

Outside, the coastal mountains are shrouded in mist, fog, cloud and other atmospheric disturbances. Inside, my brain seems shrouded in mist, fog, etc. etc. Ask not for whom the Wreck Beach foghorn booms, it booms for thee...

This is WARM CHAMPAGNE #2 from a distinctly un-effervescent Susan Wood, who gets personal letters at 2236 Allison Rd., Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1T6, Canada, and her Anzapa mailings and other large bits of mail, like fanzines, at the Department of English, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1W5. It is being produced for the February, 1976, mailing of Anzapa, is Lions Gate Press Publication #3, and is most decidedly Handfield's Fault. Jan. 10, 1976.

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WHEN WE LAST LEFT OUR HEROINE... Canada was still in the throes of the semi-annual strike by the Post Awful (formerly the Royal Snail, until Pierre Elliott Trudeau decided Her Majesty had nothing to do with the postal "service" (Postes Canada Post.) The mail strike ended, after 6 long weeks, on Dec. 2. On December 3, the UBC clerical workers and support staff went on strike for more than a week. I, personally, supported the strike-- the workers (secretaries, library personnel, etc.) had been without a contract since September, and the university was refusing to negotiate. Unfortunately, most of the faculty, students, etc. did NOT support the strike. It was a tense and unhappy time, made more complicated by the fact that I had an examination for my two large second-year classes scheduled within the strike period. I tried to cancel it, and was told it was "in the system" (The System) and had to proceed. I had told my students I wouldn't penalize them for not crossing picket lines, and in fact the university had to say the same thing-- but it was very confusing, and upsetting, and increased resentments, and may have helped contribute to the depressing 25% failure rate in my classes. : Anyway, let's not talk about student illiteracy, I feel depressed enough as it is. A secondary effect of the strike was that no mail was delivered on campus until mid-December. Can you imagine 2 months' worth of mail, all arriving at once? I got a solid 18" of fanzines, right before Christmas when I was marking essays and exams, and entertaining John Berry and a friend of his visiting the city, and cooking a Winter Solstice feast for 6 people, and...

Mail. Yes. That 18" wasn't all of it, not by 'arf. You see, when mail delivery to campus started again (the posties wouldn't cross picket lines, of course) there were an estimated 400 bags of mail delivered on the first day. But the mailroom staff were working to rule... In yesterday's mail delivery to the English department, I got a letter from Shayne McCormack, posted, airmail, on Nov. 3. I got a Christmas card from Connecticut posted airmail in mid-December. Etc. Etc. If I haven't answered your letter, it may be because it hasn't arrived yet. And, oh yes, I got a letter yesterday from the Handfield bloke, postmarked Dec. 10, saying: "I am the OE for the next Anzapa mailing due out this week. We did get your contribution although you owe 4 pages for the Feb. 76 mailing."

Glursh. And achoo.

On December 24, I abandoned my home, my unread fanzines, my unanswered mail and my typewriter to the tender mercies of Mr. Berry (who stayed up here to pick clean the carcass of our Christmas canard aux abricots avec Cointreau and incidentally Get Some Writing Done.) I flew down to San Francisco, ostensibly to attend the Modern Language Association

Conference (the literature teachers' worldcon) but in fact to go to the Ellingtons' Christmas Eve party, stay with Charlie and Dena Brown, have lots of dinners-with-friends-at-fancy-restaurants, talk with people like the Benfords and Silverbergs and Lupoffs and Canfields, Jerry Jacks and Jay Kinney and other Bay Area Fans, go to Terry Carr's New Year's Eve party and the Silverbergs' afternoon-after party, watch Bill Rotsler draw cartoons, and take Doug Barbour for 5 hours' worth of record-and-book buying down 3 blocks of Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue. It was your average worldcon... It was warm and sunny, about 70°F the day we visited the Napa Valley wine country-- such a change from rainy Vancouver. (The Barbours, who live in Edmonton where it was -30°C were even more thrilled). And it was good to see my friends. But it ended, alas. I seem to spend a goodly portion of my life getting on planes and leaving the people I care about. And I came back to Reality (telling my classes how badly they'd done, for a start!) with a fabulous fannish souvenir: Carol and Terry Carr's cold.

The first week of classes has been singularly depressing. I've been trying to overcome the atmosphere of disinterest and/or resentment in my classes (I prefer the American semester system to the Canadian and, I assume, Australian year-system -- that feeling of "Oh, Ghod, another THIRTEEN WEEKS of this stuff!") ((Listen, kids, I didn't want to come back either!)) I've been busily marking the supplemental exam I had to provide for those students who didn't cross picket lines (and a lot of them did poorly, too.) I've even been marking late papers from last term. Between times, I've been trying to Catch Up on some of the more urgent bits of the foot-high stack of mail waiting when I got back. And I've been sneezing a lot.

So that's what I've been doing.

As I stumbled into my house last Sunday, late (the plane died on the runway and we were delayed 4 hours) I couldn't help noticing a pile of neatly-typed stencils sitting on the table. Since this isn't the Enchanted Typewriter, I wondered... THIRTEEN PAGES of John Berry for Anzapa? That, as much as Carey's warning, inspired me. Don't expect 13 pages, though. You may not even get coherence, I'm doped to the eyebrows on anti-histamines. (In addition to the cold, I have, and have had for several months, tonsillitis. Yes, I know, I'm a little old to have tonsillitis. My nice lady doctor has prescribed a variety of antibiotics, none of which work; her latest prescription is tea-with-honey, aspirin, and staying indoors! Miracles of modern medicine.)

Just to complete my tale of Woe: the local "underground" newspaper, the GEORGIA STRAIGHT, has a fascinating astrology column. No, OF COURSE I do not believe in, etc., but the column is written for non-believers-- it's very hip, and fun to read. Well, this week's installment warns specifically that Aug. 21-25 birthdays (I'm the 22nd) are going to have a particularly bad week. And today's prediction reads in part: "Ask not for whom the bell clunks: Leo and Cancer, chiefly those August dates mentioned above) get shat upon from an amazing altitude.... Raise any guards you can against the unexpected. Forget about important letters, conferences or calls-- any action you take there is liable to be misconstrued. Coldness and estrangement lay bony fingers on your emotions, and anyone who has unpleasant designs on disturbing your life launches an offensive offensive."

If I Believed That Stuff, I'd be hiding under the bed. Except it

ANZAPA--3 ("rough cevapcici?" Really?)

doesn't have an underneath. : Onto the mailing comments, with an apology for not doing a contribution before Christmas; I've only just noticed that the special rule ballot was due today.

((This is fascinating, me sitting down to do apa mailing comments. I've been in FAPA for a year and a half, and have yet to do any m/c, though that seems to be a rule in FAPA. Welcome to the organization, Carey. There is a game I play with Terry Carr, on those rare occasions when we meet--usually in the middle of a convention-- called More Gafia Than Thou. We tell each other we are gafia, and then stand around discussing fanzines for hours. Well, the moment I saw Terry on Christmas Eve, I switched into Fannish Mode, asked him whatever happened to Pete Graham (the originator of the phrase "The Golden Age of Science Fiction is thirteen.") Terry then charged me with being ungafia, since I'd just sent him a fanzine. Aha, I countered, but at least I hadn't put out a special fanzine just to save my membership in FAPA! And we stood surrounded by ex-fen who were drinking, talking, kissing, smoking, eating, and generally getting on with the important things in life, like telling Roger Elwood stories-- and talked about FAPA. It was Cosmic, I tell you.))

OBO: Congratulations for showing you usual efficiency, Carey, and getting the mailing out despite the fannish to-ing and fro-ing at the Magic Pudding Slan Shack. But what happens when you head for North America? Which reminds me: for you and Eric and Don and the DUFF winner, the Vancouver V-Con is May 21-24, the Queen's Birthday long weekend. That makes it a little early for most of you to attend, unless you want to make worldcon your Final Fling instead of your first destination. That might be a good idea, y'know-- though I know you have other commitments, Carey-- since it would give you a chance to meet people in a more relaxed way, rather than in hordes at a monster-sized con. Hey, what say we have a SydneyCove in '88 (restricted, closed-door, invitational) party at Kansas City? Or a Magic Puddin' Party? I remember that one fondly, even if Barbara Silverberg and I did turn it into a bathroom-con (sorry, Ken Ford!)

And to repeat: Vancouver is not now and never has been bidding for the 1978 worldcon!!!!

JOHN BERRY: The trip=reaction John wrote for the December mailing is the one I would have liked to have written, had I time and space to collect my thoughts. Funny: at this time last year I was finishing thesis revisions, and thinking "well, at least next year I won't be so tired and busy and pressured, I'll be able to do lots more writing, reading, relaxing, communicating." Here I sit feeling sick, tired, pressured, with more unanswered mail than I care to think about... In part, it's due to a heavier workload-- more than twice as many students, much more marking. In part, it's circumstance: I lost a month just getting my house in liveable shape. In part... in part, I haven't settled back into knowing where the centre of me is, yet. Since May, when I took the PhD exam, and came back to Regina and moved and started travelling with John, and went On The Road for 2½ months, and went to Australia and New Zealand and met you all, I've been under so many strains of various kinds, with so little time to sort them out, that I'm still a little muddled. Then I moved here, and immediately started teaching at a new university, and... Everything since May is a jumble, including (especially) my memories of Aussiecon. A pleasant jumble, though.

ANZAPA--4 (for it's a jolly good apa...)

I have, however, written 3 trip reports! One, composed on Eric Lindsay's unique electric typer in a fit of exhaustion, was a more-or-less straight conreport for LOCUS. One was an impressionistic piece for my letter-substitute, to get some memories on paper. The final one, and the one which pleases me most, was a conreport for my last "Clubhouse" col in AMAZING which will, I hope, appear in the Gala 50th Annish. It "explains" fandom rather much, because "The Clubhouse" exists, I feel, in part to do that, but it also tries to say how I felt, in the unique position of being GoH, fan variety, half round the world at home with my friends. (I miss you people.) Since Leigh and John Foyster were muttering about doing a special Convention Reports issue of BOY'S OWN FANZ I mailed copies of all 3 to Leigh. Leigh? Val? Where are you? Don't gafiate!

CAREY: Your account of the Yarrangobilly caves is fascinating-- you really make me see and feel ("Bloody cold!") the place. Reminds me of how much of Australia I have waiting for me. Come spring, I can either go to England (I haven't seen my family over there for 11 years now) or buy a car and do some exploring of the mountains and coast here. What a choice! BC is beautiful... and if I have a car I can show you some of it... "Anyway it was worth the effort. The cave had a large colony of bats and a number of spiders..." I, personally, would not immerse my half-naked bod and clamber over rocks to see a lot of spiders and bats! Spiders I can get in my basement, any time!: Yes, I enjoy watching the mist and cloud sweep over the coast mountains, which I can see clearly from the end of my street. The changing weather patterns are beautiful; since the university (and I live on campus) is on a promontory, there are ever-changing vistas of sea, coast, mountains (now snowcovered), all set off by lush green trees. It's such a rich, lush country, especially compared with Saskatchewan (which was beautiful too, but in a far harsher way.)

JOHN BANGSUND: CONGRATULATIONS!!!!!! on the new job. My sympathy on the move. I keep packing books and moving Vast Distances and it is A Drag. Sally, I hope you find a good job. Pity, though. I'd decided that if I ever wanted to get married again, I wanted Sally to perform the ceremony! : Actually, I don't, personally, want to be sponsored by an Aussiefan-- you people have enough problems with your postal rates as it is, I'd rather you spent the money on stamps for your own fanzines.

DON: Carey says you're thinking of coming Up Here. Good! If Melbourne fandom is back to normal, would someone tell me whatever happened to Bruce Gillespie? And/or Leigh and Val?: As an English teacher, marking the papers and exams of a lot of Education students, I get depressed by the lack of spelling, grammar, and literacy. Reading your fanzines I get more depressed. You have interesting things to say, but the way you say them does seriously interfere with my ability to understand them-- which is what "standard English" and etc. is about, not arbitrary rules but a tool to make communication easier.

I'm glad you all seem to be recovering from the worldcon. (I've been there. I know. People tell me there was a TORCON, and I wrote an 8-page conreport, but I still don't believe it ever happened.)

MIKE O'BRIEN: What a lovely Tucker-report! Tucker seems to have been the highlight of just about everyone's con. He was enjoying himself so much, and sharing that joy so much, that he became a large part of Aussiecon. His trip-report in LE ZOMBIE is marvellous.

ANZAPA--5 (Pass the Kleenex, please!)

It is now Saturday, Jan. 17, 1976, and I am beginning to wonder if my efforts to communicate, a week ago, really were doomed by Cosmic Forces. The Cosmic Cold, at any rate. (I will GET you, Terry Carr!) I spent most of the week downing Vitamin C, aspirin and tea, getting Plenty of Sleep, and croaking hoarsely at my classes, who laughed unsympathetically. The cold meantime got worse. I've spent most of today sleeping and now (in the winter sunset, with a lovely vista of pink clouds, wet green lawns, and just a hint of a promise of a rumour of spring) have arisen from my germfilled couch to communicate with Anzapa. I HAVE to communicate on paper, my voice has completely gone!)

The witty, profound comments I had to make have vanished, alas. But tomorrow I've arranged to trek half across town to use the BC sf club mimeo, so if I don't contribute now, I won't at all.

BILL WRIGHT: Ever since that long-ago September when we entertained you in Toronto by sitting you down to collate ENERGUPERSON, I've wanted to talk with you more. Your writing has the most fascinating blend of wit and serious, intelligent comment... The comments you quote on the aborigines, along with DON FITCH's comments on North American Indian life, would provoke me into pages and ppages, if I didn't have a head stuffed full of fog and cotton wool. We need to be reminded that attitudes to non-whites, like the "report" by Michael Terry of carrying a chain for "aboriginal control," are still with us. When I'm teaching Canadian literature, we begin with 19th century poems featuring verdant nature and either Noble Savages or howling fierce tribes to be subdued, etc. etc.-- imitation English Romantic poetry, and various stereotypes carried across the Atlantic, as they were carried across the Pacific and embodied in early Aust. Lit. too. Fine: my students can read them and say "oh yes, look at our ignorant ancestors, look how they called the Indians 'savages' and forcibly converted them to Christianity, and exploited them and the land, but of course We Know Better." And then I mention that, for example, the rivers and lakes of northern Ontario are contaminated with mercury, and Indians there are showing symptoms of Minimata disease, and the Japanese're sending advisors over to help them-- but the Ontario ministry of lands and forests, while telling people not to eat fish from those waters, continues to claim a) nothing is wrong b) the Indians are lazy welfare bums (there are no jobs in the area now because the poisoned-fish scandal has ruined the tourist trade) and c) why should they provide rehabilitation, or worry because the Indians have literally nothing to eat except the poisoned fish? And within the past few months, the same mercury-pollution problem has become evident in BC. And that's only one example. And then I point out that there are no native Indians in my class: not one. And precious few Japanese or Chinese either. I don't belabour the point-- just throw in a few comments to shake up that smug feeling that our ancestors were rotten and prejudiced but WE aren't, that feeling which goes hand in hand with Fashionable White Liberal Guilt.

I tend to see the teaching of Canadian literature as, in part, a political act.

Political acts: ten pages later... I followed the Australian election with fascination and despair. Interestingly enough, much the same dismissal action occurred in Canada in 1921, and resulted in the effective end of the influence of the Governor General in Canadian politics.

The depressing news of the election results was followed, in British Columbia, by the even more depressing news of the provincial election. The New Democratic Party, Canada's socialist party, had tried to introduce socialism to Canada's free-enterprise province, all at once, in 3 years. They spent a lot of money, on things like social services, in a time of recession; they got blamed for layoffs and slumps in the forestry industry, for example; they... but anyone interested can just read the Whitlam scenario and imagine it adapted to conditions here. The NDP majority was thrown out, the Social Credit party which controlled the province was re-elected, with the millionaire son of the man who ran BC for more than 20 years as leader, and a good many of us are watching in gloom as, for example, the provincial women's bureau gets axed, the government-sponsored car insurance programme is sabotaged (rates were raised 100-150% and the minister in charge, who just happens to be the education minister too, said that if people were upset, they could sell their cars!) The university budget is being cut, classes will be even bigger, I may be out of a job-- and as a final spin-off, my house is going to be torn down for (an illegal) high-rise luxury apartment complex, displacing all the low-income families in this development of row-houses.

Sorry. I had to get that bitterness and frustration out of my head. (Re-reading it, I think I made more of a mess correcting typos than if I'd just left them. Sorry.)

The point is that, around Christmas, I felt the same way you-Down-There must have felt about government and the political future. It tied in too with recent developments in education (the swing back to Exams and Standards and job-training instead of education-for-personal-growth); it tied in with immediate developments during a clerical-staff strike at UBC where the students proved themselves to be MORE reactionary than the administration (which had left the staff without a contract for 4 months and wouldn't negotiate.) It tied in with a good many personal questions, like just what am I doing here and where am I going anyway, which left me very confused all over Christmas. ("How's Vancouver? How's UBC?" people would ask, expecting a Witty, Fannish "Oh, just fine, my collection of moss is thriving," when what I really wanted to say was "I don't know if I want to live in BC, be a teacher at all, work at UBC, or even keep on working for the things I believe in, in this reactionary 1970's world of ours.") So here I am, laying them all on Anzapa. Well, why not.

Something happened, Thursday night, to make me feel a little happier. John and I, and two friends (and half our friends and acquaintances here) went slooshing off through the rain to a concert.

A concert? A statement of faith.

Pete Seeger.

And we started off applauding the legend; almost from the first notes of the longnecked banjo kept applauding the superb musicianship; began from those first notes not to hear a concert but to share the event (we were all singing along, and that performer-audience separation was as close to not existing as it could ever be); and ended up, I think, re-discovering our faith in ourselves. Seeger, just by being himself, not by preaching or protesting, reminded us of the values we once believed in, including our own power to influence our world for the better. And

he reminded me, at least, that I still DO believe in those things; and that despair and doubt and going-off-to-cultivate-my-moss-garden are cop-outs.

And the point was, above all, that this was a concert. Seeger wasn't acting as a messiah or a would-be leader. He only sang two "political" songs, both about his sloop "Clearwater" and his efforts to help clean up the Hudson River. But by being honest, and by being himself, and by sharing that self with us, and by entertaining us, which he did superbly, and by bringing us together-- he had an effect which was, in its broadest sense, "political". How can I put it? He bore witness to the need for, to the possibility of having, certain values in our world. He reminded us of what being human could mean. He made me, at least, believe it was still possible to live with integrity. Even in 1976.

Well. This is all first-draft, and a sort of immediate reaction to an event that's moved me deeply. I want to let it percolate around a little longer and then (between colds and term papers to mark and curriculum meetings and books to review and more term papers to mark) maybe try to put into words. But since I was writing to you people, I thought I'd tell you about it.

Just before I drop it-- a question to DON ASHBY, and KEN FORD and the rest of you out there involved in the ed. biz.-- do you have the same sense I do of teaching being "political" in some sense? I don't mean that we preach a party line to our classes; in fact, that's the most dangerous aspect of the job, the potential for that misuse. I do mean, though, that I am very aware (especially teaching Canadian literature, and teaching it the way that I do, which is in part to present it as society-and-social-values as expressed in lit.) that I am not just presenting facts. I am presenting attitudes of mind. I'm exposing students to ideas they may never have encountered before, asking questions they may never have heard. (One of the "radical" things I do is insist that anyone can enjoy poetry! Another is try to show why good literature matters.) It's such a heavy responsibility, sometimes! And just being who I am is "political" in some sense. In my 7 years of formal university classes, I had 2 women teachers. One was the stereotyped little-old-lady who "taught" by reading poems aloud and saying "Isn't this bee-yoo-ty-ful?" and the other was the equally stereotyped bleached blonde who had no use for women ("I made it in a man's world, they can too") and was totally male-oriented. In Saskatchewan (especially around the time I changed my name and became Ms. Wood, not Mrs. Glicksohn) I spent so much time talking with female students my age that finally Rick-in-the-next-office asked: "Are you teaching classes in Canlit, or a class in you?" I was young, female, happy, liked women and yet dated men, reasonably attractive: and a university professor. (I still keep getting mistaken for a student, especially by my colleagues.) I was not their mothers, not their wives, not their sisters, not anyone they had encountered before in Swift Current or Moose Jaw or Indian Head. I was just me. And I eventually realized that I was potentially something of a role-model and even something potentially of a revolution, just by being who and what I was. It was strange and awe-inspiring.

CHRISTINE MCGOWAN and CATHERINE CIRCOSTA: Maybe part of the above will fit with your experiences? To CATHERINE an apology: I spend all day talking about books, and so tend, in my fanatic, not to talk seriously about sf. This is true of most fans, especially apa-fen. But don't get discouraged! (And I enjoy reading your thoughts.) To CHRISTINE: yes, yes, yes, please run the story about the matchmaking dragon!

ANZAPA--8 (this is becoming Excessive!)

It is now 12:30 am, Sunday Jan. 18, and I have just returned from a BC club meeting, which actually proved to be Interesting and Quite Friendly. When I flew home from San Francisco two weeks ago, I had strange feelings of not being "home", in fact, of having no "home" to go to. "Home is where your friends are," sings Marie-Lynn Hammond in the first STRINGBAND record, and that means my homes are Ottawa, San Francisco, and the Aussie subcontinent... but I am making an effort to make contacts here, too. Well: to get back to CHRISTINE MCGOWAN: I meant to say last mailing how much I enjoy your writing. As Alexis Gilliland once said of me, there's a quality of controlled bitchiness in your writing that is fascinating. That IS meant as a compliment, you know--you cut through formula, pretension, phoniness, with wit and honesty. I wish I could've talked with you more, but we were running our separate harriednesses at Aussiecon... though I must say you seemed enviably cool and efficient. On your DUFF ballot you say you are 23 and a qualified barrister and solicitor. What academic qualifications does this require? Here, one must take an undergraduate degree, then 3 years law school, then a year's articling,, then bar exams-- to get your qualifications at your age is highly improbable. I can tell from your writing that you are bright and perceptive; um, a little background, please?

JAN FINDER: Hello. Problem with your conreport, though; you give a list of events experienced, people met, that are important to you-- but no sense of why those events were important, what those people were like. You've given a series of point-form observations from a notebook. Whose notebook, though? Who is this Finder, what did he really think of the continent and the con? And especially of the folks? Fill in the feelings behind the facts, please? Correction: you were assigned to a room already occupied by Mike Glicksohn (notice the "h") and Sheryl Birkhead, not "and Susan Wood" (Glicksohn.) One of the stranger experiences of our lives was responding to the concom's initial invitation with the news that their projected fan GoHs had negotiated a friendly split (though it wasn't made public til after TORCON.) THEY didn't mind-- and WE didn't mind--so the arrangement continued, with the only separated-couple GoHs in the history of a worldcon. (Changing my name may have made it easier, and we simply explained th t "we published a fanzine together" when people asked "why both of you?"--though since the divorce isn't final I had to travel legally as "Susan Wood Glicksohn" and had to keep remembering which name I was "officially" using. (I think the travel agent got a mite confused.) In fact, it is one of the joys of my life that Michael and I could be GoHs together: not just that we are such good friends, but that people in fandom accept us both as people, don't try to "take sides" or gossip. Mike, Sheryl, John and I all stayed with the Bangsunds after the con; it was a warm, friendly experience, and a completely relaxed and natural one-- and I really wonder if it would be possible outside fandom?

DERRICK ASHBY, DAVID GRIGG (welcome back to fandom!), ERIC LINDSAY, MARK ORTLIEB (hey, thanks for the fanzines you've been sending) and all the rest: hi. If I don't wrap this up and mimeo it tomorrow, I'll never get an Anzapa contribution in the Royal Snail. Comments soon. BRIAN THOROGOOD and DEBORAH KNAPP: hope you contribute. The day with you still stands as an oasis of serenity in the jumble of my trip: such peace and harmony I hope to create for myself some day. Finally, DON FITCH: I have so much I would like to discuss with you, it would take weeks (and I am a Talker and you a Listener! must reverse that.) Your pages have shown me much, made me want to learn more. I thank you. :Goodnight, mes amis: