
THE AMOR DE COSMOS PEOPLE'S MEMORIAL QUIET-REVOLUTIONARY SUSANZINE: A PERSONALZINE
AMOR 1

produced by Susan Glicksohn for her friends: available at the editor's whim, usually in response to a response: Pile'o'Bones Publication #2: October 29, 1973: Regina.

I was sitting in the Miller's living room, listening to their records, fondling their cats, drinking their Galliano, and talking about fandom. I have introduced the Millers to two faanish concepts: "egoboo" and "Real Soon Now." "I must put out another letter-thingy, Real Soon Now," I observed. "Although it won't really be a letter. The response has been absolutely overwhelming--I even got a letter from ROTSLER, who never writes locs, I mean, far north, and I still want to get you people to write up fabulous fannish happenings like David getting paid to yell at the Mounties, and I have all these letters and even ARTWORK, and I think I'll change the name and make it a proper personalzine. Maybe I could revive ASPIDISTRA?"

"Yeah. I liked ASP. It published me!" said Cathryn.

"Egoboo!" David grinned. He was rehearsing his new concept. When "Rita Joe" opens next month, I expect to hear at least one ad-lib about egoboo.

"Or maybe I shouldn't. ASP was a very specific fanzine. I could always revive AMOR." Two questioning glances. "The Amor de Cosmos People's Memorial Semirevolutionary Canadapazine. I dropped out of Canadapa when I went gafia before TORCON, and killed it."

"Far north! Do it!"

So I am. Since the title is somewhat changed, and the format entirely changed, let's agree to call this AMOR #1. For the benefit of my friends who are not sf fans, this



verbal construct replaces the letters I have no time to write. It tells you of my life and times, includes bits from letters you send me, artwork, or anything else that may drift onto the pages. I hope to keep it coming frequently in an eight-page format, which will enable me to send it first class. Some hope.

And there's my first unjustified left margin. I hope I can get my 8-month contract extended. I'll never make it as a typist.

Repro will be, once again, by the university duplicating service--the girl who told me they had a Gestefax was both new and inefficient, so last issue (for the benefit of filing-freaks like Auntie Rosemary at library school, and Paul Anderson, count "a letter" as a trial run for AMOR, ok?) was printed offset, with paper plates. Poorly. Apparently Globe Theatre has a mimeo; I really must get some stencils, corflu and the rest, and go back to mimeo. Real Soon Now. I should also learn to proofread.

MAIL: "Any time you'd like some easy-to-reproduce line-drawings, drop me a card. "a letter" seems just a little... well... gee... not empty, really; the words are the body, but it... just doesn't... seem... dressed!

"Of course, if you start putting in illos, you'll have to start worrying about layout. Before you know it, you'll have covers, a lettercol, several feuds, one Bob Tucker hoax, and Terry Carr columns, Harry Warner letters, Bill Rotsler cartoons, and complete 'frantic' all over again."-- Connie Faddis--

Yes indeed.

This metamorphosing letter-thing goes out with best wishes to: Michael Glicksohn, of course; Elizabeth Kimmerley, Richard Labonte and Rosemary Ullyot, who are keeping me supplied with gossip, newspaper clippings and Doonsbury strips out here in the boonies-- I share the latter with Doug Goodhue, a fellow refugee from University of Trawna and the Maynard St. area, even, and a fellow small-r radical--we watch the politicking, and talk about "fear and loathing at Regina Campus" (his daughters have adopted me as a surrogate aunt); Angus Taylor, Bruce Gillespie, Uncle Tom Clareson and Doug Barbour, all of whom helped with suggestions for my let's-keep-hoping maybe-next-semester sf course; Patrick McGuire, Joan Bowers, David Emerson, Philip Dick, Don Stuart, Terry Austin, Paul Novitski, Sandra Miesel, Connie Faddis, Harry Warner Jr., Rick Stoker, James Shull, Jodie and Andy Offutt, John Berry, Bill Rotsler, Ken Fraser, Debby Davis, Gloria Margeson, Linda Lounsbury and all the other nice people who wrote letters; Sheryl Birkhead, who regularly and relentlessly fills my mailbox--many thanks!; Paul Anderson, Eric Lindsay, Bill Wright and all the nice people in Aussieconland--I'm sending a copy of this to the committee-in-general, so please pass it around so you know something about half of your fan guests-of-honour; Eli Cohen, who sends me funny cards; and Bob Tucker, who not only wrote, bless him, but sent me two of his books (except I really shouldn't be reading anything but poets of the Montreal School of the 1920's)... and anyone else I forgot. (Apologies, Lesleigh Luttrell, David Piper, Garry Hubbard...)

*** AMOR #1 is dedicated to my friends, but especially to: DOCTOR BAG!-- John Sutton Baglow, Ph.D., Glasgow-- who proved it can be done. Someday Soon, Maybe***

As the above list indicates, "a letter" generated a hefty response. I AM PLEASED. I AM TOUCHED. I AM OVERWHELMED--with letters to answer. Which doesn't mean I don't want you to keep writing, of course. I feel isolated from fandom, out here in the granary of the world (my mother was visiting, a few weeks ago, so we took her out and showed her stubble-fields and agrarian things like that; she agreed It Certainly Is Flat, Isn't It?) So far, the only fanzines I have received are Norm Hochberg's BIG MAC reviewzine; Marvellous Mae Strelkov's TINC (that's who I left out, up above--sorry, Mae!); and the Susan-egoboo issue of STARLING.

To clarify editorial policy, for Father William and others: until further notice, AMOR

will be sent to people to whom I feel like sending it, and who have given me some indication that they would enjoy receiving it.

WHAT DO THE ACADEMIC FOLK DO?

They go to meetings. They hold conferences in each others' offices. They go to more meetings. They present course proposals, which they have worked on all weekend. They have more meetings and consultations. They confer with experts. They go to meetings of the Undergraduate Committee of the English Department. They go to meetings of the Standing Academic Committee of the Humanities Division of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. Somewhere in there, they actually prepare and present a couple of classes. Somewhere in there, they talk to Richard Meehan who wants to write a thesis on Margaret Atwood (I am busy turning my friends on to the joys of my favorite writer's THE EDIBLE WOMAN). They politic (hence I lend people Atwood's poetry sequence called POWER POLITICS.) They spend an awful lot of time talking and planning and revising and arguing. Hence, it is now Friday, Nov. 2... AMOR isn't done, but my sf course (under the general proposal for English 219, "Special Studies"--Rick in the next office wants to teach children's fantasy under the experimental banner, just to take one example) has passed two of the six levels of approval.

And since the department finally has a permanent chairman, the politics have cooled off for awhile. It seems I am being forgiven for being a small-r radical. And we spent yesterday's department meeting deciding important things, like why we should change the number of the American poetry class from English 269 to 263.

And I have gone back to exchanging poems, instead of political strategies, with people like Fraser Sutherland (he who sees the building in Miltonic terms; he was pleased y'all found that description an evocative one.) Fraser is a mad Marxist Scots poet and trouble-maker (or creative revolutionary, depending on your point of view.) His second-youngest son, Robin ("Robin's even given up reading Marx for this Asimov fellow!") is my chief consultant for the sf course, and one of the two or three people in Regina who are Impressed to hear I won a half-Hugo (actually, I don't have the thing yet. Maybe by Discon...) Fraser and I amazed certain members of the department by, at the inaugural faculty-student party, having a serious discussion of Presbyterianism, to the accompaniment of the Rolling Stones, at an advanced hour of the morning. And then there's Rick-in-the-next-office, who is the first 18th century specialist AND formalist critic I have ever liked! Rick has, however, one unfortunate habit: he is tall, and slim, and dresses gorgeously. He turned up at a dinner-party last Saturday in an incredible red knit suit, and revealed to me that I am, in some ways, a female chauvinist: I dislike being made to feel dowdy by a man! Still, bless him, Rick did NOT wear his dark-red velvet suit to "Swan Lake" on Wednesday... "Rick," I had said, "I've Fulfilled a Lifelong Craving and bought a black velvet pantsuit that I'm going to wear to the ballet, and if you look more gorgeous than me, I Shall Hate You." "Oh," he said, "Well, actually, I was planning to wear my velvet suit, but..."

((Just for the record, it was the National Ballet's production of the Eric Bruhn "Swan Lake" with Karen Kain and Frank Augustyn--some of you may have seen it on tour last year. I saw it with Nureyev and Kain in Toronto last year; Kain was as brilliant as before, but this version puts a great deal more emphasis on the male dancer and Augustyn just didn't do justice to it. Reginans clapped anyway. I was first introduced to the Phenomenon of the Regina Audience when I went to see Kris Kristoffersen: the audience is very, very slow to warm up, lost in the huge cavern of the Centre of the Arts, but by the second half, after they've hit the bar, they will applaud ANYTHING. They will give a standing ovation to ANYTHING--maybe out of sheer gratitude to any performer who treks all the way out here!))

***from a ROLLING STONE description of the Monty Python company, making chicken-noises on a plane while LA-bound: "Why not make poultry noises? They'd just finished a Canadian tour where they'd packed the hall in places as remote as Regina, Saskatchewan..." (Media note: Monty Python is being repeated by the local CBC station at 11.30 pm, Wednesday. Thursdays, I teach from 8:30 to 8:30. But I stay up the night before anyway.)

MAIL: "You make Regina sound like a part of this planet, after all the wild things I've been imagining about any city which lives in a place called Saskatchewan. There was a big hit tune when I was growing up which began something like "What a delight when I think of the night that I met you in Saskatoon, Sas-kat-Che-Wan," all about a romance in several feet of snow. That froze permanently my mental image of anything in that general area as blessed with a perpetual winter for matchmaking purposes, completely denuded of buildings, a sort of topsy-turvy Italy in one sense because the song had a tarantella-like tune which went very fast. Such a modern university inhabited by normal-sounding students is hard to fit into those old synapses."--Harry Warner, Jr.--

SUSAN SHIVERS IN SASKATCHEWAN

I had intended to tell you about last Saturday, when I shook off slothful slumber about three hours earlier than normal, because if I didn't get into the university and mark term-papers, I knew I would find myself with a minor student riot in my 8:30 class. I looked out the window, and---ghaaah! A white world! Frost! Everything was quiet and glittering; even the trees were white.

When I arrived at the university, I found that a power failure had plunged the entire Humanities/Admin building into Infernal gloom. I wandered into the library, blew the dust off of a copy of E.J. Pratt's collected poems (Regina campus students seem to be beer-oriented, rather than book-oriented) and sat down to read "Towards the Last Spike," an epic account of man's conquest of the hostile Canadian landscape--while gazing out over frost-bitten Wascana Lake, cold, grey, fringed with brown dead bulrushes. And then the sun came out. Immediately in front of me, on the library lawn: orderly rows of white, white trees, waiting beside a lake now shrouded in mist. The mist rose slowly to reveal the lake again--now a brilliant blue--and across it, the Centre of the Arts. I found myself hoping that Karen Kain would move more gracefully than the Canada Geese--and grinned rather ruefully at my English-lit mind which had to turn Nature into Art. When I looked up twenty minutes later, the mist had been burned away, the frost was gone, the trees looked wet and dull-brown (so much for swan-maidens) and the sun shone down on the power-plant across the lake.

Wednesday morning, I looked out the window into the gloom (Saskatchewan stays on Daylight Saving Time, for some mysterious reason, so it's still "night" at 7 AM.) "Frost again?" Blink. "Since when did frost fall down in little feathery flakey bits? GHAAAHH!"

Trick or trick--snow for Hallowe'en. I even got slush on my velvet pants.

In the past three days, we've had over 4" of snow.

I told my students what I thought of Westerners playing nasty jokes on poor defenceless Easterners. They laughed. OK--I know about winter. I spent most of my life in Ottawa, after all. Snow. Cold. Misery. But in OCTOBER? Shit la merde, as one of my favourite Can-lit heroines, Suzy LaFlamme of LARK DES NEIGES, is wont to say.

Unfortunately, this white stuff is like Toronto snow (only clean): that is, it's wet. Slushy. Forms an ice layer over the roads. Saskatchewaners don't salt their roads (which is a good thing for the cars); but apparently they don't sand, either. Janet and I woke up late on Thursday morning, moaned softly as we saw it was still snowing, hopped into the coughing Falcon, and proceeded to skid, slip and skate our way to the university, along with every other resident of Regina who hadn't gotten around to winterizing the car. You know that sickening feeling you get when the car is totally out of control? Well, imagine a whole shoal of slithering automobiles... scary. Today baby car is at the garage, and Susan's new snowboots (thank goodness I was winterized) are a 'walkin' home. The sun's out, the temperature is in the low 20's, and the wind is making it's chill factor felt. *S*H*I*V*E*R (Still, we were lucky. The Goodhues' Bourgeoisobile, a two-week-old Pontiac LeMans, had an intimate relationship with a truck yesterday morning. I even got to my 8:30 class. So did at least half my students. I was touched by their devotion.)

SUSAN SPEAKS

At TORCON, I was interviewed by, among other people, a CBC-radio man. Terry Carr, who was in the press room with me, assures me I was coherent and intelligent. Of course, Terry looked/sounded as wiped-out as I felt, so... At any rate, I have absolutely no memory of what I said. The interview was to form part of a special on sf. Two weeks ago, I got a postcard from Daniel Say (who researched/wrote the show) saying I would Be Broadcast on the following Monday on the CBC-FM national network. Coast-to-coast Susan on sf!

There are no CBC-FM stations in the whole of Saskatchewan.

Luckily, me Mum was visiting at the time. She flew back the next day, Saturday, to Ottawa, where my brother's elaborate, expensive sound system recorded my words for Christmas consumption.

Speaking of my brother--he is the world's Ultimate Hendrix Fréak. Any note Jimi ever released or had bootlegged, Bob can reproduce for you, at concert hall pitch. Bob now has a Samoyed pup, to keep Mum and Puppy-the-cat company. Pup's name is Hendrix. Pup apparently hates loud music!

Speaking of Ottawa: I will be leaving for Christmas in Ottawa on or before Dec. 20. Before that, either the Mayfair address or the University address are fine. It really doesn't matter which you use, I enjoy getting mail between classes or as a reward at the end of the day. However, if you want to send me cassette tapes (thank you, Jerry and Suzle) better send them to the university, since I use an English Department Sony tapedeck. My own taper is a reel-to-reel portable (3" reel, $\frac{1}{4}$ " tape.) I'd love to hear from you.

SUSAN SEES CANADA

I have seen Moose Jaw. Wow. Take your average small town, imagine it as a city... People in Europe, if they have heard of Canada at all, seem to know three places: Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, and Flin Flon (or maybe Elbow, Sask.) The story is told that Ken Mitchell (he of my job; I hope sincerely that Ken sells the film rights to WANDERING RAFFERTY for Vast Sums and doesn't want to come back to this office) was in a bar in London. "Canadian? Where from? Moose Jaw, har har?" "Yes, as a matter of fact..." and Ken pulled out his passport... and was treated to drinks for the next several days (hours, anyway.) I have seen Fort Qu'Appelle (and Fort San, where Auntie Rosemary worked and was pursued by tubercular Indians before she left to become a Gaslight Girl and the tb sanitorium became a fine-art school.) Now the snow has made highway driving something one does for necessity, not pleasure (blizzards can blow up very fast--what's to stop them but 1,000 miles of flat nothing) so I'll let the rest of the province wait until prairie-crocus time. Somewhere around April, or May, or June...

I have, however, found a city I want to live in. Winnipeg. Small enough to still be liveable. (The further I get, in physical and head space, from Toronto, the less I want to live there again.) Large enough to have, unlike Regina, Cultural Life (not to knock Globe Theatre--don't bristle at me, David--but Globe is not the Manitoba Theatre Centre.) Bookstores!! And discount record stores, and all that sort of good thing, if I ever get a sound system.

I flew to Winnipeg for Thanksgiving, to see Dianne (who was my childhood best friend, and is the daughter of my surrogate-parents, the Reekers, with whom I am living.) And her husband John. And Matthew, their three-month-old offspring (a delightful child, apart from his habit of throwing up over Auntie Susan or anyone else in the vicinity.) And Mary, John's sister, and Gordon and Sharon who work in the Regina Campus library who were also visiting. I admired Winnipeg. I faunched for Dianne and John's apartment, which is in a residential park-filled area about 20 minutes walk from downtown, HUGE (about three times the size of 32 Maynard) with high ceilings, wood panelling, a fireplace, and two porches, all for something unreal like \$135 a month. I listened to a small, small fraction of John's record collection. (On only one exposure, I have a vaguely so-what reaction to the new Stones album. And I prefer Kermit the Frog's rendition of "It's Not

Easy Being Green" to Van Morrison's. Which shows you musically where I'm not at.)

And I bought a new pair of shoes. And, in about 32 minutes, \$85.40 worth of books, mostly paperbacks. That was one bookstore. Opposite the University of Winnipeg. Last year, when I was busy accumulating "We-regret-we-are-not-hiring-anyone" letters from every university in the country, I had a whimpering, unhappy letter from the University of Winnipeg, saying, in effect, "Goshwow, not to mention boyoboy, we really need a Canlit.

specialist, not to mention an sf-specialist because we've been trying to build up a fantasy-and-sf library collection so we could offer courses, and you are the ideal person to work for us, and ...and... we haven't any money to hire you. Please try next year." So I am. Also every other university and community college, because although the department here has made sounds about keeping me on because Canlit. courses are the only ones with any sort of healthy enrollment, I am not taking any chances on a maybe-if-there's-money-in-the-buget situation.

That's "budget", Susan. I don't know why I can't proofread. But I can't.

I'd like to live in Winnipeg. Or Vancouver (there's a job open at Simon Fraser.) Anyway, it was nice to see Dianne again, and enjoy some pleasant, non-university company. Or semi-university. John and Gordon filled me in on English department matters as they had known them from Regina Campus student days. "Hey, John," I said. "This had better be a fun weekend. I turned down an invitation to go to Banff with one of the department people." "Oh, you've met Fraser already!" We went to the zoo, and a Greek restaurant, and I saw the Red River, and we had a huge turkey-and-pumpkin-pie-and-traditional-food-in-vast quantities Thanksgiving dinner (cultural note for US fandom: ours is in early October); and then I flew home to collect my first batch of student essays.

SUSAN, SUPERPROF

Letter from Patrick McGuire, who's a teaching-assistant or whatever at Princeton: "Classes have been going adequately, though I'm still having trouble determining what will or will not inspire response. And my morning class, which is about half female, is much more talkative than my afternoon one, which is almost all male. May have to Take Measures about that afternoon class: don't think they're keeping up with the readings, either... /common problems--things that fascinate me leave the class cold, and vice-versa: Lit 100's unanimous verdict on Sartre's "The Wall" was, "It's bo-ring." Don't know if they meant the story, existentialism, me, or the class in general. And Mike, half of my honours class, regularly turns up sighing mournfully and saying "Well, I can't give a paper today because I haven't written it, and anyway I've only half-finished the book." I have Given Up/

"Amazing what social roles will do for you, though. I get Mr.-McGuire'ed, deferred-to, and all that sort of thing for two hours a week, and even occasionally when I see students at other times. A new sensation..."

Letter from David Piper in England: "The idea of a teacher/lecturer actually asking for comments and opinions is so alien to my school experience that it's mind-croggling. I get less opinionated as I get older (a slight cynicism and a resigned attitude towards the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune I guess) but when I was at school I would have loved the chance to discuss and not just sit and listen!"

Letter from Bruce Gillespie, which I am sure is somewhere in this office, in one of five file drawers and seven heaps but I can't find it... to the effect that, when he was teaching, his students became most upset because he questioned Basic Truths, and didn't believe in anything but "beautiful women, beautiful books, beautiful music."

My relationship with my students... well, people, I'm twenty five. I'm short. I wear pants (trousers, for my friends in the Empire) most of the time--no-one objects, and in fact pantsuits are standard female dress in Regina, given that the climate is C*O*L*D and windy. If you see me in a dress, it means generally that there's a department meeting; I have an interview with the dean; I am not teaching Lit. 100, which meets in the

Experimental Classroom (soi-disant--it's not really very 'experimental') in which we all sit on the floor; or that it's a nasty grey day so I'm wearing the red wool dress sent by my Nice English Auntie, because it's Bright and Beautiful. (There was a story by Joyce Carol Oates in PLAYBOY a couple of years ago, about a young female English instructor at what was obviously University of Windsor, who bopped around in velvet pants and had coffee with her students and horrified the more conservative instructors and didn't get her contract renewed...) Anyway, I just do not come on as "Professor Glicksohn." I told the class my name, and left things up to them. Result: I am crossing an uptown street with me Mum, both of us package-laden, when --"Hi, Susan!" It's one of my students, waving from a passing car. I am walking past the library with one of the more conservative instructors, when--"Hi, Susan!" It's one of my students--whirling around, I notice a singular dearth of fuzzy WASP-Afro and beard, due no doubt to an upcoming court appearance. I chortle and make remarks about ostentatious clean-cutness, and say yes, I'm going up to my office and will be available to talk about giving exams in jail if need be. "One of your theatrical friends?" asks the colleague. "Nope. One of my best students." "Oh. You let them call you by your first name?"

Why not? We're all in this education process together. I'm a Canadian-lit specialist, but I've never done much work on Canadian poetry, to take one example. It's entirely possible I'll miss something in E.J. Pratt's Brebeuf and his Brethren; it's entirely possible, and indeed desirable, that a student will have a different, equally valid, interpretation of G.D. Roberts' "The Skater." So we discuss--and if it makes a student feel less inhibited, more confident of his/her own intelligence, to think of me as "Susan" then, fine. (I think I will insist on being "Doctor Susan" for awhile, though.) Interestingly enough, I have found that, assisting with Dr. Murray's Lit 100, the students come to me for help with essays and oral reports, rather than him. Maybe I'm less intimidating?

Discussion? Certainly. The classes are small, so discussion is physically possible; and while I have a certain amount of information as such to impart--it's difficult to discuss the date of the founding of the CANADIAN FORUM--most of my work is critical interpretation/evaluation --the significance to Canajun Letters of the FORUM. I am, simply, more concerned with encouraging students to think about literature, to approach it with some degree of intelligence and awareness, than I am with giving The Word on any particular piece of writing.

What really upsets me is when Lit. 100 sits in a circle around me (I feel like the toadstool in the middle of a Brownie pack's meeting), staring, silent, while I try to get some comments out of them re Sartre's "The Wall." I thought I'd prepared a good class. Finally: "It's bo-ring." Chorus of nods. Me? Sartre? Existentialism? Literature? AARGH!

As Bruce found, students tend to be conservative. They mistrust experiment. The most serious charges I have heard levelled against the wierd-and-freaky folk over in Sociology and Psychology is that they "don't stick to the text and don't Talk About Anything." Your average student wants to "learn something," that is, fill a page with lecture-notes from which he/she can cram for The Exam. I was that way myself. (Eerie feeling--there's a girl who sits in the front row of my Canlit. class who reminds me so much of myself as an undergraduate... glasses, earnest expression, hand up when no-one else has a glimmer of information or opinion, bright, and faintly obnoxious!) So I try to keep a balance between fact and opinion. I have no idea how I'm doing, but people turn up faithfully at 8:30, even on vile mornings, so I must be doing something right!

It is now Monday. I was Interrupted, continually, and then I had to go home to buy food for a formal dinner party for eight which I held Saturday night. Went just fine, thank you, and my Mrs. Dalloway complex has been reactivated. Must have an informal party Realsoon (I'm going to borrow the Miller's apartment, and buy a lot of bheer.) W*I*N*T*E*R is Here. We've had over 4" of snow; high temperatures in the 20° range (with a significant wind chill factor); lows below zero. No, Fraser, I do not want to

go skiing in Banff next weekend. I think I may hibernate...

Coming nextish: Susan Sacrifices Her Standards.... Meanwhile, since my paper's running out and I want to get this finished before another week passes, over to: Rosemary Ulliyot on the faculty wives: "I think married, educated women who don't work, and can't accept the fact that they don't, tend to resent those who do. If they were happy in the housewife/mother role (and there's nothing intrinsically wrong with it) the fact that Prof. A's wife teaches Deviant Behaviour in the Colobus Monkey 205 and Prof. B's wife sits at home raising two kids and her consciousness should bother neither of them. They are both fulfilling roles they think are important, and they enjoy what they're doing. But if the faculty wives are anything like officers' wives on a small radar base I would avoid them at all costs." ((What really upset the fw group, I think, was that I was married to someone who was not a prof, and who, moreover, was not in the city; what upset me was the way they all took their identities from their husband and his job, ie having to introduce yourself as 'Anne, married to Jim Smith who's chairman of Physics.'))

Gloria Margeson, who's expecting her first offspring this winter and plans to head right back to the Immigration Department: "I am so fed up with some of the comments and questions, like 'And are you going to work after the baby is born?' and an out-and-out 'assumption' statement--'You may find it quite a change and miss all your friends at the office but you'll find it so rewarding!' It's only a baby we're having... I'm not planning to die!"

And to Lesleigh Luttrell, who has told Hank he'll have to attend "faculty wives" events when she gets her doctorate and teaching job, I dedicate this item from the Woodrow Wilson Fellowship Newsletter: "Dr. Gail Thain Parker has been elected president of Bennington College. Her husband will be vice president.... Among the new president's first acts was to abolish the requirement that faculty wives bring hors d'oeuvre to the president's annual faculty party."

And there's Doug Goodhue wanting to know what to do with his three rabbits now winter's here (a stew with white wine is nice...); and soon David and Catheryn will be arriving to show me the Agrarian Reality of his uncle's farm; and Lynn has the coffee-urn steaming in the department office... So thank you all for writing, especially Paul Novitski, who said my first effort was "a wonderfully articulate chaos--you have a mind like a field of wild flowers." Which is the nicest thing anyone's said to me in a long time! Thank you. I'll try to get another AMOR out before I leave for Ottawa on December 20th. Love to You All Out There. Happy winter!

Susan



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