



# PixelPapers the Twenty Ninth.

1 October, 2004.

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[Prose](#) <> Stories, Articles & First Chapters

[Comment](#) <> Wordsworth <> News & Views <> etc.

[Screen](#) <> Film, stage & television

[Live Index](#) <> Contributors and titles in past issues:  
172+ and 988+ respectively.

[Back Nos](#) <> Issues to date, sans irrelevant bits

[Contact](#) <> An addressed e-mail blank instantly ready  
for your contributions to be pasted in, or news & views.

No attachments please

Contributors retain all rights to their work

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR PP29 WILL BE ACCEPTED UNTIL 1ST NOVEMBER AND FOR PP30  
THEREAFTER



## Comment

I've decided to rename this heading.

Editorials require greater deal of skill and discipline than I am prepared to devote, hence the above term that is much closer to describing my maanderings.

I used to enjoy reading newspaper editorials but they seem to have degenerated over the

years, especially as election time nears and some unsubtle prompting is detectable. They have become so banal that I tend to skip them.

Perhaps it is a function of the age of the reader, but I find less and less reason to read newspapers, as the *news* is often quite elderly and could be more accurately described as the *olds*. Much of the content is based on the previous day's television offerings which I prefer to see for my self.

PixelPapers is undergoing changes. A full makeover, for which suggestions are welcome, is being contemplated. The gigs'n'ads section will be dropped and ads will be scattered instead through the main writing files, where appropriate.

Advertising space is available, gratis, for contributors to advertise their works, openings, launchings, etc., and the occasional ad deemed to be of use to contributors and readers will also be run. It is surprising that some publishers seek to advertise when their writers are unrepresented in PixelPapers.

Change is evident on the net, especially in the use of e-mails.

Porn has disappeared after a spate of tasteless, in-your-face e-mails. The so-called Nigerians are soldiering on with a will in promoting their barely literate offers to transfer huge sums of money to your account with a morality that would do credit to a current Australian politician, and I received a landmark variant entirely in reasonable French, thanks to Mme Alice N'guessan, *la secrétaire particulière de feu Mr le Général de brigade GUEI ROBERT ancien chef d'état de la république de cote d'ivoire et président du parti politique UDPCI*, offering a generous 25% cut for transferring 28 million US dollars to my account.

Offers of free electronic goods are dangled as sucker bait and there has been an explosion of ads for cheaper medicines to cater for the elderly in the world's richest and most uncaring nation.

The number of e-mails is increasing. A family connection arrived back from leave in Europe to find 960 on her machine.

PixelPapers appears to be a casualty of anti-spam software. We've had to sign off on Hotmail and it looks as if ecu readers will have to do without prompts. It is a pity that there is not some mechanism as used by the Queensland Writers Centre, which sent an interrogatory e-mail to establish our bona fides as a literary e-zine, for continuing reception.

# Wordsworth

Execute in the field of crime and punishment means to end a life in accordance with due legal process. It is a judicial killing.

It is therefore galling when the term is used by ignorant commercial media in this country to describe the murder of unfortunate hostages in Iraq. These murders have no justification in law and apparently have no basis in religion. It is sickening that the media exploits the acts by publicising them.

Row was the only word in our language to give some trouble to some highly educated friends of mine who learnt their English as a second language at tertiary level before emigrating from Europe. Both pronunciations of the word are appropriate to describe what some rowers of the Australian women's Olympic team do.

Live in the sense of being not dead is loosely used by television shows to indicate that, unlike Lenin, the performer or performers are appearing alive in real time and not as the playing of a previous recording. This is something of a fiction, especially to people living in my state, where there is a two hour time difference with the eastern seaboard and much of what we see *live* has happened two hours previously. It is also humorous when a show with original live claims still makes them on subsequent appearances.

Truth is the "*Quality, state, of being true or accurate or honest or sincere or loyal or accurately shaped or adjusted*" (COD).

I can recall being shocked years ago about a jibe at the British by United States politicians because they apparently believed in something like the above and were prepared to suffer if they were caught out in lying, promoting instead the Nixonian view that *truth was what people believed or could be made to believe*.

It is sad and disappointing that the American notion seems to be currently accepted in Australia at the highest level and that many people are prepared to compromise their values and go along with it.

Pristine is a word with deceptively sparkling sound which belies its meaning of *Ancient, primitive, good old* (COD). It is frequently used in promotions and advertisements, especially for real estate, with wild inaccuracy.

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## News & Views

Hi Walter

I enjoyed the poetry in PixelPapers 28. I like the clever punch of Steve

Kelen's 'Notes toward an essay on literary criticism', likewise his

'Information Superhighway', the ending of which is a knockout. Kevin Gillam's 'winter' is his usual high quality poetry; I see his work everywhere (is there any journal in Oz in which he isn't regularly published?) and he deserves it, one our best contemporay poets.

Phil Ilton

# Joker

Three old pilots are walking on the ramp.

First one says, "Windy, isn't it?"

Second one says, "No, its Thursday!"

Third one says, "So am I. Let's go get a beer."

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A man was telling his neighbor, "I just bought a new hearing aid. It cost me four thousand dollars, but it's state of the art. It's perfect."

"Really," answered the neighbor. "What kind is it?"

"Twelve-thirty."

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Morris, an 82 year-old man, went to the doctor to get a physical.

A few days later the doctor saw Morris walking down the street with a gorgeous young lady on his arm.

A couple of days later the doctor spoke to Morris and said, "You're really doing great, aren't you?"

Morris replied, "Just doing what you said, Doc: 'Get a hot mamma and be cheerful.' "

The doctor said, "I didn't say that. I said, 'You got a heart murmur. Be

careful."

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As a senior citizen was driving down the freeway, his car phone rang. Answering, he heard his wife's voice urgently warning him, "Herman, I just heard on the news that there's a car going the wrong way on Interstate 280. Please be careful!"

"It's not just one car," said Herman. "It's hundreds of them!"

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An elderly gent was invited to his old friends' home for dinner one evening.

He was impressed by the way his buddy preceded every request to his wife with endearing terms-Honey, My Love, Darling, Sweetheart, Pumpkin, etc...

The couple had been married almost 70 years, and clearly they were still very much in love. While the wife was in the kitchen, the man leaned over and said to his host, "I think it's wonderful that, after all these years, you still call your wife those loving pet names."

The old man hung his head. "I have to tell you the truth," he said, "I forgot her name about 10 years ago

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History and nostalgia buffs should have a look at Rewind on Channel 2 at 9.30 pm on Sundays. It is excellent.

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