



# PixelPapers the Twenty Sixth.

1 January, 2004.

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for your contributions to be pasted in, or news & views.  
No attachments please

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR PP26 WILL BE ACCEPTED UNTIL 1ST FEBRUARY



## Editorial

A happy new year to readers and contributors. May it be healthy and prosperous.

2003 had its problems, with e-mail virus attacks seriously impinging on our quarterly literary offering as many writers seemed to lose contact. This was compounded by an enormous increase in so-called spam traffic, chiefly from the United States, amounting to thirty or forty per day and sometimes more. Do we need to have unsolicited offers for mail order medicines, viagra, fake mail order degrees, unlikely windfalls from semi-literate Nigerians, news of lottery winnings without a ticket, penis enlargement,

mortgage reduction, cheap printer cartridges, porn, very disgusting porn and many other things? The range of addresses used suggest that these bandits have software that crawls the www, offering their wares to all and sundry, regardless of relevance. (At least half the population has nothing to enlarge and you'd have to be insane to pay the medication prices that are apparently common in the world's richest nation.)

The war with Iraq dominated the media, seeming to be the physical expression of the more generalised war on terror, that surprisingly seems to lack religious and literary elements. Nobody seems to put the case that there is no valid religious basis for the terror and instead there seems to be almost tacit acceptance of the terrorist philosophy and methods. I plan to write more on this subject in the future.

On a personal note, I have to own to not being as energetic and diligent in my editorial duties whilst undergoing an apparently successful course of treatment, leaving me unimpaired and much more energetic. If ever I am obliged to write about female characters who suffer hot flushes and sore nipples I expect to qualify for acclaim for my unusual (male) perception!

Lastly, I am in receipt of a sad little note from Marion McInnes, advising that WOW, Perth's literary performance organisation which has been mounting successful monthly presentations for several years, has been pushed aside from the teat of Artswa and will have to survive on its own. The grant that they'd come to depend on was, of course, seeding money, a beloved notion of politicians and arts bureaucrats despite the fact that examples of successful seeding are very rare outside of agriculture. Perhaps an organic approach with constant morphing is the strategy to keep in front of the game.

# Wordsworth

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# News & Views

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## The Fat Cow Motel Phenomenom

This highly original work by Graeme Koetsveld, telecast on Channel 2 in a dozen or so half-hour episodes, was promising and puzzling, but ultimately something of a disappointment.

The location was just right, evoking for me Alstonville in the early eighties, when it, too, was a failing dairy town, but unlike Fat Cow, was picking up vigorously as a horticultural and tourist centre.

The title montage and music were excellent.

The feel of it iss good. I was reminded of the marvellous adaptation of Chevalier's Clochemerle, set in rural France. But unlike Clochemerle, it failed to maintain a consistently light and humorous touch and strayed disappointingly into the banal.

This, for me, was partly due to the voice-over, done by the resident SBS VO man, and partly by the writers' apparent need to find a sparkingly fresh idea for each episode instead of extending gems such as the goings on in the wacky fiefdom of Roy, into several episodes.

Kate Atkinson as Cassie and her love interest played by Brendan Cowel, were delightful and very watchable. The handsome Nordic twins, beavering away at their iMacs and mobile phones to record and manipulate the situation, provided an interesting and original dimension, something like the chorus in classical Greek plays. (There was an invitation to explore related multi-media that I did not take up.)

There was always the promise that the story would deliver something more but mostly it failed to materialise.

It deserves some acclaim for the courage and originality of its creators and I rate it at three stars out of five.

It could do well, relatively, on commercial television. I'd be prepared to watch it again and I'm sure that if ever there were to be a re-make, it would be outstanding, but that does not often happen on television!#

## CNNN

*Chaser Non-stop News Network* covers a different dimension of commercial television to the wonderful *Frontline* but is equally original.

Whereas *Frontline* satirised the cult of the star presenter/anchorman in Australian television, CNNN guys the team approach of the Americans, throwing commentary from desk to desk whilst hilarious text messages scroll across the bottom of the screen.

The syrupy, pompous, unctuous promos of the presenters at home are a delight.

There are advertisements of course, for the tasty fungry and booger beer.

Vox pops on the streets of New York where Americans fail to recognize John Howard and are prepared to accept maps of Australia variously labelled as North Korea, Iran, Libya, etc, provide a stinging insight into the ignorance of the U.S. public.

It would not be to everyone's taste, but this inventive, sophisticated, seriously silly send-up of network television at its worst, deserves four stars. I await its five star return.



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