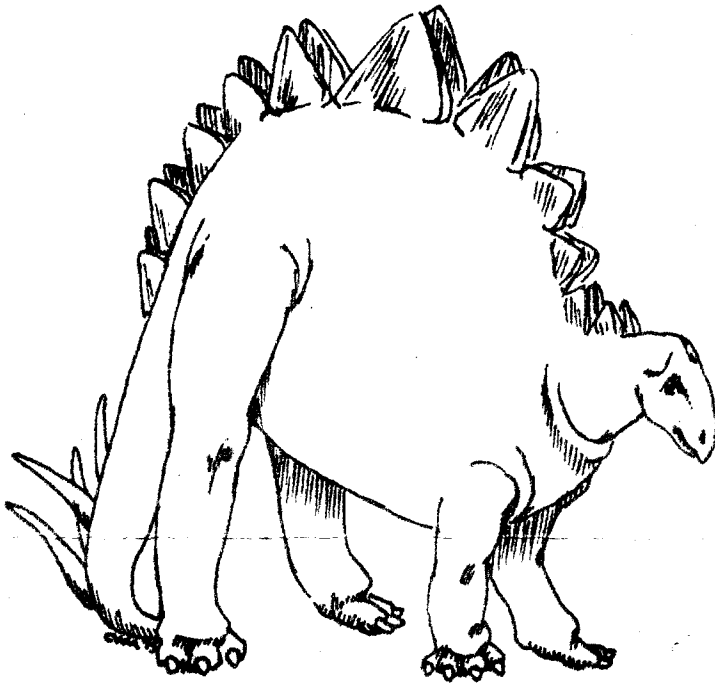


WOLF





It was a mild and happy Spring morning. Arthur Ambrosius Covello, graduate student ne salesman, sample case in hand, turned the corner of Hubbard and 17th only to find himself staring at a stegosaurus. The beast was ambling slowly up the street in his direction, now and then pausing to stare at its surroundings, rather as though it were a tourist. Arthur whistled. It looked just as he had always thought one might: four great, thick legs covered with gray-green scales as big as his hand, a conically small head, two hooded and bloodshot eyes. And though it dwarfed a garbage truck parked at curbside, the general effect was one of charming clumsiness, verging on the cute.

Of course, thought Arthur, it is awfully big. Suddenly he swelled with pride. Not everyone would be capable of calmly accepting the materialization of an extinct

gigantic reptile not fifty yards away. He built a mental image of himself leading the beast, perhaps at the end of a leash, onto the Dean's front yard and announcing that he had found a thesis topic at last.

--from "Executions with a Flair," a work in progress by Thomas Selman--

* * * * *

When I was Back East recently, I visited Rosemary Ulliot, went to a Humphrey and the Dumptrucks concert, saw the lunar eclipse, and picked up the first two Fraser and DeBolt records, which John Berry was listening to until I packed them yesterday.

Oh yes. I also passed my doctoral oral exam.

* * * * *

After all, what avails it to write the prize thesis on "The Reaction of Industrialization Upon the Rural Social Atmosphere" if one has not learned to milk?

-- Robert Stead, THE SMOKING FLAX--

* * * * *

Yes. It was an anticlimax. The important things that happened in my 2½ weeks in Ottawa and Toronto were mostly internal (redefining who I am-- an ongoing process); interpersonal (saying hello and goodbye to my family, which includes but is not limited to my birth-kin, and finding out how I feel about those people to whom I'm tied); and personal (winding up a series of lifecycles all at once, to move West and begin new ones.) The fact that I was able to tell Dr. Elizabeth Waterson of the University of Guelph, the external examiner, what agriculturally unsound practices contributed to a decline in farm productivity in Lower Canada in the 1830's somehow wasn't relevant to me, my work, or anything else.

At least you won't have to hear any more thesis stories.

* * * * *
 I am a lady PhD.... The mental marbles of my corniced shelves are formidable... Hopkins, Gide, Apollinaire, Sartre, and Beckett, Joyce, Eliot, Hemingway, and Gertrude. Footsteps worth following. But those of us who operate from bastard territory, disinherited countries and traditions, long always for our non-existent mothers. For this reason I devilled five years--six? when did I start? how many?-- in the literature of Australians and Canadians, hoping to be the one to track her down. In the nineteenth century there were unashamed colonials. In the twentieth, a few geniuses, and a host of Sarahs looking for themselves; too late finding their modes and models. First books appear, followed by silence, or forays into unconvincing commercialism. Or "satire," the holding of pain at arm's length instead of loving it; or this nostalgia, the one tradition Canadians follow well.

Australians are just about as dull.

"Jump into Amcan," one of our less deadly wrirers had a character advised, "there's the field for you..." Austcan is even emptier, sir, and leads more surely to the Slough of Despond. I've published, sir; the competition isn't tough, though there are better people than I in the field, I'm an authority. I've read more dull books than anyone else you know. I've done honest work, sir. I'm a historian of despair.

--Sarah Porlock in Mirian Engel's NO CLOUDS OF GLORY--

* * * * *
 Fortunately, I am still pleased with my thesis, which I wrote mainly to please me. Fortunately I am also still interested in it, and still feel it was worth doing. Yes, I know I am both unusual and very lucky.

((For an unbiased opinion ask Eli Cohen, who proofread the thing after sharing an apartment with it for a large chunk of time. Public egoboo to Eli for Exceptional Service to the Canlit Cause.))

The degree itself, though, was always a means to an end: my union card, my permit to do what I want, which is to earn my living by talking about books. Now it's over, and I'm free to do what I want. Even get a Canada Council grant to study Australian agrarian novels...

* * * * *
 Somehow the concept of "agrarian fiction" as a serious branch of literature is beyond me... I find it hard to take the whole thing seriously at all. If I think about agrarian fiction long enough, it makes perfect sense to me, and it all seems very logical and quite serious. Trouble is, if I think about it too long I burst out laughing again.

-- letter from John Berry--



What I'd like to do is write about those 2¹/₂ weeks, put them into words to put them straight in my mind. (I especially liked taking to Mike til 5 a.m. and discovering we were good friends still/again.) What I am doing is packing to move to Vancouver, then continue to Westercon and Aussiecon. Come to think of it, what I'd really like to do is sleep for a week... Half my life is in cardboard cartons, and the other half should be. If you've heard from me recently, you're probably my mother. If you hear from me before October, when I'm settled in my sublet house on the UBC campus, you're probably my mother, too...

Digression: if you're writing to me, the envelope should be addressed to "Susan Wood." The letter from me Mummy addressed to "Dr. Wood" that began "Well, I took the two aspirins..." was fun, but enough's enough. I don't much like titles (though I do like the t-shirt Rosemary gave me that says "Dr. Susan.") And anyway, I'm not sure who I am or what I am... not after the Toronto subway ticketseller thought I deserved student, 17-and-under tickets (I'm 26, if you wondered) and the CH telegram man wouldn't read me the telegram from the Aussiecon committee because it was for "Dr. Wood."

* * * * *

The embarrassing fact that Robert Gourlay devised and circulated a scheme for Canadian confederation from an English lunatic asylum has never been glossed over. On the contrary it has frequently received passing mention to indicate the truly lamentable results of thinking about Canada. As might be expected, the plan was somewhat muddled.

-- L.F.S. Upton, "The Idea of Confederation"--

* * * * *

Thinking about Canada may not have landed John Berry in an asylum, but it did land him in the middle of Regina's first non-con. On June 5, he fulfilled an urge to see a grain elevator, the legendary Dumptrucks and a wheatfield, thereby increasing the city's fan population by 50%. Programming was light, but fannish... we spent the pre-con week talking til the sparrows woke up (*yawn*), watching the sunrise, and waiting for Mike Gorra to race by and cannonball off the balcony into the parking lot. Eli mailed out KRATOPHANY, John typed HITCHHIKE with a partial con report ("How Susan and Berry Saw The Frog at 2 AM"), and I stopped packing glasses wrapped in the TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT long enough to produce this. We're all mad here.

The con officially began last Friday, with the meet-the-pros party. Officially we were celebrating publication of Ken Mitchell's ~~sheep~~ second novel, THE MEADOWLARK CONNECTION, offset on the university press with illustrations by local artist Cathy Spafford. (Four dollars from Captain Canada himself, c/o Dept. of English, University of Regina.) Other notables included all three Dumptrucks (whom I thanked for making their eastern tour so they could entertain me the night before my oral; they really saved my sanity. I think they appreciated having a groupie all the way from Regina, too.) There was Burton, whose second book of Milton crit. came out recently; and Geoff Ursell, local writer and folksinger who just happens to have a PhD from University of London, and who also just happens to have been given my former job (good luck.) There was Reg, my newspaper friend from the long-ago Carleton days who now lives across the street; and there were the Spaffords, who run a bookshop specializing in Canadiana. Some assorted university types drifted by too as we all ate large amounts of Roula Mitchell's superb Greek food (she's publishing a cookbook) but the most interesting people were the ones I've mentioned-- the Westerners, the people creating their culture and their identity. John was thrown right into Canculture fandom, Regina style, and I can see we're going to be talking alot about regionalism and identity and roots in the days to come, as we take the Canadian National train west to Edmonton and Vancouver, to see if it always gets derailed just past the North Thompson River.

And Sunday night was the best banquet I've ever been to at any con--a barbecue at the Goodhues', followed by a drive to Pense, about 20 miles west on the highway to Moose

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It's all in the cows

By The Canadian Press
When you've milked cows winter and summer on a Saskatchewan farm for most of your life, you become pretty well attuned to all their whims and fancies.

This is so even if you have the artistic talents of a sculptor like Joe Fafard of Pense, Sask., 15 miles west of Regina.

"Everything in abstract art today is to be found in a cow," he says by way of introducing the first in a new series of National Film Board half-hour shows to be seen on the CBC-TV network starting Dec. 19.

Fafard, raised in a family of 12 feeling isolated out on the Prairies because of their French background, is gaining recognition as one of Saskatchewan's most talented sculptors. His figures in clay of cows and of people are beginning to command big prices and attention at art galleries in Paris and New York.

The NFB series, called simply West, is its successor to a 12-week series on Quebec, Adieu Allouette.

FOR SALE
20 spring calves or trade for Holstein fresh or due to freshen.
Phone 765-4426, Vibank.

Bull sale

The Regina bull sale, billed as the largest public auction sale of bulls in the world, will take place in Regina March 24-28.

The 70th annual sale will see 764 bulls go under the hammer of Jock Blacklock and Associates in five days.

The catalogue includes 355 polled Herefords, 181 horned Herefords, 124 Aberdeen Angus, 95 Shorthorns and nine Galloways.

Sales catalogues and a program of events are available by writing Regina Bull Sale, Ste. 6-2134 11th Ave., Regina.

FOR SALE:
15' Massey Ferguson discer number 36 and 16' John Deere 1700 gerb's discer. Both with seeding attachment, good condition. Phone 429-2034, Glenavon.

Unemployment in U.S. jumps

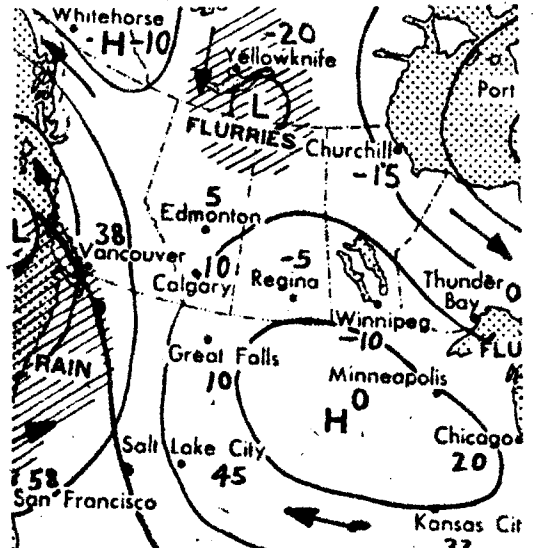
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Forecasts

Under clear skies, the crisp cold Arctic air continued its icy grip on Saskatchewan overnight. Readings were generally in the 20 to 30 below range.

Sunny, but bitterly cold weather will dominate the weather scene throughout most of the province today. A minor disturbance will spread cloud into the far north today and then southward on Sunday. Some snow will accompany the disturbance but no significant accumulations are likely. Temperatures should moderate somewhat under the cloud cover.



Regina, Yorkton, Moose Mountain, Weyburn, Assiniboia, Moose Jaw, Swift Current, Cypress Hills, Kindersley, Saskatoon, Battleford: Mainly clear and very cold today, winds southwesterly 15-20. Highs today near 5 below. Lows tonight 20-25 below. Increasing cloudiness Sunday and windy with a few periods of light snow.
Hudson Bay, Prince Albert, Meadow Lake, La Ronge: Sunny and very cold today, increasing cloudiness toward evening followed by a few periods of light snow. Highs today near 10 below. Lows tonight 15-20 below. Mostly cloudy on Sunday with periods of light snow.

REGINA DETAILS

Forecast high today	-15	Record high, 1945	42
Temperature at noon	-15	Average low	-6.3
One year ago	18	Average high	12.6
Relative humidity	60%	Average	3.2
Barometric pressure	10.20	Sunset today	4:02 p.m.
Record low, 1899	-46	Sunrise tomorrow	8:24 a.m.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES

	High	Low	Prc.		High	Low	Prc.
Regina	5	-26	Tr.	Brandon	5	-25	Tr.
Moose Jaw	7	-20		Winnipeg	5	-27	Tr.
Swift Current	8	-25		Thunder Bay	9	-16	.02
Estevan	11	-18		Toronto	26	11	Tr.
Broadview	3	-25	Tr.	Montreal	25	3	Tr.
Yorkton	0	-21	Tr.	Quebec	26	-2	.04
Wynyard	4	-25	Tr.	Chicago	26	13	
Saskatoon	-3	-28		Minneapolis	15	7	
Kindersley	-2	-26	Tr.	New York	12	21	
N. Battleford	-1	-22		Miami	75	54	
Prince Albert	0	-25		Boston	40	20	
Hudson Bay	3	-25	Tr.	Washington	40	23	
Victoria	36	26	.48	Los Angeles	66	53	
Vancouver	35	21	.53	San Diego	62	56	
Lehrbridge	16	-20	.05	San Francisco	82	52	
Medicine Hat	15	-29	.02	Denver	54	16	
Edmonton	8	-26		Las Vegas	57	37	
Banff	-4	-20		Phoenix	71	49	
Calgary	14	-24	Tr.	Honolulu	81	59	

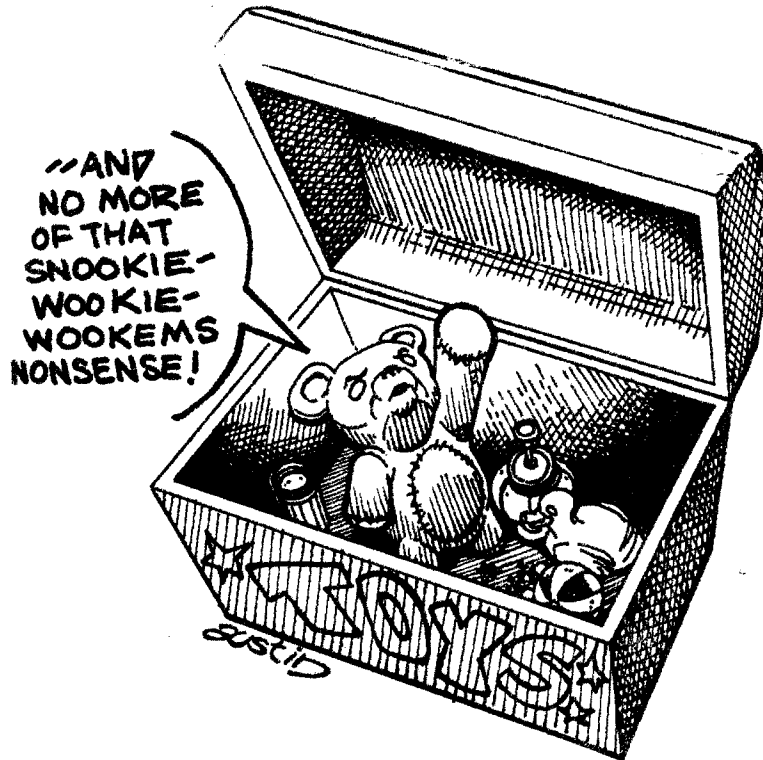
Jaw, to see The Woolly Mammoth and The Turtle, companions to The Frog created by local artist Joe Fafard and his students. We watched the sun set over the wheat fields, gave the Goodhue offspring long piggyback rides over the prairie, listened to the meadowlarks, and came home without once feeling the urge to give out a fan award.

John and I kept speculating on whether Mike Carlson, who was going to be in Seattle this month, would phone from Moose Jaw. He did--from Seattle. After we all stopped giggling insanely, we started debating plans to rendezvous. "Doug Barbour?" said Carlson as I gave him the Edmonton address. "I just read his stuff at Frank Denton's. I'm coming for sure." I figured I'd better call Sharon Barbour and warn her that she was about to be non-conned-- except Doug called first. And then Robin Johnston phoned from Australia at midnight, but since he's not going to meet us in Edmonton, that's not really relevant here... This weekend Eli and John and I will be visiting the Millers in Saskatoon. Two weekends from now we'll all three be at Westercon. It certainly is a wonderful thing, this 2½-month worldcon...

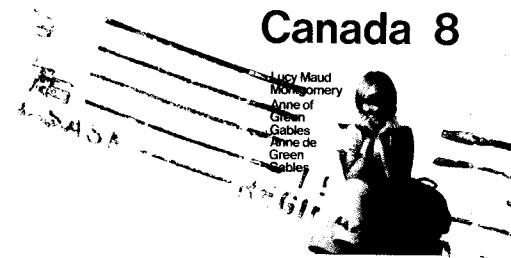
My teddy bear is packed. My Stringband album from Richard Labonte (1/3 of Stringband, which I met at the Dumptruck concert, is a friend of mine from Carleton; Canlit fandom is small) had to be rescued from John, and packed. I have an apt. full of half-full boxes, and longdistance movers coming tomorrow at 8 a.m. So...

This had been AMOR #7, Goblin Press Publication #9, from Susan Wood, Dept. of English, University of British Columbia, Vancouver BC V6T 1W5, currently enroute to Aussiecon and insanity. Cover by Randy Bathurst, art p.2 Cathryn Miller, p.6 Terry Austin. Electrostencils: Mike Glicksohn. Mimeo aid: John Berry, Eli Cohen. 'Bye.

--June 17, 1975--



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