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Well, today I am FUBAR and burning some crap in the stove cause it's cold, damnit!

Got a piece of stitching in my cock left over from the not very well done circumcision. Thing has been in there for something like 59 years now. It has been inserted into various slits and slots and a cavern or 2 and beaten on thousands of times. Why it is suddenly sensitive to the touch is one of life's great mysteries.

Joan Jett is singing that she doesn't wanna fuck me. Well, shucks! This is intended to be **RODNEY'S FANAC #6**. Written mostly by me, Rodney Leighton. Eventually it will be done as far as I can tell. I will then gather together a bunch of sheets and ship them off to Chuck Connor, 85 The Paddocks, Stevenage, SG2 9UF U.K. If they arrive Chuck will then shuffle things around, edit some stuff including, likely, this entire section, put in a few bits and pieces, print and disseminate the thing far and wide.

All opinions in this belong to me unless they are in a different colour in which case they belong to Chuck.

[Like so - Chuck]

This thing is intended to be some sort of perzine mixed with reviewzine with letter substitute tendencies. Unless Joan changes her mind or I fall off a mountain or something there should be a #7 eventually. Old material is almost used up. Depends a lot on material plus energy and strength and things like that. If you happen to want to read it you could try sending me something interesting at 11 Branch Road, R.R.#3 Tatamagouche, N.S.BOK 1V0 and I will try to remember to ask Chuck to send you a copy. It will show up on the internet at some point; back issues are on efanzines. Poetry, space ship crap and other off the wall stuff should be sent directly to Chuck; I certainly don't want it. PDF

zines are good in that we can both read them; copies of RF should come back at you in that format. I was going to ask people not to send stamps or cash but I figured if anyone does I can wrap it up and send it to someone who can use it and maybe get a zine out of it.

Joan is now singing about being insecure. Tell me about it. "You shouldn't care what people think of you."

Well, strangely enough, coming from someone who considers letter columns the life of a zine, I ain't doing one. Nor am I overly concerned about letters of comment on this thing.

Barring death or something serious like blindness or bankruptcy there should be an issue 7. Possibly an issue 8. Possibly. Want a photocopied copy mailed to you by me? Send me something to write about.

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It's May 7. Sort of like spring, most of the snow is gone. I should go to work. Haven't been able to pry myself out yet. Lungs are full of crap; doing a spot of cleaning yesterday I found some residual smoke from the collapsed chimney and came close to emulating the thing. Mail brought 2 paper zines and 2 loose sheet zines. Those are zines which have been emailed to me at my email address over in England, put on paper by Chuck and mailed to me. And sometimes zines found on the internet. Mostly I have read them and tossed them. Going to start sticking a staple in them and holding on to them until I find this issue has been received by Chuck and then toss them.

One of those was *FOR THE CLERISY #83*. Publisher Brant Kresovich has been doing this zine for ages, I have seen a few issues here and there. No idea if he still does paper copies. The mission of this zine is to provide reviews of old or neglected books to people who read for pleasure. A bit of perzine stuff in the 6 pages, some movie reviews of movies from the 30s, couple of locs. Longish review of OLIVER TWIST. Intriguing in that he doesn't seem to have liked the thing very much but still read it in spite of having read it at age 12 and watched 2 movie versions.

I had just recently completed *A MASQUE OF INFAMY* by Kelly Dessaint which is sort of a modern day OLIVER TWIST. There was thought that it was an autobiographical novel. I know that *MASQUE* is. Primary character, narrator Louis Baudrey is fifteen throughout most of the novel; Oliver, if memory serves, was 8 or 9. Oliver is an orphan with no family at the start; Louis has a father, a younger brother and a friend of his father's. Plus a mother and another brother and 2 sisters, none of whom mean much to this story. Oliver's tale is over 500 pages; Louis' story is just over 300. Except there is lots more to it; Kelly is working on the sequel. Dickens was excellent at describing characters; Dessaint is as well. Similar things: Louis spends a large portion of the book in a so called Christian run mental hospital, placed there by child protection workers. Louis is not a very likeable young man.

Unless you consider all aspects of his life and then he becomes heroic and pitiable by turns. Not sure how old Kelly is but I suspect he had not been born when I last read a Dickens novel. I liked *MASQUE* much more than any Dickens. It's a powerful book.

And the latest mass letter from Karno along with a zine entitled *THE RAPE PROBLEM*. Small comix style thing with a police lieutenant explaining to a bunch of folks that cops can get away with robbery, assault, murder but not rape. Trying to figure out how to rape his 13 year old neighbour and get away

with it. Bad. 3 books and *THE MATCH* recommended plus a bunch of web links. Kjartan says it's true. Not in Canada. Well, not often. No price listed. Write to Kjartan Arnorsson, 1505 W. St. Mary's Road 123 Tucson AZ.85745 USA.

Then there was *OBIR MAGAZINE*, the latest in a long string of fanzines from R. Graeme Cameron. This one reviews Canadian Speculative Fiction, SpecFic in Graemese. The idea is to do reviews in a thorough, incisive fashion while not giving away the store and telling readers what he thought of the story in question. Issue 1 has, besides the editorial and some letters and more pondering at the end a review of something called FUNGI Anthology published in 2012 and a couple of other stories from magazines. Mostly interesting, mostly amusing. Graeme has a cool reviewing system in which he rates stories based on his feelings and response; they range from invigorating to abysmal; Great Fun to Not to my Taste and 2 more in between. Almost all fell into the in between categories. Interesting is not a good word in reviews Graeme! Fun read, enjoyed it. R. Graeme Cameron, 13315 104th Avenue, Apt 72-G, Surrey, B.C., Canada, V3T 1V5 – or email rgraeme@shaw.ca

Got a babe on the CD named Liz Skillman. Greatest rendition of House of The Rising Sun ever. Better than the original.

THE KEN CHRONICLES #35 has a few extra pages in which a couple of people talk about their love of sports. NHL playoffs are on. One guy is a big fan of the N.Y. Islanders who made the playoffs this year but were bounced in the first round. My Montreal Canadiens made it to round 2 but I suspect tonight will be their final game. Publisher Ken Bausert likes locs; I have one in this issue. He prefers paper zines but also does pdf versions and will accept same. Some more letters, he tells us about trapping crickets and a curious tale of financial institutions and personnel and money not quite gone, reviews of books, 5 zines and movies. And the sports stuff. That looks like a pissant review but I think it will do. Published 4 times a year for \$10 cash for folks in the States. Others should write and enquire.2140 Erma Drive, east Meadow, N.Y., 11554-1120. Email: PassScribe@aol.com

May 13 brought some flowers in bloom, cold enough weather that I made a fire and a zine from "That Tervo chick."!! In my letter printed in TKC #35 I mention her and she actually liked it! I enjoyed the zine. It's a digest thing with lots of silly bits, some strange things, a puzzle and an article on strip clubs and a tale about shopping. This issue is from 2013.

Also the radio told me that the Canadiens had bowed out of the playoffs. Disappointing but nowhere near as bad as in other years. Now I can go back to watching TV!

I should perhaps note here that while letters of comment would be appreciated I realize that *RF* does not lend itself to such things; people writing comments are few and far between. Anyone is more than welcome to send me comments.

If they come via real mail directly from you to me you might get a response although probably not. If you choose the email route remember that the thing has to go to England, Chuck has to find time and space to print and package and ship it and the postal companies have to deliver it. Do not expect any sort of response. Except since Chuck believes in the usual, you will likely get a copy of the next issue.



Having discussed it earlier, time for a proper review, of sorts. *A MASQUE OF INFAMY* by Kelly Dessaint is a novel based on part of the life of the author. Coming from an extremely dysfunctional family, a 15 year old Louis Baudrey rebels against basically everything and everyone. Dealing with a pedophile and a

homosexual predator, he has a slightly younger brother who is the main victim in this story. Finding some photos, Louis turns his father and friend in to the social workers.

From then on it is a war to survive; to survive the hospital and the system; to survive the disturbed patients; to survive the so called social workers and their agenda. Doing so requires many adaptations, many tricks and basically using everyone he meets for his own purposes. Louis is not very likeable at times; is quite admirable at others. It is a fairly compelling book. Kelly does zines including some that were part of the novel and I have had the opportunity to read some of them. I have been unable to decide whether it would have been better if I had been unaware that it is an autobiographical novel. He is a very good writer.

Louis eventually is in contact with his mother and comes to the realization that probably his only way out of the mental hospital is to return to his mother's house. That is his sole reason for wanting contact with his mother and being willing to go to live with her. I found this fairly troubling. But then, I had seen a couple of zines. The mother is a piece of work multiplied by a huge factor. 307 page novel on paper no less, in the second printing by Phony Lid Books. Listed at \$14. I recommend that everyone order a copy. P.O. Box 86714 Los Angeles, CA., 90086 USA. www.phonylid.com

I got my copy from the author. He has tons of zines as well. Write to Kelly Dessaint, P.O. Box 22974, Oakland CA. 94609 USA. www.kellydessaint.com

Then there was *THE CAMERA NEVER DIES*, a novelette by Liz Black. Which appeared in my house in the form of a loose sheet zine. Published by Rose of Eibon, one would think it was a fantasy. It is, in fact, a ghost story.

Well, that's dark Fantasy I guess. It's about 35 pages long so it's fairly short. Intriguing premise of an old camera being present during a murder and the soul of the victim attaches itself to the camera and wants revenge on any handy female. Story rolled along quite well until, well, it goes off the rails.

A guy buys the old camera and fixes it up and takes some photos of his partner, she gets strangled by the ghost. Dude sees this in his pictures but refuses to believe it. Eventually does, gets some advice which is to destroy the camera. Smashes it but parts are left. And so with his love being throttled to death he hauls her out to the car, makes sure that she and he are buckled in and starts driving aimlessly around the city to find some place to destroy this camera, making sure to observe all speed laws and ... it all works out in the end. Fairly decent story. Although ... back page says this lady was born in South Africa,

moved to the U.K. at age 5, is now self-employed and pursuing her writing more seriously. I hope she doesn't turn down any paying work. Think she runs this on line thing. www.roseofeibon.co.uk.

Nearing the end of May – it was one of those mini heat wave days that show up from time to time. Like, 90 F at noon. I was ill. Have been feeling like crap. Wandered up to the box and found season 8 of *THE BIG BANG THEORY*.

Brant, in *FOR THE CLERISY #84*, was rather negative about the show, suggesting it was done like dinner. So I binged. Watched a few episodes, then a few more and ended up with 20 episodes in one day and the final 4 this morning. First thing that struck me was the new, made over Penny. Ugh! I was like, what in the HELL!! The gorgeous blonde bombshell has turned into a gawky old broad with grey highlights in what hair she has left. Sheesh! Still has the legs on the few times they were in evidence. Strangely enough, while I seriously disliked Amy in season 7, and 6, I found her not bad this season. Final show sets it up for her not to return; I have always found her more annoying than anything else. The show had some good moments; there were some funny parts and some parts which the canned laughter was grating since the events were not at all funny. I liked the show. Not sure I want to watch another season in 20 hours, though.

There is a lad who does not believe that I do not read poetry. He does a little zine on a monthly basis. Sent me copies of *LETTERFOUNDER #129* and *130*. Digest, covers, about 10 pages each. All poetical stuff. No idea if any of it is any good. Want to try some: P.O. Box 392 Lewiston ME 04243 USA

Friday, June 12, actually. Friday seems to have become a not good for me day. There have been about 5 straight weeks in which there was no mail on Friday. And I often feel crappy. Couple of weeks ago I spent almost the entire day in my shorts. Stood and watched the mailcarrier drive by my box and for probably the first time ever I was pleased that I had no mail. Not feeling that bad today. Maybe she will bring me something good.

ALEXIAD #80 rolled in. It was about 7 weeks or so late. Apologies by Joe. Troubles for him. Some news and notes and, hell, write to Lisa & Joseph Major, 1409 Christy Ave., Louisville, KY40204-2040, USA and request a copy. I am still writing egocentric letters which they are printing.

Then came a packet from Daniel Murphy, P.O. Box 9862 Boise ID.83707 USA. Note said: "So it has taken me nearly a year" Yeah, I wrote to him back in

July last year. He has switched almost entirely to the web." All of that writing has been going into the rabbit hole called "The internet". 4 zines in the packet which arrived on Wednesday.

Thursday I found Marilyn the Magnificent Mailcarrier had jammed a big package of stuff into the box. A bunch of copies of *RF #5*. 3 eAPA mailings. 3 loose sheet zines. And *ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK #3*. Thus, after about a month with basically 3 zines scattered over that stretch I got a pile. 5 paper zines. 3 loose sheet zines. No point in counting my own. eAPA depends on what you count but if since I always look the OE thing over I suppose they count so in a sense I got 27 loose sheet zines in that envelope.

Apa zines are fun. All zines Dan Murphy does are good zines, I enjoyed them. *THE JUNIPER* is mostly about survival and gardening and vegan stuff. Being a meat eater, the vegan recipes didn't interest me. The gardening articles are, truthfully, basic stuff. But I have gardened most of my life. Would be of interest to folks who like gardening. Also some philosophy. Smallish digest. *ELEPHANT MESS #27* is one of those quarter size things. Perzine. In the first paragraph he requests that it be read once and then destroyed. Then goes off into depression, sadness, life, love, falling in and out of love, break ups, pondering ending life, gets really heavy in a couple of places. And then, near the end, he tells us that it might be fiction. Maybe it is a philosophical treatise. Maybe an experiment. Maybe a vehicle to cause the reader to think of him or herself. But make sure you forget about it after reading it. Couple of days before I got this I was at a property I have been doing some stuff at, sitting on an old bench watching the river. Tide was coming in, quite high. I wondered how deep it was at that point. Started wondering things like this ... if I try to walk across the river, how far will I get?

If I start to drown will I go with a smile on my face or would the survive everything gene kick in and I would try to get out. Would I learn how to swim at almost age 67? River was headed for the sea, it goes under a bridge. Wondered if I was floating down there and someone on the bridge spied me and called for help and people came and rescued me would I thank them or would I accept that they were doing what they felt was right and that it was not my time or would I snarl at them for being interfering busybodies? Decided that day was not time and departed.

I will probably pass this little zine on to someone cause it's good and small enough I can mail it with a letter. Contact Dan and ask for a copy. dnlmrphy@gmail.com. www.juniperbug.blogspot.com

What can I say about **EAYOR #3**? I gather some folks received a copy of RF#5 with their copy of this. Don't know if we can come together again or not. Good big interactive letter column. Some weird opening stuff concerning whether the thing is sufficiently science fictional which is rather amusing. Some personal musings; when Chuck gets into his whiny wife mode he is quite funny. And he knows how to cook as well! Then a not funny tale of a visit to an abandoned whale processing station in the Antarctic. These are slightly reworked eApa zines. And a hilarious tale of adventures with wildlife. 26 pages laid out like this except it has covers and odd bits. Available for almost anything. 85 The Paddocks, Stevenage, SG2 9UF, UK/GB. chuck.connor@gmx.co.uk.

[Well, you know what they say: A cook in the kitchen, and a whore in the bedroom...]

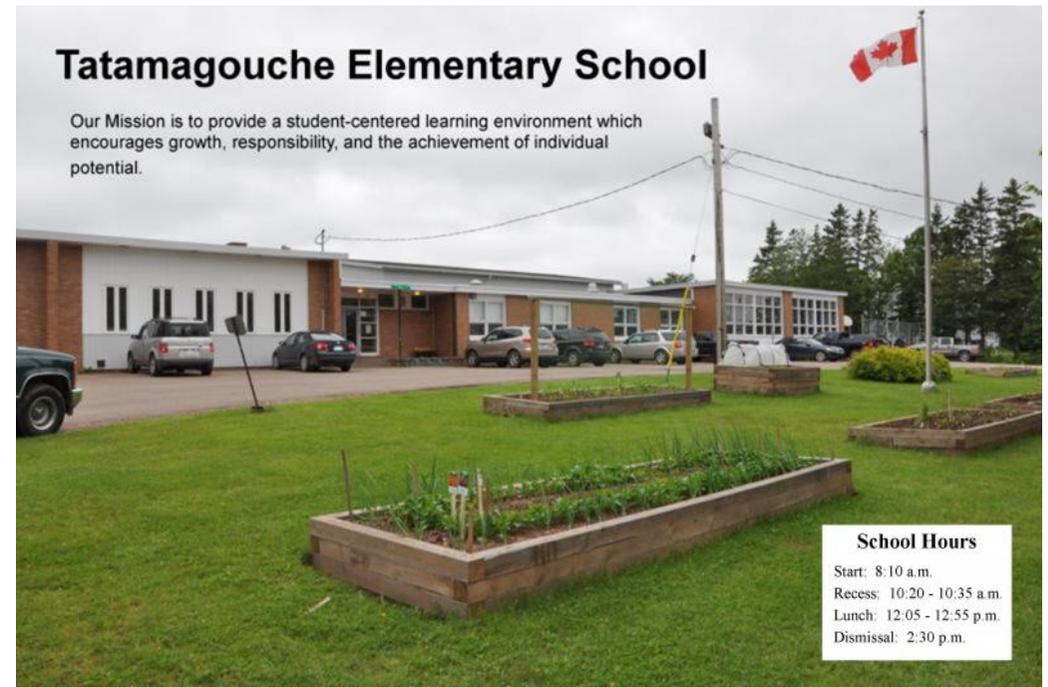
The latest bunch of loose sheet zines had BCSFAzine #502 which had nothing of interest to me in it. **NOWHERE FAN #3** by the illustrious Christina Lake which was interesting to read but generates neither comment nor review and: **REFLECTIONS IN THE SHARDS**, a 44 page collection of some of the writing of Caroline Mullan.

There's a long contents list. Most contents are excerpts from her contributions to an apa called **THE WOMEN'S PERIODICAL**; a women only apa. That would be fun to read. The contributions are all well written; even the reviews of books I would never consider reading held my interest. Some of the con stuff was boring. This lady appears to be a convention maniac. Personal-stuff was interesting. This was put together by the **BANANA WINGS** duo and they used 3 of Ms. Mullan's contributions to that zine to finish this one. They were the longest. And the most boring. Although I can see where people with an interest in the special British con held at Easter time might find the long essay on that thing of value, to me, it detracted from the value of the zine. Very sercon fanzine. I would recommend that any SF fan read this.

[Copies are available for download via www.efanzines.com]

The fifth zine in that bunch that appeared on June 17 was **SF COMMENTARY #89** from Australian superfan Bruce Gillespie. 76 pages of sercon! Well, not quite, there is a cover and a contents page and a couple pages of personal material. Guy is about my age and having some money issues, he says. He can't afford to mail copies to all and sundry. No kidding. This must be a fascinating fanzine for people who like to read about books and authors in the fields of SF and fantasy. Special sections on some authors; someone named Colin Steele provides a wide ranging article on books in sf, fantasy, horror, young

adult and others, recent releases in Australia, Britain, the U.S. and one each in Canada; Sawyer's **TRIGGERS** and Walton's **AMONG OTHERS**. Many pages and with books from France and Sweden and Graphic Novels. I am tempted to do a fuller review of it just to prove it can be done without actually reading the fanzine. But I know that Chuck pulled it off the internet, anyone reading this who has not already read this fat fanzine who is interested in reading book reviews and author chatter is advised to amble on over to efanazines and read the thing. Print it out first.



June 17 also brought a loc from Milt Stevens along with 5 fanzines. Most of the loc is going to migrate to **EAYOR #4** but I am going to quote a bit. "There is such a variety of material being published that I doubt you can have an absolute standard of good and bad." Well, no, Milt, good and bad are not for me to say. I bypass material that does not interest me and say so if necessary. But I was struck by the veracity of the first part of the statement.

There were 4 loose sheet zines in with the loc and one paper zine. All were very different. Definite SF fanzines.

I intended to start with *BROKEN TOYS* but got *SPARTACUS #8* in my hands first. No page numbers, I think there are about 12 pages. Starts with some comments about the loss of 3 people. Next page is politics and then fannish politics and then a bunch of locs and some commentary from Guy. Boston bombing kid is to be murdered by the U.S. government; Guy would have voted life imprisonment but fails to criticize those who voted for death.

Then I read *BROKEN TOYS #39*. Taral is announcing the demise of his zine. In 10 months. Sheesh. 34 pages in this one including 20 of locs. He recognized my self-serving ramblings for what they were and WAHFed me. I learned that someone other than Lloyd Penney reads at least some of the zines on efanazines. Come to think of it, Milt might have read *RF* on there. I noted that someone who has been sent a copy of every issue of this thing who has never acknowledged receipt claims that she locs every zine she is sent directly. Perhaps they have been lost in the computer, as she said many issues of *DRINK TANK* were. Good spot for a rant against computers but it doesn't seem very appropriate these days. Reading an essay on a film I came to: "I long ago grew bored to death with..." and I said out loud; "As bored as I am with this essay" and skipped ahead to the next piece which was a funny memoir of giving his sister away at her wedding. Opening bits were of interest. Not the best BT but still a fun and interesting read.

The paper zine is *ASKEW #12* from John Purcell. I could have sworn I wrote him something on #11, but there is no sign of me anywhere. Still, being a paper zine, I scooted ahead to the locs. S guys. Couple pages by John on the front and back. I don't have a thing to say to or about it.

And then ... *PLOKTA 41* came out back in April 2011. Chuck is apparently desperate to mail me some web zines. I used to enjoy the old PLOKTA! and the bits of this one that were like that were fun. The bulk of the issue was short essays about fannish gizmos. Mostly boring.

Strangely enough I treat emailed zines differently than I do zines which appear in the mailbox in the shape they are in as a person publishes them. Emailed zines arrive in bundles of loose sheets; I call them loose sheet zines. Zines which come direct are paper zines. It would be a simple matter to turn loose sheet zines into paper zines; stick a staple in them. But I like the loose sheet format. The most intriguing thing for me, is that I read the letter columns in paper zines first, almost all the time. Loose sheet zines I start at the front and read what I want and read the letters when I get there. But. Latest batch contained *BROKEN*

TOYS #38; FOR THE CLERISY #84 and *THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS #104*. Well, BT is strictly electronic so there is no paper zine of that; it has, as usual, a good letter column, read it when I reached it. I believe if I had stuck a staple in the corner of TRF after I sorted them out it would have become the same as if it had arrived direct.

Likewise *FOR THE CLERISY*. I enjoyed reading almost all of all of these zines. I have been trying to write letters to everyone who sends me zines. Emailed zines, well, sometimes. I think TRF came off the net.

All 3 contained some comment hooks. I could fill the other side of this sheet with some comments about what I read in these zines. But I suppose it would be better to write a letter to them all. Huh.

Kungbairn@yahoo.com

tomfamulus@hughes.net

Taral@bell.net

June 18, and a newsletter from Kjartan Arnorsson, along with *THE ZINE DUMP #34*, on paper, via mail! Lillian seems to have the notion that I am unhappy with Chuck sending me fanzines. Far from it. I do find there is a difference to me between paper zines, those sent directly to me by the publisher and emailed zines, those emailed to my email address in England and turned in to paper zines by Chuck and web zines, zines pulled off the internet. I wish there was a way that I could know which was which and treat them somewhat differently. But I certainly understand the value to publishers of email. It was good to get it in the mail. But, hey, Guy: save yourself the buck next time and email it to Chuck. Chances are I will get another one in a couple of weeks, copy of the one you sent him.

Almost the end of June. Time is crawling along. Got Traci Lords on the CD player. Got no use for Traci any longer.

Here in N.S. it is mandatory to have a driver's license with photos and all sorts of info on them. Things have to be renewed every five years which means going to a town which has an office called Access Nova Scotia, finding the thing since they move every couple of years and negotiating the shoals of computers, fancy gadgets and not very civil civil servants. So I went to Amherst. A bit further than Truro but I thought I knew where that office was. I was close. Lots of computer things. Ladies were not too uncivil. Last time I got tangled up with

a cranky debit machine so I took cash this time. Asked the woman if I could have the old licence back. She gave it back. I had a notion of extracting the larger of the 2 photos and sticking it in this thing somehow. But I don't know if I will. Probably more hassle than value. The woman who took the photo for the new one said to me: "You can smile if you want to." Poor old bastard on the old one looks rather pissed off. I don't think I showed it to anyone in the almost 5 years I carried it. Probably will trash it. And I came home to find no mail. There was none the day before. Or the following day. Bah!

ARGENTUS has two ISSN numbers, one for print copies and one for electronic copies. Sheesh. Issue **#14** showed up in a bundle of loose sheets. One of those old fashioned 'You got this because' sheets in the back. These things are cool, I don't see many of them any longer. Nothing ticked off so I guess it came off the web. Or maybe not. Doesn't look like it is on efanzines, email is: shsilver@sfsite.com Nice old fashioned thick fanzine. Total genzine. Well, there



is an Alexis Gilliland toon and a Brad Foster toon ... articles on science fiction books! An essay on Dr. Who as well. Some dude named Chris Garcia compares SF fans with pro wrestling fans. Reading Steven's editorial I came across this and thought it should be fun; it was but I was disappointed in that it was too short. It was good in that his point was that fans are fans, some are pointed in different directions but we are all fans. Razzies aka The Golden Raspberry Awards are awards for the worst movie of the year. Tom Galloway presents an educational and enjoyable article about the things dating from 1980 to 2013. Some are SF, some not. Never heard of some; but what the hell is **STRIPTEASE** doing in here! **SHOWGIRLS**, well, lots of sexual type things, maybe the people who vote for these things are all gay males or gay females. Long, long article on Hugo awards for movies, lost me entirely although people who care about such things should read it. Frank Wu provides an excellent article about the covers of the novel **THE LONG LOUD SILENCE** by Wilson Tucker interspersed with some scary real life commentary. 3 locs on 2 pages. What is happening with fanzine fandom, hmnnn. Brad Foster, Milt Stevens and of course Lloyd Penney. 36 of 67 pages are called Tuckerzine; tributes to the late Mr. Tucker. The very long essay by Bruce Gillespie examining the novels – one by one – in minute detail – which is actually quite enthralling. I figured I would likely skip it since I never had any contact with the man and never read any of his books. But like I do with every article or zine I started it. Turned out to be fascinating. I am not much of a reader of science fiction but I would like to read these books, I think, based on this article. It's the third time it has been published, obviously must be good. There are some memories by a number of fans.

Farey named **BEAM** for the whisky that Tucker is supposed to have loved and drunk. An interesting statement in this zine was that Tucker actually drank very little.

Available for the usual or download. Front cover has 4 head shots of Mr. Wilson, 3 of them coloured, I have no idea what it means. *[It's a kind of Andy Warhol spoof, as far as I can tell]* And a list of contributors. 28 of them. I have heard of half. I have had some contact with 4. No, 5; I almost forgot that Steven sent me a copy of **ARGENTUS** 1 or 2 a dozen or so years ago. Published annually – download it from www.efanzines.com

July 1. Holiday here in Canada. No mail today for sure. At 7 a.m. it looks like it will be a nice summer day; I have some clothes washing and will hang them outdoors to dry. Putter around here a bit. No one cares, right? During periods of

no mail and no small press activity I wonder if there is any point in doing the zine. With virtually no response, what is the value in doing the thing?

On the other hand, once in a while something happens that makes it meaningful. I received a very good, insightful loc from Milt Stevens which begins: "Rodney's Fanac #5 leaves me no alternative. I have to write a letter about ... one of the reasons I don't want to do a letter column is that I tend to transpose words while transcribing letters, should read ... letter of comment about writing letters of comment." It was good. Bulk of the letter is going to migrate to **EAYOR #4**. But it was a help. And I don't even know where Milt got the thing.

And I received a copy of the list of results for the **FAAN AWARDS 2015**. Strangely enough I have been quite entranced with these. Given that I have always considered the things amusing, all the noise about them being rather entertaining, I found some quite intriguing things. Divided into 9 categories it is a well compiled list.

A bit confusing in places; I was sure that Curt Phillips For Taff was a one shot; what is it doing in the Genzine category? How does Bill Rotsler get a vote for Best Fan Artist a decade or whatever it is after he died?

Most entertaining: Best Letterhack. 25 or so years ago Paul Skelton was the best letterhack active. Maybe he locs all those Britzines I don't see and still is. If I had received a ballot and had sent it in, my list would have been: 1. Milt Stevens 2. Robert Lichtman 3. Brad Foster 4. Eric Mayer 5. Bob Jennings.

How did these folks do? Milt finished in ninth place. Robert was second. Jennings tied with Mike Meara for 18th. place. Eric was a no show. And Brad finished in a tie for last, #25. I don't think he should be too insulted.

It was a 4 way tie. Just above Brad in the list: Lilian Edwards. Top of the list of 4: Claire Brialey. On the bottom: Rodney Leighton.

I laughed my fool head off!

Traci is singing a song which says: "I, I, I want you" ... I started pondering a 4 way ...

Strangely enough, in spite of my indifference to these things, I found myself writing articles about them and analysing the things. There is a category called #1 Fan Face. Steve Stiles won. There are 103 people listed. Actually 110. Including some folks I have never heard of. It's based on the number of points amassed in the other categories. Top point getters are Corflu folks, mostly Brits, well, to be fair: Steve, Don West, Lichtman, 3 Brits, a Yank, a Canadian

(Taral Wayne), Brit, 2 Yanks, Australian, Skel, there's Brad at #16 and Lloyd Penney at #24. #90 is Lisa Major plus 4 guys I have never heard of. #101 is me. Plus Ray Nelson. How the hell did he get in here? More intriguing to me: how come there were so many couples in which only one voted? I have an interest in the female presence in fandom, I have noted with interest a certain amount of chatter about gender parity in the last while. Yet, of 39 listed voters, only 8 were female. No votes from Pat Meara?

Well, since Chuck is willing to handle most of the work of publishing and distributing this beast, I suppose I should keep on trucking. Going to shuffle the deck a little bit but only in hopes of making it better.

Thought about changing the title but perhaps it would be best to keep it going. Barring something serious or debilitating #7 should appear sometime this fall.

Clothes hung out, some grass cut, Traci replaced by Stevie Nicks, time to wrap this up and package it up and ship it to England.

