

will go to everybody. But the apa-45 copies will include, on occasion, my column of mailing comments, GRUMP. And future copies of XENIUM sent to FAPA will likely have a section of mailing comments stapled on also. I'm thinking of calling this section FLOCCIPAUCINIHLIPILIFICATION since Bill Bowers is now in FAPA. So you see, you're probably not going to be able to get a full set of XENIUM anyway...)

Lastly, this congestion of the mailing list explains why these pages will not be available for money, trade, letter of comment or any of the other tried and true fannish methods. We'll send XENIUM to as many of our friends as we can, and more than that we cannot do.

(+=00o=+)

Actually, the most important new beginning we're involved with is Susan's temporary teaching job at the University of Saskatchewan in Regina. By the time most of you read this, you'll know that Susan has been fortunate enough to get an eight month job lecturing in English out in Regina. (Those of you who don't know about this probably don't care, but...) However, right now we're still much at the start of things and are faced with the prospect of helping to put on a convention in less than a month and then making separate moves to start our jobs the very day after TORCON ends. The very next person who tells me how nice it must be not to have anything to do all summer is going to get a punch in the nose!

Those of you with some knowledge of geography may be aware that Regina is close to two thousand miles from Toronto. That is too many! Still, with Susan only the fifth person out of some 300 in graduate English at the University of Toronto to be offered a job, there wasn't the slightest question of turning the offer down. As I type these stencils, Susan is out in Regina arranging her timetable and locating a place to live. And sometime next week I have to take some time to wander the immediate vicinity of my school looking for an apartment. If there are two new addresses on the front of this fanzine, you'll know we've both been successful; if not...well, I don't even want to consider that possibility...

A move of this magnitude is bound to cause significant changes in our lifestyles, and the effects of these changes will only appear with time. Susan should benefit greatly as she's not only getting a challenging and creative job, essential for anyone's emotional well-being, but also a well-deserved break from the unrewarding aspects of maintaining a household. I'll benefit too, if only by extending my culinary expertise beyond the grilled-cheese sandwich and fried egg to include a third dish, just for variety. (Undoubtedly I'm a MCP, but there are some things about which I feel no guilt: next year I'll probably be back to the unironed shirts, for example. Do other wives insist on ironing their husband's shirts despite requests that they not bother?)

In addition to a lot of important changes, this new situation changes the way we will publish XENIUM. It was going to be a shared fanzine, with both of us deciding what would go in, and how, and where, and sharing the workload. Now you'll only have me to blame if it gets fouled up. Sigh.

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Well, what is XENIUM going to be then? Basically it'll be the two of us keeping in touch with people we like. Me, Michael, Mike, writing directly on stencil, generally a series of short squibs on a variety of things because I lack the necessary self discipline to create a major article. And Susan, writing the carefully crafted and skillful articles that have won her two fanwriter nominations, or anything else she wants to send me from the frozen wastelands of Saskatchewan. I'll do my best to put things together in a neat and pleasing fashion, using what little layout skills I possess and whatever artwork strikes my fancy, be it from the used ENERGUMEN files or new artwork submitted especially for XENIUM. Oh yes, we'll be

delighted to get artwork, although we won't be needing anywhere near as much as we did with NERG.

We will also use the occasional guest writer, and may even make this a regular feature if we get enough material. For example, this issue contains an article by Susan about some of her experiences in California, and it's complemented by a guest article also about California. (No skipping these boring parts, now; our Mystery Guest will sign in later in the fanzine.) Our next issue will contain Susan's "Duchess of Canadian Fandom" saga plus a second, somewhat different, piece about Canadian Fandom. It just worked out rather nicely that way. So feel free to send us articles: we won't be using very many, but who knows, we may be able to provide you with a stepping stone to instant fannish fame.

Then there's the matter of our publishing schedule. Essentially, and this is the beauty of it all, we don't have one. With the two of us two thousand miles apart and both busy teaching, there's really no way of knowing if we can stick to a regular schedule. Apa-45 mailings appear in January, April, July and October (or at least have deadlines in those months.) FAPA deadlines would appear to be in February, May, August and November. Theoretically, then, we might try for a quarterly schedule with this issue going into the 37th mailing of apa-45 for October and the 145th mailing of FAPA in November (assuming the omnipotence of TCarr.) This despite the fact that it's being typed at the beginning of August and will likely be given to friends who aren't in those apas at the TORCON in September. It already seems far too complicated...

And complicated is one thing I don't want XENIUM to be. The observant among you (go back and point it out to Bill, Joan) will have noted that there is no table of contents for this fanzine. And no page numbers, either. And not a single piece of Letraset in sight. ENERGIUMEN had all those things. And fancy layouts (welll...) And articles always ending at the bottoms of pages. And a big lettercol. And if it didn't appear ahead of time, I worried and fidgetted. And lots of other things that are important in a regular, visually-oriented genzine with delusions of grandeur. Hopefully XENIUM will be casual, less demanding...and just as much fun. If it starts getting too pretentious, let me know. And I'll force myself to relax...

What's a Sense of Wonder, Daddy?

I suppose it's pretentious right away to electrostencil the clipping on the right there but it seemed easier than typing the whole thing out. During the summer, free electrostencilling is no problem so I might as well take advantage of it, right?

Skylab crew blasts off

CAPE KENNEDY (Reuter)— The three Skylab astronauts today blasted off to join their orbiting space station at the start of man's longest journey into space.

The astronauts plan to spend 59 days living and

working in their home-in-space to test man's reaction to extended space travel.

The mission by the three men, Capt. Alan Bean, Maj. Jack Lousma and Dr. Owen Garriott follows a 28-day stint in the space station by another crew.

The clipping is there because it represents the sum total of the announcement in the biggest Toronto newspaper of the current Skylab mission. I barely noticed it in a corner of page two. I know it's oldhat to say that the public has become bored with space, and that space has lost its news value, but this really brought it home to me. For several days prior to this I had suffered news deprivation: no papers, no radio, no TV. It embarrassed me to realize that I hadn't even known another Skylab mission was due. One more day without a paper and I'd have been completely unaware that three men were spending two months in a space station!

There I was, reading science fiction, reading fanzines, typing stencils, and doing coolie labour for TORCON while three astronauts were getting bumped into page two. My god, science fiction fandom has killed my sense of wonder!

★ ★ ★

Arthur C. Clarke, the science fiction writer, said Thursday in Washington it may be possible to recover sounds inadvertently "recorded" on objects long gone. "There is a slight hope of recapturing sounds from the past when they have been accidentally frozen by some natural or artificial process," Clarke said. Clarke said Dr. Richard Woodbridge of Princeton Junction, N.Y., an electrical engineer, had explored the surface of a clay pot with a phonograph pickup a few years ago and detected sounds apparently produced by a potter's wheel. Woodbridge also played loud music to a canvas while it was being painted and found that snatches of melody could be identified after the paint dried, he said.

Well, not quite. But certainly familiarity breeds, if not contempt, a degree of indifference. I'm by no means unmoved by the thought of the space station, but it does seem a bit commonplace by now. (Not so much the station itself, which is relatively new, but the concept of man conquering space.) If a science fiction fan can feel that way, I suppose it isn't surprising that Skylab is no longer front page news.

Still, there are interesting things in the newspaper, as witness the clipping to the left sent to me by my father from a London paper. Do you suppose J. G. Ballard knows about this? (Er...it was Ballard who wrote the short story called "The Sound Sweep", wasn't it? My memory for names of authors, titles, characters, etc., is abysmal.) And although fillers are supposed to be at the bottom of pages, let's stick this one here. After all, this is a casual fanzine...

A scientific quiz set the clubroom abuzz at a recent mtg when Laney & Acky staged an impromptu battle of brains. Bee was Laney's idea & Acky began to suspect it wasn't entirely as extemporaneous as claimed when the Laniac began his blitz with a question like "In what story did the date

Feb 1 - 1947 appear projected on the Moon?" "My gosh," responded Ae, "how would U ever expect a guy to remember such an obscure thing as that? 'The Lunar Consul' by Sidney Patzer." ---Forry Ackerman, SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #26, July 1945

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning,
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning.

---She Stoops to Conquer,
Oliver Goldsmith

As a schoolmaster I might disagree with those sentiments, but as a heavy drinker (as you'll see later in the fanzine) I find myself nodding in agreement. Regardless of the truth of the observation, though, it strikes me as a good introduction to this section on the current educational situation in Ontario. The purpose of this part of XENIUM is to give you a little more background on yours truly, but mostly to introduce the comic strips which follow.

I teach high school; math and a course in FORTRAN. I'm about to enter my third year of teaching and am continuing at the school I was at last year. This in itself is a minor miracle.

Until a few short years ago, the Education Minister in Ontario was a Bright Young Man named Bill Davis. Very progressive, he completely overhauled the educational system, introducing individual time tables, the credit system, subject promotion, a huge system of optional subjects, and building new schools right and left to encompass the tidal wave of Baby Boom students. Then he became Prime Minister of Ontario by becoming the new leader of the incumbent Conservative Party.

Suddenly Premier William Davis discovered that education was costing too much! So he slapped financial ceilings on the whole system that could only be met by massive reductions in staff and elimination of many of the costly new programs so recently introduced. At the end of my first year of teaching, budget cuts reduced the staff of the school I was at from 72 to 59. I was one of the cutes. Remarkably, all

except one were absorbed into the system due to the natural attrition of the profession. (Of the three new math teachers at the school, two had to go. Despite being the best qualified, I went and I assume that my long hair and beard plus an administration on the wrong side of sixty were the deciding factors.)

Things looked pretty grim all through the second year too as everyone knew there would be additional reductions in staff. With the new individual time-tables and no more required subjects other than English, departments like French and History faced dramatically dropping enrolments which further increased the pressures on the teachers of these subjects. When the first cuts were made in various other schools and teachers with twelve and fifteen years experience were being declared "redundant", morale hit an all-time low. The Board of Education also introduced a "bumping" procedure, whereby experienced teachers declared redundant at one school could "bump" less experienced teachers at another school. All in all it did not look all that good for us second year teachers.

Math enrolment was pretty good, luckily, but it did look as if one teacher would have to go. There were two of us with two years experience and while John had been at the school for both years and was one of the best loved teachers on the staff, I could teach a bit of FORTRAN, and no other member of the department could. Tension was pretty high for some time, but luckily John decided to move to Ottawa and we were both spared the embarrassment of forcing the other out. So I'm safe for another year.

After that, who knows? More staff reductions would appear to be inevitable at the end of next year but by then I might have a permanent teaching certificate and be somewhat safer. Of course, I might also be moving to Regina if Susan gets a permanent appointment, and my Ontario teaching credentials aren't valid in Saskatchewan. Still, three years at the same profession isn't bad...and I could always do small mimeoing jobs on the SUaMI Press, I suppose.

Anyway, if you'll turn the page you'll find a couple of cartoon strips which struck me as amusing. Anyone who has ever taught should appreciate the second one, while the first reflects some of the bitterness of many teachers at the general lack of unity in the profession. With class sizes getting larger each year and the teacher work load increasing all the time, I too wonder how long some teachers will stand by while the profession as a whole gets the shaft.

Still, even though the budget cuts have affected the entire system right down to the caretakers, we're not as badly off as some of our American counterparts, where local option is the heart of educational funding. The following letter was sent by "a school board in the suburbs of a large city in the eastern United States" to the parents of elementary school kids on the first day of school:

"Dear Parent,

Welcome! We are glad to have your child on Team W.

Please send \$3.00 for supplies such as



crayons, paper, pencils, notebooks, etc. with your child tomorrow.

Also, because supply funds have been cut from the county, we would appreciate your child bringing at some time during the year a roll of toilet tissues, a roll of paper towels, a bar of soap, and a box of facial tissues.

Thank you. We are looking forward to a productive school year."

"I once got a form letter addressed to Jac C. Haldeman II, which started out "My Dear Mr. II..." I filled it out and now have a TWA Air Travel card for Mr II."

A JURY OF MY PEERS...?

In the area of locs to fanzines, one man's name leads all the rest by a mile. One is led to wonder in awe what Harry Warner might produce if only he were healthy! As it happens, Harry's dependable two-page loc arrived too late for inclusion in the last *ENERGUMEN* so I'd like to include a paragraph of it here:

"The Hugo discussions in your letter section this issue caused me to wonder suddenly about something. Do we need in fandom a parallel set of awards that would be the active fans' awards, just as the Nebulas are the professionals' awards? Nominating and final voting would be limited to the producing fans. Anyone who had published at least one issue of a fanzine during the past year would have the right to cast a vote for the best fanzine, anyone who had contributed to a fanzine with art or prose could vote in these categories. This wouldn't replace the Hugos and the egoboo they provide for fans, but it would provide a different kind of egoboo for the winners of the new set of awards, who would know that they had been honored by their fellow creators, not by those who merely consume. Like the Nebulas, these awards could be entirely separate from the Worldcons. Presentations might rotate among the biggest regional cons or the whole thing could be handled by mail. A sticky quarter with each ballot would pay for creation of some sort of physical award, maybe something that could be pinned on a lapel instead of something to go on a mantel at home."

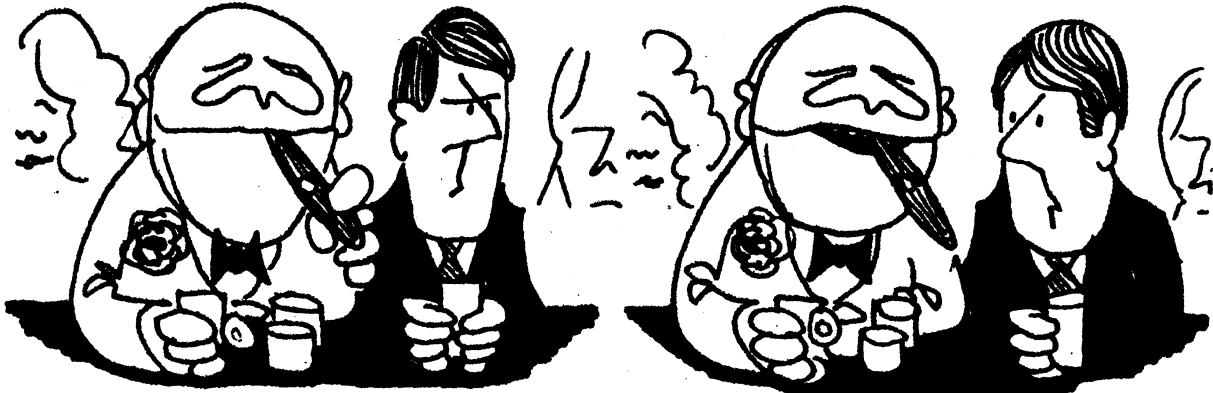


How to EnF...

For all I know, someone may have already picked up on this, but I think it's a very sound idea, despite the problems that would be involved in setting it up. Knowing the enormous range and spread of opinions among fans, it may be that there wouldn't be much agreement as to The Best in any category, but I still like the concept. One more thing that can be done as far as awards go is to put more emphasis on being nominated. TORCON will give a certificate to each nominee, regardless of the final standings, just to point out the honour of being chosen one of the five best of the year. We hope future worldcons will continue this practice.

Got a
LIGHT,
buddy?

Huh?
Oh, sure!

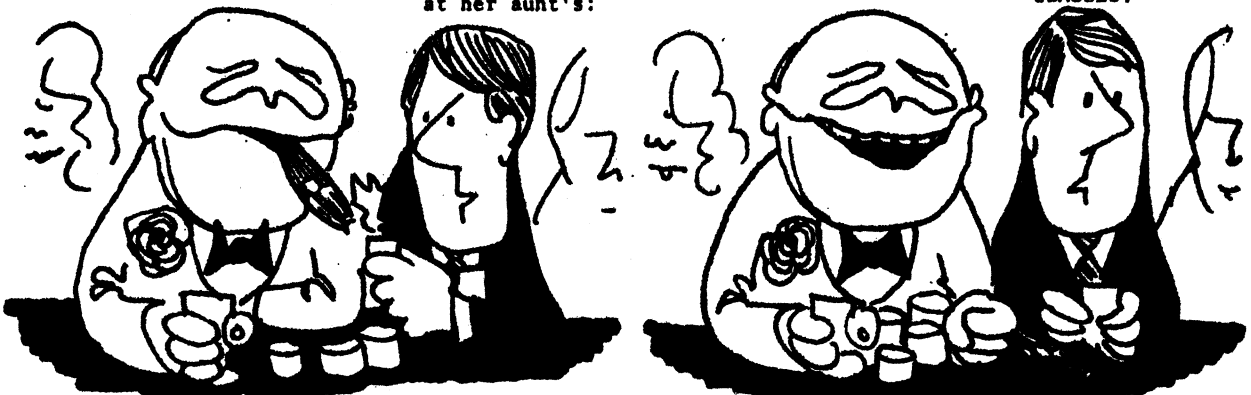


Ain't this here a GRAND hotel? Me and my OLD LADY figure the VICE REGAL SUITE gotta be the TOPS of any we been in!

Yeah? I'm just attending a session of the TEACHERS' CONVENTION! I'm staying at the YMCA and my wife's bunking at her aunt's!

I'm here with the PLUMBERS! This is the year we bust through to a flat twenty-five buck an hour rate for APPRENTICES and no more HOUSE CALLS for NOBODY!

Yeah? We're hoping to avoid losing our jobs to TEMPORARY HELP and to get some say in the size of our CLASSES!



I mean so some guy screws up his PLUMBING! I should go running after him? HELL, let him bring his pipes to ME, during OFFICE HOURS!

Some of these folks have given their LIVES to shaping the MINDS of the YOUNG! They'll sure be DISAPPOINTED if they're LAID OFF or PHASED OUT!

OTHERWISE one morning NOBODY'S toilet gonna flush, COAST to COAST! Like us PLUMBERS sez, "Get a guy by the toilet and you got him by the-"
HEY BARTENDER! BUY M'BUDDY a DRINK! ANYTHING HE WANTS!

You want to stick with the Dr. Pepper, son?



Bozo



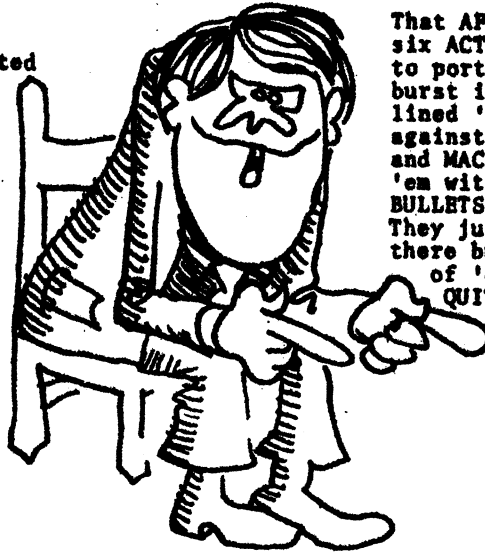
One day
I just looked
into those forty
LACONIC,
STUPIFIED
faces and said
to myself
GOOD GRIEF
I'M GONNA
GO NUTS!



So just for the
HELL of it, I told
'em to read chapter
SIX, and when
everything was
QUIET I set off
four SKYROCKETS
in my WASTEPAPER
basket!
They just SAT
there, but I'm
SURE a couple
of 'em
BLINKED!



Next day I wore a
CLOWN SUIT and rode
into class on a rented
ELEPHANT! Then I
sprayed 'em with
my SELTZER BOTTLE
and hit the switch
on the .200 volt
line I'd wired to
their METAL
DESKS!
They just SAT
there, but
several of 'em
NODDED
openly!



That AFTERNOON the
six ACTORS I'd hired
to portray MAFIA HOODS
burst into the class,
lined 'em all up
against the wall
and MACHINE GUNNED
'em with RUBBER
BULLETS!
They just STOOD
there but a few
of 'em looked
QUITE attentive!



Friday, I wore
RIDING BOOTS,
a BREECH CLOUT and
my PITH HELMET!
I let off a dozen
SMOKE BOMBS and
unleashed a herd
of KANGAROOS!
I was loading my
CANNON with
ROCK SALT
when one of 'em
actually put up
his HAND!

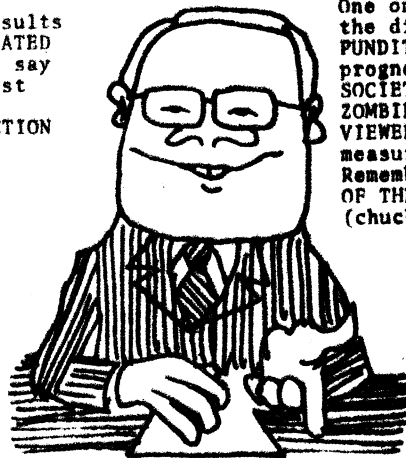


Seems they
wanted to know
if this stuff
was gonna
be on the
EXAM!

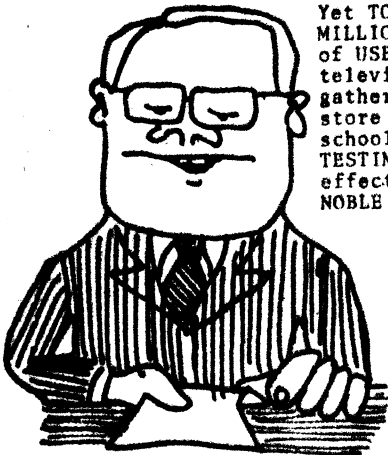
Ed



Although the final results are still being TABULATED I can now confidently say that this board's first great EXPERIMENT in PSYCHOLOGICAL REDIRECTION has been a SMASHING success!



One only has to recall the despair of the so-called PUNDITS of the FIFTIES who prognosticated an entire SOCIETY of compulsive, ZOMBIE-LIKE TELEVISION VIEWERS in order to measure our accomplishment! Remember the "TYRANNY OF THE EYE?" (chuckle)



Yet TODAY, tens of MILLIONS of dollars worth of USELESS, DISCARDED television equipment gathers DUST in the store rooms of our schools, as MUTE TESTIMONY to the effectiveness of our NOBLE experiment!



At last we have DOCUMENTED the AMAZING power of EDUCATION to STULTIFY interest in WHATSOEVER discipline it embraces! Knowing THIS, we may now proceed to introduce programs of courses in PORNOGRAPHY! TRASHY LITERATURE! DRUG ABUSE! PHYSICAL SLOTH!



We confidently predict that soon, through the POWER of EDUCATION alone, future generations will DISCOVER, ABSORB and TOTALLY REJECT every social and cultural ill by age sixteen!



At which point they can all go out and get nice, useful jobs. Which was what we had in mind in the FIRST place.

This caption appeared under a newspaper photo: "Industrial Boulevard is empty because it is a road to nowhere. Work is underway to extend it."

The coldest winter I ever spent
was a summer in San Francisco. attr. to Mark Twain.

The weather patterns of San Francisco have to be experienced to be believed. I know of nowhere else where the temperature can accurately be predicted to increase by 10° if you drive four and a third miles in a specified direction. I know of no other city whose residents cheerfully brave the gray, cold, cloud covered dampness in full view of Oakland, gleaming golden and Shangri-La-like in the blazing sun, some four miles distant at the end of the bridge. And I'm not familiar with another vacation spot in which the surest way to spot a resident is to look for someone bundled up in a sweater and coat laughing out loud at the tourists in their halter tops, t-shirts and shorts.

But if the City is colder than one might expect for "sunny California", this purely physical phenomenon in no way reflects the attitudes of the people. Nowhere will you find a friendlier city or, in my estimation, a more beautiful one. Like many others, I consider San Francisco the most thoroughly enjoyable city I've ever visited. If work papers were available, I think I'd move there at the first opportunity.

All of which is sort of a preamble to a few remarks about our trip out to Westercon and our visit to San Francisco. This is not a convention report, since I haven't the time or energy to plan one, but simply a few comments about the trip in order to fit this section of XENIUM into the overall California theme of the issue.

We flew out of Toronto on the Friday that school ended and the con began. I had to do a little explaining before getting the day off, but it all worked out. With no non-stop flights available, we stopped over in Chicago for an hour, and then for another hour and forty-five minutes while various grubby mechanics ripped out the seats in front of us trying to trace a fault in the hydraulic system. The chatty pilot kept us all informed that they didn't know what the hell was wrong, but were sure it would be fixed in another twenty minutes. The time wasn't a total loss, though, since Susan was able to write an article for GRANFALLOON about sitting in Chicago airport writing articles for GRANFALLOON.

Our arrival in San Francisco involved a heaping helping of egoboo as convention chairman Jerry Jacks dropped the con and drove all the way out to the airport to pick us up. He was also able to give us a guided tour of the city as we fought towards the hotel and pointed out all the new skyscrapers that have so dramatically altered the skyline since my visit in 1969.

The Westercon was at the St. Francis hotel, a very oppulent, in some places decadent, and expensive hotel. As early reservers, we had been assigned one of the smaller rooms in the old part of the hotel which somewhat limited the size of the parties we were able to give. For the same price, thanks to the committee, Dan Steffan got a room in the new wing at least twice the size (although Jerry explained that rooms in the new wing started at \$38 a day, a slight increase on the \$25 a day rate for doubles the convention had obtained.) One of the keen aspects of the hotel was simply that everything was stamped "StF", thereby providing superb scientific souvenirs! (And the nature of the hotel can perhaps be hinted at by telling you that every hour or so someone went around to clean all the sand-filled standing ashtrays and used a little form to build up the letters StF in the surface of the sand.) A five day con meant that staying in the hotel was a fairly major expense, but it was certainly a first class hotel in all respects.

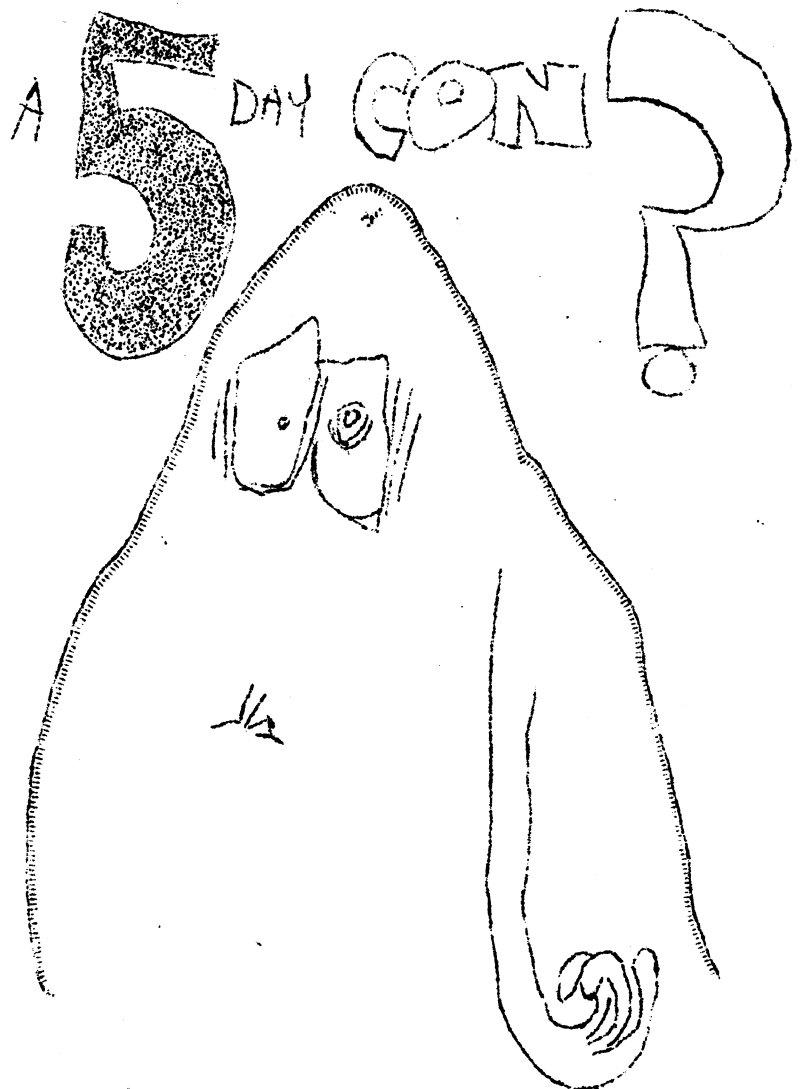
The convention itself was also thoroughly enjoyable, primarily for all the really good people who were there. It did seem to have an almost total lack of organization behind the programming, but since we are trufen, this was no inconvenience.

To be fair to the committee, there were several well planned events which apparently delighted the majority of those attending. The Meet the Artists social and a special evening featuring film star Kerwin Mathews -- both projects of Jim Thomas -- were extremely successful. An amateur operetta was generally well received as well, although to be honest I've no first-hand knowledge of these events. The masquerade, usually a strong highlight of west coast conventions, disappointed me and dragged on far, far too long. But the general lack of organization behind the program was shown by such things as scheduling George Barr on a panel opposite his own Guest of Honor speech, not providing chairs or an introduction for the Guests of Honor when they did speak, and depending on a process of spontaneous generation for many of the interesting sounding panels listed in the program. (Spontaneous generation involves waiting until a small crowd has gathered for the panel then grabbing three or four intelligent looking types and hoping. It doesn't always work out.)

Still, convention programs are completely peripheral for me, and the only item that I sat in on was a panel on publishing fanzines. Terry Carr and I chatted while the panel explained how we could set up a mailing list for our fanzines. I was hoping they'd tell me how to cut one down, but they never got that far. (According to Mike Glycer who was on the panel and wrote up the con for his new newszine ORGANLEGER "the best part of the discussion was after the panel when, crushing an aluminum Coor's can in one fist, Mike Glicksohn stated, 'This can is as weak as the beer it holds.'" Who am I to argue with a fan of Mike's stature?)

The art show, ably run by the Harnifens, was quite typical of most such shows, with some really superb material and much that was amateurish. A usual feature of west coast shows was the appearance of a couple of first class people for the first time. In the bid-offs at the end of the con, we missed out on the two pieces we would most liked to have had but bought four others which delighted us, including two by Gregg Davidson whose colour work has become outtasight (as I believe you hippies say.) Artistic high-point of the entire con, though, were the bronze cast statues and figures of David Enzenbacher. These will be at TORCON, and as my words are inadequate to describe them, I hope many of you have the chance to study this amazing work.

The other strange feature of the con was the parties...or lack of them. Coming into the States, we'd been delighted to find that not only could we bring in 40 oz



duty free for ourselves, but also we could import a gallon as gifts for friends! (Once again, one of the subtle fringe benefits of fanac appeared. The girl we got the booze from warned us that we might have to supply names and addresses for the recipients of the gifts. As a hard working faned, it was trivial for me to recall the exact addresses of three or four fans in San Francisco which we could use if necessary. As it happened, we weren't asked, but we were prepared as trufen must always be.) As a result, we had five or six forty ounce bottles (at a cost of less than \$25) and the makings of a good party. The first night of the con we invited a few friends up and soon had a fine party going. And we must have been one of the only gatherings in the hotel because nobody left! People we fully expected to have social obligations elsewhere stayed the entire night. And this seemed true of most of the convention. There was a bidding party that I never got to, the pro party that we went to in a couple of different places, and our room filled with the famous folk you expect only to pay a courtesy call before being taken away to other parties elsewhere. And people like Bill Rotsler and Terry Carr were asking us if there were parties going on. Strange.

Not that I'm complaining, you understand. Our parties were great. The pro pot parties were intriguing, and the party we threw for Bill Rotsler and Grant Canfield in Dan Steffan's room was perhaps the best party of the convention. But I can't help but wonder what those other 1563 people were doing?

After the con we spent two weeks in the City and enjoyed the marvellous hospitality of the Browns. We toured, visiting various famous area places as the wine rooms of the Napa Valley, Girandelli Square, the Regency Hyatt House, the San Francisco Zoo, Silverberg Acres, etc., etc. And we spent pleasurable time in the company of the Silverbergs, the Carrs, Astrid Anderson, Jerry Jacks and the Rectory, and the delightful and charming Cathy Canfield and her husband, whose name escapes me at the moment. We helped publish LOCUS, and I printed a few stencils just to show Charlie how it should be done, and I swam in the Pacific (the water of which is so blue because it's on the verge of freezing itself to death), and we went to numerous excellent restaurants and drank much good wine. (Also, to be honest, Susan and I sipped sparingly at a bottle of Ripple and Susan consumed an entire bottle of Boone's Farm Apple Wine at one sitting. We like to mingle with the plebs at times.)

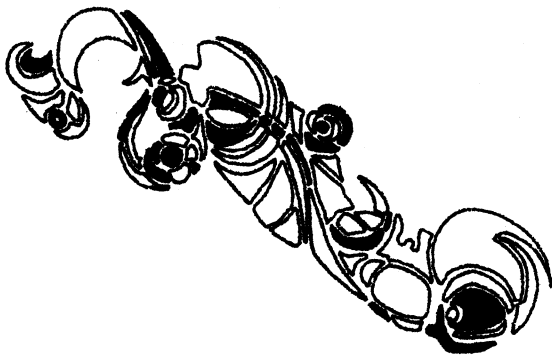
Charlie gave us lessons in fan history courtesy of his mammoth collection of convention slides dating back to the early 50's. And in return we packed his books for the move to the Browns' new house in Oakland. It was a quiet sort of time, but extremely enjoyable, and dimmed only by the generally cool weather and Susan's cold which she talks about in a few pages. The Browns were excellent hosts, and we're very grateful for their kindness. And after all, who could fail to have a great time in a city that can boast an entire huge store devoted to rare and exotic snakes? Even if I almost did miss the man because he's moving to Toronto!

The April issue of this fabulous fanzine will be out in April, as scheduled, but so far we have only 26 pages of stuff in our gigantic air-conditioned chrome and plastic files. This issue, in order to be properly presented to fandom's jaded eyes, has got to have at least 30 pages, so why don't some of you who are literate enough to write, write and send your puling efforts in here. You may think it stinks, all fandom, not to mention the First, Second and Third Fandoms, may think it stinks, but there are no literary standards in Shangri La and we'll use your stuff. A.E. van Vogt got a hyper novelette thrown right back in his face with the laconic comment, "Too good." John Campbell Jr. asked if he might write something to help but I haven't answered his letter and I don't intend to. The standards of this mag are not going to be raised while I have anything to say about the matter. Spoil the reader, as I will sometimes orate, and you have gotten yourself an Old Man Of The Sea. The readers begin to expect good stuff and you knock yourself out trying to supply it to them and who appreciates it? Your nurse might seem to, but then, she's supposed to be pleasant to everybody. --Charles Burbee, SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, 1945



One of the joys of being friends with philosopher-artist-humorist Bill Rotsler is that occasionally he sends you bundles of marvellous cartoons like the one above. When we first got this particular gem, it started me to pondering the noticeable decline in the drinking that goes on at conventions. It also made me more aware of my own stalwart attempts to reverse this deplorable situation. With a 35 copy apazine in mind, I started saving labels from bottles that I personally had consumed a sizeable portion of. As the print run of XENIUM rose to 175, my enthusiasm for the project mounted with it. In answer to your question, Bill, booze fandom is alive, I think, and living, if that's the word for it, in Toronto!





CONFESSIONS OF A FAKEFAN

The spirit is fannish but the flesh is fake.

Thus I mused, lying on a couch in the LOCUS livingroom, languidly leafing through a FAPA mailing between intervals of sneezing, snuffling, and coughing out my lungs.

I had flown halfway across North America to consult Famous Fan Historians, and unearth Priceless Fan Artifacts for TORCON 2's All Our Yesterdays room-- only to get sick at the sight of Walt Willis' fanzines.

Disgusting, isn't it?

Mike and I flew out to Westercon to escape, respectively, a year teaching unmathematical students to add, and The Neverending Damn Thesis. For six days--how any fan could endure a sixday con, much less organize one, is beyond me--I played Susie the Goshwow Tourist by day. I touched a palm tree, rode a cable car, bought some flowers and a Berkley Barb (this was San Francisco, after all, and I wanted to do all the Right Things), took lots of photos, and was taken, oohing and aahing, for a helicopter ride above the Bay by Walt Liebscher. I like Walt. He didn't laugh at me for being A Tourist, unlike a certain Boy Wonder of my acquaintance. Blasé I am not. I acted like I was eight years old, and enjoyed every minute.

By night, however, I metamorphosed into Supersusan the Fan Historian, diligent in quest of ideas for my fanhistory display, cunningly triggering the memory banks of the Fabulous Fannish Fans into whose company I insinuated self and notebook. I chortled again at Walt's unexpurgated "Rosebud" story. I heard about XERO and comics fandom, not to mention infighting over Who Gets To Meet Walt Willis, from the Lupoffs. I sat entranced (and coughing) in smokefilled rooms listening to Pat Ellington and Gary Deindorfer swap Boyd Raeburn Stories. I squealed delightedly when Terry Carr gave Mike and I "a few of my duplicate fanzines"--goshwow, QUANDRY, OOPSLA!, HYPHEN, LIGHTHOUSE, and...and...CANADIAN FANDOM!

And I came close to crying when Forry Ackerman casually said "I think I have some-

thing that belongs to you"--and presented us with an autographed copy of FANCYCLO-
PEDIA. Blase I am not. I was touched, thrilled, and very grateful.

But I still had a problem. The fact that Bill Rotsler's incriminating tattoo would not wash off my leg, or that my breathing apparatus gave six nights of its usual violent allergic reaction to smoke-filled rooms, paled beside the awareness that I still didn't know much about Fandom in the Fifties. For the earlier years I had diligently studied the second edition of FANCYCLOPEDIA, not to mention ALL OUR YES-
TERDAYS--me, the neo who wandered bemusedly around St. Louiscon thinking the author panels were interesting but why would anyone want to buy a book on early fanhistory? For midsixties material onward, I had ransacked Mike's innumerable boxes of treasures. I had negotiated with Bruce Robbins, a Canadian collector, for the loan of his complete run of SLANT, as well as the Laney collection which he had purchased intact. I had bounced up and down in the Midwestcon pool, fanrapping with Ted White:

"Ted, I'm doing this display at TORCON to show all the goshwow neos, and the local readers who'll come to the con to get Asimov's autograph or Spock's ears, what FIAWOL is all about. Any ideas?"

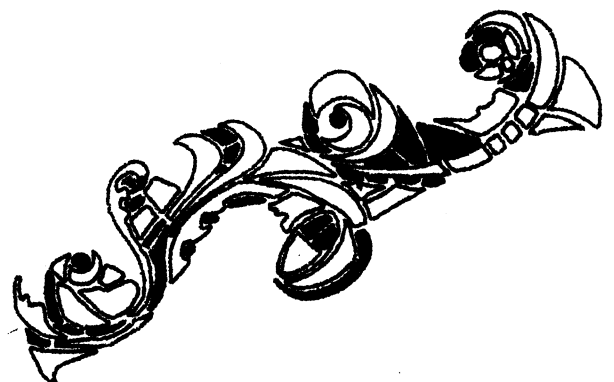
"Sounds ok to me."

"Yeah, but I don't know how to start it. 'Frinstance, what happened in the 50's?"

"The 50's? Nothing much. It was a quiet, friendly time." He submerged. "We discovered Lee Hoffman was a girl." He floated away.

On the second day of Westercon, I was recovering, more or less, from a bad case of jetlag and lack of sleep when Terry Carr ambled by. "Terry!" I squealed. "Hi, Terry, it's Susan Glicksohn, I wrote to you about the fanhistory display, sometime can I see you to talk about fanzines?"

BY
SUSAN
GLICKSOHN



"That's a great line she's got, isn't it?" commented Robert Silverberg.

"My interests are Purely Scholarly, I assure you, Mr. Carr."

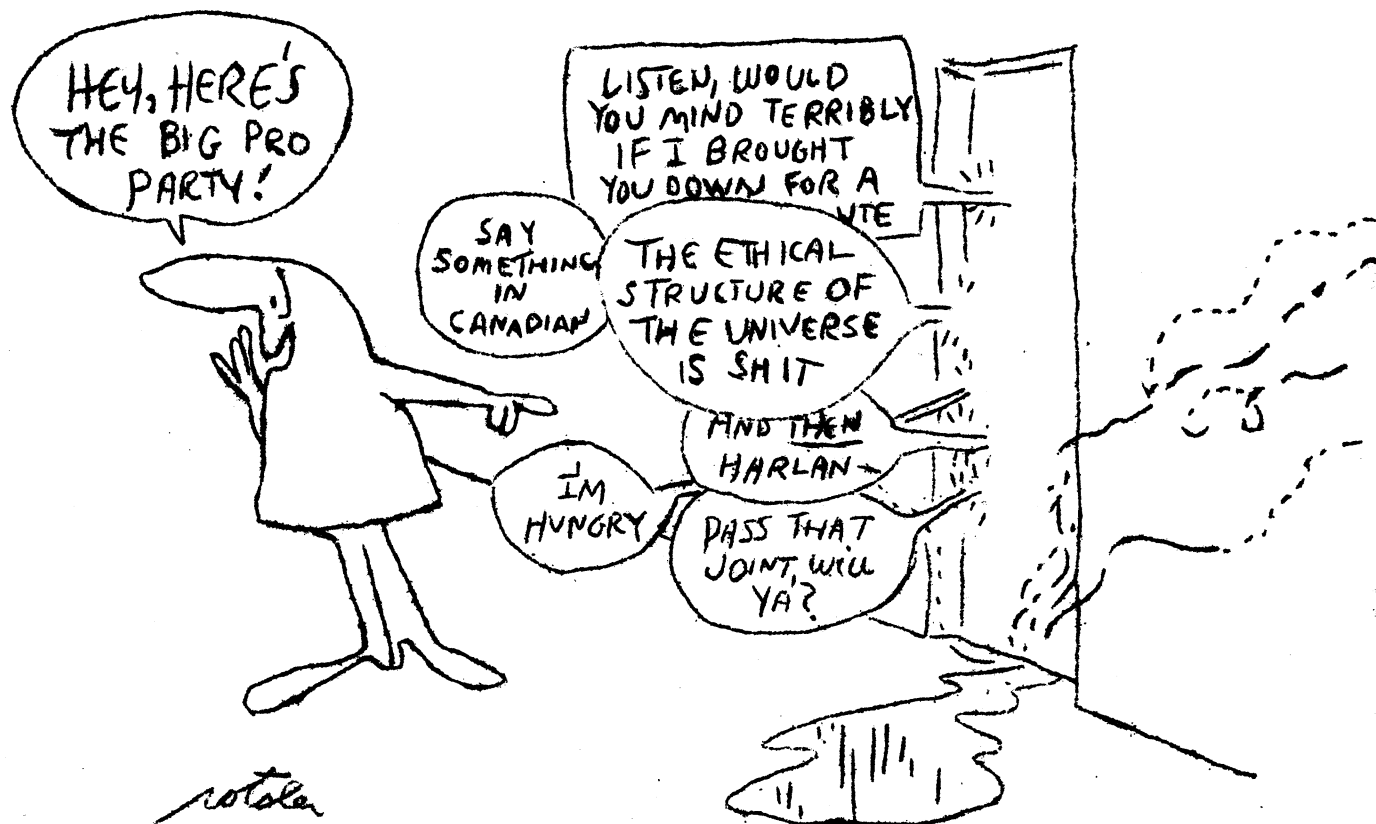
"Uh, sure. You folks staying in the BArea long? Come over and see my fanzine collection."

Somewhat later, a wearied group of convention survivors celebrated Independence Day around the Silverberg swimming pool. I dove in with some trepidation. After all, shortly after Robert Silverberg autographed Rosemary Ullyot's mammary gland, she was hospitalized for the removal of a large lump thereon. Sure enough, the next day I had a sore throat and swollen glands. The day after, I awoke with aching head and stomach as well.

"You can't be sick, Terry's going to show us his fanzines today, remember?" said Mike--who also had a sore throat. I wonder what, exactly, contact with Mr. Silverberg does to Canfen?

I may have seemed blasé; actually I was blah. Or maybe blech. Too Out of It, at any rate, to enthuse over Kiowa, the Carr's bouncy neofannish dog, who had enough goshwow enthusiasm in her Sensitive Fannish Face for all of us; or over one of my favorite Dillon paintings, the cover from LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS; or even over the pretty rocket with FANAC engraved on its base. (Anyway, just about every house we'd been in in the area had a collection of those things.) And then there was the basement workroom. Books. BOOKS. Books. And one complete wall of specially-built cupboards, their doors sliding open to reveal....FANZINES!!

I knew I should feel enthusiasm, if not awe and reverence. I clutched the glass of cranberry juice provided by my thoughtful host--it had hurt too much to try to swallow breakfast--tried to concentrate, and realized I'd left the All Our Yesterdays file back in my suitcase. My mind, somehow, wasn't on the job. I stared at the orderly rows of Fabulous Fanzines, trying to focus. Far away, Mike was goshwowing. I subsided into Terry's typing chair.





"Here, look at this." The Willis file appeared in my nerveless hands. But somehow I didn't care why the Chicon had crossed the road. The room started to spin slowly. Wow, I thought, I knew Willis was the alltime great fanwriter, but this is ridiculous. Carefully, very carefully, I set the folder down.

The spinning became more localized.

"Fakefan!" I admonished myself. "Stop behaving like a bored mundane. You've flown all this way to Experience Fannish Things, you'll never have an opportunity like this again, you'll... you'll be excommunicated from fandom if you don't get out of here!"

Never be sick on cranberry juice. The results can be ghastly. Not to mention scary.

When I reappeared, the room had steadied. Terry must have put the Willis file away. I gulped, and said firmly: "So tell me about fandom in the fifties."

"Not until you've eaten something and feel better."

So I munched a piece of dry toast while Michael and Terry fanchatted. The Carr memory tapes were starting to unreel nicely when the room started that funny spin again.

Even when Terry drove us back to the Browns' along Hugo St., I acted like a bored mundane. Even when he praised my article in the Katz' TANDEM, I merely muttered a blasé-sounding "Uh, thanks," too zonked out to feel egoboo, much less surprise since I'd forgotten about the two-year old piece and hadn't received a TANDEM. Even when he forgivingly invited me back to explore the basement, I merely nodded, distantly.

Four days have passed. The flu, or whatever, travelled up to become a head-stuffed-

with-used-Kleenex type cold. Since I couldn't smell or taste anything, I was set to licking stamps for LOCUS, thereby spreading Susan's Silverberg Plague through fandom. Unless it only affects Canadians, of course.

I still feel blah, which makes me sound blasé. I'm all alone in LOCUS Headquarters, smuffling and answering the phone. A few minutes ago, I got to chat with Harlan Ellison!! Goshwow; except the way I felt, it was more like talking to harlan ellison.

"You and Mike are coming to see me, aren't you?"

"Uh, yeah, maybe. I don't know."

"That sounds sort of lukewarm."

How do you explain to a Fabulous Science Fiction Personality that you'd love to visit Ellison Wonderland, you'd be pleased and delighted, except you think you might die this week, not fly to L.A.?

Excuse me. There's the phone again.

"Locus Publications, hello.... Dena's out, may I take a message?.... Oh, hi Terry, it's Susan. Goshwow, I'm sorry I was so sick the other day.... Oh, thanks. Yes, I'd love to come over Friday to look at your fanzines. OK. Goodbye."

Say--that Terry Carr is a Nice Man. He says the sight of a Genuine Williszine must have caused such a rush of adrenalin it upset my entire metabolism. He says that proves I'm a Trufan, not a fakefan!

Thank you, Terry. I feel better already. But I think I'll train on QUANDRY and LIGHTHOUSE and A BAS before I tackle Willis again.

"But, Fleurette," I said desperately, "what purpose? There can be only one end to it. Sooner or later you will fall in love with...somebody or another. You will forget your accomplishments and everything. I mean it's a sort of law. What other purpose is there in life for a woman?" ---THE BRIDE OF FU MANCHU, Sax Rohmer

"I want to make a few sage comments on the item by your friend and mine, Ted White. I think it's a great column. I really do. I want to get this straight, right here at the outset. I loved it all, every bit of it. I especially loved the second section, which is shot through with my name and some kind words about me. It is an excellent character sketch; it captures the essence of the man Terry Carr for all time, etching it cleanly into stencil wax. (You won't notice this, since it will, I hope, be run off by the time you read this. I certainly hope it will be run off, because I hate to envision myself running from fan's home to fan's home, Ellison-like, showing everyone the stencils for the piece.)" --Terry Carr, LIGHTHOUSE 1961.

"One day someone said to him, "Laney, you always eat eggs. Why don't you try something else?"

Laney said, "Yes, I had eggs for breakfast, I came here and had eggs for lunch, I'm going to eat eggs now, and tonight when I get home from work my wife will fix me a snack which will consist of soft-boiled eggs on toast."

Wondering-ly, the fellow shook his head. "Tell me, Laney, why do you like eggs?"

Laney then delivered himself of another shop-famous line which caused at least one of us to spew his water across the counter: "I figure that anything that comes out of a hen's asshole must be good to eat." ---Charles Burbee, INNUENDO 11, December 1960.

YET MORE OF MIKE'S MUTTERINGS

Some time ago, Seth Dogramajian (32-66 80 St. Jackson Hts., New York, NY 11370) sent me a review copy of THE EXILIAN CROSSECTION ART FOLIO which he is selling for \$2 a copy. The folio, the first of several if things work out, contains 48 pages of artwork, mostly full page material and is reproduced by competent if not brilliant offset. George Barr's cover is excellent and his many interior pages, mostly ten years old, are intriguing for the development they reveal in his work. While a few of the pieces struck me as abysmal, there are many worthwhile drawings and some interesting rare items such as a couple of Virgil Finlay pencil roughs. For \$2 the folio is a good value and it's a worthy project which should be encouraged so that future folios may be produced.

(+)=(+)

The educational cartoon strips which appeared earlier in the issue are by Barry Base, Canada's Jules Feiffer, and were printed in the OSSTF Bulletin. I talk only about two of them because that's all I'd planned to use but in checking through the material this morning I found I'd miscalculated the layout and had a blank page in the middle of the fanzine. A quick check of on-hand supplies showed about 140 copies of the third cartoon I'd run off some time ago. But the original had been thrown out. So I took one of the copies, trundled down to the mimeo room of the Ontario College of Education, cut a stencil, taped out the burn marks from the blue paper and ran off a few more copies. I think everything fits now. See how much more casual XENIUM is going to be?

(-)+(-)

I've been reading some old fanzines of late and I've noticed that Charles Burbee (of whom I stand in awe; now there was a man who could write!) often gave his fanzines subtitles. There was BROWNOUT (The Magazine Fans Believe In), for example. Fans don't seem to do that nowadays, and I probably won't either. But if I did want to subtitle XENIUM, I'd probably call it The Fanzine That Gives You Something Extra. (Which is far too long to letter on the cover so to hell with it.)

When things occur to me, I'll try to include something a little bit different with the fanzine. A lagniappe, so to speak. The labels with this issue are an example, and I've got a few other things prepared for future issues. (These may get me into difficulties as far as apa requirements are concerned, but I'll take that chance.)

And, as previously mentioned, we'd like to feature a guest writer in each issue to titillate, amuse, interest and possibly even educate you. To inaugurate this policy of Something Extra in the way of written material, we've been fortunate indeed to obtain a guest whose credentials are impressive indeed. And since both Susan and I discuss California, his contribution gives thematic unity to the issue, and we all know how important that is.

It's the nature of fandom and fans that periodically (with about the recent frequency of Triple Crown winners, as it happens) there arises a fan of such enormous talent that almost instantly his name becomes a fannish household word. A fan with great ability in many different aspects of fanac who bypasses the usual fannish apprenticeship and immediately assumes his rightful place in the fannish pantheon. The name of such fans, who are brilliant artists, consummate writers, and inspired editors, is on everyone's lips and is immediately recognized by even the humblest neofan.

It is with considerable pleasure that we announce that our first guest is just such a fan. The editor of a superb fanzine, an artist of splendid proportions, and a writer in the classic tradition, we are proud indeed to present Mr Cant Granfield.



STAR DROPPINGS by GRANT CANFIELD

Perpetual sunshine, beautiful golden-haired girls in tight Levi's, and a movie star on every streetcorner -- that's the picture many people have of California. Of course they are right.

Before I moved to California the only movie star I ever saw was veteran character actor Arthur O'Connell, and the streetcorner was in New York City. I did see Laugh-In comedienne Ruth Buzzi in Pickwick Books in Los Angeles once, but she had two big burly bodyguards with her, so I couldn't "make time." Besides, she is a remarkably ugly person, not my type at all.

Now I live in San Francisco, which has recently been rediscovered by the television and film industries. With its breathtaking views, its general visual charisma, its agreeable climate, and its quick and easy accessibility from Hollywood, San Francisco has become a favorite spot for location work. How many TV shows are located in San Francisco, how many TV movies, how many theatrical movies? It's getting so it's hard to walk down the street without tripping over a sound cable or a gaffer or an Aeriflex or an extra or some other technical movie thing.

The first actor we tripped over in San Francisco was David Hartman, who portrayed Dr. Hunter on "The Doctors" segment of The Bold Ones, an NBC cancellee. Cathy and I were enjoying dinner at Scoma's Restaurant on Pier 43 $\frac{1}{2}$ when he walked in and sat down right beside me! Just like a regular person! He ordered abalone, just like us! He was in town to shoot a TV movie, so when he pulled out a script and began reading, the lady behind him, in her excitement, tied her cannelloni in a square knot. Cathy maintained her cool, however. When I had paid the check and we were ready to leave, she spoke to him: "Excuse me, I'd just like to say I think you're really far out!" He thanked her for those eloquent sentiments, and they had a brief conversation, mostly about The Bold Ones, specifically about the Hal Holbrook ("The Senator") segment of the show, which went on to win a lot of major awards but was cancelled anyway. Hal Holbrook, it seems, is a close personal friend of Hartman, who holds his acting ability in great esteem. Cathy agreed that Holbrook also was "far out." I stood in the background picking my nose.

(Incidentally, Hal Holbrook was in the City himself later that year to film a TV movie of his own, but we never ran into him. Can't catch 'em all, I suppose.)

Another time I saw a film crew doing location shots on prestigious Maiden Lane, a two-block pedestrian way Downtown. I happened to be working on Maiden Lane at the time, so I snooped around the dressing trailers and such and found out that the stars involved were Janet Leigh and "Mr. Douglas." I was thrilled at the prospect of seeing Kirk Douglas in person, but it turned out to be Melvyn Douglas. That's okay; it's alright to be Melvyn Douglas. Not everybody can be Kirk Douglas, I guess. They were making another TV movie. I watched them do some dialogue; I was standing around trying to look handsome, in case an actor broke his tibia and they needed a quick replacement. But I guess they haven't worked it that way since Ruby Keeler. Just my luck.

In the summer, the City is thick with TV crews shooting establishment, or "stock" shots, as well as scenes of on-location dialogue and location stuntwork. The Karl Malden show, The Streets of San Francisco, uses a lot of location footage, for instance. As a matter of fact, TV Guide reports that next season the series will be shot entirely on location. (The actor who plays Malden's sidekick in the series is Michael Douglas, Kirk's son. See how my fanzine articles tie together into one neat, homogeneous, cohesive mass? Not unlike a wad of bubble gum.) Other shows, including MacMillan and Wife (starring Rock Hudson and Susan St. James), Ironside (Raymond Burr), and the ubiquitous TV movies, use a lot of San Francisco stock shots. Sometimes these are ludicrous to a native of the City. Dialogue will indicate that action is taking place, say, on Potrero Hill, but the shot will be of the Seacliff area. Stuff like that.

As a matter of fact, you know the building they use for the stock shots on Ironside, the one with the arched windows, where Ironside supposedly has his offices (and where Tom Tully's office was many years ago on San Francisco Beat, also known as The Line-Up)? That building, the old Hall of Justice, hasn't existed for several years. In its spot is a high-rise Holiday Inn. There was supposed to be a Chinese Cultural Center on that property, as it is across the street from Portsmouth Square, at the heart of Chinatown. But the Chinese got screwed by Big Business, to nobody's great surprise, and their Cultural Center was reduced to the loophole status of a few rooms on the third floor of the Holiday Inn. Such a deal. As for the new Hall of Justice, it is a large, ungainly stark gray, almost featureless building down on Bryant Street. You'll probably see it in stock shots on the Hudson or Malden series from time to time.

In addition to television crews, last year the City hosted a number of theatrical film crews. Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal in What's Up, Doc? spring most readily to mind. And already this year we've had three movie crews in town, with more on the way.

Walter Matthau was here recently to film scenes for The Laughing Policeman, a soon-to-be-released cop movie based on Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö's novel of the same title. The book action takes place in Stockholm, but San Francisco is probably cheaper and easier to film in, I guess. It



concerns a busload of people who are machine-gunned to death by a mad killer, and the police efforts to apprehend same. We never saw Matthau, but we did see filming of the busload of people, in Living Bloody Color.

Freebie and the Bean is another new movie recently filmed in San Francisco. It stars James Caan as a cop called Freebie (he helps himself to free tips and merchandise and stuff like that--"freebies") and Alan Arkin as his partner the Bean (maybe he helps himself to beans?) One Saturday we spent the whole day watching a large crew shoot a few lines of dialogue and a major stunt. It's a chase scene, see. The lead car races in front of a train. The chase car, containing Freebie and the Bean, runs up a loading dock ramp and flies over a flatcar on the still-moving train, crashing through a few boxes of excelsior on the way. On the screen it should take about 6 seconds, but it should be a very impressive gag. It took an entire day to set it up and shoot it though. We hung around from about noon to 5:30 in the evening, when they finally did the take. (Only one chance.) Considering the rented train itself, and the specially-built ramp and other stage settings, and the one lead car, and the two externally identical chase cars (one normal; the other specially outfitted with concrete weights in the front end to make it "fly right", and with a camera in place of the back seat, and so on), and a large assortment of extras, actors, gaffers, grips, stuntmen, 2nd unit directors, guys with megaphones, cameramen, other technical guys, and I don't know what all else -- I can't begin to imagine what those 6 seconds cost to film.

By the way, the name of the driver doing the actual stunt in that scene, as a stand in for James Caan, is Jim Nicholson. Here's your opportunity for cinematic one-upsmanship. When you see this sequence in the movie, say to your date, "Say, wasn't that Jim Nicholson driving that car? Yes, I believe that was old Jim! Good gag there, Jim!" 'Gag', you see, is stuntman lingo for a stunt, or trick. No other fan artist brings you this kind of important information.

We were among the crowd of spectators watching Caan and Arkin filming some dialogue that day, of course, but several days later we mixed with The Stars in more intimate surroundings. Namely, we were eating burgers at a North Beach burger place called Clown Alley when James Caan strolled in with a couple of other slick Hollywood agent types. As we left, Cathy bent down to Caan and whispered, "We've got to stop meeting like this." I imagine he was mystified, but I can't say for sure, because it would have spoiled the whole gag if we had looked back to find out.

The most recent film star in San Francisco for location work is Clint Eastwood. At this writing he is still here, working on Magnum Force, a sequel to the popular Dirty Harry. Eastwood is something of a local celebrity to begin with. He lives just down the coast at Carmel, and is a friend of columnist Herb Caen, and sponsors celebrity tennis matches for charity, and stuff like that. He is also, you might as well admit, a very handsome dude. So when he was doing location work down the street from Cathy's office the other day, all the secretaries and bookkeepers and other ladies in the office, normally shy and reserved types, began salivating and palpitating at the loins and throwing themselves at his trailer door. Cathy refrained from such juvenile tactics, she tells me, mainly because she had a better idea: she slipped him a note listing all the manners and sorts of sexual acts and/or perversions she was willing and eager to perform on or about his body. She is still awaiting a reply.

I think that's a pretty good idea, though. By golly, I can't wait to try it out myself! As soon as Raquel Welch comes to the City to make a movie... or Lee Grant... or Nina van Pallandt... or Cher Bono... or Jane Fonda... or Ali McGraw... or Barbi Benton... or Sally Kellerman... or... or...

Artwork in order of appearance by: Jim Shull, Bill Rotsler, Tim Kirk, Jonh Ingham, Bill Rotsler (2), Alicia Austin (2), Jim Shull, Bill Rotsler, Grant Canfield (2).

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