

'In my youth,' Father William replied to his son,
'I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.'

---Alice In Wonderland,
Lewis Carroll

And what is it that poor Father William and the rest of us of his brainless ilk do again and again? Why, publish fanzines, of course! And that explains why I have risen triumphantly from a brief but fearsome battle with evil Gafia to present to you this compendium of witty and entertaining diversities which I call The Canadian Fandom Issue of XENIUM, The Fanzine That Gives You Something Extra. (Well, I don't actually call it that, but I've got a reputation for pretentiousness to preserve.)

So here I sit, a newly filled glass from a newly opened bottle of Scotch by my side, about to type directly onto these expensive virgin stencils a random collection of bits and pieces that I've found amusing, interesting or informative of late. And this fits the theme of this issue since I am now a member of Canadian fandom. My citizenship certificate arrived on August 29th, much to the relief of many of my relatives who couldn't understand why I refrained from applying for it for over 16 years. I only applied for it this year because I couldn't get a permanent teaching certificate without it. In my pantheon, the great god Expediency sits right beside Egoboo...

When I get through, you may indulge yourself in a mysterious and fascinating slice of Canadiana in the form of a strange manuscript that appeared out of nowhere one day. It's author, apparently one 'Bedford Cartwright', serves as our Guest Columnist for this issue, and I'm hoping that some of you may be able to shed some light on this unusual contribution.

Susan is here, of course, this time with some reprinted material we have rescued from the little-seen and long-forgotten pages of OSFIC QUARTERLY. And in the middle of this very definitely Canadian contribution, you will likely be amazed to see a classic piece of fannish writing by Norm Clarke, one of the Elder Ghods of Canadian Fandom. See how well it all ties together?

And one thing that ties certain recent fanzines together is the idea of awarding All Egoboo for a given issue to a certain fan. Grant Canfield may not have started it, but his was the first fanzine that I saw the idea in. The problem with most faneds who've done this, though, is that they haven't been vulgar enough. Buried on an inside page somewhere will be a pathetic little "All Egoboo this issue goes to good old Joe Phan..." Phooey! What's wrong with a little ostentation? As the last ENERGUMEN proved, I am not one to hide my embarrassingly crude and vulgar pretentiousness under a bushel hat. So let's do it in style! Let out the stops! And if you'll hastily turn the page, you'll find that All Egoboo for this issue goes to...

David Stever

As to why All Egoboo goes to David, well, David once worked in a bindery, and some time ago he had a file set of the first ten ENERGUMEN bound for me at a ridiculously low price in a beautiful reddish brown leather with gold lettering down the spine. At TORCON, David flabbergasted me by presenting me with his own copies of NERG 11 through NERG 15 bound in a matching volume so I'd have a complete set. I was and still am very deeply touched by this gesture; and it's a small thing indeed to put David's name up in mimeo ink as a way of saying 'Thanks.' Just think, David, sixty five FAPAns will read your name here (if someone hands them their glasses) and just may decide to get their copies of SNICKERSNEE or HORIZONS bound...

Speaking of TORCON, you won't be reading about it here. Not that the experience was so horrendous that I can't bring myself to talk about it, but I'm going to try to put out a separate issue of XENIUM largely devoted to the con, even if it will be somewhat dated by the time it appears. So for now, a simple but heartfelt "Thanks" to all those who helped to make it such a great convention for Susan and I. It was certainly the highpoint of my career in fandom to date, and I think Susan, exhausted as she was by it all, would agree with me.

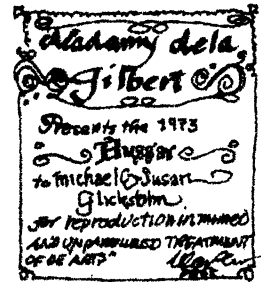
"When people ask me 'How are you?', usually I tell them. That shuts them up."

--Bruce Gillespie, Apa-45

ENERGUMEN wins big award

As I've said on previous occasions, no faned publishes merely in the hope of winning an award or honour, but it is definitely one of the pleasanter aspects of the hobby when one does receive the recognition of one's peers. This is particularly true when such recognition is completely unexpected.

It is with unusual modesty and humility that I proudly announce that ENERGUMEN is the winner of the 1973 Hussar Award, a copy of the victory certificate appearing to the immediate right of this text. The award itself, a hand-painted miniature soldier, has a place of honour in our trophy case...



It is a proud and lonely thing to be a faned...but I wish I could find someone who would frame the damn certificate for me!!

"It seems I have a power saw, lots of blades, a dado attachment, a lot of good lumber and a lot of books. To the ordinary person that would instantly mean bookcases. But I am not an ordinary person. I am a fan. That means that I have slow reactions, a bewildered outlook, and a total inability to conceive of anything that is not galactic in scope."

--- Charles Burbee, BURBLINGS 3, June 1948

The initial distribution of XENIUM was made at TORCON, to about fifty of our friends who were there but aren't members of either of the two apas XENIUM goes to. And it was about a month later that I received the first of a small series of rather unusual responses.

A 9x12 brown manilla envelope arrived at my old address, sent to "Mikael Glicksohn" and bearing a postmark that carries the date Sept 28 and a partially obscured point of origin that looks like "Upper Tract, WV." Inside was a beautifully executed fanzine of comment. Called A-THENIUM, with a most attractive hand-lettered cover, its colophon reads: "A-ThenIUM -- dedicated to XENIUM and the proposition that all zines are not created equal. Stencil number (none); print run (1)." Produced on expensive typewriter paper with an IBM Selectric, A-ThenIUM includes a pasted-in label from a bottle of Acme Bala Club Golden Ginger Ale, an amusing fannish anecdote as to the meaning of the label, graphics, interlineations and everything. It is easily the nicest response to a fanzine I've ever had. And it's unsigned, uncredited and unidentified. And I certainly don't know anyone in Upper Tract, wherever that may be! (Although if that was indeed the mailing point, instead of a dash between A and ThenIUM, wouldn't a colon have been more appropriate?)

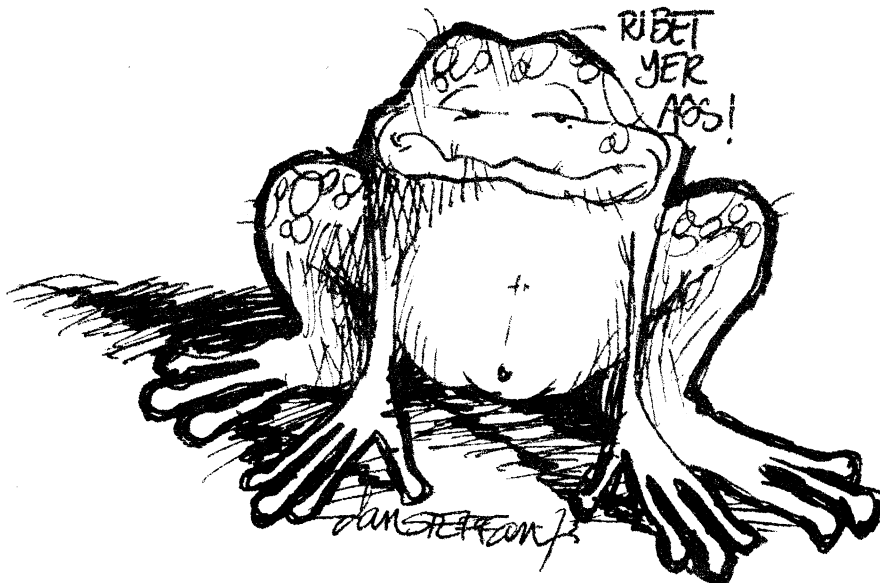
Next to arrive to add to my bewilderment was a normal-sized white envelope marked "Hand Cancel Please" bearing the most unusual postmark I've seen on my mail. Again the point of origin is only partially readable, but it ends in "...NMOUTH, IL." In the center of the postmark, however, the date is quite clearly given as "Oct 30, Sep 29, Aug 18"! Somewhere someone seems to have an in with the Post Office.

Inside this envelope, carefully wrapped in a pair of yellow Kleeneces, is a metal button proclaiming "STUMP FOR BEECHWOOD AGEING." And not an iota of identification anywhere. I've got vague memories of having heard that slogan somewhere, perhaps in connection with a beer commercial?, but I can't place it exactly. Perhaps my mysterious benefactor would care to enlighten me some more?

Third installment in somebodies plan to prepare Mike Glicksohn for the Massachusetts Home For The Bewildered was two Xeroxed pages of recipes mailed from Smithfield, WVa. They were sent on Oct 15.

Oct 16 saw the posting, right here in my very own city, of an envelope containing a blank Royal York Hotel postcard. The faithful Post Office carefully rerouted both of these unsigned missives to my new address.

A day or so later, they also redirected another package, this mailed on Oct 15 too,



in Cumberland, MD. Inside a folded sheet of cardboard, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, was one of those professional plastic name plaques one sees on the doors of bank vice presidents and others of that ilk. Ten inches long, with half inch white plastic letters on a wood-grain background, the thing reads YE OLDE GLICKSOHN. I'm assuming it's for the door of my padded cell when they take me away...

In the last month, nothing further has arrived to baffle me, so I've been able to bring the full force of my not-considerable powers of detection to bear on the case. Utilizing an imaginative approach that would have done credit to that great Canadian detective, Sherlock's brother Mobile, I've just now looked up the various places my responses were mailed from. Strangely, not a one of them appears on my map of the world showing the disposition of the Great Powers at the end of World War I! A telling point, I'm sure you'll agree.

Next I brought my intense knowledge of graphology to bear upon the problem and here I met with greater success. I've been able to determine with almost 100% certainty that the first and third of the mystery items were sent by the same person who I've deduced to be a tall female impersonator with freckles, a wooden leg, a life long interest in comparative theology and a passion for garlic flavored marshmallows. Unfortunately this is as accurate a picture as I've been able to come up with from the limited writing samples at hand and it's far too general to be of much help. The second letter was obviously addressed by someone's sister just before she left for kindergarten, the fourth was typed, and the last appears to be the unfortunate victim of an attack by an arthritic orangutang armed with a Bic banana.

And there the matter stands, at least for the moment. Like Charlie Brown, I don't really know what's going on. And when I've finished typing these stencils, and run off the 175 copies of each and collated them all up into copies of XENIUM 2.2, I'm going to put them all into the back of the closet and hide under the bed...

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PETER ROBERTS
FOR TAFF

The mailing list of XENIUM being what it is, I don't have to explain TAFF to you. But I would urge you to use the enclosed ballot if you haven't already voted. This year we have two excellent candidates either of whom would be a worthy winner. I'm supporting Peter Roberts and I hope many of you will too, but the important thing is to support TAFF and keep it strong and healthy.

Read the platforms on the ballot and you'll realize, if you didn't know it already, that these two fans are probably primarily responsible for the current strong position of British fandom. This is likely the best TAFF race in years and deserves your support. So bring Peter Roberts to the Discon, and help establish even stronger ties between our two fandoms.

HELP BRING AN AARDVARK
TO WASHINGTON

the sense of wonder Lives

IN THE TORONTO TELEPHONE BOOK...?

Small things amuse small minds, they say, and I suppose I am proof of the truth of that old adage. It doesn't require much to fascinate or amuse me. For example, one day while looking up a number in the Toronto telephone directory, a massive volume of 1680 pages, I happened to note that in all of Toronto there are only six telephones listed to people whose name is Jew. They are all Chinese people, as it happens. There is only one listing for the name Jentile. And yet fate so arranged the distribution of people in this great city so that the one Jentile came at the top of the page and one of the few Jews was the last name on that page, producing the top corner listing shown to the left. Doesn't that do something for your SOW?

756 Jentile-Jew

Jentile A 173 HabitantDr	745
Jents I 2 TriburnhamPl	621
Jents Mrs Irene 6aRowley	483
Jentys R 17 HumewoodDr	653
Jeoffroy Brian 6 PenhaleDr	249
Jeoffroy Frank 9 Kingdom	241
Jeoffroy J 138EileenAv	766
Jeoffroy J 40-C Falstaff	249
Jeoffroy K 138 EileenAv	762
JEOL U S A INC CanadianDiv	
970 PIdelaSavanne . Montréal	735

...AND IN MIKE O'BRIEN'S WORLD!

As I said on the front cover of last issue, I only plan on publishing truly superb locs, since XENIUM is not essentially a response-oriented fanzine. What constitutes a superb loc is far too subjective to define, but I know 'em when I read 'em! It might be content, or style or a combination of both, but although we got a lot of good locs, only one really stood out as superb. Mike O'Brien presents some ideas which should stir the most jaded sense of wonder: he lives at 1751 Catalpa, #1, Chicago, ILL. 60640, if you'd like to argue or discuss the matter with him.

"... Sarah would like a whole helluva lot for me to become the next Boy Wonder, and have us publish the next NERG-like phenomenon, and become real well-known, and the whole bit. And I keep saying no, and she asks me why not, and I, until recently, kept being stumped.

Now that it's late, and the music is trickling through my brain, and I'm mellow and reflective, I suppose it's because my creative impulses run a different way. The creation of a fanzine, it seems to me, is a dynamic process resulting in a static product. You, I know, don't see it in that way since you are continually involved in the task of creation. What I mean is that the issues themselves are static in nature, a cleverly wrought intermingling of ink and paper with a couple of staples so it won't fall apart. It is the act of creation itself which you enjoy. In my case, it is the same, but the story or whatever is of not so much use to me as the surrounding egoboo, or whatever, or the creational impulse it gives me when I read it later. I cannot expend all that much energy on it, though, which is in part why I don't write for such long periods at a time.

No, I like my creations to be dynamic, I suppose, which is why I am so far into computers. That which I create is a dynamic extension of myself, capable of semi-independent action under my control -- in fact, it may become an entire universe, a stage upon which events may take place. This is the case with an operating system,

THE infernal duplicating Mission of Professor L

by J*hn Sl*d*k

as told to Bedford Cartwright

The Pulped Man--as I have since come to think of him--was expounding a recondite matter to us. A noted journalist, lecturer, and bon vivant, with a bushy beard to boot, he was a hale and hearty figure, and his mischievous eyes twinkled as he recounted his latest theory. Outside in the garden, his hot-air dirigible, in which he had just made the hazardous journey from the capital, was fastened securely to a stake in the ground.

"Now, however much the Church would have us regard the Body as simply the Vessel of the Soul, I suggest to you that we are accustomed to regard a man as Body and Soul together--however much we may claim to gnash our philosophical teeth over the contradictions of Cartesian dualism. Indeed, esteeming ourselves as skeptics in an Age of Rationalism, we tend to pooh-pooh the very concept of Soul itself, which we would prefer to relegate to the dusty archives of Religious Dogmatism. And yet--" And here the Pulped Man paused to favor us with that mirthful expression which we all knew and loved so well..."And yet, even a Rational Man cannot altogether dismiss the notion of Soul, which appears to us again in this Enlightened Age in the guise of Mind. And Mind, we are bound to admit, is the very Essence of the individual human personality. A Body without a Mind would be worse than useless, but a Mind without a Body--while perhaps lacking somewhat in mobility (an inconvenience, admittedly)--would still, undeniably, I submit, possess all those attributes which we are wont to ascribe to the mature human personality--"

"Are you implying, Professor, that a Mind could perpetuate its existence without benefit of material sustenance, that is, in short, in a Void?" broke in Sir John, as astonished as the rest of the company at the temerity of this bold suggestion.

"Hardly, Sir John," laughed our journalist friend. "I merely suggest to you that the Vessel which bears the imprint of the Mind need not necessarily be that of the Human Body."

In the dead silence that greeted this remark, I glanced at our host, Mr. G., a portly, somewhat balding man of middle years, who sat sipping a glass of sherry and absently polishing his Herbert, this latter being a small golden trophy in the form of an oddly-shaped, bicycle-like piece of machinery, awarded to that good gentleman in recognition of the excellence of the avant-garde literary digest--The Maynard Avenue Review--of which he was editor.

G.'s wife, a handsome, strong-willed woman with her hair pulled back in a fashionable bun, inspired no doubt by the latest mode of Gay Paris, was the first to break the silence.

"My dear L., would you have us believe that the informational matrix which constitutes the systemic configuration of the individual human personality can be transferred, intact, from the brain to...I hesitate to guess...some other, alternate, storage-and-retrieval bank?"

"Exactly," beamed Professor L.

"Piffle!" cried Sir John.

"Balderdash!" snorted G.

"Utter rot!" I expostulated.

"Twaddlesticks!" chimed in Madame U., a sophisticated Woman-of-the-World and wealthy operator of an exclusive Massage Library that catered to the tired psyches of overworked and understimulated business-gentlemen in our hectic Metropolis.

G. looked askance. "Really, Rose, must you resort to such crude language? All this talk about feminine equity is all very fine, in its place, but I must remind you that there are children only just down the street--the riffraff of our domestic attendants, I don't doubt--but children nevertheless, impressionable and quite possibly within earshot, if my eyes do not deceive me"--this delivered while he gestured with his trusty blunderbuss towards the open fenetres. "I don't doubt you two ladies and your cohorts will ultimately achieve your goal of Female Suffrage and thereby undermine the foundations of Christian Civilization, but must we be reminded of the fact here in our own drawing room?"

"I see you are somewhat loathe at first blush to accept my theory whole hog," chuckled the Professor, with a merry glint in his eyes. "Come, now, I had thought better of you, gentlemen. Though we may perhaps excuse a certain lack of hard masculine logic in certain others present," he added, doffing an imaginary top hat in the direction of the two distaff members of his audience. "Surely, though, you can perceive what great advantages might await the fortunate man who were able to cast off his organic body at will and for it substitute a more compact and durable Temple of the Soul (if I may employ that dreaded word). Immortality would hardly be the least of benefits that might accrue. Free of the degenerative processes a man might live for ten thousand years or more, savoring the delights of ages yet undreamt, transferring his Essential Mind from one medium to another, triumphant at last over the forces of Dark Entropy. And, blast it, I must admit the idea appeals to me for a much more mundane reason. What with the expense of maintaining that accursed dirigible, as against my meagre salary, supplemented by small fees from lecturing, I long for some more convenient, less expensive--not to mention less dangerous--method of transporting myself hither and yon about the country on my many missions and expeditions."

"What the devil are you going on about, L?" harrumphed G., bolting from his chair and pacing across the room to a contraption L. had hauled out of his dirigible and set there not three-quarters of an hour before. "And what the devil is this? Some new printing press you've come up with?"

The Professor favored us with one of his enigmatic smiles. "Perhaps a little demonstration is in order," he said.

"I'm afraid our other guests didn't come here today to help you collate your political tracts, L.," said G., striding towards the door to his study. "Come, gentlemen, there's good whiskey and other divertissements in here. The ladies can amuse themselves in the garden till tea." So saying, he disappeared into his palatial study, and Sir John and I were not slow in following, lured on by the promise of je ne sais quoi. The ladies, as suggested, stepped out to wander among the statuary and rose bushes, and L. was left to his machine, and to his machinations.

And there, in a sense, my story ends. Or begins. I hardly know which.

An hour or so later, about four o'clock as it must have been, Petulia, the cook, came to call us for tea. G. was in a rather foul mood, for he was tearing the study

apart in a vain attempt to find the latest issue of Jolly Titters, a copy of which he had smuggled across the border just the week before--the spicy rotogravure of This Month's Miss Titters having been autographed, so he claimed, by none other than the magazine's notorious editor, Rodney Goldenberg. G. had met Goldenberg at an editorial conference and had got him to place his signature on a strategic part of Miss Titter's bathing costume. The copy was priceless, claimed G., though admittedly a bit racy even by today's lax moral standards.

Imagine our surprise, on returning to the drawing room, to find no trace of L. In the garden his dirigible remained securely anchored where he had left it. Though we searched the house room by room, we found nothing. Petulia informed us that supper would be delayed, since she had mislaid the recipe for pineapple upside-down cake and would have to secure it afresh from a neighbor. Supper came and went, by which time Sir John had departed in his carriage for a border town, and his weekly rendezvous with a certain Miss B. In the days that followed, police enquiries turned up nothing, though all reasonable leads were checked. Nothing.

And yet, there was something. We found it when we entered the drawing room for tea that afternoon. Beside L.'s machine was a scattered heap of printed material: a copy of last Sunday's New York Times, several local papers issued that very afternoon, a whole month's issue of the Ottawa Chronicle--the paper for which the Professor wrote regularly--various magazines on every conceivable subject under the sun, press clippings, and sundry typed sheets of paper containing sentences, fragments of sentences, words, numbers, incomprehensible bits of jargon, and random phrases--all in all a veritable junkpile of journalistic memorabilia. Buried beneath this heap we found a hand-written note (the handwriting proved to be L.'s):

My dear friends, please collect together all papers you may find here and mail to my residence in the capital. I urge you to leave nothing remaining. Ship my duplicating machine to the same address. My man-servant, Quigby, has been entrusted with sufficient funds to receive these materials. The Material is immaterial. The Immaterial is material. ---L.



That was one month ago. We followed L.'s request, though it seemed to us the raving of a lunatic. Concerned to lose none of his papers, we gathered all we could find in the drawing room and shipped it at once, together with the so-called "Duplicating Machine". What else is there to tell? Was the Duplicating Machine also a Reconstituting Machine? Or are there two Machines, one for printing and one for unprinting? What are we to make of the garbled reports of three hysterical typists in the offices of the Ottawa Chronicle, who claim they were attacked and raped last week by a bearded man resembling a giant pineapple, who performed the unspeakable acts all the while standing on his head? I can't but feel it is significant that G. never found his copy of Jolly Titters. Did we mail that lascivious magazine too, in our haste that day? Did the faithful Quigby feed the Reconstituting Machine not less, but more, than L. had bargained for?

So many questions still unanswered. One might better pass the whole thing off on an excessive imagination; no doubt our friend L. has wandered the streets of our city this past month, safe but disguised, and laughing at the great joke he has played on us all. But what then are we to make of the bundle of papers that arrived in the mail today, with a note reading, "Keep in safe place until further instructions arrive with machine"? One cannot choose but wonder. True, there's no recipe for pineapple upside-down cake, no Jolly Titters magazine, as I had half expected. But among the copies of the Sunday New York Times, the Chronicle, the printed odds and ends, there are half a dozen copies of Thrilling Wonder Stories Quarterly. And one of them has a cover that screams "Mrrgxx, the Creature from Beyond Time". I won't describe the picture on the cover. But I know that wasn't in the batch of papers we mailed to L.'s place that day.

In G.'s garden, L.'s deflated dirigible strains feebly at its leash.

Editor's Note: The foregoing account was among a bundle of papers, magazines, etc., found on our doorstep one morning, and was sandwiched between the driver's licence of a "Bedford Cartwright" and several rejection slips from Boy's Life, bearing such comments as "totally unsuitable", "morally objectionable", and "postal authorities have been advised regarding your continued refusal to heed..." The bundle was also accompanied by a vague note urging us to "await further instructions", but since none arrived, and inquiries failed to reveal the sender's purpose, we have consigned to the incinerator all but the above fantasy, which we hope may prove amusing, or at least mildly titillating.

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT...

As many more of you will now know (after TORCON) Monty Python's Flying Circus is a rather strange and delightful English comedy series that we were fortunate enough to get here in Canada. Their latest album is just out, and contains the following description on the little circle in the middle of the album. At least I think this is what it says; it's hard to read clearly running round in a circle like this.

"LIST OF CONTENTS BY A HARLEY STREET DENTIST I would just like to say how pleased I was to be asked to write this list of contents. When, like me, you spend all day looking at the contents of people's mouths, it is a wonderful relief to be asked to write the contents for an amusing comedy record such as this, and forget the world of fillings and surgical extractions and cosmetic remoulds and peridental treatment and nerve removals and bleeding gums and pyrea and impacted wisdom teeth and root surgery and smelly dentures and broken molars and advanced tooth decay and stinking garlic covered pieces of decomposed beef wedged between the roots of the upper seventh of disgusting half digested chunks of kipp."

Lines from her Ladyship

"Yes. Yes, Gordon. Yes, I'll try to write something for OSPHIMAGGE. Yes. Probably about how I became Duchess of Canadian Fandom."

"What of Canadian Fandom?" asked Gordon Van Toen. "I thought duchesses were old women."

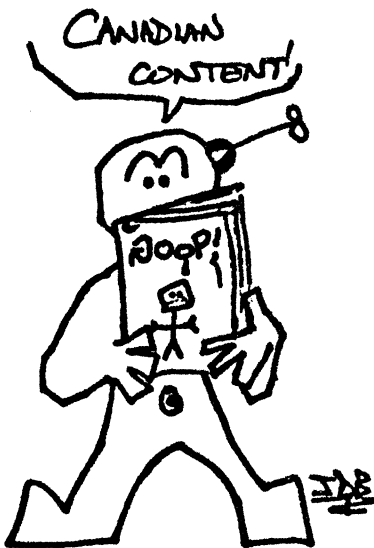
"If my sweetie can be the Boy Wonder of Canadian Fandom at 27, I can be a duchess at 24, can't I?"

"Um" said Gord, dubiously. "Just have it in by next week, ok?"

Actually I don't know if there is an age requirement for the job. I don't even know what a D. of C.F. does. Shall I preside at literary teaparties? (in our tiny back bedroom with the mimeo, the snake in his cage and the gerbils in theirs, the paper supply and several thousand fanzines and Marvel comics--ha!) Shall I stride about at conventions in British tweeds and Canadian furs, being photographed for the society page of the Toronto GLOBE AND MAIL as a Personality and Arbiter of Fannish Taste? Shall I run frantically about looking for people who've written nasty things about ENER-GUMEN, shouting "off with their heads" a la the Queen of Hearts in Alice? (Now that idea I like. But whatever would become of the Canfannish reputation for decency, moderation and tolerance?)

I may not know what to do with the job; but I do know I'd like to have it. The United States has its Secret Masters of Fandom, wheeling and dealing; why shouldn't Canada, with its British heritage modified by New World democracy, possess an aristocracy of merit, guiding and refining Canfannish life, above mere petty influence peddling, uniting known fannish hearts from Oromocto, N.B., to Burnaby, B.C. with one great bond of loyalty -- she said, practicing the pompous verbal magnificence appropriate to the position.

I confess that the idea isn't an original one. I was reading an old fanzine, a mid-60s one, I think, when I caught a reference to "Norm Clarke and his wife Gina, the Duchess of Canadian Fandom." I thought that the fanzine in question was Terry Carr's LIGHTHOUSE, but having diligently re-read not only those, but our files of QUIP, the old FOOLSCAP, the brilliant Irish HYPHEN, even Terry's earlier INNUENDO and similar mimeo masterpieces, I've been unable to find the reference again. I don't know who christened Gina the D. of C.F., or why, or what



her role in fandom was, apart from some good writing in the aforementioned LIGHTHOUSE and some FAPazines reviewed in it. I confess I haven't contacted her to ask if she minds my usurping her place. On second thought, it would be more tactful to promote her to Grand Duchess. Consider yourself aggrandized by the next generation, ma'am.

The interesting aspect of this duchess bit, though, is that I learned about it, like almost everything else in Canadian fanhistory, through an American, the unknown person who met the Clarkes.

I suppose I had a fairly typical introduction to fandom. Like many others of You Out There, I had been a long-time sf reader who knew that there must be other people like me -- the Heinlein juveniles kept disappearing off the library shelves. When I actually made contact with such persons, it was through something called a fanzine -- HUGIN AND MUNIN, published at Carleton University by Richard Labonte, who proceeded to tell me marvellous tales of people who not only read and even wrote sf, but who published more fanzines and held conventions. Most of them were American; some were British and even Australian; and (so rumour whispered) there were even -- other Canadian fans!! But we had to go to conventions to find them, or read fanzines, or even prozines, all of them (until OSFiC), American. Mike Glicksohn Discovered Fandom by reading an ad for the TRICON in '66 in FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, which is about as fringe-fannish as you can get. Rosemary Ulliyot Discovered Fandom when a girl walked into the bookstore where she worked wearing an 'I Grok Mr. Spock' button, from the US fandom of a US tv show. Every so often, someone in Elbow, Sask., or South Dildo, Nfld, Discovers Canadian Fandom in the lettercolumn of the US prozines ANALOG, AMAZING and FANTASTIC, or in an envelope from F&SF where Andy Porter, New York's undercover would-be Canadian fan mails out TORCON 2 fliers with that magazine's rejection slips. Finally, I Discovered Mike Glicksohn mostly at Boskone in '69. Isn't fandom wonderful?

Even the title "Boy Wonder of Canadian Fandom" was bestowed on Mike by David Lewton, an otherwise-obscure Indianapolis fan who gafiated after this historic achievement.

Gradually I became aware, thanks to US conventions and fans, that Canadian fandom had a past, albeit a somewhat stunted one. I learned



BY
SUSAN
GLICKSOHN

of the people who had put on the first TORCON in '48, mainly by reading Harry Warner's fan history and meeting First-Fandomite and convention organizer John Millard -- at a Boskone. Not that I could have learned about the TORCON first-hand, since your duchess was born the weekend it took place. I learned about other Canfans at conventions from US fans who said: "Oh, you're Canadians, you must know the Clarkes." The Clarkes? We had been given the address of a Famous Oldtime Canadian Fan named Norm Clarke, but the ENERGUMEN we sent was returned by the P.O. We got the correct address finally when Mike met Norm at (where else?) Noreascon. I learned about the Insurgents, who revived Canadian fandom after the post-TORCON collapse, from US fans such as John Berry and Harry Warner, who wrote us letters casually praising early Canfanzines such as A BAS with its famous Derogations -- assuming, of course, these were quite familiar to us. Mike replied: "Pardon my ignorance, Harry, but what were the Derogations?" We were told they were Boyd Raeburn, another famous Canfan, not suffering fools gladly in an extremely witty manner, but we hadn't the foggiest idea who Boyd Raeburn was. Our ignorance led to an embarrassing contretemps at Noreascon, when 'the Canadians' -- the 1970's version -- held a party. Some of their predecessors attended. Rosemary Ulylot, Hugo-nominated Kumquat May of Canadian Fandom, looked up, saw a home-town name badge, and shrieked: "Boyd Raeburn! I thought you were dead!!" He wasn't. We had to wait until John Berry came up from New York to discover the True North before we got to meet him.

The visit was a most pleasant one, involving chatter about the Good Old Days of Canadian Fandom. Boyd, "well-known fake gourmet and bon-vivant" (to quote Robert Silverberg, who knows more about early Canadian fans than I do) mentioned visiting the Clarkes. "Why was Gina Clarke called Duchess of Canadian Fandom?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Boyd.

I sighed. "That's too bad, because it sounds like fun, and I'd really like to be one."

"If you want to be a Duchess of Canadian Fandom, then be a Duchess of Canadian Fandom."

"Won't Gina mind?"

"I don't suppose so. She and Norm aren't all that active; we're all Old Fans and Tired. There. I name you Duchess of Canadian Fandom." He gestured with an invisible sword.



So here I am, people. Your nobility. (Did I hear someone shout "a bas les aristos"?) Fan history is being made before your eyes.

And just think -- you read about it in a Canadian fanzine!

- + - + - + - + - + - + - +

The above is reprinted from the first issue of OSFiC QUARTERLY, a copy of which was sent to Norm Clarke. His response, and Susan's rebuttal, follows, reprinted from OSFiC QUARTERLY #2.

Quebec
June 25, 1972

John:

THE ANSWER

BY NORM CLARKE

"Gina," I said to her on the phone, "this is fantastic. A fanzine from Toronto was in the mail today. It mentions your name."

"Why me? Why me?" she asked, exasperated.

"Well, actually," I said, "you are first of all referred to as my wife. I am called 'Famous Old Time Fan Norm Clarke', and you are called, in this context, 'his wife.'"

"Oh yeah," snarled my wife.

"But then, of course, due homage is paid to you as 'Duchess of Canadian Fandom.' You remember that stuff, don't you?"

"No," said the erstwhile Dutch Ellis, DoCF.

"Sure you do. Think back ... back. Remember those funny mimeographed things with the pictures in them printed upside down? Remember those cigar-shaped things with smoke coming out of them? Remember Bob Tucker?"

"Oh, that!"

"Yeah, it all comes back to you now, huh? Well, anyway, as I was saying: there was this Toronto fanzine -- it's sort of like Canadian Fandom, or 'CanFan' as we called it 'way back then -- in the mailbox today. And there was a letter with it, a letter from its editor, John Millard...."

"Oh yeah. He published

Double:Bill."

"No, no. No; that was, um, that was ... uh, Wrai Ballard?"

"No, no.

That was **Ray** 'Pogo' Thompson."

"No, wait a minute. Son of a gun, it's not from John Millard after all. Remember him? We met him in Toronto once; and I think we met him again in Boston."

"I forget."

"Right. Well anyway, this letter is from John Douglas. Do we know him?"

"Does he know us?"

"He seems to ... know us by Reputation. He calls me -- or at least his fanzine calls me -- and I quote, 'Famous Oldtime Fan Norm Clarke'. He mentions your name, too."

"Duchess of Canadian Fandom, eh? Right. Now I remember. I am the goddam Duchess of Canadian Fandom, and don't you forget it, you punk neo."

"Right you are, baby. However, you have been deposed. Somebody named Rosemary Glicksohn -- or, wait, I think it's Susan Elliott. Yes, that's it; I remember now: she was on the bus with us to NorEasCon, along with Dickie Labonte. Well, anyway, she is now Duchess of Canadian Fandom. She proclaims it, right here in this Canadian Fanzine from Toronto. And, you know," I added, not unkindly, "if it's in a fanzine, it must be true. All knowledge is contained ..."

"Shut up," said Gina, "what did you say that Bitch's name is?"

"Well, it is ... let me check a minute. Oh. It is 'Susan Glicksohn'. Say, isn't she the one whose picture we saw in the paper, with an anteater around her neck?"

"The very one,"

Gina cried. "Well, I'll get her. 'Duchess of Canadian Fandom', eh? I suppose her

husband calls himself a 'Ghood Man', or has a rubber stamp that says 'Glicksohn is Superb.'"

"No no, nothing like that. He simply calls himself 'Boy Wonder of Canadian Fandom.' He's 26, though."

"Well, anyway ... 26? Well, anyway, who told this bitch she could usurp my title?"

"Boyd did."

"Boyd who? Oh ... Boyd! Why, that... what does he know about Canadian Fandom anyway?"

"Now that's not quite fair, Gina. Boyd published a fairly respectable little fanzine of some four or six pages in ... I think it was 1948. He was a very good friend of Norman G. Browne's, too. Oh, he has a definite niche, albeit a somewhat stunted one, in Canadian Fandom. Or, well, Toronto Fandom, anyway."

"Oh, was he the one?"

"Hey, listen Gina ... I've been meaning to ask you, and this John Douglas comes right ... comes right out and baldly asks (though of course I don't know whether he's actually all that bald) 'how the original Duchess of Canadian Fandom was created.' He asks that; and I must confess that I am curious, too. How was the Original Duchess of Canadian Fandom created?"

"I forget," came the sullen reply.

"Oh come now, Gina. This is me. Famous Oldtime Fan Norm Clarke. You can tell me."

"I'll tell you this much, you neo!" she snapped, "that title was earned on merit and merit alone! You think I just up and decided to call myself 'Duchess of Canadian Fandom'? Hah! Fans were fans in those days, boy! Just ask Frederic B Christoff, Joe Keogh, Harry Calnek, Larry Slapak, Daryl Sharp ..."

"Gina," I whispered gently, "they are all ... gone."

"... Gerald A Steward," she continued, "Ron Kidder, Albert Lastovica ..."

"Gina ..." I insisted.

"...Paul Wyszowski," she added.

"Well ..." I admitted.

"... They know why I am called The Duchess of Canadian Fandom. I am the Duchess of Canadian Fandom, and make no mistake about that!"

Well, Mr. Douglas, that's about it. I believe that Gina (formerly Georgina Ellis, DoCF) would like her message passed along to your numerous readers in what I believe is called "Canadian Fandom of Today." "I will not have False Duchae before me," she was hollering when I hung up.

Hoping you are the same,

Norm

PS: "From what you have been told, I am no longer interested in fandom"? Oh, I dunno: why, I publish at least eight pages every year in FAPA -- which is, of course, the very heart and core of Fandom. Why, I understand the Glicksohns are on its waiting list.

more lines... BY SUSAN

I was just wondering what on earth I could write for OSPHIMAGGE (or OQ 2 if the editors insist) when John Douglas called.

"Hello, John," I burbled, in my cheery fannish manner, "what do you want me to write for OSPHIMAGGE, huh, huh?"

"OSFiC QUARTERLY. And, er, what I really want is Rosemary's phone number. She's promised me an article, and..."

His tone was cool. I ignored it, and blithely bubbled, "Great! We'll all be in the next issue. Now, when do you want my article?"

"Er, well, actually, I don't... that is, Gordon and I... well..."

"Well what?"

"Well, perhaps you should... I mean, you're busy with your thesis and all... Maybe you should stick to sercon stuff. For the third issue."

"What?!!!" I wailed, at full decibel output. I have an image to maintain, after all. "You don't want the Duchess of Canadian Fandom writing for your fanzine?" I am very quick to grasp basic issues.

"No. Well, that is, you see, I got this letter from Norm Clarke," John explained hastily to forestall another wail.

"You did? I'm impressed. He never responded to ENERGUMEN!" A horrible suspicion squelched ickily across the surface of my mind. "He didn't like my article." We Canfen are Very Perceptive.

"Yeah," said John.

At this point, Mike (or Michael, or Boy Wonder) appeared. "What's all this about Norm Clarke, Famous Oldtime Canfan and FAPA member?" he enquired. I explained that John had gotten a loc from Mr. Clarke. "He did? I'm impressed. He never responded to ENERGUMEN!" Mike exclaimed. "I bet he didn't like your article." Sometimes it is very hard to record Brilliant Canfan Dialogue.

The phone squawked into my ear. "It's not exactly that he didn't like it, he sort of parodied it. I think Gina Clarke scorns my pretensions to rank," I explained. "She called me a bitch!" A tear stole down my sensitive fannish face. I felt... deposed.

"Seriously? They're really annoyed with you?" Mike asked.

To think we'd discovered Canadian Fandom, only to have it raise a fastidious eyebrow at our maunderings.

"I don't know. John seems to think they are, and that I should be upset, but the bits he read me were kind of funny -- in a satirical, sharp, nasty way," I snivelled. "He used the Canadian Fannish Dialogue Style -- and he did it better than I do!" I wailed (again). "And he got me mixed up with Rosemary! And..."

"How silly. Anyone can tell the difference. You don't swear. You wail."

"And now John doesn't want me to write for OSPH...er, OQ!" Suddenly, I remembered John was waiting patiently at the other end of the line. I wailed at him, too.

"It's not that I don't want you to write for OQ," he explained, hastily. "It's just that maybe you should think about it, say for six months. Nine months? And maybe you could write, um, something sercon."

"Are you sure you wouldn't like twenty pages of my thesis?" I enquired icily.

"No, just a nice book review or two. For the next OQ. Or the one after. Or maybe the one after..."

+ + + + +
In 1686 a French nobleman, the Chevalier de Troyes, marched out of the forest one day at the head of an army of 100 men from Canada and with a flourish of swords and trumpets claimed Fort Rupert in the name of the 'King of France and Navarre'. The English garrison of sixteen men surrendered it in the name of simple arithmetic.

-- THE GREAT CANADIAN SKIN GAME, W. A. Mckay

+ + + + +

a touch of egoboo

"Really enjoyed the Shull illo -- Shull has a definite way of getting to the heart of the matter and expresses his creatures quite nicely." -- Rose Hogue

"The illo that Grant used for his guest column is one of the raunchiest, dirtiest, more brilliant that I've seen by Grant in the recent past." -- David Stever

"Of course Susan's article is great. How many of us would jump at the chance to be blase to Harlan Ellison, or, rather, harlan ellison? And you're quite right about G. Canfield, what with his being a premier fan artist and emerging as an entertaining writer, and from what I hear he had a fine little fanzine there. Pleased to see him in print here. Tho from his heading illo, maybe he should've called it Starshit Troopers." -- David Emerson

"My rotten roommate has already said much of what I intended to. I agree with him about Susan's article (and I hardly think an honorary member of First Fandom has to worry about being a fakefan.)" -- Eli Cohen

"Susan: you're a lumberjill, and you're OK. You hear?" -- Jerry Kaufman

+ = + = +

I also got letters from Gary Hubbard, Murray Moore, Sheryl Birkhead, Denis Quane, Nick Grassel, and six enjoyable pages from Philip Payne. Unfortunately, they did not contain little bursts of egoboo for my contributors, and I hope the writers won't be too upset that XENIUM is not going to have a regular lettercolumn. I certainly appreciate hearing from people who get this fanzine, but be warned that it's unlikely that letters will be printed.

+ + + + +
If your guest is one who wants ice, soda, fruit juice or still worse, ginger, then give him the cheapest whisky you have, indeed, it is best to keep some of this, the \$5.46 stuff, handy for there are many such. Such additions completely hide the taste of whisky as they do of wine. Americans generally have poor tastes in such matters. They prefer all drinks cold, forgetful of the fact that the bouquet of whisky or wine does not come off cold fluids. Whisky "on the rocks," that is on ice, whisky "sour" i.e. with lemon and sugar, or whisky "old fashioned" i.e. with angostura, soda and fruit, are therefore most popular. This may be a relic of the time when good whisky was very scarce or of the cocktail period.

-- THE WHISKIES OF SCOTLAND, R McDowall

+ + + + +

SUPER MOUNTIE



FROM THE TRACKLESS WILDERNESS OF THE
NORTHWEST TERRITORY, TO THE POLLUTION OF THE
GREAT LAKES, FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC,
EVIL DOERS QUAIL AND CRINGE AT THE MENTION
OF HIS NAME - THIS FANTASTIC NEW STUPOR HERO
FROM THE FROZEN NORTH!

IN BEAUTIFUL DOWNTOWN OTTAWA WE FIND OUR HERO POLISHING OFF ANOTHER EVIL VILLAIN

TAKE THAT HYDROMAN, SUPER MOUNTIE STRIKES ANOTHER BLOW FOR MOTHERHOOD, FOR CANADA, AND A HOT LUNCH FOR ORPHANS!

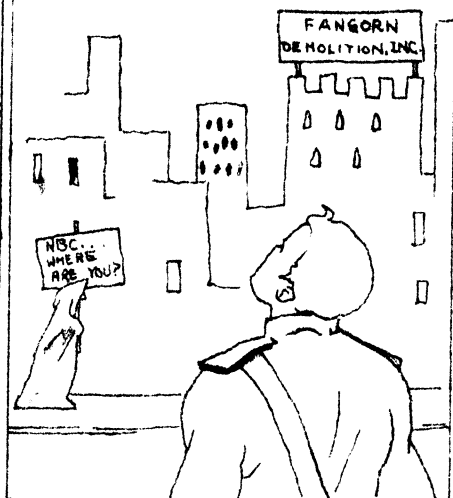


SAURON FOR PRESIDENT IN '68

THIS SUPER-HERO BUSINESS SURE GIVES A BODY A POWERFUL THIRST

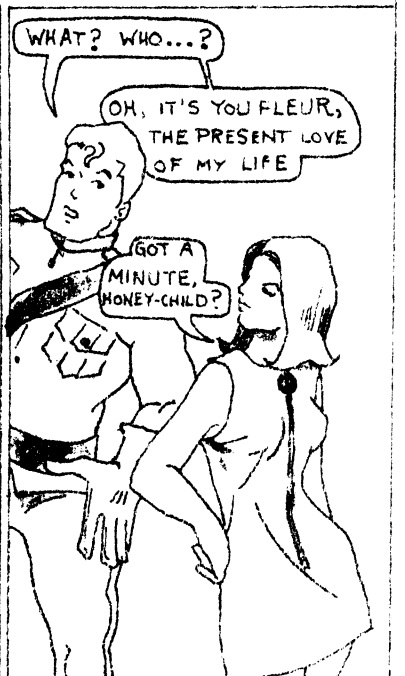
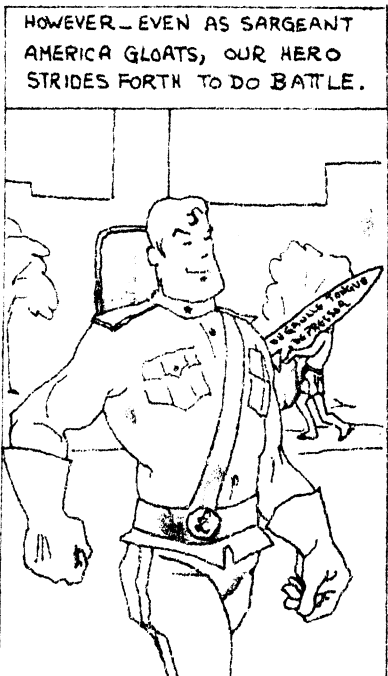
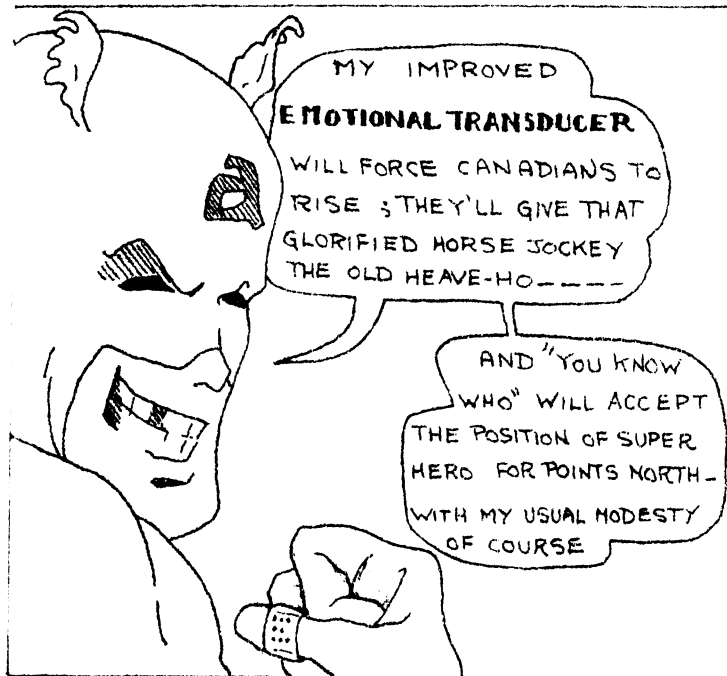
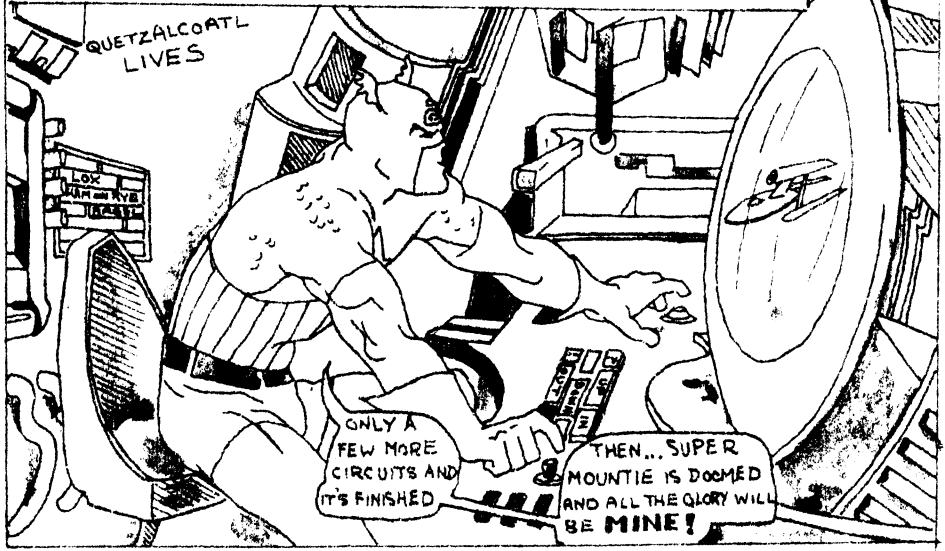


WE ALL LIVE IN A PURPLE ZEPPELIN SUPER MOUNTIE CAL HOME



THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - WHERE AN URGENT MESSAGE HAS JUST BEEN DECODED.

AT THAT MOMENT, IN HIS SECRET UNDERWATER LABORATORY IN DIEFENBAKER LAKE NEAR MOOSE GROIN SASKATCHEWAN



...LATER...

1209

SIGH!

NICE GIRL, FLEUR—
BUT A BIT IMPETUOUS.

WELL. BACK
TO WORK.

DO NOT
DISTURB

MY MONITOR
BEAM SHOWS
A DISTINCTLY
UN-CANADIAN AURA
IN SASKATCHEWAN

...BUT CAN I
GET THERE IN TIME?

HOMES IN ON LAKE DIEFENBAKER*

GHAD! AM I SEEKING
SUNK-MARINER, OR WHAT?

THE READINGS
DEFINITELY SHOW
THAT THIS IS THE PLACE,
YET MY KEEN EYES SEE
NAUGHT.

I MUST GET
TO THE BOTTOM OF
THIS MESS.

VOTE
LIBERAL

* JUST OUTSIDE
MOOSE-GROIN, SASK.
REMEMBER? - Ed.

AHAHA!

EVIL VILLAIN H.Q., Inc.

MY OLD NEMESIS,
SERGEANT AMERICA,
HAS RETURNED.

BUT I THINK HE
WILL NOT BE
EXPECTING A
VISITOR.

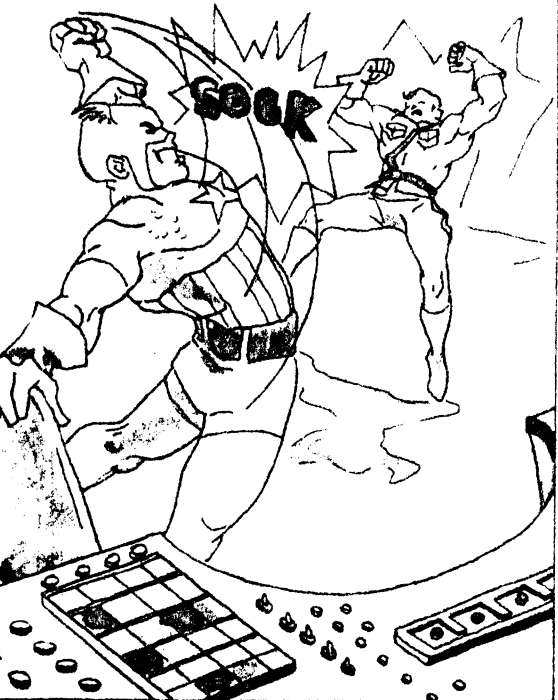
MERTZ
RENT-A-HERO
INC.

HOLD ON BUDDY-BOY!
I'M STILL IN THE PICTURE

SUPER MOUNTIE!

NOW THE FUN
PART BEGINS

CRASH!

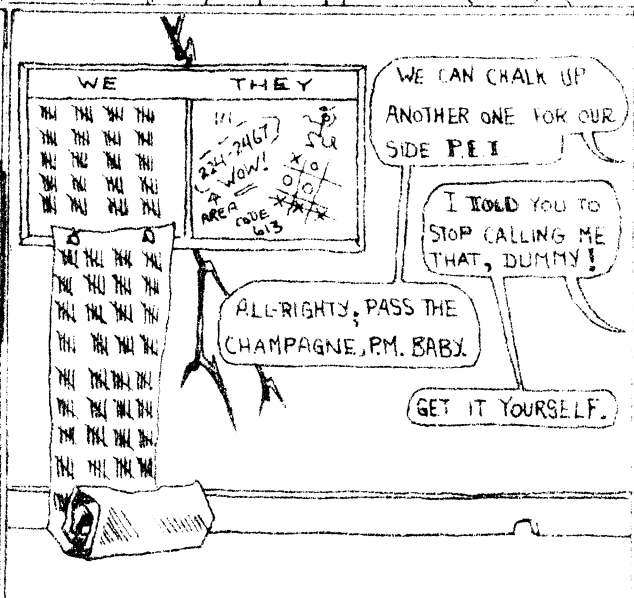
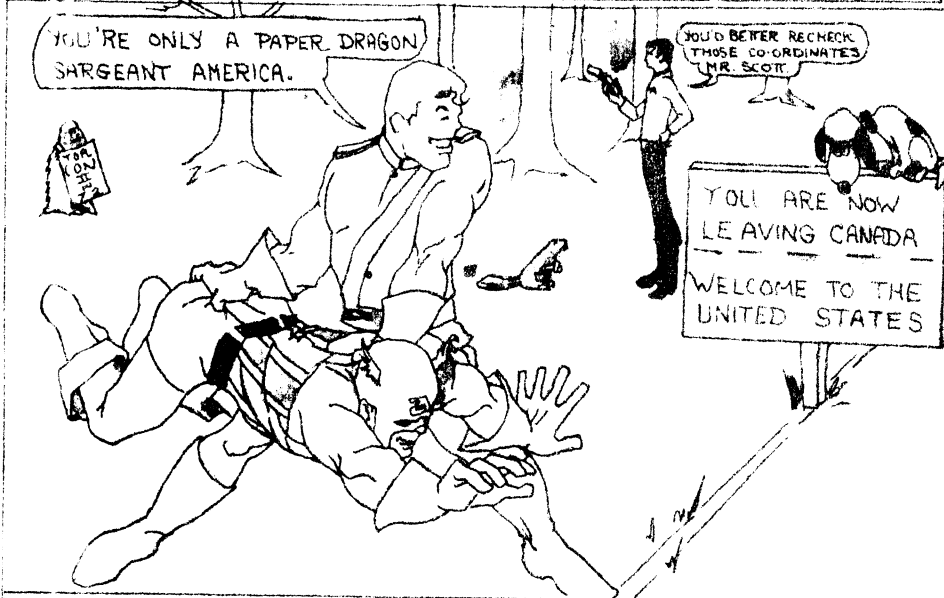
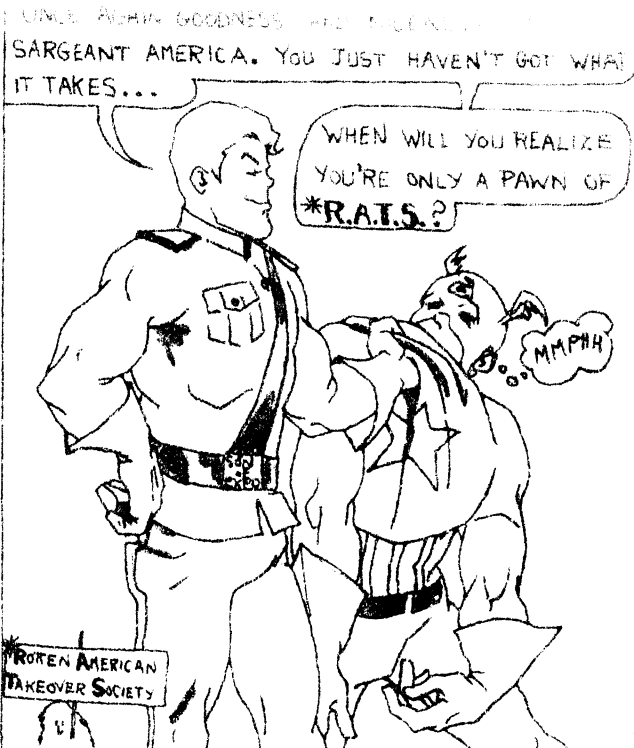


BOOR

A SNAPPY COMEBACK WITH
HOLD #37 FROM MY GUNG-FU
IN TEN EASY LESSONS MANUAL...

JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING
I PICKED UP FROM A
GIRL FRIEND IN ENGLAND

ARGGH!



DON'T MISS
OUR NEXT
THRILLING
EPISODE
!!!!!!



IS THIS
THE END?
SEE
SUPER-
MOUNTIE
V.S.
YAMAHA
COMING SOON...

Xenium 5 (2.2) Original Cover Colour

Xenium 5 (2.2) Original Colour Paper

WESTERN COOL 26
S.F.C. on '73 BANQUET

356

1974 TAFF BALLOT

What is TAFF? The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans across the Atlantic. Since that time, TAFF has regularly brought overseas fans to the USA and sent American fans to European conventions. TAFF exists solely through the support of fandom. The candidates are voted for by interested fans all over the world and each vote is accompanied by a donation of no less than one dollar. These votes, and the continued interest of fans are what makes TAFF possible.

Who may vote? Voting is open to anyone who was active in fandom (i.e., fanzines, clubs, conventions, etc.) prior to September 1971, and who contributes at least a dollar (or equivalent) to the fund. Contributions in excess of the minimum will be gratefully accepted. Only one vote per person is allowed, no proxy votes, and you MUST sign your ballot. Details of voting will be kept secret, and write-ins are permitted. Money orders and checks should be made payable to the administrators, not to TAFF.

Deadline: Votes must reach the administrators by Easter Monday, 1974.

Voting details: TAFF uses the Australian system, which guarantees an automatic runoff and a majority win. You rank the candidates in the exact order you wish to vote. If the leading first-place candidate does not get a majority, the first-place votes of the lowest-ranking candidate are dropped and the second-place votes on those ballots are counted. This process goes on until one candidate has a majority. It is therefore important to vote for 2nd, 3rd, etc. place on your ballot. It is also a waste of time to put one name in more than one place.

Hold Over Funds: This choice, similar to "no award" in Hugo balloting, gives the voter the chance to vote for no TAFF trip if the candidates do not appeal to him, or if he feels that TAFF should slow down its program of trips. "Hold Over Funds" can be voted for in any position you wish, just as if it were another candidate.

Donations: TAFF needs continuous donations of money and material (to be auctioned) in order to exist. If you are ineligible to vote, or do not feel qualified to vote, why not donate anyway? It's a good cause.

Candidates: Each candidate has promised, barring acts of God, to travel to the 1974 Worldcon in Washington, D. C. They have posted bond and provided signed nominations and platforms which are reproduced on the other side of this sheet along with the ballot. (For purposes of voting, couples are counted as a single candidate.)

Send ballots and contributions to:

American Administrators
Len & June Moffatt
Box 4456
Downey, CA 90241
USA

European Administrator
Mario Bosnyak
1000 Berlin 62
Merseburger Str. 3
GERMANY

British Administrator
Eddie Jones
25 Mount Way
Bebington Hall Park
Higher Bebington
Cheshire L63 5RA
ENGLAND

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: Your ballot and contribution entitles you to a free chance in a lottery for valuable prizes, including artwork and at least one copy of a rare old magazine.

Reproductions of this form are authorized and encouraged, provided that the text is reproduced verbatim.

TAFF PLATFORMS:

PETER ROBERTS: In nominating Peter Roberts for TAFF we, the undersigned, have chosen the most active British fan of recent years. Peter has been responsible for 85 fanzines (at last count!) since 1968, and that by itself speaks for his committment to science fiction fandom and the Fannish Way of Life.

Editor and producer of the U. K.'s leading newszine, *Checkpoint*, which appears with unbelievable regularity every couple of weeks, he also finds time to put out EGG -- voted the top U. K. fanzine in a recent poll. He is also a regular con attendee, having attended every U. K. convention since 1968, plus the Heidelberg Worldcon.

He's a trufan in every sense of the word, being equally at home discussing Zelazny or playing Brag. He's a pleasant personality and will make an excellent ambassador for British fandom. He guarantees a trip report if elected--replete, so he promises, with fuzzy room-party photos!

Nominated by: Eric Bentcliffe, Gray Boak, Malcolm Edwards, Mike Glicksohn and Bruce Pelz.

PETER WESTON: Grin, glasses and (latterly) moustache, Peter Weston has been a feature of international fandom since 1963 when his fanzine *Speculation*, originally *Zenith*, started. In that time both *Speculation* and its editor have come far, amassing five Hugo nominations and winning the Europa Award at Eurocon One in Trieste. Pete himself, ever a deceptively serious but fundamentally fannish and sociable prime mover, has traveled many points of the fanac compass.

Some examples:

Founded the Birmingham SF Group (1971); helped start Novacon, now held every November; organized the *Speculation* conferences of 1970-2; gives public lectures on sf; introduced many valuable people to fandom (and rescued others from gafia); and organized the memorable Worcester Eastercon of 1971.

So why did his two previous TAFF attempts misfire? That's a big mystery, but he's still one of the best candidates yet. Why not vote for him now...and TAFF and fandom in the future.

Nominated by: Charlie Brown, Ethel Lindsay, Andy Porter, Andrew Stephenson and Ian Williams.

Do not detach this section

I vote for (list 1, 2, 3)
Peter Roberts _____
Peter Weston _____
Hold Over Funds _____

Signature _____
Name (please print) _____
Address _____

Enclosed is _____ as a contribution to TAFF

If you think your name may not be known to the administrators, in order to qualify for voting please give the name and address of a fan or fan group to whom you are known:

Name _____
Address _____