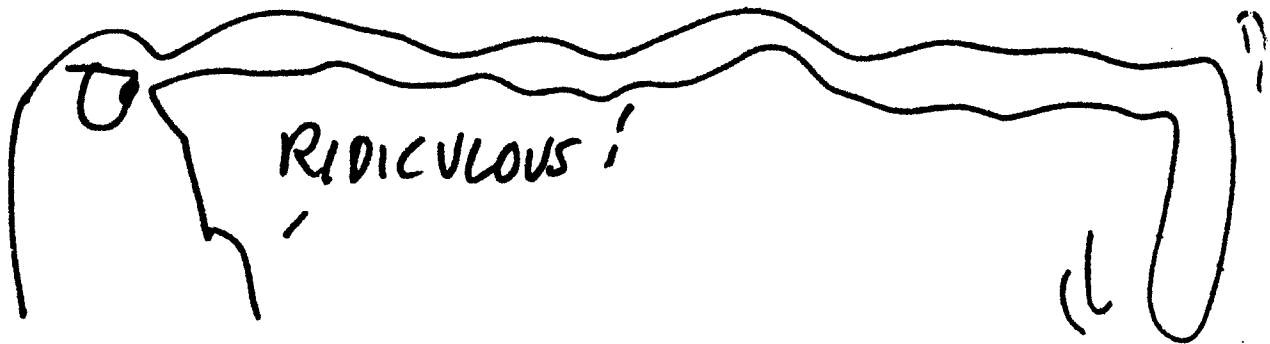


AMOR





This is Formerly Bill Smith, the only fanzine in the world named after a premier of British Columbia named AMOR DE COSMOS, for whom this is the People's Memorial Quasirevolutionary Susanzine, number 10. This is actually the twelfth issue of my small, frequent, informal lettersubstitute. I was going to change it to the Nellie McClung People's Etc., but decided things were confused enough...

AMOR is published with increasing infrequency by Susan Wood, who lives at 2236 Allison Rd., Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1T6, Canada, but who— and this is important, please note— prefers to get any mail larger than a letter at the Department of English, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1W5 where it will stay safe, dry and uncrushed. AMOR is available *only* for editorial whim, though your contributions, fanzines, and letters are all greatly appreciated. The mailing list is finite, and so is my time— and I hate writing to tell your friends that, I'm sorry, but I am mean and horrible and can't send them my fanzine because I don't really publish one. This is a letter-that-grew. Merde alors, did it ever, this time...

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AMOR 10 is dedicated to the artists whose work enhances these pages, with admiration.

Electrostencils by Brian McCarthy, Mike Glicksohn and Victoria Vayne. Mimeo, BCSFA. Mimeo assistance, John Berry and, perhaps, Allyn Cadogan, whose Life Was Changed when Ted White forwarded a letter from her to me.



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THE AMOR DE COSMOS
PEOPLE'S MEMORIAL
QUASIREVOLUTIONARY
SUSANZINE # 10

AUGUST 5, 1976

SUSAN'S SECTION

As for mountains, there are mountains hidden in treasures; there are mountains hidden in marshes, mountains hidden in the sky; there are mountains hidden in mountains. There is a study of mountains hidden in hiddenness.

An old master has said, "Mountains are mountains and rivers are rivers." The meaning of these words is not that mountains are mountains, but that mountains are mountains. Such mountains and rivers spontaneously become wise men and sages.

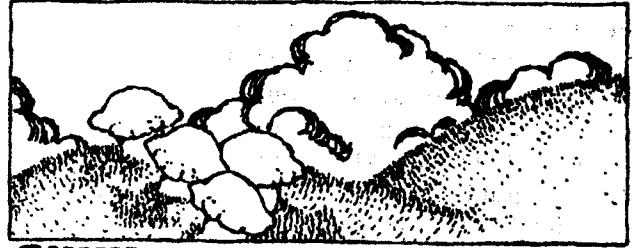
--Dogen, "Mountains and Rivers Sutra," trans. Carl Bielefeldt--

One of the reasons why there hasn't been an AMOR for six months (six months?) is that I have been looking at mountains.

When I walk to the end of the block, I can look north and see, cloudcapped, snowcapped, the peaks of the Coast Range. The university, and the University Endowment Lands (a beautiful green swath of trees, semiwilderness, stretching out from the city into the ocean) on which I live are located on an isthmus on the west or ocean side of Vancouver, on the south shore of Burrard Inlet. Fifteen minutes' walk west across campus (across the horrible slashes and gouges in the cedar forest where parking lots have been carved out of the green wilderness) takes me from my front door to the Pacific Ocean: cliffs, wave-battered; giant Douglas Firs, wind-bent; log booms rocking on the Strait of Georgia; blue water across to Vancouver Island, floating in the distance; space, open water, sky to the other side of the world. Fifteen minutes' walk north, through the carefully-manicured lawns and precisely-sculptured gardens of the Expensive Private Homes built on the privately-owned section of the Endowment Lands, produces an even more awesome view. Cliffs, trees sighing in the constant wind, huge pines where bald eagles nest, gullies filled with vivid green ferns even in January, tiny streams, leaves, leaves, a riot of growth-- and north across the water, in the sun, the mountains.

Sometimes they stand clear and close against the blue sky: waves crashing at their feet, the beam of Point Atkinson lighthouse pulsing, the highrises and highways of West Vancouver and North Vancouver thrusting up from the shore but beaten, finally, by the solid masses of pine forest, the grey rocks, and the snow which still, in August, whitens the higher peaks. On these clear days, the mountains rise, high and majestic, blue into the northern distance as Howe Sound cuts its way into the interior. The human roads look tiny and fragile; the wilderness is still close; and I can turn my back on the clustering highrises of Vancouver's West End, to my right, on the fragile curve of the Lion's Gate Bridge, and meditate on the view of surf and rock.

Some days, the mountains are mysterious. The air is moist and misty, the light delicate, the mountains faintly outlined in pastels against the sky: Japanese watercolours, brushstroke suggestions of peaks. Often, clouds trail like banners from the sharp peaks-- or the fog, rolling off the water, boils around their bases so that they seem to be floating in the sky in improbable balance.



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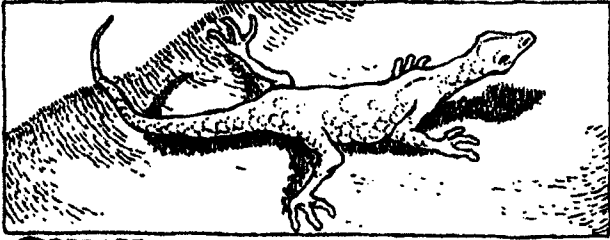
And sometimes the mountains vanish altogether behind swirls of white fog. The Wreck Beach foghorn mourns their going-- a swift trip to Seattle, perhaps, where they put in an overtime performance as the Olympics and Cascades...

The mountains and the ocean restore my serenity-- or my sense of proportion, which is probably the same thing. I was sitting at my dining-room table last January, marking the first papers of the new term, and feeling Hideously Depressed. You would too if you'd returned from a marvellous holiday in Sunny California, were missing your friends, had been rained on for a solid week, and were marking 97 handwritten in-class essays of varying illiteracy. Yes. ((The other reason why there hasn't been an AMOR for so long is that most of the writing I've been doing has been of red-ink comments in the margins of essays. Thousands of words-- I wonder if they do any good.)) Suddenly, the dripping branches seemed to glow. *Sun!* I suddenly revolted against the Protestant Work Ethic which had kept me inside at the (necessary) jobs of painting and cleaning and bringing Order out of Chaos which had occupied September (see AMOR #8), inside at the (equally necessary) tasks of preparing classes and marking papers which had filled up October, November, December: months vanished before I'd lived them.

I dropped the red pen beside the white pages covered in blue ink. I went outside, breathed in scent of cedar, moist grass, growth. I set off westward to find the totem pole grove beside the ocean.

Haida and Kwakiutl totem poles, and two grave-houses, part of the University's collection of Coast Indian art, had been left to themselves in a cedar grove. The sun filtered through green branches onto moss-covered stumps and ferns, small pink-white daisies, carved and mysterious cedar. The raven crowning one pole floated, grinning, above the wind-tossed trees; whiskyjacks called from the branches. The wind smelled of growing things, promising spring even in midwinter. The clearing was empty except for a woman of perhaps thirty; we grinned at each other in sheer enjoyment of the day, the place. "I work over here, in the cafeteria" (jerking her head towards Totem Park residence, off behind the screen of cedar). "I heard tell there were some totem poles over here, so I figured one day I'd come to see. You know, I've been by on the road hundreds of times: never knew *this* was here." "This": the quiet carvings, rooted in the earth; the trees; the peace. We grinned at each other some more. "Yes," I said. "It's easy just to never take the time. I'm glad I found them." We grinned at each other, and silently contemplated the grove.

Then the quiet was broken by a clumping band of four German-speaking tweed-suited persons (visiting anthropologists?) who gravely photographed the poles, read the discreetly-posted labels aloud, and strode off without actually *looking* at anything. I followed another sound, the crash of surf on rocks-- found a semipath down the sheer cliff to Wreck Beach. I slithered and scrambled down half of its muddy drop, and found a seat on a huge blown-down cedar tree, in a gully full of moss and ferns and twisted trees, tumbling root over root to the pebbles of the beach, and the water clear blue to Australia.



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Alas, I hear that the totem poles will soon be moved from their grove to the newly-opened anthropology museum. Chris Couch and Claudia Parrish, who stayed here for several days before leaving, yesterday, to get closer to the mountains (and I hope you didn't get stuck for 18 hours on the TransCanada highway west of Moose Jaw!) tell me that the museum is marvellous, a must. Yes, I must make time for it. *Tomorrow? Right after I finish these stencils! Before classes start, for sure... Certainly when David and Cathryn and Carey and Eric and Christine*

come to visit in September...I'm sure the poles will look properly impressive. Yet: yet: will they have trees around them? And will the women who work in the cafeterias wander over to see them?

Once I'd reminded myself that the world existed outside... that Vancouver had a lovely setting, even if it had also brought me much more work... I used my free time to explore my surroundings. I think one of the reasons I like Vancouver so much is that I don't live *in* it. I make forays downtown for Murchie's Georgia Blend tea, for Bruce Cockburn concerts and Vancouver East Cultural Centre experimental plays. Caught in the crowds as the noon foghorn makes everyone jump, I remember why I don't really enjoy cities, though, like most people, I enjoy their amenities. Then I head home to Point Grey, and the green acres of the Endowment Lands forests, choosing (if I can) the north-facing side of the bus so I can watch the mountains most of the way. (On the bus leaving U.B.C., the people on the south side sit poring over anatomy textbooks, while the people on the north side, the lucky ones, stare out the window, lifting their eyes up unto the hills. The students who live in the residence towers above the University beach have spectacular views-- in fact, I gave one woman an extension when she explained that her essay was going to be late because she lived on the fourteenth floor, in a room facing north, and hadn't been able to concentrate on working all first term! I also had a weekly seminar in a room overlooking the Sound and the mountains; our speculations on Canadian poetry always sounded trivial, on clear days.)

I've developed a regular route, for sunny Sundays, or clear Wednesdays, or depression-clouded anydays: down Allison Road, past the pretty gardens; down Acadia Road, as it slopes past veritable mansions, swathed in velvet lawns, ornamented with roses and rhododendrons (if you come to visit, I will show you the Tea Tray Tree, clipped for a lawn party.) The road drops steeply; the houses are below you, the mountains clear ahead. Marine Drive marks the end of Private Property in all its affluence; the trails and beaches don't have hedges and guard-dogs, the wildflowers don't need Japanese landscape artists. Unfortunately, the beach *does* need protection, from the louts who light fires among the driftwood, and smash their beer bottles on the paths-- but nothing much can harm the view. Down the beach, watching the sun on the waves, or set over that last Outpost of Empire, Vancouver Island-- avoiding the sunbathers. It's easy to stumble over bodies, the last sunny weeks, if you're watching the scenery. The campus nude beach has extended itself along every available foot of sand, to the distress of the local propertyowners whose sensibilities are, one presumes, offended when they come to the seclusion of "their" beach to walk their dogs; everyone else frolics merrily in the surf. In theory, the water is warm enough for swimming, but I follow the example of three little girls I saw on Easter weekend, who, dressed in bathing suits, were optimistically bouncing down to the water, letting the waves curl over their toes, and squealing merrily. I don't squeal, but I do just paddle til my knees get cold. I can sit on a driftwood log, and listen to the water; I can hike up the trail under the firs, to the university, and sit in the

rose garden, showing the flowers, with their backdrop of picture-postcard blue water, white sailboats, white lighthouse, green trees-- and of course, range on range of mountains. I go home much less Oppressed by termpapers, or whatever.

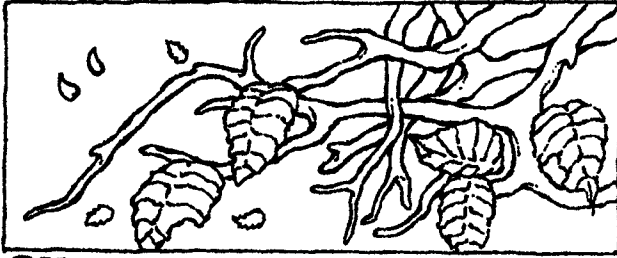
A pause here to thank Jim Shull for the lovely artwork adorning these pages. Jim said the drawings were inspired by the optimistic mood of AMOR; and they, in turn, inspired me to write about the world outside and around me. Thank you.



One of the Oppressive WhatEVERS occupying my depressed thoughts all winter was the fate of my house. To recap, briefly: I was finishing the mammoth cleanup job in the fall when Sharon deWreede, the biologist next door, told me that a mammoth development corporation held an option on this property, with plans to tear down the houses and build a massive luxury highrise. "This property", though on university land, is privately owned-- just over 3 acres, with 79 units of row housing owned by 5 different landlords. Confusing. Since it's on the Endowment Lands we are effectively disenfranchised; control over the Endowment Lands rests with the provincial Minister of the Environment, since this is officially a wilderness preserve. Right. We appealed (we being the tenants, who hastily formed a tenants' association) to the Minister, and within a month the government, alerted to the human value of this greenery on the city's western edge, had declared that there would be no more selling off of the Endowment Lands; no change in the zoning bylaw to permit highdensity occupation (the huge highrises across the road were built illegally, during the previous years of Social Credit rule); and that there *would* be development of the area as a wilderness park. The developer (a local promoter, backed by Los Angeles moneymen) would not be able to get a permit to tear down the row houses-- the only available rental housing near the university, and one of the few developments renting to families with children, in this city where the vacancy rate is .01% or less and rents astronomical.

Within two weeks, the NDP government had been thrown out of office; and we listened numbly each morning as social service after social service was cut back, as medical care for senior citizens was axed the day after several hospitals were closed, the day before the summer-jobs-for-students programme was cut, about the time that appearance was made a criterion for welfare eligibility (no long hair), about the time that the rumours began that strip mining would once again be permitted... in the provincial parks. It was sell-everything-movable, there's-plenty-come-exploit time. The Minister of Housing was seen dining with The Developer in a fancy restaurant; and I took to checking to make sure the mountains hadn't been sold to a Seattle entrepreneur.

We all took to going to meetings. Sending briefs to the Minister of the Environment. Talking with reporters. Agitating. Demanding a public hearing on the development proposal, and insisting that a policy be developed for the Endowment Lands future. Seeking support from UBC, and from the Ratepayers' Association-- the people in the fancy houses, most of whom couldn't understand *why* we would *choose* to live where we do. ((Because they're nice little houses, even if they do need renovation; and because there simply isn't any choice. Because we don't like highrises. Because kids and cats aren't welcome in highrises. Because.)) The neighbourhood of articulate, angry, disillusioned, hard-working and committed people-- not transients, as the developer hoped-- got neighbourhoodier. Block parties and lots of meetings; open hearings and leaflet distribution; more meetings and threats of eviction notices: that was my winter. I didn't have time to go over to Victoria and camp in the Minister's anteroom, but I did rather a lot of typing of rather a lot of news releases



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and envelopes. We even had a display at Habitat Forum, the non-official part of the UN conference on human settlement. While we expected the bulldozers any day, we-- in our alternate disguise as the University Village Housing Cooperative-- went ahead with our own plans to buy all 79 units from the landlords (since they wanted to sell) and, with federal housing and renovation money, run them cooperatively ourselves.

And when I got back from California in July, I found a neatly-mimeod Tenants' Society bulletin in the stack of piled-up mail Sharon left on my table:

NEWS: Minister of the Environment James Nielsen, July 23 wrote LRS Enterprises Ltd. "Department of Environment is not prepared to entertain any application for demolition or redevelopment at this time."

A further bulletin announced that an Endowment Lands advisory board was being set up to decide the future of the area. We haven't "won" by any means; but we won't wake up to find illegal bulldozers ripping up the roses and cornflowers. Not tomorrow, anyway. ((A friend from Carleton, met by accident as I was rushing to class-- now married, two children and a Master's thesis in history underway-- called two days later asking me to picket an illegal attempt to put a 6-lane highway through her residential area and a wilderness preserve on the southern fringes. "They can't do that to us! But they are!" seems to be the motto of the hour.))

Oppressive Whatever has also included marking all my termpapers and exams; being appointed co-ordinator of all seventeen sections of the year-long Canadian literature survey (17 classes, 15 instructors, most of whom have *no* background in Canadian lit. whatsoever, and some of whom don't want to teach it, facts the department head doesn't seem to consider relevant, and approximately 700 students-- I order textbooks, field complaints, am resident Expert, settle disputes, and generally co-ordinate, whatever that involves); being, er, persuaded to take on an honours thesis, a master's thesis and an unpaid overload summer M.A. class; and trying to prepare three new classes for next year.

One of those classes, though, is U.B.C.'s first credit class in sf. (Thus the V-Con, which was fun but tiring, and Worldcon, for which I am organizing a panel on women and sf, are "scholarly conferences." Genuinely-- if only because they will be reminders to me that I am a fan first, and an academic very much second: not, I hope, one of those ~~Big Eyed Monsters~~ Evil Rotten Academics who, folk wisdom saith, are out to make sf Dull and Boring.)

Besides: a week ago, my paycheque became plumper. I just got a raise of nearly \$2,000 (before taxes, very much before) including \$500 a year from a special fund set up for women faculty whose salaries were found to be lower than those of their male peers.

Classes ended in April: so what else have I done besides not-answer the mail? ((I apologize!)) Well, I've had lots of guests: Eli Cohen for the Janis Ian concert (which impressed us both mightily; she seemed to be accomplishing, onstage, some of the things I try to do with AMOR); my mother, which visit prompted me to acquire a Furnishing, to wit, a Comfy Chair; Richard Labonté, who left behind six feet of newsprint; Sheryl Birkhead, whom I took to hear Humphrey and the Dumptrucks; David Miller, who came over lots to Talk between stints playing a tricycle; Chris Couch and Claudia Parish with one "r"... *oh, you want me to explain about the tricycle?*

The city of Vancouver sponsored many pleasant events, in connection with the Habitat conference: a crafts fair in the train station downtown, enlivened by free live music-- including a Stringband concert, hi people, I hope the third record is underway; the Habitat Forum with speakers and displays; and a theatre festival featuring the best Canadian regional companies. Rick Mikkelson, Lynne Dollis, John Berry and I has tickets to seven (or was it 8? 9?) Cultural Events (Codco, "the Newfie Joke that Bites Back; Theatre Passe Muraille; Tamanhous, a local company with a comedy about, er, ripoff land developers, etc. etc.) in three weeks... leading up to the triumphal opening night of: *Cruel Tears... Taste a little like whiskey.*

Hurtin' like sin.

Cruel Tears. (copyright Ken Mitchell, Humphrey & the Dimptrucks)

It's a country-and-western ballad opera, based on *Othello*, about a Ukranian truck driver in Saskatoon who marries the boss' daughter. As presented by Persephone Theatre, as written by Ken (the Moose Jaw Kid) Mitchell, with songs by Mitchell and H&DTs, with live music by said H&DTs (Humphrey on banjo and dobro, Michael Taylor on guitar, 12-string and autoharp, Bear Millar on bass and Javex jug) it featured good acting, stunning dancing by Marcella Cenaiko and Andrew Nahachewsky (two young Ukranian dancers from Saskatoon), and lots of good mime work: Marcella as a record player, Andrew as a refrigerator, David Miller as a tricycle, and windshield wipers and... It played here to enthusiastic crowds, mostly sell-out audiences; when it moved to Montréal, the reviews were even more enthusiastic ("*a brilliantly original theatre piece...*"). I think, though, what I remember most clearly, from the excitement of opening night-- really, it was exciting, and the waves of love and appreciation and egoboo flowing from the audience onto the stage were marvellous to feel-- was the look on Ken Mitchell's face when Lynne and I started to throw flowers during the curtain call, and a daisy caught him on the ear.

Ya done good, peop'le.

Well: in the past six months, I've done a good deal of teacher-stuff. I've seen many plays and concerts (too many to talk about), read the occasional book, tried to do some writing, succeeded in producing a 50-page comprehensive study of Ursula Le Guin's work for a book on modern sf Tom Claerson is editing (I'm fairly proud of that paper, which has gone through 9 drafts and a lot of thought, in an attempt to do justice to the quality of the original material.) I've helped put on a successful con. I've entertained many fine people, done various B.C. Essential Things like watch the sun set over English Bay before having dinner at the Muck-a-Muck, our coast Indian restaurant. As essential rest before V-Con, Rick, Lynne, John and I spent a couple of tranquil days amid the firs and dogwood blossoms, the waterfalls and tidepools, of Vancouver Island: seeing the empty sweep of Long Beach, feeling the silence of Cathedral Grove, and wondering "*where is there a word for mountains?*" I've spent some time exploring Seattle-- a parklike and civilized city, full of rhododendrons, friendly cats, and nice people-- and more time in Oakland; in fact, I'm beginning to feel like Charlie and Dena Brown's adopted daughter. And if I had more room, I'd tell you how I turned 30 at age 27: Susan Grows Up. Next time. *See you in Kansas City!*



"messieurs et mesdames..."

LES ROLLING STONES

by doog barbour

To give you but one trip of a much larger trip, I am going to try to say something about attending my first concert by the Rolling Stones-- in Paris, of course, where else? I could go on for a few pages here not only about how great the Stones are but about how much I love them. However. I will steel myself and simply say that I take it as axiomatic that The Rolling Stones have been the world's greatest rock'n'roll *band* for at least a decade now and that, for me, no band has emerged to challenge them on their chosen turf. That I absolutely adore a number of other groups and individuals in no way contradicts that praise. "Quant suff!"

Now I had not gone to Paris to see the Rolling Stones, but the fact that our first trip abroad might just include a Stones' concert added a certain piquant *frisson* to our already adrenalin-driven excitement at the prospect of spending a month in London and Paris. The whole story of that month may someday be told but here I shall stick to the Stones: they are enough.

Stephen and Maureen Scobie had been living in Paris all year long since Stephen had taken his sabbatical there. Indeed, it was the fact that they were living there that made us go to Paris this summer: they could show us the city in a way we couldn't discover on our own in just two weeks. Now, when the news came out that the Stones might play Paris in June, Stephen checked out the rumour with John, a young French student from Texas who taught English in a Paris school. As things worked out, John was able to get tickets as soon as they appeared, because his students knew everything about it. So we had the tickets, and we knew where we had to go: Les Abbatoires, up in the north part of Paris--a typical place for the Stones, you'd say, and you'd be right. John joined us and we set out at about 5 pm for the 8:00 concert. Yup.

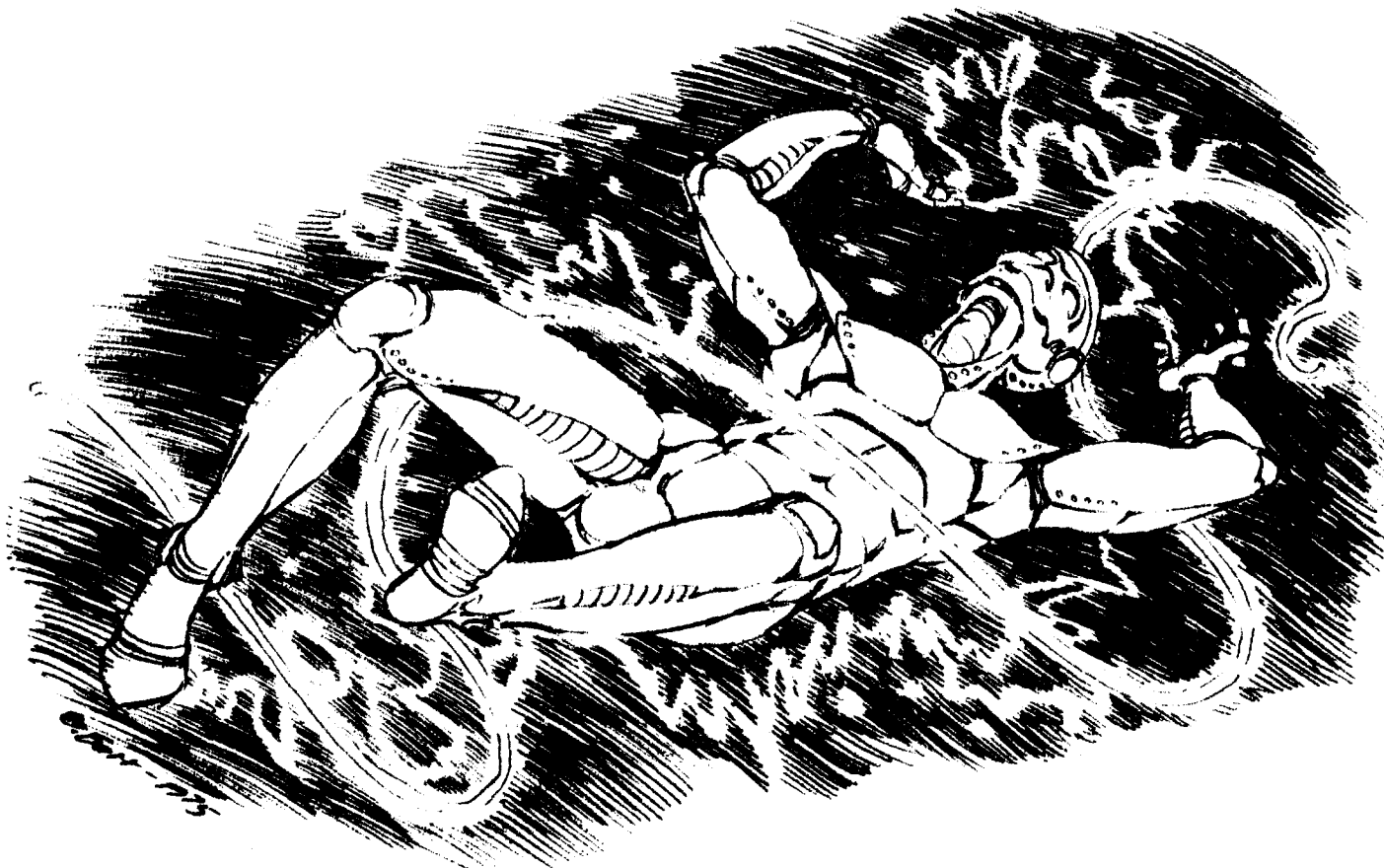
We got there around 5:30 and found ourselves among the first 3,000 or so people gathering about the two rather small entrances through which some 20,000 (that's right, 20,000) people would be allowed to enter the huge hall. To make a long few hours in the hot sun short, the other 17,000 people soon arrived-- all behind us. Now, we had been told that Paris crowds were nothing more than troops of beserkers, but we hadn't really believed these stories. We found out, almost to our sorrow, that the stories were true. The French, for all that they represent the rational in philosophy and the classical in art, are maddened animals in a crowd: everyone wants to get in at the same time. No sense of the queue at all.

When the doors opened, the people at the back pushed. The five of us had been closely grouped together, and within seconds the group was wrenched into fragments. Sharon

and John disappeared (Sharon was the first there, after almost being choked to death by her own scarf, which was eventually lost underfoot). As the pressure grew, Stephen was pushed aside and I was trying to keep Maureen from being crushed. It was not the people immediately around us we had to fear--seeing how small Maureen is, they tried to keep from pushing against her, but the weight of 15,000 or so bodies pushing from behind would not let up. Eventually, Stephen caught her hand though at least two bodies separated him from her. Then I was shoved aside and lost them both. Needless to say, each of us finally reached the gate, where, one at a time, we were pulled from the throng by one of the musclemen-ticket-takers and thrown into the entranceway. Actually, if you didn't give in to the fear, there was a certain headiness to it all.

Anyway, although we had almost been killed in the process, we were inside early enough to get good seats up the side. As I also had my binoculars along, we were ready for the show. But we had to wait quite a while, with loud and *not* especially good disco music coming over the sound system, as the huge hall slowly filled up. Finally, at 8:00, the opening act came on: can can music and a line of hoofers for a few sticky moments. Whose idea, I wonder? RTL (Radio-Télévision Luxembourg) produced the show. Then the Meters came on. Too loud for the unclear sound. Long, boring disco riffs: we couldn't wait for them to get off. Part of the problem was the fact that their equipment was not good enough for the decibels they were producing, and a fuzzy sound at that level of noise *hurts*. They went off, and while the stage was being set up for the Stones, a group of African percussionists played in the pit-- and a fire eater danced about on the stage doing his thing (later Jagger had to call a roadie on to wipe up some spilled kerosene he kept nearly slipping on.)

But we were patient, and eventually the moment arrived. The Stones strolled on, Jagger in yellow and blue chequered pants, scarlet undershirt, pink shirt, black leather jacket, and blue scarf à la Isadora Duncan (and the comparison is not all that lightly made.) The rest we in varied modes of costume-- leather pants for Keith, all white outfit with moccasins for Ron Wood. Bill Wyman took a stand in



one corner and remained there, unmoving, for the evening. He also played brilliantly. As did they all. Throughout.

They opened with "Honky Tonk Woman" in a new version, and though it wasn't great it was the only even relatively poor song of the show. It is hard now to recall individual moments clearly enough; rather it's the sense of continual movement and energy, and the joy implicit in both that remains with me. Jagger never stopped moving, though he had no obviously choreographed numbers. He was truly magnificent, and I began to understand what "charisma" really means: his very presence *demand*ed our attention. But they were all there; it's a group effort; they are a beautifully functioning *band*.

I think Ron Wood is good for them. He can play extremely well-- though, and this is exciting, Keith took some solos, including a barn burner on a much tougher "Angie". As well he-- yeh he is also loose and willing to have fun. But then, this is one of the reasons a Stones show is such a joy: they project involvement, they are obviously enjoying themselves even as they're working very hard to entertain us.



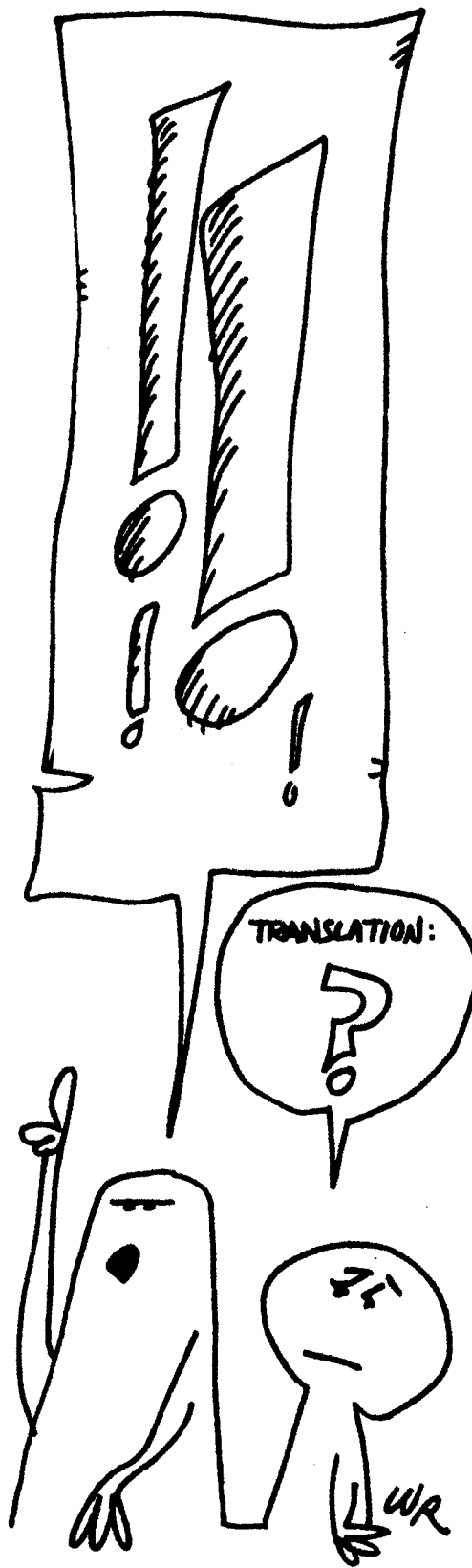
Some highlights: a ripping "Hand of Fate", a lovely "You're a Fool to Cry", with Mick on organ; a very different, but still stylized and powerful "You Can't Always Get What You Want" with a great Ron Wood solo; an incredible "Ya Gotta Move" in which all but Charlie and Bill joined in a kind of rock/blues Gregorian chant over Ron Wood's delicate guitar line, until the final chorus, in which the whole band kicked out the jams while Mick and Billy Preston traded shouts-- it blew my head off; an incredibly powerful "Midnight Rambler", utterly unlike earlier versions but equally stunning, from Jagger's opening harp solo, through Ron Wood's solo, to the whole climactic rush of the song; and the final three songs as they pushed through "Jumpin' Jack Flash" "Street Fighting Man" continually increasing th volume and the speed while Jagger, finally divested of all but the pants, threw buckets of water into the crowd, and then over himself and suddenly it was over, leaving us full, happy, not quite sated but completely satisfied by the spectacle. It had been an evening of great rock'n' roll: "great" partly because, beyond the noise, rhythm and spectacle is the fact that their best songs are great songs, and they are great performers.

The aspect of energy in art is central to one's understanding of the Rolling Stones'

artistic success. Of course, rock is pop art, but it is for that very reason that in it a performer (here a great performing group) can harness so much energy. What is so good about the Stones as entertainers (and the point, the only valid point now, is that they are no more than entertainers--that is their art and their power) is that all that energy is (barely) under human control, yet it is coming through clearly, and the effect is tremendously liberating. This is the art of performance, at its height in the visual, pop, art where sheer energy means so much, and Jagger is its apotheosis. Maureen said afterwards that she felt as she thought those people who had seen Sarah Bernhardt had felt. Moreover, that performance is a "live" one; records and films are important, are good, but the live performance cannot be duplicated. The particular rush we got from that evening cannot be duplicated, and that is a part of its glory.

One final point. I first really began to enjoy the Stones in 1966, ten years ago, after they had been around for a few years. I cannot agree with those critics who look back to what they were then and deny their continuing greatness now. They are certainly *not* what they were, but they're still the greatest. *Contra* stasis, they have grown and changed, always taking from the ever-changing music scene what they could make their own. Yet they haven't, it seems to me, also older and much changed, sold out, nor become less. True, much of the best music on their recent albums has not been the out and out rockers but such ballads (with rock'n'roll balls and rhythm) as "Moonlight Mile," "Angie," and "Memory Motel," yet they can still outrock the loudest heavy metal bands (I mean, they were *loud*), and they can do so with a sophistication and (yes) subtlety many don't even realize (still) can coexist with the very concept rock'n'roll. Yup, they're over 30, but they still rock, and to this over-30 listener who still loves rock (along with Mingus and Mozart-- the whole range) they remain gloriously alive and raunchy: the very best. And so I'm really glad I went to Paris to see them.

((Editor's note: Doug and Sharon Barbour are spending the summer in Vancouver while Doug teaches at UBC and proofreads his thesis. One evening, after Doug had launched into a long rap about the Stones, Monet, and London hotels I said "You should write it up." The next day he handed me the above, handwritten on eight tiny sheets of UBC Interdepartment Memorandum paper... He also took me to hear Rita Coolidge. How good to have friends!))



MANY A TEAR HAS TO

BY MICHAEL CARLSON

FALL

It was one of those nights when the poetry books piled up at my feet, and the pages of my notebook were filling up, perhaps a bit too quickly. I needed music, and I wanted to listen to some of the many records I have, but don't get to listen to very often since I don't have a stereo. My sister does have one, though, and she was over in Brussels studying. Her stereo was in the next room. Things do work out, every now and again, and when they do, it's Music Time.

So I put on one of the Columbia Ian & Sylvia albums. Lush arrangements, a couple overdone, of some great old songs ("Summer Wages"), new ones ("Some Kind of Fool") and borrowed ones ("Last Lonely Eagle," "More Often Than Not"). Really good stuff, by an unjustly ignored pair of singer/songwriters. I'd only listened to some of the cuts before, the old, new and borrowed, so I hadn't heard the blue. I was still entranced by Sylvia's "Creators of Rain" when a song I didn't remember came on. Sylvia's piano was backing Ian's strong and now strangely emotional voice.

*Yesterday morning, the snows fell at last;
The cattle all came down from the hill.
Barney, he's been crippled, for quite a long while now
His old legs stiff and bare in the chill.*

Ian's voice was trembling a bit, and I was paying attention.

*Since coming up from Texas, he's been owned by many
And he's been rodeoed and knocked all around.
So to bury him deep, before the ground got too hard,
That morning I laid Barney down.*

I sombered quickly. A mandolin appeared in the background, making a very sad, chilling sound, almost crying as Ian continued singing.

*We walked up the hill, through the dead brown grass,
Barney, a rifle and I.
And tying him quickly, I took aim and I fired,
In hopes he'd feel nothing, and die.*

David Wilcox was picking the mandolin, and Ian joined him and Sylvia with a strumming guitar. The three instruments melted together, and the sound seemed to show the struggle of walking up the hill.

*But with a heart such as he had, he clung so to life,
But his halter and staggered away.
He was coughing his blood, still struggling to stand,
Pitched forward and died where he lay.*

The song is incredibly visual to this point, with the melody like the score to a motion picture, a panoramic backdrop to the action. The emotion was real, the music was the emotion; it was no calculated toying with the audience, no Jagger or Cooper

or Bowie painting his face or ripping his shirt.

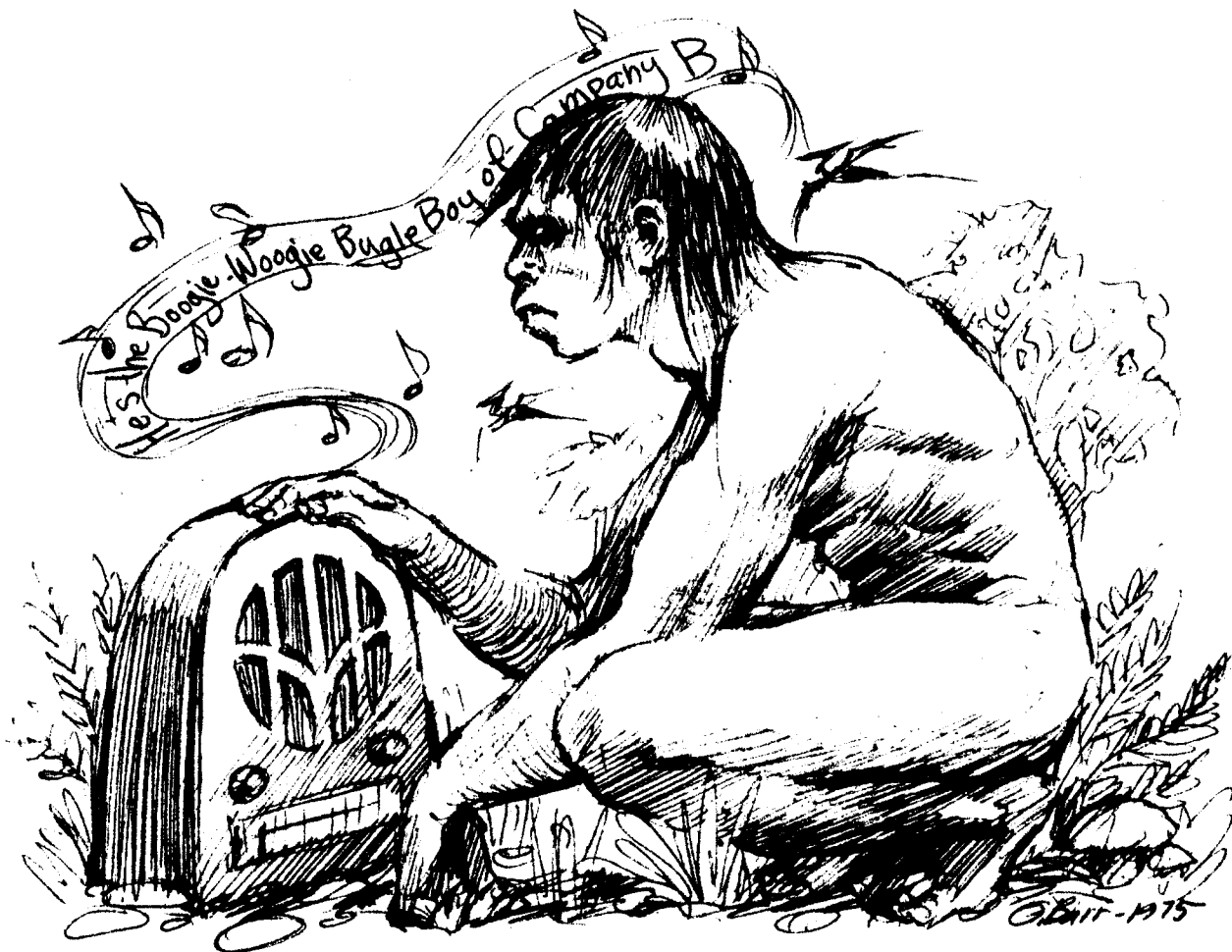
*As I drove into town, I started to cry,
Where no one could see, or could care.
And the sadness cut through me, as I stared through my tears,
And rushed hours on coming there.*

The emphasis switched from Barney to the singer, and something was going to happen. I'd switched my identifications completely; no longer was I watching a sad scene, now I was feeling it.

*And I wept for my season of youth, past and done,
And for things that I thought I'd forgot,
But mostly I cried for an honest brown horse,
Who gave me much more than he got.*

A simple honest ending. I was silent as the turntable clicked off. And my eyes were wet; I was crying, like when I stay up til 4 am on Christmas Eve and they show *Going My Way*, the scene where Bing brings Barry Fitzgerald's mother over from Ireland, and she hobbles out, older than water, and the recognition lights up the old priest's eyes, and he hobbles over to her.

I can't say that I was weakened by tiredness the first time I heard "Barney." I have noticed, though, that I wind up crying more often than most people I know, which may just be the result of being a bit more sentimental or suggestable than most. I have noticed, however, that most of the things that bring me to tears deal in some way with age: like the scene described above, or the last verse of "Barney," which is



the one that really got to me. It's not the pain of seeing the horse killed, it's the truth and pain of Ian's own reaction.

Two other recent examples come to mind. I saw *The New Land* and sat in my seat afterwards crying, while the rest of the audience filed out, looking fairly bored. It wasn't just that it was Swedish. The film ends with a scene of a very old Max von Sydow looking at the grave of the long-dead Liv Ullman, and looking out over the growing farm he has built. He has made an epic journey, all the way from Sweden, and undergone all sorts of tribulations, just to farm, to live free and farm with his wife. You get the feeling of emptiness he must've felt all the years since she died in an almost suicidal childbirth. So there he stands, thinking or remembering, and the gravestone says, in Swedish, "We will meet again." As he walks away, his cane slips, and he stumbles, and he catches himself on her gravestone and uses it for support, still, and I was in tears.

Likewise a film called *Lovin Molly*, which was based on Larry McMurtry's fine novel *Leaving Cheyenne*. The scene that did it to me, both in the film and, afterwards, the book, occurs at the end. After Gid's funeral, Johnny and Molly have made a sort of memorial love, which surprised Johnny at his age. He thinks back, at 60-plus, to the same scene Gid described in his section of the film/book, at age 20 or so, and the only thing he wishes is that he could have had a Kodak, to take a picture of Molly then.

It's that sense of the finality of the past, and the way you accept it, that gets to me. I don't have a Kodak, and I own precious few photos of the past. It goes so quickly, and you remember it so often, but it fades away under the pressures of today. I guess we'd all like to take the most memorable times and stretch them out forever; of course then they wouldn't be so memorable any more. But when something comes along to remind us that all the pain and beauty is transitory, but the memory isn't, Kodak or no, well, that hits me in a weak spot.

And it's the simplicity that gets me-- the struggle for the very simple things, and the way it's those things we often remember or miss the most. The very small and the very big all bang together in the memory. I see myself in forty years, wondering why I ever bothered to worry about it... but for now...



This month's edition of GRACIOUS LIVING IN SCENIC VANCOUVER is proud to welcome Lynne Dollis to our Kreative Korner Kolumn. Ms. Dollis, a chic young UBC law student, shares her elegant West End apartment with a husband, an avocado plant, a stuffed beaver and two umbrellas.

"(f would make a
(love)y umbrel)a!"



BY LYNNE DOLLIS

acquiring an umbrella is fairly easy. In fact, there are rumours to the effect that a child born in the Lower Mainland arrives clutching a miniature umbrella in tiny fingers. In our society, the difficulties crop up at the other end of the cycle. The problem-- what to do with a dead umbrella?

Some take the easy way out, and simply discard the offending article. A defunct umbrella, rejected, projecting from a "Keep Our City Clean" receptical, is a common sight. Presumably these are eventually taken off to the municipal dump, and added to the tons of gargage produced by our city.

What of those of us who prefer a challenge? We are bombarded with hints on clever things to do with discarded milkcartons, cardboard boxes, or beer can tabs. The time has come to progress to finer things-- recycle your umbrella!

Some suggestions:

1. Repair it! Sometimes an apparently wounded umbrella can be brought back to life. However, since there is no documented case of an umbrella which has had more than nine lives, continue reading.

2. Keep your goldfish in it. An umbrella (turned upside down of course) makes a handy substitute for a goldfish bowl. Studies indicate that goldfish prefer brightly coloured umbrellas. If yours is the standard black type, you could consider painting it. Aside from providing a stimulating environment for the goldfish, an umbrella used in this manner serves as a clever conversation piece. *Note: This use not recommended for homes with cats.*

3. Use it instead of a shower cap. An umbrella, held over the head in the shower, offers much more protection than the conventional shower cap, and doesn't leave nasty elastic marks on the skin. *Note: Consider this also if your ceiling leaks.*

4. Make a decorative planter for the home. Those who don't have time for macramé could consider suspending the umbrella from the ceiling and filling it with greenery. An imaginative touch, making your home more "you."

5. Be ingenious!. If you have lost the poles for your tent, use the umbrella spine as a replacement. Obviously this works best with pup tents.

6. Carry the umbrella for self-protection. A furled umbrella can be useful in crowds. Wave it menacingly. A ferocious growl may help. *Be creative!*

The special All-Canadian Edition of AMOR brings you this special eyewitness report on the arcane folk rituals of Regina, Saskatchewan, reprinted from GOBRIN GAZETTE 2. Mr. Cohen, a native New Yorker, was recently granted Landed Immigrant Status in Canada, after 2½ years of working in Regina, when he demonstrated to the satisfaction of Immigration officials his true assimilation into the Canadian Way of Life... he had learned all about...

CURLING --BY ELI COHEN--

I hardly know how to explain this. I guess a simple declarative sentence will do for starters: I've joined a curling team.

No, I don't think that's sufficient. Let me start with basics. "Curling," which is located roughly between "curfuffle" and "curmudgeon" in your dictionaries, is defined as: "A game played on the ice in which large rounded stones are hurled along a defined space called the *rink* towards a mark called the *tee*." I might mention that a further definition gives "Rumbling in the bowels," but as this definition is obsolete, it need not concern us.

This is getting better, but I still feel that the true substance of the game hasn't gotten across. Let me describe my first contact with the sport.

It was my very first night in Regina, over two years ago. I had come to visit Susan, and she gleefully informed me at the airport that I had picked an excellent time to arrive, since this was Monty Python night. (This was in those distant benighted days when America was still naively innocent of the infamous Flying Circus.) What we didn't know was that Monty Python had been pre-empted to televise a curling match. We got ourselves comfortably ensconced in front of the TV, with a bottle of white wine as I recall, and *watched for ten minutes before we were sure it wasn't Monty Python!*

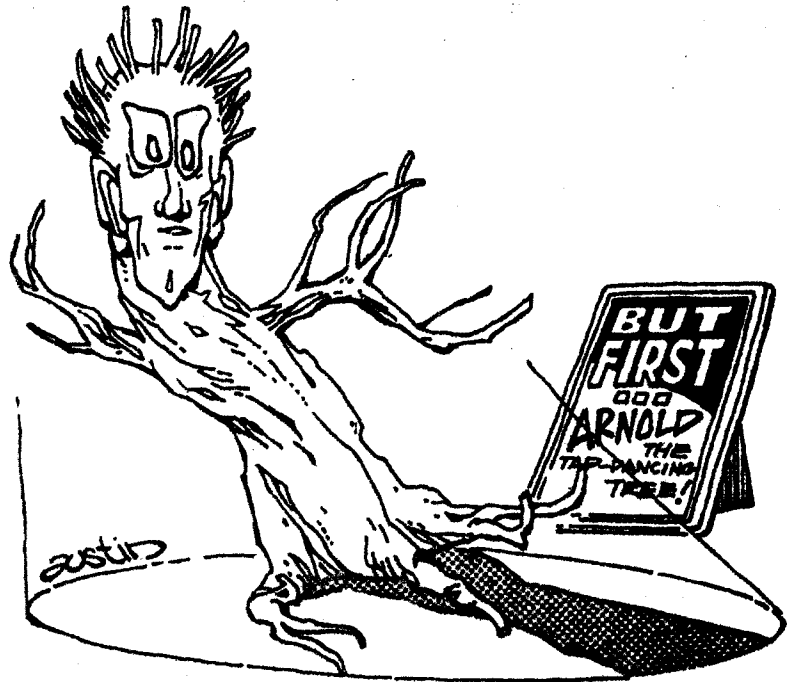
I guess the game is basically indescribable. I could say it's like shuffleboard played on pebbled ice, but that leaves out the team members scurrying in front of the rock as it slides along the ice, sweeping in front of it with their brooms. (I know that sounds like something out of Lewis Carrol, but it's *true!*) Sweeping is a very important part of the game, not least to keep you from freezing your ass off when you're not throwing. See, if you don't sweep when your skip tells you to, a light rock might not even reach the house unless the ice is keen, and if you're trying to draw through a narrow port, or going for a come-around take-out, sweeping can be equally critical. That's clear, isn't it?

Ahem. Be that as it may, I seem to have found myself on my office curling team, mostly because Jane (the 4'10" skydiver who works down the hall--claims she was 5'10" before she took up jumping out of planes) twisted my arm, pleaded with me, and threatened to take me skydiving if I didn't join. (Parenthetical note: Good friend Susan, when I told her about Jane, said, and I quote: "You should try skydiving-- it would make a great column." This, in fact, has been the near-universal reaction among what I thought were my friends. Fans can be so callous.)

It's actually been fun. First of all, the rocks, rather than being the jagged lumps of stone I'd envisaged, are polished, perfectly symmetrical, flattened on top and bottom, and have a silver cap on top to which a handle is attached. They look rather pretty, and would make lovely ornaments if they weren't a foot in diameter and about 40 lbs. apiece. Throwing a rock is a highly developed art, and everyone has his own style. I myself have developed a unique method: Beginning in a perfectly poised semi-crouch, I push the rock with a graceful flowing movement, and follow through with an elegant slide down the ice on my stomach and right elbow.

Yes, I know. It'll make a great column.

Let
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A lettercolumn in a small, intimate, frequent (*welllllll... I have Ghood Intentions*) personalzine/lettersubstitute? Sure, why not?: AMOR is, as I frequently point out, a substitute for the letters I never seem to have time to write; AMOR is designed to keep me in touch with You Out There. Response is delightful, but not obligatory; if you reassure me, once a year at a con, that you read the thing, I will continue to send it to you. Sometimes, if I haven't heard from you for a year or so, I'll put a "?" on the mailing label. This means "Hello, how are you, are you still alive at that address, are you still interested in AMOR, whatcha doin', huh?"-- a simple "hello" or a COA on a postcard will erase the "?" ((How can I ask for locs and letters on a lettersubstitute, anyway? And we're *all* busy.)) Quand meme, letters arrive, marvellous ones, all of which I would like to answer, some of which are too personal to print, and several of which demand to be shared. You know, next year if I'm not seeing my doctor about my strep throat (though I am about my asthma) and having my root canals rooted out, and writing letters to the Minister of the Environment and painting my house, I may have time to actually Answer the Mail... ((*sure.*)) Meantime, thank you for writing.

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"My weaknesses are that I tend to expect people to be absolutely perfect and to demand that, and to be totally tactless when they're not. I tend to commit myself to too much so that I'm left with 400 things to do and can't get out of them and I run myself ragged. I don't know when to stop a lot of the time."-- Janis Ian, interviewed in ROLLING STONE, April 22, 1976.

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Peter Roberts, 6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W2, ENGLAND

Yippetygad, sir! and other ethnic greetings from the home of the English language and the land of the midnight duck.... Don't feel upset about the small stature of Canlit writers. Keats was less than five feet tall and Pope was only 4'7". It's quite true-- well, fairly true, anyway. Mind you, Chaucer was only eight inches

tall and was often mistaken for a dead rat in his youth ((I didn't know he lived in South London--ed.)), whilst Muireadhach Albanach O Dalaigh (the Irish poet and axeman) was twenty-three feet in height and was often mistaken for God.

And now for my favorite poem about mountains.... I hope it doesn't worry you too much:

*On the horizon the peaks assembled;
And as I looked,
The march of the mountains began.
As they marched, they sang:
"Aye! We come! We come!"*

((Er: thank you. I guess. Who wrote that? And please would some British fan tell me whether "England" or "U.K." is correct, in your address?))

Harry Warner, Jr. 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740, USA

((on AMOR #8, the Aussiecon report)) I'm glad you had such a pleasant time in Australia. It seems to have been the experience of everyone who went to the worldcon this year and wrote about their experiences. Local people I know who have visited Australia for other reasons also seem fond of the continent. All this makes me wonder why Australia isn't more popular as a vacation spot for the people who go south for several weeks or months every winter to get away from North America's bad weather. I would imagine that the much higher transportation costs would be almost countered by lower daily living expenses, for any vacation lasting a month or longer, and there would be freedom from all the unpleasant things about Florida like its tourist traps and its tourists. Or maybe a trend of this sort would cause Australia to declare war on the United States, wanting none of the kind of USAmericans who go south for the winter.

I think you get faannishness across in print better than anyone has done since the great Irish Fandom years. Things like this issue of AMOR strike me as possessing the same accurate translation into print of the spirit of fandom gratia fandomis as it exists today that Walt Willis and Joy Clarke and John Berry used to create in Irish and British fanzines during the late 1950's and early 1960's. Maybe someday someone will be the Puccini to your Murger, creating a new La Bohème on the basis of your fan writing. ((Thank you, Harry. That's egoboo indeed.))

Ursula K. Le Guin, currently in Golders Green...

England is in a horrible mood of self-castigation and moaning. There are certainly reasons for it, God knows. How people survive on £2300 a year, with prices at least as high as the US--?? But it really isn't all that much worse off than the U.S. is, just a little further ahead on the same course, the bow of the ship hits the wave first... but the midships ain't going to escape it! As far as I can see, London remains London: the most vital city I ever saw, the city that makes all others look like amateur cities. It survived the blitz, and it has survived the automobile, so far, and I reckon it will survive in general. My only current objection is that where we live this time, NW 11, is so damn respectable, all Uppah-Middle, blah. Whenever I get into Camden Twn or Islington and the voices get abrasive and the Cockney is unmitigated (it really is a terrific form of English) and they say Luv instead of Ma'am, I feel better. Anyhow it isn't depressing; and to be thrown by the terrorism is so English! my God -- any big US city has ten times that much terrorism of various kinds every day. We take it for granted: Londoners don't: there is the difference that means something.

((on academic criticism)) I occasionally feel as if no matter what I do, I end up falling between two, or more, stools on which are sitting People Who Disapprove. If I write LATHE one side says Trivial, Reactionary, and if I write "Omelas" the other side says Dogmatic, Ideological, and there I am with my legs all tangled in the furniture, snarling... It's exactly the same with the women's movement. In Room A

I am a ranting bitchy Libber and in Room B I am a cop-out married mother of three who cooks, which is even worse than having mostly male protagonists. Somewhere, however, I believe there is a Room C. I guess Virginia Woolf knew of it; she called it a room of one's own. ((You make "having male protagonists" sound like having fleas... equally socially unacceptable. Seriously, how much does asinine and/or irrelevant criticism affect you? or other writers? Is it ever possible just to ignore it?))

((three weeks later)) Just after I wrote you, somebody put a bomb in a letterbox right around the corner here in Golders Green. Muslim probably, as this is a Jewish district-- or maybe just a psychotic without religious affiliation. Nobody hurt, except some feelings, by newsmen referring to us as a "suburb" (London is solid for 10 miles on out from here.) ((I'm glad no-one was hurt, but that random, psychotic violence which seems on the increase, with the breakdown of the feeling that "people just don't do those sorts of things here", is what really frightens me. There is a growing sense here, as the Socreds commit their atrocities day by day, that nothing can be done-- quite ordinary lawabiding citizens, trying to stop a 6-lane highway proposed for a residential neighbourhood in a middleclass suburb here, are talking about destroying bulldozers rather than legal action or picketing, because they are totally convinced that "they" will not listen to citizens, and that peaceful, legal protest is a waste of time. When the sense of powerlessness breeds destruction and violence, in the suburbs as well as the slums, what can we do?))

Alexis Gilliland, 4030 8th St. South, Arlington, VA 22204

((Much of Alexis' letter was a useful primer on How To Deal With UBC and Victoria: a Guide to Getting Around Bureaucracies; with the former especially it was summed up nicely as "do what you want, provided you minimize administrative inconvenience. That is, do what you want, but in an orderly fashion." Yes.))

The term "running dogs," as in "running dogs of imperialism," is, in Chinese, a character pronounced "tou chou." The Socred tou chous, for instance.

What's wrong with being propertarian? Does virtue require that one rent forever? ((Propertarianism, to me, implies a selfish concern with one's own property rather than with the lives and rights of others; and precisely the sort of violent defence of one's property you describe. I can get quite violent yelling at people who mess up my books-- but they should take care not to mess up property just because it isn't theirs, of course.))

A lepidopterist found a species of butterfly, the males of which would find a hill, and hang around waiting for the females to show up. When a stray male appeared, the master of the hill would flutter down and drive him off rather easily. The lepidopterist took 2 males, and allowed one on the hill Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday, and the other on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, keeping the off butterfly in a dark box. On Saturday, both butterflies fluttered up to their hill. The struggle was protracted and bitter, and both were damaged.

Lenin says: "Give a man property and he becomes like a wild animal."

I haven't read Le Guin's parable of two planets, one of which made "propertarian" a social no-no. Nevertheless, any culture which goes so profoundly against a basic human drive will wind up with more free form angst that they know what to do with. Probably the best they will achieve is stasis. The Soviet Union is an example of the worst.

One of the main problems in the USSR is alcoholism. It cuts heavily into production, health, social welfare, everything. The state has the monopoly on liquor, and the sale of liquor contributes heavily to the state's income. Despite the costs incurred, the state continues and increases the sales of liquor. The use of liquor combats

boredom, and makes a state-tolerated escape from reality. Also, when one gets drunk, one no longer seeks to change reality. Stasis. ((In fact, one of the points made about the anarchist society of Anarres, in *THE DISPOSSESSED*, was that no alcohol was made-- no escapes, no drugs, just alpha-wave exercises. As for boredom, yes, but most people were too busy just surviving. I'm not altogether sure I was convinced, but it was pleasant to encounter a society based on a certain faith in humanity-- with allowances, rare in Utopias, for human inadequacy. Anarres was developing a flourishing bureaucracy and, yes indeed, stasis as the novel progressed...))

Angus Taylor, writing from Brighton, but now at Fleerde 34, Amsterdam (Bylmermeer), Netherlands

"In Lydic's imagination, a visit to Brighton comprised every possibility of earthly happiness."--Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*.

Brighton may comprise every possibility of earthly happiness, but it certainly is cold and damp--*inside* the houses. Like this house. I have to warm my pyjamas over my electric heater at night before I can "face" putting them on. Sometimes I wear socks in bed-- and two or three times I've even worn my gloves to bed. Of course the buds are coming out on the trees now ((Feb. 14)), but it's the temperature *inside* about which I never cease complaining.... My mother has this climatic theory of British imperialism: namely, that the British went out and conquered the world so they could get away from the climate at home. I believe it.

"The most beautiful book in the world will not save a child from pain; one does not redeem evil, one fights it; the most beautiful book in the world redeems itself; it also redeems the artist. But not the man. Any more than the man redeems the artist. We want the man and the artist to work their salvation together, we want the work to be at the same time an act; we want it to be explicitly conceived as a weapon in the struggle that men wage against evil.

"This is the measure we propose to the writer: as long as his books arouse anger, discomfort, shame, hatred, love, even if he is no more than a shade, he will live. Afterwards, the deluge. We stand for an ethics and an art of the finite."
--Jean-Paul Sartre, "Writing For One's Age" in *WHAT IS LITERATURE?*--

Debbie Notkin, P.O. Box 1169, Berkeley, CA 94704, USA

I can always talk about Pete Seeger, a man who was part of my adolescence. The high school up-country from us arranged a concert-- the Veterans of Foreign Wars tried to get an injunction against letting a Commie sing to their youth, and when the concert was finally held, Seeger opened it with "The Star-Spangled Banner" loud enough that the angry pickets outside had to stop chanting and stand rigidly at attention until he finished. He was part of my college days. Now I see him whenever I can. I've watched him sing on the deck of the Clearwater-- seen the Hudson change under the strength of one man-- indoors outdoors, in small clubs or large halls, he can always get the people singing/ sharing/feeling--and he makes poor tuneless and paranoid-about-singing me willing to sing aloud with the rest of them. He's 59 this year, Susan, and I wouldn't believe it if I didn't know. Yes, he makes you believe that it's possible to live with integrity, by doing it.

So I work along in my pig lawyers' office, muttering platitudes about "But I have to eat" and yearn for whatever it is it would take to commit myself wholeheartedly to something; yet that too is false, because if I wanted to enough I would; and because my own personal commitment is to the individuals I care for. But the Seegers and the Baez' of this world help immensely. ((Debbie, Tom Whitmore, and Dave Nee have since decided to open a bookstore. Luck, people.))

Bruce Telzer, 319 Humphrey St., New Haven, CT 06511, USA

How good to hear from another confirmed old folkie! Lately my rock collection has been sitting gathering mold while I've been returning to my old folk albums from early sixties. Have you heard of records on the Folk-Legacy label? ((Yes; John gave me Gordon Bok's "Seal Djiril's Hymn" for Christmas; lovely.)) Most of the performers are known locally, if at all, and some write their own music while others concentrate on more traditional songs like the Child ballads.

Ah, Pete Seeger. I remember liking him years ago when I first heard some of his recordings with the Weavers. But then in the late sixties he seemed terribly old-fashioned. Country Joe and the Fish were singing "be the first one on your block to have your boy come home in a box," to Viet Nam parents; Phil Ochs was busy damning the war and the government; and Pete Seeger seemed, well, so tired. How wrong I was. All I can do is say that I agree with everything you wrote about him. I've seen him recently a few times, and the summer before last he sailed into New Haven on the Clearwater for a concert that was much appreciated.

About all I've heard of the Socreds here is that they're seemingly involved in some kind of intramural competition to see who can sell Canada out to the US the fastest. The thing that depresses me now is the plethora of tv commercials by the Canadian Government Travel Bureau is inundating the local airwaves here. On come beautiful vistas of the Rockies, the maritime coastline, a train weaving along the Fraser, as the announcer intones, "Canada for your next vacation. Come on up." Can money mean that much to people? ((Yes.)) I only hope the Travel Bureau comes to its senses soon and adopts an Oregon-like attitude to tourism. Who wants those crazy people? I know from my own experiences that it's almost impossible to go camping anywhere in the northeastern U.S., like the Adirondacks or White Mountains, and find peace and quiet, much less solitude. I remember being thoroughly depressed when I saw what downtown Banff (Kentucky Fried Chicken??) looked like, and I'd hate to see that kind of thing spread. In my more sardonic moments, I envision myself perched on the side of the highway with a bazooka in hand as I happily blast each passing Winnebago off the face of the earth.

((Edmund Wilson, in O CANADA, an early study of Canadian lit., wrote that Americans of his generation grew up regarding Canada as "a kind of vast natural hunting preserve" created for their benefit. The wilderness image is one Canadians are still selling-and believing, unfortunately, since most B.C. voters and the government they elected for us, *sigh* buy the Myth of the Inexhaustible Wilderness. Even Wreck Beach and Tower Beach are crowded; you wouldn't find much solitude here now, except in January... Good luck with , er, *Finishing Your Thesis* and getting a teaching job.))

Vera Johnson, 20271 46th Ave., Langley, B.C. V3A 5K3, Canada

I was interested to hear you're a Joni Mitchell Freak. I first met her at Mariposa in 1968 and have seen her only a few times since-- never long enough to become close friends, but enough to have warm friendly feelings about her. I like her music, too. But I'm sorry to hear about your bootleg record. Recording artists who record their own songs make their money from royalties which are split between the publisher and the songwriters. When a bootleg record is produced, no royalties are paid to anyone. The people who manufacture it are making a fortune for themselves out of somebody else's talent and effort. They are crooks, rip-off artists. I say a plague on them.

((Vera, who will be well-known to the British fan in the audience, is a professional folksinger, whose letter was full of "when I first met Bob Bossin at Mariposa years ago.." "when I first met Maddie Prior and Tim Hart..." "when I met Marie-Lynne Hammond at Winnipeg" "two members of H&DTs were there so we had a reunion"-- a whole other fandom... point taken, Vera. Yes.

Mike Carlson, 3585 Lorne Ave., Apt. 7, Montréal, Québec H2X 2A4, Canada

What's this politicized business? You'll have to explain. Tell me you're walking picket lines for construction workers or postal workers. (*My fannish us political feelings on Canadian postal labour relations are Mixed. I didn't help in the attempt to make an illegal border crossing, carrying the Trident Monster across the US border yesterday, either, though I thought about it-- and I support the Pacific Life Community's protest against the Trident base at Bangor. I held a birthday party, which seemed life-affirming.*)

I am starting to understand the Canadian mystique. Any country which has a resident answer-man, who is old and silly, can't be sane.

REPORTER: The sun allegedly rose today, Mr. Diefenbaker.

DIEF: Well, uh, I'm sure the Liberal government had nothing to do with it.

REPORTERS: ha ha

AUDIENCE: ooooooh

I've never seen more government and bureaucratic fait accomplis in my life. Corruption. Your system of government is as much in need of change as ours. (*Sure. Ask someone to try explaining the Canadian Senate to you. We take it about as seriously as we take Dief, Barbara Frum possibly excepted. But don't you know in your heart that Dief will be the Chief and a dollar worth a dollar again? (copyright Stringband) He's the only folk hero we have, at the moment. I miss Tommy Douglas.*)

Theresa's first words this morning--"Guy La Fleur sounds like the name of a mediaeval romance hero." See how this country affects people.

*O Canada
sharpen your skates
long as there's ice
we'll always be great
O Canada
we're not a bloody state.*

Theresa also dreamt that she was the wife of René Levesque, and was pregnant, and no one would let her on the city buses, because she was a revolutionary PQ-er and was more radical than the chain-smoking René. See what I mean about Canada destroying one's mind? I wish I could remember more of my dreams.

(*John Berry has just observed that "If anyone had tried to explain Canadian politics to me while I was a small child, I would have grown up traumatized."*)

Dearest Susan, Goddess of the Protestant Ethic

*Should I order my life?
Answer all the letters I get today
Between 4 and 5 the same afternoon?
And do the same tomorrow?
Rise at 7, see the sun while it still
Has to fight its way through the cold,
Beat the postman to my mailbox for once,
And make him talk to me in English?
Could I make myself sit down at the typer
Every day, this hour for poems
& this for prose which might pay
& that for prose which won't?
And study 8-to-midnight & refuse
To allow myself to read those novels
I've placed on Hold on my desk, which
Aren't required for my courses.*

*Will I ever get used to sleeping
With the same body night after night,
& if we kept regular hours
would I go insane? Right now
Each day is wasted time, but always
In some different fashion
I am a very creative time waster
I fight time, forget time
I do not use time.*

Susan and Max Weber, please forgive me.

((Yes.: For you, from an interview with Andrew Saris, the film critic, speaking about the lack of interest in Canadian film: "If every so often the Québécois came surging into Maine, or someplace, and massacred a few vacationers, there would be more interest in Canada. This peacefulness, this 'let's-not-make-a-fuss' quality many Canadians possess, contributes to the apathy Americans harbour towards Canadians."--SATURDAY NIGHT, April 1976.))

Denny Lien, 2408 S. Dupont Ave., Apt. 1, Minneapolis, MN 55405, USA

Your comment about all students being cast from a common face-mold reminds me of the first time I saw photos of any number of fans (on a CRY cover, shortly after I had discovered fanac-via-mail and years before I discovered fanac-in-person.) I found several of them strongly resembled folks at my college, and wrote to CRY, awed, that "fans remind me of *people*." Not one of my more profound revelations.

The Southern Cross? I knew there was something I forgot to look for. (Actually, I didn't forget, but somehow never got around to it. Next time: n.b., look up.)

I'm willing to believe that Humphrey and the Dumptrucks are real, but *what* are they? Rock, folk, country, humor/humour, or just weird people? ((Yes.))

If it takes marrying a US citizen for you to be able to stay in the US, I suppose it's my fannish duty to volunteer, though I don't know how you feel about bigamy. (Be the first Minneapolis fan on your block to have *two* wives in California.) An even more fannish solution might be to put an ad in the AMAZING classifieds.

((This fanzine is getting Silly. Thank you for your kind offer, Denny, but wouldn't I have to live in L.A. with Doris? My asthma wouldn't let me.: Seriously, my asthma has started to act up. Doctor counsels avoidance of stress and air pollution; since I had a bad attack in Seattle, of all places, I've been Being Careful. That sudden feeling of not being able to breathe at all is horribly frightening. I had to cancel a projected visit to the Shulls-- which I was looking forward to, and for which they had planned, which makes me feel about 2" high-- because I was afraid of another attack. That's what I've been doing lately. If you want to talk to me at worldcon or elsewhere--DON'T SMOKE. Thank you/merci.))

Darroll Pardoe, 24 Othello Close, Hartford, Huntingdon PE18 7SU, ENGLAND

I understand your feelings about the big property developers tromping over ordinary people's houses and neighbourhoods. A lot of that goes on in this country too, in spite of the strict planning laws which are supposed to prevent it. All it means is that the property companies grease the pockets of the city councillors suitably, with perhaps some financial participation by the city thrown in. Which presumably is intended to make the development more acceptable to the citizens, but has the effect of involving the city authority in the destruction of those citizens' lives and environments.

What I have against most of these property developments is scale; the old small plots and houses are swept away and replaced, not by new small buildings, but by one huge concrete slab. The current fad around here is for "shopping precincts" which basically involve drawing a line around an area on the map; pulling down everything within the line; and erecting a covered shopping precinct ("mall" I suppose in American terms), which may look pretty on the inside but from the outside is usually just a tall, dominant blank concrete wall. Cambridge has just opened one, the "Lion Ward" development, which replaced a whole lot of little streets full of useful things like restaurants, small shops, and the Lion Hotel, a building of some antiquity (like, 500 years). And what has replaced it? Well, it wouldn't be so bad if some of those small shops had re-established themselves in the new development, but they haven't of course been able to afford the enormous rents demanded. Over half of the new shops are expensive boutiques. Along the front side of the building are 16 shops: 14 of these sell clothes. Expensive, fashionable clothes.

The following letter from Angus Taylor was written when I was busy setting up my sf course at University of Regina; I found it in my files when I began setting up my UBC class... It's based on Angus' ideas for a free-school class he organized in Toronto.

This is the reading list I came up with: "Science Fiction: The Alien Perspective": H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*; Robert Silverberg, *Dying Inside*; Barry Malzberg, *Beyond Apollo*; Ursula K. Le Guin, *The Lathe of Heaven*; Philip K. Dick, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*; J.G. Ballard, *Chronopolis*; Stanislaw Lem, *Solaris*; Arthur C. Clarke, *The City and the Stars*; Michael Moorcock, *The Black Corridor*; Robert Sheckley, *Dimension of Miracles*; Alfred Bester, *The Stars My Destination*; Herman Hesse, *Steppenwolf*.

By "the alien perspective" I mean (1) that sf takes another view of the world than realistic fiction does-- it is non-mimetic, views large-scale social change and the relationship of the individual to the universe-at-large, rather than other particular individuals, etc.; and (2) that my particular interest, as exemplified in the books I've chosen, is the way in which the individual and the group confront what is *beyond* them-- the unknown, the void, etc., as often expressed in the metaphor of the Alien, or Outer Space.

Essay topics: I would have neat things like "Expand on Selig's essay 'Entropy as a Factor in Everyday Life' in Chapter 23 of *Dying Inside* as a metaphor for the whole novel"; "Discuss the concepts of entropy and communication in Silverberg's novels"; "*The Left Hand of Darkness* not about sex: agree or disagree"; "Discuss the concepts of entropy and communication in Dick's novels"; "Apocalyptic Visions in H.G. Wells and the Mothers of Invention"; "Why *Stranger in a Strange Land* is not a hard-core sf novel and why *Lord of the Flies* is." Neat stuff like that. The crazier the better. Make it up as you go along, the way I did just now. Remember, to be academic, *obfuscate*. Give "obscure glimpses into the obvious," as my father likes to say. I'm serious. Actually, this is what you missed in your criticism of academic-type sf criticism-- people do this sort of obscure, hard-to-fathom game-playing because it's *fun!* At least it is to some of us. Good grief, after all, anyone who took academic life on a purely serious level would have to be sick! ((*Have fun with your doctorate.*))

Pedr and Adrienne Gurteen: Wait til you get out here-- there's a bushwalking track from Waihalla (100m east of Melbourne) to Canberra right across the top of the Australian Alps: about 300 miles. That's real mountains, and we'd like to take you down at least some of it. ((*Yes! I'm working on some kind of academic return trip, I really am. I could hear The Chieftains as you typed...*))

Rob Jackson: My first reaction is to wish that Bill Rotsler were in Newcastle occasionally, because despite the overpoweringly talented Harry Bell, there is no-one who captures so *instantly* the essence of a moment in the truthful, gentle and amusing way Bill does. ((*Right.*))

Sam Long: Your mention of Pete Seeger singing "John Henry" reminds me I ought to write my "Jhon Henry" filksong down: *Well, Jhon Henry was a little baby
Jist a-sittin' on his mammy's knee.
He picked up a stencil and a stylus made of steel
Says, "Fanac gonna be the death of me, Lhawd, Lhawd,
Fanac gonna be the death of me. It goes on...*

James Shull: Do you remember the book *The Secret Garden*?...I can work within myself so that if all things were lost to me, then I could go to that small garden within myself for the things I love.

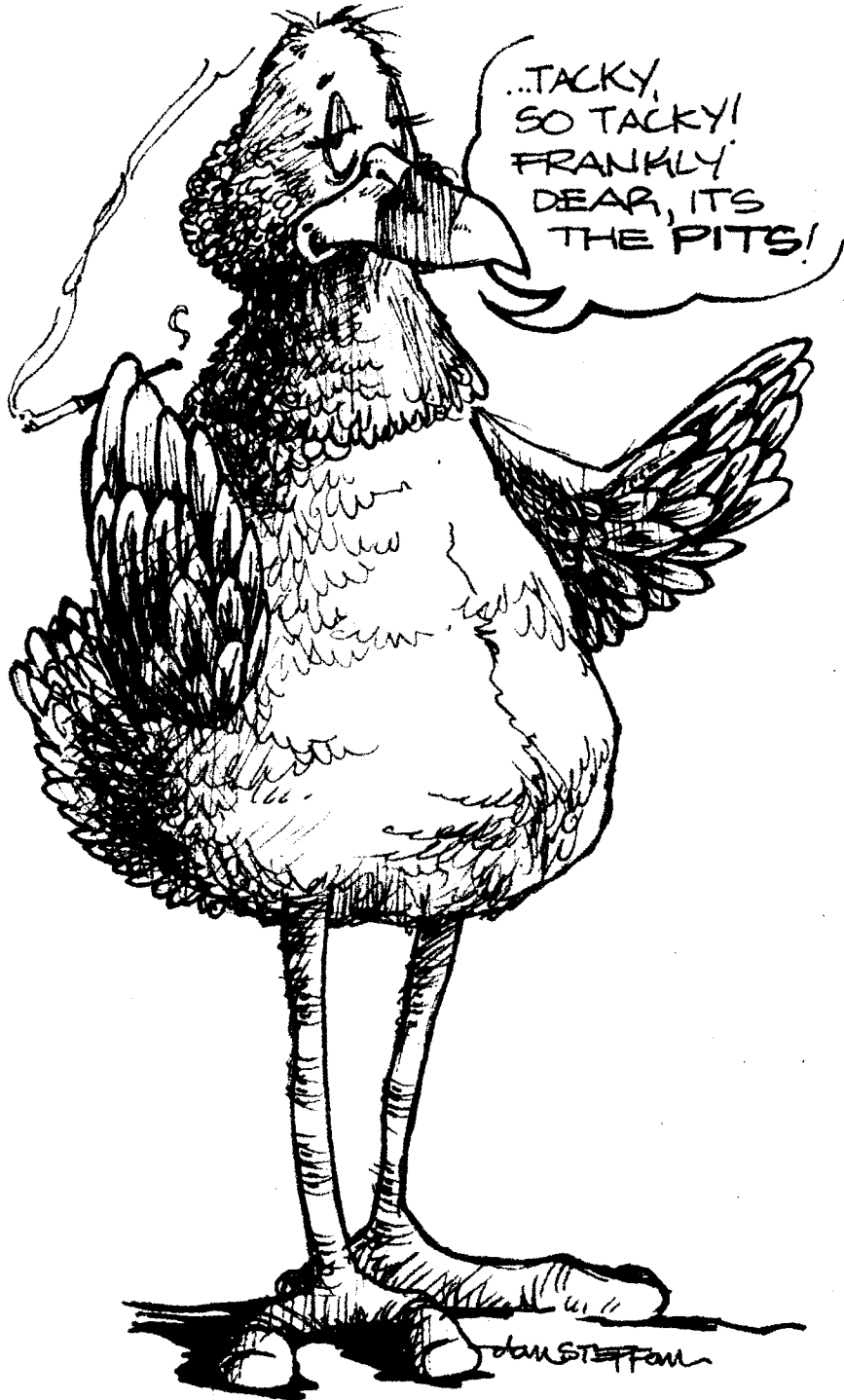
A fitting end, I think: back to the garden echoing the one AMOR started with...and my thanks, also, to Pat Charnock, Eric Lindsay, Jodie Offutt, Janet Small, Freff, Victoria Vayne, Mae Strelkov, Jill Jamieson, Bruce D. Arthurs, Bruce Gillespie, John Foyster, Andy Porter, Peter Nicholls, Mike Glicksohn, Rosemary Ullyot, Bob MacCauley, Suzle Tompkins, Dave Piper, Dick Lupoff, Gloria Ptacek Andersson, Shayne McCormack, Vonda McIntyre, Gary Hubbard, Loren MacGregor who never finished his letter, Lesleigh Luttrell who finished her M.A. (cheer!), Tom Whitmore, Bill Bowers, Paul Anderson ("I do have the distinct impression that I am the only fan of Humphrey and the Dumptrucks in Australia"), Sheryl Birkhead, Patrick McGuire, Jim Benford, Linda Lounsbury (who said "AMOR is sort of like watching a fannish soap opera-- and you'd naturally expect a fannish soap opera to be in mimeo, rather than video), Jerry Kaufman, Sean Summers, Ken "Arthur" Mitchell, Maggie Flinn, Tom Claresson, Rose Hogue, Bill Hixon, Mike O'Brien, Cathryn Miller, Elizabeth Buchan Kimmerley ("I completely understand how someone could watch a curling match and think it was Monty Python. I think the gang invented curling one day and have us all fooled"), Leigh Edmonds, Valma Brown, Carey Handfield, Paul Novitski, Joan Bowers, Mike Gorra, Amanda Bankier, John Bangsund, Eric Mayer, Bob Tucker, Alicia Austin, Richard Labonté, and anyone I may have missed.*. Thank you very much for the letters.
*yes, Bruce Pelz

The Following Canajan Cultural Commercials are dedicated to Dena Brown; with hospitality beyond the call of duty, she learned the entire "Canadian Railroad Trilogy," to sing/play for me so I wouldn't get homesick when I came to visit...
Humphrey and the Dumptrucks are at Box 3028, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. They have 4 records out, at \$5.00 Canadian each (plus postage) and another planned for RealSoon; they also have the music for *Cruel Tears*. Book and lyrics are available from Pile of Bones Publishing Company, 209 Angus Cres., Regina, Saskatchewan; no price listed, so write and ask Ken.

Stringband have two records out, and talk of going back to the studio in the fall. 324 St. Clements Ave., Toronto, Ont., or call 416-922-3714 to book them for your university... records \$4.50 plus postage.

Then there's *Pied Pumkin String Ensemble*, a sort of Vancouver answer to *Perth County Conspiracy* (does not exist?): lowkey folk/country/weirdness from Shari Ullrich (flute, electric fiddle, mandolin, saxiphone, and the face of a six-year-old genius; Joe Mock, piano and guitar, providing a solid underpinning of insanity; and Rick Scott on lead electric dulcimer, with a rubber body, clown's face, and whacko sense of humour. They have to be seen, I think, to sense the love their audiences feel, as they dance in the aisles and call for encores; no record can do justice to Rick Scott doing the Funky Chicken. Still. Quand même. Two records, \$5.00 each, from 4210 Cambridge St., Burnaby, B.C.

also: Victoria Vayne and Janet Small are starting the women's apa; information from P.O. Box 156, Station D, Toronto, Ont. M6P 3J8; *Requiem* is an excellent Québec semiprozine; bi-monthly, \$1 or 6/\$5 from 455 Saint-Jean, Longueuil, Québec J4H 273, Canada; and *Open Road* is a new, excellent anarchist newspaper, 60¢ or requests, Box 6135, Station G, Vancouver, B.C.: *Next issue RealSoon: keep bouncing.*



...TACKY,
SO TACKY!
FRANKLY
DEAR, ITS
THE PITS!

dan STEFFAN