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A LETTER/LETTER A

a letter-substitute for my friends; a collection of words assembled as an answer to a question I keep asking-- "What is Susan Glicksohn doing in Regina?" hunt-and-peck typed on the aging Royal typer provided by my kind employers, and badly proofread, by Susan Glicksohn, who would rejoice to receive letters and fanzines from you at : 139 Mayfair Cres.

Regina, Saskatchewan S4S 4J1

OR

Department of English

University of Saskatchewan, Regina Campus

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since this verbal package is NOT being produced with the invaluable aid of Mike Glicksohn and his Electric Enchanted Duplicator, and will be sent out with absolutely no concern for layout and graphics from an address 2,000 miles away from the home of SuaMi Press, I think I'll call it Pile'o'Bones Publication #1. Sept. 13, 1973  
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Go back and check the postmark. Yes, really Regina! On your map, that's the middle of the empty middle of Canada. Right above the Dakotas. Yes, there. And John and Sandra Miesel have already made all the remarks I need to hear about sod shanties-- especially with winter coming on already!

As those of you who received XENIUM #4, or the limited-edition ASPIDISTRA #5 (sorry, but I only printed enough copies for contributors and people who's responded to/requested issues) will know, I HAVE A JOB!

Late in May, Ken Mitchell, a soon-to-be-deservedly-famous Canadian writer, handed in a request for a leave of absence. He'd just received a Canada Council grant to go to Greece and finish his third novel. The Candy Cow, as it is known and loved, is the government-backed agency--I guess that's the best way to describe it--which hands out grant money to artistic-type endeavors, struggling artists, and Scholars. As one of the Scholars (stop laughing!) I received money from them for three years; and now, indirectly, I have a job thanks to the CC people. (No, Tweetie, not Canadian Club whisky...) Believe me, I'm grateful. Ken Mitchell was teaching Canadian literature at Regina Campus, you see; and to replace him for eight months, the English department hired me. Since I have "we regret that we are not hiring faculty in the foreseeable future" letters from EVERY SINGLE UNIVERSITY IN CANADA, and every community college in Ontario; since I am not qualified to teach high school, and have been unable to convince a publishing house, library, museum, newspaper, ad agency or similar body of my desirability as an employee; and since I was somewhat unhappy about sitting at home staring at my unfinished thesis--I said yes the minute the telephone call came through in July offering me this job.

So I packed my books, and a trunkful of warm clothes, including Mum's venerable fur coat as insurance against the dread spectre of Prairie Winter. A month has passed, and as far as I know my books (which I need desperately), my typer, the tape recorder on which to play the tapes Michael sends me instead of letters, my teddy bear, and all of my clothes except convention outfits and two "respectable dresses to teach in" are still sitting in Allied Van Lines' Toronto warehouse. Grumble, whimper, complain.

I flew out to Regina in late July, to get courses set up, persuade the Department Chairman to let me arrive after Labour Day, and find a place to live. Success. The "place to live" is a room with my "second family"--the parents of my childhood best friend, who now live in the Fancy Expensive Suburb near the university. They are Good People, and I couldn't really face finding an apartment for eight months. There's a strong possibility I may be asked to stay on, since Ken Mitchell would prefer to teach creative writing and the department needs a Canlit specialist, but apart from crossing my fingers tightly I'm not looking that far ahead. Michael, meanwhile, had long since signed on for another year with the Toronto Board of Education, and very relieved he was to have a job too. I really think all those years at university would have been

better spent taking plumbing or typing classes, with maybe a night class in something academic to keep the brain functioning. At least that way I'd not only have a job, but I could also type letter without unjustified left margins!

Back in Toronto I looked at the pile of books I'd left out to plan lectures; settled down to--do a fair chunk of fanac; and looked forward to..... TORCON!!

For those of you who attempted to communicate with me during that event: I really AM sane and coherent sometimes. English 250 seems to think I am. Sometimes.

Thank you, everyone, for the massive jolts of egoboo which kept me in the manic phase of my manic-depressive cycle. Thank you, especially, to the Australia in '75 committee, for choosing us as fan GOfs; and to the people whose votes gave EHERNUMEN the Hugo as Best Fanzine. We hope to do something to commemorate the event besides grin all over our faces and throw our Hugo-losers' party anyway. A revived NERG 16? (Tweetie, stop whimpering!). After all, I have to have some place to print the 8-page con report I drafted on the plane here, tanked up on Air Canada black coffee because I was ready to fall asleep when the baby beside me decided to howl for the entire three-hour flight.

No sleep for a week, the remains of an adrenalin high, a physical condition closely resembling that of my suitcases full of dirty laundry... thus Superprof arrived in the Halls of Academe.

Luckily I has made a mistake: I didn't have to teach the day after TORCON. I had one day to Get Organized. Tuesday morning, 8 AM, I collect the keys of Ken Mitchell's vacated office in the new Humanities and Administration Building. Yes, I agree: an unlikely combination. The English department shares a floor with the computer people, and we all get to stare down at the clerks in the business office misfiling forms.

Regina campus is both new (the buildings on the suburban campus date from 1965; the HA building only opened this spring; the campus granted its first degrees in 1965); and small (maybe 4,000 students.) Thus it seems pleasantly friendly and intimate to me, a refugee from the Big City and the Impersonal Multiversity--though I can see where it could become claustrophobic. When I was here in the summer, people kept dropping into the office to say "Hello! Welcome! Nice to see a new face-- the department needs some new blood!" Soon I began to feel like the entree at a vampire feast. Elizabeth Buchan Kimmerley (and I can never remember, even yet, whether to put that last "e" in or take it out--make me a sign, Elizabeth!), the kindly Earth Mother of Canadian Fandom, gave me a goodbye present at TORCON: a lovely, decorative string of garlic bulbs, to repel vampires. Or is it werewolves? People still drop in though, and haul easily-distracted Susan off for coffee. Friendly... well, how many universities do you know where the library clerk at the check-out desk remembers your name and chats to you, the second time you borrow books? Or where "hi, how are you, glad you made it out here all right, come to dinner tonight" seems to be standard as a form of greeting?

And new: the physical plant here is one of the most interesting buildings I've seen. And as for good old HA: well, picture yourself working in a futuristic goldfish bowl the size of a normal living room!

One of the English professors has worked out an interpretation of this building, relating every aspect of it except the computer centre and the washrooms to Milton's PARADISE LOST. It's five stories high, a standard modern building on the outside except for what seem to be turrets and such. Inside, however... Most of the ground floor is a conversation pit, with wall (about waist-height), wall-benches, little box-seats rising in mushroom-like clusters, and floor all covered with orange shag carpeting. The floor area leading away to the library, classrooms and labs is covered with rust-red brick as are the coffee tables. At the moment I can look down and see student bodies lounging; the people have dumped packs on the floor and settled down with their small dog to listen to a fourth play guitar. This is Hell, fire-coloured and occupied by the fallen angels plotting against God (there was a small-scale student occupation last spring.) From Hell, one looks up--past a wall of glass, behind which wood panneling glows, to

a ceiling of wood panels and strip lights (the lights in the sky are...electric), the centre part floating four stories above like the keel of some huge ark, the outside square rising another story to slanted skylights and the blue prairie sky. The building is arranged so that the business offices on the second level are completely open, from outside glass wall to inside glass wall opening onto a white balcony, carpeted in green and decorated with containers of potted plants, dripping green leaves down towards the first floor. This, if I remember correctly, is the start of the Garden of Eden, presided over by the Business Manager, Mr. Mann. And "Adam" means "Man."

Sheer above rise two stories of glass: the windows of a row of faculty offices on the inside of the building. HA329 is mine. A goldfish bowl: breaking the wall at either end are balconies with classrooms and secretaries' offices opening off them, and access behind to the outer circle of faculty. From these balconies, from the student lounges midway down the walls, and from the concrete staircase slung between Hell and the Registrar's office--a great place for student orators to stand haranguing the throng beneath--as well as from the other offices, it is possible to see every detail of life in a given office, if the lights are on. I have three huge panes of glass in front of my immense desk (and a sheer drop to nylon shag; I am rapidly getting over my fear of heights) and no curtain, nor any track or hooks for one. Ken Miller had a huge poster of Mao on his window, apparently, but he was asked to remove it; I don't know if the objection was to the political content, or to messy scotch tape on the new glass. Several people have put up hanging plants, increasing the garden effect. Oh yes, the carpet is the same greeny-yellow, with olive-and-teak chairs in the student lounges (comfortable corduroy chairs, they are, too.)

The kindly university has provided me with this luxurious work-space all to myself, too. Mostly-white walls, supposedly soundproof, but since the soundproof panels don't extend the full length of the walls and since one wall and part of the ceiling is glass, you have to be careful not to abuse the personality and scholarship of the person in the next office in anything louder than a whisper. Also, since fourth-year classes tend to be small, they are often held in offices and passionate debate on Dryden echoes down the corridors.

I have an immense desk; an immenser typing table with four deep file drawers (more or less organized); yards and yards of bookshelves (empty, except for the boxfull of Basic Reference Works I toted out via Air Canada and a crystal bird I bought at Westercon, plus a couple of copies of ROLLING STONE from the bookstore--the Regina LEADER POST is not to be relied on as an adequate source of information on world affairs!), a set of filing cabinets and a pile of boxes belonging to Ken Mitchell; a place to hang the coat I had to borrow from Janet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keeker with whom I am boarding; and some chairs. My desk-chair is flame-orange, as is the burlap-covered strip of wall meant to serve as a bulletin board. This board is decorated with the English 250 and 450 reading lists; the GLOBE AND MAIL report on TORCON which quotes me at egoboosting length and calls me "one of Canada's leading experts and science fiction critics" (so what competition do I have?); a funny card from Eli Cohen expressing the wish that my students not find me crazy (I think they do, but they seem to enjoy it!); and a Derek Carter cartoon.

On the door, until my posters arrive from GASP (Group Against Smokers' Pollution) is a little sign, saying: "My allergies and I politely request that there be NO SMOKING in this room." A lot of comment, and a lot of co-operation have come from that sign. I also asked my classes not to smoke (is 50 minutes fagless going to kill you?) or at least to smoke at the back of the class because it bothered me, and might bother others in the captive crowd. A few people looked puzzled, and several looked grateful; everyone has co-operated. And the first day, one of the computermen, on loan from Xerox, dropped in to ask "Does it work? Because I've asked people to stop smoking, and they laugh, and I can't stand cigarette smoke!" He stayed for half an hour, with me radicalizing him to stick up for his bronchial tubes, and gave me a great idea for a science fiction short story.

But back to Paradise. That's the fifth floor. The colour scheme here is purple: regal, divine. The outer ring: top echelon admin., the information service and such. Realm of the angels, singing the glories of Regina Campus under the skylights. And in the middle, a wooden box, with locked doors, hanging from the ceiling, surrounded by air, aloof, reached only by a narrow causeway. The Boardroom, purple and magnificent, open to heaven and dominated by a huge throne for The Chancellor, the Rt. Hon. John G. Diefenbaker (with a string of letters), former Prime Minister of Canada, Conservative, defender of the westerner, the rights of Her Majesty the Queen, and the glories of the Tory way.

Saskatchewan, by the way, has an N.D.P. (New Democratic Party; left of centre, though not really that radical, when all is said) provincial government. Politics basically consists of disagreeing with "those goddamn Easterners" (people from Toronto and Ottawa. The local agent for Allied Van Lines told me I'd have to phone "down East" about my books, and I had to think a moment before I realized that he didn't mean the Maritimes.)

Day 1: 8 am to 6 pm, getting the office set up, getting classes set up, getting clued in on Department Rivalries and How To Avoid Trouble, trying to fit staff names to faces, and, as The Canlit Expert, being approached to help supervise a master's thesis, by which point I realize I'm not going to have any time at all to work on my doctoral thesis! (So much for next year's job chances.) I discover that enrolment in English 250, the second-year Canlit. intro, will be 30-35; but that only one student has shown any interest in Honours Canlit. Beware me on the Business Office balcony stretch lines of fee-paying students. I consider coercing a few of them into enrolling. However, if I will agree to hold 450 at night on Thursday, Mike Schraml who works in the Education Library can enrol. This means that Thursday I will be here from 8.15 (I teach four mornings at 8.30; it's a toss-up whether I or the students are more sleepy) until 7 or 7.15. However, the alternative is not to give the course at all. It takes Mike about fifteen seconds to persuade me. Meanwhile I have agreed to be an "input" for Engineering 205.

I have also remained awake. I walk home through suburbia, shivering slightly in the relentless wind. (The Reekers have a 1962 Falcon which smokes and coughs around for Mrs. Recker and Janet; in return for a lift to, and possibly from, classes every day, I bought Janet a faculty parking spot, with a plug-in heater outlet to keep the car alive all \*shudder\* winter.) I launder some garments. I collapse.

Day 2: I Face A Class--and Live. English 250 looks like a good group; not English majors, most of them, since the list of major requirements is fairly heavy and doesn't include extras like Canlit. ("Please, the students all want more Canadian content in Lit. 100, what would you suggest?") I hand out a poem I've typed up and had dittoed, and we all leave.

Back in my office, while I wonder what's going to happen with 450, the Department Chairman, Don Murray, drops in. He's actually the acting chairman, but no-one's appointed a replacement for him and he has a full teaching load as well as administration, and... The end result is, I find myself an assistant for his section of Lit. 100, required of all arts and fine arts students, generally taken as part of the Humanities requirement by science students (Regina is still a fairly structured, rules-and-requirements place). Lit 100 enables the English department to exist! I find myself, as part of my job, collating a ~~textbook~~ textbook, since Don Murray has decided to give the students collections of poems on Poetry and the Imagination, Love, and Death as part of the course. The rest: a short-story anthology (I'm to teach HEART OF DARKNESS, among other things; I taught it at Carleton on English 10, so I hope my notes arrive); WAITING FOR GODOT, which I've also taught; 1984 and BRAVE NEW WORLD; and ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST. Should be an interesting, if untraditional, semester; within the requirements and such, we apparently have total freedom in course content, teaching methods, and specific requirements like exams and essays. Somewhere in here, I phone Toronto, long distance collect, and discover my books haven't been loaded

onto a van yet. I also reconfirm my low opinion of the main cafeteria. Someday Real Soon Now I must get Janet and the car together at lunchtime and investigate the Faculty Club, uptown at the old campus which now houses Fine Arts.

\*\*\* Agrarian Note, for Sandra Miesel and others: The University of Saskatchewan accepts fee payment in wheat!

Day 3: Elation returns as the 32 students of English 250 discuss Earle Birney's poem, "Canlit." These people have never heard of apathy! I referee a lively debate/quarrel/rap session on the poem, Canadian culture, the appropriate subjects and aims of Canadian literature and all that sort of national thing. In fact, I finally have to say "People, I'm sorry, but another class has to use this room right now..." There is some tendency to say "Do you think that..." but generally, these people have approached the topic with intelligence, formed some opinions about it, and have no hesitation in expressing and defending them.

And then there's Lit. 100. The next day after 250, two students came to me with "a few thoughts we had, that we wrote down": mini-essays, out of interest, not for credit! But the students in 100 are afraid to open their mouths. Occasionally someone will, when the silence becomes unendurable, say "I think that..."--and then pause, as the awful daring of those words, "I think," sinks in. Don Murray wants them to discuss the poems he's handed out. The students want answers, wisdom from on high: what does this mean? C'mon, I've paid good money to get educated, tell me what to think! And the real problem is, they wouldn't understand the answers. One of the first poems is "Pitcher" by Robert Francis: a fairly simple poem picturing the writer as a pitcher who "throws to be a moment misunderstood," his aim "Not to, yet still, still to communicate/ Making the batter understand too late." Well, obviously (after half an hour, or so) this is "about" baseball. The girls immediately go to sleep. Well, why? "Well, er... I think... I THINK... er, the man always wanted to be a baseball player, see? And like he was a failure, this guy, 'cause he says "his aim/ How not to hit the mark he seems to aim at," and well, he had to be a writer instead. But he wasn't happy. So he wrote about baseball instead!"

Such pride! And the boy did have an opinion! I sit through a series of classes like this, the worst being "Trees" by Joyce Kilmer, offered as an example of Bad Verse. They all are horrified we, the Teachers, apparently dislike this bc-yootyfull pome, because it is True that Trees are Be-yootyful, and God Made Them, and they are far superior to mere Pomes which any "fool like me" can write. The various points we try to make (like, Kilmer's wonderful tree only exists on paper, people, and is an odd tree anyway because his imagery is less than consistent) escape. When my turn comes, I give those poor embarrassed people, eyes shifting away--"Don't ask me a question, please, somebody else, say something"--a bit of a break by doing a fair amount of talking myself. It's obvious someone needs to tell them the terms of reference: "Look, this is a poem about Breughel's painting of Icarus, and the painting becomes a metaphor for a certain view of art and life, and..." They tend to agree with Nabokov that "A poem should not mean, but be," and should be revered, not discussed.

Meanwhile, a banshee wind, in which I can distinguish about four voices, howls round the classroom windows-- so bad, one day, I cannot hear the students at the back of the fairly small room. I could go mad very quickly, listening to that wind.

However, on day 3, even Lit. 100 can't depress me long. Returning through rock-loud halls I see a table set up to dispense information on Globe Theatre, the local professional company. I recall Elizabeth saying that Catherine Watkins, who married Gorgeous David the Actor, is out here with him, working for Globe. "Is David Miller still with the Globe?" I ask the handsome creature behind the table. "I'm David Miller!" Then we get that sorted out--I think I only saw David once, and then he was wearing his motor-cycle helmet--I find myself with a small bevy of other women talking to David. The Globe certainly has a varied season planned: "The Custody of Rita Joe," a Canadian

play about Indian/white relationships; "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown" for Christmas; as a punch in the head after that, "Joe Egg"; followed by a Québécois drama, "The Trial of Mr. What's-His-Name," about Everyman and The Boss; then as a fun-for-the-company, traditional conclusion, "Major Barbara" and "Romeo and Juliet." It's a small but ambitious company which, through a mixture of new and traditional plays, a lot of energy, and, especially, tours through rural schools, has managed to involve the whole town, it seems-- "And we haven't even had to do 'Careful in the Park!'" David chortles.

Yes, Jerry Lapidus, I will tell you how the season goes. Students can see all 6 plays for \$8 or \$10, which is one of the world's greater bargains, especially in a city where the best movie currently playing is a reissue of "Sound of Music" for those who enjoy drowning in butterscotch sauce. But the university has several good film series going; I'm finally going to get a chance to see "Martian Space Party" (double bill with "Zachariah") after continually missing it at Toronto's 99¢ Roxy. Was it at TORCON? The only bit of the programme I remember is a portion of the Hugo banquet...

I think the most enjoyable evening I have spent so far was with David and Catheryn and their two cats (who picked a fight on my lap) talking and waiting for their furniture to arrive. Maybe I can persuade David to tell you how he got paid \$10 an hour to call RCMP recruits "fucking pigs."

I want to "use" the Millers to make a tape for my 250 class, too, a mixture of Canadian folk songs and poetry readings; but I only brought out one set of records, a Centennial-project collection of traditional folk songs--and the two records of it I really need are not in the box. So at Christmas, I'll collect the rest of my records (or the Canadian content ones, at least) and do the tape as a treat for next semester's 250 group. My luck can't hold, the next group will sit like lumps of stale cafeteria macaroni-and-cheese for two days and then never come to class again. Except even the Lit 100 class seems to be growing a bit more self-confident and aware--I hope.

Day 3, again-- I checked back into my office to face a small stream of unhappy 250-ers. "Please, we can't read the work you assigned from the anthology (a basic text called Canadian Literature, which I don't much like but must live with for a term, at least) because there aren't any!" Some of them must have been taking lessons from that Susan creature Rosemary Wilyot keeps describing; they wailed to perfection.

I investigated. There are two other sections of 250, one at night; and I know that Peggy Whigmore, at least, is also using the anthology. The bookstore knew this too, but for 60 or more students, the order clerk got in... 26 copies. I persuaded her to order more. Meanwhile, I'll start the course backwards (chronology doesn't matter that much) with the last two of the five novels, which happen to be the only ones available in sufficient quantities. Only problem is, my introductory classes are all planned, and I have the extra books I need... the rest of the books are you-know-where. And the Regina Campus library leaves much to be desired... my desires finding their expression on innumerable purchase-request forms. If I am asked to stay, I will be expected to supervise M.A. theses; and I cannot, in honesty, agree to participate in a Master's programme in Canadian studies based on that library's resources. All the books I need for my thesis (when/if) are going to have to come in on interlibrary loan, probably from U.B.C. in Vancouver.

Speaking of Vancouver: Daniel Say, please have another Vancouver con this winter so I can escape to the bright lights and bookstores for a few days!

So far, I like Regina. It's clean and friendly and peaceful, and it has employment for me: all the things Toronto lacked. My social life has been busy and varied (I was even invited to the Faculty Wives Association welcome coffee-party. "And what department does your husband teach in?" "Math Department, Numberside Collegiate, Toronto." "Oh." We all had to introduce ourselves by: our name, husband's name,

and husband's department. "I'm Susan Glicksohn and I'm in the English Department." Stares. Female faculty are welcomed, officially, to the gatherings, but... underneath the friendliness I could detect hostility because I had not sacrificed myself to my husband's career, like the PhD in chemistry beside me, going slowly crazy at home but refused employment as a lab demonstrator at the university because her children were too young (illegal, yes, discrimination like that but hubby hasn't got tenure and jobs are scarce and a protest would threaten the two kids and the mortgage.) As we finished going round the circle telling what hubby was, one woman giggled uneasily and said: "Wouldn't the libbers hate us!" No, people, they'd ask why, if you're so bored and miserable and tired of putting your education to work making drapes, you don't organize a co-op daycare centre, at least. The campus women's group has really thought the problem through: no rhetoric, but an activity programme--with free child care while Mum watches films. But of course, this group accepted the faculty-wife, book-discussion-group-every-second-week role. Those who weren't happily pregnant now husband had tenure (at least three kids looked ready to be born amid the coffee cups) were certainly more willing to discuss labour pains and mortgages than anything else--except they confided to me a sense of frustration with a combination of resentment and defiance (avoid my fate, but I'll hate you for it!) Noticeably absent were women like Shirley Murray, whose husband drops the kids off at the nursery school on his way to class, because she has already left to teach highschool English. Of course, she is lucky to have a job. So am I.)

That was a long digression, wasn't it? But those 20 or so women, most of them my age, "retired" from "real life" after putting husband through school and now vaguely unhappy with the rewards--they disturbed me. \*Click\* as Ms would say. I much preferred the dinner party with Dr. and Dr. Murad, he retired from economics and taking up gourmet cooking as a hobby, she teaching English and both of them enjoying life together. It is possible to be wife, mother, and person; just takes a little determination. Or a lot. One fac.-wife asked if I planned to get pregnant at Christmas!

My social life threatens, in fact, to interfere with my work--it takes so LONG to prepare classes--and certainly my fanac. Films and plays and parties, like the upcoming faculty-grad. student bash planned by the English Dept. "to encourage communication and harmonious relationships between faculty and students." Lynn, who typed it, swears the typo was an accident! I haven't had time to answer a pile of letters (therefore, this); or reduce 10 handwritten pages of my GUTWORLDS column to typed coherence; write up the two articles I have drafted... And I've been thinking of starting a personalzine while I'm out here; maybe call it RIVERSIDE IRREGULARLY...

Of course, out here, isolated and with WET\*W\*P\*E\*R coming on (36° this morning when I left for class, and the trees across the road in Wascana park are turning yellow, the Canada geese on Wascana Lake starting to depart in southward-pointed v's) I should have time to work, right? After all, I'm missing some major sources of distraction. Good bookstores, for example. GSTIC (well...) My friends. And, notably, Michael.

And so, as Richard Labonte says, it goes. I've settled in. I've started classes, which seem to be going well. I've gotten to know people. I've bought some Basic Necessities (my money's arrived, luckily) like a pair of shoes and a rabbit-printed bodyshirt. Windsor the bun-rab, by the way, is now the joy of Andrew Fleck Nursery School in Ottawa. Puppy, spoiled rotten by my Mum, his personality totally changed by the gift of a large house and garden for his own personal use, has become Superpuppy, chaser of dogs, defender of his turf, catcher of grasshoppers and even birds, climber of trees--the same gormless cat who once tripped over Andy Porter's feet! Larson R, TORONTO star, and Xeno, the rock that sometimes becomes a tortoise, are keeping Michael company.

And here I sit in my luxurious goldfish bowl, drinking too much department coffee (must get a small teapot, Real Soon) waiting for Richard and Mike to arrive to rap about Frederick Philip Grove (actually, one discusses Grove with due reverence; a somewhat pompous novelist, full of Epic Themes.) ((He also won a Governor General's Award for non-fiction for his autobiography--which proved after his death to be a most fascinating

fairy tale!)) They get marks for this. I get paid!

I'm enjoying life.

Keep in touch, please? If enough people enjoy this first a letter/ letter a, I'll do more (maybe I'll even do them if you don't enjoy them!) The title, by the way, comes from the realization I had, while packing up my box of fanzines-in-which-I-have-appeared for storage, that I have edited three personal-type fanzines (two of them minor), ALL of which had titles beginning with "A". Except librarians would life this under: l-- "letter, a/ a letter" wouldn't they, Auntie Rosemary?

A letter is available at the whim of the writer--who would, naturally, appreciate hearing from you in her exile. This issue goes out with special thanks to Michael, of course; and my Mum; and to Mae Strelkov, Sheryl Birkhead (who sent me some Canadian stamps, too, thank you!), Sandra Miesel, Eli Cohen, Philip K. Dick (who has far too high an opinion of me!) Rosemary Ulliyot and the marvellous Jodie Offutt who confirmed our Toronto mailman's opinion of our sanity by mailing me a brick for the Tucker Hotel. I wonder what the Customs people thought?

And if I need a job next year, the Leader-Post has this answer:

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After a price check with the university duplicating services, I think I'll run this through APA-45, too. Maybe I'll even do mailing comments, at last! I'm sorry to let the Glicksohn name down by paying for mimeo work... should I take my hard-earned paycheque down to the local Gestetner outlet? Or should I succumb to the attractions of the city's excellent used bookstore, and buy a complete, full-sized set of the eleventh edition Britannica, for which I have faunched these many years? Decisions...

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