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Last month I had a bit of a bad spell and decided to inflict that on some folks. Created a 4 page thing which I called A Letter ...which was mostly small press chatter, should have called it RF I suppose. I intended it for specific people only; this thing and all my zines can go anywhere, redistributed in any way by anyone. Well, I suppose Chuck will put in that distribution thing he likes.

That one had a couple of paragraphs that might give someone nightmares. I hope not. I had what I felt were good reasons for writing about that. I mailed out about a dozen of the 20 copies I bought. Reflecting that I may ditch the rest of them. A spell of 3 days of moderately serious depression and about 3 hours of legitimate danger of death in a 12 year span is likely nothing to be concerned over.

Page 4 of that one was all plans about zines. Typed up with the intention of shipping it off to Chuck I changed my mind and bought copies locally. Then changed my mind about some of the contents of that page before I had mailed anything. Typed another one, I think this one is 2 pages, and did send that to Chuck.

Pondering my life and what changes to make if any and so forth I came across something called the Housing Authority. Hum, I forgot about them. It is public housing, basically. Government subsidized housing for old folks. Apartment buildings. My parents lived in one for a decade. Thought about this. Nah, I would hate it even more than Mum did. I really don't want to live in town and not in a building with other people on 3 sides and above and probably below.



*[Sometimes, Tatamagouche gets a little snow now and again...]*

But the thing keeps popping up. While pondering this I was thinking about the pros and cons and such. Well, I believe that pets are prohibited and so I could not have a dog or cat but I have doubts I would anyway. Certainly no possibility of having any lambs or geese or rabbits or...but would I do that here or if I could find a nice secluded place I could afford? Probably not. What are my interests now?

Well, guess what? Small press topped the list. NHL hockey, in particular my win more than they lose this season Canadiens. And television. I was never that much of a tv show watcher but Chuck has been sending me stuff and

Along there somewhere came a flyer from the media giant Bell Aliant. For a mere \$109.95 per month I can get TV + Internet + home phone, fibreop. Of course, after 3 months it jumps to \$150 to \$190 depending on # of tv stations, high end has 265 channels plus 165 HD. Sheesh! So, if I moved in there I might have enough money after the house sold to buy a computer and printer and tv and so forth. Don't really want a phone although I kind of wish I had one at the moment with me having a dozen leaks in my house and no way to contact my guys.

Take a course or 2, get a computer at one of those places where they install everything, tell them I want to be able to do zines, write letters and I suppose I should have email. Would likely end up surfing porn sites and YouTube. Get a bitty copier. Rather than lay all this burden on Chuck I could do bitty zines and print copies as folks wanted them. Or make copies. I could watch a hockey game a day in season or at least

with the right package I could watch all the Habs games. I could watch Joan Jett be inducted into the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame and see if she sings Spinster. Actually if I had a recorder thing I could record it and watch it numerous times.

But actually I could do most of that here.

About the only reason I want a computer is that I should be able to create documents that make some sort of sense. I mean, ok, that requires some brains and ability. But with a computer and monitor and memory I likely would not do what I did on page 1 after paragraph 5 which was to write a part of a sentence and then shut the machine off before hitting the print button. Should have been ...finding some interesting shows following and

Five years or so ago my publisher wrote in eAPA that he didn't know if there was internet service where I live. I don't know if there was at that time. Today, the thing is all around me. Almost everyone has cable tv or some sort of satellite dish. There is, of course, the financial factor.

Speaking of the publisher, he has produced a fanzine of his own. He took a number of his apazines and rejigged them a bit, added some bits and put them together into a zine. Some graphics, some Chuck silliness, couple of pictures. Very personal zine, tales of love and commitment and bad legs, job hunting and fanzines and fannish hassles. He will tell you how to get a copy.

So came Thursday February 19. About 3:00 a.m. I awake to the sound of dripping water. Oh joy. Well, it was rather more bilious. Well, nothing to do about it now. Started moving snow at 7:00. Day before the neighbour whose mailbox is next to mine said he would come move snow with his tractor. So I went up to see; my box was visible, barely, his was trashed. Dug them out of the snowbank and left the real snow moving for him. Mail arrived. First mail that week. It contained, among other bits, all my information slips for income tax purposes. And a letter from Catherine, editor deluxe of CHRISTIAN \* NEW AGE QUARTERLY. 2 short paragraphs, excerpted portions of a letter I wrote her which she plans to print and a paragraph on the end. Ok. That was the only fanac type thing since, well, the latest bundle of old eAPA

mailings plus the above zine, called ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK, appeared Feb 15. The last small press thing prior to that was in late Jan. Nothing since as I type this. Not exactly a burgeoning activity.

Back in the mid 80s I spent a year trying to get an old farm going and ended up with negative income. Last year was the lowest, other than that, in 50 years.

Well. Obviously I should cut all this small press stuff out. But it is fun, sometimes. And there must be a way.

Stretch the mailings out a bit. Forget about buying zines, for sure. That is not happening any time in the foreseeable future. Forget about sending some of the zines I get to other folks. But, guess what? I had an idea about that. It came because of an old zine; I have been getting a few old zines from Ned and some parts are really good and some so so and some of no interest just like new zines. But I have gotten some fiction zines.

I liked most of them. Thought about passing the zine on. Can't afford to do that. Then I thought: why not extract one story and stick that in with a letter. Postage is the same if there is one sheet or if there are 5. Over 5 it jumps.



Letters are usually 1 to 3 pages. So that leaves room for 2 to 4 sheets. Then I thought, well, why not dice up the newer zines as well? I know that the things are a labour of love and a gift and should be honoured and cherished.

And I do, truly, appreciate every zine that comes my way. But I rarely see one I want to read more than once.

I am not a collector. Zines, honestly, end up in the recycling bag at some point.

So, if I took say, CITY OF THE ENLIGHTENED by Amos Salmonson from The Literary Magazine of FANTASY & TERROR.

It was the best story in the magazine. I doubt Mr. Salmonson would object if he is still alive. Zine was published in 1973. Problem being that it takes up 5 sheets, some of that is artwork, but it is an entire envelope full if I wish to stay below the limit. Might split it in 2. Or I could extract Cemetary Hill, it's quite amusing and is only a page. Then I was reading SHOW ME THE MONEY #40. Well, it's copyrighted and you should really send some cash or mint U.S. stamps if you have any to Tony Hunnicutt P.O. Box 48161 Minneapolis MN. 55448 USA and ask for a zine or 3. But if I clipped out the section called Environmental Corner and stuck that in with a letter to someone, well, it's about 8 digest size pages, if it was a short letter it would fit and maybe the recipient would read it and maybe not.



45 years ago the family was living on Prince Edward Island. I wasn't there much but was there this time of year that year. My place is situated on the corner of 2 roads, house is about 300 feet from the main road. On Friday I walked up to see if there was any mail, not yet and looking down the road towards the Strait I said, out loud: "This is just like being on the bloody Island in 1970!"

Not sure what I think about climate change. Someone who sends me a zine may find this in the thank you letter that will be mailed. Or you could email Tony at [showmethemoneytbone@mail.com](mailto:showmethemoneytbone@mail.com) and request a copy for yourself.

In #2 I wrote about my plan of buying some zines and sending some for trade and so forth and that I thought #3 would be 'an exploration of the success and/or failure of this endeavour.' Thinking about it I realized that there is no accurate way of knowing any time soon. The financial aspect is easy. I mailed 10 lots of cash, various amounts.

A couple went to the same person. Some of those were to people I knew, from experience, would honour the order; Fred Woodworth will send a copy of THE MATCH if you 'donate' him some money. Some were to people I had never encountered. This worked reasonably well. As of this writing only one person has failed to respond.

I can see one letter going missing but not two and with no response to either the order or the letter of enquiry, this gal has ripped me off. Other people respect her, I guess I won't bother pursuing this any further. It's not like it is the only money I have donated to someone in the small press world. And there is the tale of the order sent to Kelly Dessaint; mailed to his old address, it came back to me six months less a day later.

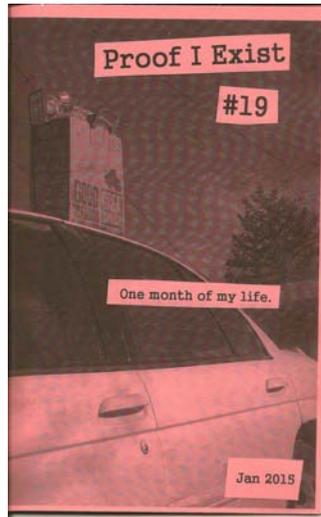
Mailed to his new address it went in a week or so and some of his excellent zines arrived a week or so later.

He has said that he will send me all his publications, whether he does is too early to tell, he is about

8 or 9 ahead of that goal. Hum...he has published 8 or 9 I have yet to enjoy reading. That makes more sense. Some zines only appear very sporadically, SMT\$ comes out once or twice a year. And some others are ongoing or unknown.

I sent 9 lots of zines, mine plus others plus letters, to folks I had not had any contact with. 5 of them responded. That is actually very good. Best so far was from Billy Roberts who I first saw in SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

He sent 3 little zines which were all fun. Dude likes girls, and guys. Proof I Exist #18 is sub-titled "When Two Dicks Touch." It's all about his sexuality. As a solidly straight guy, I found it interesting. Very good writer. Better reviews somewhere. Write to 432 N. Manzano St. NE Apt. B, Albuquerque, NM 87108 USA. Email [iknowbilly@gmail.com](mailto:iknowbilly@gmail.com).



After he got #2 he sent me a postcard that said: " See ya in the mail. "

But with having given some folks good reason to get the hell away from me and stay away, what will happen. Most of those folks I just mentioned did not receive the letter. Some of them have apparently abandoned me anyway. Some of them, I don't care.

What else? Well, I am spending large chunks of time moving snow. Leaks seem to have stopped but I need to find someone to shovel off the roof and do some stuff I can't do.

I seem to have lost interest in reading fiction which is rather weird and hopefully temporary. Although, one year, I think 1987, I only read 4 books all year and they were novels issued by a small press publisher

over in the U.K. The fact that I have not only not read any novels this year but have not even finished those I started last year is not too bothersome.

My benefactor has said that he thinks all my zines should be under one title and since he will be publishing them if they get published, maybe he will put them all under one title. He has yet to tell me, or at least I have yet to see it, that he will. Did write last year that I should just send some pages with the numbers on them and leave it all up to him. So I will.

I want to continue with different titles, for what I consider good reasons. But I am not going to be anal about it.

THE LIFE OF RODNEY YEAR 66 #1 has 4 pages typed. There will be some stuff about Billy's zines and some other stuff. Planned, announced, even, as being mailed to Chuck in early February, I don't know when the hell it will be finished. Or mailed.

THE E LOOK #1 is almost finished at 7 plus pages complete. Not sure when that will get finished either.

THE LEIGHTON LOOK for 2015 #1 has a page and a half. Still planning on doing two a year, July and early 2016.

But sometimes I don't feel like battling with this old lady. I am thinking of doing something like this every so often.



Quahogs  
(clams)  
&  
Dulse

