end of the horse for awhile.

(continued from page 10)

.. No, of course not everything he reads. Much of it is admittedly tripe. Some magazines, in fact, are not worth a second look, to say nothing of a first. .. Buy them? Well, as a matter of fact, yes. And now come the excuses. Suppose the fan does in fact at least try to read every story? How many does he actually re-read? How much of his file is in dead storage?

Take a rational view of this. Over 90% of your magazines, even though you may have liked many of them, will never get a second look. Your top favorite stories, much as they are scattered, are still few in number. A good many of them are likely to be found in anthologies. Most of the serials are in book form, in large part paperbound. Or, on the other hand, many of your paperbound books are duplicated in your magazine file. You'd do well to trim down that collection. Just convince yourself that you will not miss the items you wouldn't look at again.

Convinced? Good. Now you can send for my want list. I still need some 350 magazines from 1937 to 1947, and about 150 British mags. So far, I'm not buying older mags, the prices are something fierce. Oh, by the way - good or mint condition only !

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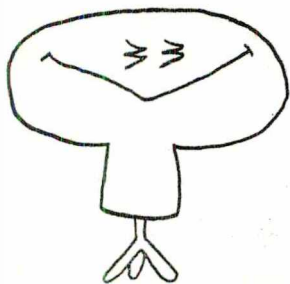
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The next issue will be out shortly after the Illwiscon
and will continue Bob Madle's London report as well as short
reports on the Midwestcon and the Illwiscon. Artwork by
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