



PixelPapers the Fifteenth.

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOME FOR PIXELPAPERS 16, OUT ON 1ST JULY.

1 April, 2001.

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Editorial

George W. Bush now reigns as George 11, president of the United States of America and de facto emperor of the the Western world, thanks to some forethought by his father in previously appointing avowedly conservative judges to the bench of the United States Supreme Court, and unbelievable electoral mismanagement and partisan administration in the state of Florida. It is a paradox that the world's technologically most advanced nation has such primitive development in some of its social systems such as provision of medical support and welfare.

I was fortunate enough to visit the United States in 1979 and found that in my area of expertise, education, there was generally much to be deplored, in spite of some islands of

excellence. I was therefore not surprised at their recent electoral fiasco, where much vaunted electoral machines turned out to be inferior to plain pencil and paper. Americans seem to have a genius for complication.

On our electoral scene, change is also in the air, with the Howard administration so much on the nose for its doctrinaire policies that it is unlikely that it will be re-elected. So far as the arts are concerned, it would be no bad thing to have a change. Richard Alston has been consistently negative in his handling of the Arts & Communications portfolio. Under Labor, it seems that Arts will be a separate portfolio and if the shadow ministers retain their portfolios we are likely to have Senator McMullen again, which would be a pity. My perception has been that he is remote and difficult to contact, and I cannot recall any noteworthy initiatives in his previous tenure. From a very brief observation on W.A. state election night of the shadow Communications Minister, Stephen Smith, I gained a very favourable impression and would hope that he had more to offer.

It is amazing the sea change that is brought about by the imminence of an election. The banks, which have ravaged small business and agriculture and scorned the small end of town, have now softened towards lower income account holders. Oil Companies are making conciliatory noises. A hard line federal government is striving to adopt a kind face, although it seems to be having trouble avoiding the perception of a Janus-like posture, as experience of past distinctions between core promises and promises has coloured its reputation.

Perhaps the arts may receive some beguiling promises. Time will tell.

Wordsworth

Girt, gird, girded, girth, girdle and girder, are all related variants derived from Old Norse through Old English, meaning something like around, as a belt is around the body.

Girt is not much used these days, excepting in the Australian National Anthem, which some say owes a lot to an old English tune that goes, "O coachman fill the flowing

bowl--". *Girt* is an archaic past participle used in place of *girded*.

There has been some suggestion that the anthem should be revised or rewritten, but the Prime Minister is not keen. The little poet is probably miffed at the rejection of his versifying on the preamble to our constitution and therefore lacks incentivisation.

If the anthem remains unchanged, it behooves us to do a lot more girting to bring *girt* back into popular usage, so that it becomes relevant again. One cartoonist has already started the ball rolling by suggesting that the prime minister is girt by fools, his ministers and advisers!

Somewhere in the Old Testament, people are admonished to, "gird up their loins", which is not at all sexy, simply meaning to tuck the skirt of long shifts, smocks or caftans into the belt, away from muck and grime, allowing full movement of the legs, to work in fields and vineyards.

A *girdle* is a form of belt that goes around a woman's *girth*, her waist. The measurement around a tree is the *girth*.

Shakespeare's Falstaff was a man of considerable *girth*.

How *girder* developed from *gird* is unclear, with our rectilinear buildings in mind, until we think in terms of round houses and the strong beams necessary around the tops of the walls to support the roof beams that angled up to a central peak and to resist the spreading pressure of the weight of the roof, as a sort of structural belt.

Incentivation This poetic melding of incentive and motivation was coined by an alleged Australian Olympic official, putative small poet and cricketaster, late last century, but failed to grip the national imagination and rose with as much prominence as a balloon girt by lead. So far as I know, I am the only person currently using it, as even its coiner seems to have grown tired of it and probably lacks incentivisation to utter it these days in his world girt by troubles.

Mincing, like mowing, has suffered technological change that clouds its metaphorical usage as in describing somebody's "mincing steps", which was not intended to indicate that they ground along in a circular motion, but that they walked with short abrupt steps. Mincing was originally done by chopping food on a board with a knife. Nowadays, cooks seem to confine their knife work only to the mincing of herbs such as parsley or garlic.

Mowing nowadays tends to be somewhat like the mincing of vegetation by machine, whereas once upon a time it was done with a specialised curved blade, a scythe, that cut through a standing crop. The cut plants fell before the blade in a way that was very similar to soldiers falling in battle before a fusillade of shots, notably from the machine gun prototype, the multi-barreled gatling gun of British Empire fame.

Concert as a noun means something like agreement or union (Fr. *concerter* from It. *concentare* accord together. COD). A musical concert therefore means a presentation by a

combination of presenters, together. These days, an artist in concert commonly means the great one presenting with a backing group and possibly some minor acts to help rest the sainted larynx and give some earnest of togetherness. When such events are advertised as *live*, it is not to distinguish them from *dead* events but to indicate that the presentation is in real time and not merely the playing of a previously recorded event!

Regulate

Control by rule, subject to restrictions, moderate, adapt to requirements; adjust (machine, clock) so that it may work accurately (from *L regula* rule COD). Regulation is one of the chief functions of government, ensuring that principles of fairness, safety, justice etc, are put in place for the smooth running of a community, state or country. Strangely, governments are often keen to off-load their responsibilities and have created the myth, with some connivance of interest groups, that there is such a thing as *self-regulation*, which never seems to work, as self regulators inevitably have a difficulty in deciding for whom they are regulating. If it could work in important matters like banking or handling of money or preventing unfortunate things like foot and mouth disease, then it should work in simple matters like piloting of motor vehicles so that we could retire our police officers!

News & Views

Ebay is closing its doors

(WE RECEIVED THIS SAD LITTLE COMMUNICATION AND PASS IT ON.)

www.ebayaust.com

As a result of a discussion with eBay Inc., effective July 1, 2001, Ebay Pty. Ltd will cease using the ebayaust.com domain name

and the business name EbaY Online Publishers. We will complete the judging of our last two writing competitions on the site; so please come online and give your opinion on the final competitions!

In a commercial decision based on the new start up costs given to changing our name and producing new printed material we have decided with much regret to discontinue our family business.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all of those writers, readers, family and friends who have supported EbaY Online Publisher from its beginnings. We particularly thank the authors who supported us and advertised their self-published books on our site. A hearty thanks goes to the Writing Centres and Writing Groups throughout the world that advertised our competitions.

A special accolade must go to you the writers who spent time and effort making our competitions successful. EbaY Online Publishers takes this opportunity to wish all who entered continuing success in their future literary endeavours.

Bob Rich advises that his science fiction book, 'Sleeper, Awake' is now for sale in electronic formats at

<http://www.geocities.com/clocktowerxtras/> You can read about this book

at <http://bobswriting.com/sleeper.html> or

<http://web.solutions.net.au/~bobrich/sleeper.html>

Sale price is \$US5. The book has already received several excellent reviews, which can be read at

<http://bobswriting.com/sleeperreviews.html>

Janet Woods is enjoying a mede of success with two popular novels accepted over a two month period and due for release next year.

PRINT NOVELS.

DAUGHTER OF DARKNESS. Hardcover. Robert Hale Ltd. (UK) Historical. May

release. ISBN 0 7090 6887 5

Four years after being drugged and tricked into marrying 14-year old Willow Givanchy, a suspected witch, and the unwanted daughter of his deadliest enemy, Gerard Lytton returns home to find his wife and family much changed.

Having lost none of her fiery independence, Willow has become a well-loved member of the Lytton family. But, although nobly born, she cannot belie her mother's dark reputation, and her father's dishonour. Then Willow's long dead mother turns up unexpectedly, causing a mysterious series of events to unfold.

PANDORA'S GIRL. Hardcover. Robert Hale (UK) Relationship. Release date and ISBN not yet known.

Pandora's life changes when an inheritance forces her to confront her past. She discovers that a daughter born to her in her early teens, and believed to be dead - is very much alive. Aided by her new love, the confronting Welsh psychiatrist, Bryn Llewellyn, Pandora successfully searches for the girl - only to be rejected.

Tragedy reunites the pair in a painful and uneasy relationship. Unwittingly, Pandora over-reacts, trying to buy her daughter's affection with generosity. Trinity is defensive, resenting her mother for the invasion of her privacy as she awaits the birth of her son.

As the uncomfortable circumstances of Trinity's birth unfolds, her baby's arrival brings joy and understanding to the two women, enabling them to reach compromise.

E-Novels.

SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED

LOVE'S ILLUSION.

A duet of category romances to be released in May by New Concepts publishing. <http://www.newconceptspublishing.com>.

Also available from New Concepts.

SPELLBOUND & IN BED WITH THE ENEMY.

4 1/2 star review from Holly Domiano, December "Affaire de coeur"

America's foremost romance readers review magazine.

"Romantic comedy is the name of the game here. If the reader were expecting Sabrina, or Charmed, these programmes are tame compared to the steamy sensuality and tender emotions of Janet Wood's novel. The emotions may be hot, but it's a satisfying heat. This book will definitely leave the reader spellbound."

NEWS FROM THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN WRITERS.(WA)

"FOOTPRINTS" millennium anthology was launched in November.

With a foreword by Ruth Reid, "Footprints" has ten decade header poems and over forty short stories to take the reader on a journey through the 19th century.

With stories selected by Janet Woods and Carmel Cottrell over a period of two years, the anthology was typeset by Trudy Graham. Contributors of the featured work include Jean Lang, Ethel Webb-Bundell, Beryl Richards, Trudy Graham, Janet Woods, Jennifer Langley-Kemp, Claire Grose, Carmel Cottrell and Constance Herbert.

FOOTPRINTS costs &19.00 which includes GST. \$25.00 including local postage and packing. \$26 interstate. Cheques should be made out to SWW, WA.

It can be obtained by the following methods.

Janet Tel: 9331 5114 or email: woods@inet.net.au

Or write to SWW,WA. PO Box 1224, East Victoria Park, WA, 6101

Joker

from Net Anon

Tho't for the day:-

"Did you hear about the dyslexic agnostic insomniac who stays up all night wondering if there really is a Dog?"

SOME MORE VARIED NUGGETS FROM NET ANON

We can only hope they don't come to work here !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Recently, when I went to McDonald's I saw on the menu that you could have an order of 6, 9 or 12 Chicken McNuggets. I asked for a half dozen nuggets.

"We don't have half dozen nuggets", said the teenager at the counter.

"You don't?" I replied.

"We only have six, nine, or twelve," was the reply.

"So I can't order a half-dozen nuggets, but I can order six?"

"That's right."

So I shook my head and ordered six McNuggets.

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The paragraph above doesn't amaze me because of what happened a couple of months ago. I was checking out at the local Foodland with just a few items and the lady behind me put her things on the belt close to mine. I picked up one of those "Dividers" that they keep by the cash register and placed it between our things so they wouldn't get mixed. After the girl had scanned all of my items, she picked up the "Divider" looking it all over for the bar code so she could scan it.

Not finding the bar code she said to me,

"Do you know how much this is?" and I said to her "I've changed my mind, I don't think I'll buy that today".

She said "OK" and I paid her for the things and left. She had no clue to what had just happened.....

**MAKES YOU WONDER HOW THESE PEOPLE CAN SURVIVE!!!**

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A lady at work was seen putting a credit card into her floppy drive and pulling it out very quickly. When inquired as to what she was doing, she said she was shopping on the Internet and they kept asking for a credit card number, so she was using the ATM "thingy".

~~~~~

I recently saw a distraught young lady weeping beside her car.

Do you need some help?" I asked.

She replied, "I knew I should have replaced the battery to this remote door unlocker. Now I can't get into my car. Do you think they (pointing to a distant convenient store) would have a battery to fit this?"

"Hmmm, I dunno. Do you have an alarm too?" I asked.

"No, just this remote thingy," she answered, handing it and the car keys to me.

As I took the key and manually unlocked the door, I replied, "Why don't you drive over there and check about the batteries; it's a long walk."

~~~~~

Several years ago, we had an Intern who was none too swift.

One day she was typing and turned to a secretary and said, "I'm almost out of typing paper. What do I do?"

"Just use copier machine paper," the secretary told her.

With that, the intern took her last remaining blank piece of paper, put it on the photocopier and proceeded to make five "blank" copies.

~~~~~

I was in a car dealership a while ago, when a large motor home was towed into the garage. The front of the vehicle was in dire need of repair and the whole thing generally looked like an extra in "Twister".

I asked the manager what had happened. He told me that the driver had set the "cruise control" and then went in the back to make a sandwich.

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IDIOTS & COMPUTERS.

.My neighbor works in the operations department in the central office of a large bank. Employees in the field call him when they have problems with their computers. One night he got a call from a woman in one of the branch banks who had this question:

"I've got smoke coming from the back of my terminal. Do you guys have a fire downtown?"

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Police in Radnor, Pennsylvania, interrogated a suspect by placing a metal colander on his head and connecting it with wires to a photocopy machine. The message "He's lying" was placed in the copier, and police pressed the copy button each time they thought the suspect wasn't telling the truth. Believing the "lie detector" was working, the suspect confessed.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Lone Ranger and Tonto are camping in the desert, set up their tent, and are asleep. Some hours later, The Lone Ranger wakes his faithful friend.

"Tonto, look up at the sky and tell me what you see."

Tonto replies, "Me see millions of stars."

"What does that tell you?" asks The Lone Ranger.

Tonto ponders for a minute.

"Astronomically speaking, it tells me that there are millions of galaxies and potentially billions of planets. Astrologically, it tells me that Saturn is in Leo. Time wise, it appears to be approximately a quarter past three. Theologically, it's evident the Lord is all powerful and we are small and insignificant. Meteorologically, it seems we will have a beautiful day tomorrow. What it tell you, Kemo Sabi?"

The Lone Ranger is silent for a moment, then speaks.

"Tonto, you Dumb Ass, someone has stolen our tent."

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Brother Keith entered the 'Monastery of Silence' and the Abbott said,

"Brother, this is a silent monastery; you are welcome here as long as you like, but you may not speak until I direct you to do so."

Brother Keith lived in the monastery for 5 years before the Abbott said to him, "Brother Keith, you have been here 5 years now; you may speak two words."

Brother Keith said, "Hard bed."

"I'm sorry to hear that," the Abbott said. "We will get you a better bed."

After another 5 years, Brother Keith was called by the Abbott. "You may say another two words, Brother Keith."

"Cold food," said Brother Keith, and the Abbott assured him that the food would be better in the future.

On his 15th anniversary at the monastery, the Abbott again called Brother Keith into his office. "Two words you may say today."

"I quit," said Brother Keith.

"It is probably best," said the Abbott. "You've done nothing but bitch since you got here!"

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## Seems there's still plenty to look forward to...since none of us are old!

OLD" IS WHEN..... Your sweetie says, "Let's go upstairs and make love," and you answer, "Honey, I can't do both!"

"OLD" IS WHEN..... Your friends compliment you on your new alligator shoes

and you're barefoot.

"OLD" IS WHEN..... A sexy babe catches your fancy and your pacemaker opens the garage door.

"OLD" IS WHEN..... Going bra-less pulls all the wrinkles out of your face.

"OLD" IS WHEN..... You don't care where your spouse goes, just as long as you don't have to go along.

"OLD" IS WHEN..... When you are cautioned to slow down by the doctor instead of by the police.

"OLD" IS WHEN..... "Getting a little action" means I don't need to take any fibre today.

"OLD" IS WHEN..... "Getting lucky" means you find your car in the parking lot.

"OLD" IS WHEN..... An "all-nighter" means not getting up to pee!

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## (alleged )Guidelines for S.A.A. pilots

Revelations of unqualified pilots taking control of SA airliners have prompted the Civil Aviation Authority to post new flying guidelines on S.A.A. notice boards.

- [1] Every take-off is optional. Every landing is mandatory.
- [2] If you push the stick forward, the houses get bigger. If you pull the stick back, they get smaller. That is, unless you keep pulling the stick all the way back, then they get bigger again.
- [3] Flying isn't dangerous. Crashing is.
- [4] When in doubt, hold on to your altitude. No-one ever collided with sky.
- [5] A good landing is one from which you can walk away. A great landing is one after which they can use the plane again.
- [6] You know you've landed with wheels up if it takes full power to taxi to the ramp.
- [7] Stay out of clouds. Mountains have been known to hide out in clouds.
- [8] Always try to keep the number of landings equal to the number of take offs.
- [9] In the continuing battle between aluminium things going hundreds of miles per hour and the ground going zero miles per hour, the ground has yet to lose.
- [10] It's a good idea to keep the pointy end going forward as much as

possible.

CONTRIBUTIONS BY NET ANON ARE VERY WELCOME.

## Life in the 1500's - Potted History from Net Anon

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May and were still smelling pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the b.o.

Baths equalled a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children. Last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."

Houses had thatched roofs. Thick straw, piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the pets ... dogs, cats and other small animals, mice, rats, bugs lived up in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof. Hence the saying, "It's raining cats and dogs."

There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could really mess up your nice clean bed. So, they found if they made beds with big posts and hung a sheet over the top, it addressed that

problem. Hence those beautiful big 4 poster beds with canopies.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt, hence the saying "dirt poor." The wealthy had slate floors which would get slippery in the winter when wet. So they spread thresh on the floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on they kept adding more thresh until when you opened the door it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed at the entry way, hence a "thresh hold."

They cooked in the kitchen in a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They mostly ate vegetables and didn't get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes the stew had food in it that had been in there for a month. Hence the rhyme: " peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old."

Sometimes they could obtain pork and would feel really special when that happened. When company came over, they would bring out some bacon and hang it to show it off. It was a sign of wealth and that a man "could really bring home the bacon," they would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and "chew the fat."

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with a high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food. This happened most often with tomatoes, so they stopped eating tomatoes...for 400 years.

Most people didn't have pewter plates, but had trenchers -- a piece of wood with the middle scooped out like a bowl. Trenchers were never washed and a lot of times worms got into the wood. After eating off wormy trenchers, they would get "trench mouth."

Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or the "upper crust".

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whiskey. The combination would sometimes knock them out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would often be taken for dead and would be hauled off and prepared for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around to eat and drink and wait to see if they would wake up. Hence the custom of holding a "wake."

England is old and small, and they started running out of places to bury people. So, they would dig up coffins and would take their bones to a house and reuse the grave. In reopening these coffins, one

out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realised they had been burying people alive. So they thought they would tie a string on their wrist and lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night to listen for the bell. Hence on the "graveyard shift" they would know that someone was "saved by the bell" or he was a "dead ringer."

## Sometimes it DOES take a rocket scientist!

Scientists at NASA built a gun specifically to launch dead chickens at the windshields of airliners, military jets and the space shuttle, all travelling at maximum velocity. The idea was to simulate the frequent incidents of collisions with airborne fowl to test the strength of the windshields.

British engineers heard about the gun and were eager to test it on the windshields of their new high speed trains. Arrangements were made, and a gun was sent to the British engineers. When the gun was fired, engineers stood shocked as the chicken hurtled out of the barrel, crashed into the shatterproof shield, smashed it to smithereens, blasted through the control console, snapped the engineer's backrest in two and embedded itself in the back wall of the cabin, like an arrow shot from a bow.

The horrified Poms sent NASA the disastrous results of the experiment,

along with the designs of the windshield, and begged the U.S. scientists for suggestions.

NASA responded with a one-line memo: "Thaw the chicken."#

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## .Pollock

The McGuffin or representation is that Pollock achieved a pinnacle of art, and found himself unable all at once to receive the guarantees of his Muse that would have carried him farther. A very great deal of use is made of *Lust For Life* and *Vincent & Theo*, not only to transmit certain biographical information but to allow the director to introduce Nature into a film largely concerned with the work and New York career of the artist.

Vincente Minnelli had constructed an immensely elaborate film, involving as it does the lending of actual Van Gogh paintings, along sordid biographical lines, merely to create a single shot toward the end, in which a wall of Theo Van Gogh's home is shown full of 19th-century pictures and whatnot, and in a mirror in the midst of it all you see the face of Vincent (who carried Dutch painting from Vermeer and Hals and Rembrandt to Mondrian) looking as out of place as a time traveler.

Robert Altman resumed the theme, but focused on Dr. Gachet, who is represented as an ambiguous collector and patron with a pathological view of the artists he favors, somewhat perhaps in the manner of Rufus Wilmot Griswold on Poe.

Add to this Ken Russell's representation of artistic and critical circles in *Savage Messiah*, as well as Henri-Georges Clouzot's record of the artist in action, *Le Mystere Picasso*, and you have the conditioned and conditional world of Pollock.

Several scenes are better than anything ever done before, and two are as good as anything in cinema. Pollock on a bike full of beer is worthy of Harold Lloyd; compare Dr. Jack on his way to work blocked by a herd of cattle in the road. He jumps from his flivver, which rolls along behind him, and clears a way through the livestock, then jumps back in the still-moving car and drives on - all this filmed in one continuous take as a tracking-out shot from in front of the action, as the Pollock gag is. And the blank screen representing the blank canvas equals Carol Reed turning the entire screen into a zither at the opening of *The Third Man*.

But Ed Harris hits something new when he represents Jackson Pollock painting; nothing of this caliber has ever been attempted before: he demonstrates crucial developments of Pollock's art before your very eyes in less time than it takes to describe them, from Picasso imitator to Mark Tobey to the drip-paintings.

There is a certain reminiscence of Lenny and Chinatown in the last shots of Pollock, and the beauty pageant winner in both versions of *The Entertainer* is recalled; often Harris himself is filmed in such a way as to resemble or prefigure Keir Dullea as Astronaut Bowman in the latter part of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, before, during and after the Star Gate sequence, with the play of color and experience on his face and its more or less still regard.

Christopher Mulrooney

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## Love in a Cold Climate (Channel 2)

This remake, based on Nancy Mitford's books about the foibles of her English upper class is a coloured film in two parts, whereas the original monochrome enjoyed a more leisurely structure as a serial spread over ten or so episodes. The new version also uses voice over which does not seem to be appropriate to the format.

I enjoyed the first series and assume that the second essay was chiefly to introduce colour.

Despite the monochrome, I enjoyed the first, with its delightful characterisations.

Probably, its casting was superior, but it is difficult or unfair to make a judgement. Certainly, the young women in the lead roles in the new version were less convincing as troubled teeners than their predecessors.

Nevertheless, it is a good story, well enough told, and worth another viewing next time round, in either version.

## The 1900's House (SBS)

This original piece of television was produced for Channel 4 and based on an idea and research by Darrow Rook.

A London house of the period was fitted out with appropriate furnishings and supplies. The Bowler family of six were chosen to live there as a typical lower middle class family for a period of three months, eating the food, wearing the clothes and doing the things appropriate to the time.

They suffered occasional intrusions from film crews and had a sort of secret confessional in the form of a video camera in a wardrobe, which doubtless they were encouraged to use, as there is a deal of footage showing individual bitching about the situation.

The dowdiness of female dress was striking. They had the added discomfort of tight stays, heavy fabric and soaps that left them feeling that body and hair were unclean.

The restricted diet with a limited range of vegetables and no frozen foods was a problem, especially for the youngest child, who was saved when they realised that fish and chips were appropriate for the time.

There was no music other than their own, and no entertainment.

I was struck by the superiority in some aspects of their house compared to my Australian suburban house of the 1930's and the rural housing of the 1950's when I began married life as a country teacher.

They had sewerage and a hot water system of sorts, whereas in my young life we had an outside pan toilet and the copper (cauldron) in the wash house that was belatedly replaced with a chip heater.

Change was much more rapid in the second half of the century. It makes you think!

## Littlemore, (Channel Two)

Stuart Littlemore returns to host his own programme, which replaces *Media Watch*, for which he was the first presenter. This time, his show is more focused, treating one theme at a time in the fifteen minutes or so allocated. So far he has had go at Rupert Murdoch, Natasha Stott-Despoja, the overweening adulation and fawning over Donald Bradman, and the media on heroes, chequebook journalism and demonisation.

It is very well done and he hits his targets cleanly and tellingly, as only a former media man and present top lawyer can do, with measured critique and dry wit. My only regret is that the general media-watching brief has been abandoned and there is no one keeping an eye on the media hacks and bawds who try to warp our society with misinformation and cant.

The show's opening montage, which includes graphics showing bits of a typewriter of at least half a century ago, is something of a puzzle.



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