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Paper copies sent in return for review items; gifts and perhaps because I feel like it. This should also be available at www.efanzines.com - all going well.

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July 17, 2012: Happy Birthday to me. Normal day so far. I went to the bank and met a very friendly young woman from the UK who showed me most of her tits, inadvertently, and also told me where Stevenage is.

Yesterday I put a bit of a mid year thank you out for the mail carrier and a note to the effect that mail volume might increase. She took that and left me nothing. And nothing but the VISA statement today. I can well remember when I would have found that highly irritating. Now I find that amusing.

July 21: I've been having a terrible time with congestion, depression, CFS and various other crap. Sister phoned on Tuesday night; asked if I would like a certain book. Yes. She ordered it from Amazon on Wednesday and Friday afternoon it arrived via courier. That was quick. Read most of it last night and the rest today.

PHYSICAL CHESS by Billy Robinson, is a smallish book which is mostly a history and praise for catch as catch can wrestling. The second or third best pro wrestling match I have ever seen live was Billy Robinson vs Dory Funk Jr., in Calgary. I was please to see that he mentioned this match

and it must have stood out for him; I was disappointed that there was very little about his time in Canada, or North America for that matter. With help from Jake Shannon, the book is intended as a sort of wrestling biography of one of the best of all time while providing some history of catch and avoiding almost all the controversy. It succeeds. I still don't think he could have been Karl Gotch, although he says he could have, but because of their friendship he never tried. I think they could have doubled or tripled the size of the book with no problem and still be of interest. At 144 pages it's fairly small. It's the only thing I have seen in some time that I read basically straight through and wished were larger. As far as I know, only 2 people who have an interest in "real" pro wrestling will read this; one is 80 something and not liable to buy a book of this nature, the other recently told me he had acquired a truck load of wrestling books cheaply and sometime later said that he had not read any of them. If not for the fact that he lives in Australia, I would invite him to ship them to me. Hey, Dan: if you buy a copy of this book from Amazon; \$14.40 here, who-knows-what there; you can get the ebook version free. Maybe not; is Amazon considered a store? Here's a comment they include: 'A real person will respond to your email with your eBook attached.' ECW Press rocks!

July 23: In the heat; about 34 at the moment. Speaking of quick: a small brown envelope from Australia arrived today. Letter is dated July 15, Sunday. Came in a week.

GRUNTED WARNING #13. Stuart collects newspaper clippings of weird, strange, surreal, horrid or just plain unusual happenings from around the world and slaps them into a jumbled together every which way he can collection. Some photos; couple of semi-nude chicks in this one. Also: a story of a Chinese man who had a baby eel swim up his urethra and into his bladder; a sex slave prison in China; a guy who gouged out his eyes in church and a chap over in P.E.I, who writes messages including his real mail address, no other means of contact, puts them in juice bottles and chucks them into the ocean. Claims he has sent 4,800 and gotten more than 3,100 replies. Sheesh.

This is from 2011, but he's still doing them; I've actually seen more recent editions. Cool letter or a buck: Stratu, P.O. Box 35, Marrickville, NSW 2204, AUSTRALIA.

MYSTIC SIGNALS #8, November 2010, published by WolfSinger Publications, Security, CO., USA, 80911. This larger sized paperbound book contains 21 entries of fantastical stories. Couple of longish poems. *Sisters* is really short, less than a page. A few are longer, like 9 or 10 pages. There are dragons, witches, wizards, dragon hunters, warriors and all sort of magical creatures. *One of Those Days* by Lyn McConchie is a very funny tale about all the silly things that can happen in the long-ago days of castles, arranged marriages, queens and kings and fools and, being Lyn, a cat. Her other story, *Sister to Gods*, is a story of a wife abuser taken care of by, well, an ancient Goddess. Other than the poems I enjoyed all of this anthology. Some really nice stories; some very good art. Each story had an illustration; these ladies should be nominated for Best Artist Hugos, if they have not been/are not. Shows how much attention I pay to that, I guess. Most of the material in this book originally appeared online in THE LORELEI SIGNAL, Oct. - Dec. 2010, and SORCEROUS SIGNALS Nov. 2010 - Jan. 2011. I guess computer folks would know that the website is www.sorceroussignals.com.

Page 86 is a full page picture of a cute female fairy by, I think, Holly Eddy. An excellent book that I will read again some day. Editor Carol Highshoe seems to be shy; thinking of what a wonderful job editing this book was, I realised there was no mention of an editor. Found it in tiny print on the spine. Rarely do I see an anthology which has no bad stories; this is one. I skipped the poems, of course. But I even liked most of the art, which I often pay little attention to. www.loreleisignal.com.

July 26: Thursdays a guy delivers a bundle of store fliers plus a freebie newspaper. He and the mail carrier sometimes play tag. If I can I try and remove the fliers before she delivers the mail. Being one of those lazy days I was home; I watched for the flier guy; I thought to myself: 'If I watch like this and get the fliers, she won't bring anything except the one store flyer she delivers.' Got the fliers; had some lunch; flag was up. Flyer. WON. AND: a bundle of fanzines printed off the Internet. 10 or 11 of them. I sent a letter to Graeme Cameron 2 days ago requesting some of his zines; naturally the first one in the bundle I read is his new review type zine entitled *THE FRENETIC FANAC REVIEW*. First issue looks at 10 Canadian SF fanzines, 2 of his own; 2 from Britain and *Scratch Pad* #80 from Oz. Bruce Gillepsie is 65. And 7 US fanzines. In the review of *Alexiad*, he reprints some comments from Lloyd Penny re Canadian fans

and states that Scott Patri's only publication was one I had never heard of, thus dispatching the wonderful *Zero-G Lavatory* to perdition. It's on eFanzines, go read it.

SPACE CADET #19 has some personal stuff from Graeme, some blather about cons, an article on a move I skipped; an article on old coins I also skipped; reflections on some weird and wacky dreams Graeme has had lately and some LoCs.

UNRELIABLE NARRATOR by Doug Bell; perzine.

And I sent a note to Guy Lillian the other day requesting a copy of *THE ZINE DUMP* and gadzooks here one is. #29 doesn't seem much different than the last one I got however many years ago that was. I wanted one to look for fanzines to solicit for possible review; only found a couple. Most intriguing review: *DARK MATTER* ezine. 245 pages!

Won stands for *wrestling observer newsletter*; a paid-for zine about pro wrestling; which covers some other stuff like MMA; I usually skip 30 to 50%. Just like fanzines. Gonna go read some of this issue and eat a chocolate bar and some chips.

July 27: Went to the box today and found a large envelope from Calgary. Back issues of *OPUNTIA*: 18 of them. I said out loud: that was quick! #251 is dated Stampede; must be the latest. A fairly detailed review of an anthology of Horror short stories I would like to read is followed by a review of a 1977 book on Oats; I was out of college long before then and probably never saw the book nor do I want to. Review was interesting, though. Then a couple of SF type books; some FAPA comments; some memories of Judy LaMarsh and politics of 40, no, 50 years ago; a bunch of Holmes take-offs and a back page devoted to Dale's pet rabbit and his garden. #71.1D wasn't as interesting to me: a look at financial collapse; depression and the like; reviews of a bunch of books centred around the oil industry and a number of really weird items plucked out of scholastic journals.

So: in 2 days I received 28 or so fanzines.

BULLSHIT. No, it's true. Granted that the one with that title and a

number of others were printed off the Internet by He Who Wants Me To Write. This one is fun; all hoaxes and crap and lies. But if William Housel is a lie, as stated: how is he going to pass out paper copies hand to hand? Primarily available on eFanzines; I read it all and enjoyed it all.

And then another strictly electronic fanzine: *REVENANT #5*. For some reason which I just realised I have abandoned my decades old practice of reading the letter section of fanzines first and have started all of these zines at the front and worked through. So on page 2 publisher Eric Mayer states that he doesn't think there is much of an audience for ezines; that most response is generated by printed copies; that, for him, writing is all about writing for readers and wondering how many fans bother to read his zine. And: "I feel a bit foolish, talking to myself."

Ah ... Chuck, did you read this? I think like this about stuff I put on paper and especially what goes on the Internet. Will anyone read it? What's the point in writing it if no one reads it?

And then a look at electronic games and a zine about Canadian fan history and a book as a basis for commentary on God vs Darwin. And 4 LoCs. #4 was apparently all about religion. If he did paper copies I would request one. Very good fanzine.

BROKEN TOYS #4 by Taral Wayne is a personalzine by one of Canada's best SF fan guys. Serious essay on Greek financial troubles; couple of funny tales; couple of LoCs and a couple of Taral's hot female critters. Fun zine.

THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS #87. Apparently not too reluctant since publisher Tom Sadler has been doing this thing for decades; seems to be bi-monthly and puts out old fashioned massive fanzines. It has an article by Sheryl Birkhead which is kind of spoiled by much of it being repeated in the letter column. Bunch of good reading. I'm thinking I will buy myself some US money and send it and a copy of this to Mr. Sadler and see what happens.

A MERA FOR OBSERVERS #12. Colour everywhere. Hold on, this one looks like a paper zine. Must be. Starts out with some sort of numbering system; I ignored it and just read the thing from start to finish. No, there

a half page reviewing beer in the US which I skipped. These folks fly from England to the US for a con and travel around a bit; eat some; drink a lot. Couple of pages has a lot of colour photos of fans. Photo of the late Mike Glicksohn. Fucker was hairier than I am! Seems to have gotten a lot of LoCs. Says he sent out 39 paper copies and about twice as many ether copies. "If you review aMfO please send me a copy of your review." Okay. Provide an address.

July 29: Just finished the final zine in the package; there were 3 that I will mention only to the sender. Excellent package of fanzines. Actually there were a dozen, so I received 30 fanzines in 2 days. Would I like to do so again? Sure. Provided they come in packages and I can write a paragraph and send one copy of this plus some response to the person(s) who sent it/them. Could I have done longer/better reviews? In some cases. Would I have LoCced any or all of these zines? No, Graeme is the only one who would have gotten anything related to the zine. However, I'm still delighted to get this package.

July 31: Early afternoon; about 34°C. The hornets have their nests touching the ground or under the ground; I am working in a mostly failed tree plantation. *OPUNTIA #252* has a quote from a study that purports to prove that planting trees is bad for the environment. Of much more interest, publisher Dale Speirs starts a series of reviews of Nero Wolfe books; states there are 33 novels and 39 short stories. I don't think I have them all. Read all 7 novels he reviews; not sure if I have one of them but have the others. A review of a book on the Great Depression. Brief reviews of 28 zines including about 4 reviewzines. What's the sense of starting another one? And letters of comment, one of my favourite parts of zines albeit something I will never do myself. \$3 cash/copy of your zine: Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, AB, Canada, T2P 2E7.

August 3: Mail brought a packet of zines from R. Graeme Cameron. Naturally 2 of the 4 were copies of the 2 already mentioned. Only difference I noted is that the colour comes out in the copies Graeme printed and in the copies off the Internet colour things are dull grey. [Typist's Note: They come out grey because I print them via a mono laser printer at work. If you think I'm going to sit around with a big box of crayons colouring them in as well... CC] Graeme is retired and apparently spends all his time doing fanac; he has joined FAPA doing a 6 page zine entitled

ENTROPY BLUES. #01 is mostly an intro of himself plus a bunch of ancient stuff. #02 is half about a zine from before either of us was born and half comments on other zines from FAPA mailing #299. Always interesting to read. Gonna send him a note. Promised more bunches of zines. He may keep me in fanzines all by himself!

Dale Speirs prints only real addresses in *OPUNTIA*. Graeme prints only eFanzine links in *THE FRENETIC FANAC REVIEW*, except for *OPUNTIA*. I am going to straddle the fence without harming my nuts; sometimes one or the other, or both. All of Graeme's zines are on eFanzines. Except perhaps the FAPA one. Here's an address: rgraeme@shaw.ca.

The bundle of back issues of *OPUNTIA* was a nice package to receive. Zines ranged from read every word to not read a single word, but almost all had some informative and/or entertaining reading. If this ends up being 8 pages it will be the same size as *OPUNTIA*; except Dale uses a computer or word processor and splits pages into quarters and folds the thing in half, thus creating a digest zine. And sometimes he devotes an entire issue to one topic such as SF movies in the issue I skipped entirely.

Just finished the last one in the bunch. Very pleased with that part of my fanac plan.

And I also looked on my case of Nero Wolfe books ... well, actual case belongs to sister but I guess it's mine for a while ... and found *The Final Deduction*, the Wolfe novel I couldn't recall and read it and enjoyed doing so.

There are good things about this fanac business. Also bad things. But, such is life.

August 4: It is a day in which I did not feel like much or doing anything. Decided to go do some shopping. The Country Market in Port Howe sells Fundy bay dulse in season and also almost like home made blueberry pies made by a young lady who works there. Seafood place across the road sells quahogs when available. Co-op in Pugwash sells smallish cans of really good pea soup. And they used to carry large containers of Drano. Hit the road and thought, well, there won't be any of that stuff

available. Arrived: 4 blueberry pies. Bought 3. Lots and lots of dulse; bought 3 bags. Got my 48 smallish quahogs. Co-op only had 5 cans of soup but since I had planned on 6, I figured that was fine. Only had regular Drano, oh well. Found some really good ice cream sandwiches on sale. And maple syrup cheaper than anywhere else. YAH.

Doesn't take much to make me happy, does it?

August 9. Another hot day, another day of feeling lousy. I got the fliers before the mail lady brought the mail, which included *THE KEN CHRONICLES* #24. This one has a wraparound cover of part of Manhattan. Ugh. Inside Ken writes about finding some gadgets to play with including one that will hold 40,000 songs. Strangely while I used to do music reviews and used to play music a lot, these days 40,000 tunes would last me well beyond the grave. He bought an old travel journal at a flea market and found out about the author and even contacted one of her friends, a woman who was the age my mother was when she passed away. Can't imagine what Mama would have thought of some guy phoning her out of the blue; this woman was apparently thrilled. Ken and wife visit Florida and provide an interesting trip report complete with colour photos in the centrefold. Zine is 12 pages this size [*US Letter*] divided in half. Reviews of a movie they didn't like; a new Joe Walsh album he does and a couple of books. And a list of fun unusual jobs. Quarterly; \$2 or trade. Ken Bausert, 2140 Erma Drive, east Medow, NY, USA 11554-1120 - for my computerised friends: <http://thekenbauseertchronicles.blogspot.com>.

August 13. Nothing but bills. Sister searched the Internet and phoned me up to tell me there are a number of electric typers available for various rprices and I think she said there is one available at or through Staples. I don't know if a new one would eliminate silly typos? Wish I could find a word processor type thing with a paragraph memory. But I think that is computer territory.

August 14. Heatwave continues. *JOURNAL OF MIND POLLUTION* #37 is fairly large, with essays by publisher Rich Dengrove on his obsession with opera, which I actually read, believe it or not. Followed by an essay on Fusion, apparently a musical style of blending opera & pop. Some comments on his Kindle gadget. And 20 pages of LoCs! Yow. Rich

inserts comments in where he chooses, a style of LoCcol that some people dislike but which I enjoy; a guy named Bob Jennings and Rich had a 7 page conversation which was very interesting even though this guy uses truncated versions of thought and enough and Rich used his atrocious spellings. Excellent zine. Richard Dengrove, 2651 Arlington Drive #302, Alexandria, VA, USA 22306.

S IS FOR SILENCE by Sue Grafton, a Kinsey Millhone mystery. I think this is the first I have seen of this long running series; Kinsey is sort of a cross between the easy going type and the pushy broad with some of the ditsy chick thrown in. Here she delves into a 35 year old cold case of a disappearance which was murder, lots of interesting characters and storylines. I was not too thrilled with the flashback chapters especially since they always come at a compelling junctures. Some nice twists and turns; I never did figure out who the killer was. Good book.

SEASON OF THE MACHETE by James Patterson came off the book table at the Post Office and will go back there. Good compelling story but once is enough.

August 20: A cooler day. Job is giving me problems; reached the point at which I shut off the saw and headed for home. Chuck informed me that he had sent me a box with 44 DVDrs [44 DVD+R disks full of DivX/AVI files - mostly TV & Films] which has not come. Thought: 'I hope she has been around by the time I get home and has brought me something good, hopefully the DVDs. Ah, I suspect they have been lost or stolen. Arrived home, no mail yet. Doing some chores I heard her arrive, thought about walking up so she could pass me any mail but decided not to and put away my stuff and went up and found first of all the box of DVDs and a bunch of other stuff. Felt like a heel.

The *HOCKEY NEWS YEARBOOK* arrived. They predict my Habs will miss the playoffs again. Sigh. I don't think there will be a season this year anyway.

The first regular issue of *CANADIAN BUSINESS* arrived last week. I did find a couple of articles to read in it. The promised watch arrived today. I reckon a similar watch would retail at Walmart for about \$10. So if I get any reading out of that \$11.50 price I paid for that deal it will be a

bonus.

And I got a zine. From Hawaii. Young woman read the review of my 1 page things that Dan put in *ZINE WORLD*. It's a computer created zine of this size, providing I go to 8 pages, with far fewer words but with graphics and columns and photos. Her list of favourite children's books was intriguing; in Grade 6 *THE HOBBIT* bored her to tears. Can you imagine. Haven't read that book myself. Or *ANNE OF GREEN GABLES*, which she loved. Brief descriptions of some places in Maui and some things about Istanbul. Girl is originally from Wisconsin and presents a list of what she calls regional expressions, some of which I have never heard of but some are common, like *Gesundheit*; pop for soda and 'eh?' To those of you who attribute that expression to Canadians, I say: HA! Trade or \$2 to Belka808, 1021 Lowella Avenue, Pearl city, HI, USA, 96782.

AT WICK'S END by Tim Myers is an Agatha Christie sized novel which won an Agatha award. Main character, Harrison Black, seems to be based on Capt. Hastings. There is a murder; some break-ins, a robbery and a lot of stumbling and bumbling and the case is solved. Pretty good book.

August 24. In considering ideas and projects I came up with one in which I would select some people, publishers, to send some money to and see what happens. Started off with a double shot of around \$20, one being a sub to *TIME* with a special gift and one going to Guy Lillian; *TIME* comes every week and is ignored unless I clear up other items; no response from Lillian so far. One was about \$10 to Rogers concentrate which I don't know full details of yet; one was to Dale Speirs who sent a bundle of issues of *OPUNTIA*. Happy with the results of that.

I then conceived the idea of sending some publishers a \$5 bill; at one time I was going to send 20 of them a copy of the 1 page thing I did detailing this project. And another time I decided to send a copy of this zine plus the \$5. I guess it will be a combined effort.

Saw *CHRISTIAN NEW AGE QUARTERLY* in *OPUNTIA*. Sent one of the \$5s off on August 3. An issue arrived today, the Summer 2012 issue, Vol. 20 #3. There is a name for the size of this publication but it eludes me, half legal digest or something. 24 pages. Long essay by L. David

Moore on his search for God, following many trips all over the world, the guy seems to be an agnostic, but not what you might think, because he believes God is unknowable. Loves him to death though. Review of a book entitled *BIBLICAL BUDDHISM* by Robert Price, which suggests that some Christian dogma comes from Buddhism. And some interesting letters. Editor Catherine Groves sent a nice note and an order form, either not understanding that the project is intended to obtain items to write about in here, or perhaps not being willing or able to send copies in return for not much. Anyway, samples are \$3.50 in the US and \$5 elsewhere. Subs are \$12.50, \$18.50 for me if I were so inclined. I kind of which I had sent her the money order I sent Guy Lillian although perhaps the next thing I write about, next week, will be a big bag of *CHALLENGERS*. Catherine Groves, P.O. Box 276, Clifton, NJ, USA 07015-0276.

August 27: Today brought sun, 100° temperature and the August issue of *ALEXIAD*. This one is a bit thinner than usual at 18 pages but is the usual front page, index plus bits from co-editors Lisa & Joseph Major, followed by some random notes by Joe and 7 book reviews: mostly about spies, with one about a much colder place than this is currently and an alternative history thing based on Abe Lincoln which was the only one I thought I might read if it landed in my house. 18 Letters ranging from not much longer than this paragraph, to a page and a half. Actually the 'letter' from that Garcia guy everyone is so hyped on is shorter than this. There is a place not far from where I am now working which has 3 horses plus one foal; I admit it is really cute. About 2 months old I would guess. And I recently refrained from killing a monster spider because Lisa says they should be allowed to live. Yikes, what the hell is that?? *They!*

Actually, it was because I was too lazy to get up and squash it. Sample is available upon request [*ALEXIAD*, not the spider] from Lisa & Joseph Major, 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville, KY, USA, 40204-2040 - edress jtmajor@iglou.com.

Not too long ago sister was talking to me on the phone and playing with her computer, went to www.efanzines.com and looked for my name and after a few minutes she exclaimed: "It's all *ALEXIAD*."

September 1: Much cooler! Strangely enough the last 3 nights have seen

a monster spider commit suicide in the bathtub. I pondered if the comment above had anything to do with this.

On the way home from work today I stopped at a store for some stuff and there was a sort of yard sale outside. I normally avoid such things but there was no one around; I took a look and a cute teenager showed up and explained it was a fund-raiser for the highschool; donations only. There was this large box of old paperbacks. What do I want with more books. But, well... said to her: if I give you ten bucks can I have that box of books? SURE. She seemed to think it was great. I thought it might be fun to sort through it. Mostly they are listed at 35¢. Imagine! Haven't sorted through it all yet; so far I have boxed up 32 old style Westerns, probably never to be read and 54 old pulp novels. When I die, sister can throw them all out, I likely won't touch them again. But I might. I also found *NEW STORIES FOR MEN*, a 21 story anthology published in 1941. And a novel by Poul Anderson.

September 3: Final tally: 107 novels boxed up and put away to be read some day, perhaps. Plus the above and *BEST OF THE WEST #111* and 6 others that I saved out to read RSN, or at least try, and 2 Harlequins which go straight to the charity table and the UFO Encyclopedia - the most comprehensive book on UFOlogy ever written, it says on the cover. Published 1991 & 1997, the only modern book in the box is of no interest to me. Rich, do you want it?

Did I rip the young woman off? She thought it was a good donation. In the days when I used to go to firemen's auctions I used to buy 3 or 4 boxes for the same money.

September 4: Once upon a time I found some beans in a can, in a 3 bean mixture, that was like a salad, eat them cold, eat whatever I wanted, stick the rest back in the fridge. At Sobey's a while ago I found what seemed like the same thing and then I saw some that is a Six Bean Blend. Bought some of those. Today, thinking I would fry a couple of pieces of Newfi steak and eat some of the bean mix, I discovered these are supposed to be heated. Ok, I warmed ...I am buying a new typewriter soon!! ...them up. Munching away I thought to identify the beans. Well, Red Kidney Beans; Lima Beans. These look like Chick Peas. Technically a bean. These look like Kidney beans but look white. According to the label that is what they

are. Never heard of them. Black eyed Peas. Not a bean, I don't think. Romano Beans. No idea what those are. The mixture tasted good and has lots of fibre. Not to mention one can give about half the recommended daily intake of salt.

Hey, Dale: Are Black Eyed Peas a bean?

One of the traditions in N.S. is that the price of gas takes a jump just prior to a long weekend. That held true, going up about 4¢ to \$1.39 a litre for regular self service. The first Monday in September is always a holiday for postal workers and other unionised folks. Seems to be a tradition that I don't get any interesting mail the first delivery the day after a long weekend. Thankfully that did not hold true this time, with the latest *MACLEAN'S* and *OPUNTIA253*. Starts with some commentary on the free breakfasts during Stampede, including one place that serves 70,000 people. Good Lord! Dale looks at 3 Nero Wolfe books, 2 of which I am well familiar with although as I recall only Archie met the bull in *SOME BURIED CAESAR* and I have no recollection of ever seeing *BLACK ORCHIDS*. Published in 1941. Long report on a literary convention including something called Flash Fiction, an Internet thing in which people are provided a starting point of a sentence or a photo or an outline and a deadline to produce a short story, 1,000 words or 500 words. In a day or 15 minutes. Many websites pay for these stories. And a couple of pages of Holmes stuff. An informative and enjoyable issue, the page on the science panels lost me but the rest was good.

September 11: Mail carrier brought a bundle of 11 webzines as well as confirmation that this zine will be an ezine as well. A copy, probably the original, will be shipped to the UK shortly after copies are purchased; Chuck will type it up and email it to Bill Burns at eFanzines.

The plans of Rodney rarely work. However: plans are to obtain paper copies of #2 around the first of 2012. #3 should be sometime in March; #4 in May/early June, and #5 in late July.

Actually one of the other zines was not much for me, but of the 140 pages total, give or take a few, I read about 80%. Chuck and I are discussing a joint ezine; I think my comments on this batch will go there.

I don't recall ever having any direct contact with Poul Anderson but I do remember him being active in some of the fanzines I used to get some years ago. I thought he wrote SF stuff. Plucked *THE GOLDEN SLAVE* out of that box of books purely due to the very nebulous connection with the author. A bold and rather risqué cover for a book published in 1960 with a cover price of 35¢. Turned out to be an historical fantasy set in the First Century B.C., with love, lust, barbarians, Romans, lots of battles, war, deaths, trickery and a happy ending. I actually enjoyed it. Going to donate it to the Post Office charity table. Although: they charge \$2 for paperbacks. Wonder if anyone will buy it.

This is almost 2 months since I started this zine. It has been a period of really hot weather and also some hellacious rainstorms. A period of health problems; lousy work conditions and gas is now about \$1.45 per litre for regular self service.

Some of the aspects of my re-entry into Small Press activities has been fun and good. Some have been bad. Story of Life, no?

This is the end of #1. If you want a paper copy of #2 mailed to you then send me something in the mail, unless you are one of the 6 people I plan to send a copy of each issue to.

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Extract from a letter:- Ah, thee of lots of computer knowledge! Google Stewiacke and see what comes up! Ha. It is famous as being halfway between the North Pole and the equator, or possibly the North Pole and the South Pole, I forget. Big sign on the highway but I haven't been down there for quite a long time. It is, oh, Central Nova Scotia. About 60 miles from here; well it's about 65 minutes from here in good weather, no 75 minutes. About 25 minutes from the airport, 40 minutes from Halifax, 12 minutes or so from Truro. Shubenacadie is the next one East, closer to Halifax. It is best known for the wildlife park; I believe they have something like 400 different species of animals and birds. I keep thinking I will go visit it some day, haven't been there in years. If you call on Google to provide you with a map from the Stanfield International Airport to Rodney Leighton's house in west Tatamagouche it will take you through Enfield, Elmsdale, Shudenacadie, Stewiacke, Brookfield, Truro...