

An Open letter from Rodney Leighton, 11 Branch Road, RR#3, Tatamagouche, N.S., B0K 1V0, Canada

Everyone I know, almost, is embracing new technology. Sister came to visit awhile ago and brought with her one of those kindle things; instead of reading one of the novels I thought she would or the numerous magazines I thought might interest her, she usually read her kindle. I could never understand how she could read a book while peeling mushrooms, washing dishes or virtually everything else and that is a neat bitty gadget, must be a lot lighter than a novel.

Joe Major being perhaps the most voracious reader I have ever known has really embraced technology. His wife even works in a library. Yet they apparently have a bunch of these things. In the latest *ALEXIAD* Joe has taken to reviewing books he read on the kindle thing.

In the notes, he asks: "Who says the Internet is all bad?" Not me. Being barely able to keep my head above water, with things breaking, buildings falling down and the roof leaking, there is no way I could get a computer and Internet if I wanted to. My friend Lyn, who is one of the few people I know who still writes long letters frequently now has a website. If I had the necessary things I could go to www.lynmccconchie.com and read about what she had been up to and a whole range of things; tales of the cat and book reviews and various stuff.

Me, I much prefer to away the letters and read them that way and read any of her books she chooses to send me. Sister may use her computer and Internet connections to buy me a copy of the Bret Hart / Shawn Michaels DVD which WWE is going to release shortly and which I read about in the most recent issue of the *Wrestling Observer Newsletter*. Or perhaps the book by Jerry Jarrett.

And my friend Chuck uses his computer and Internet and puts TV shows on DVD discs and ships them to me. Currently I am watching a show called *New Tricks*; a BBC production about a hot female cop and 3 retired male cops who solve open cases, unsolved crimes. It was not that good at the start but is getting better all the time, very good plots and storylines and acting.

So, the powers that be decreed that no one in Canada could watch TV unless we paid them for it. The 2 stations I had vanished. Well. Sister thought that since I have been watching hockey games for decades I should do something to see that I could do so and did some research. Found out that for a bit under 50 bucks a month I could watch all the hockey I could stand, including every game my fave Montreal Canadiens play. I could also watch what passes for pro wrestling. I did a bit of checking and found that for a bit under \$200 I could get TV: one station, CBC from Charlottetown. That would give me the same hockey I have had.

Well, being that at that time I was unemployed, with no idea of when work might start and poge about at an end, I decided to not do anything TV wise for awhile. As it happened, by buying an occasional newspaper and listening to the radio I find that Les Habs are playing like shit; losing every game and watching them would be frustrating and anger producing.

I skip various portions of *WON* but I read all the reports on WWE and TNA. Curiously, this has the effect of making me not want to watch their shows. I don't suppose that is the result Dave would wish for and if someone were to put some of their shows on DVD and send them to me I would be delighted to receive them and would watch them. Same for hockey games.

2 television sets. No television reception. Weird, innit?

So, work started really well, got bad, disappeared and has now started again. Boss has said he has enough money to go to Christmas or major snowfall, whichever comes first. Wants me to work every day. I have to work every day it is possible. Try to generate some money.

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One result of this is that I do not expect to have time or energy to use this machine. And sometimes I hate the poor old thing. And sometimes I can't stand the thought of typing. Interesting that I used to be bothered that people didn't write or didn't write for ages and now I am going the same thing. If it is work and or aggravating, it's no fun, right?

So, here's the plan: I am going to launch a new *Leighton Look*, possibly with a different title or even no title. When work ends for this year I will go to Truro and find a helpful person to manipulate the computer and file for a new pokey claim. While there I will stop at Staples and get some copies of whatever I have and will then mail those copies off to people. If you are reading this you will likely get a copy although I might restrict distribution due to various factors. This is probably the only thing anyone will receive from me for the rest of the year.

I am now toying with the idea of resurrecting the *Look* or something like that next year. It could be a way of continuing to receive some zines without trying to write a LoC which is becoming harder and harder to do and perhaps keeping in touch, sort of, with friends who don't have time to write or don't want to or perhaps like me find writing to be a chore. Probably will restrict distribution to people I have heard from in some fashion; probably a quarterly thing.

Then again ...most of you have seen thing sort of thing before.

I took sister back to P.E.I. This trip. First time I had been there for 8 years. Crossing the bridge my head was full of thoughts of my mother who loved the water, who used to gaze at the water when we crossed the thing, what she could see of it and the last time I was on that bridge was bring sister and her belongings over to live with father after mother died. We had loaded the bed of the truck with stuff and placed suitcases in the club cab portion of my truck. Arrived at her place and unloaded the stuff from the back, with help from her landlady and her brother. They have a restaurant in the village, which they are really proud of. Sister wanted to take me there for lunch. Well, I haven't eaten in a restaurant in something like 25 years; I have some physical problems and some psychological problems. Well, we will give it a try. So we arrived. And waited. And waited. Finally a menu; much later food. I had been craving home-made baked beans and everything in the restaurant is supposed to be home-made. So I ordered baked beans and fish cakes. Started on the beans and muttered something about coming out of a can; sister's friend said, no, everything is home-made. Since she is a nice attractive woman who has been very good to sister I keep quiet. But either the beans were out of a Graves can or the cook uses their recipe; the bread roll was nowhere near as good as those my 80 something year old aunt made for me and the fish cakes were not that great. Chocolate torte was delicious. But what do I know about restaurants. So we went back to their place and walked around the property and I headed home and 20 kilometers into New Brunswick I stopped for a drink and a piss and noted out of the corner of my eye, guess what? Suitcases! Turned around and headed back to the damn island. No thoughts of Mum this time, probably because I was so pissed off at myself. So after 8 years of avoiding the place and the bridge I crossed it twice in one day; 4 times, twice each way.

It's only a couple of hours away. I used to visit sister other places she lived; she's the only sibling I have any contact with. Not going to have time this fall and I am not going to P.E.I in the winter, barring an emergency. But maybe next spring I will go over and give the restaurant another try. Shouldn't condemn it on the basis of one visit, right?

Okay, I am off to take saws to get fixed; buy some stuff; some KFC and perhaps some Chinese food.