

SURFIN
SAFARI
Budka

Mostly reactions to your mailing comments this time. Apart from a regrettable tendency to go on and on about how you have no format behind your comments but just like to ramble on and on, you write generally interesting comments.

Your world consists of 150 people? Wow! What an extrovert!

Unlike you, I much preferred REG to TAC and I'm far more interested in what Geis does than in his admirable book reviews. Now that TAC is almost another SFR, you should be happier, but I'll miss Dick's insightful commentary on fandom and his fascinating accounts of his personal life. For someone who states so often his interest in apa's, where most people merely chatter about what they've been up to, I'm hard put to understand why you'd not be interested in Geis, who's a far more intriguing personality than just about anyone else in fandom. I wonder if you'd like REG more in an apa where you could get in on the conversation, rather than listening to a monologue?

What makes a person publish a genzine? Egoboo, of course; the chance to communicate with and to a larger number of people than an apa can provide; the ability to exercise a creative desire in a format where it will be better appreciated; because it's there and it's a challenge to do it and do it well. Even though we're no longer publishing ENERGUMEN, I still prefer the genzine to the apazine and unlike you, apazines are one of the few things I don't bother arranging. There are damn few fans who are interesting or talented enough to create a truly worthwhile apazine -- most of them are inherently trivial -- but with a genzine you can call on the talents of a large number of people and produce something worth having. One of the reasons I'll use artwork here is I find it incredible to think anyone would find what I have to say to be of sufficient interest that they'd read page after page of it without a break!

Disliking fanzines with titles starting with 'x' is obviously xinephobic and you should have that looked into. Here in XENIUM, we'll tell you at the start who's typing and we won't change until we tell you that too. It's simple to follow really. I agree that yellow is too bright to read but it shows artwork very well which is why I'm using it this time for the covers. Now who gives a shit about that sort of thing?

You write fanzines when you have nothing better to do! Egads. That seems to put fanzine-writing pretty low down on your scale of values. And why do a zine if you're bored with it? Oh well, we'll have to agree to disagree on that: as I've said, I feel a fanzine deserves your best or shouldn't be created. I'm doing less than I'd hoped for this issue, but it's still going to be my best and will end up being something I'll be pleased to have done.

Worldcons are strange beasts. They're often very frustrating but rarely dull. The vast crowds and the numerous things to do leave me feeling unfulfilled, but meeting and remeeting fannish friends invariably makes it all worth while. Come to Toronto -- it'll be worth it.

I just saw GIDRAH at a festival of horror and sf films and it was so incredibly bad, intentionally so in places, that it was quite good. I used to watch TV horror films by the score, but lately they've stopped showing anything new. There are a few old classics I've still to see, but they invariably only show up on channels we can't get. It's enough to make you go on the cable...



THE CREEPY UNKNOWN FROM BEYOND *Steve Stiles*

"MY NAME IS ABNER FILLINGHAST, A STUDENT FROM MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY, AND ALTHOUGH I FEAR MY TIME UPON THIS EARTH IS SHORT, I WRITE THIS DIARY SO THAT OTHERS MAY AVOID THE BLASPHEMY THAT IS MY ULTIMATE FATE..."

"I FEAR I AM ALREADY TOO LATE FOR THE FRIGHTFUL, OBSCENE CHANTING 'IK/IK/CTHULU FHTAGN!' HAS CEASED LEAVING A HORRID SILENCE BEHIND MY DOOR PUNCTUATED BY WHAT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS **SQUISHING**..."

"MY MEMORY FLIES BACK TO THE CURSED DAY WHEN I FIRST SAW THE RAMSHACKLE MANSION-- MY UNWELCOME INHERITANCE FROM MY UNKNOWN ANCESTOR --EZRA M. FILLINGHAST..."

"UNCLE EZRA HAD A REPUTATION FOR ECCENTRICITY, SO I WAS NOT OVERLY AMAZED TO DISCOVER A WINDOWLESS, DOORLESS TOWER IN THE BARREN AND WASTED GARDEN..."



"THE CARETAKER, AN AGED INDIAN WOMAN, BY STRANGE COINCIDENCE BORE THE NAME OF MY ANCESTOR'S SERVANT-- WHICH, IF THE SAME PERSON, WOULD MAKE HER 265 YEARS OLD--HA HA, ABSURD THOUGHT!
...GOD! IF ONLY I **KNEW!**"

"THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER THE STORM, I INSPECTED THE BURIAL GROUNDS. THE RAIN HAD WASHED OPEN A GRAVE, REVEALING THE STRANGE BONES OF SOME UNKNOWN ANIMAL..."

"THAT AFTERNOON I WENT INTO TOWN, MUCH TO MY DISMAY THE IGNORANT TOWNSPEOPLE FEARFULLY GHNUNNED ME..."

"LATER THAT EVENING A FANCY TOOK ME TO EXPLORE THE MANSION ATTIC. THERE I FOUND A SEALED DOOR WITH A CHILDISH SCRAWL UP UPON IT..."

"THAT NIGHT CURIOUS DREAMS OF STRANGE CITIES AND SHADOWY SHAPES CAME UPON ME. I IMAGINED EZRA OVER MY BED-- CHANTING..."



KEEP AWAY FROM HIM-- HE LIVES IN THAT CURSED PLACE!-- ONE O' OLE DARK EZRA'S KIN!

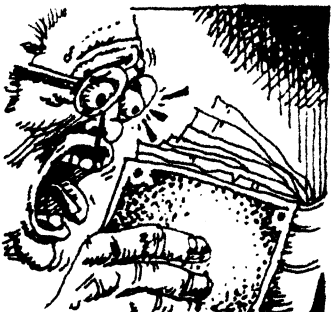


HE HAS COME, MY BROTHERS!

"THE DAY OF MY DAMNATION DAWNED, I BROKE DOWN THE ATTIC DOOR AND FOUND **THE BOOK**-- WOULD TO GOD MY EYES HAD BEEN STRUCK FROM MY HEAD ERE I READ THE FRIGHTFUL WORDS THAT FOREVER SEARED MY QUIVERING BRAIN!"

I BURNED THE BOOK!!

"SO NOW I WAIT! I KNOW MY FATE! AND YET THERE IS SILENCE OUTSIDE MY DOOR... I PRESS MY EAR TO IT... CAN IT BE...?"



WIDGETT
D'Amassa

Your introductory article was a really fine piece of writing, with a lot of very clever lines. It contains much of interest, too, but I'd rather chat with you about it, not knowing just how serious it is, than talk about it here. But you should know how much I enjoyed the high quality of the writing. And if you think that justifying first-draft, on-stencil mailing comments is easy, you just try it sometime.

Your "perfect solution to the rejection slip syndrome" is needlessly complicated. Trimming things down at least one step, you could not submit the stories in the first place, thereby saving unnecessary worry, time and postage. Going even beyond that, you could use my own solution, which is to not even write the damn things, thereby preserving your ego, freeing your time for needed drinking, and saving poor Andy Porter's sanity (assuming you submit to F&SF.) If you like it, it's yours.

Allow me to defend Harlan by saying that few people in fandom give him proper credit for the person he is. It's all too easy to accept the surface act and not look beyond that. I don't find a sentimental Harlan so hard to believe. Nor a funny Harlan, or a thoughtful Harlan, or many other attributes that are seldom associated with his name. He's been in Toronto of late and we had a party for him and he read a truly funny story (to be published in IF, I think) and he and I took a walk and had a talk alongside a dark and quiet cemetery. I admire and like him, and don't mind admitting it.

Flo Newrock also quit teaching because she couldn't stand the parents, but I've had no trouble. Despite my long hair and beard and the fact that most of the kids I teach come from straight Ukrainian or Polish families, Parents' Nights have been productive and enjoyable. The administration doesn't hassle anyone and I've had very few discipline problems. (Teaching with a six foot boa around your neck helps considerably, I've found.) Even the promotion meetings we've just gone through have shown the staff and administration to be essentially compassionate and humane. And at the risk of being insulting, chauvinistic and arrogant all at once, the sort of blinkered paranoia I personally associate with the term "middle American" is joyously lacking in most of my colleagues. Your quotations are funny and terrifying and someday this is another topic we can discuss together.

The incidents you describe certainly condemn the system you were tied to and I sympathize with you fully. Compared to you, I appear to be teaching in a veritable utopia, even though it has its drawbacks, as I'll discuss in a later issue.

Considering all the criticism I've read of the decline in the mailings of late, I'd say your amendment designed to allow honest disgust to be voiced was unneeded. There's a hell of a lot of self-flagellation in the two mailings I've received. But I agree with you on the desirability of honesty over popularity, of course. Jules Pfeiffer said it beautifully, as he so often does, in a strip about a beer-drinker in a sloppy tea-shirt explaining how his life and his marriage had been so totally failures because he used the wrong soap and toothpaste, at least according to the ads. After years of failure he switched brands, and lo' and behold, everything became a glorious success, just as the ads promised. He stood it for three weeks, then changed back, saying, "If they prefer that sort of guy to me, to hell with 'em."

UH
Schalles

Bored with fanac or not, I'm glad you decided to minac, Jeff. This was a most enjoyable contribution, and I envy you your free and easy style and your ability to relate your life in such an interesting way.

As I've related elsewhere, we have a snake and a tortoise and several rodents and we used to have a rabbit and a cat. Susan got the cat when I got the snake and we took the rabbit so it wouldn't go to the pound. Well, I've never been a cat person; that's well known. And Puppy was never an affectionate cat, having been mistreated in the pet store as a kitten. But today my brother-in-law trundled both the cat and rabbit off to Ottawa and damned if I don't miss the damn thing. Perhaps I've just gotten used to it being such a nuisance and can't stand the sudden tranquility, or maybe I'm undergoing severe personality changes; time will tell. The rabbit is gone for good, but Puppy may or may not return depending on many factors. In the meantime, though, Xeno the tortoise gets to roam at will at last. And I'm still probably going to buy an iguana at the end of the summer!

GVWD
Wright
Edmonds

You wanta know something, Bill Wright? Well, I'll tell ya. I'm sitting here bareass naked and it's one o'clock in the morning and I've got a nice snifter of brandy by my side, the latest of several, and when that's gone I'm gonna get some very fine unblended Scotch and I'm saying to myself, "I know this fellow just a bit; I mean of all the people in the apa who aren't in Australia, maybe I've spent more time with this bloke than any of them and we've done foolish things together like walking and talking about fandom and going shopping and stuff and he's slept right out there on that couch and bought a sub to my fanzine and we've made copies of our pictures and sent them to him for which the ungrateful bastard has never written to let us know they arrived and he's left his damned pen here and I've signed locs to Aussie fanzines with it and we've survived a Worldcon together and in some small way I've helped reconcile him and Jerry Jacks-- can you dig it--so howcum after all this the miserable fucker can't spell my name right?" That's what I'm thinking which shows where my head is at.

You sure sound like an urbane son of a gun, you know, but I've met you so I know better. Seriously, though, these are really fine mailing comments: apply for entrance into the apa, please, and lie about your age.

I was born in England and therefore have been steeped in the lore of tea preparation (little pun there.) I can't see it. Someday I'll run an experiment and present one of you fanatics with tea made from (a) water that wasn't cold to begin with (b) a pot that wasn't heated before the water was added and (c) a batch following all the accepted rules, and I'll bet you can't tell which lot is which.

Put me down as a fool, Bill, and, by your standards, a cypher.

I wonder, Leigh, how many fans are compulsively regular? I share with you a strong desire to hit every mailing once I'm in an apa and I've realized of late that I've been buying certain periodicals simply because I have all the previous issues. It's a good sign that I've been able to stop buying many of these and have missed an issue of one of my apazines. Then again, why should regularity be confined to bowel movements? A little self-discipline is good for the soul.



STEADY, MY PRINCESS. OUR QUEST NEARS ITS END...



I ONLY REGRET MISSING THE EXPRESSIONS OF YOUR FAWNING COURTIERS UPON DISCOVERING YOUR ABSENSE!

oh, BUT YOU ARE A DASHING RAPSALION SIR NERG.



YES OF COURSE-- NOW HUSH MY DARLING-- OUR RENDEVOUS WITH ROMANCE IS CLOSE AT HAND--



AT LAST! THE SUMMIT! THE ENCHANTED CITY WILL BE WITHIN OUR SIGHT NOW!



OH, eh-- BACK TO SLEEP, LITTLE TAVERN WENCH; JUST A NIGHT-MARE BROUGHT ON BY THE FOUL BEVERAGE THEY CLAIM PASSES AS DRINK, HERE...
uhhh-- NERG? WHATS--?



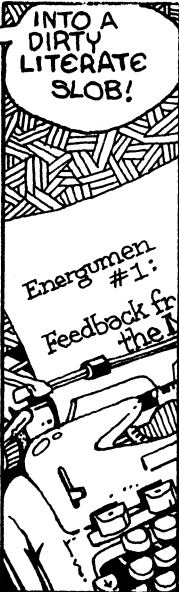
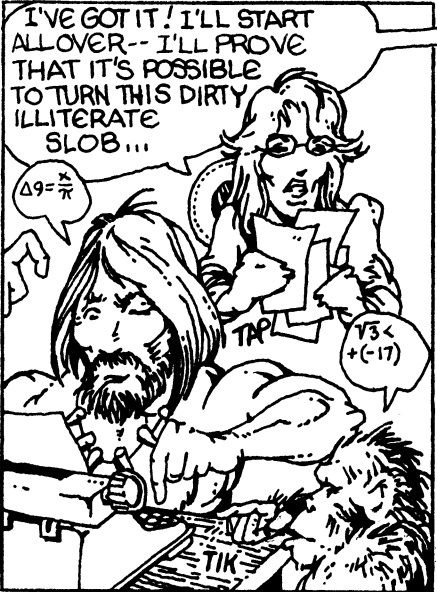
CREEEEEEE

Justin

and the chronicles of Nerg the barbarian endeth here...

nerguman of the apes

OUR STORY THUS FAR:
DURING A TRIP TO THE DENSE JUNGLE IN THE FORBIDDEN ZONE OF TORONTO IN SEARCH OF THE LONG-LOST POET "MAD BEAVER" MOREAU FOR HER THESIS ON CANADIAN LITERATURE, SUSAN DISCOVERS THE KING OF THE APES AND HIS TRIBE, CONVERSING IN THEIR QUEER APE TALK...



Just as I'm fascinated by a trip through the world of Richard E Geis, so I enjoy boggling my mind coming into contact with the lifestyle of someone like you, Paul. Like Mike Couch, I'm not always too sure of exactly what I'm reading, but the challenge is well worth the effort.

It's undoubtedly too simplistic, but could one argue that a dog that reverts to a savage state and satisfies its instincts by killing a cat has probably been deprived of the security and love that prevents most domestic canines from acting this way? If that's the case, why is it any less moral for a human being to react the same way under similar circumstances? (That should bring any Man-is-a-moral-animal freaks out into the open.)

Should all else fail, my friend, remind yourself you have what is known as A Way With Words: that's very precious and worth preserving.

You're foolish to blame the system when you disagree with how the people used it, Mike. Did you condemn the system when Kennedy was elected? (Maybe you did, but I reckon you're too young for me to use any President further back than that.) The people may or may not be insane, but personally I try to avoid the assumption that those who disagree with me are crazy. Nixon certainly isn't insane; amoral, perhaps, and unscrupulous and dishonest -- all the things the American public seems to admire in its top men -- but scarcely insane. I don't admire him any more than you do, but let's be realistic about the situation.

Complete co-editing of a fanzine may not be impossible, but you'd have to work some to convince me of that. I'm sorry that Hank and Lesleigh aren't around to discuss this matter, since they are one pair of fans who seem to do well at it. OUTWORLDS is edited by Bill with help from Joan; GRANNY is edited by Linda with help from Ron; Charlie and Dena edit a newszine which is entirely different from editing a fanzine; you and Jay split up because of the inherent difficulties; Don Keller and Jeff Smith split up instead of both editing PHCOM; ENERGUMEN was edited by me with help from Susan, as she says in her editorial in #15; PLACEBO seems to have vanished; FOCAL POINT was edited by Arnie with help from Joyce; etc, etc.

Fine contribution, Tom; thoughtful, interesting, and nicely written. Your description of the new IS certainly does make the contents seem incomparable. Your concept of a fanzine is not mine, but you edit with a vengeance and do a really fine job. Consider that said. Look out, though, that someone doesn't start to wonder whether or not IS is really a fanzine. Why with contributions like the ones you mention, isn't it just another slick newsstand magazine? Merely being facetious. I didn't comment on the incomparable quality of the contents because the issues I've seen of IS have had rather spotty material: some very fine stuff and equal parts of things I found lacking in quality. I believe I said that in my letters to you, but if I didn't, consider it said now. IS remains a fascinating experience, however, and you'll probably get a Hugo someday. With the magnificent BB Sams in your corner, it should be a dynamite visual experience too!

Parochial as it may be, I'm afraid I didn't read several of your red and green ditto pages. The printing seems unduly fuzzy and the colour is blinding. My loss, I'm sure. Regretfully I don't recall meeting you although I might recognize you in person. I've got such a lousy memory that I'm constantly embarrassed by people who come up to talk

POGO
Paj

CALLISTO
Couch

BWEEK
McEvoy

SPECULUM
Collins

COLOG
Wood

to me and obviously know me but I don't remember who they are. I did not recognize Bob Toomey at a Lunacon, after he'd had two instalments of his column in NERG. I'm fully in favour of that ancient suggestion that people give their own names when saying hello.

Apart from LOCUS and TAC, there's ALGOL (1500 copies), GRANNY (500) and SFC which has 200 paid North American subbers so must publish way more than 250 copies. That 250 figure may be average, but it still means that of the "better known" fanzines, NERG had a remarkably small distribution.

About worldcons in particular and TORCON specifically: the Worldcon committee is faced with an important dilemma: can it cater to the small hard core of fannish convention goers or does it have a responsibility to the many attendees who will come without being a part of the private party scene? TORCON didn't advertise for members in the local press or libraries, but they'll come anyway, over 2000 of them. It's easy to suggest that worldcons should do away with movies to cut down attendance, but what are we supposed to do with the 1500 people who have nothing to do in the evening? Can we leave them on their own resources, or is it our job to provide for them (and keep them out of the parties!)? We decided to maintain the movies, as part of our obligation to the members. Goodman is an asshole for saying we are fuggheads because of the cost of the movies: we've made it clear that we have NO choice in that matter. The union rates are that high and we have to meet them. Goodman may disagree with the policy of providing movies, that's his privilege and he does come from LA, after all, where ripping off Worldcon attendees is much in vogue, but to accuse us of running things badly over something we have absolutely no control over shows that once again he doesn't know what the hell he's talking about.

TORCON ruled the NASFIC illegal on the advice of our legal counsel who clearly pointed out that the NASFIC clauses were unconstitutional. I for one was glad since I consider the entire idea of a NASFIC to be anti-international-fandom and I'm repelled by the obnoxious sight of LA fans clamouring for another lucrative slice of the Worldcon financial pie. I have it on very good authority that the financial report of the LACon was grossly inaccurate and that certain people now demanding another convention made massive profits from the Worldcon. TORCON will reinstate pass-on funds, so conveniently done away with by LA, and publish an honest report of our financial situation.

Ah, but Fred, while I agree on the incredible quality of Ray Fisher's mimeography, when was the last time he published a fanzine for general distribution? Eh? So, facetiously-intended as it was, there's still the possibility that I might be the best mimeographer "around." Bowers is also pretty good, but he uses cheapie paper and spoils it all. But I'm not 100% serious and who gives a fuck anyway?

STAR
SPANGLED
DWARF
Haskell

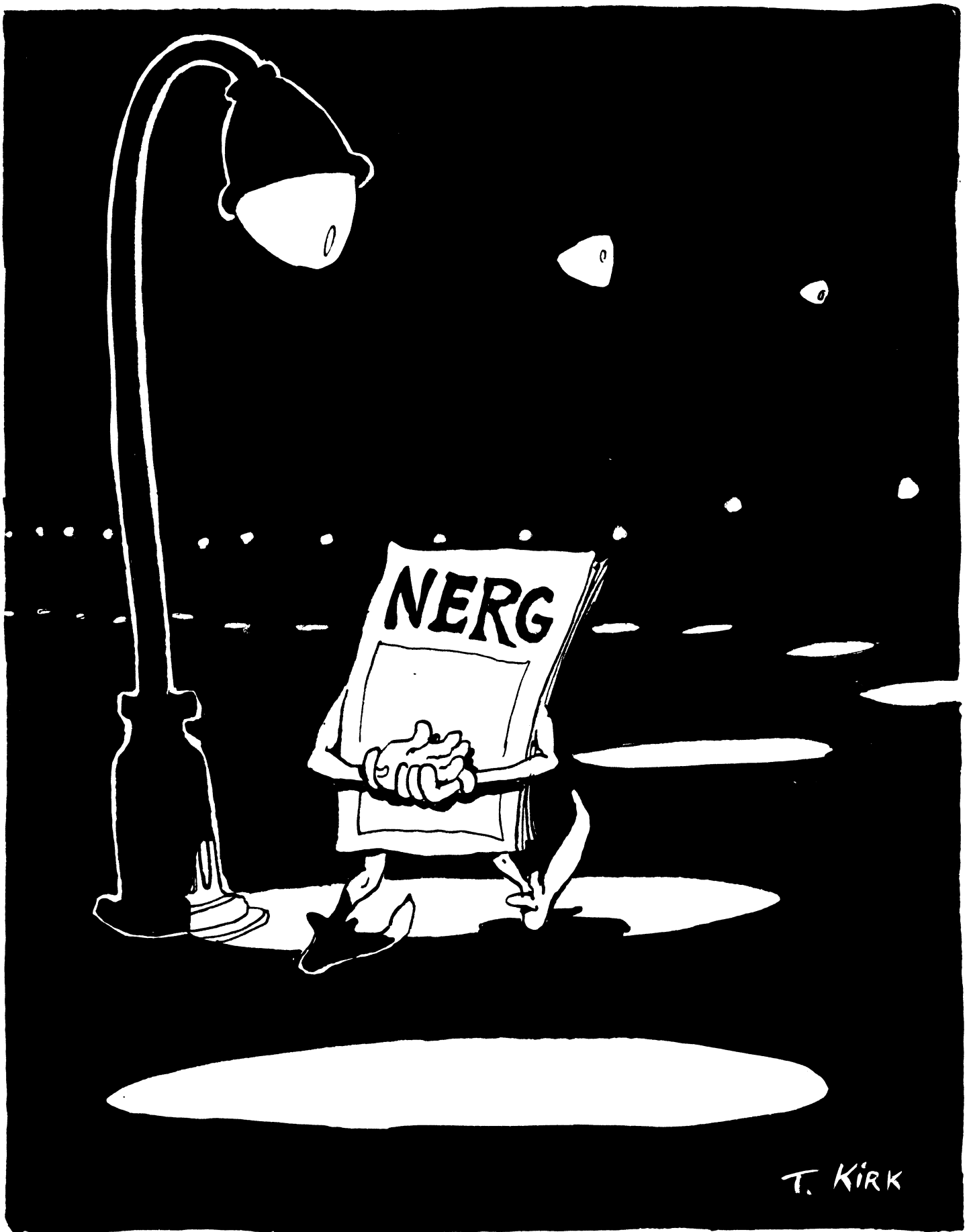
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Much shorter than it could be, but various factors urge me to finish today and get this all together tonight. The cover is once again by C. Lee Healy with the back cover by Terry Austin. The full page additions are -- in order -- by Ron Miller, Steve Stiles, Terry Austin, Terry Austin, Bill Rotsler and Tim Kirk. The rest is by me, Mike Glicksohn, still at 32 Maynard Ave, Apt 205, Toronto, Ontario, M6K 2Z9, Canada, for at least a few more weeks. Support the Mae Strelkov Fund and look us up at TORCON 2...if you can find us, that is!

THERE ARE SOME
THINGS
MAN WAS NOT
MEANT TO
KNOW

YEAH? NAME ONE?

WR



T. KIRK



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(All Folio Pages White)