

LOCATING SUBURBIA

MEMORY - PLACE - CREATIVITY

EDITED BY

PAULA HAMILTON & PAUL ASHTON

Locating Suburbia
Memory, Place, Creativity

Edited by

Paula Hamilton and Paul Ashton



UTSePress

© Paula Hamilton and Paul Ashton 2013
All remaining chapters © their respective authors 2013

First published by UTSePress 2013
PO Box 123
Broadway NSW 2007

<http://www.lib.uts.edu.au/utsepress-publications>

All rights reserved

National Library of Australia Cataloguing-in-Publication entry

Title: Locating Suburbia: memory, place, creativity/ edited by
Paula Hamilton and Paul Ashton.

ISBN: 9781863654326 (ebook)

Subjects: Suburbs—New South Wales—Sydney.
Suburban life—New South Wales—Sydney.

Other Authors/Contributors:

Hamilton, Paula, editor.

Ashton, Paul, 1959- editor.

Dewey Number: 307.74099441

Design and typesetting by Two Tone
Eli Hochberg, Caroline Hunter, Cameron Jones,
Minhky Le and Jumana Shakeer

Acknowledgements

We would like to thank Julie-Anne Marshall, manager of the UTS Library's eResearch unit, for supporting this project, and Margaret Malone for her marvellous contributions to bringing this collection to fruition. Thanks, too, to UTS Shopfront and its Program Manager Pauline O'Loughlin who facilitated the production of this ebook as a Shopfront project. We would also like to acknowledge the great assistance provided in various ways—including internal grants and seed funding—to the contributors in this collection by the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences' Faculty Research Office.

Finally, thanks to Professor Ross Gibson and Professor Peter Read who refereed the manuscript.

Paula Hamilton and Paul Ashton
Editors and Co-Directors
Centre for Creative Practice and Cultural Economy

This eBook was designed by
Eli Hochberg, Caroline Hunter, Cameron Jones,
Minhky Le and Jumana Shakeer

CONTENTS

Introduction	<i>1</i>
Paula Hamilton and Paul Ashton	

MEMORY

1 The Perfect Garden	<i>7</i>
Kay Donovan	

2 Remembering the Suburban Sensory Landscape in Balmain	<i>18</i>
Paula Hamilton	

3 The First House and the Hop Farm	<i>31</i>
Margot Nash	

4 The Smell of Glass Bead Screens	<i>51</i>
Andrew Taylor	

5 Connecting to the Past	<i>75</i>
Anna Clark	

PLACE

6 A Place for Everyone	<i>88</i>
Paul Ashton	

7 Home	<i>103</i>
Sue Joseph	

8 'It Used to be a Dingy Kind of Joint'	<i>124</i>
Robert Crawford	

9 Liquid Desire	<i>140</i>
David Aylward	
10 ‘What Happened to the Locals?’	<i>154</i>
Penny Stannard	
11 Reinventing Manly	<i>170</i>
Theresa Anderson	

CREATIVITY

12 The Concrete Remains	<i>187</i>
Sarah Barns	
13 Camperdown Park	<i>204</i>
John Dale	
14 Blood, Belly, Bile	<i>213</i>
Debra Adelaide Imagery by Greg Ferris	
15 Watery Ghosts	<i>226</i>
Megan Heyward	
16 The Artist as Trickster	<i>243</i>
Elaine Lally	
17 Road, River and Rail	<i>259</i>
Chris Caines	
Author Biographies	<i>268</i>
References	<i>272</i>

INTRODUCTION

THE POLITICS AND PASSIONS OF THE SUBURBAN OASIS

Paula Hamilton and Paul Ashton

Murder in the suburbs isn't murder technically at all really is it? It's a justifiable reaction to aesthetic deprivation and golf.¹

Suburbia has been satirised and mocked by the best of them from George Orwell's 1939 caricature in *Coming up for Air* to Dame Edna Everidge from the 1960s and TV's Kath and Kim in twentieth-first century Australia. For many of the generation growing up in the twentieth century, suburbia is, on the one hand, the remembered nightmare from which the human chrysalis escaped to experience adulthood and its pleasures *elsewhere* – the stifling, conformist sameness which nonetheless hid evil deeds like murder. Others hold dear the wistful nostalgic memories about growing up in a domesticated cosy world of backyard games so effectively mobilised by conservative Prime Minister John Howard during the 1990s in relation to Earlwood, a suburb of Sydney.²

It is certainly the case that for the older generation who lived through depression and war in the twentieth century, the suburbs represented safety and peace – 'a roof over our heads'; 'a place to call our own'. Like the soldier who came back from Changi POW camp, kissed the ground at Narrabeen, a suburb in Sydney, and said: 'this'll do me'!, the expanding suburbs after the 1950s were the retreat for many men after

time abroad in global conflict; a place to replenish the spirit and build again – individual lives, families, homes, garages, sheds, gardens, lawns. Suburbs have also been long hated,³ and more recently loved,⁴ by writers and intellectuals. They have also been perceived with an uneasy ambiguity, as ‘being neither town nor country, but an unwilling combination of both, and either neat and shining, or cheap and nasty, according to the incomes of its inhabitants’.⁵ This was the ‘half world between city and country in which most Australians lived’ that architect Robin Boyd decried in his elitist work on Australia domestic architecture.⁶ Recently, however, there has been a strong and growing interest in delineating the complexities of the suburban experience rather than simply denouncing or defending it.

Over the last twenty to thirty years, suburbia has had a make-over. How it is remembered and what place it has had in our lives has also been reconfigured. Many now accept that the nostalgia relates only to a childhood dream of the white Anglo-Saxon part of the population that obscured a great deal more than it revealed. Certainly the historian Andrew May argued in 2009 that ‘the reliance of the twin fictions of the novelist’s pen and of baby-boomer nostalgia for our predominant images of post-war suburban history precludes the prospect of developing more sophisticated historical narratives’.⁷ Even before the impact of the massive post-war migration, the suburbs were more culturally and socially diverse than we have previously understood. Class and religious divisions, if not always race and ethnicity, have a long history within suburban communities.⁸ Nowadays, the articulation of that nostalgic memory in public forums is strongly contested, as suburban places are made and remade over time.

In March 2013, for example, Peter Roberts wrote a column for the *Sydney Morning Herald* which had the heading: ‘What happened to the suburb I used to know? His particular suburb was Greenacre near Lakemba in Sydney and his article juxtaposed a suburban past and present. He remembers a suburb where he grew up during the late 1950s and early 1960s as a place of peace, sparsely populated, filled with boys sports and games:

Lakemba? Sure that’s where we went to the Sunday matinee at the Odeon every week and watched such pearls as the Three Stooges, Jerry Lewis and Ben-Hur.

Roberts does not mention that Lakemba is now the site of a mosque and one of the biggest Muslim communities in Australia. But most of the *Herald* readers will have this in mind. In his (Anglo-Saxon) memory, there was no violence as there is now, which he blames on the ‘enclave of Little Lebanon’. Greenacre and Lakemba now, he says, have been ‘turned into a minefield, or a battlefield, or a refuge

of drug dealers, criminals, drive-by shooters and terror'. His elegaic tone is one of sadness and loss:

That was my home – the place where I once simply couldn't imagine living anywhere else – transformed to the place where I could never imagine living again.

There were several responses to this letter which seemed to strike a Sydney nerve and gave readers a sense of how the media mediates our collective memories. At least two letters accused Roberts of cloaking racism in nostalgia. Omar Sakr replied in the same edition of the *Herald* with an awareness about the public prominence of such views and how they need to be interrogated. Sakr is particularly critical of the assumption that all of the problems are the result of another ethnic group, as though murder and rape were not part of any other suburban culture. This view, he says, absolves one group for taking responsibility for the problems of the community as a whole. For him, growing up in this area probably twenty or thirty years later, the most important element was the camaraderie of his diverse delinquent friends.

One letter, though, was from someone who had lived for eighteen months in Lakemba until recently and also spent time there on a regular basis now. Con Vaitsas, now of Ashbury, claimed that Roberts' vision was 'way out of whack with reality' and very outdated. He argued that Greenacre and Lakemba were no longer predominantly the home of the Lebanese but a mixture of very different nationalities living peacefully side by side: 'my neighbours were Filipinos and Colombians on either side and Africans opposite us', he wrote. So his perception was one of a successful multicultural community.

Such an exchange does little to recognise the complexity of current suburban life but it does juxtapose the memories from different generations and cultures against one another as alternative experiences of belonging to particular suburban localities.

What is Suburbia?

Suburbs are geographically defined areas on a map, spatially located in our memories and also an idea: they colonise our imaginations as both inside and outside the pale. But beyond the government defined boundaries, how are they delineated? Are they anything beyond the city central? Inner city areas such as Surry Hills or Balmain are certainly not brought to mind by this term. Spatially the suburbs are seen as 'out there' away from the inner city which somehow don't meet the criteria for single story occupation on a block of land which we think of as characteristically suburban. But where does the inner city begin and end now? Redfern, Waterloo, Alexandria, Drummoyne,

St Leonard's? 'As a state of mind and a way of living', Humphrey McQueen has observed,

Suburbia is not confined to certain geographic areas but can thrive where there are no suburbs... It is pointless to lay down a criterion for suburbia that includes duplexes, but excludes a row of terraces. Where it survives outside its natural habitat, suburbia still aspires to the ways of living that are most completely realised by nuclear families on garden blocks with detached houses.⁹

The identity of suburbia, so far as it can be ascribed one, is shifting and insecure; a borderline and liminal space.¹⁰ Dominant stereotypes have listed it as 'on the margins' beyond edges of cultural sophistication and tradition' and the areas that make up 'sprawl'.¹¹ But in the twenty-first century this static view has to be modified somewhat. And it is evident from this collection that suburban dwellers themselves have redefined being cosmopolitan as house prices in the inner suburbs skyrocket and push people further afield.¹²

The study of suburbs is often viewed as separate from the city or the urban as a whole. But in fact not only are suburbs obviously integral; they are now part of the networked city, reinforcing much older electricity grids, transport and water services with contemporary communications networks, especially the internet and mobile telephony which has facilitated greater interaction between suburbs and across the urban generally. Suburbs are always relational in this sense and though we tend to throw a light on the local or the small concerns within the suburb as case studies, this collection does not argue for their isolation from the wider urban landscape, for we know that local knowledge too, has the power to change lives.

This collection was set up as a collaborative project by members of the Research Strength in Creative Practices and Cultural Economy at the University of Technology, Sydney, is in the first instance a testament to that range and complexity of twenty-first century responses to city suburbs, predominantly in Sydney, though with a nod to other suburban contexts on the most-populated eastern seaboard of Australia, such as Melbourne and Brisbane. Secondly, the collection showcases the lively engagement and interdisciplinary nature of the intellectual culture in the Faculty of Humanities at the University of Technology, Sydney, from the more traditional scholarly approaches of Humanities scholars to the range of cultural forms which make up Creative Practice in the academy, especially in this

case, Creative Writing and Media Arts.¹³ We had many seminars and discussions which took place in 2011 and 2012 about the ideas for the collection. We began by viewing it from the perspective of lived experience, always believing it possible that new technologies can create different spaces for collaborative scholarship within the traditional frame of a book.

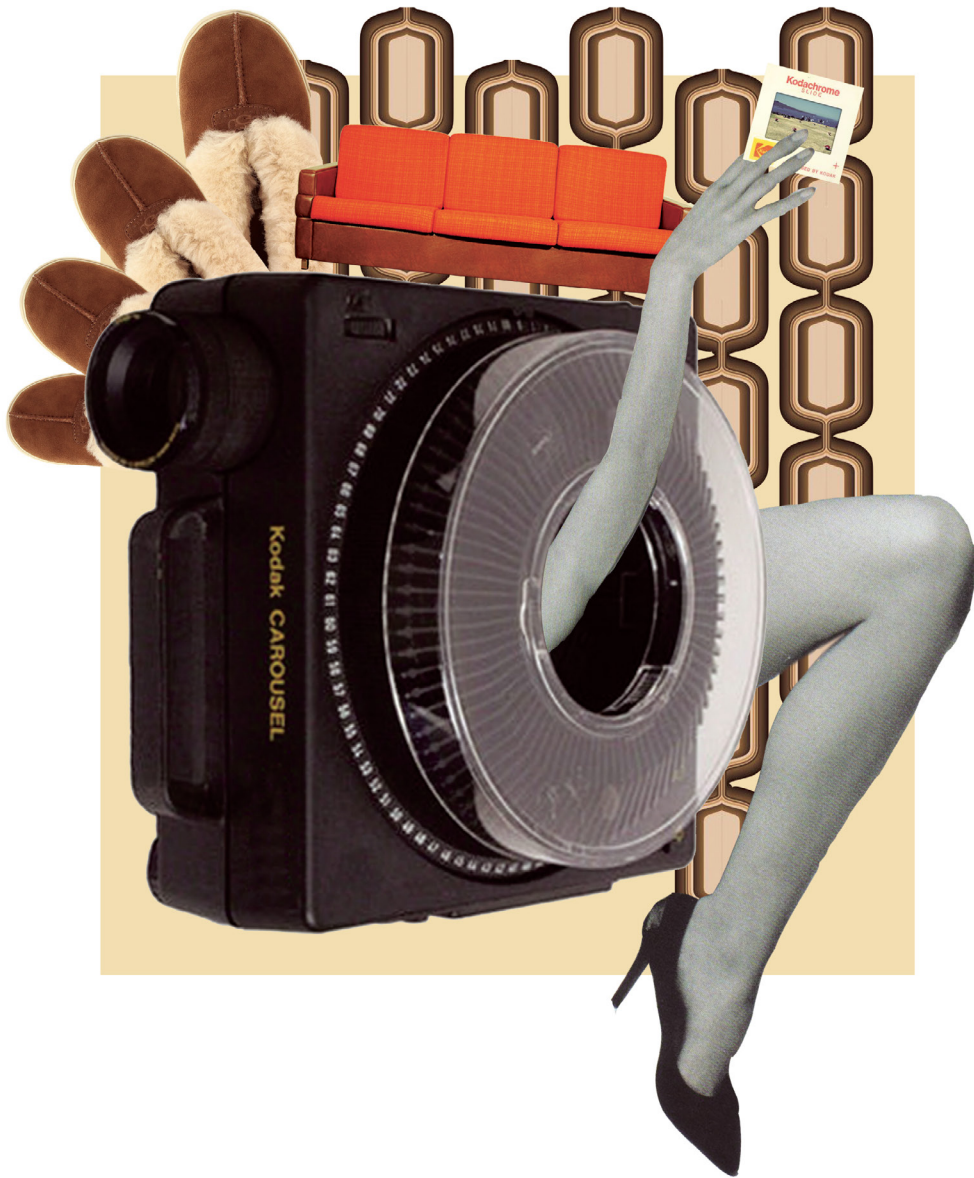
And so it proved. We found that the tension between representing how a world was experienced while keeping that detached critical eye on its form and nature could work very well through a range of artistic and scholarly practice that spoke to each other. Karen Till, writing about her own engagement with memory studies as an artist, argues that more traditional scholars have a lot to gain by heeding the work of artists 'who also acknowledge the ways that people experience memory as multi-sensual, spatial ways of understanding their worlds'.¹⁴

Three distinct themes emerged in relation to the central concept of re-imagining the suburban which people researched and made for this publication. As our title indicates these became remembered suburbs anchored either by our own personal past or those of others, suburbs as places that were made and remade across time and suburbs not only as the subject for various creative representations but also increasingly where creativity as an identified practice or industry takes place.¹⁵

Some of our essays take as their subject particular suburbs such as Bondi, Manly and Campbelltown. Others range across time and the space of the urban and suburban. Others focus on those inner city in-betweens, subject of urban renewal and consolidation, such as Marrickville, Pyrmont and Balmain. Some utilise the concept of the even more local through a focus on the park, shops, the backyard or the suburban house. And still others explore what took place in the homes of these areas there that came to be identified with suburban life.

Referring to the suburbs of England, Roger Silverstone previously commented in his 1997 book *Visions of Suburbia* that 'An understanding of how suburbia was produced and continues to be both produced and reproduced is an essential precondition for an understanding of the twentieth century, an understanding above all of our emerging character and contradictions of our everyday lives'.¹⁶ Whether his argument for the centrality of suburbia to historical understanding still holds for the twenty-first century remains to be seen given the many different shapes it now takes in our imaginations.

MEMORY



04

THE SMELL OF GLASS BEAD SCREENS

Andrew Taylor

THE SMELL OF GLASS BEAD SCREENS

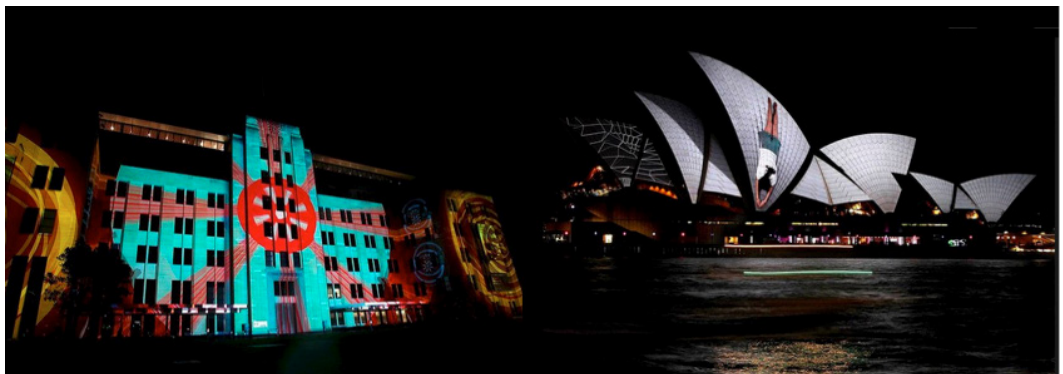
REMEMBERING THE SUBURBAN SLIDESHOW

Andrew Taylor

This device isn't a spaceship. It's a time machine. It goes backwards, forwards. It takes us to a place where we ache to go again. It's not called the Wheel. It's called a Carousel. It lets us travel the way a child travels. Around and around, and back home again... to a place where we know we are loved.¹

This chapter is an obituary of a dead media form: the suburban slide show. In 2004 the last of the Kodak slide carousels rolled off the production line and in 2008 Kodak stopped manufacturing Kodachrome, the ‘classic’ slide-film emulsion it had developed 70 years earlier. The *click-chuh-clunk* sound of slide carousels and the rich saturated colours of Kodachrome were both deeply associated with slide shows. The end of their manufacture effectively marked the death of the photo-chemical slide show as a popular medium.

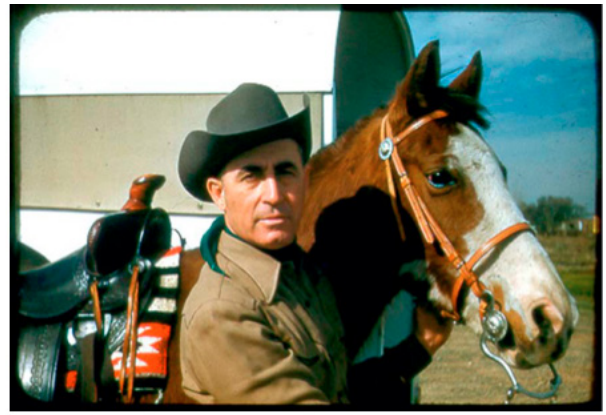
As the slide show of old was being put to rest, digital slide shows started to crop up like daisies in a graveyard: eBay, real estate portals, PowerPoint presentations... And the afterglow of the slide show is also evident in a recent spate of large-scale public projections, slide show performance monologues and artists reworking found collections of 35mm slides.



Public projections on MCA building and Sydney Opera House, Vivid Festival (Photos: Dallas Kilponen and Steven Siewert, *Sydney Morning Herald*, 2012)



Paul Dwyer in slide show performance monologue, *The Bougainville photoplay project* (Photos: Katrina Bridgeford, 2009)



Three images from *Slide show land: Dorothy* (Elvis Richardson, 2006). The work was an installation made from slides Richardson sourced from eBay, from the deceased estate of Dorothy E. Elsberry, top left (Photos: Dorothy E. Elsberry, 1952–1976)

The slide show has also cast a deep shadow over the world of documentary film. Ken Burns' acclaimed TV series, *The Civil War* (USA, 1990) was a slide show lecture of sorts and, more recently, Al Gore's PowerPoint presentation on the perils of global warming was the central focus of *An Inconvenient Truth* (USA, 2006). There are recent films that directly reference their connection with the old 35mm carousel slide show. *Edie and Thea: A very long engagement* (USA, 2009) is structured around a slide show and the long-term relationship of two New York women, Edie and Thea. *Sadness* (Australia, 1999) is based on William Yang's photographs and his earlier slide show performance monologue of the same title.²



Slide of Edie projected on a kitchen cupboard, still from *Edie & Thea: A very long engagement* (Photo: Susan Muska and Greta Olafsdóttir, 2009)



William Yang projects a slide of his friend Allan, whose story forms part of Tony Ayre's film and William Yang's monologue performance, *Sadness* (Photo: Anne Zahalka, 1996)

In addition to contemporary iterations of the form, 35mm carousel slide shows were once also prominent in the world of performance and installation art, schools and universities, health departments and other government agencies, and in corporate culture (as evidenced by Don Draper's use of slides in his pitch quoted above). There is scope for a lengthier survey of the slide show in all of these fields but in keeping with the memory and suburbia themes of this collection, I am going to concentrate on the lounge room slide show, popular in suburban homes in the first few decades after World War II.³

The lounge room slide show peaked in popularity about 50 years ago – the late sixties, early seventies – and so, now, memories of this form are becoming increasingly thin on the ground and fragmentary. In light of this, my account of the suburban slide show is a collage-like portrait made from six interconnected pieces of history, memory and personal story. My approach is also personal and subjective. It is biased towards the place I grew up and the slide stock that was the standard, the favourite, and the one I knew best: I focus on suburban Australia and Kodachrome.

Born In 1961: Me and the Carousel

I was born in 1961, the same year the Kodak carousel was released on the market. It would be stretching matters to say the carousel and I were joined at the hip but we have sort of grown up together. My family was a 'slide family'. They didn't keep shoeboxes full of snaps, or make photo albums, or shoot home movies. They 'did' slides. Family photos were kept in metal slide tray containers and yellow-lidded plastic boxes, high in a cupboard, near the front door of the family home. Being a 'slide family' suggests we were also a 'slide show family'. This tallies with my perception of my family but most of

the family slides were taken before I was born and now, when I try to recall actual slide shows, only a few come to mind.

I remember my parents holding a party in a disused milking shed at a small place called Woodstock, about 20 miles north of Melbourne. The event was in the country but my family and the party guests were all from the Melbourne suburbs. I was about 10. It was the early 1970s, and there were kegs of beer, kaftans and loads of people. At some point in the middle of this swirl a screen was rigged – I think it was a sheet – and my father put on a slide show.



John Taylor at the Woodstock party venue, the morning after (the arrow in the background has been drawn onto the scan to point to a 'smoking gun'. When viewed as a projected slide, a carousel of slides and yellow Kodak carousel slide box is clearly visible in the background. (Kodachrome slide: photographer unknown, c1971)

I also remember my father giving repeated versions of a slide show based on a trekking holiday that my father, sister and I took together in Nepal in the late 1970s, just after I finished school. After my father returned home, I continued to travel for a few months in India and southeast Asia, as part of a 'gap year' between school and university. When I came home, I also put on a slide show of my own of the Nepal/India trip and have continued to do so at various stages of my adult life.



Nepal (Kodachrome slide: Andrew Taylor, 1978).

Looking back on the slide shows I have given, most of them have followed from travels overseas or to exotic locations in Australia. I have collections of slides labeled ‘Japan’, ‘Crimea’, ‘Ceduna – Outback SA’, ‘Coney Island’, ‘Las Vegas’. These slides fit firmly in a dominant tradition of photography depicting exotic and faraway places. In this regard, there is a direct connection and correlation between my use of slides and photography from the Victorian era on. And although I have worked professionally as a filmmaker and photographer, clearly, I am part of the socially prescribed and codified behaviour that influences what we take and when. It would be phoney or false to pretend otherwise.⁴

One time in the late 1980s, when I was living in Japan, a friend asked me why I still photographed using slide film. I was a little taken aback because I had no real idea. It was a practice I’d inherited: ‘when you travel overseas, you film with slides, then you can have a slide show when you return’. Apart from this reductive logic, I didn’t really know why, other than having some vague idea that slides were better quality – truer, richer, more saturated colour.⁵

After leaving Japan, I travelled in Europe and America for six months and returned to Australia in the latter part of 1988. In my 18 months overseas, I amassed a huge collection of slides. Carrying on with a time worn tradition, I put together a selection of my best slides and showed these to friends and family. I was aware of the groans associated with the word ‘slide show’ and so I tried to keep the show short and visually rich. I kept narration and commentary to a minimum. But

by the late 80s, slide shows were becoming rare and people had a fresh appreciation for the quality of the projected image. Slide shows had a certain retro-charm and nostalgia about them. Little did we know the sun was setting on this lounge room art form.



Harajuku singer in late afternoon light, Tokyo (Kodachrome slide: Andrew Taylor, 1987)

The Invention, Rise and Fall of Kodachrome

Early colour photographic technology was crude, unreliable and unstable. Prior to the invention of Kodachrome, slides were made using a monochromatic additive process on a potato dye. In 1935, after over 20 years of experimentation and research, two part-time musicians, Leopold Godowsky and Leopold Mannes, developed a new subtractive colour process. The results were vastly superior in terms of colour rendition, richness and stability. The patented version of the new film stock and process developed by Godowsky and Manne was called 'Kodachrome' (hence the quip, 'God and man invented colour').

The chemistry for the Kodachrome process was complex. It involved over 28 separate chemical processes and the timing for each stage needed to be exact. In those days, there were no dark room timers but Godowsky and Mannes' musical training came to the rescue. They would whistle a set number of bars of music to determine the timing of processes while working in complete darkness. According to Godowsky:

We couldn't use radiant dial because of the effect it would have on our sensitive materials; and, anyway, we found watches less accurate than whistling the final movement of Brahms's C Minor Symphony at the regular beat of two beats per second.

But how could you go into all that with a scientist who'd never so much as heard of the C Minor Symphony?⁶

CONTENTS

REFERENCES

The complexity of the processes required for Kodachrome meant the chemistry was beyond the reach of even the most dedicated amateur or backyard enthusiast. This gave Kodak an additional commercial advantage as the processing of Kodachrome had to be controlled by Kodak or its licensees. In effect Kodak was able to keep strict quality control on its product.

Kodachrome, the world's first commercially available colour film, was released in 1935. It was initially released as 16mm movie film and then later in strips that were cut into single frames for stills. In 1937, Kodak introduced a 2 x 2 inch cardboard slide mount (the 'ready-mount') and began to sell slide projectors. During the depression and World War II, sales of Kodachrome were slow but sky rocketed after the war, eventually peaking in the 1960s.

Despite its slow beginnings, it is fair to say that Kodachrome revolutionised colour photography. Its vibrant saturated colours and remarkable archival stability made it a benchmark for colour photographers. Kodachrome became hugely popular in the United States and many other Western countries after the war and remained 'the gold standard' for colour photography for decades. Its popularity only started to decline with the advent of the simpler E6 slide processes and better colour negative stocks from the 1960s onwards. The popularisation of domestic video recorders and, more recently, digital technologies lead to its eclipse in the domestic market. Sales began to decline from the early 1970s and were negligible by the time the product was discontinued in 2008.⁷

Kodak Advertisement, 1959. The 2 x 2 inch ready-mount is shown top left.

This is a Kodak color slide. Only two inches square... yet it gives you a picture four feet wide on your screen!

PROCESSED BY Kodak

“Turn on your vacation big-as-life...with Kodak color slides!”

You get pictures of family and friends so real they all but smile back at you!

Now you can save your summertime fun in the most lifelike pictures you've ever seen. Show your fun as big as you can spread your arms! You'll get colors so clear, so crisp, they bring back the splash of blue water, the warmth of golden sunlight, the glow of a healthy tan. You can get started now in 35mm Kodak color slides for as little as \$2.95 down. Look how easy it is...

1 You're an expert at once with the Kodak Press II Camera. Press buttons ease "snap" loading. Fast f/3.5 lens gets great color slides and Kodachrome negatives. Ask your dealer about trading your old camera. \$25.95

2 Get all the color with world-famous Kodachrome film. And ask your dealer about the Kodak Prepared Processing Molar which promises you to mail your film to Kodak for processing and get your slides back by mail, too.

3 Show your slides proudly... wherever... with the Kodak 800 Projector. It projects so easy to operate. With Reelomatic Change, \$44.95 or as little as \$24.95 down. Other Kodak projector models to \$49.95.

Many slides offer views as low as \$10. down. Prices are list, include Federal Tax, and are subject to change without notice.

See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show" and "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet"

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

5594 (1959)

This advertisement appears in Life—July 26; Saturday Evening Post—August 1

Slide Shows: A *Fata Morgana* of Suburban Memory?

Despite the prominent place of the slide show in postwar culture, there is scarce mention of it in either histories of photography or studies of popular culture. Like magic lantern presentations of an earlier age, written accounts of the postwar slide show have fallen through the cracks. Literature and cinema abound with references to cameras, photographs and even photo albums but mentions of slides and slide shows are rare. So much so, that, recently, I started to wonder if the postwar lounge room slide show ever really existed. Perhaps they were a dream, an illusion, some form of prosthetic memory? Was a 'Kodachrome serum' administered to the postwar generation along with polio shots?

Although the evidence is thin on the ground there are still enough traces of slide shows in popular culture to put rest to these fanciful ideas. In the movie, *Catch me if you can* (USA, 2002), there is scene where FBI agent Carl Hanratty (Tom Hanks) shows his fellow FBI agents a slide show of the fugitive in different guises. In an episode of *The Simpsons*, a visiting anthropologist shows the family images of Africa on a screen rigged in their lounge room.⁸

Closer to home, Edna Everage, on trips home to her suburban house in Moonee Ponds, used to regale her Australian audiences with slides from England. Part of the gag was the insertion of a risqué 'girlie' shot cropping up seemingly unexpectantly amongst her more conventional tourist slides of Big Ben, Buckingham Palace and the Palace Guards. (She blamed her husband Norm for their surprise appearance in the collection.)⁹

And there is the example mentioned at the start of this chapter, from the television series *Mad men*. In this episode, the brilliant advertising creative director, Don Draper, is pitching for the new Kodak account. His pitch involves a wheel-like device that holds multiple slides. Don conjures the nostalgic warmth of the fairground and childhood as he suggests to the Kodak people that they call the device a carousel, not a wheel.

The use of the carousel device in *Mad men* works on several levels. It locates the show in the early 60s (the actual Kodak Carousel was released in 1961). Secondly, slides are shown as part of the culture of corporate presentations and, in turn, the corporate slide show references the popular domestic slide show. Don shows the clients images of his young family in typical 'Kodak settings' – on a picnic, in the backyard, on his wedding day.

There is also a dark double entendre to the images Don projects. Don appeals to the warmth and love of family but has just been kicked out of home having been exposed as a liar, cheat and philanderer. The viewer also knows the moniker 'Don Draper' is an assumed identity. 'Don' took the name of a deceased war buddy, in order to start afresh and disown the broken and violent past of his childhood. So, the place he refers to in his pitch is a mythic idyll. Arguably, this is an extreme extension of the idealised version of life and family constructed in most slides and family snaps.



Don Draper pitches for the Kodak Carousel account: images from *Mad men*, 'The Wheel'

In the next section I look more closely at a range of personal memories of slide shows. Some bear witness to my thesis about slides presenting an idealised version of life. Some contradict this idea but are telling as part of my investigation of the intersection between slides, memory, suburban life and family.

Individual Memories

After their first trip my parents invested in a slide projector and screen... They impressed on me that conducting a successful slide evening required careful preparation. Gil and Glasson [parents] had been to some shockers. I was dragged along to one myself. Much of the evening was spent with necks craned trying to make sense of badly photographed historical monuments. Slides were upside down and out of order. We

were advised to prepare for Italy when up came the Tower of London, quickly followed by a horizontal Beefeater.

This fiasco got my parents thinking. Driving home they started to draw up their basic rules for a successful slide evening. These included: no more than one slide carousel, only show the best slides, no repeats, all slides to be the right way up and a clear script for Gil, the narrator. Not all of my suggestions were accepted. I could see a place for the horizontal Italian Beefeater and the relocation of historical monuments. Glasson dismissed me as a 'silly galoot'.¹⁰

Aside from the occasional reference to the suburban slide show in popular culture, most people born before the mid 1970s have some individual memories of slide shows. The above quote is the only memory of a suburban slide show I have seen in print but with the aid of a Google search, I uncovered what I thought would be a veritable goldmine of slide show memories.

In 2008, a group of Kodachrome enthusiasts set up a website/wiki called *The Kodachrome project* in response to the announcement that Kodak was ceasing manufacture of Kodachrome film stock. That a self-funded group of enthusiasts would set up a quasi-memorial website dedicated to a soon-to-be redundant 70-year-old film stock is remarkable in itself. But, after examining the posts, I found it curious that a site dedicated to a legendary slide stock had no posts remembering actual slide shows. I made a post to try and elicit some responses. The recollections quoted below are in response to this post.¹¹

This first memory I've quoted at length because it is unusually vivid and is a great snap shot of postwar America and slide culture. (The Stereo Realist referred to is a 3D camera.)

The Stereo Realist

I am a dedicated and long-time stereo photographer. The rugged Stereo Realist is my camera of choice. And, right now, I am on my last brick of Kodachrome 64. I'll miss it when it's gone...

The Kodachrome slide shows that I remember were photographed and projected in 3-D by Emil and Stella Miller who were long-time church friends of my parents.

Emil Miller was corporate/portrait/wedding photographer in the post-WWII years in Dayton, Ohio. Dayton at that time was a booming industrial center, home to NCR, Delco, Frigidaire,

Mead Paper, Lau Industries and a host of other manufacturing businesses. The place was full of engineers, machine shops, factories, and aerospace firms. All of this provided Em and his wife, Stella, with work and interesting photographic subject matter. During his assignments Em would often shoot a few shots with his Realist for his own collection: inside the office, on the plant floor, at the mill. His business was profitable. Emil and Stella enjoyed nice vacations: road trips in the summer, ski trips in the winter, as well as European or Asian travel. This they covered extensively in 3-D.

In the winter they occasionally hosted parties where they would project their slides, the kids sitting on the floor up front and the parents comfy on furniture in back and everybody wearing cardboard glasses. These shows were a lot of fun, not only for the subject matter but for the unusual 3-D effect. As the images clicked by, Stella or Em would narrate and tell us what we were seeing and who was in the picture. If you've never seen well-shot, well-projected 3-D pictures, it's quite an experience. We would look at the pictures and feel like we could step right into the screen and stand in front of the Eiffel Tower, or walk through the gates of the newly opened Disneyland. The pictures made quite an impression.¹²

Along with the lounge room 'family slide show', slide shows were also used in universities, schools, corporate presentation rooms, clubs and societies, and amongst church and religious groups. Here are some other recollections of slide shows from the Kodachrome memorial website that allude to other uses of slides:

'Where's Wally'

My History and Geography teacher... used his own slides of different historic buildings and scenery to illustrate lessons. And every slide included his car on it somewhere even if in the distance... rather like 'Where's Wally', but with a green Hillman Minx.¹³

The smell of the old glass-bead screen

When I was a child our family slide shows used one of those 'two-at-a-time' back and forth projectors where you would scoop out the last slide while the new one was on the screen and then slide the mechanism across to the other side, and repeat. I felt really mature when I could do the 'slide step' all by myself. I also loved the smell of the old glass-bead screen. I still do slide shows, but with a carousel projector. Once or twice a year I gather fellow F1 racing enthusiasts together

and show slides... Nothing beats the look of a projected slide. At my son's urging I tried projecting my digital shots but they paled in comparison. This year the last of my Kodachrome will be exposed at the Canadian and Hungarian G.P.s [Grands Prix]. I look forward to the clack and hum of the projector come September or October.¹⁴

Not surprisingly, most of the posts on 'Kodachrome Forum' are from respondents living in the United States. In order to draw a broader picture, I collected some memories of slide shows from friends and acquaintances living in Australia (plus one from Quebec). I have reproduced them at some length because, despite their repetition and overlap, they build towards a mosaic-like memory of the domestic slide show form.

Visiting Uncle Alf

I think the first slide show I remember was... probably after the War. We were visiting Uncle Alf, who always seemed a very severe character to us children. He endeared himself to me that day, however, by getting out a projector...

That set the pattern for innumerable family slide shows, in darkened and hot lounge rooms, when the relatives came to visit. In those early days of the 1940s and 50s, it was common practice to get in the car and 'call in' on unsuspecting relatives unannounced ('We were just passing by...'). So much so that housewives always had to have a presentable cake at the ready, just in case. Setting up the projector and darkening the room provided a communal activity, and watching colour pictures go by was seen as a novel entertainment – until with the years the novelty wore off. One has to remember that Technicolor films were still the exception at the pictures, and colour television (let alone computerised images) was a thing of the future.¹⁵

It's maybe Italy but it could be Spain

Danny and I had a memorable slide night once many years ago. His alcoholic uncle, who was actually a sweet and sensitive man, set up his Kodak projector with a round magazine, many piles of boxes of unsorted, unedited slides and his Johnny Walker. He and his wife, both Italian, had made annual protracted overseas trips and he wanted to show us the results. We sat there for hours in the dark in their grand house watching a series of unfocussed, blurry, nebulous shapes. He introduced each one pretty well in the same way: 'This is Auntie Delpha standing in front of – not sure what this

is, I think it's a church, it might be upside down, it looks a bit blurred, it's maybe Italy but it could be Spain. Anyway I think it's a church.' By this time he was quite drunk and we were comatose, still trying to murmur appreciative comments every time our eyes fluttered open...¹⁶

The ironing board was favoured

My memories of slide evenings are of friends or myself using slides to recount overseas travel... I can't remember who amongst us came up with this technique but the ironing board was favoured for supporting the projector in terms of ease of movement towards/away from the wall and up or down vertically to get the ideal size and location of the image on the wall, and in terms of providing space for lining up cartridges...

While the driving of the projector did seem to be always done by a male, and the laying out of the cheese cubes and bits of cabanossi on toothpicks always by a female, narration was equally distributed between members of the travel party of either sex or any gender...¹⁷

SIRT (Slide induced residual trauma)

When I was a young kid we'd get intermittent visits from two of my parents' closest old friends, a married couple who were both artists and photographers. They were quite adventurous travellers for the time (this would have been the 1950s, early 1960s) and had become very interested in Japanese arts. They would visit after returning from their trips and after dinner we were all settled in the living room with a screen and slide projector and many, many slides of Japan, explained in minute and enthusiastic detail.

How I dreaded the boredom of these bloody slide shows. They were almost certainly of good quality and you'd think they should have been interesting, but they seemed to be interminable; far worse than the alternatives of playing, reading books or watching TV. Mum enjoyed the slides; dad fell asleep while claiming to be resting his eyes whenever mum woke him up; and I suffered, powerless and restless. Fifty years later, effective treatment for the effects of SIRT (Slide Induced Residual Trauma) remains a matter of controversy, although I am hopeful that a judicious mixture of pharmacology, post-Freudian analysis and SEAT (Slide Electro-Aversion

Therapy) will alleviate the intermittent symptoms of rectal hives, night-sweats and bedwetting.¹⁸

My step-grandfather Percy went on an around the world trip

I always wanted one of those carousels. I was so irritated by putting in and taking out slides, the getting them the wrong way up and inside out. I loved the looking as a family, partly I think because the images were of holidays and they reminded me of happier times, of being away from the house. Escape. I loved them of our pets and of my Nana...

I still have a slide machine but it has a long carriage – not quite the thing of memory. I have the slides from childhood. I am always surprised with how few there are but as a kid I thought we had loads.

My step-grandfather Percy went on an around the world trip. Was it with a mistress? He didn't take my Nana. I loved seeing overseas slides but the atmosphere was fraught, I now think because of the relationship dynamics. I don't remember what machine he had.¹⁹

Clickety-click

Must have been the late 1990s – we were celebrating someone's 50th and one of his brothers went to a lot of trouble to gather old slides together and showed them in a carousel, clickety-click. It was like going back to the 60s and a very unusual feeling in the era of the PowerPoint. Many if not most of those present remembered other similar evenings in their youth, back when there had been no alternative. Indeed, I'm sure I wasn't the only one thinking how powerful those old slide shows had sometimes been, as these images of 1960s and 70s haircuts and automobiles displayed themselves with surprising brilliance on a convenient white wall in this late 1990s basement... There were a lot of people crammed in to the available space, perhaps 40 of us, and for that hour or hour and a half, the place rocked with laughter and emotions ran high, even though the crowd was made up of disparate groups, many of whom had not met before...

Early memory

I remember two things about these [slide] nights in particular. The first was the difficulty my father had in what was a fairly dark room to ensure that the slides were correctly placed in the frame... The other thing I remember is a sort of childlike vision of the magical change which could come over a well-known room

in the house when it was suddenly plunged into darkness as the show was about to begin. Suddenly the atmosphere changed and the flickering image on the moveable screen created a definite sense of things being no longer the same. And there was a similar odd sensation, as of a spell being broken, when the show ended and someone turned the lights back on.²⁰

The robbers left behind the slides

We of course also had the Kodak slide carousel and the yellow lidded plastic boxes. My father loved to tell the story of how his chemist shop was robbed and somehow all the paper photos were stolen but the thieves had left behind the slides box and so luckily many of our family memories were preserved. I never worked out why the robbers would have taken our photos and left behind the slides – perhaps those slide boxes were so common and obviously family centric that the thieves passed over them as unimportant and of no value whatsoever. The fact that those slides were so precious to us is I think the subtext of my father's legend of the great shop robbery...

I remember family slide nights with Uncle Tony and Aunt Doreen. The kids all in pyjamas and dressing gowns fresh from a bath and with slightly damp hair...there were long moments of staring and dreaming and becoming trapped together in the vibration which was the hum of the projector, the rhythm of the carousel and the strength of that beam of light.²¹

The next recollection is from a Sydney resident who grew up in Little Rock, Arkansas.

My parents slipped through some kind of space-time hole

My father did several periods of voluntary work on medical aid ships in South America when I was a kid... [He] was a pretty good amateur photographer and loved the ceremony of slide shows. He'd put hours into preparing the cartridges, and preferred showing to a group of at least six adults after dinner and a few cocktails (children were allowed to watch as long as they didn't interrupt and stayed quiet)... And even though he'd tested and rehearsed each show beforehand, there were always several slides that were either upside down or got stuck in the cartridge.

I remember the slides of La Paz, Bolivia, and Machu Picchu in Peru the best. I think that the strength of these memories is as much about the exotic beauty of the scenery shown as the

fact that my mother, who is terrified of heights and discovered she is particularly susceptible to altitude sickness on a trip to La Paz, looked stricken with fear or discomfort in all but the mealtime social shots. Narration of slides taken in these places invariably became comical, with my father pointing out my mother's uneasiness and pallor and my mother shrieking about how dreadful the ordeal had been. I have vivid mental images of the jungle foliage, moss and ferns grown over ruined stones, and big Spanish colonial churches shown in some of those slides. The scenes seemed so other-worldly to me at the time, and I half suspected my parents had slipped through some kind of space-time hole to get to them. I couldn't understand how a plane could take someone somewhere so different. I'm sure these slide shows had a lot to do with my wanting to travel as soon as I could in adulthood – though I still haven't been to the heights of South America.²²

Orson Welles and lamingtons

Dad's best man, Bill Cronshaw – gay – moved to London in [the] fifties /sixties (?) and managed Orson Welles – big bear of a lovely man, huge energetic presence, used to boom into our lives every so often and dad would ask him if he wanted to see some slides. Once he said, 'only if you have lamingtons'. And that became a bit of a saying with Bill C and our family – shame, there's no lamingtons – a potential way out of slide evenings...

I can still feel the heat of the lamp and the hear the click click in the dark and remember the frustration [felt towards] the one with the controls moving too fast, or more often too slow...²³

In response to the above memories, I'd like to mention one aspect of Don Draper's pitch to do with the words 'nostalgia' and 'memory'. Here's the opening of Don's pitch:

My first job I was in-house at a fur company with this old pro copywriter. Greek, named Teddy. And Teddy told me the most important idea in advertising is 'new'. Creates an itch. You simply put your product in there as a kind of calamine lotion. But he also talked about a deeper bond with the product: nostalgia. It's delicate but potent. Teddy told me that in Greek, 'nostalgia' literally means 'the pain from an old wound'. It's a twinge in your heart far more powerful than memory alone...

In everyday usage 'nostalgia' usually refers to a sentimental memory of the past. It has a syrupy connotation to do with 'the good old

days'. A critical or Marxist take on the word is likely to be even more pejorative. Something like: 'nostalgia equals history minus politics', or 'nostalgia is de-politicised history'. I don't have an issue with any of these interpretations of the word but in relation to slide shows and memory, I am interested in the 'Don Draper/Teddy' idea of nostalgia being 'the pain from an old wound'.

In the above cross section of individual memories, there are certainly several mentions of boredom but none of the accounts are a testimony to pain (except perhaps the SIRT victim!). However, there does seem to be something going on that is 'more powerful than memory alone'. Technology and malfunction features, as well as memories of senses other than sight: smell, touch (the heat of the projectors), taste and sound (the hum of projectors). It is also interesting how many of these memories are 'father stories' (and there are several more that fit this category, not included here). In the next section I delve deeper in this vein with a slide show and 'father story' of my own.

My Inheritance

My father died in the late 1990s, before the official end of Kodachrome and carousels. As a young man he had been relatively 'well off', though neither of his parents were 'from money'. His father left school at 14 and a few years later went off to fight in World War I. He survived Gallipoli and France and then after the war made money, managing a hosiery company. Both of my father's parents died before he was 30 and so, as a young man, he inherited a tidy sum. In addition to this family nest egg, my father earned a good income doing white-collar managerial jobs until his early fifties.

However, by the end of his life, he had spent this money and more. In fact, he declared bankruptcy, not long before he died, as a way of shoring up some of his excessive credit card debts. This wasn't some Alan Bond-like ruse. It helped keep the wolf from his door and was a reflection of a hard financial truth. So much so, that the only material goods and possessions I inherited from my father were an old egg-beater, a small power drill and some binoculars that had belonged to his father in World War I.



My inheritance: egg beater and power drill (Photo: Andrew Taylor, 2012), WW1 binoculars and case (Photo: Andrew Taylor, 2012)

I didn't really care then about this lack of material inheritance and I still don't. However, there was another piece of material inheritance that came my way several years after my father died. This, I did care about.

On my 40th birthday, five years after my father's death, my mother and sister flew from Melbourne to Sydney and gave me the family slide collection (mostly Kodachrome slides from the 1950s and early 60s). Perhaps, for the rest of the family, it was a case of clearing out junk no one else wanted, but for me it was like being given the family jewels. I had studied cinematography at film school²⁴ and was interested in popular photography and archival images, so it made sense to pass the collection on to me. Physically, I became the caretaker of the family collection – looking after about 1500 slides and a 35mm Kodak carousel slide projector. Symbolically, it felt like I was being given an important role in maintaining family history and memory.



My other inheritance: slides and carousel projector (Photo: Andrew Taylor, 2012)

I also had a party for my 40th. At the time, I lived in a block of flats in Bondi.²⁵ The flats had a sizeable backyard for that part of the world and as it was a typically hot and humid February night, we held the party outdoors. We drank vodka and lime-based cocktails in the garden under a canopy of two huge crepe myrtles, bursting with pink blossom. I put together a carousel of slides and towards the end of the night projected them on a sheet rigged deep in the dark lush recesses of the backyard.

It was only in writing this account that I noticed the metaphorical nature of the words: 'projected... on a sheet rigged deep in the dark

lush recesses of the backyard'. I was trying to be literal and descriptive about the site for my birthday slide show and had no intention of creating any psychological double meaning. While this slide collection was a significant material inheritance I received from my father, paradoxically, it is also a non-material inheritance as well. Slides are tangible material objects but slides and photos are also just images – not the real thing, but traces of the real thing. They are physical and ghostly. Or, in Susan Sontag's words: 'a photograph is not only an image... an interpretation of the real; it is also a trace, something directly stenciled off the real, like a footprint or a death mask'.²⁶



Kodachrome slides from the Taylor family collection, 1952–1965 (Photos: John and Gilly Taylor)

Conclusion: New York Performance Art Meets 1970s Melbourne Suburbia

In the seventies we had a lot of slide shows, smoked a lot of dope and enjoyed them enormously. We took slides for quality and preferred them over photographs and they sat alongside

Super 8 for us. I think that must have been influenced by artist practice...²⁷

CONTENTS

REFERENCES

In 2005, Darsie Alexander curated a show for the Baltimore Museum of Art, featuring artists who had worked with slides, as part of the conceptual, performance and installation art movements that blossomed in the 1960s and 70s. In an introductory essay in *Slide show*, a book released in conjunction with the exhibition,²⁸ Alexander argues that artists from this era ‘were interested in the slide medium because it was free of artistic pretence and pedigree: it was cheap, user friendly, and easy to produce’.²⁹

Projected slides were used as early as 1952 by John Cage in the ground-breaking *Theatre piece no.1* and initially the strongest proponents of slide projection came from conceptual artists exploring the concept of time. According to Alexander:

Slide projection... provided a way to capture time by operating as a vehicle for photographs made at split-second intervals; moreover, as a system for automating and moving still images, it registered time...

Slide projection was often considered a bridge between photography and film. The round slide carousel (favoured by artists) contains successive slots for images, which are projected in time and in sequence like a film. But by the same token, the different frames capture a past moment that was taken out of time, like a photograph...³⁰

Alexander discusses artists who used slides in performance art, and for political protest and public projections. Alexander’s essay also discusses the late seventies New York Lower East Side ‘No Wave’ milieu, where alternative clubs, bars, warehouses and loft spaces were the venues *de jour*, and performance events frequently ‘mixed up’ music, performance, home movies and slides shows. The New York based artist Jack Smith personifies this trend. Smith, a legendary part of the New York avant-garde, gained notoriety for his 1962 film, *Flaming creatures* (still officially banned in the US to this day). In the late seventies and early eighties Smith became famous for his transgressive performances and ‘boiled lobster colour slide shows’. These slide shows or ‘jams’ mixed a camp, kitsch and orientalist aesthetic with an angry protest against the avaricious ‘landlordism’ eating up the Lower East Side.



Jack Smith, still from *Boiled lobster colour slide show*, 1970–88

In 1980 Jack Smith moved ‘uptown’ to an abandoned massage parlour that was the venue for *The Times Square show* (1980). Another artist participating in this show was Nan Goldin. Since moving from Boston in 1978, Goldin had given impromptu slide shows featuring her and her friends in bars and clubs on the Lower East Side. Goldin’s photographs of the New York demi-monde are probably the best-known work surviving from this time. These images were reworked into a slide show performance piece that became a cult hit, *The ballad of sexual dependency* (1986).



Images from Nan Goldin, *The ballad of sexual dependency*, 1986

New York's Lower East Side is a long way from the suburbs of Melbourne, where I grew up, but the carousel has almost completed its revolution. In order to bring my focus back to Australia and the suburban slide show, I am going to end back at the beginning, with a reflection on the Woodstock slide event. At the time of the Nan Goldin and Jack Smith slide shows, I was a school kid living in the suburbs, and have no memory of the performance and installation art scenes or of slides being used in this way. Thinking back on it though, I guess part of the reason the Woodstock event has remained vivid in my memory is the performative aspect. There were at least 100 people at the party and at some point the party must have been stopped for my father to do his slide thing. The space was darkened, a sheet rigged or a wall co-opted, and a 'mixed bag' carousel of slides were played. The theme: 'images of my family and friends over the past 20 years'. On the one hand, the event was naff and looked back to the socially conservative 'suburban' slide show; and on the other hand, it was aligned with a seventies 'happening', or at least, a party performance event. (And my father had the wit to keep it relatively short and contained.)

Certainly, following the demise of the suburban slide show, we didn't all become performance and installation artists. (Thank goodness!) But maybe our lounge room slide shows were an idiosyncratic suburban form of performance and installation art; and the carefully arranged seating in the basement, the cabanossi, and the inter-spouse bickering was part of the act, the performance, the event. And, like performance and installation art, suburban slide shows often seemed amateurish and ad hoc, or long and stupefyingly boring. But again, just like performance and installation art, sometimes these shows filled us with awe and wonder. We got to travel by a Don Draper-like time machine to a place and time far, far away.



Couple in late afternoon light looking at the view from the Empire State Building (with pre 9/11 World Trade Towers in the background), New York (Kodachrome slide: Andrew Taylor, 1988)

Elaine Lally is Associate Professor in the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences at the University of Technology, Sydney. Her scholarship focuses on creative practice and digital culture, and explores material culture, consumption and everyday life, drawing on the sociology and philosophy of technology. With Len Ang and Kay Anderson, she co-edited *The Art of Engagement: Culture, Collaboration, Innovation* (2011). She is currently working on a book about online musical collaboration, 'Music making in the Cloud: creativity, collaboration and social media', to be published by Intellect in 2014. She is the author of *At Home with Computers* (Berg, 2002).

Margot Nash holds a MFA (by research) from the College of Fine Arts at the University of NSW. She is an award winning filmmaker and a Senior Lecturer in Creative Practices at the University of Technology, Sydney where she coordinates the postgraduate writing program. Her areas of research include the theory and practice of screenwriting, developing subtext, film directing and Australian independent film history. Her film credits include the experimental shorts *We Aim To Please* (1976: co filmmaker) and *Shadow Panic* (1989: prod, writer, director), the documentary feature *For Love Or Money* (1982: co filmmaker, editor) and the feature dramas *Vacant Possession* (1994: writer, director) and *Call Me Mum* (2005: director, co-script editor). In 2012 she was Filmmaker in Residence at Zürich University of the Arts where she developed a feature length personal essay documentary film about memory and history.

Penny Stannard is a PhD candidate at the University of Technology, Sydney. Her research examines the tensions, ambiguities and contradictions that arise when suburban Australia is placed within the cultural policy discussion. Of particular interest are the intersections that occur between the physical and imagined dimensions of suburbia and how these are encapsulated both theoretically and 'on the ground'. Penny has had a twenty-year career producing contemporary cultural programs for organisations across the government, community, education and not for profit sectors. Her work spans disciplines of practice and is informed by methodologies that engage communities, researchers, policy makers, educators and artists in partnerships that result in creating new cultural material and influencing policy directions.

Andrew Taylor is a Senior Lecturer in Media Arts at the University of Technology, Sydney. He is also a filmmaker and photographer and his film work has been awarded and screened at Australian and International festivals. Andrew's recent research has focused on the use of still images in documentary and work that falls between film and photography. He is currently working on 'Love, Death & Photography', a series of film-photo-essays for TV broadcast and online exhibition.

Chapter 4: The Smell of Glass Bead Screens

- 1 Don Draper, from the TV series *Mad men*, pitching for a Kodak account, while showing slides of his young family. In 2007, a fictional depiction of the origins of the carousel name appeared in cable network TV series *Mad men*. 'The wheel', written and directed by Matthew Weiner, season 1, episode 13. First aired October 2007. USA: Lionsgate Television, Weiner Brothers, American Movie Classics (AMC).
- 2 Since 1989, William Yang has performed over 10 slideshow performance monologues on numerous Australian and international stages. These include *Sadness* (1992), *Friends of Dorothy* (1998), *Shadows* (2002) and *My generation* (2010). For more information see: <http://www.williamyang.com/main.html>
- 3 Popular photography was not as universally accessible and egalitarian as is often made out. It varied from country to country, rich to poor, industrialised to non-industrialised. In terms of postwar photography in general, and slide photography in particular, wealthy countries and more affluent socio-economic groups were 'more equal' than others. Slide usage also varied because of national and cultural biases. For example: Japan was more likely to use Fuji; Germany, France and Belgium to use Agfa; and the Eastern Block, Orvo. There is definitely space for a more detailed cross-cultural and/or sociological analysis of photography, especially slide photography. However, this is beyond the scope of this essay.
- 4 As profound as some of the changes brought in by digital photography are, the vast majority of people still take photographs on subject matter similar to the dominant themes that have emerged since the popularisation of the medium in the early 20th century. Pictures of babies, holidays and rites of passage – birthdays, graduations, weddings – still dominate most private collections.
- 5 There is truth in this and it explains why slides were the industry standard in advertising and editorial work well into the 1990s. Slides or transparencies use a reversal process. The camera original becomes the positive image as opposed the negative process that involves one more step, an extra 'generation', before prints can be made.
- 6 Douglas Collins, *The story of Kodak*, H.N. Abrams, New York, 1990, p 213.
- 7 Dwight's Camera Store in Kansas, USA, continued to process Kodachrome until December 2010. For more see: Wikipedia, 'Kodachrome', last modified on 23 April 2012 (Online). Available: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kodachrome> (Accessed 23 April 2012).
- 8 *The Simpsons*, 'Mr. Lisa goes to Washington', episode 2, season 3, first aired 26 September 1991, and 'Simpson safari', episode 17, season 12, first aired 1 April, 2001. USA: Fox Broadcasting Company.
- 9 Unpublished interview with E.J. Taylor, Melbourne, 2009. See also John Lahr, *Dame Edna Everage and the rise of western civilization: Backstage with Barry Humphries*, University of California Press, Berkeley, 2000, p168.
- 10 David Walker, *Not dark yet: A personal history*, Giramondo Publishing, Sydney, 2011.
- 11 For more see: Dr. Slideshow, 10 March 2010, post 'Desperately seeking memories of slideshows...', *The Kodachrome project*, 'Forums', 'Kodachrome the history and the era' (Online). Available: <http://www.kodachromeproject.com/forum/index.php> (Accessed 27 April 2012).
- 12 Jed Skillman, post 4 April 2010 in response to 'Desperately seeking memories ...'
- 13 'Richard E', post 16 March 2010, in response to 'Desperately seeking memories ...'

- 14 'Uffen', post 28 March 2010, in response to 'Desperately seeking memories ...'
- 15 Angus Martin, email correspondence with author, March 2012.
- 16 Rosie Scott, email correspondence with author, March 2012.
- 17 Ralph Mitchell, email correspondence with author, March 2012.
- 18 Dave Sampson, email correspondence with author, March 2012.
- 19 Sarah Gibson, email correspondence with author, April 2012.
- 20 Owen Hughes, email correspondence with author, March 2012.
- 21 Annie Breslin, email correspondence with author, March 2012.
- 22 Cristina Bornhoffen, email correspondence with author, March 2012.
- 23 Alison Orme, email correspondence with author, March 2012.
- 24 I studied at the Australian Film, Television and Radio School (AFTRS) between 1990 and 1994.
- 25 A well-known beach side suburb and tourist destination, near central Sydney.
- 26 Susan Sontag, *On photography*, Penguin, Harmondsworth, UK, 1977, p154.
- 27 Sarah Gibson, email correspondence with author, April 2012.
- 28 Darsie Alexander, *Slide show: Projected images in contemporary art*, with essays by Charles Harrison and Robert Storr, Pennsylvania State University Press, Pennsylvania, 2005.
- 29 *ibid*, pp9–10.
- 30 *ibid*, p5.