

WARM CHAMPAGNE #6

((oh, blast, the stencil's in crooked... there, now the heading's crooked...)) This is Lion's Gate Publication #16, begun at 9:30 pm, Pacific Time, on April 3 1977 for the 55th bloody mailing of Anzapa, in an attempt to preserve at least one North American's membership in this mushrooming organization. Mimeographic aid, I trust, by Eli Cohen.

You know, I really didn't think I owed pages in this mailing. In fact, I had carefully calculated that I would be one page over my requirement so that I wouldn't have to worry about a contribution in March, which is always my busiest month. Ohwell. Either Carey miscounted, or I did. Hello, anyway.

As usual, I have No Time For Anything. Classes ended on April Fool's Day, with a whimper. I had a milk-and-cookies party for the best of my classes, but otherwise it all ended with a limp anticlimax. I'm terribly tired-- have marked some 300 termpapers in the last 3 weeks, have about 50 more to do, plus 3 sets of exams, plus a month of administrative Stuff; I've been getting up at 6:45 to put in 90 minutes' marking before I go to school. On the last day of term, too, I tend to be very depressed. Seven months of my life, a seven-day work week, and what do I have to show? About 1,200 term papers of varying degrees of literacy? : Still, by working a seven-day week for 7 months, and a more-or-less normal workweek for another 6 weeks or so, I do earn the rest of the year "free" to write or whatever. More anon.

My life has, as is also usual, been rather complicated by houseguests. I love ya all, but the house is rather small, I need a LOT of psychological free space to write in, and I need to be rather selfish during term: I'm "on" all day with classes, seeing students and so on, and when I come home I really just want to get on with the marking, not talk to anyone. Each individual guest is fine; the collection, this year, has proved to be a bit exhausting. The most recent roster went something like this: clean house, paint back bedroom, entertain John Berry and Paul Novitski somewhere in there, drop down to Seattle for my 3-day "winter break", return (having 2-week-old car die on freeway) (it found itself a repair shop, but I was Upset... the dealer in Vancouver paid for the repairs, though), finish painting bedroom, have weekend guest, meet Eli at airport Monday, meet Eli's friend Yuval at bus stop Tuesday (this complicated Eli's "moving in" process no end) meet Dena Brown at airport Thursday, have Dena fall down Shannon Falls and sprain her ankle Saturday while on sightseeing trip, have party Saturday night which I missed part of because I was driving Yuval to the airport, spend Sunday in Emergency with Dena getting x-rays, spend 2 weeks with Dena, mark essays, re-arrange house to accomodate Eli, mark essays... this weekend, John Berry and two friends came up from Seattle for the Stringband concert. They left at 3; we had taken a nice leisurely walk to the beach to see the ocean and the eagles, and the fresh air plus my antihistamines plus end-of-term put me to sleep for 4 hours. If this sounds less coherent than usual, it's because I'm not awake yet. I'll be in Seattle over Easter, I think, partly at least to buy paper; I'll be collecting Lesleigh Luttrell on Easter Monday, driving her back to Vancouver for a few days; as soon as she goes back to Seattle (she's out for a week for an anthropology conference), my mother arrives for 2½ weeks. Nervous breakdown next....

If I'm paying to send one page, I might as well send two, right? Right. Eli not only moved out here, fleeing Regina (and, Carey, he's thoroughly enjoying being unemployed in Vancouver-- we've been Going Out To Eat, though poor Dena is still recuperating from her intestinal surgery and could only eat instant mashed potatoes, crackers, vitamin pills and other less-than-exciting things, so we couldn't take her to local Fancy Restaurants, and Eli's been buying cheeses, Chinese cooking supplies, caviar, and other exotica while waiting for his unemployment insurance benefits.... hey, this is a lovely run-on sentence, isn't it)- Eli not only moved here with his stereo system, he brought back my mimeo. This will doubtless be useful, as the local fannish fen have co-erced me into... helping put out a genzine. Yes. In my spare time, you understand. It's called Genre Plat, it's going to be Utterly Brilliant, and if you're interested drop a note to Allyn Cadogan, 1916 West 15th Ave., Vancouver B.C.

The first issue was going to have a fannish reprint column from me, but I never heard from !! JOHN BANGSUND!! about reprinting his material. Hmummmmm? John, love? Famous editor John?

My summer is completely blocked out, already. In April, I write a column for Algol, a 3,000 word article on the poetry of Robert Kroetsch, and 5 or 6 book reviews which I owe; I also possibly do a fanzine or so. I also finish marking, and do all the administration my job requires. May, I read all of Kate Wilhelm's work and start a long paper on it (I was also supposed to be doing a long article on feminist sf. Ohwell.) From mid-May through til June, I'm planning on driving down the coast, seeing the likes of Vonda in Seattle, Kate Wilhelm in Eugene, Ursula in Portland, ending up in Berkeley (this is all called Research) ending up, so it looks, staying with Quinn Yarbrow in the Bay Area doing work on a book on women-in-sf; I hope to return for the Westercon but not enough before that I have to worry about being responsible for any of it. This is called Being Gafia, or Being Sane. All of July, I will spend doing reading and preparation for a new class I've been assigned: children's literature, which of course I'm teaching as a class on fantasy (suggestions welcome, and yes of course I'm doing Earthsea.) August is preparation for my new Canadian Novel class, and some work on revising my thesis so I can work into a comparative Austrian-Canadian study. September is registration and classes starting... It seems pretty grim when I lay it out like that, though of course the idea of getting paid good government money to sit in the sun and read fairy tales is rather delightful.

I wonder if I'll ever get caught up on the mail?

MAILING COMMENTS: Ha! It's two pages or nothing. Hello, Leigh-and-Valmer, it sounds as if you're as busy as I am and for the same reasons, letter realsoon, what's this about a house?

Hello, Christine and Derrick, happy wedding, I hope it all went well; I trust you will NOT publish a fanzine about it.

Hello, to Catherine and all the rest of the teachers, I hope you're surviving. I wouldn't do anything else for a living, but I do want to crawl into a hole and hibernate, by the end of term. Which is what I'm about to do as soon as I run these off.))

Background: "Smoke Dreams" which is very strange, Carey. Bye! Susan  
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