
This is AMOR 2.5, a hastily-typed contribution meant to remind members of APA-45 and Murray's Apa (call it what you like, Murray, it's known and loved as your apa!) that I am still alive.

I, typing this, am Susan Wood Glicksohn, currently resident in three different locations. I work (or give the appearance of scholarly activity) at the English Department, University of Saskatchewan, Regina, Sask. S4S 0A2. I receive fanzines and non-essential mail at 139 Mayfair Cres., Regina, Sask. S4S 4J1; this is the nearest thing to a permanent address I have in this city--or, indeed, anywhere. I eat, sleep, feed the cat and read, at the moment, at 74 Haultain Cres., Regina, Sask. S4S 4B5. I will be house-sitting at Haultain until April 30, 1974. After that date, I think I will disincorporate. It seems like the only solution to my personal chaos....

AMOR 2.5 is being typed and duplicated at the University of Saskatchewan (with my own money, on my own time, in case anyone is wondering.)

File'o'Bones Publication #4

March 12, 1974

At this time last year, I was certifiably insane.

Matters have not improved much.

Oh, I'm coping quite nicely with the universe, thank you. I enjoy my work; I enjoy the company of my friends here; I enjoy the mental, if not the physical, climate in which I live. (Nearly two weeks ago, we were enduring blizzards, including one which dumped 7½" of snow on the city in 11 hours. Last week, we were enduring temperatures in the -10° range. This week, we are enduring warm winds, which, however welcome, are melting the largest snowfall Regina has seen in recorded history. Regina is flat. There is no place for the water to go, except our basements. And our streets, in vast lakes. And the insides of our boots, and our houses. *sigh*)

Unfortunately, I am trying to cope with Too Much of the universe. In addition to preparing and presenting two completely new courses, one in Canadian literature and one in science fiction, this semester, I agreed to give, without pay, a special seminar on Quebec literature in translation. I also agreed to write "The Clubhouse" for AMAZING STORIES. (See SuperSusan, Amazing Fanzine Reviewer! See her fight the evail crudzines with her magic typer! Zap, zowie! See her mighty fanac-bolts fly to the defence of the fannish way!) I also agreed to write regular columns for OUTWORLDS and XENIUM, contribute to apa-45, think about writing for the new Canadian apa, and generally participate actively in the trufannish life. I also agreed to become Burton Weber's Seeing Eye Rat, but that's another story.

What with work, fanac, moving, and the mad social whirl of Regina (I was out cavorting, dining, theatre-going and conversing last Friday night, Saturday afternoon, Saturday night and Sunday night, instead of writing two columns for Michael) I am months behind in my fannish correspondance. In fact, I'm behind in my mundane letter-writing too; I'm sure my mother wonders what's become of me. To make matters worse, I haven't had time to work on AMOR #3, my personalzine-cum-lettersubstitute-cum apazine. I started typing AMOR on January 9th; it isn't done yet. Real Soon Now, Maybe.

I had decided that, while the idea of a new Canadian apa was a good one, I would have to ignore (or continue to intend-to-answer, tomorrow) Murray Moore's attempts to entice me to correspond with my fellow Canfen (hey, I'm beginning to sound like John Diefenbaker!) I'd also decided I would have to miss an apa-45 mailing (which

may happen anyway; even if I finish AMOR 2.5, it'll take at least a month for the post awful to deliver it to the OE.) I had decided, in fact, that I would rather feel guilty about my lacktivity than show up for class unprepared, or, for that matter, than cease to be a Seeing Eye Rat and the department's resident cheerful neurotic. Even the knowledge that Richard Labonte, one-time Secret Master of Canadian Fandom, had roused himself from his sleep as a fannish legend to type stencils for Murray couldn't alter my decision.

Then, yesterday, I got a tape from Michael, on which he said that OSFIC QUARTERLY was officially defunct. (This fanzine is no more. This is an ex-fanzine...)

Now the demise of the three-issue-old official organ of the Ontario Science Fiction Club does not exactly herald The End of An Era in fandom. "So what?" you may, indeed, be murmuring. Well, y'see, back last July in a spurt of fannish enthusiasm, at the insistent request of John Douglas, former editor of the defunct publication in question, I had written An Article. Yes, indeedy. I had been reading The Incompleat Burbee, edited by Terry Carr, and had discovered a Burbee article articulating the plight of every fafiated fan--- the need to write an article for a fanzine explaining why you are no longer writing articles for fanzines. I presented this article, with my reactions, to OQ. Since OQ is now buried, I've inherited my words back. They're still appropriate, inasmuch as I am writing an apazine explaining why I haven't got time to write an apazine.

So: this second-and-a-half stopgap issue of THE AMOR DE COSMOS PEOPLE'S MEMORIAL QUIET-REVOLUTIONARY SUSANZINE, or whatever I call this thing, presents:

Lines From Her Ladyship: Susan Wood Glicksohn
Duchess of Canadian Fandom, Western Division

If only Alexander Graham Bell had spent his life investing, or idling, or indulging in irresponsible idiocy, instead of inventing, I might have been able to stop writing for fanzines.

Late in June, the editor of OSFIC QUARTERLY called, with his usual request: "Could I please have your column for my fanzine soon?"

"Huh? What column? What fanzine? Oh, yeah, OSFIC EVENTUALLY! No."

"There's no need to get nasty. Besides, how can I publish regularly when you Famous Writers won't give me material?"

"John, there must be other fans in Toronto faunching to contribute to a fine offset zine like OSPHIMAGGE. Go bug someone else. You've nagged two columns out of me, and that's more than anyone else has done recently. You know I don't write for fanzines any more. The only writing I've been doing is for ENERGUMEN, and we killed that off, and my Canadapazine, and I killed that off. I don't have any time. I don't have any ideas. I'm writer's-blocked. I'm gafia. I'm..."

"You're wailing again. Now stop it. I know you can think of something-- by the next TORCON committee meeting, ok?"

"John! I'VE STOPPED WRITING FOR FANZINES! But he had already hung up. "Pushy faned!" I snarled at the phone. "Besides, I won't be at the next meeting. I'll be at Westercon. HA!"

Thanks to John's reminder, my writer's-block-desperation-depression plunged to a new low. It wasn't that I didn't WANT to write for OSFIC REALSOON; but somehow, I couldn't. My unfinished thesis (by now a Canfannish legend) had been growing icicles for a month (I keep the manuscript wrapped up in the freezer, for safety.) In a fit of wild enthusiasm, I had stencilled one article, by Mae Strelkov, for my long-forgotten fanzine ASPIDISTRA, but had left the rest of the material to age. I kept remembering, guiltily, the articles I'd promised to people like that Ohio neofan. And I kept being reminded. Faneds are pushy, that way.

But I had Stopped Writing For Fanzines.

I really had.

Although... it wouldn't take too much time to put something together for OQ. A humorous look at that Dick Geis sex-and-sf novel... that theory I'd had about William Morris' fantasy novels... a Westercon report... In the space of a few weeks, I roughed out four articles (mostly on jets between Toronto, San Francisco, Toronto, Regina and Ottawa; high altitudes seem to inspire me), researched two more, and, somewhere in there, published the ultimate ASPIDISTRA. Thanks to John's nagging, I'd started to write for fanzines again.

The only problem was, all this fanwriting was interfering with my life. I'd barely had time to plan two Canadian literature courses, and couldn't spare a moment to write the lectures I had to give the day after the worldcon. I'd neglected the fan-history display, and avoided the whole OSFIC IRREGULARLY problem. So what happened? Of course. The phone rang. OQ's editor gave his usual greeting: "Could I please have your column? I really intend to publish OSFIC EVEN... er, OSPHIMAGGE... you've got me doing it too, you know I mean The Clubzine, right after TORCON, and since you'll be moving to Regina, I'd like something before the next committee meeting."

"NO! Nononono! I'm too busy."

"Not even if I asked nicely? You're writing for lots of other fanzines, these days."

"That's exactly the problem. I can't stop writing for fanzines, and its all your fault. But I'm stopping now. NO! I cannot write for your fanzine!"

"Not even if I point out that I am no mere faneditor, but also TORCON treasurer, and I can refuse to pay the bills for the All Our Yesterdays room?"

"Will the end of the week be too late for your deadline?"

"Fine. Do a nice one-page review of TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE. Or even a six-page analysis. I'm feeling generous, and I've got a lot of pages to fill."

"How about 'Who Sawed Courtney's Boat-- The Real Story'?"

"Huh?" said John. "Courtney?"

"Courtney's boat," I explained, patiently. "You know, like 'Rosebud' and 'Dave Kyle says you can't sit here' and 'It's Eney's fault' and 'He's down in the bar.' Fabulous fannish sayings. I've discovered that the Courtney's boat story actually happened, and it has Canadian Content, and if I ever get enough time when I'm not fan writing, I'd like to find out how it got into fannish legend. And write a fan article about it, of course."

"Lady, what are you talking about?" John demanded. "I ask the local sercon fan to write about the new Heinlein book, and all I get is..."

"Fabulous fanhistory, you fakefan. I haven't even seen the new Heinlein book. I've been getting the fanhistory display together, and all I've been reading is FANCYCLOPEDIA. Goshwow, not to mention boyoboy, the third edition of that should come out next year, and I'd really like to do something important and fannish, like help edit it. If I had time. If only I could stop writing for fanzines!"

"Oh, for pity's sake," John creebed. "Write me an article about how you wish you..."

"Could stop writing for fanzines! THAT'S IT! I've just finished reading THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE, and you don't need me because he wrote an article for Bill Rotsler's MASQUE, called



How to STOP Writing For Fanzines by Charles Burbee

part one

It breaks over you eventually-- the realization that you are wasting too damned much time writing for fanzines, those ephemeral things read only by a few esoteric folk who believe only what they believe before they start reading your article. By God, if I were re-writing this I would change that sentence. I really would. If I were rewriting this article. But before I go any further along this digression I'd better get back to my original clause or I'll find myself explaining how to write a fanzine article and this is meant to be an article on how to stop writing for fanzines except Masque.

It comes to you with compelling force that you are doing yourself little good banging out wordage for fanzines since your writings have little effect on the intelligentsia, though this may be explained perhaps by the lack of a fannish intelligentsia.

And so you stop writing for fanzines, except Masque. It is not easy to do, in a way, because once the brain is channeled to thinking along fan article lines, everything that happens is magically twisted and shaped into a fannish article. Whole paragraphs pop into your mind and you want to grab a typer or a pencil and jot them down before you forget them. And if you neglet to do this your trained mind goes right on developing the article, right down to supplying a solid punch line, something it usually doesn't do ahead of time. At a time like this the article writer is suffering the pangs of birth and simultaneous death. He longs both to bring his opus to print and the notice of a handful of esoteric eyes hidden for the most part behind lenses of varying thicknesses, and to slay the beastie before it gestates. This is the critical period. It is a towering monster of an impasse. The weapon to slay the

dragon quight is to shrug and say, "Fugg it." Or, if you choose to lessen the shock of your capsule statement, you say, "The hell with it." And then you stride away, taking big steps, and leave the idea where you hatched it. If you're a big man, that is. If you're just an ordinary person such as I am, you just shove the idea aside and concentrate on something significant. This would depend on what sort of person you are and what you consider significant. For example, when I was plagued by the urge to write an article on the various methods of masturbation bragged about by past members of the LASFS, I simply changed the subject and remembered the trouble a neighbour of mine had when his first-born learned to walk by watching flies and his parents had to pick him from the ceiling to keep him from eating the light bulbs because broken glass is dangerous in the hands of small children.

So after a while your brain will no longer turn our fannish ideas for articles and you are comparatively safe, unless you know somebody like William Rotsler who is such a fine fellow withal that it is difficult to refuse him when he asks for material. But you buckle right down and say, The hell with you, Willie, don't you know I've stopped writing for fanzines? And so, by God, you write an article for Masque to show that you can stop writing fanzine articles any time you choose.

part two

When I wrote, in the long ago, the first part of this article, I still was not sure of myself. I was telling you how to stop writing for fanzines without really knowing myself how to do it.

But now I know.

You just stop, that's all.

That's what I did. I think I did it in a kind of roundabout way, though. I promised a big article to Boggs about fandom in a satirical vein. Then I promised Lee Hoffman a huge article about F. Towner Laney. Well, it must have been the mere idea of having to do those articles that made me bog down for good. I wrote several pages of each. I think at last notice I had some 20-odd pages of the Laney item and some six or eight of the one for Boggs.

But the thought of finishing them, polishing them up for publication, was just too much for my moribund fannish fancies, I suppose. I wrote scarcely a line for anybody after that. Boggs and Hoffman, wherever you are (in Minneapolis and Savannah, respectively?) I apologize for my inertia.

Oh, I am a beast.

For many moons I have lain here in this dark hole, both hibernating and estivating. But now I am crawling out of the hole.

And what do I find? Do I find my fannish interests dead as they deserve to be? I do not. Do I find that I look aghast at my past activity and vow no future such? Not so.

As a matter of fact, I am thinking quite seriously of finishing those titanic tasks I set myself to some time back, which means Boggs or Hoffman or somebody will soon receive these items I promised them so long ago. And if they don't want them, odds are I'll publish them myself. With Rotsler illustrations, by golly.

I am even thinking seriously of running for FAPA office next year. I am thinking of running for both Prexy and Official Editor. I see no reason why I can't hold both offices at the same time. The Constitution says nowt against it.

Actually, then, unless you are basically a fugghead, as I am, you can stop writing for fanzines any time you want to. Set yourself impossible or gigantic tasks and find yourself shrinking to inactivity in the face of such a monumental pile of work. You will fade away from the field and no one will ever remember you existed, except maybe Tucker, who will write a nostalgic paragraph about you in 1956.

But, if you are basically a fugghead, you are lost. You'll never leave fandom because fandom needs fuggheads.

Fuggheads are the life-blood of a healthy fandom.

You'll never stop writing, then. You'll go on and on and on, writing stuff like this for other fuggheads or for Willie Rotsler.

Sometimes, you'll leave a little space for the editor to doodle in, especially if he fancies himself to be something of an artist.

This is the second of a two-installment series on how to stop writing for fanzines. I can't write any more on this subject. It might interfere with my fanzine writing.

ART CREDITS

(real live art credits! wow!)

page 4 Cathryn Miller
page 6 William Rotsler
page 7 Tim Kirk
lettering by Cathryn Miller
page 8 Cathryn Miller

and apologies to James Shull, whose cartoon on the front page of the last AMOR went uncredited through my negligence.

If you'd like to send along artwork suitable for offset printing, I'd certainly appreciate it.

NEXT ISSUE

will feature a cover by Tim Kirk; the exciting saga of How Susan and Goodhue Saw The Elephant; letters; Woolff; and Much, Much More!

THE AMOR DE COSMOS PEOPLE'S etc. (some issue I must explain the title) is available to members of apa-45, and my friends. It is a personalzine. It would probably make no sense to anyone who didn't know me; and therefore I would appreciate your mentioning (if you review or mention it) that it is Not Generally Available. I'd appreciate hearing from you if you enjoy AMOR and want to keep receiving it; locs are welcome, but not necessary. And please tell me if you want your zine mentioned in "The Clubhouse."



C.O.A.

A REMINDER...

Please continue to send ALL BUT FIRST CLASS MAIL to me at 139 Mayfair Cres., Regina, Sask. S4S 4J1 Canada. Please do not publish the CoA below, since it is for my friends' benefit only. When/if I have a Permanent Address in this world of flux, I will announce it.

Meanwhile, for a minimal sum, I have made myself the mistress and custodian of a large, furnished three-bedroom bungalow (with a huge finished basement); of a small jungle of plants and a tank of fish; of Sesame-the-furry-purry, who believes that cats were created to curl up on laps and sleep on human faces or tummies at night, purring loudly; of a long driveway and walk, covered with snow, and of two shovels to clear them with; of a basement laundry room, whose drain, I found, was frozen so that the hot water from the washer poured out over the floor, to lap at the cat-box; of pots and pans and wine goblets and a table, and all the other necessities of dinnerparty-for-my-friends-giving; in short, of a living space All To Myself. The first night of my residence, about 1 AM, I cut myself a slice of freshly baked warm bread, poured some Dubonnet, lit a couple of candles, put Joni Mitchell on the record player, and enjoyed. Since then, I've just stayed up late working.

So: if you're writing me a letter about AMOR, or life, send it to:

74 Haultain Cres.
Regina, Sask. S4S 4B5
Canada

at least til April 30.



ATTENTION!

It has taken me two days to type the preceding pages-- two days of continual interruptions. I've prepared classes, drawn up a Canadian literature class for Fraser the Mad Marxist Scots Poet to give next year in Weyburn, talked with my colleagues about matters important and un-, discussed LORD OF LIGHT with Rick-in-the-next-office who's auditing the sf class, talked with a couple of students about the idea of driving to Saskatoon tomorrow for the Joni Mitchell concert, tried to draw up two examination papers, and, most important, spent twenty minutes or so with six or eight students who, one after the other, trickled in to talk about their essays. I've come to realize that AMOR #3 may get itself finished by the end of April--maybe. April 1975. So: this issue will go to the two apas, and the rest of the mailing list. So: I had better make, now, a statement that was to have appeared in AMOR #3.

As some of our friends already know, Michael and I have decided that we co-exist better as friends than as husband and wife.

We separated late last spring. Near the end of July, I finally managed to find a job, here at Regina campus. I flew out here immediately after TORCON.

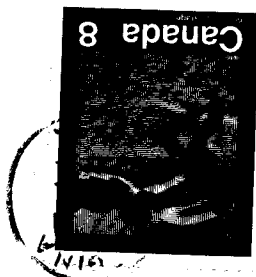
The initial decision to separate was neither easy nor sudden. We did not discuss our problems in public because our private life is our concern; and because we've seen too much gossip, bitterness and side-taking complicate other fans' marital problems. Unfortunately, it has become necessary to make some sort of statement so that others will understand what we want to maintain.

Michael and I are friends. We hope to remain so, with your help. What has happened is no-one's "fault." There's no scandal, no feud.

I had thought, frankly, that fandom would simply forget about me once I stopped being Mrs. Boy Wonder. I'm delighted that that hasn't happened. I'm even more pleased that the friends we counted on to understand have, in general, reacted with letters to both of us, wishing us well as individuals. Any other reaction hurts both of us. And by the way-- both of us are still Fan GoHs for Australia in '75 (we told the committee we were separated when the invitation came, and were assured we were both still invited); and both of us will be publishing together, if I ever get my column for XENIUM done. We even have a joint FAPA membership!

Friendship to you all, until I get time to type to you again...

Susan



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