

Rodney Leighton,  
 #11 Branch Road,  
 R.R. #3,  
 TATAMAGOUCHE,  
 Nova Scotia, B0K 1V0,  
 Canada

Email  
 rodney.leighton@gmx.co.uk

This is a zine about zines. If you are not interested in zines, go away.

There should be an Internet edition. It will likely look a tad different; most content will be the same. Go to [www.efanzines.com](http://www.efanzines.com)

*[All comment in square brackets are by Chuck Connor]*

Barring death or something serious like blindness or bankruptcy there should be an issue 5. Possibly an issue 6. Possibly. Want a photocopied copy mailed to you by me? Send me something to write about.

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In the interests of publishing something, and doing zines which meet the criteria I have for myself, I have switched to two zines. THE LEIGHTON LOOK for 2015 is still planned as strictly reviewzine and strictly for paper zines unless someone sends me a book or music or something. I am hoping to make paper copies of that one myself. All my other efforts go into this thing.

So the month of February passed with snow, lots of that, and no mail to speak of and no fanzines except for *ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK #1* and a bunch of apazines mid-month. First week of March saw a bunch of apazines followed quickly by 5 fanzines.

Chuck has gotten it into his head that there is no difference between paper zines that arrive in my mailbox sent by the publishers and zines that he puts on paper and mails me in bundles. Which is silly.

There is truth in the fact that the words are the same regardless of whether the thing is on paper and stapled when it appears or is a bundle of loose sheets. There are differences. One thing that I have noted with some interest is that I read the zines differently. Long ago I started reading fanzines by reading the letter column and then reading whatever I wished to of the other parts of the zine. I just now noted, and I admit that I don't know when I switched, that I read loose sheet zines start to finish, reading what I wish, discarding anything that is of no interest, reading the letter column when I get there. Song on the CD at the moment has lyrics like: "Why are you wearing a dead man's clothes?" My father would have been 94 the day *ALEXIAD 79* arrived if he were still alive. Father has been dead for 12 years. I am still wearing some of his clothes at times. I know I was reading letter columns first back then, wasn't getting bundles of stuff from Chuck in those days.

So I read the letters. Then I put it aside and read what I wanted to in *THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS 103*. Which wasn't much to be honest. Introduction asked about fiction and what we want from it which interested me in that I seem to have lost interest in reading books and I used to be able to read novels and lose myself in the lives of the folks in the story. Don't seem to be able to do that now. I always read Gene Stewart's columns if I encounter some although I admit to wondering

what the hell he is saying quite often, including this time. Nothing else of interest until the letters. That was good, lots of folks in there. On Saturday I went back and read the rest of what interested me in *ALEXIAD*. Not that much, to be honest. Con reports, news and cat obit and book commentaries and an essay on movies and a Taral piece on a couple of movies.

The bundle had copies of *BROKEN TOYS 35* and *36*. BT is usually fairly predictable. Some perzine mutter by Taral, good interactive letter column and some sercon pieces by Taral. They always come in loose sheet bundles, I used to staple them but at some point started reading them as loose sheets. I read most of them end to end although I confess to skipping some of the sercon pieces. # 36 is all a short story written by Taral which I read it all #33 had a TAFF report by Jim Mowatt which I found intrusive but all other issues are pure Taral.

Along came *JOMP JR. #33*. Rich stuck a note on the cover that I might like the letters and so I sat down and read the letters section. Later on I read the other parts. Well, I skipped the essay on H.G. Wells competitors, being space opera crap, just above poetry on my crap meter. But the essays on Stocics and Oracles and astrology from ancient times were all interesting.

I am intrigued at the fact that I read these things differently. I mean, if I find reading zines in loose sheet format easier I could just pop the staple out of *JOMP JR* or *ALEXIAD* and then I would have 17 loose sheets or 10 loose sheets. Seems right to leave them as they arrive and thus read them in my normal mode.

Of course a big difference is that Paper zines which arrived directly means that the publisher wanted me to read it. Even secondhand zines, if someone sends me one or some in the same state that he got it, that means that someone wants me to read it. Zines printed off the web means that Chuck thought I would want to read it or I thought I would and requested it. But the publisher either did not want me to or didn't care. And zines emailed are somewhat different. The publisher wants me to read it obviously. But the burden of printing and postage falls on Chuck. I find these things matter to me. It makes a difference how I feel about a

zine. And what I want to do with it.

But not always. And it seems kind of mixed up. I greatly enjoy *BROKEN TOYS*. I just wrote the closest thing to a real, by my definition, letter of comment that I have written for ages, to Taral on BT 35. But some issues are, ok, 14 or so sheets, read 90% to 100% and then dump them in the recycling bag and that is that. Don't feel I want to try to write a review of BT.

Yet: I know that Robert Lichtman doesn't object to me reading *TRAP DOOR* but I also know he has no interest in what I think about it or what I have to say. Yet; that was the first zine I read in that bundle, shortly after that I wrote the thing on page 9 and not long after that I wrote a letter of a sort. Although, truthfully, only because Chuck has been insisting that I should.

*[Any zine – regardless of whether it comes to you via electronic, postal, carrier pigeon or transcendently teleported by means not yet understood by science – would appreciate feedback of any kind. When it appears on eFanzines, it seems to become part of a Passive Consumer Collective – ie, downloaded, maybe read at some time – but not LoCced. Eric Mayer commented in regard to this attitude/reading habit. Taral Wayne as well, in regard to fanzines and the possible death of the medium. Even I've decided to keep my own zine away from eFanzines until I have built up an active readership – rather than tossing it out into the Ether and hoping for the best.]*

THE word Tatamagouche or Tatmagoucbe is of Indian origin, and, according to Rand, the great student of the Micmac language, is a corruption of the Micmac Takumegooch. The root of this word is Takumoog, which means across or lie down across. The termination och (often oochk) is a typical example of the Micmac locative termination which gives the word the meaning of place where or at the. Thus, the meaning of the whole word taken literally is, lying across place or at the place which lies across (some other). The application of the word is quite evident. French and Waugh's rivers clearly meet at right angles, that is, they lie across each other. More-over, the rivers themselves after their junction, meet the harbour in a similar manner.

I am always happy to get one of Rich's zines. They are thick and use big print. Essays are sometimes too weird; letters are usually good. I usually write him some kind of a letter.

Tom kicked me off the mailing list for ***THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS*** years ago; I had a notion I wanted to read these issues and write reviews of them for the now abandoned ***THE E-LOOK***. Turned out there was not much of interest for me and this is the end of that particular fanzine for me. Take a look at an issue or 3 on efanzines. Or email [tomfamulus@hughes.net](mailto:tomfamulus@hughes.net) and ask for a copy. Not sure whether Rich wants more readers or not. Here's an [email: richd22426@aol.com](mailto:richd22426@aol.com).

***BROKEN TOYS*** is electronic only; I may be the only person who gets paper copies. Thing is on [efanzines. Taral@bell.net](http://efanzines.Taral@bell.net) will likely get a response.

***ALEXIAD*** is still available by request for a sample. Also on efanzines. Lovers of paper fanzines like me can get copies for the usual, or a bunch of back issues for \$1 each or a subscription for \$10 for a year, 6 issues. Send some money to: ***ALEXIAD*** c/o Lisa & Joseph Major, 1409 Christy Ave., Louisville, KY40204-2040, USA

Review of ***TRAP DOOR #30*** in next issue.

***JOMP JR.*** comes from Richard Dengrove, 2651 Arlington Drive #302 Alexandria Va. 22306 USA

Something that seems to have happened to me which is of interest to me and of some concern is that I seem to have lost interest in reading everything to some extent and fiction in particular. I have read lots of novels. Don't seem to have any interest in doing so of late. I used to be able to take a novel and start reading and metaphorically live the life of one of the characters and for a little while my troubles would vanish, my black moods would dissipate, as the guy on the CD is singing: "God will wash the tears from my eyes."

Well, no, not the God I know. Bigger tends to cause a lot more tears than he takes away. But that is a different rant entirely.

That guy in named Tom Lillo. CD is called Blue Eyed Mystic. Produced back in 1999 when I was doing music reviews for ***JERSEY BEAT***.

Probably you could find a good review of it on the internet somewhere.

Anyway. I am a big fan of Robert Parker's ***SPENSER***. I was not that impressed with the Jesse Stone novel I read. Had never seen a Sunny Randall novel. I went to the post office yesterday. Spent most of my money on postage. They carry chocolate bars for charities at 2 bucks a pop. The people in there are used to be buying the things and well, I did buy some. They also have a corner for used books. It has grown quite a bit. I usually donate any books I finish and magazines. Haven't been paying too much attention lately. But I was looking them over yesterday and discovered a pile of Parker novels. 5 of them. Previous times I would have scooped them all up. They charge \$2 each for paperbacks, stick a \$10 bill in the can and bring home the books. Since I didn't have a \$10 bill. I checked my \$2 coins and collected the Randall book.

That hasn't hauled me in yet, first 35 pages are that it is a lot like a ***SPENSER*** novel with a female lead character. 2 of the books were Jesse Stone novels. 2 were Spenser novels. I have read them both. But I don't think I have them. I am lousy with titles and it was only 15 hours ago but still...

I have to go to the bank this week to rob Peter to pay Paul. Figured I would go on Thursday and mail some stuff while I was there. Bank is catty-corner to the post office. Guess what? I am thinking about going in tomorrow, Monday, borrow a few dollars and go see if those Parker novels are still there. I also noticed an anthology by female writers that looked cool.

So is there any sense in spending time writing things and rewriting and trying to get this ready to mail to England tomorrow as well as write some letters and borrow money to buy some novels when I have something like 1000 bloody books in the house?

I don't know. Might change my mind.

Does this have anything to do with fanac? Not a fucking thing. Except, well, if I only do one zine besides ***LOOK***, I have to do some perzine crap here and there. And, who knows. Maybe someone will read this and mail me something to read in the hope that it will be of interest.

Goddamn! Sometimes I wish I had a computer. Probably would still do such silly things. That should read: Aren't old machines and older men wonderful.

The first half of my 66<sup>th</sup> year sucked. That's enough of that.



Three British boozers  
Jim, John and Mike  
Those losers  
Can take a hike.

Indicative of how low I have gotten I have started writing some things like that. One involved those guys but was not only longer but somewhat more snarky.

One of those wankers stated, in the pages of a fanzine published by another one, that he liked my zine of this title. Doesn't like me. I am uninvited from ever visiting his castle. Well, gosh, so what? Mike doesn't want reviews, he wants locs. Yet: for the second time in 3 issues he takes on Claire Brialey as a sort of editorial assistant, giving her pages in which to pontificate, with some comments of his here and there. Much of the

theme this time is not hurting people, especially via locs and commentary. Well, I used to love writing locs and wrote lots of them and another British wanker drove me out of that almost entirely.

Currently I am thinking I will take another hiatus from loccing. I usually end up in trouble or feeling bad or some such shit. Dude says he doesn't read reviews of his zine. I thought it likely he would have dumped me off his mailing list before now; I almost suggested he do so; he suggested I run away in the pages of the zine and I suppose if I cease loccing I am, at least in this case, be acceding to that suggestion. And, well, he does a wonderful letter column. I can't decide whether I am looking forward to the next issue or whether I wish he would emulate a number of other Brits and dump me off his mailing list.

Issue 18 of A MEARA FOR OBSERVERS is actually quite good.

Chuck seems to have trouble finding any zines outside efanzines that can be printed (perhaps because there aren't any) which he prints off the web and also any zines emailed to me; sorted, read and reviewed by me; edited, posted to efanzines and possibly distributed in other ways by Chuck. Preview issue shortly. Includes a review of Beam #8; wanker will hear from me in a sense. Of course, it depends on him reading the thing. And me writing it. And also **CHALLENGER**, and **ARGENTUS 14**.

*[The problem lies in the fact that most non-SF electronic 'zines' these days are called Blogs. It is the newly minted 'papernet' that is – like the vinyl 12" album – making a strange comeback, based on a 'new' counter-culture which is rebelling against the Internet in many respects. There have been several zines I've seen of late which have been produced via the old typewriter-cut&paste-photocopy-result method. While that is nostalgic for me in some respects, it would seem totally alien (or groundbreakingly new) to someone of the Interweb Age. And remember, I was using early web-based/web-creation methods back in the early 1990s as part of several Tech and Computer Science courses. That means there is a whole generation of 20-somethings coming through which have – potentially – known nothing but the Interweb system. Plus, with the FBI, CIA and other similar organisations crawling all over the Social Media, who is left to steam open the old Snailmail these days?]*

Well, it's that day of the year that everyone goes on vacation, some folks exchange gifts, some celebrate the birth of an old carpenter, many drink a lot of booze, some people visit other people. It's raining. Almost 60 degrees. I am here alone, no gifts for I think the first time ever, no place to go, no visitors to deal with, since I disconnected the phone I don't even have to deal with phone calls. Quit drinking years ago. Most people have big meals on this day. I am going to have a bit of venison brought to me the other day by the lone person who ever comes to my house. Isn't it great!

One of the interesting small press things that happened this year involves a young man out in California who has had a much more difficult life than I have had. I was thinking yesterday about the year that my siblings and I each got an orange and a piece of hard candy in our stocking and a pair of hand knit socks from Mommy & Daddy for Christmas and we had raw potato hash with some carrots for dinner. God that was a long time ago.

Back in the spring when I felt I could buy some zines I found the publications of Kelly Dessaint praised by Ken Bausert and Davida Gypsy Breier and I bundled up a \$10 bill with a copy of *RODNEY'S FANAC #1* and a note and sent it off. Weeks went by. Reading an issue of *THE KEN CHRONICLES* I discovered that he had moved from Los Angeles to Oakland. Well, perhaps the order has not yet caught up with him. After a few more weeks I sent a letter wondering if he had gotten my order. Late Sept. brought a bundle of zines along with a note telling me he had never seen my letter. I wrote about those zines in *RODNEY'S FANAC #2*. Wrote him a letter and later a copy of that. Couple of weeks later I went to the box and looking at the mail I found a letter with one of those return to sender stickers. Noticed that it was addressed to him. Hell, not again! Got to the house and took a better look. Jesus, this is the original, the letter mailed to L.A. on June 3. This was Dec.2. If it had taken one more day it would have been exactly 6 months in the system. Where the fuck was it!?

Added an explanatory note to the first one, addressed an envelope to

the current address and shipped it off. That apparently went in about a week; back came a couple more zines and a letter.

Kelly does zines in true small press fashion; everyone is different. Or at least those I have seen so far. They are more like small books. *THE NASTY OH DEAR* is a little booklet with a silk-screened cover which sometimes runs. Contents are zine like with zine reviews, zine writing stuff, tales from his youth of going to foster homes and to a zine fest in 2012. This one is almost out of print.

*INSTITUTIONALIZED* is a book. It is in zine style, some parts are even old style punk zine style. The covers and parts of the interior are collages. It has an introduction; a letter column; stories about being in a mental hospital as a youth with contributions from his brother about that experience, his father about being arrested, and the asshole that he had to deal with as a boy, some photos and ends with an extensive zine review section. I just erased a sentence which was better suited to a letter. This seems like a lousy excuse for a review for what is a quite good book. Listed at \$9. I understand he has this one on Print on Demand so anyone who orders a copy will get one.

Send some U.S. money or money order or trades to Kelly Dessaint, P.O. Box 22974 Oakland CA. 94609 USA.

Dec.1 brought a copy of *BEAM 8*. Published more or less annually by a couple of British sods, one of whom lives in the U.S. Jim Trash was active in many areas last year.

Apart from his propensity for boasting about his booze consumption I usually enjoy reading whatever I have read that he wrote. Part of this issue contains a TAFF trip report of a visit to Las Vegas which was quite fun. He was some big shot at the world con, edited the letter section which was only a Lloyd Penney typical loc, an excellent long letter by Robert Lichtman covering a lot of ground; I keep trying to tell people I have no issues with Robert and a letter from Taral plus some comments from Trash and some web things. Then, in small print...WDHF (We Didn't Hear From) Some Corflu folk and ..."And, thankfully, Arnie Katz or Rodney Leighton."

Say what! What in the hell have I ever done to this fucker? Well, I have

had a lot of fights with his pal Farey. But to place me in the same breath as Katz! Jesus, Arnie likely tossed his latest meal all over his computer.

There is some good stuff in the 50 odd pages of the genzine part. I skipped the Farey contribution only because it is all about cricket. As much as I dislike the guy I find what writing I see of his mostly interesting. Toni Weisskopf joins the 'What is fandom and who belongs' debate with a somewhat different slant than most; she wants everyone to be friends, it seems. Don't think that is apt to happen.

Some of my problems with fans over the years have arisen from my comments about travel funds and awards; TAFF winners are supposed to publish a trip report, damnit! Ulrika O'Brien won the thing 6 or 8 years ago, the report of part of her trip to the U.K. is amusing. Trash won, last year, I think. And John Purcell writes about working in a packing plant and writing songs.

Good interesting zine. Since it came plucked off the web I can read what I wish, ignore other things and toss the sheets into the recycling bag. I was half tempted to write a loc to Trash. But I don't think I will.

An interesting aspect is that there are only 4 locs. Plus 4 excerpts from some sort of web thing. Which is kind of strange for a largish genzine. I don't think I have seen #7 and about all I know about it is that someone mentioned that it was 62 pages long; it had a treatise by Joseph Nicholas which prompted the Lichtman response.

I don't know if there were paper copies or if the thing is strictly on line. Actually, I know that there were some booze related articles since it is a Farey zine. Maybe that's the reason for the paucity of locs; part of the reason I stopped loccing was due to loccing *THIS HERE* and Farey.

Question is, as has arisen in many places and by many folks, is should one loc ezines? Definitely not this one. I doubt if even Chuck would think I should loc this one. Although he has been urging me to loc ezines. I have been writing some thank you letters to folks who email me their zines. But others...

Well, not *Nth DEGREE*, they don't print locs. At least not in the issues I have seen.

*Nth DEGREE* is a web distributed fanzine intended to help promote new writers and artists in science fiction and fantasy. Published quarterly, so it says. #25 came first, then #24. The great aspect of this zine is the fiction. I suppose people who go to cons find the extensive advertising of the things of value; I skip right by them.

The editorial bits are interesting – editor Michael Pederson was at that Corflu thing. There are some reviews of cons and books and TV and other stuff. But, hey, in these 2 issues there are 8 short stories. I enjoyed 7 of them! THE WORTHLESS MAN by Leonard Schlenz is a tricky tale involving corporate types collecting souls and people who escape to an old village of Buddhists and, well, anyone who likes futuristic fiction should go read it.

PINK FLAMINGOES FROM HELL by James Stratton is quite amusing as long as you don't mind some mind bending and a touch of Horror.

IN THE DARK WOODS by Laura Davy is a cool Red Riding Hood pastiche that is too short.

DOLLY'S COFFIN by Wade Newhouse is a neat horror type tale with age old beings, teenaged folks, the raising of children and what is really under the bed, or on it, for that matter. Excellent story. Concludes with a Dear Abby type column called Dear Cthulhu which is hilarious.

#25 is similar. HARCOURT MANOR by Dean Turnbloom is a tale of magic and a wicked mirror; you will never look in a mirror again if you read this story. One of the things I have no interest in and will not touch is outer space tales, especially spacecraft stories. As soon as it becomes obvious that such is what is on the page in my hand, I do as I did with THE ASTRONAUT'S LAMENT after the first sentence and go to the next story. Which turned out to be a funny 2 page thing called OF SERVICE by B.L.W. Myers about a high tech sex aid. And then a delightful story about LITTLE GREEN MEN IN BLACK by Stephen Antczak which is about life and love and earth and Mars and other things. Go to the site and read the story.

Also CTHULHU is back!

**THE ZINE DUMP #32** starts off with some editorial stuff including the comment: I hit every hard copy fanzine I was sent and many that were emailed or posted on [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com). Not sure when he started; can't recall if I saw #31 much less when it was. Final date was Hallowe'en. Editor Guy Lillian closes with more editorial type stuff and: "I hope to see every English language amateur publication dealing with science fiction and/or fandom. Zines in other languages appreciated if seldom understood." Why in the hell would he want zines he can't read?

Mind you, I have sometimes wondered if Guy actually reads what he does review. Andy Hooper, in an older issue of FLAG, suggested that Guy occasionally focuses on something tangential – or just wrong-headed. Zines are alphabetical and thus starts off with **ALEXIAD**: an earlier **ZD** review of **ALEXIAD** focussed almost entirely on a loc written by me and the trouble it caused in Guy's eyes. This one is good, covers the zine quite well. I have never understood Guy's practice of listing zines he has not seen; it's his way of prodding people I think. Guy diverges from his stated focus of SF and fandom occasionally; I think every issue I have ever seen has a review of at least one Fred Argoff zine. This one also has **CHRISTIAN \* NEW AGE QUARTERLY** and **THE KEN CHRONICLES #30**. Guy manages to find something personal to connect every zine to; almost every review is half perzine type commentary and half actual review. Yeah, I know, someone else does that.



Feb.24. It is minus 12 Fahrenheit on the glass outside my kitchen window. Sun is shining brightly. I am not going out the door!. But: snowbank is so high I can't see the mailcarrier's SUV much less the mailbox. So I will go out after I think she should have been around and walk up as fast as I can and find, no doubt, a single piece of junk mail.

Then again I may find an envelope with a return address of Billy Billy Bo Billy, 432 Manzano St.NE Apt.B, Albuquerque, NM, 87108 USA. Last one arrived the end of October.

I wonder what the temperature is there. I first noticed this chap in a couple of issues of **SOMETHING FOR NOTHING** where Idy sung his praises and after a while sent him **RF#1** and a letter and he sent me 3 zines. **WHAT I DID TODAY** is a compilation of what happened in the lives of Billy and 4 other folks on May 5,2011. It's cool.

Billy had a good day and thought about writing a zine about it; called some friends late at night and rather than kill him they agreed to write a zine article about their day. Very cool idea. Very fun read, I enjoyed it very much. The contribution from Cheyenne is very personal and heart breaking; Billy's is different; covers 3 things including salvaging scrap metal for money; working at a corporate office and having a home cooked meal and then jamming with his punk band. This one is standard digest Billy does a long running zine entitled **PROOF I EXIST**. It seems they have sub-titles.

**#17** is Snippets of Chicago. **#18** is "**When Two Dicks Touch**." These are smaller digest type, I usually call them pocketbook zines. Punk style zines; type broken up by various things, black blocks and like that. **#17** has some photos as well including one of a gal taking a drink and a piss, standing up. And some shots of Chicago. It's all about a trip he took about a year ago where he visited with old friends and went to stores and revisited his old life. A nice small zine.

**#18** is about Billy's journey from straight small town boy to bi curious man to gay guy and back to straight, more or less. It is intriguing and personal. I guess at 30 something he is hardly a kid but he seems wise; has some great advice: be yourself: "Love yourself and your feelings." Excellent advice. Nothing I know anything about, although, I suppose,

when a guy wanted to suck my dick and I told him if he touched it I would rip his off and stuff it up his ass, I was being myself and he was being himself. His wife had, or probably still has, massive tits. Billy likes to wear dresses sometimes and animal outfits and jeans. "Life is tough for all of us in our own ways, gay, straight, bi, pan or whatever. Shit, asexual people got their own set of challenges. You do your thing, let me do mine."

The back of #17 is a photo of Billy and 3 friends with little statements like: "Buy more books." "Read more zines" "Write more letters." "Support the papernet." But: nowhere is there a physical, actual mail address! Except on the envelope. Come on, dude! Put your address inside the zines somewhere! Guy is heavily into electronic stuff; here are some:

[iknowbilly@gmail.com](mailto:iknowbilly@gmail.com)      [bunnyyears.bandcamp.com](http://bunnyyears.bandcamp.com)

Audio zine distro [www.sillynaked.com](http://www.sillynaked.com)

Winter has arrived in N.S., we are in the deep freeze. Although I can recall many times in my life when I would have been at work for hours already. It is now mid-morning Dec. 30. Yesterday at the garage I was chatting with the service guys and made the comment that I no longer wanted to work much; 10 or 15 hours a week would be enough. One of them said that he figured I used to do that in a day and I said, yeah, there was a time when I worked 100 hour weeks. Youngest guy shook his head. For a period of my life, from May to December, I would get up at 5:00 a.m., be in the woods at dawn, work until 5:00 p.m., go home, have supper, and go do farm work until 10 or often 11.00 p.m... So there is the 15 hours in one day. 25 years later, I still get up at that time, during that time of year.

I sometimes put in 5 hours a day. Things change.

Back then I somehow found the time and energy to do some small press stuff. Looked for some work at home things as well. I don't know as I ever found the two mixed together. One of the few items to appear unsolicited appeared at first glance to be one of those bundles of make the seller some money by trying to learn how to work at home schemes with

some pen-pal material as well. Garry Brown is a science fiction fan although I don't know if he is a SFan. I think this 8 page collection is called *COSMIC CUPID*.

First sheet is pen-pal listings; most intriguing one: "STALLION ...young filly must have great confirmation, good ground manners, halter broke, not head shy and easy to ride." List of 140 females from other countries for 2 bucks plus SASE. Second sheet is mostly chapter 12 in what seems to be an autobiographical novel with ads on the side; more such, crossword puzzle, more pieces of stories and some reviews. Makes for a zine, no? Dude appears to be publishing small portions of stories per issue, maybe monthly; selling subscriptions and complete copies of the stories. Not a bad idea actually. SASE in the U.S. should get you something, for others, send some money. He has a couple of addresses but no email I can find. Garry Brown 5111 Hillrose Drive Baxter Tn. 38544 USA.

Joe Major is a SFan and *ALEXIAD* is a SFanzine. I wonder if Joe knows this guy. Joe has been having some sues. *ALEXIAD* is normally bi-monthly and around 26 pages of letters and books. Sample is on request from 1409 Christy Ave., Louisville, KY, 410204-2040, USA

