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An Introduction from Chuck Connor

I'm not exactly sure when this long distance relationship re-started. Maybe as much as ten years ago – around the time I found eFanzines.com and moved back into SF fandom proper – so, probably 2006 or 2007. Before that, Rodney had been a regular whenever I produced things like *THINGUMYBOB*, back in the 1990s. Back when we were both more active than we are now.

Usually I don't advertise or promote what I do – because I do what I do because I do. I've been like that for decades.

Whatever, over a long period of time I've become partially attuned to Rodney's mood swings. One time while working at a client's site I pulled an International line, dialled his old landline, and spoke to him for a while – mainly because there had been too much talk about swallowing shotgun barrels. This time around was different – no more landline connection – and several letters telling me that he'd been down to the post office and checked what Canadian Post would do in the event of mail arriving for someone who was dead.

There followed three or four months of silence, during which time I emailed around various people to see if they had any news. And then Rodney starts writing again at the back end of October 2015.

What you now have is a patchwork from various letters and such he sent me, including the following 'open letter.' Any direct reference to 'you' usually means me, Chuck Connor.

As is the case, most, if not all, writers/bloggers (whatevers) appreciate letters and comment. Write to Rodney at the above address – if only to say Hello – or better yet, send him a fanzine/magazine/zine of some kind. It's worth the effort, believe me.



Last fall almost saw the end of me. Shortly after I got out of the hospital I typed up a 4-page open letter thing, paid for some photocopies in the village, and mailed out 17 of them. I got a response from 5 people. Rather discouraging.

I had decided to abandon zines. Chuck seems determined to do one. We were going to start this one with that open letter. I decided to edit it a bit and take some things out. May mean that some questions arise on some of my comments and anecdotes. If anyone wants to know, write and ask.

This is a quite personal zine in many places and ways. Some parts of it could be disturbing for some folks. Like the sign says: Proceed with caution.

Please note that the first part of this missive is personal and somewhat intense. People who are disturbed by, bothered by, disinterested in or uninterested in suicidal efforts and hospital visits should skip ahead or toss the thing. No hard feelings.

So, well, I was sick. Have been for months and years.

Terrified of needles and doctors and hospitals, infused with a belief in natural healing and a faith which believes in higher authorities which plan your life and control that life and who will heal you if necessary, I spent a lot of time telling

myself to go find a doctor and then finding excuses not to and ways to keep going.

So I settled down with the 100 Tylenol, a slice of toast and table syrup and started in. Toast buried with syrup combined with all the Tylenol should produce something. Eat a bit of toast, swallow a couple of Tylenol. Repeat. Finished the toast. Took a break, figured on 10 minutes.

Came a knock on the door. Fuck! Who the hell is that? My friend Perry. Wrong day, wrong time. Damn it. Well, I had to let him in if for no other reason than that he knew the door was unlocked and I figured he was coming anyway. He works for the same guy I do when I still work named Dave who lives just down the road. Came in and talked a bit, I told him I was not feeling very well, he told me a number of times when he would be back, the coming weekend and went away.

A few days later, having just gotten into the tub to have a wash, there came a knock on the door. Ah, for fuck's sake! NO one ever comes here. So I went. Perry had returned. Brought Dave with him this time. I reluctantly let them in. Dave did most of the talking.

It took the two of them some talking and agreeing to take the time out of their lives to come and haul me off to hospital; Dave spoke to his doctor previously and they went with me, stayed through most of the process. Doctor wanted me to stay there. I fought that off for awhile but eventually agreed.

So after about 25 years of no contact with the medical profession of a personal nature I found myself in a hospital with people poking needles into me and other stuff.

Quite a bit to think about there.

Perry is certainly no angel and it is a burden to put on him to say that he saved my life.

Would I have gone to a doctor without these guys? Eventually, if I didn't cash in the chips. One thing that happened is that the fluid build up in my feet and legs got so intense that the legs got sores which burst and there was liquid gunk running out of them. I said my lifeblood was seeping out. The one was getting fairly large and looking dangerous.

There is a good possibility I would not have gotten this doctor without Dave's intervention. Contrary to rumours and opinions there are not that many doctors around here.

They cover the emergency room at the hospital on some sort of rotation.

30 years ago I had a doctor. He was a neighbour, almost. Happens to be named Dave. He was and is a beef farmer. We could chat about things. I liked him. He has long since retired. There is an amazing resemblance between the Dave the doctor of those days and my doctor now. In physical appearance, in style of dress, in bedside manner, in methods of doing doctor things. It's rather intriguing.

Lots of aspects to the hospital stay. I dreaded it. Last time I was in one of those places I almost died. But this is a small hospital. Called The Lillian Fraser Memorial Hospital, hopefully Chuck can find a photo or two. Obviously there are a lot of staff that I did not encounter but those that I did were wonderful. My God they work hard! 12 hour shifts.

I would prefer to never return. I have to go there to provide blood samples every week for a month and after that, well, who knows.

One intriguing aspect of my visit was that my roommate was the partner of one of the ladies who work in the post office. I begged for a private room with no success; I did have the side of the room with the windows. I didn't know this guy, although I had spoken to him a couple of times in the past. Come visiting hours, I was reading, someone stuck her head around the curtain and withdrew. I paid no attention.

But then came the chatter. I know that voice. So I stuck my head around and spoke to her. Sometimes I would join in. She visited him a lot, 2 or 3 times a day. Sometimes I would wander off and leave them alone, other times we had some conversation.

There is a tv in the room. He is a baseball fan and a hockey fan. Toronto Maple Leaf fan. Big scoff at learning I am a Montreal Canadiens fan. But he let me watch the Canadiens game on Saturday night. One of his daughters works in the hospital and would appear fairly often to chat with him.

She seems nice. He seems nice.

Probably never see either of them again.

Postscript

As it happens I met this woman in the local Foodland, not too long ago. Didn't recognise her. She asked how I was, and: "You don't remember me, do you?"

Sorry, no.



VON = Victorian Order of Nurses is Canada's largest, national, not-for-profit, charitable home and community care organization. They offer more than 75 different home care, personal support, and community services to enhance each client's quality of life. They provide the personal assistance and the support needed to make their patients comfortable in their own home.

Oct.21,2015

Hi ho, whatya know!

Sorry to not respond for a long time. Excuses are: I was feeling lousy and then worse. Then came one of those spells in which I do not want to touch this machine. Then came, well, ah a guy, that one that visits periodically, in the midst of a suicide attempt. I tried to hide it - but I think he could tell I was fairly bad off and a told me when he would be back. 3 days later he'd collected the guy that we work for and they came to the house and basically dragooned me into going to the hospital to see a doctor.

Spent Thursday to Wednesday in hospital. It wasn't that bad. Not a picnic. Still.

Oct.24. Got some VON person coming sometime today. I have some lesions on my legs which need care plus she checks vitals and stuff. Don't know when. They would give me a heads up if I had a phone, but since I don't....

I will just say that historically, for real suicide attempts which are interrupted, they are followed by a long stretch of relative peace.

I wasn't even feeling like watching TV although I did watch a couple of

Rizzoli & Isles. Up to episode #10 I think. I like the show a lot. I think they should stop with the 2 of them being together in the morning and each being called to a homicide scene, it's okay some times but is getting annoying on every damned show.

VON woman appeared. Not bad looking. Nice tits. She didn't seem to mind me looking at the halves that she showed when bending over. Can't get in the tub. Bah!

Somewhat later - hard to breathe. I am going to have to go get a fucking phone. Got these nurses coming, got some house renovations going with one outfit. About to apply to another for different stuff. Hell.

Also got to go donate some blood to the doctor on Tuesday. I am really scared of needles, but will work through it. Tired a lot of the time though.

Oct.27, 2015

Here's a weird thing. For a bunch of reasons I am going to have to get a damned phone hooked up or buy a cellular. Couple of times today I could hear what sounded like a phone ringing. Figured it was someone in the yard. But no sign of anyone. Don't have any idea where that came from.

Oct.28. VON babe came late morning and stayed half an hour; I have to go see the doctor briefly tomorrow.

Solved the above paragraph. Still weird. I have a small phone, had a contract for a couple of years with Virgin. When the money ran out I let it go. Put the phone in a box with the other phone. Had reason to dig it out. Huh, this thing still has some life. Despite not being charged for a couple of years there was still some life in the battery. I forgot to shut it off and apparently signals were going to the office and they were phoning to tell me to shut the thing off.

Local grocery store has a promotion called Turkey Bucks. For every \$40 spent they give you a Turkey Buck which you can redeem against the purchase of a turkey in December. I used this a couple of years ago and got a turkey for about \$11 plus the bucks. Last couple of times they did this I gave the bucks to the mail carrier. That turkey is still in the freezer along with 2 others. Thinking I might buy one this year. Already have about 12 turkey bucks. I am living on plastic but what the hell.

Oct.30. Christ I am having people all around me now. After years and months of

solitude I have this health business. And also home renovations. Got neighbours on 2 sides taking and making phone calls.

Met an ex-pat Brit babe yesterday. Nurse has a very definite English accent. Said to her: "You're from England." "I am!" Asked if she likes it here, she described it as the greatest place on earth. So I went in there with the notion of spending 15 minutes, and 4 hours later got out. Talked with a lady who handles home care and who is going to come inspect the place to see if she can send someone to do vacuuming, dusting, clean the kitchen and bathroom. Talked, to various degrees, with about 8 other folk in there. Went to the store and encountered a woman I know, which lead to a conversation, and later another one. Came home to find a letter which I thought needed to be dealt with, went down the road and had her make a phone call for me. And later the other neighbour came with a message to call someone about renovations.

Headed off to his place, met him coming up, his daughter has a cold. So he brought a cellphone. Turned out I couldn't get reception on my phone, so he did all the talking on his. Got people coming on 5 occasions next month to do some work, one of those I am supposed to vacate the place so they can put in some insulation. Waiting on the nurse today. They come 3 times a week now.

Nov.4, 2015 – Well, I did get a phone. Told the guy I wanted the cheapest phone/service available and ended up with a fucking smartphone!

Young guy showed me a few things about how it works and then turned it over. Asked him if there was a book. "No, what do you need a book for! There is a small one in the box." Yeah. Guess where the fucking manual for this phone is?

So Dave, the sometime employer/neighbour/friend and his wife are phone users. Checking the thing out I realized I didn't know much about it if anything. I phoned them, she said to come down and I spent an hour and a bit being shown things about the phone. Still lots I don't know.

And last night the thing rang. I still haven't learned exactly how that works.

But I let it go, found the speaker button and tapped that and listened to some dude who was, it would appear, somewhere in the US, extolling the benefits of Bell Aliant, telling me when my bills will come and giving the internet links numerous times.

Basic plan. It has unlimited texting but only in Canada as far as I can tell. And a camera. And could be upgraded to send email....

Got house renovations going as well. Electricians coming this morning to wire the bathroom for my new fan. People coming 2 days next week to install same, put insulation in the attic, do some repairs and install a dehumidifier. And the following week to spray some insulation on the bare concrete walls in the furnace room. Supposed to vacate the place when they are doing that, and for 24 hours, No fire for 3 days. Not sure where I will go, probably out of the house one night. Maybe I will go to a motel, and buy a meal or 2. Make an adventure out of it. I think it has been 38 years or something like that since I was in a motel but I just now realized that it's not. It has been about 24.

Another guy and I spent a few nights in a motel in New Brunswick, worked like hell all day, I was 3 miles from a woman I used to fuck and was too tired to go see her. I think it was 25 years ago.

Along with the dope *[medication – as opposed to Class A controlled substances - Chuck]* I am taking, there's an inhaler. 4 puffs at a time, 4 times a day.

Friday the 13th has, so far, brought some rain, temps currently about 12, a short visit from a friend, a couple of calls on that infernal Samsung thing and a visit by a VON nurse. Different one, fourth one that has been here. Sexiest one so far. Small tits but she didn't seem to mind me looking at the 80% of them that came into view when she bent over.

Nov.16. Sun is shining at just after 8am.

As it happens, THE KEN CHRONICLES #37 appeared a few days ago. I haven't read all of it yet for some reason. First thing in the letter section is a letter from Billy da Bunny. I might blast his ass. But Ken seems to have achieved something I have long hoped for, a situation in which lots of people will send him their zines. But I wonder if that is due to the fact that he does a good zine or that he does it regularly or that he has enough money to buy some zines from other people and/or send bundles of TKC issues here and there. Or some combination thereof.

I don't know what the answer might be.

Goddamn diuretics are driving me nuts!

My legs swelled up, feet first and then calves, up to the knee. After a while, well, a few months, there came some wounds, one on each leg. Just above the ankle. Left leg was nothing much. Right leg had a lot of liquid seeping out of it.

Shortly before I went to the hospital I was wearing socks at night, sleeping sitting in an old easy chair with my feet on the floor and come morning the sock on my right foot and the bottom of the pants leg would be saturated with liquid.

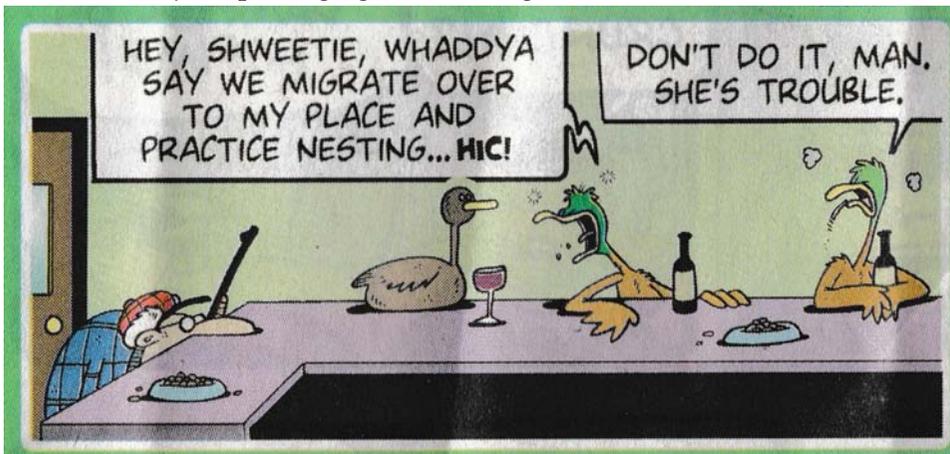
The pills are supposed to make me pass this stuff out the hose rather than through a hole in the legs. The left one healed up, so the VON babe who has been here most declared, on Monday, week ago, that the right one was healed enough it did not need a dressing.

Different one on Wednesday thought a little dressing would be a good idea but she expected that whoever came on Friday would leave it off. That one, different one yet, felt it should be covered. Just as well. Last night, reading NIGHT PREY, I kept going and finished it, sitting at the kitchen table. Started for the bathroom and felt a bursting/gushing feeling. Sure enough, the thing had erupted, just like a damned geyser. I put a sock on, it was partially soaked come morning. One of those women will arrive in an hour or 3, will see what she thinks of that.

Dec.3, 2015. Pissing down with rain. Ah, now I've gotta go piss.

Pretty sure that suicide business is over with for awhile. There was that business last winter, about a year ago. Truly serious time was more than 12 years ago.

Thanks for the manual for the phone [\[148 A4 pages - no wonder Samsung didn't stick it in with the phone - Chuck\]](#). I have now started thinking about cancelling the thing. It would mean I would have to eat a couple of hundred bucks. But if they keep charging me for things I don't do...



Mind you, I have yet to learn the results of the echocardiogram. I am getting better. VON nurse was anxious, but she said to me: "The technician let you leave." "Yeah, she booted me out the door, wouldn't tell me anything." But it has occurred to me that she said to me: "You did great."

I thought she meant that I didn't cause any problems but perhaps she was telling me that there is nothing to worry about. Getting better. VON nurse says she will likely drop from 3 visits a week to one.

Breathing is much better. Don't think they will be coming to see me much longer. Unless there is a relapse or something. The cooking/cleaning division don't phone ahead, they come on whatever day they say they will. Probably not for too long. House renovations are over until summer.

Recent letter from my sister mentioned that I was likely getting tired of all the traffic in my house. Well, yesterday there was the nurse woman who is kind of bossy but also quite nice, I like her and it was nice having her drop in every so often. There was a young woman who spent about 2 hours cooking and a half hour or so doing cleaning. And my buddy dropped in. He had said he would come someday and haul some wood in for me and has been making excuses every time since then which I actually find amusing.

SPARTACUS #10. Read almost all of it. Don't think I have anything to say. I kind of hope Hillary does win, I am always amused at the anecdotes Guy manages to come up with involving himself. And I am always amazed at his actively promoting and endorsing acts of terrorism and murder committed by US agencies while in the same breath condemning various folks for doing the same thing. Liberal patriotism I guess.

THE ZINE DUMP #35. Decent tribute to Ned. I didn't see any problems with the issue. Kind of short. Didn't see anything that I wanted to see that I had not except maybe PABLO LENNIS. I do have a couple of US dollars.

I actually liked his comments re RF. Sometimes I think I will steal that method of communicating with people; do a zine that purports to be a reviewzine with a bunch of personal stuff and commentary tossed in. Some people will say that is what I do anyway. Interesting to see that Guy calls my stuff entertaining while Taral says it is discursive.

I enjoyed most of the MIMOSA reprint you sent, still have some of it to read. I was on the mailing list for that and received copies of both of the issues it came from. But I guess I was not a favored recipient or at least not by Rich since he

has never sent me MY BACK PAGES.

Got a copy of MARKTIME 111 in the mail. I found it boring. I suspect you would like it. Sent him a copy of RF#6 and a suggestion that he email a few issues. Can you imagine!

So, it is Dec.4. Kind of winter like, everything is coated with snow. Not much, nothing to shovel.

VIBRATOR 19 is quite interesting. I still don't see it as a perzine, there's hardly anything from Charnock in there. Amusingly, at least to me, is the fact that I have a hooker story very similar to Mike Meara's. Not in London of course, it was in Calgary. Standing in the middle of an intersection wondering which way to go, a not bad looking middle aged female appeared, gave me a smile, said: "There's a hotel just there, darling."

I think she wanted 40 bucks.

Being 21 years old and given that I knew a couple of ladies of the night who charged everyone but who had indicated I could get some for free, I declined and went on my way. I had fun reading this thing. I can also relate to Robert Lichtman's tale of "being propositioned by an old guy." Happened to me twice, once by a more or less stranger, once by the family minister.

So, what I have been doing this morning, besides running to the bathroom, has been typing these pages, making any comments that I think of re the zines or related to or anything that might be a loc if I were to loc the thing and when finished tossing the sheets in the fire. I have piles of zines around here.

Anyway, going to stick this in one of these envelopes and go sweep the snow off the mailbox and drop the letter in. Hopefully it will arrive in one piece.

Well, this is actually Dec.4, in the morning. I took the other letter up to the box. Thing was coated with snow and ice. Mailbox, not the letter. Cleaned the box off as best I could. Gravel road, there are a bunch of potholes in front of my box and every asshole who drives on the road apparently needs to drive through them which splashes icy water against the box. So I haven't mailed that letter, yet.

Trying to clean things up. As I said I have piles of sheets and some got lost, I don't know what I am doing, as usual. Got a nurse coming today to check on me, she will phone ahead.

THE ART OF GARTHNESS #4. I don't remember when this arrived. I was amused at Dave Haren fucking with Garth. Jumped over the poem thing. 100 life skills - probably no one can do all of those. For me, I can't do the first 2, I can make a meal of sorts, 3 or 5 of them, without a recipe. I can usually build a fire. Could likely bandage a wound but I admit to being happy to have the ladies come and do it for me and even happier that it's healed, almost. 7 & 8 I can do. #9, change the oil, in older vehicles, yeah. With the newer vehicles you need a fucking university degree and a special set of tools.

This may not make much sense but I figure you can find this list on the net easier than I can retype it all.

I do my own laundry, don't bother with ironing, #13, depends on why the toilet is overflowing. Nothing on the next 3, I could probably create a resume if I had to. 18, cooking eggs - scrambled, fried - VON chick poached a couple for me but I do know how to do that and also hard boiled. Can't use chopsticks. I do know CPR although I doubt I would give it to anyone. Push ups. Jesus. I doubt it. I was just going to try but decided I wouldn't. Feeling better but still not great. Never did learn to swim although I think I could if I had to. Is this boring? I am, I think, a good driver. Don't know if I can still ride a bike, haven't been on one in 3 decades or more. I have pondered getting one to drive to the village. But the things are quite expensive and I likely need the truck and, well.... I would check yes to the next 3 albeit I rarely do any of them; haven't worn a tie since graduation in 1968, I don't think I have ever seen champagne. Truck has a stick. On the floor! Got no computer skills. Don't do much parallel parking but I can. Yes, yes, no, no. 43, I know where he is coming from. I know how to budget, I tell myself I should and need to but I never do. 44 - ha ha. Ah, lots of yes, no, maybe, sort of stuff. Don't know how to use a sewing machine. I recycle stuff but in winter almost all paper goes through the furnace which is probably not proper recycling. When I boil eggs I tend to get either hard boiled or too damned soft, don't know why. Lots of 'no's and who cares, picking some things out, I probably remember how to throw a football but why would I? Have never changed a diaper nor braided my hair or anyone else's, I would never dive into a pool, I can change lightbulbs. Government program here has an exchange program where a company come in and takes out all the old fashioned bulbs and installs LED bulbs. Guy was here recently, I may have written about it.

Most of them work ok. But I took the LED out of the lamp I use here and put a good old 100 watt bulb in. Works much better for me.

Hmmm. 37 out of 100? Dumbass, ain't I!

SPORADIC 33 was mostly interesting. Nothing really grabbed my attention but I did read about 98% of the zine.

THE ART OF GARTHNESS #6. Ah, I read over the long list of things he is going to put in his so called book, thought how he had really taken that 100 things you can do off the internet to heart. I doubt any one could do all of those and many people would never need many of them. I, of course, think about life and if we have a purpose and why is it that some people are successful and others are not. There were 4 kids in our family, we all had the same genetics and mostly the same upbringing and education and early life experiences. My brother had it a bit easier than I did due to the fact that father had better work and we had more money. He has suffered in some ways, including a house fire in which he lost almost everything he owned. He is now better off than the rest of us combined; I don't have any contact with him at his choice but I am fairly sure that he has more money than both our sisters and I combined. Should I blame parents, educators, society, whatever or whomever for that? No, it's just a fact of life.

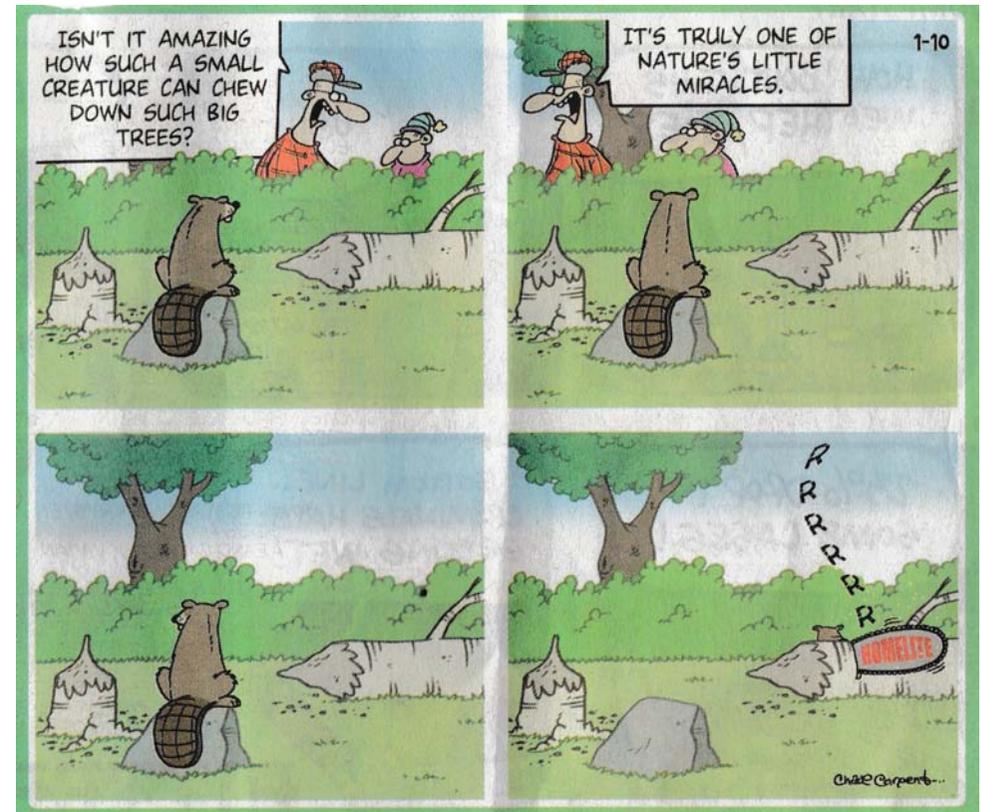
I don't know where Garth went to school but I know I was taught a lot of the things he complains about not being taught, as a child, and a teen. I mean, I know it is different for other people. But in high school I had the choice of taking shop or home economics, or one one year and the other the next. You did miss out on some things. Had to choose between learning how to weld or how to sew.

But perhaps he is right and it would be a good thing to have. Asshole new Prime Minister has promised to bring 10,000 or something Syrian refugees to Canada this month. Never mind all the homeless and starving people in Canada.

But maybe these folks would like to have a manual. I am sure they will need to know how to determine how much to tip the wait staff in restaurants.

And then I came to: "Notice when you're brooding on your failures or humiliations and stop it." and I said, out loud; No way I can I refrain from asking him how many thousands of times he has brooded in print about his failures.

Ah, it was an interesting read, stirred me up some.



Dec.10. Very British kind of day.

My little kitchen has a linoleum floor. Couple of spots wore out, holes appeared, not that big but annoying especially the one that is right where my chair sits. I covered them over with good old duct tape.

Worked well. Of course, eventually the tape wore off. So I need another layer. Thought I had a new roll of the stuff but couldn't find it. Meant to buy some but hadn't. So I was sitting here thinking about how many hours that complete games package [\[NHL All Games bittorrents rather than just the Highlights bittorrents - Chuck\]](#) would be and my eye caught something on a shelf under a pile of zines. Grey, round. Went to see. There's my duct tape. So I should go cover those holes.

Dec.11. I watched a couple of the Life in Pieces TV shows. Some parts were good, some sad, some pathetic. More after I watch the rest. Watched the first Limitless. Not that good but will watch the other one sometime.

I was going to contact my buddy but I think he will be around this weekend at some point. He works for the folks down the road, the other one who bulldozed me into the hospital, and he always drives down to get his pay cheques for some reason and almost always drops in. That day he was here he was heading home to see if he could shoot a deer, last thing he said was that he would bring me a roast.

The other day I read about a TV show called Hockey Wives. Thought I might like to see an episode or 3. Likely the stupidest show ever, The Hockey News ran photos of half a dozen really hot women. But then, I saw it is on something called W. Not very likely you could find that. *[Although I have a Masters Degree in Finding the Obscure, Mr Leighton baits the hook and dangles it in front of me. The W Network "The leading speciality network for women" is his way of getting in touch with his more feminine side. I await his reviews of Season 1 and Season 2 when the disks arrive in Tatamagouche - Chuck]*

FORNAX #5 was of some interest. Probably should send future issues.

Mailcarrier stopped and picked up the previous letter and put the flag down. In case that is a Canadian custom, it means she had no mail for me.

Have been tinkering at trying to get in some wood and doing a bit of typing and reading, but this heart thing is a pain in the ass.

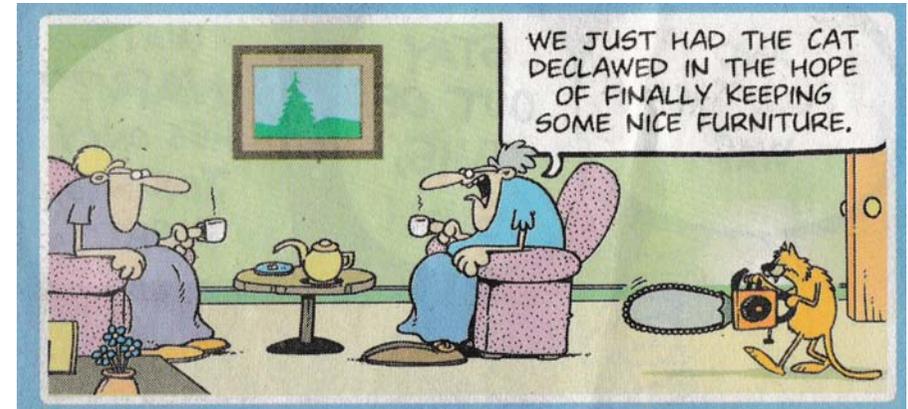
Still, enjoyed reading most of the MIMOSA Anthology again. I was on the mailing list for most of the run of that big fanzine. I skipped a couple of the articles, probably did the first time around as well. It got divided into 2 lots somehow, most of the thing is in a pile upstairs and the rest got switched and read later. You likely don't give a damn. It was interesting seeing myself quoted in the in between bits. First time was in an earlier issue and then the quote about the Teddy Harvia tribute to Ian Gunn. One thing that I find kind of intriguing is that was a strong statement, I believe I locced every issue Mimosa I got and yet they haven't sent me their new zine.

Dec.12,2015. To quote AC/DC: "Hells Bells!"

If you get two letters from me on the same day, well, here is why:

Last night I discovered that the gremlins in the internet are fucking with us. Hockey games won't play. They come up blank. Machine tells me: DivX HD not

supported. I have no idea what that means, it comes and goes very quickly but I watched a few times to be sure I got it in case it means something to you. It happened with all 3 of the hockey games in the last package. I know it wasn't the disk because they both had some of that Limitless show on them and they play. *[DivX Converter programme updated itself and reset the configuration files - Chuck]*



Is It Really a Bargain

Recently one of the nose pieces on my glasses fell off. Tried to put it back on and tried to replace it. Got to have a teeny screwdriver and good steady hands, neither of which I have. Wrapped the little metal piece with good old duct tape. But it was still digging into my poor old nose.

So I hustled down to Truro where there is a place called Pearle Vision where I got it fixed. Thinking it was dumb to drive for 90 minutes or so and spend \$20 or so on gas for a piece of plastic that would likely cost about 5 bucks, I pondered other things I could do while down there. Paid a visit to Cole's. I had thought I would, it's close to the Vision store and although I have tons of reading, I thought I might drop in and see if I could find any wrestling or hockey books that I wanted and could afford.

Didn't find any wrestling books but I did find FIGHTING BACK, the Chris Nilan story. I was not too fond of the

\$20 price tag for an oversized paperback but I decided to buy it because Chris was one of my favourite players and from things I had heard felt I would find it of great interest. I have barely touched it; probably wasn't worth that but, well, I

will likely write more about it later.

The glasses thing was a bargain, I think. Woman replaced the lost one and put on a new one on the other side. Took her about 10 minutes. I enquired as to how much she wanted. Well, you could make a donation to... I have forgotten what it is called, an organization that provides glasses for people who can't afford to buy them. They have a bottle there, it had a loonie and a \$5 bill. Said to her, I think all I have is twenties.

I can make change. Hauled out the wallet, there turned out to be a five, she said that would be great but she would make change if I wished. I went ahead and stuffed it in the bottle. Was that a bargain? Well, I could have gotten the glasses fixed for free. On the other hand, I know how important glasses are, I anticipated paying at least that amount and I also had the advantage of having a meaningful conversation with this gal. I am going to call this one positive.

Here's the one that I am wondering about:

Cole's had a bunch of tables set up out in the mall with sales, 30% off hardcovers and marked down books and like that. I spotted one table which had a sign: " 3 books for \$15 dollars. Well. Quick look showed me one by

Janet Evanovich. Entitled THE CHASE it has a co-author. I love the Stephanie Plum series. I read something somewhere about this book or this new series. Thought it might be worth trying. But I went on in and found the Nilan book. Decided to take another look at this shelf. Found a novel by Stephanie Evanovich.

No idea if she is daughter or sister or daughter in law or no relation at all. Intriguing if she is a daughter that she has the name Stephanie. And then I saw THIS IS YOUR DO-OVER by Michael F. Roizen. Cover says: The 7 secrets to losing weight, living longer and getting a second chance at the life you want.

Well, since I am having health issues, maybe I should read this one. Can't really afford it. But, well, I did.

Hot young female person at the checkout said to me: "That's a great price for hardcover books." I agreed with her. Although if one looked closely one would have noticed that these books were priced at \$7.99 which means they were \$3 less than the latest price. Obviously a clean out of books which were not selling. Retail price on the inside cover was \$32 for 2 of them for Canada, the Evanovich book which is entitled THE SWEET SPOT, doesn't have a price for us but is listed at US\$26.99.

Obviously this is a big bargain if one only considers the price. Even at the

reduced rate, the 3 would have cost about \$24, the \$9 saved almost bought my dinner. But where they really a bargain?

It is possible to buy hardcover books for less. Granted they are used. But the post office has a corner in which they sell used books and magazines. Hardcovers are \$3. Thus I could have gotten 3 books in there for the \$9 mentioned above.

Dec.13,2015.

I don't know if there is any point in writing about these things but I do have all these piles of zines. One pile down here, top bundle seems to be some kind of mix up, lots of photos of Asian chicks and goddesses and babies, huh. Ah, it's BIG SKY #1, released on the world back in March 2013. I think I read it all and had fun with most of it. Quite a few novels reviewed looked interesting.

NICE DISTINCTIONS #27. This zine is always of interest.

OBIR MAGAZINE #3. Cool as shit. Graeme should be working on these good zines instead of the stuff he has been of late. I kind of wish I had a computer, I might try running that deal he did to get a bunch of free publications. This one came out in July; hasn't been one since, has there? I wonder how many of the people who sent him stuff to review are wondering about him getting into con shit and ignoring this review zine.

I read the review of ON SPEC with interest. None of the issues I got were as thrilling and interesting as Graeme makes this issue out to be. But that may just be interpretation. Found quite a few things that looked like they might be fun to read. Every so often I think I should pick up one or some of Lesley Choyce's books since he only lives a couple hundred miles away and write something about them. Never have yet but it was interesting to read the essay on him. I was just now looking at my loc where I mentioned the use of interesting and was amused to note that I did it myself in these comments.

THE PLEASURE OF RUINS issues 1, 2 and 3. Much more enjoyable than I had expected. Graeme writes well and with humor and managed to write about a topic which has no interest for me in such a fashion that I liked reading these zines. Doubt I would have locced them; if he does another issue I would like to see it.

THE SMOKIN' ROUTE was interesting (I see what Graeme means!) to read. Guy is a bit too egocentric in this for my liking, but he writes reasonably well. I don't think I would have locced this even if I were feeling well and knew it came

via email.

For a change of pace: I was rather bemused reading your letter of Nov.26th. when you conclude with the admonition for me to let people help me and not be too proud to take aid from people. You, of all people, should be telling me this!?!

However, I do have a nurse coming to change dressings and monitor health, free to me. They came every other day for awhile and then 3 times a week then down to 2 and will soon end I think barring a relapse. I have a young woman come in once a week to do cleaning and cooking, free. The mother of Dave, the guy who mostly bulldozed me into the damned hospital the first time, is heavily into Legion stuff. Dropped me off a dinner the other day, something the Legion was doing and she brought me one. Said they are doing one today and she would bring me one unless I wanted to go in. No thanks, don't want to go in. Ok, I will bring you one, she said. Turkey dinner for people who are alone, in her words. The other one, I threw out the turnips, had to reheat the rest but there was almost enough for 2 meals. Too much for one for me. But it was not bad.

Dec.14. Puffing like a steam engine.

Went in and got my drugs this morning. Bought a 5Kg. turkey for 33¢.

Turkey came up on the computer screen as costing 33¢. Said to the checkout chick: "I am not sure it's worth it." "Well, of course it is!" she said. "Your turkey only cost 33¢." Didn't debate it with her but when I think of how much money I spent in order to get those 25 turkey bucks. Occasionally even bought things I didn't need. Probably if I stick to buying what I need it is a good deal. If I had done that this turkey would have cost me about \$10.

Not that you give a fuck.

Now there's ice falling from the sky.

Dec.18. Life goes on. Got me on more pills. And other shit.

It's a weird world. I don't know if you noticed but that manual you printed for me for that Samsung device is over 100 pages, 120 or something. There is exactly one sentence on retrieving voicemail. ONE fucking sentence!

Dec.21. Early in the morning. Felt like hell yesterday; not too bad today . Going to stick a couple of letters in the box and try to move some firewood around.

Found these toons I clipped out of the paper ages ago that I thought might appeal to you.

It's Dec.22, 2015. Everything is white outside. I got word yesterday that I was to be at a doctor's office in Truro this morning at 8:30. Ok. Started off and found it was kind of crappy going and I was a tad late. Super hot receptionist said, ah, 2 whole minutes. Laughed at me, she did. And then I went to the washroom and then sat for 15 minutes and then this old guy had a look at me. And then I left.

Here's how great our system is now. Because I have had no doctor for ages I have no family doctor. Can't get one. I have to go to the emergency dept of the hospital and go through the triage process and will be seen by whoever is on duty. The doctor who saw me first said he is going to follow my case which I guess means look after it. So he arranged for an echocardiogram and a consultation with this guy. Supposed to be at the same time, I thought. Went and had the echo, sent me on my way. Got a phone call yesterday so I hustled down. Guy didn't even know I'd had that echo thing much less what it showed. Not sure if it is still valid since it was a month ago. So he wanted me to have another x-ray, might be something in the lungs. I asked if I could get that done here, in Tatamagouche. Yes. Just now I had a call from the hospital in Truro wanting to book me for an x-ray. I said I asked if I could get it in Tata. Well, woman said, I wonder why they sent it here. She said she would send it back. I can't see driving for 45 minutes one way just to have a damned x ray when they do them as well in Tata.

BROKEN TOYS 44. I skipped the essay on coins, those not being of interest to me. Skipped a bit of the computer chatter. Everything else was good. As it happens I just tossed BT40 in the fire earlier, can't check to see if I said what he says I did but I don't doubt it. He's right, I was wrong. Can't complain about the comment about writing style either. Parking licence tale was amusing; I liked the tale of the wooden toilet seat, I had one of those once upon a time, exactly like the one pictured. I might still have it somewhere, I think I took it off the old toilet when I changed them. Plastic seat works ok for me. I read the left over parts piece which was amusing. Letters were mostly interesting, some boring to me bits, no comment hooks I don't think. Comment about NEW TOY coming out once or twice a year resonates with me; thinking that might be the way to go. Although with this heart business. Laughed out loud at that comment about just going to Corflu and just say you're still a fanzine fan. In the midst of depression I can still laugh at silly things. Also laughed at Walt's garbage bin

saga.

The Aurora Awards - more of the same old silliness. The story of the lost bit off the model was quite funny. Maybe because I can relate somewhat to it. Drop something and look everywhere. Sometimes they never appear.

Dec.23. Latest VON person just left. Probably the oldest one so far, she must be all of 44 maybe. Very efficient.

Mail brought the packet with a bunch of Interweb things mailed on 12/12/15.

THE ART OF GARTHNESS #7 good in parts, boring in other places. The fanzine fandom section intrigued me. 15 zines listed, 5 by Graeme Cameron. With RF gone, when Taral ends BT there's not much to be had. I did like the code essay. Good letters section. I don't think there were any comment hooks even if it were not Garth.

I actually thought of Garth awhile ago. There is a local newspaper that comes out once a month, delivered free. I always look it over. Noticed this ad which I will try to remember to attach.

Thought, well, this woman would need a vehicle. But I remembered that Garth had written about cat sitting and house sitting, should be a good opportunity in the city. He has the experience and also some experience in legal things. Shouldn't take any money to set himself up. Might be something to think about if you want to suggest it. I have been thinking about something like that for myself if and or when I get in sufficient health to be able to do chores and stuff although I was thinking more about tending to poultry and livestock.

Which would, of course, require a phone and service. This woman was complaining about no service here on her work phone and I have seen that a time or two.

Dec.24. Raining kittens and puppies.

I didn't find much in OPUNTIA of interest. Some of the pictures were nice to see and look at, big difference in printing things like that and what he could do with the old paperzine. The stuff about the telephone and old time comedy shows was interesting, most of the rest was not of interest to me.

Dec.27, snowing like a bitch. Dec.25 was a beautiful day, sunny, about 15. I was feeling fairly good, spent most of the morning and part of the afternoon moving

firewood around. Started a chainsaw for the first time in months. Maybe 5 or so. Cut some too long sticks in two. Neighbour came in on Dec.24 with some deer cjobs and I had 2 of those for supper. Chops. I should pay heed to the beeps!

Chick on the CD is singing: "Things have changed." Some have, for sure. Some have not. Apparently never will. I have already done this. In fact, Rich Dengrove pointed out to me that I told people not to send me stuff. Perhaps that is why some have stopped.

It's probably obvious that I wanted to get the x-ray in Tatamagouche not Truro. I thought they would call me but no, when the VON nurse came on Thursday she phoned and they told her I could come in more or less any time I wanted to this coming week.

COUNTERCLOCK #23. Didn't find a lot in this that interested me. I liked the part about finding wisdom on the farm, letters were good. Probably not enough in this nuu wuaL, uu y uu uppue,LUd.L was [\[Typewriter malfunction - Chuck\]](#)

Ah, fuck a duck as an old friend of mine used to say.

FORNAX #6 had a few bits of interest as did The National Fantasy Fan. This batch likely came not too long ago; nothing springs to mind about them.

Dec.28. It's a winter wonderland. I've been doing some snow shovelling.

Don't know where THE INTERWEB PAGES came from, I think you said some site. Seems like an eclectic bunch. Not sure what you were thinking about this or if you did any special selection. Looks like an excellent idea so far. I don't know what to do with/about them. Read what I am interested in and/or want to. But what should I do beyond that?

Well, treat them like a fanzine.

#1 contained some very interesting reading and a bit that I read but was not that interesting such as the first article. The pre-anger essay was interesting albeit kind of weird. The Four Months etc. essay about working at a call center was very informative and entertaining and I quite liked it. More on that somewhere.

I can't think of words to use other than interesting to apply to articles like the one on the American Horror film. I quite enjoyed the MANKIND'S TOOTH essay, it is well written and meaningful to me. I read the final essay, it was so-so.

So I read that piece by Eric Wallgren about working at a call center with some interest. My sister does something like that working from home, for a Diabetes fund or something, and as much as I dislike telephones and sometimes

have trouble with them I have occasionally pondered applying for a job at one. They seem to be disappearing, I think the one in Truro that was always hiring is now closed. But. The fun part of this is that I had the experience of being called by one of them shortly afterwards.

I have read over the manual for that infernal Samsung device. I have had numerous people show me how to do things with it. Can't seem to get on to it. But some things I can. Screen shows where calls are coming from. So I got some calls from New York.

Missed the first one, there were 4 or 5 that I either ignored or tried to shut off and the phone part of the thing has a reject call feature and I rejected one of them. I don't know anyone in New York and certainly no one who would be phoning me.

Then I wondered if it might be Ken Bausert. I doubted it. Looked in the zine and he has no phone number listed. Probably not inclined to phone chats with folks. I think he's in Florida anyway. Reading TKC, no I think he's still home. Well.

Having trouble with this machine at the moment, let us see if this will work.

I have had the experience of talking to a really hot woman while sitting on the throne, with the help of that infernal Samsung device. I guess it's good for something. Told her I thought I could get along without a visit but she came out anyway, checked me over, bandaged one leg. Damned blisters on my shins sometimes break and leak fluid. These women are all different, last one didn't think it would hurt for me to get in the tub, this one thought I should stay out of it until these things heal.

One of the more intriguing aspects of this business is that my blood pressure is close to normal, a bit low if anything. Seems strange given it is a heart issue, 2 doctors have told me to watch my salt intake and I eat a lot of potato chips.

Anyway. I had written part of a letter to Ken and gotten distracted. Read the rest of the zine. I looked for his phone number. Not listed in the zine. Likely means he doesn't want phone chats. Probably wasn't him.

And then, a day or so after I read that essay, came a call in the middle of the day. I have managed to figure out the thing enough to tell where calls are from. So I answered it. Young sounding Indian or Pakistani,

like that, female. Tons of noise, sounded like she was in a bus station or something. Hard to make out what she was saying but I gathered she was looking for the owner of something in order to sell that person a vacation trip.

Not of interest to me. No. She just kept talking. "We are getting so many calls," etc.

I still don't know what they charge me for incoming calls, if anything. I was thinking how this call sounded like what Eric had described. So I said, look, I am not interested, goodbye. She was still talking. I think I figured out how to end the call.

Later, a call from the hospital in Truro, woman forgot to hang up after concluding our conversation and I could hear a lot of noise and chatter. Ah ha, this woman in NY was calling from a switchboard of some sort. It's been 4 or 5 days, maybe I got rid of them.

But I wonder how they got the number.

Other ribbon is almost to the end. Don't think that would cause the fool thing to jam up halfway across the page. I just typed that without the print function. No typos! Maybe I should just type.

It's just past noon on *New Year's Day*.

I just had a bowl of clam chowder that I made after typing the above.

I have been told that I have a discursive writing style. According to the note stuck on the copy that came to the hospital, Pete was one of the few people who enjoyed RODNEY'S FANAC #6. Says he Looks forward to more.

The first time I encountered Peter Young's THE WHITE NOTEBOOKS zine was when you included a copy of #1 in one of the bundles of fanzines sent last summer or early fall. The second time was when I was a guest of the Lillian Fraser hospital in the village of Tatamagouche and my neighbour who collected my mail brought in a packet which contained copies of issues 1 and 2 mailed from Thailand. First time I had ever gotten any mail from that country. I read #2 in the hospital. I wrote some sort of letter to him at some point. Recently a packet arrived from New York. Dude gets around! This one contained copies of all 3 issues so far. Sent him a letter the other day.

Well. I mailed him a letter, couple of pages. It was mostly about me. Isn't that what locs are for?

Told him that I was going to abandon the zine. No more publishing for me. It ain't worth it for the 4 or 6 people who have indicated an interest. Although I am still writing stuff and sending it off to you. You might think that there is enough response to warrant doing an issue or you might use the stuff I write in

EAYOR or you might toss it all in the trash. Up to you. Part of my letter was about the folks in the letter column. I am and always have been a fanzine fan but that is really all I am in regards to SFandom. I am a fringe fan, maybe even a fake fan. Well, I have never made any secret of my lack of interest in many things fannish. I kind of forget sometimes that I have been floating around the hobby for almost 30 years and sometimes I find it intriguing to look at WAHF lists and letter columns and see how many are familiar, how many I have had contact with and like that. Issue 3 has 8 folks in the WAHF section, no idea who the first one is, I have had various amounts of contact with 6 of the others and have certainly heard of the other one. Of the 16 letter writers I have heard of 15. Had contact with 8 of them. Some of the others have received copies of RF and could not be bothered to respond.

I should do a review I suppose. Maybe later.

Well, yippie ki-yay. Typing away and I could feel things starting to go south, figured it was time to rest. Went up and sat in my Easy Boy with my feet up, dithered about trying to read and then lay my glasses aside, lay back and an hour later became semi-conscious, tottered off to the bathroom, tottered back to the chair and went straight back into oblivion. 50 minutes later I came to, tottered to the bathroom, became aware that I was craving potato chips and went and ate some. 2 of the doctors I have seen have advised me against too much salt intake. No prepared meals, no tv dinners, especially no canned soup. Bah. Don't know what they would say about potato chips. This is certainly rambling and discordant, huh? Hey, none other than Guy H. Lillian III has said that my writing is kind of entertaining. I kind of like writing like this.

And, guess what? I have started thinking that maybe I will keep doing RF if Chuck is willing. Mailing him sheets of stuff that he can make a zine out of if he wants to is not much different than sending him sheets of stuff that I expect him to make a zine of. Poor guy keeps bitching about wanting to have a fighting chance as to what goes in the zine and where and what should be changed, what should be eliminated and like that. Entirely sensible and reasonable request.

So am I going to do a review? I dunno.

ASKANCE 35 is a perfect example of what I mean about seeing and treating fanzines differently. It is an excellent example of why I am going to request that Chuck implements some kind of system so that I know whether a zine has been emailed to me or if he's pulled it off the internet.

As I have stated a few times already, I find that I consider paperzines, fanzines that are mailed to me directly from the publisher, to be of greater value than

other zines. Fanzines emailed to me are less valuable to me. And internet stuff less still. Please don't misunderstand me, and I am sure you won't, but if this ends up in the zine or part of a loc in EAYOR or something, someone will find it confusing, or accuse me of being unhappy with you or something totally contrary to what I mean.

Also, at the moment, I find that I am losing interest in zines, which is partly a reflection on my reawakened love of book reading. But with that and the increasing number of days like today when there is no mail and so forth I find that I put a higher value on fanzines which arrived from the publisher than I do those that appear with 85 The Paddocks on the envelope. If I know that the zine is emailed, that makes it a bit more valued.

This issue of ASKANCE arrived in the package before last that had zines in them. I had read everything else in the package, forget when it arrived, sometime before Christmas. I had started the issue, read about a page and the mail brought another bundle. I put it aside to read more interesting things. Then it got sort of buried and sort of forgotten; I was looking around and realized I was almost



caught up with zines which arrived in 2015, this is the last one so I sat down and read it.

Here is the thing: I suspect John may have emailed it to me. If this had arrived directly I would have probably written some sort of response and/or written some sort of review. Now that I am making the rash promise of writing longish thank you letters to every publisher who sends me zines directly, I would have felt the need to write a page. Not sure I could come up with an entire page without throwing in a lot of personal stuff.

If I knew it was emailed I would have thought about emailing a letter of some sort, probably not sent any and would have included some kind of review/comments in the next RF which would have been all.

If I knew it came off the internet, then I would have asked if there was any way to eliminate the useless sheets without taking away from the good stuff. Probably not.

Books

SPARE CHANGE by Robert B. Parker. A Sunny Randall novel. First of those I have read. Post office had 5 Parker novels; I thought I had the 2 SPENSER novels; wasn't too impressed with the Jesse Stone I read but I bought this one. It's a lot like reading a Spenser novel with a hot and horny female lead character. The over usage of said is true of this novel. Susan the babe appears not as a lover or a main character but as a shrink. Sunny is quite good. Enjoyable book.

SPLIT IMAGE by Robert B. Parker. Listed as a Jesse Stone novel it is actually a split novel with Sunny Randall having a case and doing her thing including having a couple or 3 sessions with Dr. Silverman and Jesse doing his thing with a case. The woman he is having sex with in this book happens to be Sunny. Parker throws in a lot of his characters here and there. Basic case, Jesse's case, involves identical twin sisters who happen to be nymphos; case gets resolved, sort of. Sunny has a Spenser like case which she solves in a Spenser like fashion. I liked it okay.

FOOL ME TWICE by Michael Brandman. A Jesse Stone novel with Robert B. Parker's name on top of the title. Good title, I thought it was a Parker novel. It is very much in the Jesse Stone style. I didn't like the ones I read that Parker wrote very much except that one up there and this one didn't do anything much for me.

MURDER FOR FATHER is one of those Martin H. Greenberg short story

anthologies. I got the paperback version at the post office. 20 mystery stories according to the front cover. Published in 1994. Mr. Greenberg knows more about this sort of thing than I do but I question whether a number of the stories qualify as mysteries. Rite of Passage by Brian Harper opens the book, there are a couple of deaths, a couple of murders but the thing is based around parental abuse and the death of a father by his son's hand and is more horror than mystery. Father's Day by Ruth Rendell finishes the book with one of those things with no definite conclusion, and really no mystery, a sad tale of fatherly obsession and the idiocy of divorce and child custody decisions. All of the stories have some connection to a father and/or father's day. Some have some neat twists, like Father Figure by Morris Hershman, a tale of an older guy who rescues a young woman in danger, kills her enemy and then it turns out he did it because she reminded him of a woman he had murdered earlier for pay. An enjoyable read.

NOTHING TO LOSE by Lee Child, paperback, 547 pages, published 2008. One of the Jack Reacher series. This one is rather weird. Reacher takes on a town and a rich guy and his helpers and gets involved in military secrets and big money deals and manages to get laid a couple of times. While I could understand being pissed off at being arrested for nothing, convicted of vagrancy and taken to the town limits and told not to come back, it seems like a silly premise to go to war with a town. I can understand the desire to travel from point to point; being denied that opportunity and forced to go around seems much more sane than beating up people and burning down buildings and things like that. In other Reacher novels he has always seemed like a good guy; I thought he was somewhat of an asshole in this one. Superhero like qualities. Get in a fight with 4 other guys or 6, so what, beat them all up. Need a distraction: set the jail on fire. Female lead in this one is a cop in the next town. Husband is an invalid in a nursing home, put there by being damaged in Iraq or somewhere like that. Getting lousy care; Reacher threatens to kick the hell out of the caretaker if things do not improve.

Okay, I can go for that. Screwing the wife was inevitable. Putting her in danger and in danger of losing her job, and then insisting on screwing, not so much so. A long way from the best Reacher novel I have read but still and interesting read.

The Mammoth Book of LEGAL THRILLERS. Published in 2001, edited by Michael Hemmingson; 560 page paperback. Rescued from the Tararua District Library by my friend Lyn Mcconchie, who contributed an amusing 8 page tale

involving female cops, a bad relationship, a murder with an intriguing weapon. Probably no point in avoiding spoilers so I will tell you that the murder weapon in this instance was a bundle of frozen dog food. There are 38 more stories although some are excerpts. I think I likely read this all when she sent it to me, no idea when that was. This time, feeling weird in amongst my illness I came upon it. I skipped The Case of the Crying Swallow by

Erle Stanley Gardner, I have read that story about 5 times. Prayer Denied by Jeremy Russell has Satan being brought to trial and is a fun story. The 2 page bit lifted from The Partner by John Grisham is really a waste of space;

Triumph of Justice by Irwin Shaw is a neat little tale of shenanigans legal and otherwise.

This is an enjoyable anthology with a number of very good short stories. I found it intriguing that the worst contribution, in my view, was the 2 page excerpt by the most famous author and the best was that one by Mr. Russell, whom I have not heard of before or since.

Under his John Sandford pseudonym John Carr created the Prey series, a series featuring Lucas Davenport which has now passed 20 novels. Came a character named Virgil Flowers who proved so popular he got his own series. These guys are cops, in Minnesota. Lucas has mellowed as the years passed, he was a real shitkicker when young and mean.

Virgil is a different dude entirely. He prefers to leave his guns in his truck or house. He acts and dresses like a hippie. Drives a big 4WD truck. Hauls a boat around behind it and goes fishing a lot. Gets laid a lot. Guy has been divorced 3 times. Likes to eat. Writes on the side, fishing stories and stuff like that. A man to envy.

MAD RIVER, published in 2012 is a hardcover novel of the sorrows of modern society, the failure of some people to be decent parents, the way that some folks go off the rails and the bad things that people do.

A woman decides to have an abortion and then divorce her husband. He hires a poor young man who had been abused through his life for the sum of \$1500 to kill the wife. So he takes his girlfriend and a friend, doesn't tell them about the contract, and kills the woman. Car won't start so he kills a guy to get his. And the spree starts. Those 3 running around killing people.

Virgil investigating, visiting his folks, talking to God, wondering why God would allow such things, getting laid. Captures the second guy. First guy gets shot. Girl calls Virgil and agrees to give up. Sheriff and his deputies set up an

ambush and gun them down. Virgil publicly calls them murderers. Solves the case but doesn't have any evidence. The husband vanishes. Looks like the woman's family dealt with him. Going to meet with them there is a tornado. Lots of people hurt and killed. Virgil sees the family helping save folks and decides to leave them alone and goes home. Lots of action, lots of philosophical stuff and I like these as well for the theological parts; they are only short but often meaningful and provide things to think about.

THE WHITE NOTEBOOKS is an anachronistic fanzine. It is on paper! Each issue has a different title. Each one has some pictures in colour and some editorial natter and some stuff about Thailand. The first one, published in June 2015 did not have a letter column. Next two have very good letter columns. Final page of each issue has bits and pieces of info and something he calls Listopia which is a list of fanzines read in #1, listed as received/read in #2 and #3. Confusing. I wish I had noted this before I mailed him the letter, I might have to write him another one. Huh. Lists of favourite books in #3, films and albums.

Published in June, Sept. and Dec. so far, 8, 14 and 12 pages. Fun fanzine. Stuck on the end of each is a 2 page zine entitled THE THAI LITERARY SUPPLEMENT which is book reviews of half a dozen books from Asia complete with colour photos of the covers and entertaining and informative reviews. I tend to only read book reviews if it seems I would be interested in reading the book if I somehow got my hands on it. Doesn't matter that there is no way in hell that I would ever see, say, THE CALL OF THE MIDNIGHT HOUR, but it looks like a really interesting book. I understand Pete travels a lot, mostly on airplanes and apparently reads all the time. Writes well, the book reviews are good. I don't know why this 2 page thing is considered a separate zine. If anyone happens to read this who does not get these zines, you should. Likely should be an SFan.

The White Notebooks are available - ah, God I hate the damned "the usual"!! Write him a letter, send him a fanzine. These are all on efanazines. Email: peteyoung.uk@gmail.com. Real mail address: 136/200 Emerald Hill Village, Soi 6 Hua Hin, Prachuap Khiri Khan 77110, Thailand.

Idy started doing punk zines when he was a teenager back in the 80s. He's still doing it. He started SOMETHING FOR NOTHING in 1989 as a punk zine dealing with a variety of issues. Right around the time I started the original

LEIGHTON LOOK. I have changed all sorts of things, gone back to LOOK half a dozen times. Idy switched a time or two and killed off SFN once, but started it again a few years later. I forget how long I have been in contact with him; not back then I don't believe but for quite a long time. I have been bitching at him about using capitals for ages, to no avail. As he says, it's his style, he has been doing the zine this way for decades and apparently I am the only one who reads it who wishes he would capitalize some words. SFN used to run a variety of material, lately he has been focussed on giving serious coverage to some bands that he really likes. Issue 72 has 9 pages of reviews and commentary on The Dickies. 13 albums. This band has been around for ages, started back in the 80s, many of the releases are from 1986 to 2000; Idy saw them live in 2013. And then 10 pages of commentary on 13 releases of the Toy Dolls, a silly pop punk band which has apparently also been around since the mid 80s. Zine reviews, 3 pages, 15 zines, about half of them from Billy Roberts.

Idy is a vegetarian. One of the most intriguing sections of SFN is the beverage reviews. He finds some really strange drinks. This issue has 18 of them. Here's one: GUAYAKI YERBA MATE BLUEPHORIA. Opposite that is IN THE RAW LEMONADE. 5 book reviews, only one of which held any appeal for me but folks into ska and reggae would be interested in the others. And a short trip report. Digest style punk zine with quite small type. Idy does use some capitalization in this issue but not within the blocks of writing. Free in person, 2 stamps for people in the States, no idea how much for anyone outside the States, I may be the only person who reads it outside the US. Write him a decent letter, enquire about back issues and stickers and I expect you will get a copy. Something For Nothing, 516 Third St. N.E., Massillon, Ohio, 44646, USA

DEADLY PLEASURES MYSTERY MAGAZINE, issue 54, Summer, 2008. What a great read! This one was really interesting. I was going to state that I would love to see more of them and I will, but given how old it is I suspect it might be the only one available. Is it still being published, I wonder? Probably no point in publishing any sort of review or recommendation. Thanks for sending it to me, if you can find another issue or more I would be happy to see it or them.

BITS FROM THE INTERWEB #2. Stapled, should be treated as a fanzine. But I have a suspicion that you pulled these things off the web without reading them. Thus, if I talk about an essay or an article will you know what the hell I am babbling about? Well, this one has 17 items. I found nothing to interest me in the interview with Jack Dalrymple; the review of THE MEND was boring. The opening article was kind of interesting. I quite enjoyed BIG GIRLS, chick

looks rather hot to me, essay was good. The How Not To Apologize essay is excellent, very well written and informative and meaningful to me since I have a tendency for apologizing. I liked the following piece on the movies. I found the article on Archie Andrews very good. Entertaining and informative. Your Spanish Fling was fun until the end when it turned sad and depressing. The long essay on the meaning of the Confederate flag was very good. I liked everything else to some extent although a couple would be relatively low on a scale; if I were to rate these articles on a scale of 0 to 10 based on how interesting I found them, how much I read and how much I liked it, there would be 1 zero, the interview mentioned above; one 9, the apologize, and, fuck this I am not going over the entire thing.

Women are strange creatures. I told you about having these VON ladies come to do some light housekeeping and meal preparation. I am not altogether sure how it happened but I was approved for this by a manager person. The workers are all different. There are a lot of them and they work on some sort of schedule that means different people come here. It seems to me, since they come at the same time on the same day every week it would be better for everyone if the same one came every week. She would soon know were everything was, I would have an idea of what she can do and will do. On the other hand, it is kind of interesting having a different one most of the time and seeing how different they are. I had the same woman the last 2 weeks. Last week she was ebullient, talkative, easy going, helpful and supportive and offered suggestions about meals and things she could do. Yesterday she was morose, cranky, bitchy and whined about the amount of things I wanted her to make and what they were. Said she was tired and she was obviously having some issue at home. But I got the impression she wasn't sure she should be here; she clearly wanted to get out of my house. I wonder if it had something to do with me or if I was seeing the results of personal problems. Although she did mention some things she might make next time, if and when she appears. Going to go eat one of the egg salad with bacon sandwiches she made for me.



Well, it's the second day of 2016. Beautiful sunny day outside. Decent temperature, around 0. Old farmer's adage says that the weather the first 3 days of the year presages the weather for the first 3 months. Used to be true.

Well, hell. Went out for a walk but didn't get far. Thinking about this, and that, and I started thinking that I am completely nuts.

Jan.3. Cloudy, about 0. If the old adage works this year we are going to have a nice mild open winter.

Babe on the CD is singing: "Be a thorn in your side." I bet you know what she means!

Woke up early this morning, 4 a.m.

BITS FROM THE INTERWEB #2 seems to be hiding somewhere. I have read all of that and #3.

And now it's snowing. Apologies for all the hassle and bullshit.

Jan.4. 2016. Mail carrier took a letter out of the box and put in the first package from you for this year which contained 6 DVDs, episodes of CASTLE and hockey games and highlights. Thanks. I have been watching last year's hockey that I happened to still have.

Just came back from the store. I have been buying some things for the women to use to make meals and a few other things, stock piling food in case I get house bound or something. 44 items, just over 100 bucks. And 42 of the items were on sale! Sheesh.

Jan.9. Just back from the store again. I spend way too much money on food.

As of now I am almost caught up with the paper things you have sent me that have arrived. I still have the INTERWEB BITS #3 to comment on; about half of the old porn mag to read, I don't think I will have anything further to say about that and THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR to read. Might comment on it.

I realize that this is a hassle and a mess in some ways; I apologize for this. I will do better. I promise. Unless I don't.

Jan. 10,2016. Just after noon on a nice sunny day. Went for a drive and found my low pressure warning guage on. Damn. Neighbour has a compressor. Went

down and got them all pumped up. Hopefully that will cure that. I have to try to remember to check the tire pressure once in awhile.

Well, it is the 13th day of 2016. I just said to a woman on that infernal device: It's a beautiful spring day except there's a foot of snow on the road. So we agreed that the young woman who was scheduled to come and make me some meals and do some cleaning would not bother trying to get here and I will survive for another week. Found out which one it was I was sorry that she couldn't get here.

She was here once before and was quite nice and productive.

Of course, that doesn't necessarily mean that she would be today. One of them was friendly and productive the first time she was here and morose and rather bitchy the second time. Although she did get everything done.

Morning of the 15th. Sun is shining. I have been shovelling snow. Had a call from the GP doc who told me that the cardiologist wants to see me in 6 months. Not sure what that means. Told him I was feeling better all the time. Nurse came yesterday, I seemed to be in the best shape that I have been in for quite some time. I suppose it was inevitable that I would have a relapse. Woke up about 2 a.m. with big breathing problems; fought with that for a few hours, took a couple of the pills I am only supposed to take if I am getting bad, had some cereal, watched the last 2 episodes of Castle I have. Decided to go move a little snow. Bah! Don't have much strength or energy this morning.

Castle was rather weird. The disappearing act was a good plot but I think they blew it; should have run the thing for at least half a season. The sci fi streak was kind of silly, kind of intriguing in places mostly amusing. I liked the Castle working with the mob leading to him finally being banned from working with the cops; Castle as some combination of Hercule Poirot and Mike Shayne was mostly silly. The dude ranch show was ok, God that woman was hot in that black cowgirl outfit. 2 part finale was some of everything. It was obvious where Beckett had to be and I liked the fact that she saved herself without the bastard riding to the rescue; Castle being allowed to get away with assaulting that guy and some of the other stuff and not only not being charged but being immediately reinstated was good tv and a good way to get the show back on track as stupid as it was.

I am ambivalent about whether I want more episodes or not. Are you guys

watching the show? Opinions?

Now it is Jan.18, early morning. Got to go see the doctor this afternoon. I think I will mail you an envelope today and another one in a few days.

I think on Castle: if you are watching the shows I would be interested in seeing more; if you think they are crap and don't watch them, I don't want them.

See how fucked up I am! I typed that bit up there 3 days ago. This sheet has been in the machine since; haven't touched the machine. Although now that I actually read it I see I didn't tell you about my appointment today. Sigh.

Are you sick and tired of the apparently unending and impossible to resolve debate over zines and such shit?

Guess what I have been doing? The latest scheme to blossom in whatever passes for my brain is this:

No more self published zines as such. No more letters of comment as such. If anyone is kind enough to send me a gift I will write a thank you note and create a kind of mini zine for the person who sent the zine or zines or whatever. Rather than recycle zines through the fire I will clip some of the better pieces and stick them in the envelope along with stuff from the paper and maybe a magazine or two. I have an offer to sub to a magazine called CANADIAN LIVING, it's not much good but there are tons of recipes in it. Sub is about 20 bucks for a year. Thinking I could extract the recipe pages and put those in.

And write some reports on things I read, like books and maybe some zines. Anything substantial, I will try to send back at least a couple of pages. Plus inserts. And make my old standard statement: "Recipients are free to do anything with these things they wish."

Which, of course, means that you can make zines, if you so wish. Getting perilously close to fucking mail art packages.

And the other thing that I came up with was a plan of doing all the writing I wanted to, just like this, except I would only write when I had ribbon for this old gal. I was going to do a letter thing in which I announced that I would write locs, thank you letters and maybe zine shit until the ribbons ran out and take a break until the next time I had reason to go to Truro. Buy 2 or 4 ribbons and do it all over again.

Pondering this one I thought, well, if I send this to Chuck with a request for 20 or so copies I will find a box of ribbons in the box ere long. And it wouldn't

work anyway. I see I still have 4 ribbons in the plastic and even if I can finally resolve this zine crap so that I am not wasting tons of ribbon and driving you crazy.

But the primary matter here for me is the topic of how one views the fanzines received, how they arrive and how to treat them. Chuck and I have had some debates over this; he says that a fanzine is a fanzine. I think that there are big differences. Paper zines mailed directly to me are more meaningful, more important and deserve a letter of comment. Emailed zines have the advantage of effectively sending copies to Chuck and I both but unless he tells me I can't tell if they were emailed to me or he pulled them off efanzines. Unless I know.

I have thought of asking if you would stick a staple in any zine that comes via email which would tell me which are sent to me and which come off the web. Or, many of the bundles of 'catalogues' come in batches of 2 or 3 separate envelopes with the whole in one package. Maybe put emailed zines in their own inside envelope and off the web zines in another. Indicate which is what.

There are VON women coming once a week to do light housecleaning and meal preparation. They are not supposed to make fancy meals or anything, just basic things. They work on some sort of complicated scheduling system which means there is a different one every week. Except I did get the same one twice so far. Plus 4 others. In some ways I wish they would send the same one each week, she would soon know where the supplies are and how the stove works and I would have an idea of what she can make and how talkative she is and if I can flirt without her taking offense and so forth. On the other hand, it is kind of intriguing having a new female show up every week and seeing what she is like and can do. "Can you make fish chowder?" "Oooohhh, no, I hate fish!"

My mother used to make something she called succotash. It was a soup, like chowder. I loved it. Mum made me a bitty cookbook with some recipes in it but she neglected to include one for succotash. These young women claim they can follow recipes. I have to provide the ingredients and unless it is something they know how to make I have to provide a recipe. One of my other favourites was goulash. I had a list of ingredients but no recipe. But one of the gals knew how to make it and made me a batch.

I forgot to ask the one before last but have asked the other 4 if the knew how to make succotash. Never heard of it, any of them. Sister says there are tons of recipes on the internet. She wouldn't eat it and thus doesn't know how to make it. She sent me one, it looks more like a casserole than soup. She said all the

recipes she looked at have tomatoes; there were none in what Mum made. There were potatoes, corn, kidney beans, milk and I don't what else if anything. Got a recipe for succotash?

Jan.19. This morning I was typing a letter to sister and the poor old machine started jamming and acting like a bitch, tried a couple of things and then remembered that the last time it did that the ribbon was almost used up so I changed ribbon and that seemed to work. Looked to be quite a bit of ribbon left on the other one, I was rolling it out with the little wheel and, well, the ribbon looks like there is no ink on it. Thought I would try it, obviously it don't work. There is still about 3 pages of typing on the ribbon; no good to anyone. I don't know why they don't make the things so that the entire ribbon will work. Well, I suppose, the faster and more often people change ribbon, the more and more often they will buy more new ones.

Well, the diagnosis is damaged heart valves. Surgery will fix them, and me, allegedly. Cardiologist doesn't think I am ready for surgery, he is right. GP, now my family doctor, first time I have had one in almost

30 years, says the choice is mine. Drugs are bad, he tells me. All drugs are poison, all have side effects. Medication can control the problem; can't cure it with drugs. Cardiologist wants to see me in 6 months, not sure if he thinks I will be sicker by then or sick of being sick. GP says he will try to speed things up if I want to.

Told him I didn't know if I was going to have surgery or not. So he got on to quality of life and life style and desire to live and so forth. I agreed to a course of anti depressant dope for a few weeks to see if that does any good.

The try the drugs for 6 months and see what is what is actually what I was planning on doing so that fit well. I have to take dope, go to the local hospital for blood work and x-ray in 6 weeks, see the GP in 8 weeks. Barring relapses or other problems.

Now I find myself pondering whether to lay this stuff on a few people and get their opinions or whether to do some sort of general letter-zine thing and scatter it all around to everyone I can think of and/or everyone you can think of or whether to figure it is all my business, keep it all to myself.

Well, here I am , laying it on you. Some on sister. I asked her for some info on heart disease, maybe she could do some research and she went to the Mayo Clinic website and copied off a couple of pages.

So now I am thinking things like:

If I pose the question: "Does anyone have any knowledge on whether a heart with damaged valves can or will heal without surgery? If no, can a person live a decent life with the condition controlled with drugs? What damage do the drugs pose? Does anyone know if the surgery is easy and simple, or more than that."

Would I get any responses if you put that in a zine, or a letter, or what?

ASKANCE 35 has a great cover. I was bemused by the natterings. Skipped Tom Sadler's article on aliens, those things being of no interest to me. I had some hopes for Purcell's article on modern fans, I found it okay. I would give it a B+. Photo of John Hertz was the best thing in the zine .Figby was good. Fanzine listings were just that, I did write to Joe Major, will see what happens there . If I were writing a letter I would point out that if publishers do not put an email address in their fanzine that probably means they do not want email. Letter section was ok. First time ever I skipped part of a Milt Stevens' loc. Do you do that pdf thing that Eric Mayer suggested? But then there are 10 pages that are completely useless in my view. I wondered if there was some way you could cut those out. That would either eliminate the bulk of the letter from Dave Haren which would be too bad since it was the best letter in the zine or leave one page of con listings I could ignore.

That would also probably eliminate the IAHF list which was intriguing in that, does it mean that Guy Lillian wrote an actual loc and why would he WAHF Claire Brialey. And the what's next bit. But his publishing pronouncements are about as meaningful as mine.

That's enough of that. It's about 4 p.m. I usually watch hockey between then and 5. Guess I will go do so.

The Autumn 2015 issue of CHRISTIAN * NEW AGE QUARTERLY starts off with editor/publisher Catherine Groves asking what is the matter with her. Much of it is that her friend and editorial assistant Judith Eir Landaiche went to her next reward in the spring and I imagine on to her next life shortly, and Catherine is not only grieving but lost. If I had the equipment and money I would offer to help. If anyone would be interested in doing proofreading, editorial assisting, contributing articles or anything else to a basically Christian publication with new age leanings, write to her and see what you can do. Order a copy or 5 as well. Samples and back issues are \$3.50 in the States and \$5

elsewhere. I recommend it. P.O. Box 276 Clifton NJ 07015-0276 USA. Email: info@christiannewage.com

And that, ladies and gentlemen is all for the year 2015. That issue is mostly reprints from 1991; the essay by Robert M. Price on Saint Josaphat is quite amusing. He may know if I will publish another zine. St. Josaphat I mean; I doubt if Price knows I exist.

Jan.22, 2016. It is a lovely winter day, sun shining, about O C. I had some sort of spell this morning that left me kind of weak. Shuffled up to the box and found the thing almost full! Package from you, letter from Catherine, copy of THE KEN CHRONICLES, THE HOCKEY NEWS. And a bill. This package was #2 this year, contained 4 fanzines and 2 DVDs.

I am planning, or at least thinking about, putting some personal matters to some people. Topics like faith and religious belief, if they can be called that. The suicide topic will likely rear its ugly head again; one thing that I am pondering: if I am assured that if I go off the medications I will die and/or if told that if I do not have the operation I will die - if I decline, is that a form of suicide.

All of this stuff is really personal and these are my decisions. And I am well aware that they are topics which upset some people, they can cause anguish and hurt and anger and various other reactions. Some people don't want to hear about any of this at all.

If you are one of them, please tell me so. Please. There are, I think, a few options for me to do this. One would be to write to people directly. One I considered would be a perzine. Small, aimed at these topics, sent to only a few people. Copies made by you or copied in the village or at Staples.

Yet another is going through the zine route. As I have said before, given the paucity of response to RF #6 I don't know if there is any point in doing any further issues. However, it appears that you think we should. Well....

I have, in my head, a couple of things I am going to write shortly, which fall exactly in the RODNEY'S FANAC concept. Other than that I don't have any great love for the title.

Jan.23. Birthday of my aunt who would be 90 if she were still among the living. And my sister who is 65 today, I believe. Haven' t had any contact with her in 4 or 5 years.

I was born down on the Fundy shore, more or less. 62 years ago my father tried to drown me in the bay. I went out there a few times over the years, aunt lived a couple miles from that spot. Sometimes I can feel it calling.

I have periods when I am not exactly suicidal but of a mind that I will likely be out of this life one way or another before the year is out. But then I find myself looking at real estate ads and pondering if I could swing a move to a different place. Or looking at ads for vehicles. Time to trade in the truck.

But of late I find myself doing that and I think, well, not much point in thinking about these things until I know I will be around and have use for it or them.

So I started this day off about 4 a.m. when I awoke and felt like I was cured. Felt really good. Then I stood up. Fuck! Shuffled in to the toilet and back to my old chair, 12 feet or so, back down and sat there. Coughing was not bad, wheezing not too bad. Felt not very bad, just not particularly good. And I didn't want to move. Had to get up for to piss a few times, I made myself come and start the fire around 8. Took all my dope. Made myself eat a waffle. Made myself get dressed and wash the dishes. I had been planning on a trip to the grocery; figured there was no way I was doing that but I was feeling better and I did.

Feeling some better. Went out a few minutes ago, walked down the road to the next neighbour's driveway, turned around and counted my steps, stopping every 50 steps for 10 to 30 seconds and then resuming. Turned out to be about 250 steps at a fairly normal pace. So that's 500 round trip.

Got back, had a piss and here I am. Didn't knock me down. I wonder if I can do it again today. Or if I should. Should I push myself to walk some regardless of how I feel or the weather.

Change of topic: I watched some of the CASTLE episodes. 144 sucked big time. I did watch it all, not sure why. Spent some time muttering things like: fucking science fiction! Next ep was a bit better although still silly. But then it got somewhat better. Got 2 more eps to watch I think.

Goddamned Canadiens have fallen into disarray, losing everything. The winter classic vs Boston was one of the few games they have won in a while, possibly the last one. I don't know what else they had surrounding it although I think there was an old timer's game which I thought about asking you to see if you could find it. Too bad about the Highlights, they were good to watch.

I am thinking that I want to try to obtain some literature on predestination,

guardian angels and faith, all that sort of thing. Some will likely be in the form of letters. Yes, I have looked at this some time earlier. There is a book I am going to write some things about. I am thinking about looking for opinions, facts, literature, comments, on health matters.

Is it possible for a heart to heal itself? Should I be walking as much as I can, or not at all? If I put myself on this 10,000 steps a day program, how do I count the steps? How do I differentiate between steps taken when feeling decent and steps taken when I feel like I am almost dead? Would a pedometer be of help? What do folks know about these things?

Jan.26. Well, I am trying to type things, get some exercise, haul in some wood which is still outdoors. So I type a bit, take a bathroom break, move some snow bring in a stick type some, etc. When I have a letter ready to go I take it up to the box.

Thanks for decoding the drugs. I now have 3 puffers of different usages and 5 pills. Decode the one circled if you will.

Watched the rest of Castle. Keep sending them, I guess.

Well, that's sort of ambivalent. Typical of me I guess.

I sent the front cover of THE ART OF GARTHNESS #8 to Catherine Groves with the suggestion that she contact Garth to see if he might be interested in helping her with C*NAQ. Told her he might or might not. If she contacts him she may end up hating me. Might be good for both of them. Who knows.

BITS FROM THE INTERWEB #3 is the only thing that arrived in 2015 that I was going to comment on. Since you say you strip mined a web site in order to have something to send me I think I will just say thanks for that and we are now done with 2015.

Anyway, I think I will take this up and stick it in the box.

-oOo- -oOo-

Final Postscript – Rodney Leighton – February 19th 2016

And so we come to the end. The end of this issue. The end of this title. If you have gotten this far, congratulations. I hope you found something of interest other than the toons I stole out of The Chronicle Herald.

Got anything you want to share will be happy to hear from you. Hopefully you will have the decency to let one of us know that you received and read the damned thing.

In theory there should be another zine in the Summer. Don't know what title it will have if any. Chuck does almost all distribution and where it goes is up to him. I am going to urge him to not send copies to people who have been sent a copy of this one, but have not acknowledged it.

Of course, if it is posthumous where he sends it, it will be of no concern to me.

Planning on switching back to THE LIFE OF RODNEY after my birthday. Thinking of doing 2 a year. Thinking I am only going to send them to people who contact me. Of course that will mean somehow convincing Chuck to separate emailed zines from internet zines or stick only to paper zines. Or go nuts and publish it myself via Staples.

Of course copies will go to people who send zines. And there are about 3 people who can ignore this bit; I know you want to read anything I write. But if there is hardly any response it makes me wonder if anyone does read the thing – and if not, then is it worth doing a zine? Maybe do what I ponder on page 18.

To anyone and everyone who has gotten this far - Good luck, good health, and happiness.

Final Postscript – Chuck Connor – February 28th 2016

And there it was, done. What you have comes from around 85 pages of letters and suchlike (some double sided, some on recycled paper) scanned, converted, OCR'd and finally formatted into what you now have.

And for someone who initially didn't give a flying furry rat's ass-crack as to what I did with the contents of this project, Mr. Leighton sure is a picky bastard after reading through the original proofs.

“What happened to the typos??!!” *[Yeah – and I even managed to translate all the Canuck into English as well...]*

You either received this electronically in your email box, or one of the few paper copies that have been distributed out of a crazy notion that some people still like to read paper zines.

Oh, and if you don't respond to this, little trolls will come in the middle of the night and hammer red hot rivets into you until you do.