

the mailing list. Surprising as this is to me, it does have certain advantages that I'm unscrupulous enough to make use of. For example, I can safely fill this first mailing with essentially biographical material and be assured that although you may all be bored, at least half of you will be bored by things that you didn't know before. And I can use drawings that have already appeared in ENERGUMEN -- such as the marvellously appropriate illo by Paj on the previous page -- and be happy that they are fresh for a large number of you. (I'd have used them anyway, of course, since I like a fanzine with artwork in it, but now I won't feel at all guilty about it... not that I would have, but one likes to give the readers a feeling of being needed.)

What's A Nice Boy Like You Doing In A Place Like This?

I attended my first convention, and hence discovered fandom, a little over six years ago at the Tricon in Cleveland in 1966. I wrote my first contribution to any sort of fanzine in early 1967 when the newly formed Ontario Science Fiction Club started a 4 page newsletter which later became a full-sized fanzine. My first loc in a fanzine other than the local club organ appeared in the summer of 1968, in the revived CRY. I published the first issue of my own fanzine -- ENERGUMEN, hence raised to Hugo-nomination calibre by Susan and I -- in February of 1970. I published my first apazine in June of 1972 for the inaugural mailing of Canadapa. And that's surely more than you ever wanted to know about how I come to be here.

Things To Come...And Great Expectations

Several people have made flattering remarks about their anticipation of our entry into the apa. It isn't merely insincere Aw-Shucksism on my part when I say that for me at least I think these compliments are out of proportion. Whatever creative talents we may possess reside almost entirely with Susan.

In the editorial of ENERGUMEN 13, in announcing the planned conclusion of that fanzine, I said that I'd never been a very good writer, and now felt that I'd achieved my potential as an editor. This wasn't self-deprecation for the sake of egoboo or anything like that, but merely an honest self-appraisal. I don't think I have no skill at all, far from it, but I'm never going to write like Terry Carr or John Bangsund, nor will I ever edit with the skill of a Richard Geis, or design a fanzine with the flair of an Alpajpuri. Not that this causes me any great concern; I doubt that any of them could teach factoring to Grade 10 students...for that matter, neither can I, but that's entirely another story!

So I have no illusions about myself as far as my fanac is concerned. I may not be one of the great writers or editors of my fannish generation, but by god I'm sure as hell the best damn mimeographer around! And don't you forget it. Much of my success, and 'fame' if I may use the word, is based on this fact. From the very beginning, I strove for the best reproduction I could get, and when a fanzine looks good, it gets good material submitted. And this much I can promise you, I'll be getting the same quality in this apazine that I demand for ENERGUMEN. That and the liberal use of artwork from the NERG files -- all tossed together with my typical layout which Paj and Jerry have both praised as "competent" -- should make this contribution at least passable. And if I forget and fall into the Boy Wonder schtick, please don't take me seriously, okay?

As for what you'll be getting in my section of XENIUM, it'll be what you've had so far: on stencil natterings about things I feel like talking about interrupted by artwork that I like which will most likely not bear the slightest relation to the surrounding text. When so moved, I'll do mailing comments and I won't feel the least compunction about mentioning good or bad sf that I've read lately, although I'll be leaving the in-depth analyses, if any, to Susan since I'm one of those essentially illiterate types who reads for the pure enjoyment of it...when I have any time to read at all, that-is. So be warned: the worst is yet to come.

Present themselves as objects recognized,
In flashes, and with glory not their own.

---The Prelude, Wordsworth

In a recent issue of SFC I read an article by Leigh Edmonds in which he simply described where he was sitting as he wrote. I enjoyed that piece, and got a good picture of Leigh because of it. I'd like to try a similar thing here, even though I don't write as well as Leigh does, and hope that the rest of you might find out a little about me from the objects that I'm currently surrounded by.

To present some background: Susan and I live in a two bedroom apartment in a respectable but hardly affluent section of Toronto. Our living room contains the usual furniture plus TV, recording equipment, four bookshelves containing several thousand paperback and hard cover books, and two walls full of original science fiction and fantasy artwork.

The main bedroom contains, in addition to the bed, chests of drawers and closet of clothes naturally, our mimeo, some seventeen thousand virgin sheets of mimeo paper in assorted colors, and nine tenths of ENERGUMEN #14 in boxes under the bed. And the smaller bedroom contains me, a nearly empty fifth of high-quality medium-priced Scotch, and a few other things...

On the door into the room is a small embossed name plaque which reads 'MR GLICKSOHN' and used to sit above the door into my home room at the school where I taught last year. (That room was 223; this year I'm in 202; always seem to miss by one digit.) When massive staff cuts due to budget cutbacks resulted in my transfer to another school, I liberated the sign as a souvenir -- and it seemed unlikely that they'd be able to use it again anyway. This year, further budget restrictions make it seem unlikely that I'll be employed next year. Which is another story I'll save for a future issue...if there is one.

Directly under the name tag is a copy of Tim Kirk's superb Gollum poster. With the way I've been feeling lately (hi, Paj) the juxtaposition of name and poster was not entirely accidental.

Once the door is opened, one can see that the right hand wall of the room is covered by original pieces of fan art, part of a large collection of scientificational art I've bought and been given over the last five years. This particular group includes pieces by Canfield, Barr, Gaughan, Carter and Trimble and Jones and a few other less well-known but very talented artists. They are pieces we've used in ENERGUMEN or that I've bought because I enjoy looking at them. And they please me to this day.

As the door swings inwards, clockwise about its hinges, it barely clears several cardboard boxes stacked on the floor adding to the overall impression of clutter and confusion that pervades the room. The first of these boxes, an empty Ditto-paper container, is filled with copies of the National Lampoon, a magazine whose comic strips enthrall me even when its often tasteless humor doesn't, back copies of the last ASPIDISTRA (a bargain at 50¢, my friends), extra pages, covers and folios from various SUAMI PRESS publications plus all sorts of envelopes and some of the few extant copies of Bill Watson's DIABLERIE. Isn't being a collector fun?

Nestled snugly against this Pandora's box, and further into the room, are two former





Gestetner paper boxes of the 18" x 24" size. Stored in the bottom box is that part of my art collection that we haven't room for on the walls at our disposal. Mostly these are black and white illos, many of which I have tired of and should never have bought, and which eventually I may resell, perhaps at the Torcon. Also stored here are the various art folios I've picked up at conventions in the past plus souvenirs of a bygone age; a cross section of my past, I suppose, but of little interest to anybody else. And some of it of little interest to me, save that my packrat instinct will not allow me to part with it.

Above that is a box of paper, new but not suitable for fanzines (being too light and having three holes punched along one side) and old slipsheets stored away until a new **ENERGUMEN** is ready to be printed. And scattered all about on top of the top box is more paper, more envelopes plus a large folder filled with original art and their electrostencils ready for the very last **ENERGUMEN**. I'd describe some to you, but it would spoil the surprise...

Next to the boxes, on the side away from the wall, and half buried under yet more loose sheets of paper, sits a dozen bottles of Ballantine's IPA, the only worthwhile American ale and a brew about which I have tried to build another humorous schtick because of its (for me) almost legendary unavailability. Jack Gaughan turned me on to it and it's enjoyed by a small but very select group of afficianados throughout fandom. This dozen is left from a supply of about twenty bottles I received in early August. Rationing myself with the iron willpower for which I'm famous, I may be able to stretch these out until **TORCON**, at which time perhaps some charitable fans will pick up the many hints I'll be dropping between now and then and endear themselves to me eternally by...

Stretching from there until the far wall, just beneath the westward-facing window, is an old single bed of Susan's that serves me as table, locker and, on those rare occasions when we have a full house, bed for a visiting relative or fan. Right now, it's covered with a litter of stencils, typed and new, carbon paper, pliofilm and the other paraphenalia of magazine production, enough electrostencilled artwork to supply a good-sized genzine for a year, a box of stamps and post office stickers, a welter of fanzines, comics and other magazines and supplements, and a variety of old stencil boxes filled with the makings of various **SUAMI** publications. There's even a large box containing the old stencils for that part of #14 which has been run off and stored next door. (In case anybody is compiling statistics on the habits of famous and nondescript faneds, I save all the stencils until each issue has been col-lated and then burn them at once. This ensures that should I ever be so insane as to contemplate republishing an issue, it'll all be academic anyway.)

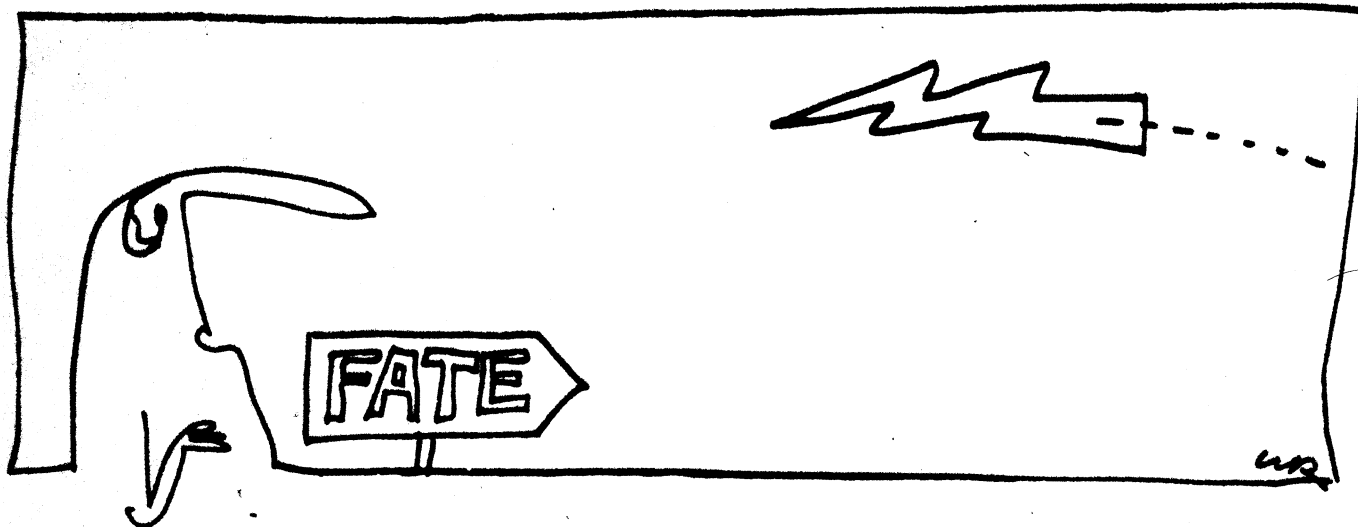
Under the bed is an even larger supply of stencil boxes, several of them actually filled with unused electrostencils, but most containing stencilled artwork, old

stencils we might need again someday, used fan art from ENERGUMEN, and various and sundry other items one accumulates when publishing a genzine and occasionally working in a place where one has unrestricted access to a Gestefax machine for a couple of weeks. Amidst this breeding ground of fanzines-to-be, there also rests a large, nay, huge pile of past FAPA mailings, the donation of Boyd Raeburn, who seemed positively ecstatic to have found someone to ~~take them~~ give them to. I promised Boyd I'd read them when I had time, and I imagine they'll lend me a certain air of distinctiveness down at the unemployment office next fall.

Stuck to the wall to the right of the bed, but below the fan art so as not to detract from it, is a complete schedule (that's pronounced 'sked-yule' around here, for you linguists out there) of the Canadian postal rates. How many of you knew that I'd have to pay \$7.25 to mail an eleven pound package to the North West Territories, eh? And the beauty of the Canadian Postal Service is that it'd probably get there, too! Unlike some countries we could name...

Also on that wall, and almost against the window((Brief Interruption: I don't know if anyone's still reading this, but I'm enjoying writing it.)) there's a copy of the DC Fan Calender (without my birthday for the third straight year although they've taken down the date for the same three years in a row; sigh) with Tim's superb Xmas illo, and directly above that a framed certificate proclaiming me an Ontario Scholar, one of the cream of Ontario's intellectual elite. At one time, the province ran province-wide departmental examinations and awarded glory and money to those who did extremely well. This is a remnant of my past academic glory, and a slice of Ontario history since they haven't reinstated these exams despite the obvious diminution of standards since they were eliminated. I once posed the question in a fanzine as to whether my success in school banned me from the role of 'trufan' but no answer was forthcoming as I recall.

On the window ledge there is not a great deal. Large piles of used dittos and extra copies of tests, review sheets and information sheets that are left over from the first term of this year. A yellow plastic daffodil that Susan gave me to commemorate our meeting at the 1969 Boskone. Some staples, the ribbon from this typewriter, more loose papers and what may well be the only extant Alicia Austin plaster of paris statue, a birthday present from the days when Alicia was here with us. A very few books: a small dictionary, a thesaurus, two (for some reason) introductory guides to Go, a book on the Schenken 'big Club', THE NAKED APE, THE INVISIBLE MAN -- a review copy I've not even read, let alone reviewed -- the fourth LACon PR and a small pamphlet entitled "Enjoying Your Snake." And a Xerox copy of some quantum mechanical jokes featuring the Peanuts characters that few visitors ever find amusing...



Against the wall and half under the window and half not sits the card table which supports the old office model Underwood I'm typing these stencils on. The card-table acts primarily as a work table for the production of NERG although on rare occasions it is actually used for bridge when three of my fellow math teachers come over to drink lots of beer, play eight rubbers and exchange horror stories about the current educational system.

The back half of the table is carried by a random scattering of papers which includes the NERG subscription records and receipts (we're going to try declaring NERG as a tax loss this year but we don't have our hopes too high), various Christmas exam papers and marking schemes and a large pile of unanswered personal letters that I really must respond to Real Soon Now. Between the table and the bed, and hence in easy reach of my right hand, I find a box of printed NERG envelopes, an old cardboard box I've had for about six years in which I store current comic books until I have enough to fill another carton, and a portable typewriter which I use for letters. It belongs to Susan and has given years of faithful service: for a year or so we had trouble with the carriage return and it looked as if we'd have to scrap the machine until one day I returned the carriage, there was a sproinnnggggg!, the carriage jumped forward, a small piece of metal fell out of the inside of the machine and it's worked perfectly ever since. It's elite, so I don't like it for stencils, but it's great not to have to keep replacing the ribbon and cleaning the keys of this baby. Which is, as previously mentioned, an old Underwood office model we got from Peter Gill's father in exchange for a few evenings of collating welding manuals for the Canadian Welding Society. It's big and heavy and cuts a very neat stencil as long as you know its idiosyncrasies and hit the 'm', the 'g', the 'q' rather forcefully and the 'o' rather gently. It's the machine upon which the last ten NERGs have been typed and if the curator of the Farnish Hall of Fame wants to get in touch with me about it...

Under the table, always getting in the way of my feet, there's a former Ditto paper box in which I store recent fanzines once they've been read and replied to. Of late, they've all been going in there as soon as they've been read, or as soon as a quick glance proves to me that I don't really want to read them, but hopefully this is a situation which will improve with time. Next year, for example, I'll probably have lots of time to respond to fanzines...as long as you all don't mind getting 'Postage Due' locs.

Extending from the left edge of the table to the south wall of the room is a very old, very rickety home-made wooden table that Susan's brother Bob created at school many years ago. It's central section is about 30"xl9" and it has two six inch hinged flaps both of which are folded down at the moment. I know little of the history of this rather inelegant (sorry, Bob) piece of furniture, but I surmise that it is currently fulfilling the most exalted role in its career. It has the unique honour (I'd say 'pleasure' but recent scientific studies have called into question the sentience of wooden tables) of acting as the stand for the home of my most beautiful and intriguing possession, Larson E the boa constrictor.

Larson E, who all trufen will immediately recognize as being named for Larson E. Whipsnade, a creation of the immortal W.C.Fields, America's greatest comic genius, is a year and a quarter old (at least, I've had him that long), about five feet in length and a couple of inches in diameter at his thickest. He's a handsome snake, a fascinating pet and a joy to behold in action (I like to think of him as the Boa Wonder of his generation.) He resides in an old alligator tank 30"xl8"xl5" with a dish of water, a large slab of rock, the top of an old box he uses as a hidey-hole and a small thin piece of driftwood, the whole thing covered by a marvellously complex and sturdy top which I constructed myself. If you knew my manual dexterity, this arrangement of hinges, clasps, catches, screening etc would amaze you as much as it still does me. A home-made light fixture shines down through the ventilation screen to provide light and warmth and complete his happy home.

On top of the cage can be seen five empty containers, the only remains of five of Larson E's recent meals. Many people, Susan among them, think it's awful to cold-heartedly buy cute little hamsters and feed them to a snake but it's a very natural thing, there is little if any awareness, pain or suffering, and one has to accept the responsibility of owning a pet, regardless of what it entails. And as I said, Larson E is very good at being a snake. He kills quickly, cleanly and extremely efficiently and for me at least it is a pleasure to watch one of nature's creatures in action.

For Larson E's enjoyment and edification, the two walls that form the corner in which he lives each contain a painting. On the southern wall there is a small colour rough by Jack Schoenherr from Vance's *THE KILLING MACHINE*; the western wall holds, regrettably still unframed, Jack Gaughan's *IF* cover from a collaboration involving Randall Garrett called something like *FIMBLEBUSTER* (you can deduce that I found the story far less memorable than the cover.) I'm not sure if there's any significance, but Larson E spends 90% of his time curled up directly under that cover sketch from the Vance novel...

Continuing counterclockwise around the room, which only seems enormous, friends, it's actually very small, one meets my actual work desk, a typical student desk with three drawers down the right side and a shallow middle drawer above a cavity for the legs. I could easily fill several pages describing the contents of those drawers, but I'll spare you that much. They contain the usual paraphernalia any student/teacher/faned accumulates: two hundred and seven dollars and seventy five cents in US funds, five hundred sheets of personalized stationary on several different colours of paper, about a dozen different name tags by various fan artists, small amounts of substances I'm not willing to name in print, the usual sort of thing...

Above the top of the desk which is inundated with yet more assorted scraps of paper, exams, fanzines, pens, stylii, lettering guides, calendars, the NERG mailing list (sorry, faneds out there in apa-land, *TIME-LIFE* has already bought the list so you are all out of luck), etc., etc., there is a matted Grant Canfield alien, a few notes stuck to the wall for future and past reference and the first scientific artwork I ever bought (as explicitly detailed in *GRANFALLOON*), Jack Gaughan's cover for the old version of Heinlein's *6 X H*. Framed, it's an attractive painting and one I'm delighted I got drunk enough to buy.





Leaning against the left side of the desk is something every faned needs in this day of 'graphics' & 'layout' and that's a large envelope of Letraset to which NERG owes much of its attractiveness of appearance. Several sheets we've actually bought, but a lot was donated by Jean Hutchison after Ontario Hydro decided they couldn't use it. One thing that working on NERG has taught me is a very small bit about type styles, at least as far as their aesthetics is concerned. The Microgramma Bold typeface that dominates the early issues of NERG and makes them look so grotesquely ugly was selected by yours truly because, at the time, he liked it!

Once chosen, it was used extensively because the extra expense of new Letraset was impossible to meet. (Putting out ENERGUMEN #2 reduced my actual cash assets from about \$120 to about \$40 -- now that is dedication. Better known as 'insanity' in the World Outside.) Since those not-so-halcyon days, I've gone to more attractive types of lettering and I still prefer electrostencilled Letraset titles over hand-lettered titles in nearly every case. (The exceptions are the minor masterpieces created on stencil by experts such as Ross Chamberlain, Jay Kinney and Art Thomson, but very few of us share their tremendous talent and for most of us instant lettering is the best answer.)

Perpendicular to the wall at the left of the desk is a brick-and-board bookshelf, a single shelf high and four feet long. The shelf part contains all my old university math texts and notes which I placed there on the off chance they might be useful in teaching high school. I don't believe I've opened one of them in over two years. In addition to this memorabilia from my undergraduate days, there are some souvenirs of my triumphant high school career, including a couple of trophies won for being an all round good shit. Nowadays they just seem to get in the way all the time. And let us not forget the pamphlets entitled 'Enjoy Your Gerbils' and 'Enjoy Your Rabbit', the mounds of paper and old dittos, the \$24 stapler we bought to shut up all the complaints about staples falling out of NERGs, and, for some strange reason, my binder of 8x11 glossy photos from "Star Trek" (that's right, Star Trek) and "The Prisoner." I have the occasional erotic fantasy of travelling to one of these Star Trek Conventions with these ancient treasures and trading them off to slaving, nubile young Trekkies; if such actually exist.

On the top of the shelf there sits a small cracked aquarium, the original home of my boa when Randy Bathurst drove us to the pet store a year ago Thanksgiving. Looking at its 15"x9"x10" and then admiring Lars, I'm amazed that he ever fitted into it. For a long time, it housed our attempts at breeding mice, but we eventually abandoned them as unproductive and smelly. Then Geraldine and William, our gerbils, (Ger and Bill, get it? Blame Susan) called it home; and we had as many as nine rodents there at one time. However, Larson E must have been sneaking out at night and reading 'Enjoy Your Gerbils' because as he ate them, they just stopped breeding. I gave them every chance (around here we don't got no freeloaders; it's "Produce or Perish" in the academic halls of Glicksohn U.) but eventually they too were gone. At the present, two albino hamsters of incredible stupidity reside there, but will be gone by the end of the week, probably before these stencils are even run off. They represent my Christmas shopping for Lars and should keep him contented while Susan and I are away in Ottawa for Christmas. I was going to get him a rat for Christmas, but the man in the store wouldn't gift-wrap it...

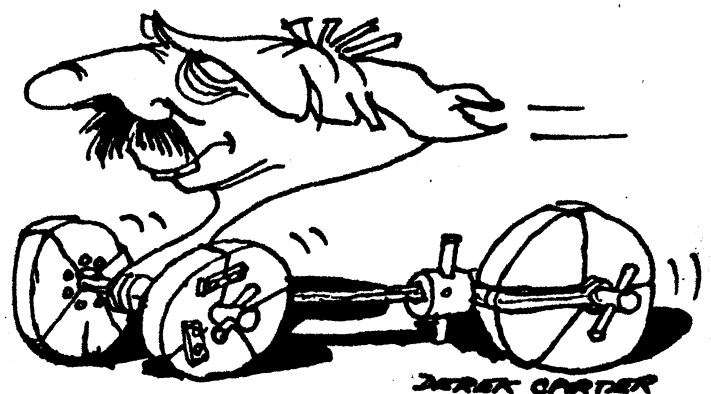
Oh well, the best laid plans of mice and men, etc. I'd hoped to have these stencils finished before we left for Christmas but it wasn't possible and almost a week has elapsed since I finished page 8. In that time we've spent Christmas in Ottawa with my mother-in-law (and I won't be telling you about that here...at least, not now) and I've finally finished all my exam marking so perhaps I'll be able to finish off this contribution in a couple of pages.

As promised, the hamsters are gone, but have been replaced by a tankload of small, white, stinky mice. A friend of ours who works in a hospital brought over a dozen of the odiferous beasties, nine of whom remain. They're a bit small for the snake yet, but they smell so much he may get them anyway. Sort of an extended Christmas present.

Moving right along, just past the bookshelf, is our shiny new (last summer) four-drawer legal size filing cabinet. I'd been meaning to buy one for ages, and Susan wanted to clear up all the confusion of the ENERGUMEN material so we finally got it during the summer sales. As you can do doubt tell from this rambling description of the junk I'm surrounded by, it hash't exactly brought order out of chaos, as they say. I'm reluctant to put away things I use constantly, and besides, the stencil boxes are longer than legal-size files so much of the litter around couldn't be put away even if I suddenly developed a streak of neatness. Not that the cabinet is empty, far from it. One drawer does contain quite a bit of ENERGUMEN stuff plus a file copy of each of the recent SUAMI pubs and some of my rarer and more expensive comic books. Another drawer has some school papers and TORCON correspondance in it plus a map of how to get to Bill Bowers' house (I imagine he sent it as a subtle way of asking for my help with his fanzine; he has his pride after all.) A third drawer contains Susan's fanzines and academic material and it's the fullest and best organized of the lot. My failure to realize the full potential of the cabinet is a source of frustration to Susan but I promise that once NERG is through (and #14 should be done this weekend) I'll put things away in proper files.

While we're speaking of things that frustrate Susan, now's a good time to move just in front of the files and examine the old standard lamp that illuminates these words as I hunt and peck them into your hearts. When I was unofficial graduate 'don' for my college residence (a story deserving of much space sometime) I had a single room and needed a light therefor. For \$7 at the Crippled Civilians I picked up an old, old standard lamp with large three-way bulb covered by a shade and three small bulbs hovering around the base of the larger one on the ends of carved metal arms, all very Lovecraftian in a film-encrusted arcane way. While it has served me faithfully, despite the fact that the big bulb no longer works and the switch for the three others is jammed on so the lamp must be plugged in to a socket with an on-off wall switch, the lamp has an idiosyncrasy not unexpected in one so ancient. It spits. And sizzles. And flickers. And hisses. On occasions that is. And Susan doesn't like it at all. She's very nervous about electricity; doesn't like plugging things in to sockets, for example, and leaps three feet if a bulb blows (which they all do, naturally, whenever she turns a switch.) Someday we'll get a new lamp for this room... Real Soon Now.

On top of the filing cabinet (waste not, want not, they say) is a home-made Diplomacy board and pieces for the mail game I'm playing in. I copied the map from a friend and cut and painted some wooden pieces rather than pay \$15 for a slightly classier version of the same thing. The mail game goes slowly since the organizer is young and not too efficient but since I don't really have enough time to play properly, I don't mind. I'm



Italy, have gained two pieces after three years and stand to gain two more in year four and wonder if any other apa members play the game?

On the wall directly above the cabinet is the second framed Gaughan cover I bought at Nycon 3, this the paperback cover for DIMENSION 4, a Conklin anthology. For more than three years after I bought that particular painting (a typical sf cover showing three space-suited figures on a remarkably small asteroid with three fiery spaceships flashing across behind them) I searched for a copy of the book. One day I was in a used book store in Ottawa, perched high on a ladder looking at the titles on the very top shelves of the sf section. I glanced at a box of books about five feet below me on the floor, then went back to the gloomy recesses of the 'stacks'. About three minutes later, with a time-lag sighting reminiscent of that dwarf in SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES, I started violently, tumbled/leapt to the floor and seized a copy of DIMENSION 4. Even read the stories later on too.

Beyond the filing cabinet, with its door permanently open is a small closet occupying the south-east corner of the room. While it contains probably more material than any other similar cubic footage in the room, it is quite simple to describe. A small shelf in the top of the closet contains some boxes of Christmas decorations, now mostly empty of course, and an old shoe box full of our slides, Susan's mostly from her Girl Guide trip to Europe, mine mostly from conventions. The closet itself contains a few dozen rolled up posters we have no room for, a kite, several dessicated snake skins, my leather taking-to-cons-for-fanzines-and-bottles-of-IPA shoulder bag, and six large boxes of fanzines and eight large boxes of comics.

The fanzine boxes were once filled with ditto paper (which is 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x11, of course, so the box holds two piles of 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x11 fanzines perfectly) and now contain everything from OUTWORLDS to OSFAN. I mentioned being a collector, and I rarely throw away a fanzine even if I think it's a piece of pure crap. I do have a box marked 'crudzines' in the locker in the basement, but in recent months we've been getting far too many fanzines to catalogue them this way. About a year ago I had some spare time, so I sorted the fanzines by title and type. As a result, three of the boxes have some order to them while the others are simply storage bins for recent fanzines. Eventually, I'll sort them I suppose, keep the ones worth having and find some neofan to preserve the rest for posterity. Or maybe Labonte will write that history of fandom in the 60s and 70s he's always talking about.

The comic boxes are old data card boxes which will hold a large number of comics stored upright and leave a four inch space beneath the top of the box while doing so. (Comics are an awkward size and very hard to store, he observed.) This space may be filled with more comics, old prozines, copies of PLAYBOY, FAMOUS MONSTERS, EERIE, CREEPIE or any other reading matter the young fan may possess. The comics themselves are mostly Marvel, have all been read, and I unashamedly announce that I enjoy them immensely. But fear not, I don't talk about them in apas very often. A 'comic fan' I'm not.

Between the closet and the door of the room there extends, rather naturally I think, the fourth wall of the room (and at last the end is in sight.) This wall is somewhat barren, spotlighting only a Jim Steranko poster for Cosmicon and the first drawing that Alicia Austin ever did for Rosemary's "Kumquat May." In some ways it might be said that that drawing helped launch the careers of Alicia, Rosemary and myself, so it has some historical as well as artistic value.

Along the wall, underneath the artwork is the 3'x2'x2' wire mesh cage that houses our rabbit, Windsor, piles of shredded newspaper (no, we don't put them in that way, but I guess it's kinda boring being a bunny...er...rabbit, that is), a food dish, a water dish, and incredible amounts of rabbit shit, both inside and outside his litter box and cage. If any fan ever comes up with a use for rabbit pellets (like perhaps for slipsheeting for Polish fans who don't trust Bob Shaw's barley), we'll make

a killing. Financially, I mean. Windsor is named in honour of Windsor McCay, as you all probably guessed, a fantastic cartoonist from the early 1900s who created, among others, a strip called "Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend." (Thus you see the extremely tenuous connections my synapses are capable of making...although anyone who's ever heard me explaining why each piece of art in NERG is perfectly matched to the text will be aware of this already.)

Windsor is beautiful, dumb, shy, funny, a source of complete fascination for the cat, a veritable production line for shit and an interesting pet. He isn't too affectionate, having been ill-treated before we got him, which was to save him from the pound, but we like him. When we let him out he chases the cat all over the living room and this endears him to me completely. (Readers with vivid imaginations may now envision Larson E stalking a mouse. It's quite awesome; at times like this I can understand why some people might fear snakes.)

Turning the corner one is once more at the door, which is set back slightly from the room itself, and about to conclude this lengthy tour through the inner sanctum of the Boy Wonder. (Sit down, churl, and cease and desist from cheering!) A poster of Frank Frazetta's cover for CONAN OF CIMMERIA sits just above the light switch which we'll flip as we leave plunging the room into near darkness and making it very difficult for me since I look at the keys as I type and without the light I'm hoinh ro br im beru nicg sogguvikym.....

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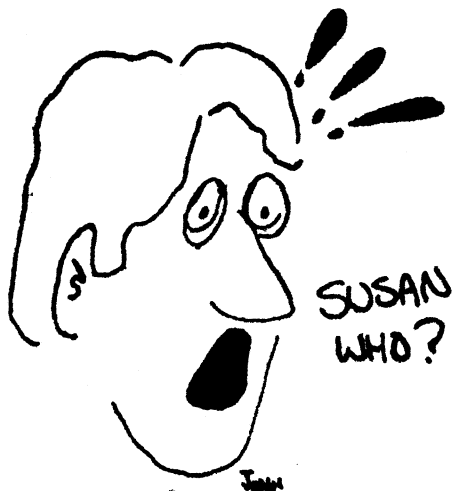
Well, so much for introductions. I was going to talk about sf and fandom, but this is already much too long. I doubt that the particular set of personal circumstances that led to this mailing will ever be repeated so future contributions to the apa should be shorter and less rambling. I hope.

There was no art on the last page because I thought I might finish on that stencil. Art used so far is as follows:

Cover by C Lee Healy; Page 1 by Paj; Page 3 by Frank Johnson; Page 4,5 & 7 by Bill Rotsler; Page 8 by Dan Steffan; Page 9 by Derek Carter; Page 11 by Jonh Ingham.

Welcome, Apa-45ers, to the strange world of Canadian fandom. Before turning you over to the better half of the team, I leave you this interlineation to ponder...

I refuse to believe in the existance or omnipotence of a Creator who has a place in his scheme of things for so completely nauseating a substance as mucous.



XENOLOGY
or
SUSAN'S SECTION

Jonh's question to the left almost went unanswered, because Susan--wife of the Boy Wonder, ENERGUMEN co-editor (she buys the stamps, and is great at de-slipsheeting), and soi-disant Duchess of Canadian Fandom--has been in a profound and prolonged downer, recently. However, I couldn't leave this stencil empty, now could I?

A year and a half ago, it seemed like a great idea to get on the APA-45 waitlist. Genzines, which seem to be a dying breed these

days, are marvellously satisfying creations in their way; I am really going to miss that moment when the first copy of the latest issue is collated and stapled and REAL, there in our hands... Genzines, however, tend to be impersonal. NERG has/had a comparatively small pressrun for a 70's genzine--250 copies that took up all the time we could spare to produce them, and more. NERG has/had an amazingly high response rate. But still--was anyone Out There really reading it? Did anyone care? Were we communicating to anyone?

An apa, on the other hand, appealed to us as a more casual, relaxed way of meeting people, communicating with them verbally, communicating with them visually too in that we could experiment around more with the physical aspect of an apazine. Slip-sheeting XENIUM is almost pleasant, compared to slipsheeting ENERGUMEN 14, which we're doing at the same time.

So we crawled up the waitlist. Meanwhile, some Canadian comics fen decided to form a Canadian apa. No waitinglist there (frankly I was surprised at how many Canfen did come out of the woodwork.) We joined and yes, despite various problems (like semi-literate and semi-legible contributions in the first mailings, and a preponderance of comic material) we rather enjoy apa-ing. And then came the invitation from Seth.

"Tweetie" said the Boy Wonder to me, "We've been invited into apa-45!"

"Yes, dear, and though it's a pity we're in because Vardebob isn't, I think this is going to be interesting. Some Good People write for apa-45, and..."

"But, dear--WE have to write for apa-45 too. Six pages. By January!"

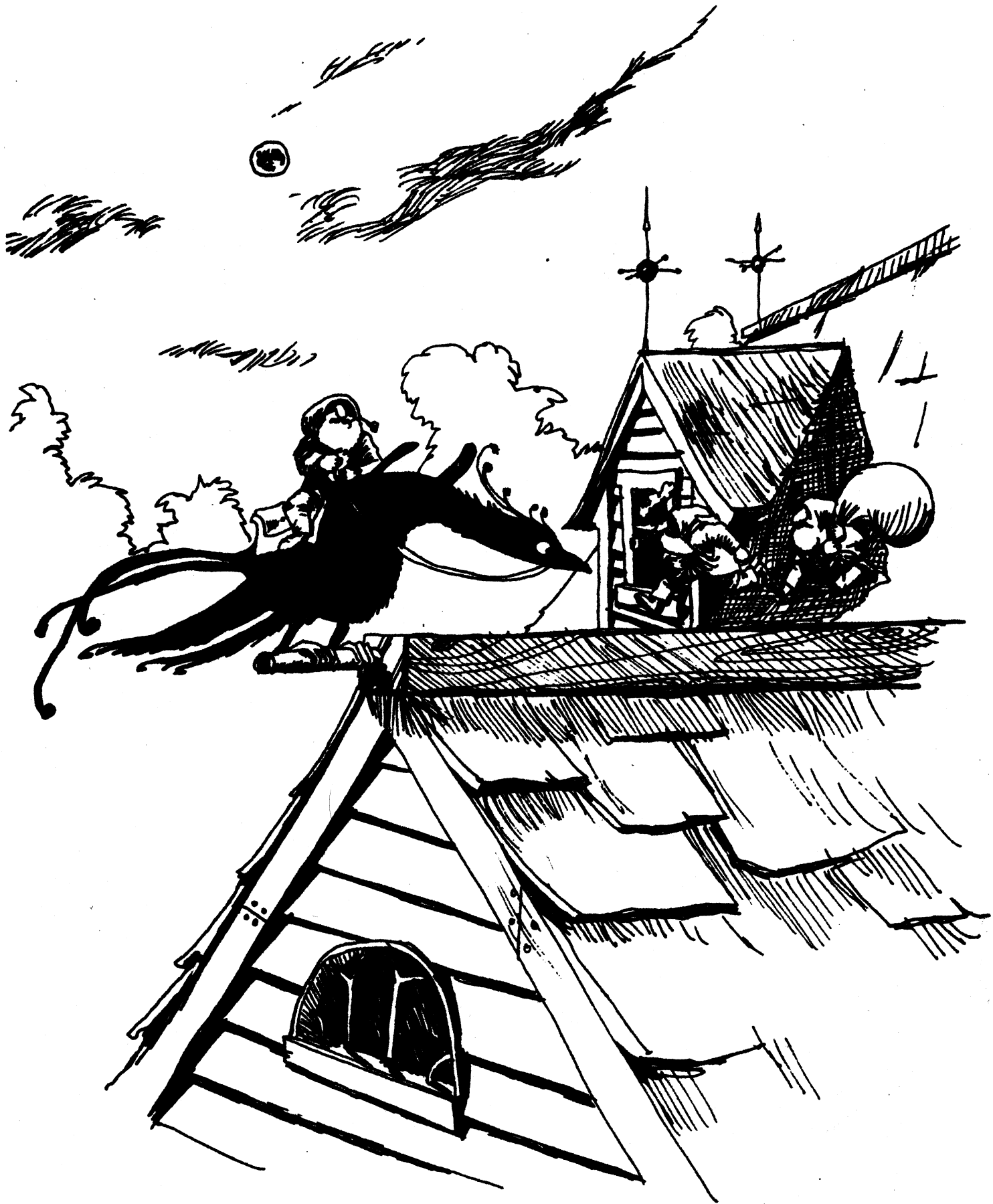
"Oh. Oh dear. I'd forgotten about that. And you're so busy with the extra classes you have to teach this year, and I'm busy as well as being stuck with a writer's block or whatever is making me not finish my thesis, and... Well, never mind. You type three pages with lots of art, and I'll try to fill three, and maybe by next issue we'll have regained all our Publishing Enthusiasm."

Moaning softly about how he couldn't write anything, Mike sat down at one of our three typewriters. (You can tell we're a fannish family. Other teachers we know have cars and colour tvs and children and like that. We have wall to wall to wall to wall books, a mimeo, a bedroom full of blue and lilac and green paper, and three typers, his, hers--with a French keyboard because my thesis involves French-Canadian lit.--and ours, set permanently on stencil-cut.) That was eleven stencils ago. I'm sure you don't want equal time from me!

So--here, briefly, is Susan Wood Glicksohn (and I am NOT "Mrs. Michael Glicksohn." Thank you.) Age, 24. PhD student at the University of Toronto, on a fairly generous government grant. Going through the "Oh, God, what am I doing, I can't write, my topic is no good and who gives a damn, I'm going to drop out" phase, but apparently that's common and will pass, eventually. Apparently unemployable, by anyone.

I started reading sf at the age of nine or so, when the new public library opened in our then-remote ex-urb containing goodies like LUCKY STARR AND THE PIRATES OF THE ASTERIODS and THE ROLLING STONES. Ignoring a certain amount of flack from the library clerk who insisted they were "boys' books"--she was still pulling that when I became a clerk at the same library--I devoured these strange tales about people going to the MOON! WOW! My mind slowly rotted; I tried (unsuccessfully, so I started it myself) to establish a science fiction course at my university; I wrote a term paper on the Foundation trilogy; I went to a Boskone to meet Isaac Asimov, and was more impressed with Mike Glicksohn.... And here I am, in apa-45, promising to get the last ASPIDISTRA out soon, working on TORCON, and ready to tell you about being Duchess of Canadian Fandom--in the next mailing. Hello, people. It's good to be here.

++eek, Ghu forgive me, almost forgot the art credit--back cover, Mike Gilbert++



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