

# AMOR



## THE AMOR DE COSMOS PEOPLE'S MEMORIAL QUIETREVOLUTIONARY SUSANZINE #9

I may not have been born gneiss (the drawing is Bill Rotsler's, the horrible pun is mine courtesy of my Geology 100 professor), but I sure was born lucky. I have You People Out There On My Mailing List. I want to thank you for being my friends, for reading AMOR, for writing such moving, warm, personal letters in answer to it (so that at times I feel positively guilty, because this letter-substitute calls forth such a range of personal response that in turn I want to write personal letters to each and every one-- and I can't in the first place, which is why the letter-substitute-- and...) I warn you now, this stencil may degenerate into a soggy mush of cliché and trite sentiment; but bear with me, because the emotion is genuine.

This is a Thank You Issue of AMOR.

Thank you to my friends. And thank you especially to Bill Rotsler, who has brought more laughter into people's lives with a line and a felt-tip pen than any three people I know; and who sat on the Silverbergs' couch on New Year's Day (contrary to the cartoon, we weren't either of us hung over, so there!) talking to me about writing and cartooning, showing me these Variations on a Line you see here.

And thank you especially to Paul Anderson, who provided the final impulse to sit down, roll a stencil into the IBM word processing equipment (that's what they call it!), and write an open letter to you all.

Way back at Aussiecon, at Leigh Edmonds' pie-and-sauce feast (5 varieties of ketchup and a fine view of downtown Melbourne), Paul was telling Barbara Silverberg and me about a bootleg Joni Mitchell record he'd acquired. I had neither heard it nor heard of it, which, considering my status as a Joni Mitchell Freak, piqued my curiosity. Or whatever. There were, as happened at Aussiecon, 17½ different claims to my time and attention at that moment, including the fact that I was dead tired and too stubborn to go to bed, so I didn't have as much chance to listen to Paul's description of the record as I wished. "Never mind, I'll send



you a cassette," said Paul. "Great, thank you," I said, and promptly forgot about it until a package arrived in the mail today. Put the cassette it contained into the tapedeck (a Superscope, birthday gift from my Neat Brother Bob, super machine except it doesn't have a line counter; thanks again, Bob).

And the joyous notes of my favourite Joni Mitchell song, "Chelsea Morning," came pouring out. Followed by "Cactus Tree" which I find joyous because it says a lot of things I've been thinking about lately, about being free and independant and strong (whatever the costs); and I thought about how I wanted to answer the beautiful letter I got today from Robin White on that very topic. Then Joni was bouncing along with "Night In the City," which I have

always loved, and I was bouncing along as I unpacked my briefcase and arranged my poetry books on my desk. Then: there was a sort of vast welling up of Joy and Good Vibrations in me: a sort of cosmic "Oh, wow, isn't life great!" that I wanted to share. Well, once upon a time when I wanted to share those feelings, I sat down and published a letter-substitute. Once upon a time. I'd been thinking recently about AMOR, and about how it had grown, and about how my next issue was going to be Big, a Real Fanzine because I have some great contributions from Michael Carlson and Eli Cohen, lots of letters (send more! send me more!) and a Derek Carter cover. There are many, many things I want to write about too, but I want to think them out, not first-draft them. And I Don't Have Time. Last year, at this time, when I was finishing my thesis, teaching full time, teaching an overload graduate class, supervising a Master's thesis and etc. and etc., I kept thinking, "Well, next year I'll have some time free, I'll be able to write letters and articles, publish AMOR more frequently." Ha! Next Year is This Year, and I seem to have a 26-hour work day. I have almost 3 times as many students to teach at UBC as I did at the University of Regina. I teach 9 hours a week, plus 2 hours of seminars (and I wish it could be more, because students need the personal contact of seminar groups to balance large lecture classes.) That doesn't sound like much, but each class takes up to 5 hours of preparation. Then figure 120 students, 2 or 3 termpapers each, a minimum of 30 minutes and usually more like 60 to grade each termpaper. Plus meetings. Plus I keep long office hours--and it's one of the greatest sources of satisfaction to me that students DO come, every day, to ask for help, or just chat (spent an hour today with my brightest honours student talking about Canadian writers' interest in Roots and Ancestors and the creation of myths for our society-- which is one of the reasons I

feel good right now, because both the topic and the contact are important to me.) Well: so I'm busy at school. And I seem to have a fairly active social and cultural life here in beautiful moss-covered soggy Vancouver, though not as active as I would like; hello, Mike and Susan Walsh, who live about a mile away, whom I haven't invited over for dinner yet because, though I really WANT to, I simply don't have an evening or a weekend free in termtime. ((Then what are you doing pubbing an ish?-- I'll get to that, I'll get to that. Live with the first draft. Bounce along. This is a letter, remember?))

Finally, I've been \*S\*I\*C\*K. Remember the cold I mentioned in AMOR 8, which developed into laryngitis? Well, it never went away. I kept having a cold, and no energy, and feeling exhausted and depressed, and losing my voice all the time, to the great amusement of my students. My nice Chinese lady doctor has, to a certain extent, overcome my loathing of and suspicion of the entire medical profession (hi, Maggie Flynn!) by treating me like a Real Live Human Being, but unfortunately she hasn't managed to treat my throat. After 4 kinds of expensive antibiotics produced zero results, she fell back on prescribing tea with honey, and aspirin. "And try not to use your voice too much." Like to reach the back of a classroom? And on New Year's Eve, I went to Terry and Carol Carr's party where the host and hostess gave me a fine time and, generous folk that they are, a fine cold, which filled my head with fog for the past 2 weeks, and made me spend any "free" time I had, sleeping.

So what does all this have to do with AMOR? Well, it had begun to seem that the production of the formerly small, informal letter-substitute called The Amor de Cosmos People's Memorial Quietrevolutionary Susanzine was becoming a Massive Formal Project which would have to wait til Spring and/or end of term. (I keep forgetting that Spring comes early here. MY DAFFODILS ARE AN INCH HIGH!!! If I needed a reason to be joyful, I would find it there alone, used as I am to bulbs that don't dare show their tender snouts til May.)

This bothered me. This bothered me more as, within the past couple of weeks, letters came in which confirmed or reinforced or augmented ideas and feelings I'd had; as I worked through certain problems and ideas and emerged both happy and with a clearer sense of self and direction, largely thanks to my friends; as I wanted to share ideas, and express thanks for the support and warmth I feel from You Out There. Then tonight as the music played, and I looked at letters-to-be-answered from good friends, and remembered the satisfaction I felt yesterday reading over the Anzapa-zine (fanzine for the Australia and New Zealand Amateur Press Association) I'd typed out first-draft and just finished running off: as I did all this, I thought: "Sensawonder, Susan, get in there and Pub Your Ish! If you feel good, say so, no matter how incoherently."

Bounce, bounce. Hey, c'mon people, you have the right to be happy, y'know!

I've done this once before, in AMOR--a first-draft sharing of a sense of joy. I say as I said then, that joy is not an easy emotion, that it comes out of confusion and pain, that it's valuable for that reason. I say too that it can exist; and I say it over and over, because I've known times when I didn't believe that was possible, and I want to share the good feelings I have with the people who make them possible. I say all this now, January 19, 1976, a mysterious foggy night in Vancouver with the Wreck Beach foghorn booming and the fog swirling eerily past my window; with the unhappy certainty of being misunderstood, because I have been

misunderstood in the past. At least one person so misinterpreted AMOR #5, wherein I talked about my thesis and my job and the new sense of accomplishment I felt, as a personal insult: the person felt I had written just to put down everyone else who didn't share those achievements! In fact, my point was that I then, and now, feel "successful" not because of any mundane position or whatever, but because of my feelings about them-- I feel a sense of joy and accomplishment, I feel good about myself. Learning self-respect and self-worth has been the hardest task of my life; but out of it has come the capacity to be, I hope, I try, warm and loving and giving to other people. If I talk about what I'm doing and feeling, people, please: I'm not boasting, I'm not putting you down. I AM saying "Hey, you've seen me through some rough times, now share my joy, feel good." (Hey, quick, look at that rainbow before it goes away!)

I'm writing this because: well, last week I got a 20-page letter from an amazing woman, Kristin Stempf, whom I met in Australia. Something went \*click\* (as more and more women are finding it can) and, though I tend to be "private," we found ourselves sharing our lives and thoughts and tears and laughter one night, with each other and Valma Brown. Three sisters, suddenly, and one of the finest nights of my life. Well, Kristin has known more confusion and pain than any of us by rights should have to know. But she wrote to tell me, now, of peace and tranquillity, of quiet time to "just sit and relax and read and garden and see a few people and write letters and all the things I've been wanting to do," of the balance and self-respect and self-knowledge to give love and friendship and support (Kristin has been working as a geriatrics nurse, while still also a student, and I leave it to you to imagine how much of an emotional demand has been made on her every day!) And finally she wrote of "the richness and the glory of finding out at last what love can be."

As I read that letter, I was crying so hard, tears of relief and pure joy, that I could hardly see the paper. Kristin wasn't boasting to me, "see how happy I am"-- she was taking the time and effort, because she knew I cared, to share her happiness with me. And she made ME feel so happy that I walked around all that day in a kind of glow-- and there were several bad things going on that day. I'd like to be able to make soee of you, who've brightened my day with your letters, feel some of the warmth you've helped create, too.

Why am I writing this? This summer, I had an experience which I could only then describe to myself in terms of the conclusion of LeGuin's THE FARTHEST SHORE, which I had recently re-read. There was a person I knew, one I respected and had come a little to know, and to like: a person in great pain, of which I could see and understand only a little. I tried to react with sympathy, and what support I could. It seemed, though, that sympathy and love and respect weren't enough, couldn't be enough; that the pain and even the self-pity there couldn't be touched. And for one terrible moment, I had the vision of all the joy and love and warmth that any of us could give, being sucked out, vampire-like, and converted into darkness and pain: inverted, destroyed. "And so now you seek to draw the world to you, all that light and life you lost, to fill up your nothingness. But it cannot be filled. Not all the songs of earth, not all the stars of heaven, could fill your emptiness" says Ged to the wizard Cob. Then he looks at the door Cob/Lebannen has opened to the land of the dead: "It was wide and hollow, but whether deep or shallow there was no telling. There was nothing in it for the light to fall on, for the eye to see. It was void. Through it was neither light nor dark, neither life nor death. It was nothing. It was a way that led

nowhere." Those are the only words I can borrow now, as I did then, to make sense of the despair and destruction I felt, for that one moment, before I lashed out, and ran, and added my tiny portion to the negation. I'm not brave; and I honestly felt the threat of despair, of destruction of all joy. And so perhaps if I write, it's to restore a little of the balance in the world.

--This is an hour later. Re-reading the above, it sounds as pretentious as all get-out: but it's true, it happened, it shook me so badly that I HAD to stop typing, the memory was so appalling I began to shake. Let me balance it now with a happier picture, more-or-less copied from my first-draft Anzapazine of last week:



On Thursday night, Lynne Dollis, Rick Mikkelson, John Berry and I (and, it turned out, half our friends here) slooshed through the rain to a concert. Concert? Statement of faith.

Pete Seeger.

Tall and rangy, with that ageless New England body and a big grin. Radiating warmth. We started off applauding the legend; almost from the first notes of "John Henry" on the longnecked banjo kept applauding the superb musicianship; began from those first notes not to hear a concert but to share an event (we were all singing along, and the performer/audience separation was as close to not existing as ever it could be); and ended up rediscovering our faith in our selves. Seeger, by being himself (and being joyous and centred and sane), not by preaching, reminded us of the values we once



once believed in, such as the power we each have to influence our world for the better. He reminded me, at least, that I DO still believe in those things; that despair and doubt and going-off-to-cultivate-my-moss-garden are copouts. As he said, "some of us still live in the belly of the whale," and stay human and joyous too.

The point was, above all, that this WAS a concert. Seeger wasn't acting as a messiah or would-be leader; he didn't preach; he did share with us basic human concerns that he feels. For example, his two "political" songs were both about his sloop "Clearwater" and his efforts to help try to clean up the Hudson River. Above all, they were lovely, moving songs (beside me, I could see John crying; that country is his country, his birthplace. No amount of preaching "Clean Up The Water" could produce that response-- only a song which made us feel the human reasons why one man is working beside one river that he loves.) By being honest, being himself, sharing that self, and above all by entertaining us superbly, Seeger had an effect which was, in its broadest sense, "political." He bore witness to what being human could mean. He made me, at least, believe that it was still possible to live with integrity. Even in 1976.

And he did it by turning the Student Union Building ballroom into a farmhouse kitchen with a bunch of us just sittin' around singing Woodie Guthrie children's songs and "To Everything There is a Season" with him.

Next Monday, we're going to see Arlo Guthrie. Great days for an Old Folkie.

--But what have you been DOING under all that rhetoric about Strength Through Joy?-- When we last left our heroine, Canada was still in the throes of the semi-annual strike of the Royal Snail. Strike lasted 6 weeks; the day it ended, the university support staff walked out. Since it is safer to have non-letter mail go to the university, I didn't get mail-- which got backlogged up so that, for example, an airmail letter from Shayne MacCormack, posted from Sydney on Nov. 3, arrived in my mailbox on Jan. 10. By the time I got back to school on Jan. 5, I had a backlog of, literally, a couple of feet of fanzines and personal letters. I have had to face some harsh realities, one of which is that I CANNOT loc the fanzines and hold down a job too, and another of which is that the personal letters, which mean a great deal to me, will Just Have To Wait til end-of-term. But not-getting my mail was the least of my problems.

--pause for quotation: Joni Mitchell, introducing "The Fiddle and the Drum" to a US audience as a Canadian living in the US: "I always get my feet in my mouth whenever I try to introduce this song because I always feel very apologetic for the fact that I'm not a very political person, because Canadians of course aren't very political people. They're always having sorta intramural sports up there, canoe races from one province to another, y'know, things like that. Flag choosings... Even our prime minister isn't much of a politician." She may not be political...

The New Zealand Swing to the Right, followed by the Australian Debacle, was echoed in BC by the overthrow of the majority New Democratic Party (socialist) and its replacement by the Social Credit party--led by the son of the man who ~~held~~ held power here for more than 20 years, millionaire Bill Bennett. No, Sean Summers, I do not feel capable of "explaining" Social Credit, except to say it is a party of Free Enterprise which started off its rule by axing services like the women's bureau and consumer services, and raising the rates for public, socialised car insurance by 100-150%. The minister responsible (who's also the ed. minister, who's just announced Budget Cuts, Layoffs, Fee Hikes etc.) said that if people thought the

increases were high, they could just sell their cars-- which seems to typify our new government. And as a direct result of the election, my house may be torn down. Back in October, just as I'd hung the last crooked picture, I heard that a Big American Developer had bought options on this whole low-to-middle-income rowhouse development, which (though on UBC land) is privately owned. We were all going to be thrown out so a large Expensive NoKidsNoPets Luxury Hirise could grow. Illegal and anti-zoning-by-law, but when did THAT stop a developer?--The (NDP) Minister of Housing promised it would. He just got thrown out. The Socreds like Big Business and US Developers. I am now a member not only of the area tenants' association, but of a cooperative which is trying to get money and federal homeowner grants and the like to buy these houses (72 units) and run them as a co-op. Sure is a great way to meet the neighbours. And take a crash course in property law. But insecurity-making (especially after all the work I put into making this place a home!)

Meantime, after Dec. 3 when the support staff went out, I spent some time wondering if I were going to be ~~fixed~~ censured, and if I wanted to quit. Though I am less than enthusiastic, these days, about The Strike as Bargaining Device, I supported this strike, since the staff had genuine grievances, had been without a contract for 4 months while the university refused to negotiate, and so on. But most of the faculty and students did not support the strike. Did not, militantly and bitterly-- to the point where one of my honours students had his room in residence trashed twice, because he walked the picket line with the strikers (people drove into picketers, like Mary-next-door raising 3 kids on a library clerk's pay.) My decision to honour picket lines was received with, um, less than enthusiasm, Officially--especially since I had been adamantly refusing to take on overload work Like A Good Little Coolie, being barely capable of handling the work I had and feeling tired and hassled and barely-in-control' already. It was a time of great bitterness and confusion at the university-- complicated by the fact that it was examtime, and I had an exam for my two large second-year classes scheduled within the projected strike period. I tried to cancel it, and was told it was "in The System" and Had To Go On. \*Click\* All my resentments and doubts about UBC as a vast, impersonal place where sheer size and bureaucracy were hurting, not only my humanity and my students' humanity, but my ability to function as a teacher, crystallized. "The System" here IS more important than the students, OR the teachers. (I cannot find out any information--for example, about salaries, or anything so simple as The Rules on deferring exams.) The university, and its sheer size, bred in my colleagues contempt and indifference to their students: "Oh, it's just a job, do as little work as possible." "Why do you bother having office hours every day? For so long?" Also I couldn't help noticing that the vast department (yes, really 118 people-compulsory yearlong English 100, compulsory-for-arts/ed/lotsapeople 2nd year yearlong lit too, which is why I have a job but also why I have large classes full of disinterested students) which had been rent asunder by feuds about 4 years ago, had "solved" its problems by a simple means: no-one speaks to anybody else. (Except I talk with the secretaries a lot. They're all upgrading their BAS at night, and have lots of interesting ideas to share. No-one else bothers to talk to them, either.) In this Vast Impersonal Emphasis-on-Grades place, I had 4 directly plagiarized essays (2 from the same book!) It was becoming an effort to face classes. It rained every day, and I felt sick and exhausted marking til midnight. Then the strike ended, I collected the papers of the 75% or so of students who did cross picket lines to write-- and found a 25% failure rate, ((I was, in all this, leaning over backwards to be Fair. I gave a special makeup exam to students who didn't cross lines--told them I would do this, to take pressure off. Yup, 20% or so failure rate there, too.)) It was

Christmas, but not-Christmas with no mail, and I missed my family and friends Back East badly. I did an interview with Bob Bossin of Stringband, which I had No Time to write up--like the interviews and articles from Saskatchewan and Australia, just sitting while I read honours papers from ed majors confirming The Decline of Basic Literacy. Etc. Etc.

OF COURSE there were good things! The mountains would come out shining, sun would glisten on green leaves, and I would remember why I loved BC. I DID start to meet congenial colleagues. Stringband came west for a brilliant (if ill-attended) concert. We had two separate snowfalls, large gentle flakes, a foot each time wrapping the city in peace, coating each evergreen in postcard-lovely white, and (not so incidentally) paralysing the city for DAYS. Vancouver cannot cope with snow! We also had an earthquake! (I slept through it.) In midstrike, I went down to Seattle, where Anna-Jo Denton fed me fried chicken, Frank played Steeleye Span for me (Frank: Bob Bossin says Fraser and DeBolt have broken up; but Dick Lupoff says Catmother are in the studio doing a new album), and both offered serenity, intelligent sympathy, and a chance to talk out some frustration. Got to meet Mike Carlson's friends, with whom John Berry was living: neat people. Got to explore Seattle, and fell in love with the Pike Place Market. But still. Quand meme. I kept wondering: did I want to teach at UBC? (After working so long and hard to get here?) Did I want to teach? (Had, still have, a vast sense of a potentially rewarding writing career, thwarted by lack of time/energy. If I wasn't communicating as a teacher, could I as a journalist?) Was what I REALLY wanted to do, to move back to Ottawa and work for my brother's new recording studio and light-and-sound operation? ((Well, yes, but let's be Sensible...)) Who was I and where was I going, and why wasn't I happy about it? Unanswered questions, put on hold as John Berry and friend John Smith arrived to play tourist and feed the ducks in Stanley Park, I put barely-begun writing aside to cook Christmas dinner for 6, experiment with canard aux abricots et Cointreau and the like, pack, and get on a plane, Christmas Eve, which took me to San Francisco. Ostensibly for the Modern Language Association lit-teachers' worldcon. Which confirmed that (while I do not have the ability to be a Scholar; Burton Weber is a scholar, most of us aren't) I am not, and refuse to be, and reject with horror the idea of being, an Academic. Which leaves me as teacher/journalist/communicator, which leaves me back with the problems of am I doing that, can I do it at UBC, etc. etc. Real reason for the trip was, obviously, to see my friends in the Bay Area, which I did, and had a fine time visiting and partying and exchanging fondnesses, taking Doug Barbour for a 5-hour book-and-record-buying spree down Telegraph Avenue, visiting the Napa wine country with Doug and Sharon Barbour and Charlie and Dena Brown, enjoying turkey and champagne with the Browns (Dena is a great cook!) as we let Handel's "Messiah" float out over the canyon under the bright stars and the pines, sharing music and wine and ideas and the warm sense of good friendship with Grant and Catherine Canfield, Paul Novitski and Jay Kinney, meeting people I'd wanted to know (hi, Greg Calkins!)-- on and on. Wonderful time.

Paragraph for white space. Confusion and tiredness flowed into parties in beautiful Bay Area. "Home is where your friends are," Marie-Lynn Hammond sings on CANADIAN SUNSET, in a song about not moving to Vancouver, and I realized my best and closest friends are in Ottawa...and Melbourne... and leaving Canberra (congratulations, John and Sally!), Regina, ... and San Francisco, all in a vast warm lump (and none of this is to slight my friends here, especially Rick and Lynne whose heroism in helping me get settled in is Enshrined in Memory-- and yes, Lynne, when you read this that's good for another lunch chez Faculty Club between bouts at the lawschool clinic.) I moved into 1976 Very Confused.



# SUSAN WOOD in CALIFORNIA

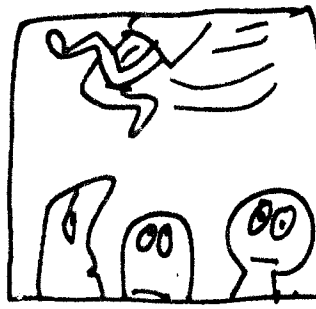
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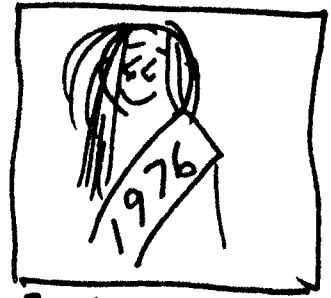
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SUSAN WOOD  
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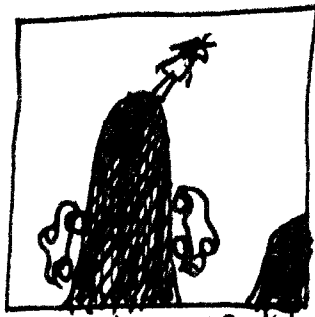
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SUSAN WOOD AT  
A NEW YEAR'S  
PARTY



SUSAN WOOD ON  
NEW YEAR'S DAY



SUSAN WOOD IN  
S.F.



SUSAN WOOD  
BUYS RECORDS



SUSAN WOOD HAS  
HER PICTURE  
TAKEN

I really flew to SF to wear my new dress to the Carrs' New Year's party, in the middle of which, I decided I wanted to stay (freelancing for ROLLING STONE?) which meant being adopted or married by a US citizen. So I celebrated 1976 by proposing to Jerry Jacks. If you hear A Rumour, we started it! (I should hastily explain, Mum, that Jerry, a dear friend, is also a gay activist. We weren't Serious. At least I wasn't. Yes, he accepted...)

Seriousness came Jan. 4, when I flew back to UBC with a bad cold, tired, mizzrubul (I seem always to be getting on planes to leave people) to face half-empty classes of depressed, disinterested people resenting me for giving them low grades. The Canadian university year-system has drawbacks, especially right after Christmas. Yes. But. Outside are swelling rhododendron buds and hints of promises of rumours of spring. Inside is a new sense of my own centre. Classes ARE going well; in fact, the honours class went \*click\* and we are 25 people together, exploring Canadian poetry with building waves of excitement and discovery. Colleagues are suddenly smiling and talking (partly because they saw me at MLA and decided I was a World Authority on the new Respectable In Field, sf. MLA is good for something!) There's a discussion group of Canlit teachers from local colleges and universities starting, and I've been getting more involved with the Good People of the BC sf club. (Mimeo, and grey ink, courtesy of BCSFA.) This house, threatened or not, feels like my own home, with the rug me Mum

hooked for me for Christmas on the floor, beside the Comfy Chair I bought for her to sit in when she comes to visit. (Lord, I'm a propertarian!) I've gotten some egoboo, and better yet some constructive suggestions, on my thesis-into-book, from Bill New, a Canlit colleague whose work I respect. (Book in 3 years...) I'm coming to terms with the workload, and the need to say "NO" firmly to writing letters and columns, helping with V-Con 5-- the need to stay incommunicado, working, til May. Then, a long summer to relax, write, re-establish communications, explore the misty forests of the Pacific Northwest, and get to know my awesome local mountains.

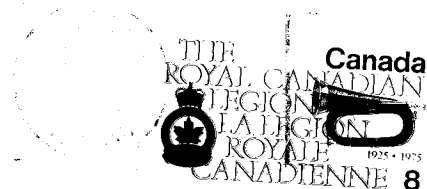
Good prospects? Yes. But the important point is, I feel good. As if I know what I'm doing, why, who "I" is. It comes back (at last) to that letter of Rcbn's I mentioned on p. 1, in which she talks about growing as a strong woman, as a person, and sharing that growth. (And not being only an adjunct of a man, though I confess I was delighted when Jim Benford said "Oh! Now I know who you are! You're the girl in Tucker's trip report!" Bob Tucker's LE ZOMBIE Aussiecon report is a pure delight!) ... I keep fantasizing about starting a paper rap group, a women's apa, Bread and Roses ("Give us bread, but give us roses too!") No time-- meantime, from Richard Labonté arrived today "Holly Near--Live Album," women's/people's music from Redwood Records, 565 Doolin Canyon Rd., Ukiah, CA 95482, \$4.50 plus 18¢ mailing, \$1.25 1st class: it is very fine, and hey, thanks, Richard!--It is now Thursday night, after a long, exhilarating, exhausting day talking poetry and politics with my students. Energy flowing! Zapazapazowie! Newsflashes: COA John Berry, 1000 15th Ave. E, Basement, Seattle, WA 98112. And I just got final approval for my sf class next year (new, experimental) plus (new experimental) class in Canadian intellectual history in lit.-- plus firstyear lit-and-comp and a MUCH heavier workload, oh well. I'm supposed to be out arranging another Stringband concert here, and Humphrey and the Dumptrucks are a-comin' to town. Yippety shit! So it really is time to wrap this up. AMOR is probably terribly self-indulgent (especially this issue), but part of my politics (and I've become re-radicalized, hard, recently) consists of that cliché, sharing the struggle to be more fully human. And I wanted to say thanks to my fellow-travellers.

This has been THE AMOR DE COSMOS PEOPLE'S MEMORIAL QUIETREVOLUTIONARY SUSANZINE #9, from Susan Wood, who gets letters at 2236 Allison Rd., Vancouver, BC V6T 1T6, and anything else at the University (where mail may be slow but Safe.) Lion's Gate Press Publication #4. Artwork by Bill Rotsler, electrostencils by Mike Glicksohn. Happy Spring, everybody!

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