



PixelPapers the Thirty Fourth.

1 January, 2006.

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[Contact](#) <> An addressed e-mail blank instantly is
made ready for your contributions to be pasted in, or news
& views. No attachments please.

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CONTRIBUTIONS FOR PP34 WILL BE ACCEPTED UNTIL 1ST FEBRUARY, 2006 AND PP35
THEREAFTER.



Comment

Happy New Year!

The new year brings the promise, in a few weeks time, of the publication of the honours list, when outstandingly worthy Australians, and others, are honoured with decorations, probably without much of an element of surprise. Replacing the OBE and MBE with Australian honours is laudable, but in some quarters in Australia, knighthoods and

damehoods are missed.

Sir or *Dame* in front of a name has prominence and impact, so that the bearer sails through society rather like a grand sailing ship with a prominent bowsprit and figurehead. It brings potential for offers of directorships and membership of prominent academic and public committees.

The spouse of a knight is also awarded the courtesy title of *lady*, probably with a deal of justification. But sexism reigns: the spouse of a dame labours on as a plain mister and has no title to laud over his peers, as *lord* would certainly appear to make him sound like a peer. Same sex unions do not bear thinking about.

There was also some inequity amongst the professions. Judges and barons of industry seemed to gather more than their share. Few writers have figured amongst the knights but I have known a dame or two.

Perhaps we should press for accolades specific to the arts, such as is the practice in Indonesia, where I believe that the title, *Ida Bagus*, is bestowed on outstanding artists.

Knighthoods and damehoods were useful political tools and I shouldn't wonder if our beloved leader is not considering a revival. Aside from becoming Sir John, with his Lady Janette, bringing him closer to equalling or outscoring that eminent, late, political Knight of the Thistle, Sir Robert Menzies, he'd have something to soften the sacking of ministers and to placate dumped candidates. He'd also be able to silence dissident back benchers and heads of departments with the threat of benighted status on future honours lists.

It has also been suggested that the funds of governing political parties tend to swell magnificently when there is knighthood and damehood potential, although this thought should be dismissed as unworthy of our present times of societal and political rectitude. But there have been times in the past when military commissions and baronetcies were openly sold for ready money.

I have a personal leaning towards knighthood as I was known, as a schoolboy, (amongst other names) as Sir Walter. This was not because of any merit but because the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh allegedly lay down his cloak to allow Queen Elizabeth 1 to step dry shod across a mud patch. Writers of comics such as *Film Fun* and *Radio Fun* found this so screamingly funny that they featured it in cartoon form with minor permutations, in almost every issue for years, somewhat reminiscent of a current one joke television series. Usually, the cloak covered a hole, Good Queen Bess was mired, and poor Sir Wal was sent to the Tower to have the Sir part of his anatomy severed from the Walter Raleigh bit. Walters of my time therefore became nicknamed Sir Walter rather than the proper wallies of crueller, commoner times.

All this aside, I'd like to see K & D's. Apart from Sir John and Lady Janine, Sir Wilson Tuckey has an admirable ring. Sir Alexander Downer is music to the ears. Sir Tony Abbot and Sir Peter Costello fit very nicely. His excellency the Governor General Major General Michael Jeffries, if knighted, would be able to refer to to his spouse as *Lady* Marlene, which has a consortish sound to it rather than plain Marlene, which sounds a tad girlfriendish.

In the media, Sir Piers Akerman could not be overlooked. Sir Alan Jones or Sir John

Laws would stir up controversy, but what's new? Certain editors and presenters would probably be warned about risking benighted status. Matt Price would be cautioned. No correspondence would be entered into with Phillip Adams. The ABC could be bedecked with a bevy of lovely dames beginning with Maxine McHugh, Geraldine Doogue and Margaret Throsby. There'd be no hope of luring Rupert back from ruling the world via the US for a mere Australian knighthood, as if he'd wanted that sort of thing, he could have tilted for an English peerage when he sang the Baroness Thatcher's song, during her tenure as prime minister of Britain.

Naturally there is a downside to all this, which might make our leaders frown on the whole K & D thing. It is one thing to award a decoration but quite a problem to take one back if things turn sour and the estimable knight of industry turns out to be a crook or the dame turns out to be a lying adulterer.

We await developments.#

Wordsworth

Note Rob Gregory's strategy for stimulating poesy at [34Poetry.html](#).

News & Views

Consistent and prolific poet, **Kevin Gillam**, is enjoying some well-deserved success. According to Roland Leach, poet, and founder of Sunline Press, Kevin's recent book of verse has sold out. He was also co-judge of the recent Island Poetry Competition.

Check the [LiveIndex](#) for some of his past contributions.

Joker

WOMAN'S PERFECT BREAKFAST

She's sitting at the table with her gourmet coffee.

Her son is on the cover of the Wheaties box.

Her daughter is on the cover of Business Week.

Her boyfriend is on the cover of Playgirl.

And her husband is on the back of the milk carton.

WOMEN'S REVENGE

"Cash, check or charge?" I asked, after folding items the woman wished to purchase.

As she fumbled for her wallet I noticed a remote control for a television set in her purse.

"So, do you always carry your TV remote?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "but my husband refused to come shopping with me, and I figured this was the most evil thing I could do to him legally."

UNDERSTANDING WOMEN

(A MAN'S PERSPECTIVE)

I know I'm not going to understand women.

I'll never understand how you can take boiling hot wax,
pour it onto your upper thigh, rip the hair out by the root,
and still be afraid of a spider.

WIFE VS. HUSBAND

A couple drove down a country road for several miles, not saying a word.

An earlier discussion had led to an argument and
neither of them wanted to concede their position.

As they passed a barnyard of mules, goats, and pigs,
the husband asked sarcastically, "Relatives of yours?"

"Yep," the wife replied, "in-laws."

W O R D S

A husband read an article to his wife about how many words women use a day...

30,000 to a man's 15,000.

The wife replied, "The reason has to be because we have to repeat everything to men..."

The husband then turned to his wife and asked, "What?"

CREATION

A man said to his wife one day, "I don't know how you can be so stupid and so beautiful all at the same time.

" The wife responded, "Allow me to explain.

God made me beautiful so you would be attracted to me;

God made me stupid so I would be attracted to you!

The Silent Treatment

A man and his wife were having some problems at home and were giving each other the silent treatment. Suddenly, the man realized that the next day,

he would need his wife to wake him at 5:00 AM for an early morning business flight.

Not wanting to be the first to break the silence (and LOSE), he wrote on a piece of paper,

"Please wake me at 5:00 AM." He left it where he knew she would find it.

The next morning, the man woke up, only to discover it was 9:00 AM

and he had missed his flight. Furious, he was about to go and see why his wife hadn't wakened him, when he noticed a piece of paper by the bed. The paper said, "It is 5:00 AM. Wake up."

Men are not equipped for these kinds of contests.

God may have created man before woman,
but there is always a rough draft before the masterpiece.

SEND THIS TO SMART WOMEN WHO NEED A LAUGH AND TO MEN YOU
THINK CAN HANDLE IT!

PERKS OF BEING OVER 50

1. Kidnappers are not very interested in you.
2. In a hostage situation you are likely to be released first.
3. No one expects you to run--anywhere.
4. People call at 9 pm and ask, " Did I wake you?"
5. People no longer view you as a hypochondriac.
6. There is nothing left to learn the hard way.
7. Things you buy now won't wear out.
8. You can eat dinner at 4 pm.
9. You can live without sex but not your glasses.
10. You enjoy hearing about other people's operations.
11. You get into heated arguments about pension plans.
12. You no longer think of speed limits as a challenge.
13. You quit trying to hold your stomach in no matter who walks into the room.

14. You sing along with elevator music.
15. Your eyes won't get much worse.
16. Your investment in health insurance is finally beginning to pay off.
17. Your joints are more accurate meteorologists than the national weather service.
18. Your secrets are safe with your friends because they can't remember them either.
19. Your supply of brain cells is finally down to manageable size.
20. You can't remember who sent you this list.

And you notice these are all in Big Print for your convenience.

Net Anon

The Tomato Company

An unemployed man is desperate to support his family of a wife and three kids.

He applies for a janitor's job at a large firm and easily passes an aptitude test.

The human resources manager tells him, "You will be hired at minimum wage of \$5.35 an hour. Let me have your e-mail address so that we can get you in the loop. Our system will

automatically e-mail you all the forms and advise you when to start and where to report on your first day."

Taken back, the man protests that he is poor and has neither a computer nor an e-mail address.

To this the manager replies, "You must understand that to a company like ours that means that you virtually do not exist. Without an e-mail address you can hardly expect to be employed by a high-tech firm. Good day."

Stunned, the man leaves Not knowing where to turn and having \$10 in his wallet, he walks past a farmers' market and sees a stand selling 25 lb. crates of beautiful red tomatoes. He buys a crate, carries it to a busy corner and displays the tomatoes. In less than 2 hours he sells all the tomatoes and makes 100% profit. Repeating the process several times more that day, he ends up with almost \$100 and arrives home that night with several bags of groceries for his family.

During the night he decides to repeat the tomato business the next day. By the end of the week he is getting up early every day and working into the night. He multiplies his profits quickly.

Early in the second week he acquires a cart to transport several boxes of tomatoes at a time, but before a month is up he sells the cart to buy a broken-down pickup truck.

At the end of a year he owns three old trucks. His two sons have left their neighborhood gangs to help him with the tomato business, his wife is buying the tomatoes, and his daughter is taking night courses at the community college so she can keep books for him.

By the end of the second year he has a dozen very nice used trucks and employs fifteen previously unemployed people, all selling tomatoes. He continues to work hard.

Time passes and at the end of the fifth year he owns a fleet of nice trucks and a warehouse that his wife supervises, plus two tomato farms that the boys manage. The tomato company's payroll has put hundreds of homeless and jobless people to work. His daughter reports that the business grossed over one million dollars.

Planning for the future, he decides to buy some life insurance.

Consulting with an insurance adviser, he picks an insurance plan to fit his new circumstances. Then the adviser asks him for his e-mail address in order to send the final documents electronically.

When the man replies that he doesn't have time to mess with a computer and has no e-mail address, the insurance man is stunned, "What, you don't have e-mail? No computer? No Internet? Just think where you would be today if you'd had all of that five years ago!"

"Ha!" snorts the man. "If I'd had e-mail five years ago I would be sweeping floors at Microsoft and making \$5.35 an hour."

Which brings us to the moral of the story:

Since you got this story by e-mail, you're probably closer to being a janitor than a millionaire.

Sadly, I received it also.#

Net Anon

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