

BITS OF MY BORING LIFE #2

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May 10/11 had some interesting stuff. It has been quite a dry hot spell here. ON the 10th. I worked , figured I had made \$100 or so and decided to come home and haul out the tiller, start doing some gardening, etc. First I went to get some oil and stuff and was informed that I needed a new clutch in the truck. Well. Came home and started to get the tiller out; it was not moving well, what the hell. Flat tire; first one I have had on that machine in the 11 years I have had it. Spent 2 hours trying to get the wheel off and gave up and called a guy who knows what he is doing. DEcided to go do some more work, since it's just over the road. Got in an hour but found I was really depressed; came home and got out BUCHANAN'S TEXAS TREASURE by Jonas Ward in which Tom finds a lost treasure, gets involved in a war, has a fight or two, kills a couple people.... I don't know why things have to go wrong all the time. Still. Yesterday I finished one piece of work, went and got a new clearing saw and some other stuff. Guy was coming to get the tiller. So I hauled out the lawn mower. It has been hibernating in an old shed for a year. I doubted it would even start. Filled the gas tank, pulled the cord 3 times and away it went. Go figure!

May 14, 2 below 0. What the hell!

LONE STAR and the Denver Madam by WEsley Ellis, #13 in a long running adult western series, okay book.

WHITE SQUAW #6, DAKOTA SQUEEZE by E.J. Hunter. Evan HUNter as in Ed McBain? X rated Western full of blood and gore and sex; Jesse James is a good guy. Some ridiculous sections; 16 year old twin boys see their mother murdered and less than a day later spend most of a day screwing Rebecca, a most vicious and horny female. Rather a good read, though.

May 17, ground is covered with snow and I just watched the

What a fu-king -- !

Bah. Numbug!

What i w g h ?

The people

Huh?

Sorry about that mess, it's a result of low technology.

The people who vote for American Idol just voted off the best singer in the competition. Don't know if I will watch the final next week, I expect they will name the goofy guy the winner for the second year in a row. Of course, 17 year old Jordin might win and she needs it more than Melinda.

I am in a re-reading Buchanan mood. Latest 2 are BUCHANAN'S WAR , in which Tom meets Coco, and BUCHANAN'S BIG FIGHT. Plots are similar in all these books but I like them.

BUCHANAN'S STOLEN RAILWAY. This one has a baseball game, of all things; a stolen railway, love between an INdian and a white gal and Tom doesn't get any.

HELLFIRE TRAIL by Jory Sherman, western with religious contemplation and a bit of horror, read most of it while waiting for my truck at a garage; \$330.

THE FUNHOUSE by Dean Koontz, a quite good tale of the terrible things people do to their kids and one another and themselves, religious idiocy, satanic influences and a finale in which God lends a hand to the girl to survive the intended murder and mutilation. Second or third time for this one.

Counting RDCBs as 4, books finished count as of May 21 is 60 or 61. Granted that many are short westerns. If you want me to read longer, bigger, better books ...send them to me!

Well...A WALK ON THE DARKSIDE is an anthology of Horror short stories published in 2004, edited by John Pelan. I bought it at Zellers for \$5. Paperback; 391 pages; 21 stories; 21 authors. Steve Rasnic Tem closes the book with a story entitled: An Ending; good tale; he's the only author in the book I ever heard of. Typical of anthologies, there are some really good stories, some not bad, some so so and a couple that are rather pedestrian. Read every one of them. If I had any ambition and found the urge I would likely write a longish review of this one and probably submit it to ALEXIAD. Probably won't.

BUCHANAN'S GUN; one of the early ones.

May 24. The Scotiabank branch in the town of Oxford provides a corner for a book exchange. Working past there, I dropped in on the way home to do some banking and donated some books. Sadly, they didn't have a single book I wanted to read. Figured there would be nothing in the mailbox except the Zellers slier. But ...a fanzine from Chuck Connor! YAH!

The day before that I had to stop on the way to work to allow a couple of deer to decide to get off the road. A couple of days ago I had to stop, on the way home, to allow a couple of ducks to get off the road. Well, I suppose I could have kept going and run them down and in fact I briefly considered trying for a duck dinner and also, in earlier years, I would have simply run over the ducks. I don't know whether I am becoming more compassionate or mellow or what.

BROKEN WHEELS by Al Cody; not bad western; story revolves around a stagecoach.

BUCHANAN'S RANGE WAR; some insane crook tries to take over the country and ruin Tom's little family; for a peaceable guy, Tom sure kills a lot of people.

Yesterday I went down the road a ways to get some slabwood in case I am still here next winter and need some kindling. Saw a couple of Canada Geese grazing in a field. Then read most of THE MASK by Dean Koontz, a riveting tale of possession, evil forces being battled by the forces of good, reincarnation and psychology.

If anyone has any notions why I am into this re-reading of books I have read before while ignoring those I have never read, I would like to hear it.

And not only did I not watch the finale of IDOL, I don't even know who won. Don't care either.

Books read as of May 28: 65

A couple of folks seem to like personal stuff. Here's a bit. One day not long ago the guy who was fixing my tiller called up and told me a tale about breaking a part that never breaks and he would have to order it from Michigan or some such place and he was really sorry; he would lend me his tiller if I wanted it. I said, don't worry about it and laughed about it; things like this happen to me. The next day I was having a bunch of trouble with my brand new saw and was stumbling around tripping over things, having a hard time working and I started thinking about what would become of me and I thought, well, when I get my sister settled somewhere I think I will call it a life and check out of this one, I'm sick to death of it.

Of course, the guy found a good used part and fixed the tiller and brought it back the other day, I even paid him some money he said I didn't have to and I think I will make a start on a garden. I guess I am not too serious about going to a better place. Yet.

Of course, according to THE BISHOP IN THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD by Andrew M. Greeley, there is no rest over there in the land of many colours. Bishop Blackie deals with a new crime and an old one, figures out who killed who 60 years ago and who was trying to do so in the present time. He has lots of help; Nuala Anne appears a couple of times; his long dead Old Fella and the spirit of one of the kids murdered 60 years previously as well as some computer nerds and a hot Sicilian lawyer and others. Not the best Blackie book but enjoyable. I wonder why authors, some of them, use words to excess. Ineffable appears in this book about 14 times.

LONGARM in Silver City sees Longarm dealing with all sorts of mostly honest people doing mean things to other folks, getting laid a couple of times, shot at a few times..and seeing the wrath of God as a huge storm wipes out a large part of the town and a bunch of the folks. Not quite the typical story in this long running adult western series by Tabor Evans, this is #40.

BUCHANAN GETS MAD, one of the earlier ones, a bit different, more plot, no sex for Tom

EAST OF JAMAICA by Kaye Wilson Klem. A novel set mostly on Martinique around 1900; a young woman named Eden is betrayed by her uncle, raped by a guy named Ross, is tricked into enforced prostitution, bought by Jeremy, married, kidnapped and raped by Ross who turns out to be Jeremy's bastard son, raped and tortured by Marcel Jeremy's son, rescued by Ross, basically kidnapped by him, spends some time in a torrid affair, returns home, has a son, fathered by Ross, Mt. Pelee blows its top, Jeremy and baby are killed, Eden insists on checking for survivors looking for Ross who was in prison and who survived, and they are in love. Rather silly book. But it was one I read straight through, a rarity these days.

THE JOURNEY OF DEATH by Jake Logan, #78 in the John Slocum adult western series. So so story. Most intriguing: the cover shows guys dressed in heavy winter coats fighting in snow covered ground with snow covered trees in the background. But the entire story takes place in New Mexico, in summer, with frequent mentions of how hot it is, 100+. Prime example of the disparity between authors and artists and publishers. Weird, eh?

A KISS REMEMBERED by Justine Sommers, published 1979, set in 1880, a spoiled rich bitch falls for a cad, her father dies and wills her to a guy she hates; she makes plans to marry the guy and then divorce him immediately; falls in love with him; her hero turns out to be the cad we all knew he was ...a rather silly tale although I enjoyed reading it but have no idea why.

I have been trying to work as much as I can, do some stuff at home and then basically collapse; no interest in movies, nothing on tv, no zines, those reading a number of relatively short books.

And, sometimes, I read books in bits, as TWILIGHT EYES by Dean Koontz, a 450 page novel of horror and psychology about goblins and love; second time for this one but I didn't like it that much and read a chapter at a time with other books interposed.

Such AS The SERPENT and the STAFF by FRANK Yerby; a novel of medicine, love, lust and life in Louisiana in 1900, give or take a couple of years. A book I have had for years, plucked out of a stack at random and which I enjoyed.

SABADILLA by Richard Jessup; western with the twists of a Mexican pistolero comes to Texas and sides the law against a rich man.

And, one day when my employer was supposed to come set up some work for me and didn't and the mailcarrier didn't pick up a couple of letters I put out, I drove into the village, mailed the letters, got some gas and dropped into the secondhand store. Found LOCO by Lee Hoffman, a legend in sf fandom, thought I might write a bit about it but it's just a fairly decent western with the twist that the hero doesn't get the girl at the end. Also found ONE MAN MASSACRE by Jonas Ward which is one of the Buchanan books, the copy father had and I had was missing the first 12 pages and although my memory is now lousy, I thought that this was the one. Also found BUCHANAN'S MANHUNT, one I had never seen before. Read em both that day. There are quirks to doing things like this. In the first one, published in 1958, Buchanan is about 30, a solitary guy who is nothing much but who smokes almost as much as I do, drinks, and kills a bunch of folks. Title is a misnomer; lots of people die but Buchanan only kills a third of them. In B.M., published 21 years later, Buchanan is something over 30, is a peaceable guy who is always getting into trouble along with Coco, who tells someone, when asked about smoking: "Never got the habit." And he is a legend and a hero. And gets the gal, although that is only suggested.

THE CHISHOLM TRAIL by Ralph Compton. Promoted as Louis L'Amour type westerns by the publishers and also by my parents, I was loaned a few of these books sometime when they were still alive, hadn't read them before they went to a better place and just recently tried this one. It's a good tale, full of kids performing extraordinary feats, falling in love at first sight and 5 youngsters under 20, 2 girls and all mostly tenderfeet gathering 10,000 wild Texas Longhorns and driving them miles without trouble. Hell, I like a good fantasy once in awhile. Not comparable to L'Amour, I don't think.

MAN FROM THE DESERT by Luke Short; fairly good old style western with a couple of neat twists.

THE QUIET MAN by L.L. Foreman, a not bad western with some cool twists; the girl goes back east rather than marry the guy; the broken hearted Indian lass is asked to marry him by the dude. More mystery type plot in this than many westerns.

I went to Oxford to do my banking and thought that there were no books there that interested me but I did pick up 3. EXCLUSIVE by Sandra Brown is a good tale, with a ditsy female reporter, a U.S. President who makes even Bush look tame and honest and more twists and turns than one can imagine. Interestingly, there is a character with major emphysema, a condition one of my uncles existed with the last few years of his life and a condition which I don't need a doctor to tell me I have, I swear I won't be like my uncle, or the guy in this book, dragging an oxygen cart around, unable to breathe. As it happens, I put my pipes away halfway through reading this book. Why not throw them away? Because I know full well that the time will come when I am nerve wracked, or more depressed than usual or something and will buy some tobacco. Admittedly, hearing myself wheezing like a sick steam kettle, on a fairly constant basis, is rather distressing. 4 days later I seem to be having nicotine withdrawal problems, but I ain't wheezing as much. And the gal falls in to bed with the marine hero type less than 2 minutes after meeting him and has

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Well. I have, probably, 27 or so books that I have read some portion of and think I want to finish reading, someday. Going to look for something I might like more, I encountered 2 that I tossed in disgust, one half through, the other after 40 pages. I have a shelf of books I have had for years figuring I might read them someday; plucked THE PLEDGE by Howard Fast out of the pile. Published in 1989 when paperbacks were \$6.95 here, this book started off a bit slow but became compelling. I am contemplating doing a review to offer ALEXIAD, or alonger one here. Don't want to type anything right now.

This is a literary book. Rather naive reporter Bruce Bacon learns that the Brits are responsible for the famine in India in 1945; escapes ahead of a hit squad and gets home and writes a book about it; meets a crazy Irish female communist Catholic and falls for her; gets hauled into court by Dick Nixon and the communist witch-hunters; is given a parody of a trial and sent to a prison which must be a fictional invention; one with no walls, which treats convicts like human beings. And then Molly dies for no reason. Philosophy, politics, religion, adventure, morality, human nature, love and hate, Nixon and Hoover. Near the end, a Roman Catholic priest who is about to leave the church to marry a former nun, Molly's sister, tells Bruce: "THAT(the India famine), the war, the Holocaust, your experience ..ah, God has some explaining to do."

I liked this book. I note there are listed, some 46 books. How come I've never heard of this guy? I see that he was called before McCarthy's committee in the 1950s. Book is sort of autobiographical, in a way.

THE GUNSMITH #50, When Legends Meet, by J.R. Roberts, on the other hand, is pure fiction. Well, no doubt Wild Bill Hickok was actually named James but I doubt there was ever anyone named Clint Adams aka The Gunsmith who was even faster than Hickok, although they were friends and shared the same women. Maybe guys did get laid by every woman they met, 3 or 4 times a day, back then. Good, fun read. I note this one is dedicated to Ed Gorman.

The other morning I got up, noted a pussy on the deck and a coon on the back lawn. Headed to work and saw 5 deer and a bitty bunny at work. ON the way home this morning after getting rained out, I saw a bear running like hell for the woods.

Edward X. Delaney in THE FOURTH DEADLY SIN by Lawrence Sanders is somewhat of a bear. A retired cop who is rather a brute. Suspense, murder, cops and lives, psychology and human drama, I recall writing something, somewhere, about this book the first time I read and commenting on the fact that this guy who is apparently older than I am gets laid virtually every night.

INTENSITY is probably the third best of the books by Dean Koontz that I have read. I think this is the third time for this one. Probably not the last.

crazy wild sex, but then, in spite of spending lots of time together, some of it in intimate situations, they don't screw again until near the end of the book, just before the more or less proposal. And the attorney general allows this klutz with a history of screwing up to go off on her own and gather the information with which he can charge the President with murder. SURE.

This last bit is the finish of the item on page 4. It sucks doing this, I know.

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July 15 is a nice summer day so far. Babe on the CD, Lisa Loeb, is singing about getting so frustrated...my furnace needs to be fixed; takes 2 hours to get the bathtub half full of hot water. About that time I turn on the cold and go do something; yesterday, I did that and put something in the oven. Damned thing wouldn't come on; I fiddled with it for awhile and suddenly realized the water was still running. Tub was full water was all cold,my supper wouldn't cook, I broke down and cried. Gave up on the bath, Ate something out of a can; tried to fix the stove,gave up on that, moped around and went to bed, had some weird dreams. Didn't feel like going to work this morning. It's a vicious cycle; I get too depressed to work effectively or at all thus I make less money than I could or , as today, none at all; it gets harder to find the money for fixing things or buying a new stove or buying a microwave and using the stove top or figuring out how to cook things on top of the stove; it makes it harder to leave the pipe tobacco in the stores even though I know that every package I buy not only would pay for copying this thing but would also pay for something valuable. Still.

Friday the 13th. doesn't have any meaning for me. Except that it is Friday. I miss my mother every day but Fridays are worse. I usually don't get any mail on Friday. But this time I came home to find not one but two fanzines.

THE KNARLEY KNEWS appears every other month almost like clockwork.#124 is a good issue with lots of fine reading and even a short contribution from me being a sort of review of 4 fanzines printed off the net and shipped to me back in January, I think. Well, I wrote the article on Jan.6. Rather dated. I got another package shortly after that and started THE MAIL CARRIER BROUGHT IT largely on the notion that the folks who promised to print ezines and ship them to me would do so with a modicum of frequency. Silly me.

I was thinking of writing that I had consigned that zine-like thing to the oblivion it deserves. Noted I had a full page typed. Started thinking that since various folks have proclaimed this to be a zine regardless of my opinion I would add in that page, fill out the blank side and make an 8 page almost zine. Went outside and discovered that the \$1.25/liter gas is running straight through the lawn mower. This is getting ridiculous. I'm afraid to turn anything on . I even hesitated to pick up a hoe. Well, let's pack things up for the day and see what tomorrow brings.

Over the past week I have been thinking about turning this into a zine, of sorts. Thinking of past times when I would talk or write about stopping doing such things, or sometimes of starting one again. Cliff Kennedy and Steve George used to tell me that the world needed THE LEIGHTON LOOK, at which I always scoffed. Unless I was losing enough money that I was putting other things in serious jeopardy, Mum would always say: " You have to have a little fun." Well, Cliff has been in a better place for over 6 years and Mum for 4 years and 15 weeks today. Steve is still alive, as far as I know. But, I got a 1 the other day which advised me to have a little fun.

Is doing a zine like thing fun? Used to be. Not sure it is any longer. Still. I did enjoy getting those 2 fanzines last week.

I am going to abandon these 2 titles. Copying is to be done today. IN a day or 3 I will mail a copy to Steve. If he gets it, he will put it on the internet.

THE LEIGHTON LOOK; Summer/Fall 2007 begins the next time something interesting appears in the mailbox. No idea when it will be copied. Paper copies sent to people who send good things. Please take note: I am still considering this to be a letter supplement and sometimes substitute. No mail list. If I don't hear from you, you don't get a copy. Except Steve and probably a relative or 2. And maybe a good friend or 2. If you can access it online and are willing to do so, please do. Want to read what I write without being in contact with me? Hey, why do you think I send copies of these things to Steve to put on the web?

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THE MAIL CARRIER BROUGHT IT #2

April 24. Today brought a package from Oz; the latest, and possibly last, issue of BETTY PAGINATED and a bunch of other stuff. Thanks Dan.

Note: in between the copying of #1 and today there has been about 2 zines plus the book that a gal sent; see BITS OF MY BORING LIFE #1. It may take the rest of the year to complete this thing!.

May 2 brought ALEXIAD #2, vol. #6. 46 pages of letters, book reviews and essays and commentary. Joe & Lisa, editors and publishers, went to a family reunion and wrote a trip report, as well as a convention of Sherlock Holmes fans. Joe read and wrote about a ton of books, even one I would have read, others review some books, and candy, Joe spends a much of pages writing about some cable tv show, called ROME. the 41 breasts is interesting, apparently he was counting. And a bunch of stuff. I'm afraid I didn't find much of this issue very interesting.

May 8, VANAMONDE 673 to 682, double batch, about a year old, still of interest.

May 15, THE KNARLEY KNEWS #123, another good issue.

May 16, May issue of BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED.

May 24. PAPER CUTS #1, a super fanzine from Chuck Connor, first fanzine I have seen from the U.K. in ages. Some very interesting commentary about his life including writing porn and doing a reviewzine years ago; a cool review section in which myself and this silly thing are prominent and a cool trip report of a vacation to the wilds of England c/w colour photos of bitty waterfalls and castles. I have fond memories of THINGYMA BOB; this one doesn't quite reach that level but it's a great zine. 64 Chelwood Ave., Hatfield, Herts, AL10 ORE, U.K.

June 6, a batch of VANAMONDE, #'s 683 -686.

June 11, raining, the mail ladies brought 1 bill; 2 letters and a package from Ohio containing 3 issues of BUST, one with Gwen Stefani on the cover, and #40 of the Mystery & Adventure Series Review.

June 21; after avoiding my box for 2 days the mail carrier left, yesterday, the latest issue of ALEXIAD, of which I enjoyed reading about 85%, Joe even reviewed a number books I would likely read if I had them; the JUNE BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED; a local paper and...a "please come back" offer from the MYSTERY BOOK CLUB. 5 for a cent plus s&h. And a free book. And another one cheap. They actually offer a selection I could fill with no trouble. But then I have to buy 3 more...if I buy something does it qualify for this thing?

And today brought the April issue of PEREGRINE NATIONS, EDITED BY Janine Stinson P.O. Box 248 Eastlake, MI., USA, 49626-0248; published and mailed by Peter Sullivan in the U.K. Whole bunch of locs and part 2 of an article by Chuck Connor. I guess I'll go read it.

Long letter from Chuck had me laughing out loud. Lots of other good letters. very good issue. She doesn't want any more real fanzine readers and if you see this on the net, well, P.N. is on there as well. Designed for it. While my thing is designed for me

P

July 17. Happy Birthday to me. In PAPER CUTS #2 Chuck quotes bits of a letter I sent him including my comment that at times I would like to get back to prime LEIGHTON LOOK days with 25 or so items to review per month and other times when I don't want any; go figure. To which he agreed. Figure this: on my birthday, the mailcarrier did not leave a single thing in the box, not even any junk mail. I don't care either. I worked this morning; it's close to 90 outside. I should weed some of the garden or cut some grass or go cut some more trees or do some housework or go buy a microwave or a new stove or work at this thing. Hell with it all. I started re-reading a Koontz novel last night which is fairly compelling; got some pipe tobacco, going to run hot water for a couple of hours which will get the tub half full; have a bath; try cooking a piece of turkey on top of the stove; suck on the pipe and read the book.

PAPER CUTS #2 came in a dvd case with midget wrestlers on the front which got me all excited; a cd and a booklet inside. CD turned out to be a speech by some broad back in 1972; booklet contains a copy of the speech, I listened to it while reading it. Probably interesting to older fans or people interested in fan cons or sf. I was impressed with the heights Chuck goes to do fanac. Then he takes bits and pieces of locs from various folks and weaves them into an on paper conversation with himself. And also reviews some fanzines..

For the first time in years I wish I knew someone in North America who gets the Wrestling Observer. Or someone who would go online and fish out commentaries and details on the death of Sensuous Sherri Martel. And Chris Benoit. Saw news of the latter on the news. My sister taped the tribute show WWE did; she wondered what possessed him to do such a thing, to which I replied: "Chris was so jacked up, on steroids he likely didn't know who he was much less what he was doing."

But I guess I will have to beg the sole person I know these days who gets WON, who lives in Australia, to make me copies of the relevant pages.

Said friend sent me, back in April, a few sheets from Crowbar Press, and an order form I kept said for for some reason, well, there are a few books I would like to read. I almost sent an order for a copy of The pro wrestling hall of fame; THE CANADIANS. Figured it up; cost would be about \$35 my money which is about what I paid for Ric Flair's travesty of an autobiography which I read about 50 pages of and abandoned as being sickening back in 2004 and haven't touched again and may never read more of. Cost equals about 2 packages of pipe tobacco, perhaps I can persuade myself to trade a couple of those for a copy of that book. But then I heard that U.S. postal rates have changed dramatically, so I think I will send him a note along with a copy of this and ask for a new order form. Or maybe send me a copy for review?

Scott, I'm joking!

If anyone reading this happens to have something you would like to have reviewed, by me, ship it off to me and hope none of the postal companies involved lose it or it doesn't get destroyed or stolen. Paper copy of THE LEIGHTON LOOK: Summer/fall 2007 will be shipped to you. A copy, when ready, will be mailed to Steve and if Canada Post manages to get it to him and he is still alive and not pissed at me he will put it on the internet. And, perhaps, someday, someone will write and tell me about reading it on there.

Books completed as of July 20. 88, including 4 on the table here not mentioned.