



The Last Leaf

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MORE THOUGHTS ON E-JOURNALS

THIS HAS TO DO with some of the pros and cons of e-journals from the standpoint of those publishers who are retired and now subsist on fixed incomes. With all due respect to those who object to e-journals, let's look at some of the advantages.

- E-journals have the potential to reach a much larger base of readers.
- E-journals allow a wider choice of graphics, photos, and presentation options.
- E-Journals require very little time between preparation and publication.
- The cost of publishing an e-journal is minuscule compared to traditional publishing costs.
- E-journals permit correction of errors even after initial publication.

Letterpress printers will continue to enjoy their esteemed publishing niche in the hallowed halls of amateur journalism; e-journals will not detract from the continued enjoyment that only a letterpress journal can bring. There is room in a way for all types of publications and those who choose e-journals have a legitimate forum.

The rampant reality is that some members, especially those on fixed incomes, are pressured by rising costs that are not offset by rising income. Publishing by e-journal not only eliminates adverse budget impact, but may actually allow for an increase in productivity. In view of this, is it a betrayal of acceptable publishing practices to embrace e-journals? I think not. #

--Hugh Singleton

Addendum:

In deference to those who eschew computers, I will print a hard copy and send it to those who request same...until such time as the expense becomes prohibitive, of course.



THE CHOSEN PORTAL

By
Jean Calkins

The voices in my mind are calling me,
and I must rendezvous as I am bid.
Is this the day I chose to exit earth
in some time long ago on distant sphere?
My sight-dimmed eyes will soon fade into night
and weakened legs refuse a longer trip.
I step onto the gold leaf-littered path
that points me to a distant mountain ridge
which has been destined to accept my plea
for easy passage to the hinterlands
where wait my people. Slowly I move on,
each painful step a nurtured memory
of days of glory, days of sad defeat,
all blended into one appointed life.
This step is for the remnant of my youth
Still lodged within my heart. The next will bring
remembrance of each battle fought and won
my movement may be slow, but persevere
I will, until the goal is paramount.
The hours drag; my energy has drained
into the earth with each succeeding pace,
but I can see the victory ahead.
The mountaintop is mine; I slowly bend
to kiss the soil that long has been my home.
My body folds itself to sit at last
upon the precipice of time's release,
and Spirit sits beside me, holds my hand,
to lead me through the portal at day's end

From Jean's book of poetry entitled
FROM THE MOUNTAINTOP

CONSISTENT FRUSTRATIONS OF older ages can make what would normally be a really fun activity into a monumental undertaking with seemingly endless problems. Case in point: *I have just installed a new computer.* While I do not pretend to be really knowledgeable about computers, I did feel that my years of using these devices would stand me in good stead when my new toy arrived; I would need no significant help to do the installation.

BALDERDASH! What I envisioned as a three hour job at most has extended through the better part of three days, with three telephone calls to technicians at unusual hours of the night. I may ultimately decide that the exorbitant prices charged for professional installation services is a bargain, given the mental and physical exertion visited upon an old goat like me. With the proper usage of digital cameras still a mystery, I am not yet finished with the fun of installing my Dell, but I am finished with the egotistical idea that such a job is a snap. The fact of the matter is, it was me who snapped.