

TWEEF! indeed. And yippity shit, as we say in Ottawa Fandom.

This is AMOR #5, the special Hubris, or "alive, alive, wanna get up and jive" issue of the Amor de Cosmos People's Memorial Quietrevolutionary Susanzine, brought to you by a joyful Susan Joan Wood from #12, 2920 Victoria Ave. (lovely frozen Gobrin Heights), Regina, Sask. S4T 1K7.

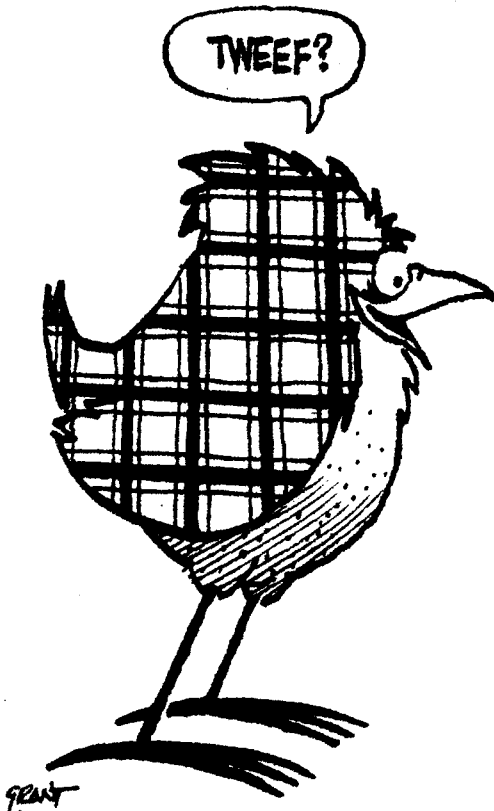
AMOR is available to friends, relations, and members of the apas to which I belong.

Electrostencils by Brian McCarthy and Mike Glicksohn. Invaluable mimeo assistance by Eli Cohen, who also owns the electric typer. Typos by Susan.

Background music: "Gopher Suite" by Humphrey and the Dumptrucks; "Children's Concert at Town Hall" by Pete Seeger; and Bruce Cockburn's first album.

Egoboo thish due to so many people-- but accept for now a general thanks, my friends, and a special dedication to Father William-Bill Bowers, somewhere on that lonely road to knowing what a fully alive human being can be. Bowers: fine faned, fine person.

**** Gobrin Press Publication #6
First stencil, Feb. 9, 1975 ****



FEB 22 1975

I'm feeling so good
And my friends all tell me
That I'm looking fine.
I run in the woods
I spring from the boulders
Like a mama lion...

Joni Mitchell
"See You Sometime"

Actually, I trundle about Regina like a teddy bear or native of Gethen, wrapped in Mum's old muskrat coat, the faithful furrbeeste Woolffe; sweaters, socks, boots, scarf, and a mediaeval helmet covering face, head and chest, crocheted for me by my Talented Mum. But you get the idea.

What follows will be Susan trying to communicate joy, asking you to share, unselfishly, in her happiness. Some of you fashionably-despairing people may sneer. I'm not Polyanna, the "Glad Girl" though. Sentiment is cheap, easy. Joy is the most difficult of all emotions:



to accept first of all, to experience, to share. My Presbyterian conscience and natural pessimism keep saying "look out! That glorious rainbow bubble will burst!" Well, sure the streets are paved with garbage; but if I don't waste time moaning about it, I can do something about it. Sure, maybe we're each alone-- though if every man is an island, how can we hurt each other so easily; but we're also human and can bridge that alone-ness. Besides, the quiet contentment and the bubbling aliveness I brought back (with the shiny silver rocket) from DISCON are still here! I feel (perhaps this IS hubris) that, for a time, I've paid whatever dues of frustration I have to pay; being depressed only made me and others miserable anyway.

My Christian friends would call it the Holy Spirit, or perhaps caritas; my marvellous father-in-law, Paul Glicksohn, would call it Life; Mae Strelkov would call it Mother Earth; I call it, I suppose, love and joy: all the same creative force. I want to share this glow and sense of being intensely alive with you.

* * * * *

Since life cannot, however, be lived so intensely, I offer a little Reality, reprinted from the New York TIMES (Jan. 12, 1975) which Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins faithfully ship up to the Arctic Wastes every week (thank you):

KLASSEN QUIT: It was Elmer T. Klassen who took on the job of transforming the Postal Service from a multi-billion dollar burden on the taxpayer to a profitable source of Government revenue. Appointed Postmaster General in 1972, he thought he could both cut costs and improve service. His two years of stewardship brought mixed results: there were some savings, but the cost of postage rose for both individual and business consumers, and complaints about deterioration of service soared. One Congressman called the service "a national disgrace," and Mr. Klassen has conceded that in the drive toward cost-cutting the agency had "perhaps lost track of service." In announcing his resignation, Mr. Klassen said the decision was not made because of criticisms. "Nothing could be less justified," he said. "The Postal Service still has problems but their solutions are evident."

Now perhaps Mr. Klassen will tell me why mail from New York to here, and why mail from here to the Washington area-- first class mail, including two presents-- gets itself lost?

Also from the NYT Gloom&Doom dept: apparently there are almost a million people on welfare in New York. There are more people on welfare in New York City than live in the entire province of Saskatchewan!

THE OBLIGATORY SECTION ON THE WEATHER:

It seems appropriate, before I begin burbling again, to continue the saga of Eli and Susan the Saskfen in the Frozen North. This I can do without thinking (don't wanna think about it) while I do the laundry so Eli has clean underwear to take to visit the jail up north in Prince Albert tomorrow. ((Eli is fine, but he's been in and out of jail for the past month, and is a little tired of it.... Well, you see, he's a research officer helping overhaul the corrections system for Saskatchewan, and... oh, look, he'll explain it all in the next KRATOPHANY, real Soon Now: as soon as I write my article for it.)) I also have to make beef stroganoff; I now have some Free Time, which is why the burbling, and am spending it cooking, sleeping, and other useful human actions.

Winter. Snow fell while I was in Saskatoon, the Oct. 1 weekend; the Millers and I rushed out to grub up turnips and potatoes and Save the Crop. Snow fell in Regina Oct. 5. My spirits fell with it. A kindly Aussiefan (Carey Handfield?) sent me a clipping about winter holidays in Canada that began: "Some people can't get enough

of the snow. They romp, frolic caper and cavort in the cold, chilly stuff. The Canadians are such people." Several of you sent me a clipping from the NYTimes about Canadian Novelist Morley Callaghan's new book, a paean to-- guess what (which has marvellous photos by John de Visser and costs \$18.95 from McClelland and Stewart; I do not, thank you, want it.)

Finally, Buz Busby wrote to me, apropos of a subject which had disturbed his mind since we had last talked at VCon III:

"I remember as a kid seeing how cold it was by standing and spitting on the bare stone floor of a roofed-but-open school porch. At a certain temperature and below, the liquid froze before it hit the stone, and bounced. But I forgot the critical temperature, and I wonder if you could check this out for me. I'm sure the results will be of interest to all scientifically-minded persons: the ambient temperature required to freeze a liquid from 98.6⁰F in approximately one-half second (we will ignore minor variations due to spitters of different heights.) I'd guess somewhere around minus 30-35 degrees..."

Results: inconclusive. We had, until after Christmas, an exceptionally open, mild winter: little snow, lows around 0⁰F, highs around freezing, 32⁰F. And horefrost! Regina has an exceptionally dry climate; and on clear nights, when the temperature drops, any water vapour in the air crystallizes out on trees and grasses: fairylike, delicate, white, shimmering when the sun catches the millions of tiny crystals. NOT like snowcovered trees: more complete (every twig covered), ghostly and breathtaking under the wide, clear blue prairie sky. Of course, getting the bus to school in the dark was a drag (sunrise, near the solstice, was 9 am); and of course, Ken Mitchell, the Crazy Writer in the Next Office (you think sf writers have a hard time! A Canadian writer... well, never mind) anyway, Ken, the Moose Jaw Kid (he grew up on a pig farm outside Moose Jaw) kept chortling and saying "Winter! Ha! Just softening us up for the kill!"

Then, one Friday night, came The Blizzard Warning. The next morning, I had an appointment with Lionel my hairdresser. ((To digress. Lionel is French-Canadian from Northern Ontario, with a Grade 8 education. He ran away, joined the army, learned to be a barber, learned to be a GOOD hairdresser-- his walls are plastered with trophies, and he's the first hairdresser I've trusted. Cheap, too. One day last winter, Lionel asked me about the university's Mature Admissions policy, trotted down, wrote the exams, was accepted immediately, and is now in pre-law, taking my Lit 100 class. He is fantastically bright (B+ average first semester), hardworking, fun, and one of the reasons why Lit 100 is the best class I have ever taken, much less taught.) Anyway, I staggered into the shop at 9 bloody 30, to find Lionel laughing his head off. "I guess being a professor doesn't make you smart!" he said. I had deliberately NOT listened to the radio, knowing I'd stay in bed if I did; the 20-minute walk downtown, Woolfe notwithstanding, was agony. Seems that, according to the news, it was something like 35⁰ below zero F (work out the ⁰C yourselves) with a windchill factor that reduced the effective temperature to -94⁰. I did some shopping-- and took the bus home. Since then: well, the CBC announcer prefaces the noon temperature readings for the province by saying "these temperatures are all below zero. Regina -21, with 20 mph winds..." So I haven't hung around outside to experiment, Buz.

Ah, but next year..... (this is called suspense.)

NATURALLY ENSUING DIGRESSION ON GETHEN/WINTER AND LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS:

I am NOT a Filthy ProWorshipper (though I do look forward to getting a copy of Tucker's ICE AND IRON, in which Regina is destroyed by a glacier.) I do, however, want to go to VCon 4 for the single purpose of worshipping at the feet of Ursula K. LeGuin. Long have I loved LHOD (while admiring her other work; and wasn't that a perceptive review of DISPOSSESSED Joanna Russ had in F&SF, March '75). Long have I admired the consistency, skill, intelligence and love with which theme/form/characterization/society/mythology/imagery reinforce each other. (For you out there crying "But there's no sex" what you want, Genly Ai should get Estraven preggers? The emotions are more subtle than that.)

Certainly, LHOD presents, among other things, sexuality: as it affects social roles, as it is reflected in language, (and don't forget, the novel essentially is narrated by an Earth man, or represents a translation of legends and Estraven's narrative into English, with its inbuilt sexism); specifically, as Genly Ai has to deal with its roleconditioning in himself. ((Parenthetical remarks: I really enjoyed LeGuin's experiments with a language lacking possessives, in DISPOSSESSED; and why did even the ravest of reviews-- like Baird Searles' comments in VILLAGE VOICE--identify the planets as colonies of earth, not Hain? Terran chauvinism!))

Anyway: for the second time I am teaching--no, with this group, sharing, exploring-- LHOD; this year, not on an sf course, but in firstyear lit. The setting provides an immediate point of reference and contact...At the same time, my room-mate Eli is reading LHOD aloud to our friend Burton Weber, the blind Milton scholar, a true scholar who tends to disparage the quality of any writer since Hawthorne. Any book which remains enjoyable, which still reveals more, after eight careful readings... after careful detailed preparation for class presentation... after marking essays on it... that holds up to being read aloud... that has made Burton insist on having us read to him anything of LeGuin's we can: well, that's Literature, people.

I Stand in Awe. And I thank you, ma'am.

Some parenthetical notes again: Burton, who loves odd music, heard on CBC radio and wants to track down a song by, he thinks Cole Porter, full of witty double-entendres, and with the chorus "But in the morning, no." Help?

Apologies for any legibility problems. I still haven't quite figured where to set the pressure on this typer.

Finally: Anyone with a copy of the first Ace edition of LHOD with the Dillon cover, or copies of issues 4 and 5 of my fanzine ASPIDISTRA (thank you for 1,2 and 3, Angus Taylor): I will Pay. Please contact me. Thanks.

* * * * *

ROS: Heads.
(He picks it /the coin/ up and puts it in his bag. The process is repeated.)

Heads.
(Again.)

ROS: Heads.
(Again.)
Heads.

GUIL (flipping a coin): There is an art to the building up of suspense.

--ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD by Tom Stoppard

OK: change the music to Janis Joplin ("Pearl"); Joni Mitchell ("Miles of Aisles") and some early Beatles, to twist and shout to. It's a day later and you're wondering why I'm happy.

I finished my thesis.

At the beginning of June, I scrapped the draft of my doctoral dissertation, a comparative study of "the land" in English- and French-Canadian literature; and began over. Fafia. Hibernation. I worked. Researched. Wrote. Spent more time in the National Library in Ottawa, reading the ten or so Victorian gems I'd missed, like the Rev. John MacDougall's RURAL LIFE IN CANADA: ITS TRENDS AND TASKS (1913): "Should the church tell men how to raise better cabbages? She need not. But she should teach men everywhere and always that it is their duty to grow better cabbages." I accomplished, it seemed, precious little during the fall semester (but 150 pages

during the summer); I finished Ch. 4, some 80 closely-written pages. I hibernated over Christmas after marking final papers and exams, emerging only to cook Christmas dinner for two Jewish friends; go over, line-by-line, the MA thesis I'm supervising-- in order that the candidate, who expresses himself fuzzily, may pass sometime; and to welcome David Miller the Actor who trundled into town on New Year's Eve bearing his handmade (selfmade) dulcimer. Of which more, anon, unless I run out of room. David, who (poor lamb) had had hair and beard shorn to play The Lone Ranger in Ken Mitchell's play HEROES, promptly got dragged off (after being fed cheese meatloaf) to Ken Mitchell's New Year's Eve party, where the director of the play revealed knowledge of Frederick Philip Grove which could Plunge All Canlit Into War. But only Doug Barbour cares about that... David, and the dulcimer, kept me sane til classes started. As usual, I have the heaviest student load in the department, including an unpaid, overload MA level class... and students dropping in at all hours to chat, or ask for help... Well, finally, on Jan. 28, after a week of egodestroying, frustrating writer's block, unable to write the simple/vital 10page conclusion... I finished my final draft.

I'm FREE.

The albatross has vanished from my neck (so why this compulsive urge to tell my tale?)

Now: the Presbyterian conscience /pessimism reasserts himself. I have the Kosmic Advisor Blooze: after three years and a year-long grad class from this man, he still doesn't even know who I am. When I called longdistance to Toronto on Jan. 10 because I had to know Where It Was At, he a) didn't remember me as usual b) hadn't read the mss. I'd been sending him all these months, but Real Soon Now.... I have now finished my bibliography; with some ruthless pruning of secondary sources, and a lot of pickynesses on citations, I got it down to 16 or so pages. ((Typing a PhD biblio, especially one which will become a Standard Reference Tool in itself, is less fun than deslipsheeting and collating a fanzine, typing mailing lablls and sorting-by-zipcode combined.)) I have lined up a French typist, an electric elite-typewriter, and a French-Canadian proofreader, to cope with the long quotations from French in my 400 or so pages. But I still have no manuscript. Last phonecall, a couple of days ago, I got the feeling he hadn't read the thing, though he claimed to want only minor revisions of about 6 sentences or so. ((Part of the problem is that, at UofT, Canada's largest university, there IS no Canlit expert; my man is a Shelley specialist, who hasn't read most of what I'm writing about. But for that matter, no-one has for at least 50 years!)) Anyway: I'm also facing a typing/duplicating/binding bill of about \$800. My committee may reject the work, or ask for revisions. I may fail the oral. I may NEVER see my ms. alive again... ((McClelland and Stewart lost Margaret Atwood's THE EDIBLE WOMAN for two years, or something horrendous like that.)) ((Yes, OF COURSE I have copies, one in the freezer-- a tip from Sandra Miesel.))

BUT: Crazy Doug Goodhue is now DR. Goodhue, from UofT, having endured those same Advisor Hassles. Good Omen. And eleven Canlit teaching jobs opened up this year, after aeons of no work at all.

More than that: I realized, on the night of Jan. 28 as I sat exhausted (slumped, rather, over this typer), sniffing a large pot of blooming P*U*R*P*L*E hyacinths: The thinking, research, writing, are all done. And done well. I am proud of my work.

More important: that work was worth doing. The thesis became a study of English- and French-Canadian social and intellectual history, attitudes and values as expressed in literature, popular fiction, sermons, history texts... ever hear of a lit thesis with major references to Donald Whyte's SOCIAL DETERMINANTS OF INTERCOMMUNITY MOBILITY (which reveals that kids leave the farm to get an education, and just to get out, be it from le Gaspaisie or Climax, Sask.). I am, basically, articulating the attitudes which shaped this country, just over a hundred years ago-- the beliefs my Ottawa Valley Irish and Scots Presbyterian ancestors held, that their "enemies" across the river in Quebec held... comparing them... showing how after years of enmity

((during the World War I conscription crisis, there were riots on Montreal, and in Ottawa, where a female supporter of Henri Bourassa, the nationalist French Canadian leader, burst into the office of the Orange-Lodge-member, French-Catholic-hating, rabble-rousing editor of the Ottawa JOURNAL... and beat him up with her umbrella; she was sent a bouquet of roses by sympathizers))-- anyway, despite enmity since 1759, we seem to have reached a cultural rapprochement we don't even know exists!

I have done Original Scholarly Work, finding books and manuscripts not even listed in the few, inadequate Canadian lit bibliographies, showing new relationships and themes between them. I've completed a study no-one has ever attempted before; I've provided a coherent framework within which English and French Canadian lit., especially of the colonial, Victorian, and pre-WWII periods, may be examined-- and contemporary literature and society understood. It should become a Standard Reference Work.

More than that: I hope it'll be a book which will help ordinary Canadians understand themselves a little better.

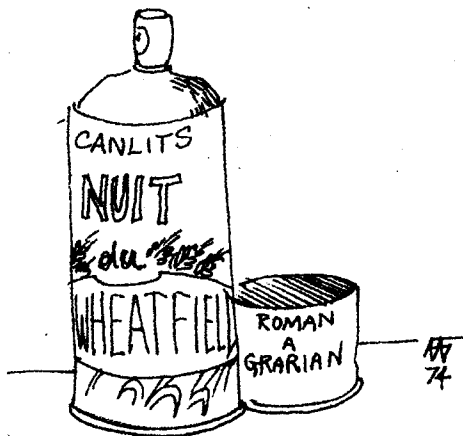
In one sense, writing my thesis has taken almost three years of my life. In another: it IS my whole life. It began with my grandmother, Esther Anne Sparks Wood, of the Sparks family who first settled Ottawa in the 1800's. She told me stories of farm life when she was little. She had Grade 4, at a country school-- she left to take care of the other children, married young to escape her stepmother, and died when I was in Gr. 12. Somewhere, she must know that part of the thesis is hers.

It continued with my mother, Elsie Kruge Wood, who let me read while she did the ironing, and encouraged me when my anti-intellectual father and Witchy Aunt Winnie yelled at me for reading instead of doing women's work like scrubbing floors. Some day, I'll tell you, my friends, about Me Mum, her talents and exploits; how many mums upholster their son's pickup truck camperbodies in orange shag carpet? Mum encouraged me through university.

Then there was Mrs. Frankton in Grade 7 (along with Mrs. Gould who taught us--our first real exposure-- Canadian history). She read us books by Susanna Moodie, Emily Carr-- Canadian writers! Charles G.D. Roberts. And especially a poem called "January Morning" about "slender misty city towers" glittering with frost against a dawn sky. Then she told us the poem was about Ottawa. The author, Archibald Lampman, had been-- like all our fathers-- an Ottawa civil servant. It was, simply, a revelation to me. Literature had always happened someplace else-- since Mum was English and my beloved grandad always sent me books, it happened in Sherwood Forest, or a girl's boarding school, or some fairytale castle. TV, when we finally got one, was boring and American (but for occasional Canadianizations of HOWDY DOODY, which bored me stiff anyway.)

Suddenly, though, books could be ours, about us, here and now. Later, I learned that Lampman himself had had the same reaction when, as a university undergraduate, he had discovered G.D. Roberts' first book of poetry:

"Like most of the young fellows about me I had been under the depressing conviction that we were situated hopelessly on the outskirts of civilization, where no art and no literature could be, and that it was useless to expect that anything great could be done by any of our companions, still more useless to expect that we could do it ourselves. I sat up all night reading and re-reading ORION in a state of the wildest excitement, and when I went to bed I could not sleep. It seemed to me a wonderful thing that such work could be done by a Canadian, by a young



man, one of ourselves. It was like a voice from some new paradise of art calling to us to be up and doing."-- quoted from A.J.M. Smith, ed., MASKS OF POETRY, McClelland and Stewart.

I saw enough of the negative side of Canadian nationalism, at Carleton University-- the nationalism that said "love it or leave it," that forced Michael to become a Canadian citizen simply to keep teaching math to Toronto teenagers, that's giving Eli a hard time though there is no Canadian qualified as he is to overhaul this province's prison system--to loathe it. But love of country can be positive.

Writing The Thesis has been a search for my own roots. I grew up hating Kemptville, Ontario and all it stood for. Yet the strongest part of my thesis discusses the novels of Ralph Connor, a Presbyterian minister from Glengarry County (same area, same values) who wrote pious bestsellers about... my people. I understand him, and writers like him, even as I sneer at them; I can interpret, even somehow love them-- while for all my sympathy, my comparative analysis of French Canadian/ Quebec literature remains that of an outsider.

If I freeze to death tomorrow-- it's below zero, a blizzard blowing up and a bus strike threatened-- I will have created something important and enduring. I feel somehow small, and proud. Boastful? No, or at least I hope I don't sound that way. Justly proud. Three years of my life, unimaginable hard, often dull work, days of agony (I mean that, literally) and nights of selfdoubt. Now the joy of genuine accomplishment.

I've discovered that under the bubbly, and frothing-over-into-hysteria-- Susan is a Strong Susan (probably inherited her backbone from her Mum) who can Cope. And who has already been able to share a little of her newfound happiness and... sense of security. Ambitious? Yes. I want to make that sharing part of my life's work. I want to try to b - if I cās -- another Mae Strelkov.

* * * * *

Above all, I feel ALIVE. This is now Tuesday, by the way, and I am listening to a CBC radio production of CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA. Fine thing. Someday I will do my Paean to the CBC, especially to "As It Happens" a daily after-the-supper-news programme combining serious investigative reporting with Monty Python madness-- like an interview by longdistance phone with an English woman who plays the kitchen sink, the garden hose, the....

... at this very, precise, appropriate moment, Jerry Jacks called from San Francisco to say hello. We went "wo wee" basically for many minutes, despite Jerry's disappointing news: he won't be at VCon 4 next week. But I will see him in San Francisco. Which brings me to where I was heading: PLANS.

John the Bhag, aka Dr. John Sutton Baglow, dispenser of research grants for the Canada Council: I hope to a) turn my thesis into a book for people, not scholars; b) write a historical monograph on the Sparks family; c) write "The Languages of Life," a study of Canada's "political" (in the broadest sense) poets: F.R. Scott, Dorothy Livesay, Dennis Lee....; d) let's not talk about the scholarly book on Robertson Davies; e) get a sabbatical and a grant to study comparative Australian-Canadian lit in Melbourne, and incidentally do the trip properly.... see Tahiti, Fiji, Japan, Tibet.... Andy Porter asked me, at the Proxima Puddle Hammond/Emerson housewarming, what I planned to do. ~~Now~~ I'd won a Hugo; go for the Canlit equivalent, a Governor General's Award? Well, why not.

I owe columns to AMAZING, KRATOPHANY, XENIUM, OUTWORLDS, STARLING, and 3 sets of apa mailing comments. Preferably by March. I promised Tom Clareson a Scholarly Study of Ursula LeGuin's writing, Ted Pauls ditto for Roger Zelazny. Must write a firm NO to ANZAPA and Murrar Moore's apa (interested? Murray Moore, P.O. Box 400, Norwich, Ont. NOJ IPO.) And sleep, and wash the kitchen floor, and read something besides Canlit and grade a midterm and two sets of essays, and give a party or five.... And visit

Toronto in May, I hope, to take my oral: and, Michael/Angus/Rosemary, see YOU, and Casa Loma, and the new zoo. Then on to Ottawa, and perhaps, I hope, Disclave. Back West, to Saskatoon, to buy a David Miller dulcimer (he makes guitars and Celtic harps too) and learn to play it. And pack. Not just for a ramble down the coast in July and Aussiecon in August, but a move of 1600 miles in June.

WHY am I so happy? Well, this job has fine fringe benefits. I love teaching; and Lit 100, this semester is the best class I've ever been part of (not taught or taken: been part of.) Maybe I can tell you about it, some other burble. I get lots of freebie books (including Atwood's latest, YOU ARE HAPPY, which I was ungenerous enough NOT to be overwhelmed by, after she had written to appreciate my article on her in EXTRAPOLATION 15:1. Of such is the kingdom of Canlit egoboo.

I also get free jaunts to Vancouver. To be interviewed -- six gruelling hours by, it seemed, half the department (even over the shrimp and cider at lunch, in the Opulent Decadent Faculty Club with its clear view of beautiful mountains 30 miles away, and roses blooming in the nearby garden.) Interviewed. Me. University of British Columbia: largest or second (ties with Toronto) in Canada. Prestigious. THE single best place to do Canlit work. Good University press and its own Canlit--er, fanzine? CANADIAN LITERATURE. Hundreds of applicants, three flown in (free) for interviews. Vancouver. Home of fine fine people, like my marvellous hostess Lynne Dollis... Vancouver, which I saw at 19, flown out (first flight!) for a student newspaper conference, and knew I loved. Vancouver, lovely city, fancentre (Westercon in '77!) close to west coast fen.

Let us wrap this up, as the P.O. allows me ten pages, two staples, as a maximum for firstclass minimum.

At approximately 10:25, CST, Feb. 3, 1975, I leapt at the in-basket in which the university mail had just been dumped, wrenched Official Envelope out, read "I am very pleased to extend to you..." shrieked, hugged Cathie our bewildered secretary (almost knocking her down), tore down the corridor screaming "Burton! Burton!) hugged him, saw Ken Mitchell (burning to tell me of his successes at the Edmonton short story conference, and the joyous progress of "Cruel Tears", the sort-of-C&W Saskatchewan truckdriver version of OTHELLO he's writing with Humphrey and the Dumptrucks.... David Miller's in it, I'll tell you nextish), yelled "Ken, Ken, I got the job!", hugged and kissed him, called Eli, eventually read the rest of the letter (Assistant Professor, \$5,000 raise, moving expenses paid, tenurable position) and have been carrying on in this breathless fashion ever since. ((Ghu, my longdistance phone bill this month...!)) Oh yes, job NOT (despite what was said in those gruelling 6 hours) dependent on getting PhD for a year or so: called advisor with news, he said "oh yes, must write that letter of recommendation to UBC soon!!" ((They had 2 chapters of The Thesis, and a couple of my Scholarly Pubs to read, though.))

Jill Robinson, a longtime friend of Rosemary Ulyot's, now my colleague, said that day I was like a candle, with the whole department hovering like moths, congratulating me and seeming genuinely pleased. I feel like I've been given the Hugo all over again. I'm so happy. Please rejoice with me!

--"And we'll keep rolling on, Til we get to Vancouver..."
Ian Tyson, "Summer Wages"--

The magic is still working. That blizzard gave us 7" of snow, and my ride to school, after an hour's wait (I made snow angels on the lawn) called to say she was hopelessly stuck, and the towtruck hadn't shown up; but the bus strike was postponed. And the good vibes spread to the next office in which Ken Mitchell heard today that CBC-TV has bought a play of his for much money-- AND he got the first copy of the paperback edition of his first novel, WANDERING RAFFERTY, in the mail today too. And Jerry Jacks called, and I got a SPANISH INQUISITION foom Suzle Tompkins and Jerry Kaufman, so I am going to bed to enjoy that. I'll finish this tomorrow. ((And it's ONLY 20 below out, right now. I HOPE Eli got to Princ Albert before the blizzard hit...))

"Freedom today, sisters, consists of persistent laughter on the part of anyone who can bear to laugh." --NEW PORTUGUESE LETTERS, by "The Three Marias"

Laugh with me, friends. Laughter= life energy. I really do, figuratively speaking, spring from boulders... or at least bound up in the morning and do my exercises (please somebody, revive me Mum, I think she just fainted...) So much I can't share yet, with school a constant stream of students in-and-out the office, and home a 3 month pile of unanswered mail (I just measured: 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ "). I've been trying to write 6 letters a day, but... I have stacks of the NYT book review section, ROLLING STONE, the London TIMES book review section, and booksbooksbooks to read... Culture in Regina calls, since everything happens in February! Movie Thursay, film festival Friday, miss both Globe Theatre and Gary Karr playing double bass with the Regina Symphony Saturday to run off AMOR, dinnerparty Sunday, giving dinnerparty Monday before MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL (a sacrificial banquet?), fly to Vancouver for VCon and Winter Break on Tuesday... No time or space to talk about Theatre Passe Muraille's visiting production of ALMIGHTY VOICE, which would take me into a long rap on theatre AND on white-Indian relations in Canada... Visiting Regina, while I'm visiting Vancouver, the Stratford Shakespearian Festival touring company, but I tend to agree with David Miller that I may not be missing much except contemptuous Eastern actors... Missed two concerts last weekend (sheer pressure of work, plus low temperatures/no car); but I HAD wanted to see Fraser and deBolt. The ballet's coming, as is CRUEL TEARS, a sort of bluegrass opera version of OTHELLO, set in Sask. with a Ukrainian truckdriver hero... written by Ken Mitchell & Humphrey & the Dumptrucks, who are what regional culture is all about, which is what Canadian... anyway, David Miller plays the Roderigo figure, it sounds like a gas, and maybe in the next AMOR...

UP AND COMING: Response to #4 was slight, perhaps because, as Debbie Notkin observed, locs should have gone to John D Berry (for DUFF) who is working hard and saving for Aussiecon at: 1749 18thSt NW, Washington, D.C. 20009. That's fine, this is supposed to be a lettersubstitute, when you write back I don't answer and feel guilty... AMOR 6 will, however, be a personal genzine, a Pretentious or Gala Celebration issue with a Dick Eney photocover, art by Shull, Canfield, Freff, Gilliland, Bathurst and C. Miller; writing by me on "Dennis Lee and Matt Cohen, or Susan Joins Canlit Fandom", and writing from Davids Miller and Emerson. Now if I could only persuade Elizabeth Buchan Kimmerly to write up how the Canadian civil service sent her to a motel in Brockville, Ont., to learn how to relate to lemons...

Oh yes: #6 should have my worldcon report. Since John Millard STILL hasn't sent me my TORCON Hugo, I feel justified in writing a late DISCON report!

#7: locs on #6, my COA, and maybe an account of who Amor de Cosmos was.



Dear Linda - had no time earlier to respond - Fan Awards a good idea - will try to print
ballot w/ 3rd class AMOR 6 in March. Does news in Thist fit Karass? Love, Susan

A POLICY ON DISTRIBUTION: Basically, You get AMOR if I decide to send it to you. My
apologies to apa-members, but I can't send you an "advance" copy too. Maybe by 1976
I'll have time to do proper apazines too.

A POLICY ON ARTWORK: I enjoy it, if you want to do it. This isn't ENERGUMEN, but I enjoy
enhancing my words. I prefer small drawings, as this is supposed to be an 8-page per-
sonalazine. I have, already, 4 covers; and I apologize to Dick Eney, Randy Bathurst,
Gloria Anderssen and especially Derek Carter for their nonappearance. Someday I will
have less to burble about, more space for art. Please: electrstencillable art, without
large black spaces, on ordinary white paper.

ART CREDITS: Grant Canfield, p.1; Alexis Gillialnd, p.6; Freff, pp. 9 and 10.

* * * * *

It seems fitting to close by quoting a Canadian poem... one by Dennis Lee, winner of
the Governor General's Award for CIVIL ELEGIES, now author of two fine new books (with
gorgeous illustrations by Frank Newfeld): ALLIGATOR PIE, rhymes for young children,
and NICHOLAS KNOCK, poems for children and everyone. I gave them to lots of friends
for Christmas... thank you, Dennis (I babble the Mackenzie King poem when feeling
hysterical at work...) Both cost \$5.95 (each) from Macmillan of Canada, 70 Bond St.,
Toronto M5B 1X3, Ontario. Anyway, the first and last verses of "A Song for Ookpik"
feel right for what I've been trying to say (Ookpik is a joyous Eskimo owl):

Ookpik,
Ookpik
Dance with
Us,
Till our
Lives
Go
Luminous....

Ookpik,
Ookpik
By your
Grace,
Help us
Live in
Our own
Space.

Amen. Happy Valentine's Day, and happy birthdays to: Rosemary Ullyot, Terry Carr,
Valma Brown, Bruce Gillespie and my Brother Bob, a combination that debunks astrology...

love,
Susan



Susan Wood
#12-2920 Victoria
Regina
Sask. S4T 1K7
CANADA



Don and Linda Bushyager
1614 Evans Ave.
Prospect Park
R. 1 076
USA

first class mail
return requested
address correction requested
return postage guaranteed