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Welcome to the thirteenth, or ROTSLER FOR DUFF, issue of AMOR. I received the DUFF ballots from Rusty Hevelin a week or so ago, realized they had to be returned by April 15, realized that the Canadian postal rates were going up again on March 1, realized I had no spare time at all... and decided to do another AMOR RealSoon. Now.

While I have the greatest respect for the fannish achievements of Vardebob and Fred Haskell, I urge you to support Bill Rotsler for DUFF... because of his thirty years and more of fannish wit and generosity, because he's a Nice Person who'll be a great ambassador to Aussiefen, and because I'm looking forward to the felt pen meeting the kangaroos (not to mention John Bangsund.) Fill out that ballot now.

Yes, now, please. Before you forget.

There. Welcome back. Did you remember to put the ballot in an envelope? Mail it?

OK. Now we're ready to go.

This issue of AMOR, like so many others, begins in the Department of English at UBC. I made a New Year's resolution that UBC did not own my soul, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week; and so far I have kept that resolution, to the extent at least of keeping a day a week for me. Hence, I'm writing this personalzine/open letter, instead of marking the permanent pile of English 100 essay-rewrites. I still live, though, involved with what I do for a living: a satisfying state of affairs, sometimes, a frustrating one all too often. This afternoon, I was talking about that very concept with Jim Anderson, who's a 4th year honours English student-- a good one-- who took my sf class, and is now in my Backgrounds of Canadian Lit. seminar. It was one of those winding-down Friday afternoons when no-one wants to work; my office door was open, and Jim (who's a Romantic Poetry specialist) dropped in to complain that he seemed to be living in the middle of chaos. I knew he wasn't just commenting on the essay-outline he'd given to me.

Jim, you see, has A Job after graduation. He's one of the few honours students who does have a job, or a direction to head in, as soon as he finishes 6 termpapers, a couple of

seminar papers, the odd exam, and his 50-page honours graduating essay (on Byron and Neil Young.) Jim will be working where he's worked the last two summers-- in a stove factory, on the assembly line.

"It makes it kind of hard to finish the grad. essay," he commented. "I mean, what's the point? I'm learning all these skills, I'm learning to analyse poetry, but what's the point?" I nodded, since I keep asking myself that, as I teach literature classes to people who'll not find jobs.

"Well," I said, "you know the answers to that. You'll have a richer, fuller life, and be a more sensitive reader of Jim Blish. You've learned skills that will enhance your leisure hours. Etc. You've also learned how to express yourself." We both grinned, wryly. Three-thirty Friday: cliché time.

"You know, that's just the problem-- I haven't been taught that. University English has nothing to do with Real Life. You know-- you're one of the few people I've met who thinks that literature has any relation to life-- the sf course really impressed me, no really, I mean it, because you talked about popculture, and the way publishers influenced books, and the way readers influenced books, and the way society influenced books. And in the Canlit class... you know, you're one of the only profs I've met who admits to caring about anything? Honest." And he stuttered, and blushed a bit. "Honest, I'm not trying to get good marks or anything. Everyone else, they treat stuff on a course like a game, or a puzzle, it's got nothing to do with anything else."

"Formalist critics," I muttered darkly, and we talked awhile about Ivory Tower Academic Litcrit... At least, teaching Canadian lit, I'm allowed, and encouraged, to care about what I'm doing; and it has a pretty direct reference to life around us, here. Even so, in the sf class in particular, I found myself trying hard not to be absolute, not to say "this is Good because it's Socially Relevant and Promotes Positive Worldviews"-- while a couple of German Marxist critics condemned me loudly for "not giving us standards of judgement." As Jim wondered aloud about "what will any of this have to do with *my life*" (I must lend him Bangsund's lovely "John W. Campbell and the Meat Market") I realized once more how lucky I was, spending my days doing something which had value for me: acting as an interface between people, and books (novels, poems, plays, whatever) which were both esthetically pleasing, and could, in some way, expand their perceptions of (to quote Ursula Le Guin, who, as usual, says it better than I can,) "human life as it is lived, and as it might be lived, and as it ought to be lived." I feel a little strange, talking about "the problem of evil" in English 100-- less strange talking about Women and SF, lack thereof, or throwing in casual comments that make half of 100 jerk selfconsciously and start to *think* (eg, teaching Margaret Laurence's *A Jest of God*, better known as the movie *Rachel, Rachel*, I commented offhandedly, "Honestly, what does it tell you about Rachel's character that she gets involved in this intimate relationship with Nick, and can't even talk to him about contraception? Honestly, what sort of relationship is that? Now, how has Laurence established her character...") (Where did that sentence get to...?)

"Jan De Bruyn says he can't read the last lines of *Paradise Lost* aloud because he chokes up, and no-one in the class knows what he means. It's not supposed to mean anything, it's just a game, everyone puts me down for caring about Byron the same way I care about Neil Young, and everyone outside the university puts me down because English isn't practical," Jim was complaining, more to himself than to me. "What do you think you're doing, in 100, with all those illiterates flunking the comp exam?"

I had just had a particularly frustrating class, with monolithic 100 announcing they were "bored" by Robert Frost "because he just writes dumb poems about picking apples." (Then the class bright student said "There's an awful lot of death in his poems," and everyone else went "huh?" So much for Hidden Meanings (English 100 believes firmly that teachers are given a Magic Key to Hidden Meanings.) However: "Actually, I'm rather enjoying composition," I said. Jim snorted. "No, really," I insisted, thinking

four or five people who had really learned, over 8 papers and 8 rewrites, to organize an argument, and develop a paragraph, and write a sentence which expressed what they really meant.

"This is a university," Jim protested, "and the only way the government will let the English department teach Milton is by making you people all teach engineers how to write letters applying for jobs. It's a farce! C'mon, don't give me that crap about enjoying it!"

I winced. You see, I got my class assignments for next year. SF brought in warm bodies, but it was an experimental course, not a permanent one, so I was refused permission to teach it again. I'm doing Canlit survey, a new Canadian novel course (60 students), a Children's Literature class (60 students-- should be interesting, but I'll have to spend all summer preparing... any suggestions and help would be greatly appreciated) and... probably on the grounds that I teach sf, and can talk to Those People... technical writing, primarily for engineers.

"Well," I said defensively, "yes, I know they should know how to spell before they come here, but what I think I'm teaching is a university skill: how to think. How to express an idea so it's clear to another person-- that involves thinking it through and making it clear to you. Or it should. Maybe."

"How to get it clear 100. Well, have fun," said Jim, and left me alone with my term papers... "Hi, Susan, what're you doing this weekend, have fun," called Herb Rosengarten, heading home to his termpapers and his five kids... "Oh... I think I'll houseclean my mind," I called back. And make a mental note to pick up some more stencils, on which to accomplish this task.

I wonder if this AMOR would pass English 100? (Parenthetically, several of the English majors in the sf class commented favorably on how much they enjoyed the casual air of much sf-type criticism. "They sound as if they're really interested in talking to you about the book. They're *enjoying* themselves-- not writing termpapers," said one woman. I did not show her the new "academic" sf crit...) ((Allyn, if you make rude remarks about my semicolons, I'll train this typer to eat BCSFAzine stencils. You are Warned.))

AMOR 13 Changes Lifestyles...

I made a major alteration in my mode of living, this time last week.

I bought a CAR!

I haven't owned a car since I gave my baby Austin to my ~~baby~~ brother in 1970. I haven't needed one, haven't been able to afford one, haven't really wanted one. But: but. When I moved out here, and started getting a Decent Salary, I also started pretending I was earning \$200 a month less than I really was. The money quietly grew interest, like mould. Car? Didn't need a nasty, noisy, expensive, polluting car... except to get out to the mountains, and take Christine about, and take various other visitors about, and... I rented a lot of cars, last spring/summer/fall. Finally, I sat down in January, looked at my savings account, really looked at the rentacar bills I'd paid... realized that they accounted for the non-growth of my savings, since September... and started shopping. Ended up with a 1974 Datsun B210 sedan, city tested the week before (so the engine runs and the brakes exist): a nice practical car. A box on wheels, to carry groceries home, and Susan to the mountains. Practical. Warranty. Engine condition. Mileage. Practical-- firmly, to deal with used-car salesmen who assume that what I really want is "this nice lady's car here, sunburst gold, shag carpet..." "I don't care, what's the mileage?" "Nice automatic, pretty colour..." "I told you I wanted a standard, what's the price on this and how's the engine?" Practical? I fell in love with it when I did the test-drive. I think I'm a secret technology freak. Fourth gear! Whee! Downshift! Whoopee! Vroom!

Now I can join a food co-op (it's hard to drag your lentils home on 2 interconnecting busses) and drop in on the Seattle Nameless Ones meetings. I could even drive to conventions, if there were any closer than California. Vancouver Fandom seems to be evolving a nice group of fannish sillies, but so far our madness seems to consist only of deciding to publish a genzine. ("What's a genzine?" asked John Parks, who got his PhD the same week his first story appeared in *Galaxy*. "Genzines are great. I want to publish something just like *Maya*," said Bill Gibson, who is tall and drooping, who gave me his first story for the sf class, who got an A from me, sent the story to *Unearth*, and has just become the class's first published Author. "Yeah, Bill, you can draw cartoons, and John can do criticism, and Susan can write a fannish column. We'll call it... oh, something fannish," said Allyn, who discovered fandom in the pages of *Amazing* (proving that someone did read "The Clubhouse,") and has been Trufannish ever since. "Call it something fannish, yes. How about *Genre Plat*?" I bubbled, looking at the giant toothpick-box-toybox behind Allyn. Then, penetrating the fannish glow... "I'll do WHAT?"

I think I have agreed to co-edit a genzine. HELP!

((By the way, and parenthetically: Since I have been accused of Terminal Nonfannishness recently, I got curious, and discovered that I had written MORE fan material in 1975 and 1976 than I did in 1973, the year for which I won the fanwriter Hugo. Curious. I also realized that the circulation of this personalzine was at the same level as that of ENERGUMEN, the year we won the Fanzine Hugo, when I came second for Fanwriter. Also curious. Also critical... I am cutting the mailing list ruthlessly, and no, I'm sorry, I can't send it to your Good Buddy. You know, I really dislike being lied about by people who can't get their facts straight; tis very fannish, tho, yes.))

As an example of the changes in my lifestyle, I have found myself getting more interested in fandom again, beyond maintaining contact with my circle of friends. I can relate this directly to Aussiecon, and my involvement in Anzapa; and to this year's worldcon with the restricted but, for me at least, very worthwhile Women's Programme-- plus the Women's Apa-- plus all the newish and new fanzines like *Witch and the Chameleon*, *Orca*, *The Invisible Fan*, *Janus*, *Women and Men*... which give me encouragement that I can find people to talk with openly about living our lives now-- without either ignoring sexism, or quarreling about it. There seems to be a whole new wave of fresh ideas, interesting people, questionings: and when I tried to pin it down, in a recent *Algol* column, the freshness (in a pile of musty formula pretend-prozines full of BORING fanfic and uninteresting author-interviews) was the new approaches of the women editors, and the non-sexist men who are speaking out. But more of this later, I think.

The real change in my lifestyle is quite personal. Eli's moving to Vancouver.

Those of you who've been reading AMOR since the chilly Regina days will know that New York fan and baby-chick look-alike (sorry) Eli Cohen moved from his Native Land to Regina, Saskatchewan, in the summer of 197... er, 1974, yes. That was a while ago... He got a job setting up the computer information system for the Saskatchewan justice department, so the government would know who was in jail, where. (They didn't.) Eli felt well-paid, socially relevant, necessary, and valuable to his employers, even if he did sometimes feel unloved by Canadian Immigration officials (until they gave him his landed immigrant status last summer, finally) and rather chilled by the -40°F and/or C temperatures of lovely northern Regina. He really felt he couldn't move on until the system was set up (and, more to the point, till his Landed Immigrant status came through)-- but he didn't think that would take long. When I was offered a job at UBC (I was on short-term contract at Regina, with low pay and fewer prospects for employment after May, 1975) I accepted immediately. I gave Eli a jade pussy-cat since the lease forbade real ones, wrote to him daily, and kept paying rent on a 2-bedroom house.

Eli chased bugs in his system. I chased dangling participles in my essays. I also discovered that I really *liked* living alone (not that you could tell, half the time; I have, well, rather more visitors than I did in Regina.) I particularly appreciate not having to worry about anyone else, when I come home blind-tired and wrung out after a full day of classes, being "on"-- and talking with people-- and dealing with problems, most of 'em revolving around my administrative chore as co-ordinator of the second-year Canadian Lit. classes. ((There will be TWENTY of them next year, around 800 students, maybe more: I have large classes to teach, no time off for the administration stuff. What I am doing getting re-involved in fandom, of all things, I do not know.)) Eli and I sort of assumed he would move out here, Real Soon... and a year passed... and we talked seriously about it at the V-Con last May... and we visited, between whiles... and I alternated feelings of really liking to live alone, with reminding myself that Eli is an ideal room-mate who does his share of the cooking and laundry... and who, after all, knew what to expect during term-time from me since we shared an apartment amicably while I was teaching full-time AND writing my thesis, in Regina yet.

Eli, meantime, was quite determined that after all his effort to get Landed status, he was staying in Canada. Besides, he's madly in love... with my typewriter.

Finally, we made up our minds, and Eli made up his mind. He quit his job as of the end of February when the system he set up should be far enough advanced that he can leave it to someone else's care... a year behind schedule, but that seems fast for the civil service.

In the next two weeks, I have to finally paint that back bedroom-- and finally buy a Proper Mailbox for Eli's mail. (The lettercarrier already thinks I get an extraordinary amount of mail, even though most of it goes, and should still go please, to school.)

I think it's going to be fun. I may get even further behind on the mail, but I'm going to be Out and Around more (and hiking up more mountains, to walk off the poundage from Out and Abouting; Vancouver has some lovely restaurants, oh ye Western attendees, and Eli and I are going to try them all.) ((For example, friends of mine took me to a new club called Sophia, a Greek-restaurant-cum-folkdance-club, with good if somewhat expensive food, gorgeous bright decor ideal for a rainy night, warmth and fun... and folkdancing. By the staff. By Michael the waiter-cum-dance-instructor, who'll teach the diners anything from a polka or square dance through the hora to African dances. Some of the patrons, regulars apparently, put on quite a show themselves; the whole thing is very friendly, very cheerful, very good exercise, and the best cheerer-upper since Frank Denton introduced me to Steeleye Spar's records. Wanna go, Lesleigh?)) (((The spring guest roster includes Dena Brown, Lesleigh Luttrell, and my Mummy. Make your reservation early.))) (((Bring hiking boots.)))

Eli seems undaunted by the terrible task of adjusting to Vancouver: restaurants, cheese shops (who can forget Eli trying to tuck a huge piece of Brie into his bulging suitcase, as he prepared to carry supplies back to The Frontier last fall; we had to force ourselves to eat a precise inch off the brie so it would fit with the records, the chocolate, the caviar, the books...); temperatures which today reached 13°C; people to talk to; me to help slipsheet the next issue of KRATOPHANY... To reconcile him to leaving Regina, I've promised to take him to the pound, so we can get him a kitten. He gets to pick the model, I get to choose the colour (wanna kitty what looks like Roscoe Canfield, wwah.)

I almost got us a puppy, in fact. Last Sunday, a small female person holding an even smaller puppy knocked at the door. "Is he yours? I'm visiting my gran'ma in the apartment down the street, I can't keep him, can you?" "Awwwww" I said. "You're crazy," Allyn said. "Thank you," his owner said, several hours later. "Awww. Cute puppy" I said.

Cats, however, do not bark.

Other events of the week: On Tuesday evening, I gave a talk at the South Granville Branch of the Vancouver Public Library on teaching sf (well, it was called "SF Becomes Respectable.") About 35 people turned up: teachers, pensioners who come to hear all the library's speakers, sf freaks. One man looked familiar... it was Tibor-with-the-unpronounceable-name, who'd help found the first freeschool sf class at Carleton, in 1969-70. After we'd exchanged the ritual "what-are-you-doing"s (and discovered that our paths had crossed at several cons, while I was hidden under another name) we settled down to gossip: "Susan, tell me... whatever happened to Alex Panshin?" Allyn came along with me; she sold several sf club and Westercon memberships, and was Pleased. They've asked me back to talk about Canlit...

By Thursday, Canadian lit (and specifically the problems involved in hiring 3 new people) had Gotten To Me. I didn't have classes; Rick Mikkelson didn't have to go to work; I had a car... (Lynne, who is in her final term of law school, decided she had better go to her 6 hours of classes; I can't imagine why.) I watched the clouds breaking up eagerly, collected Rick and his peanut-butter sandwiches, and headed up the Cypress Bowl road to the parking lot at the 2,600-foot level (these mountains start at sea level, by the way.) : Trees, huge, green, looming in the fog/rainclouds wisping over us. No snow at this level; it's been a mild, dry winter. Silence... no, not silence. Bird calls. Ecstatic chirpings for an early spring. And everywhere, water: running, dripping, chuckling, gurgling, falling, foaming, flowing in glassy streams. We hiked up to the ski-lodge at the snowline, deserted now except for the caretakers... deserted in fact except for a large St. Bernard, and a friendly, fluffy Persian cat, who decided to hike along with us for half a mile or so, leaping streams with considerable panache, until the uphill climb on wet, slick packed snow defeated it. Huge golden eyes begged us to stay and play; we apologized and kept walking, while hideous laments filled the woods... Eventually we walked into the rainclouds, alas, so we didn't make it up to Hollyburn Peak (yes, that trail, Carey.) Still: there were frozen little lakes, snow-wreathed mountains, mist-wreathed trees (it was all so terribly *Canadian*) and, further down the trail amid the tiny waterfalls, there were bushes and ferns and feathery spruces all unfurling their new growth in shades of vivid green.

Today (this is now Saturday) I noticed that my daffodils are 6" high, though they went in a month late. Not only that, but I have a purple crocus out. And the plum trees outside the front windows are filled with celebrating robins.



I had a letter recently from Jessica Salmonson, who asked: "Do you consider yourself a closet feminist"? Interesting question. Answer, no, an active one in my own way: I am not particularly a joiner (as anyone who's tried to get me on a convention committee will know); I am not particularly good at arguing; I am not at all interested in rushing to barricades; and I think I am fairly effective at living politically, niggling from within. ((I am not a Militant Canadian Nationalist, either. There are several in the English department; they managed to antagonize the American department head, who decides hiring policy-- by himself--and the Dean who controls the purse strings. Me, I kept writing memoes and Quietly Insisting, and teaching my classes and organizing Canadian film festivals, and pointing out at every chance that we had turned away several hundred students who wanted to take Canadian lit. and this was a disgrace. And, and. In this past term, we have gone from "Canadian Lit. is just a passing fad and anyway anyone can teach it" to hiring not one, but three super-qualified Canadian Lit. specialists, with PhDs in the field. Don't apologize, don't explain, don't plead: just assume that any right-thinking person obviously agrees with you. I find they eventually do. I got to teach sf, after all-- the head of the curriculum committee keeps stopping me in the hall to ask why I haven't submitted the proposal he wants, for a permanent sf class, starting in 1978. I'll write it up this evening.))

I am, however, getting more involved in feminist activity. (I had worked out my ideas, to my satisfaction, after I moved to Regina; now I need to push at them some more.) That includes spending a lot of casual time with my women students... that includes spending what writing time I have, getting in touch with women fans. It also includes being more ready to be vocal. Germaine Greer gave a lovely, witty, and very thought-provoking speech here, Wednesday, about sexuality, contraception, lifestyle... It ended with women walking home slowly, in groups, talking, talking... perhaps going home and making changes in their lives, their partners' lives... Thursday evening, at a Canadian lit. soirée I attend, my middle-aged male colleagues started to make fun of what they thought Greer had maybe said, har-har. "Look," I said tartly, "If you're at all interested in the facts, this is what she really was talking about, and it made a lot of sense"... and started discussing IUDs with a young woman from Langara College. The men looked at me in amazement, shut their mouths, and started to discuss 19th century narrative poetry.

It's amazingly easy to be a "radical," in many of the circles I inhabit...

One of which is fandom. Now I'm going to do something rather questionable, here: that is, quote from a letter I received recently from Diane White, who's in the Women's Apa... she suggested that I make these suggestions to Suncon/concoms in general, but I don't see why she shouldn't have the credit too. I agree with her that it's "demeaning to ask and beg and wheedle for women's programming to be done for us" (I started the women's panel when I discovered that it hadn't occurred to the MAC programmers to think of it... though they had planned the dirty jokes panels, and at one point wanted to cancel the serious programme but keep the "humor") Any organizers lurking? I CAN'T take it on, for the simple reason that the summer is filled (new classes, book) and I may not get to Suncon (10 hour trip, fly home to start registration of 800 Canlit students-- ghaza.) Anyway, Diane suggests, among other things:

"Hospitality Suite: Instead of having one of the hotel's function rooms for this, maybe we could solicit funds from women attending the con to take a suite in the hotel proper. Some of us could staff it at all times, 24 hour a day volunteers, and we could arrange for a refrigerator to keep snacks, pop, beer and wine, etc. I would like to see something like this keep admittance to women ONLY, though there might be static on that suggestion. We could be providing a place to meet, rest, talk, pee, get away from men. It would also be a place for women pros to take time out from the press of crowds.

"Cocktail party for women pros: All we need to do is collect funds and we could hold this at a convenient time for most everybody. Or, as an alternate suggestion, Dinner for women pros: we could arrange to hold this outside the hotel. Fans would pay for tickets; the pros would have theirs in exchange for the pleasure of their company.

It seems to me that women fans should show their appreciation of the women pros by arranging some kind of symbolic event for them alone."((Yes.))

"Pig-0 Awards: Someone who has a good deal more familiarity with male chauvinism in SF should make out ballots for women fans to mark and establish the annual Pig-0 award." ((Why give any dignity to the little boys? They wouldn't be proud of being called racial bigots; they are proud of their contempt for/fear of, women. Who needs it?))

"Women's film program in hospitality suite: Somebody like Jeanne Gomoll would be dynamite for this....

"And so on. The reason I suggest limiting this to women is the element of surprise. Men go bananas when they think women are 1. enjoying themselves without men around, 2. planning something that doesn't include men, and 3. doing something that men would find fun if they could only do it. To my way of thinking this is infinitely preferable to protesting against strips and pleading for women's panels. There was plenty of wit and nastiness directed as Suzy Charnas for protesting the strip, and an attitude of belligerence among the rank and file at women WHINING ABOUT EVERYTHING. You know a lot more BNFs than I do; I was mingling with the rabble. Your reputation insulates you from the more obnoxious idiots who want to keep THOSE LOUDMOUTH BROADS from INTERFERING WITH EVERYTHING. Let's make a strategic withdrawal and make them come to us."

((Actually, my supposed BNFdom (where?) doesn't "protect" me from anything; however, I won't associate with the creeps, won't bother arguing with them... I admire women like Joanna Russ and Avedon Carol who can and will put energy into calm, logical explanations of why-dirty-jokes-are-offensive, but I can't put myself into the front lines like that.))

OK: Suncon, chaired by Don and Grace Lundry, P.O. Box 3427, Cherry Hill, N.J. 08034. Westercon XXX, chaired by Frances Skene, Box 48701 Bentall Stn., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V7X 1A6. Write and give them some new ideas... and some volunteers. NOW.

Final notes: Mike Glicksohn wants me to tell you that he has copies of his Aussiecon report (a beautifully illustrated and packaged production) and a funny book of Rotsler-for-DUFF cartoons by Derek the Crazyed Carter, both \$1.00, all proceeds to DUFF: 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada M6P 2S9. Send him some postage money too. Fine productions they are!

Housing: the developer unbagrupted, but now the Musqueam Indian Band has filed a land claim on the entire University Endowment Lands. I live in interesting times... Bye Susan

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