



Welcome to the Amor de Cosmos People's Memorial Quasigafiated Susanzine, an infrequent letter-substitute published by Susan Wood, c/o Dept. of English, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, Canada V6T 1W5. AMOR is Not Generally Available. This is Lion's Gate Press Publication #21, Aug. 11, 1977.

Title by Sheryl Birkhead, illos by Stu Shiffman, words by Susan and Eli, mimeography by Susan and Eli, cathair on the silkscreen by Harlequin and Samantha.

ps: electrostencils, Victoria Vayne.

Welcome to AMOR. This issue is dedicated to Denys Howard, and his

new son, Robyn Takeo Jansson. Happiness and every good thing to you both.

This issue, unlike Robyn, wasn't nine months in the making. Only six. In February, I had marking, and houseguests, and I painted the small bedroom at last, after first scraping the paint off as best I could. At the end of the month, Eli moved out from Regina; we barely had time to be reunited before his friend Yuval arrived enroute back home to Boston, closely followed by Dena Brown. Dena fell down Shannon Falls and sprained her ankle, just in time for the first gathering of WPSFA Northwest, the furthest-flung axis of Pittsburg fannish fandom, created so that Jerry Kaufman and all the other people planning to move to Seattle will feel right at home. A couple of days after Dena hobbled onto her plane, my Mum arrived for a long visit; Ken Fletcher & Linda Lousbury also stayed for too short a time, in there. (Mum is used to my Brother Bob having loud parties. A couple of the local fans dropped over to meet Ken&Linda, fabulous Land Abalone Fans. Eventually, Mum went off to bed. The next morning, when I said I hoped we hadn't kept her awake, she said, "No, not really. But you were all so quiet, then every so often there would be hysterical giggling, and... what were you doing?" Answer: we were watching Ken and Bill Gibson have a cartoon war on stencil. The results appeared in GENRE PLAT, Vancouver's fabulous new genzine, for which I am supplies-supplier and mother hen. Costs a dollar from Allyn Cadogan, 1916 W. 15th Ave., Vancouver, free plug.)

During the last days of Mum's visit, and the couple of days after, we all spent a lot of time running off GENRE PLAT. Then Joan Baker came to visit, to recuperate from a very bad fire during which she had rescued two of her room-mates from injury or even death... and lost most of her books and possessions. Joan, who is one of the more level-headed people I know, seemed to be coping pretty well, considering. Better than I was coping with end-of-term marking, administration and such! By mid-May, I had had 5 weekends without houseguests since worldcon (one weekend I spent at a conference, 2 in Seattle, and 2 writing.) By dint of a lot of last-minute racing around, I got myself on the road in the third week of May, heading for Seattle, Portland, Eugene, and five weeks in the Bay Area, reading old sf and visiting people.

... and got home after driving up I-5 in 110° heat, 2½ days before the Westercon. When the Live Kitten Party (the Alternate Programming to the Dead Dog Party) and the Shannon Falls Expedition were over, I put the last of the Westercon into the car and drove it to Vonda McIntyre's party in Seattle. Then I did more administration, wrote a long paper, flew down to Berkeley to deliver it at U.C. Berkeley, came home, had Loren

MacGregor to visit for a couple of days so we could all see Tom Paxton at a local club, did a whole lot more administration, and wrote an article for Peter Nicholls' forthcoming ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SF on Canadian sf. (This is Very Obscure.) And now I'm about to leave for Seattle and Portland for a week, return to do another week's worth of administration and class preparation, and get ready for fall term. Oh yes, somewhere in there I defrosted the freezer and washed the kitchen floor, which I do about as often as I do AMOR. Does all this explain why I haven't answered your letter?

Yes, I know the above doesn't really tell you much. Six months by the calendar work out to either two days or two years, subjectively... at the moment, my two clear memories of the summer are of dignified, fragile Ursula Le Guin sitting crosslegged on the floor in a Thai restaurant in San Francisco, using the skewer from her barbecued beef to shoot grains of rice at Saintly Terry Carr, while Lizzy Lynn and I giggled hysterically (Terry, Ursula and Quinn Yarbro had been the other participants at the UC Berkeley conference); and of hurrying down the stairs, still rather teary-eyed after the Tom Paxton concert, bumping into someone, realizing I was apologizing to Tom Paxton, and not having the presence to say anything other than "Hey, thank you"-- thank you for remaining a good musician, a marvellously witty entertainer, and an honest person.

No, make that three memories. There was a stag, silhouetted against the sunset... and the ocean at Golden Gate seashore park...

Lots of Stuff has happened in the last six months, most of it very good. I'm not going to do more than apologize for not writing to you, even in a letter-substitute, and list some of the things that have kept me from my typewriter (like about 7 or 8 weeks physically away from it) for several reasons. First of all, I took stencils, a file of the past year's letters on AMOR (especially those regarding Diane White's letter last issue, most of which, indeed all but one of which were understanding and supportive) (and useful), and Eli's "portable" typewriter down to the Bay Area with me. After a few days staying with The Fabulous Mother Marta, I moved into Sonni Efron's spare room, spent a lot of time talking with Sonni, set up the typer and contemplated the letters. I realized I was facing a mammoth genzine... realized, too, I'd had less feedback on #10, the large and (I thought) beautiful and interesting genzine issue of last summer, than any previous issue... discovered AMOR was becoming a burden to me, and nearly killed it entirely.

Second: one of the most important things that happened this summer centred around the Women's Apa and the Alternate Programming, the Room of Our Own, that I set up for the Vancouver Westercon. Because of circumstances, people, the work that Fran Skene assisted by Allyn Cadogan did, and other factors, I have to say that the Westercon, for me, ranked as one of my three favorite conventions... right up there with St. Louiscon (my first worldcon, and that's got to be special) and Aussiecon (not only a marvellous convention, but my co-Fan-GoH trip, and one of the highlights of my life.) Anyway, what the Westercon, and the time in the Bay Area, and the paper on Women and SF that I wrote for UC Berkeley (which Jeff Frane has put on stencil for me, so if you're interested, I'll send you a copy), and, and, and made me do was think, a whole lot, about Women, Society, SF, men, inter-relationships and everything else. I had to shake up my assumptions, and that's a good thing, I think. And, well, I just don't go to convention programming any more. But I went to all of the Room of Our Own stuff, and not just because I organized it. People like Suzy McKee Charnas, Quinn Yarbro, Lizzy Lynn, and of course our Special Guest Kate Wilhelm were the focus for a lot of really interesting, intense, shaking-up and moving-and-shaking discussion that went on all convention. A lot of us found it important. I still have to work out what went on, how it could have been done better, and especially collect my thoughts about the vexed question of do-we-want-women-only-space (YES!)... I've promised to write it all up for Jeanne Gomoll and Jan Bogstad's fanzine JANUS, I hope in time for the February Wiscon, at which Vonda McIntyre and I are GoHs. (I'm looking forward to seeing Jeanne and Lesleigh Luttrell again, and meeting the rest of Marvellous Madison fandom.)

Third: a lot of the important things in my life, as in anyone's, have to do with my reactions to other people. Yet I'm growing increasingly wary of the "honest, open" type of writing that infringes on the reader's privacy, telling him/her more than anyone not a close friend really WANTS to know about extremely personal matters... and, more important, infringes on the privacy of the person talked about, often speculated about. I don't want to read, or write, gossip on stencil. Is the "honest, open" communication really just a self-indulgent wallowing in emotion, where it's SAFE... on paper, not face to face with someone else? It seems to me, at the moment, to actually cheapen real emotion, to spend one's life gushing on stencil, or worse still, cataloguing trivia (do you care what came in my mail today? or the details of people with whom I Failed To Communicate at Westercon?) I have to think about this some more. Meantime, most of my writing has been personal-academic, if that's a genre: serious (but not dull, I hope) writing about topics which I try to approach with my intelligence in full gear... but topics, too, with which I am involved, which I feel enthusiasm for, about which I try to communicate enthusiasm and interest. Catalogue?--the intro to the Gregg Press reissue of Bradley's THE HERITAGE OF HASTUR, now out and very impressive-looking; an article on Robert Kroetsch's poetry, for CANADIAN LITERATURE (Canlit fandom lives); the women-and-sf paper, which like the Bradley one is about 6,000 words (Kroetsch is 3,000 or so); a thousand words on Canadian sf, the height of absurdity... stuff like that.

And though I remain a trufan at heart... I have just signed a contract with Berkley Books, David Hartwell, editor, to put together, with introduction and notes, a book tentatively called ESSAYS ON SCIENCE FICTION BY URSULA K. LE GUIN! The trip next week is to see Ursula and collect manuscripts. For all this I get paid? Wow. (I may even get tenure. I feel a little strange about being part of the Literary Industry springing up around Ursula. I mean, she's still alive, and everything...)

And thank you, everyone, for yet another Hugo nomination. I appreciate the complement, and feel honoured. I also feel annoyed that Linda Bishyager, in print in SFR and, apparently, in person behind my back, continues to insist that I am not a fanwriter and do nothing except writing for AMOR (which, despite my efforts, goes to a lot of people, Linda.) Since Linda gets several of the fanzines I write/have written for (KRATOPHANY OUTWORLDS, HITCHHIKE and the like), I can only assume she's deliberately lying. As I've said before about this, I loathe being lied about. If ya wanna know who I'm writing for, or anything else, write to me, ok? I will try to answer, rilly, rilly,

---Meantime, one relationship I will talk about: with the furry creature trying to perch on my lap while I type. Last May, Eli went to visit his friends Jane and Val, who plied him with liquor and let their new kittens climb all over him til he agreed to adopt one (which he did the day after I left for the Bay Area.) Harlequin is orange, white and black, with a harlequin-mask over her face, and a tendency to hounce off walls. She's a hyper-active kitten, who needed a focus for her energy besides people (she bites) and my longsuffering philodendron. Besides, we had promised Judy Mitchell, Talented Artist and co-creator of "Wendy and the Yellow King" (realsoon, Judy?) that we would only get a kitten from the animal shelter. So, post-Westercon, when the last of the houseguests departed and the place felt empty, we drove to the shelter. Looked at the cages full of female kittens. One rather large one, an attractive black-and-white model, sauntered up to the grille. "Hi. I'm beautiful. Choose *me*," she announced. Whenever I tried to pick up another kitten, she would butt in. "No! Not her! ME! I'm wonderful!" So I picked her up, and said "Ok, you win. And you're a Samantha if I ever saw one." (Ever tried arguing with a 10-week-old kitten?) Samantha lost a little of her cool when she met Quin, who jumped on her stomach; Sam squeaks just like a rubber toy. They play tag all over the house, and the sleeping humans, at 3 am; they attack me, demanding food, at 6:45 as I get ready to go swimming; and they sleep most of the day curled up together, like models for a sentimental valentine. They even purr in stereo.... When they are hyperactive, they are Flying Karamazov Kittens--"No!" When they are affectionate, which is any time they aren't waiting to be fed, I can forgive them anything, even toothmarks on the avocado plant. Purr for the people, Samantha...

APA- QUEUE!

(A Fannish Musical)

by Eli Cohen

illustrated by Stu
Shiffman

dedicated to Terry Carr, whose
"My Fair Femmefane" was the
ultimate inspiration for it
all, and to Debbie Notkin,
who had never even met Hank
Davis



1. The opening takes place in a mimeo room. ART, a fannish fan, has become increasingly concerned about the rising commercialism in fandom; he has just read that one of fandom's leading newszines has surpassed a prozine in circulation. (He read this item in the newszine in question.) Anguished, he gazes at his bust of St. Fantony:

ART: St. Fantony, St. Fantony,
I wish that you could hear my plea
St. Fantony, St. Fantony,
I don't know what to do, you see.
You know how peaceful and good-willed I am
You must admit I've always been a lamb
But Fantony, St. Fantony...

I won't be silent anymore, they've gone a bit too far
Fan writers bid and bargained for like beads in a bazaar!
If things continue on this way my heart is filled with dread
That eventu'llly will come the day from fandom I'll have fled ...

Oh Fantony, St. Fantony, can fandom's heart be bought and sold?
Oh Fantony, wise Fantony, are Hugos worth their weight in gold?

Where are the simple joys of fannish fans,
Where is my old Gestetner's cheerful noise?
What's that silver Hugo to me
It means "He had more dough" to me
Oh where are a fanzine's simple joys?

Will faneds still burn out over annish plans?
Plot a moon tower built of old bheer cans?

Will a zine's readers play for it
When near ten thousand pay for it
Oh where are the simple joys of fannish fans?

Will a spaceship on a pedestal
Worshipped and competed for
Lead to fandom's growing better still,
Or a bloody bore?

Where are the simple joys of fannish fans?
Are the days long since past when fans were slans
Shall all our feuds not be jokes for us,
Shall none count Courtney's strokes for us,
Oh where are the affable joys
Harmless and quaffable joys
Where are the simple joys of fannish fans?

As he finishes, his girlfriend, GWEN, enters the room. He tells her of his worries; but as he speaks, a trick of the light reflected from the bust of St. Fantony seems to form a halo around his head. A strange gleam enters his eyes.

ART: I've got it, Gwen, I've got it! I'll found a special apa, a haven for trufans, where our traditions can be preserved, and commercialism banished! We'll keep the membership select-- only the best will be allowed in ... I can see a line of applicants stretching out across the world. It'll be so good, it'll have the longest waiting list in fandom. *That's* what I'll call it: Apa-Queue!

GWEN: Apa-Cue?

ART: No, no! Apa-Queue! Q-U-U, er, Q-U-E-, um, I'm sure there's another E in there somewhere ... Q-E-U-E, er ... Q-U-E-U ...

(The curtain falls as Art is speaking.)

II. Apa-Queue has been established, and is flourishing. Fans are flocking from all over to join. Art has discovered a young neofan, LANCE, in whom he detects the spark of trufannishness, and tells him about the apa:

ART: It's true! It's true!
The OE's made it clear!
The members are all Trufans without peer!

This group began a distant moon ago here
An apa for a fannish chosen few
An end to all commercialistic woe here
In Apa-Queue.

In here are kept traditions we remember
The pages come in every shade and hue
Trufandom glows inside of every member
In Apa-Queue.

Apa-Queue, Apa-Queue
I know it's spelled a bit bizarre
But in Apa-Queue, Apa-Queue
We are the best by far.

Why here the fannish spirits never run down
(We mean there's always lots of blog and bheer)
In short you know it's true,
No spot's more blessed by Ghu

For happy fanzine publishing
Than here in Apa-Queue.

Apa-Queue, Apa-Queue
I know it gives a person pause.
But in Apa-Queue, Apa-Queue,
There simply are no flaws!

At meetings there's no need to write each pun down.
Next disty they'll unfailingly appear.
In short you know it's true,
No spot's more blessed by Ghu,
For happy fanzine publishing
Than here in Apa-Queue.

LANCE: Gee, Art, it sounds great. Is there really such a long queue to get in?

ART: (As they walk off-stage) Only half a queue. I had to split it with the sound effects man...

III: Time passes. Lance has had a rapid and brilliant rise to the top ranks of fandom. But now he has written a short story, and his goals are changing:

LANCE:
Apa-Queue, Apa-Queue, from fandom's
depths I heard your call
Apa-Queue, Apa-Queue, since I
began I gave my all
But through all this time, I've
felt my talents grow
And now I'm prepared to turn pro!

A pro in the SF world should be
untoppable
Should easily spin the most fan-
tastic tale
Fight a battle on Giedi Prime
Cleave a dragon in paratime
Turn a note that he wrote into a
solid sale

A union of them would surely be
unstoppable
SF editors would tremble in
despair!
But where in the world is there
in the world
A group so extraordinaire?

SFWA, SFWA, the answer is clear
A name that every fan knows
Those chosen few
That so-select crew
SFWA, SFWA -- the pros!

These lords of pen have only one
aim
It outweighs the rest by far
No matter when, it's always
the same
They're flat drunk at the bar!



SFWA, SFWA, a group without peer
Whose members' talents astound
And here I stand, my work almost sold
Exceptionally good, my plots solid gold
To prodom and fame I'm bound! SFWA!

(After being bounced by 14 editors, Lance's story is finally published in an obscure original anthology, for only \$27; but it was all Lance could afford. The anthology was edited by Henny Youngman. Flushed with success, he ousts Art as OE of Apa-Queue, raises the copy count to 2,000, and publishes a brilliant, beautifully-offset monthly apazine filled with feuds and articles from the biggest names in the pro and fannish worlds. It has only one flaw: each issue contains a reprint of his story and an editorial urging that the fans vote it the Hugo. It becomes amazingly popular anyway, and soon the apa is filled with Lance and his imitators. It is sold on newstands from Times Square, New York, to Rosebud, Australia.)

IV: Art is disconsolate because his cherished trufannish apa has been taken over by filthy pros and slightly dirty semi-professionals. Gwen tries to cheer him up.

ART: What do the neofans do
To help them escape when they're blue?
The hopeful who is failing, the fugghead who's a bum
The faned who's regaling a mailing of one
When they're upset and dismayed
Those whose reputations aren't made
What tricks and machinations improve their sorry lot?
Oh what do neofans do, we do not?

GWEN: I have been informed, by one who still reads Stf
They find relief with quite a clever ploy
When they feel alone, they join the N3F
And run 'round saying "Goshwowboyohboy"
And that's what neofans do, to enjoy.

ART: (dubiously) "Boyohboy"?
GWEN: (shrugs) They enjoy.
(They briefly try boyohboying.)

ART: What else do the neofans do
When they can't read a HYPHEN or a GRUE?
The fringe fans and half-grown fans, the ones who worship pros
They must have anti-groan plans for known fans with woes
When all theegoboo wanes
What helps them to ward off the pains?
However do they manage to make their spirits glow
Oh what do neofans do, when they're low?

GWEN: Often, I'm told, they smoke a potent weed
And smoke till they're completely uncontrolled
Soon the mind is blank, and all their cares recede
They reach a trance astounding to behold
And that's what neofans do, I am told.

ART: They smoke dope?
GWEN: So I'm told.
(They try smoking dope, ending in a paroxysm of coughing.)

ART: What *else* do the neofans do?
They must have a system, by Ghu.

With beanies and those blasters, have they some secret rite
That might help Secret Masters' disasters take flight?
What Sense of Wonder do they
Retain that keeps them from dismay?
They have some vile debauch'ry you haven't mentioned yet
Oh what do the neofans do, to forget?

GWEN: Once at a Worldcon, I came upon a lad
Who had a stack of books three times his size.
When I asked him why, he told me he was sad
And reading SF made his spirits rise.
And that's what neofans do, I surmise.

ART: (incredulously) Read SF?

GWEN: I surmise.

(Music continues as Art picks up a book and idly glances through it. He reads: "One by one food and drink overcame the reveling princelings." The music trails off on a sour note.)

ART: What else do the neofans do
To help them escape then they're blue?

GWEN: They sit around and wonder
What BNFs would do
And that's what neofans do.

ART: Not really?

GWEN: I have it on the best authority.

ART AND GWEN, in duet: Yes, that's what
neofans do.

V. It is a year later. The fans are becoming disgruntled with the state of fandom. Art sees his chance, and calls a meeting of the most dissatisfied. He makes an impassioned speech, during which his audience becomes more and more excited.

Finally, the whole group joins in the condemnation of large-circulation, offset fanzines:



GROUP: Fie on offset, fie! Fie on offset, fie!
Twelve months of outdoing your neighbour
Making sure that your circulation swells
Twelve months of lithographic labour
"White Wood or Wells,
As long as it sells!"
Oh, fie on offset, fie! Fie, fie, fie!

FAN 1: It's been distressing all the way (tear it up, tear it up) (GROUP)
And more depressing every day (tear it up, tear it up)
I want to turn a duper crank or use a stylus pen
Anything to fan again!

GROUP: Oh fie on offset, fie! Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie!

FAN 2: When I think of the careless procedures that earlier filled my life

GROUP: Lolly lo, lolly lo

FAN 2: Like the time I beheaded a Shull illo with my Exacto knife

GROUP: Lolly lo, lolly lo

FAN 2: As I stared at it in dismay
I seemed to hear someone say,
"Don't worry your wits,
Your repro's the shits
And illegible anyway..."

GROUP Fie on offset, fie! Fie on offset, fie!
Fannish enthusiasm's crested.
Each faned just calculates his net.
It's not that these new ways aren't tested...
We're just upset 'cause we're all in debt!
Oh fie on offset, fie! Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie!

FAN 3: When I used to pub with hecto
Of dread Purple ne'er afraid
My old jelly tub with hecto
Was enti-re-ly hand-made.
Oh my heart still whirls with hecto
Where the colours were the best ...
Did some Bergey girls with hecto
With gold plates on their ...

GROUP Fie on hecto, fie! Fie on hecto, fie!
No-one repents for repro kinks now
Every zine is immaculate and trim
No-one is covered with black inks now
Prissy and prim, gad but it's grim!
Oh fie on offset, fie! Fie, fie, fie! ..

FAN 4: There's no slipsheeting to deplore (tear it up, tear it up) (GROUP)
And each club meeting is a bore (tear it up, tear it up)
Oh but to spend a fannish evening, littering the floor
Inky and alive once more!

GROUP: Oh fie on pasteups, fie! Fie on printers, fie!
Fie on litho! Fie on offset! Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie!!!

((At the conclusion, Art leads his troops into battle. As the curtain falls, All
Fandom Is Plunged Into War.))

Susan back again... I expect Eli has thoroughly confused the non-fans on the mailing list-- with the possible exception of my family. My Mum endeared herself to Eli forever by asking, when she came to visit: "Do you publish a fanzine, too? May I read it?" And she did, too. My Mum is a neat person (and the more I hear about other people's parents, the more I appreciate her!)

Time/space for a few more comments: One of the things I did this summer was wander about reading manuscripts, a process which convinced me that all the good new sf of the next few years will be written by women... young women who have actually had to think about being people, about sf, about restructuring societies. Right now, I would like to plug three impressive novels, by three impressive people whom I'm proud to know. Vonda McIntyre's SNAKE, forthcoming from Houghton Mifflin (yay, Vonda!) follows the central character, the doctor Snake of "Of Mist, and Grass, and Sand." It's basically a quest story, with a well-developed central character and an interesting background. Marta Randall's third novel, SOLITARY PEOPLE (Pocket Books spring list) shows that Marta can not only write, she can plot. This one is a family saga, with a large cast of quite fascinating (and infuriating) people working out their lives on the planet they own... again, real, well-developed people. And finally, there's Elizabeth Lynn's first novel, with a working title HORSEMAN, PASS BY (Spring list, Berkley). For a science fiction novel, and especially a first novel, this is an extraordinary book: fast-plotted space opera as a basis for a serious novel about love, death, and the way we use art to deal with both. And I leapt out of the chair, scattering manuscript pages and scaring Lizzy's cats, when the direction of the ending came clear. It's outrageous, and I love it. (The book seems to me to be a sort of BABEL-17 done right. There's even a bar scene.) The basic love-relationship in the book is between two men; and I have to congratulate David Hartwell of Putnam/Berkley on his openmindedness in accepting non-stereotypical material. I understand he's also bought Suzy McKee Charnas' MOTHERLINES, the sequel to WALK TO THE END OF THE WORLD, after Ballentine rejected it because there were no men in the book...

See, a whole AMOR without one single mention of the illiteracies of English 100 students! (At the moment, I'm marking other instructors' supplemental exams for the Canadian lit. survey. What do you do with someone who gets a lower mark on the supplemental than on the final exam he/she failed?) Obligatory UBC mention for this time is the fact that, Tuesday after Labour Day at 8 a.m., I start to run registration for 20 sections of the year-long Canlit survey I'm in charge of... some 900 students. I'm also more-or-less troubleshooter and book-orderer for 7 different fourth year Canlit classes, maybe 400 students. Because of this, and a quoted 12-hour airport-to-airport travel time, I can't make it to Suncon. See you at Iguanacon. And egoboo to the Iguanacon committee, especially Curt Stubbs, who said to me at Westercon, "The Alternate Programming was great. How do we do it for Phoenix?" Send him ideas!

Susan Wood
Department of English
University of British Columbia
Vancouver, B.C., Canada
V6T 1W5



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