

Transcript of Joyce Wilderman Video Clip

Joyce: But the first time I went to the States, he was living in Oklahoma City, and he met me that time in New York.

Interviewer: That was the first time?

Joyce: The first time, when Margaret was a year old, he met us in New York and we went on, it was before the jet planes, with the propellers, we went on a Wellington or something from New York to Oklahoma City. Then when we got there, there was this little house, like a little gunshot house, you know. Up the steps a little veranda and a little clapperboard house, just a white building, you know. He had his brother and his family living there and they'd left and he tried to get it ready for me. When I saw that thing, oh gosh, but when I got inside, I can see it until this day, the whole floor was a linoleum but it had all been painted a very dark brown and on the walls was the most horrendous wall paper you have ever seen. Oh, it was, oh, so hideous. Oh, all great big coloured flowers and all — it doesn't matter in which way I looked, in the bedroom on the walls. He said to me — I can see it now — 'What would you like to have done in here?', and I said 'Well, I'd like to have the walls done something to'. I couldn't stand the paper in the bedroom especially. It was hideous [laughs]. I had some big awakenings so I thought — I used to think to myself, 'What have I've done?', you know. Of course, the whole thing about it, I was so far away from home, you know, I can't do anything about that.