

Dear Janet and Intrepid (an Open Letter plus related evaluation and advice to you all)

**Can your people afford not to watch PBS Newshour on TV? Watch it yourself.**

It was great to see you at Sydney Uni. after returning from New York and also to hear you had recently been to a UN meeting, Janet. By my Australian standards, much of the US population also appear to be a bit crazy and on related evidence, US leadership is definitely to be avoided at all costs. The best highway hoarding I saw was 'Jesus is Lord. We buy guns.' That hardly sums it up, so the later evaluation centres on food and TV. Related policy directions on policing, media, farming and religious matters are attached.

I find myself incredibly conflicted about the US because their music, film and humour have been developmentally expressed in every fibre of my pleasure, understanding and soul since childhood, in a fashion which I also feel has been fundamentally democratic and liberating, at least for me. Wordsworth said that poetry is emotion recollected in tranquillity and that is certainly what US culture has increasingly expressed for me, in a way my more limited Australian history never could. It has always made me very happy.

On the other hand, I have spent my life building an increasingly substantial critique of the US economic and government systems and have worked with others towards their implementation with mixed success. This concrete process has been increasingly prophetic and convincing for me emotionally and spiritually. As the follower of an Australian news media I deeply respect, I have at the same time become increasingly dismissive of Australian universities and major approaches within them. I find they have increasingly become obnoxious American tools, as discussed in the attached. The US appears to me to be the international homeland, strongly reflecting most key global contradictions and then coming down on the side of a horrible feudal might - not right.

This message naturally now comes to you in our common joint service language which Bragg very helpfully has told us is 'Kidilink' and which also seems like another potential blast for all of the pussies and fairies out there. This is also the hard come shot!  
*(Did you hear me Shmergabrrrr, you misbegotten German lousy Chinese cook and fake Swedish Muppet? I am sick of all your dirty talk about soccer and the Dalai Lama, especially when you know how much we love him! I'll now turn you over to Trevor from WA who will make your pussy soccer partner sit up straight in the seat so he can see more widely out the front window.)* This is spoken by a top Kidilink work-shopper.

Further analysis will be provided throughout the later evaluation of Intrepid touring in the US, which naturally often works in Kidilink. If this upsets you, think of it as pussy scat. As our lovely PM reminded us in a recent speech she made to the Americans 'You can do anything'. For Christ's sake take this historic opportunity to redirect all the crazy bastards before they reach into our pockets again to give us their usual help in constantly producing and deadening our kids. Also think about this related examination question:

If somebody came up to you and said, 'Start spreading the news, I'm leaving today', what do you think you might be expected to be spreading and what should you do next? (*Think of our top PBS News Hour brother, Geoffrey.*)

Then use your imagination or I'll have to start you off on the easier question about the lamas and pajamas, where you work in groups with the Dalai, preferably with the minimum amount of giggling. Otherwise I might have to pair you up with Mary. God knows the poor bitch is here, so we should make better use of her. Surely she can help.

The defence of Kidilink, besides it making us all laugh happily, is that professional and bureaucratic language needs to recognize the existence of common emotion as a truth in order to become more fairly democratic and consumer oriented. Typically it will not or cannot do so, as this is too challenging to the dominant orders to be acceptable. I adore Kidilink styles of speech as they increasingly express the truths of people feeling safe and rich enough to playfully express their common emotions, but who nevertheless also act in this role as manipulated producers and consumers. The pleasures and dangers of challenging expression are hallmarks of Kidilink, which is naturally also highly sexualised. Broadway and Hollywood are great factories of global Kidilink, which may also be used to distract people from reality by encouraging the feel-good expression and manipulation of their more intensely felt personal and childish desires. Bear with me in related evaluative discussions below. I have no commercial relationship with Intrepid Tours. I just love them and the people on them. I find them the salt of the Earth.

But anyhow, I saw Bruce the cancer man at Sydney Uni. shortly after I saw you and asked him who our UN plants are. He said he had no idea. I asked him who would have an idea, and he suggested the international division. This means the DVC International. I said to Bruce, 'Don't they make you sick'? He said 'No, not me.' I shouted after his retreating back, 'That's because you've always made too much out of them'. Make of that what you will. Why not ask the lovely Andrew Penman, who I remember from Emmanuel College at UG Queensland Uni. for a bit of related direction along with lots of other lovely old boys who can see. At the end of a previous public question time, when Bruce ignored my hand for the whole session, although it was first in the room to go up, Andrew asked me what I felt. I told him I was used to it. He may not remember. Later these Sydney Uni bastards banned me from their seminars. Not even Catholics did this.

Anyhow, see related directions below and attached which I hope you will all act upon.

Cheers, Carol O'Donnell, St James Court, 10/11 Rosebank St., Glebe, Sydney.  
[www.Carolodonnell.com.au](http://www.Carolodonnell.com.au) Lilith the Magic Pudding (Chief Alternative to Faith)

## **INTREPID 'AMERICAN PIONEER' TRIP EVALUATION OVERVIEW**

This was a two week long road trip so it was difficult to gain more than a brief impression of the many lovely US parks other than by driving through and going to their visitors' centres which are extremely well stocked with attractive and useful information.

Nevertheless, this Intrepid experience was wonderful to me in a great many ways. The guide and driver was exceptional and I had a great time playing and cooking with all others on tour and being alone in most cities, which all struck me extremely forcefully.

Washington was a total blast in so many ways, but I was amazed to find I loved many things about Chicago. It was the free monkeys and the other creatures, close-up for hours at the free zoo and environs; the old glass museum and beer and the Beach Bum Band on the old Navy Pier and the sunset tour on the lake. A lovely man offered another free beer but I paid for the Sunset tour. This was followed by old time dancing in the park and looking up Marilyn's pants for free. The size of their state debt must be humungous or are the Friends of Frank and the mafia helping them through it? Gee, let us know how they do it and tell me and Biale. We want to take the monkeys off contraceptives and quickly extend the zoo and parks into the old dockyards area. To put monkeys on contraceptives is a horrible waste of scarce resources. Where are the researchers?

In Memphis I loved me with my black bag and Christine, joining in with the girls and the occasional men and their kids, boot-scooting between the stage and the bar. I love to join girls on the dance floor and kids in the pub. It keeps us all fit and together so some of us might make the Hall of Fame. (Put in a kind word for grandmas jelly wrestling.) It was fabulous to know, that in our hostel, with the bathroom facilities so sparse that there was a toilet queue of five at 2.30 am, there was also one man going to pee in the garden and another with a suit in his bag for his coming visit to Australia where he was going to buy or sell (I have forgotten) a submarine. (Come again? You must be kidding me!)

I thought Boston was great and would have loved to have visited the Seneca Falls feminist museum instead of declining a retail warehouse outlet and wine tour in order to read my lovely book 'Fence Around a Cuckoo' which is Ruth Park's memoir of her NZ childhood and youth. She of muddle headed wombat fame. It was second hand and I passed it off to the Yotel in New York (Bugger Ita) (I once found Children of the Arbat for \$5 in Glebe, after an earlier Intrepid guide told me of it in glorious St Petersburg.)

I guess that going shopping is an American tour ritual and frankly this ruined a previous American holiday I had which was not run by Intrepid. My house is already full of many things and I don't buy guns. Clothes usually bore the shit out of me, though I was thrilled with the lovely pair of cargo pants I picked up in Boston for \$15. I think the women's museum at Seneca Falls should link up a side tour offer with Intrepid, as if it was like, perhaps, a kind of cemetery, surrounded by endless acres of palm oil trees in Borneo.

Harvard wrought powerful mixed emotions in me. It must have been all those lovely old buildings and cheap books and great men of whom we wish more were now dead. It was wonderful to pick up Weatherford's 'The History of Money' and read it in New York even if it ended before 1997. It felt almost as good as reading 'Nana' in Monte Martre, with a huge poster for a Hector Simpson film on a film house directly outside my window. Go on. Bring back JK Galbraith, one of my favourite men of the Americas, and put him back in the economic and political spirit world out of which you have so rudely, ungraciously and outrageously taken him, without any sufficient explanation to anybody.

This man is a complete rock and hero to many Australian politicians and other thinkers. Have a go at getting all those fascinating and cheap old books to places where people treasure books. (When I was teaching in Nigeria, the African Writers Penguin series got stolen almost as quickly as we could buy them. I was not prepared to pat down kaftans.)

I spent one more week in the Yotel on West 42<sup>nd</sup> Street, recommended by a locally cropped black fashion teacher whose dog I tripped over in Central Park on Day 1. Thank you for the amazing opportunity of seeing this exciting and terrifying city and country again, which appears so fiercely intent on living its American Dream or Lie. I found one of the most beautiful green areas in New York was an overhead railway line which once transported meat to production houses for packaging and which was recently and tastefully turned into a high, long park which seemed likely to be comparatively cheap to do. I also loved the park where variously coloured keepers of differently coloured kids gathered around brass sculptures of little people entangled with their related and largely indignant creatures and machines, which were often atop piles of large coins. Crumb and Rockefeller? (Whatever.) It sure beats more relatively meaningless art and sculpture.

I love US music and movies but wanted to comment on related impressions of its food, news TV and culture later, and in the attached, as all have had such continuing strong impacts on me and on all people in Australia and the world. This is the place I live in, and where I often worry about Americans creating an increasing climate of fear and ill health as a result of the horrible wares they peddle, and the related retreat to guns, fat and sugar. This is why I send you this. (I would hate to leave you shocked and wondering.)

Intrepid should note that contrary to the trip notes one does not appear to need to gain approval to travel to the US by paying for an Electronic System for Travel Authorization (ESTA) form or number, under the related US Visa Waiver Program (sic.) I know this because I paid US Immigration Support (Your Online Guide to US Visas, Green Cards and Citizenship) its 'Grand Total' of \$59.95 to successfully purchase the official Visa Information Guide, followed by a further \$14 for an ESTA form and number. Nobody anywhere ever asked me for either again. I was also too scared to ask on-line questions as I'd already been warned they charge for answers and they had my credit card details. (I guess they get all of their nastier tricks through copying all their invisible lawyers).

The driver of the taxi I felt obliged to take when the plane from Sydney to New York was hours late and the New York Sky Train, recommended in Intrepid notes, was not working, gave me a very frightening entry to the US. However, I experienced a great many acts of kindness from many US residents later. Because I had expected the Sky Train to be working I had not planned on a taxi and had no idea of cost. The driver and I agreed beforehand that \$135 might account for the combined price of the ride, road tolls, state taxes, plus tip. At past one a.m. I was too scared to quibble with his later view that I had given him a \$1, not a \$100 note, as he also made clear he intended to open my door to help me alight safely. I later confirmed my certainty that \$235 was extracted for this ride that I was too frightened to question. I guess things might perhaps have gone better had I shared his accent, colour and joy in cricket. I would not chase him, although I

commend Trevor from WA for doing so successfully in a much less disturbing Australian taxi context, where he was impressed by related action for improving driver standards.

## **STRIKING IMPRESSIONS OF VERY DANGEROUS FOOD AND NEWS TV**

In the US, as with most nations, many may gain their main directions from food and TV. Common US food and TV directions are very bad. Both undermine health and good nutrition in spite of the sale being geared to opposing pretences. The US also includes many of the fattest people I've ever seen in my life who may eat the most and worst food at every sitting that I've ever seen in my life. I'm talking massive amounts of high sugar, high fat crap making them waddle as if doomed kids. These are not people who read writing on the sides of boxes on what is in them, surely. Before I went to the US and had so much choice, I ignored it too. Life is too short. Over there, however, many appear neither to notice nor control their own bodies very much, but just see their potential beauty reflected on TV. (*God knows what this is about but I have only the vaguest idea.*)

However, I find the saddest and most contemptible thing about the richest country in the world is the state of its news TV where slim female anchors also sport their apparently obligatory hair all over their shoulders. Is this to symbolically hide rich, fat, bald men behind their backs? Among the things I learned from US TV 'news' is that savvy women increasingly expect gifts from partners on the birth of a child – the 'push present'. Stars and others on the news received or recommended that good jewellery with an engraving is often most treasured. Gold naturally looks very good at present. We also learned that the push present has a European history and English men have typically gifted their partners with good jewellery, such as rings, on such happy occasions. (You could have knocked me over with a feather when I heard this. All their 'news' is wall to wall crap.)

Aside from the PBS News Hour, nobody on US TV appeared to take any interest in or know anything much about anywhere outside the USA. When they speak about elsewhere they usually are also shrilly making their primary point, which is that the US market system is best, even if US government naturally stinks on all sides but mostly in Washington which should fix their mess. Other than Nouriel Roubini, none I saw had the stomach to point out the bleeding obvious. This includes apparently producing too many obese, drug addicted or criminally inclined people to be mopped up by the army, with a related failure to teach enough honestly or properly in practice. The saddest thing I saw was News Hour people constantly taking round a PBS hat throughout many offerings of old footage, mainly on US sixties folk music, in order to try to save something from vanishing that Australians still focus on as the foundations of our collective life and fund accordingly and comparatively freely. (It's not the folk music, Stupid.)

When not reporting on the ups and downs of price or the villainy of taxes, US pundits often medicalize existence or look down on or blame people for stupid self destruction. On US TV they also ignore, obscure and lie in constant streams about what is best, which often seems related to a patent family medicine, homily, product or 'service'. The most interesting article I read was by a man with a stated waterworks problem who suggested an average price be put on the last two years of life in medical treatment and related

trading systems be established. How could one know what course to take, however, when they all scare the shit out of me - drugs, perhaps? (*Sweet Baby Jesus, thank you for bringing me safely home to Oz, sans any new shoes. If this is the farm then I love it. Is it the land and birds, bereft of the common people, brought to us naturally by Our Lord? For Christ's sake don't return me to the US other than for a few shorter visits. Talk about the dumb and blind led by the nasty! For the present I've seen more than enough.*)

In the above and related contexts, the lovely young UN guide from somewhere probably much nastier in South America should remember where she comes from before lecturing tourists at the UN that if we can recall only one thing about her patter it should be the name of Ban Ki Moon, which we all now should repeat. Why pick on the poor bloody South Koreans? In a related vein somebody should tell her that babies don't only symbolize new life and hope any more. They may do so less than they symbolize poverty, violence, ignorance, desperation and much related degradation. Gee, might this even apply in her neck of what used to be woods? If so, whoever would have thought it?

For further good education she could read Weatherford's 'The History of Money' which I picked up at Harvard and read in New York. Baby, this was a very good beginning that also petered out very sketchily before 1997. How much good is that? The really juicy history is just beginning. Even Catholics can watch. However, if the UN pays \$2.50 for a small tin mug of Plumpinut, my guess of \$1 per mug should also be seen as reasonably achievable. (Let none think that I spent nearly two years in the Kano Club for nothing).

In the meantime, let us pray to continue without the incredible lunchtime noise of planes and helicopters making everyone feel safe by daily patrols directly above the concrete food malls before the giant financial centre whose higher windows overlook giant piles of the rubble which used to be the World Trade Centre and where men now plod about or chat under the gaze of tourists and possibly others. Who is this fellow who calls himself Boss, who apparently can write at great length unhindered on the sides of many New York building sites? He typically states he has run for government in the past but is now hiding in his office because part of it is trying to kill him as he knows that it engineered what happened on 9/11 and also has a lot of evidence to prove it. He also states that he worked in the World Trade Centre and on 9/10 four of his supervisors told him not to be late for work next morning but he was very glad that he did not show up. Is Boss nuts? A lot of people around the world have seen what demolition of huge buildings looks like on TV, especially when onlookers have been hurt by flying debris. Documentary footage on the collapse of the twin towers also looked a lot like it to many construction experts.

I was far too scared to try to go and visit Boss, as I would have loved to do and would also hate to live in the US. In Australia, I hope, no national park ranger has ever felt free to begin a tour of a cave with a tale of how his buddy was killed in Vietnam, to grateful applause in his intently listening tour group. In a future life, let us also be without the quintessentially awful high fat, high sugar stuff such as United serves up, especially in the long wee hours. If that is what United wants too, it would naturally seem to be cheaper and better for us all. In the US they appear never to have seen a cheese or sauce they did not like, especially if wrapped in plastic first. Barnum famously said he never

lost any money by over-estimating the intelligence of the American public. Many others, perhaps, were more simply confused or merely pretending. (Who knew?)

To almost finish with this small joke, my US visit reminded me again of the story we were told by the Dean on the first day of student entry to the Diploma of Education Program at Queensland University in 1970. Professor Bassett said teachers at an urban high school had given all the students questionnaires asking for opinions about foreigners. They quickly saw that 'furriners is bastards' summed up the general attitude. Shocked and appalled, the school quickly planned to devote next year to teaching on the wonders of ancient Roman, Greek, Egyptian, Chinese, Arabic and many other cultures. The knowledge was given in history, mathematics, science, geography, cookery, all the industrial arts, music, art, sport and all other subjects. At the end of the year, questionnaires were again distributed to see if student attitudes had changed. They found the general view had become 'furriners is cunning bastards'. This also remains my general attitude to the US, albeit held less strongly after this trip - in some respects.

Looking for the history and policy back story? You must be kidding me! Anyhow, some is on [www.Carolodonnell.com.au](http://www.Carolodonnell.com.au) if ever you feel you might need it. (Unlikely, I guess.)

### **KIDILINK EXPRESSES THE LIBERATING TRUTH OF PLAYFUL EMOTION**

'Kidilink' is playful speech which expresses childish or more controlled adult emotion, a fundamental truth of existence, but often denied by order. As its essential business may also be about overtaking fact with fantasy (wish-fulfilment), Kidilink is far from the more narrowly ordered professional and bureaucratic language which constrains most of us at work. The US leads an English speaking world in the expression of emotion, and emotion has been very successfully used to sell its products. This makes US culture into a highly liberating tool of expression, but one also potentially dangerous to personal and related democratic freedoms, through its capacity to make people into the tools of vested financial interests peddling products or services which encourage disorder and killing.

### **SUPER CAROL'S SECRET SECOND IMPESSIONS IN NEW YORK, WHILE PROMOTING THE OLD SHOW, 'SURELY WE'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE'.**

*(Mother of God, it was a hell of a lot more than once or twice. Do you think we might be particularly stupid, Mother, each in our own uniquely particular and multiple ways, of course. God knows how far this is good for us and where we are going. Do you recall Gorbachov was kidnapped the last time I was in NY with Nixon Apple and how great Rod Stewart was, particularly about the downtown train and his jeans, not to mention the kids' birthday in that tiny park? The Lord knows where that is today. Long gone I guess.)*

Finally, a bit of Political Science, one more time, for the youth around the world who haven't heard yet another of their wonderfully powerful and self-fulfilling prophetic songs like 'I am What I am', 'It's raining men', etc. etc. etc:

No-one likes us, I don't know why,

We may not be perfect, but heaven knows we try  
And all around, even our old friends put us down  
Let's drop the big one, and see what happens.  
We give them money, but are they grateful?  
First they're spiteful; then they're hateful  
They don't respect us, so let's surprise them  
We'll drop the big one and pulverize them

We'll save Australia; don't wanna hurt the kangaroo  
We'll build an all-American amusement park there  
They've got surfing too.  
Boom goes London! Boom Paree!  
More room for you and more room for me  
So every city, the whole world round, will just be another American town  
Oh how peaceful it will be; we'll set everybody free  
You'll have a Japanese kimono, Baby, Italian shoes for me  
They all hate us anyhow, so let's drop the big one now!

Talk about ironic. Cheers from Carol O'Donnell and the rest.  
St James Court, 10/11 Rosebank Street, Glebe, Sydney, Australia 2037.

### **GETTING EVEN MORE KIDILINK IN AN EVEN BIGGER BOWL**

Hi Intrepid and UN folk plus a few more of our better troupers,

Also Kevin (now lounging about, we trust, in natty silk rehabilitation mode pajama, thinking of Ogden Nash and recalling his haiku about how lamas may vary.)

Coming back to Glebe from our recent US cooking parties, I am now mainly resisting the urge to shout out much more floridly simple and kindly sort of stuff, like 'Home is where the heart is' and 'Serial Mommy's Back!' – maybe defiantly, but with naturally better follow-up on all my older stories designed mainly to get up the Catholics' noses and so please the others across all Gods' Squads. So I said yesterday to the English girl behind the counter in the Sydney Uni gym that we should all be trying to get the best of the Irish this time round. She said she certainly agreed we could all do with a bit more of that. (*Should we try to harden or soften them up? With the Irish it's particularly hard to tell?*)

So the Yotel was close to everything that is happening with tiny white rooms where even the technology often worked together. George and I now help each other out with Italian machines. Previously, after having learned how to turn on a mere dozen of the different European taps, some of us ended up in Asia, where, as it turned out we mainly recalled the funniest Japanese toilets. At least their trains ran on time which is more than they can say about us down here. That is no complaint of any of you. It's just Matt always gets it.

One assumes the new heart pump and the new grease and oil change worked well for you, Kevin, in the fast and capable hands of some of our best health professionals - so

different from all the bloody lawyers that people like us have always been expected to kow tow to. (We expect you feel bound now to agree.) As one who has seen the bonnets opened countless times, I should tell you now that most of us can stomach only the whitest gloves so naturally abhor that kind of vulgar language. In short, stop talking so dirty. Most top girls already picked this up much earlier from mother and the aunties. Even English mothers can be very vocal about the common, as you should already know. (*Sweet Mary Mother of Jesus, we all know why that is, surely. Why not just think of a single and simple pearl in the ear. You don't need anything else to weigh you down.*)

Another warning is our advice does not so much address our more normal German, Swiss or other tourist parties - although the young US tour guide and driver enjoys a tiny beating with a feather. Of our other Australian, I need only say the German lads called him 'My Sergeant', then thumped him lightly on the chest and almost clicked their heels. He often returned saying he did not mind as long as he was only playing in the Australian army. I called him Trevor as he always answered to that. One trusts he would not mind your knowing his daughter was Heath Ledger's high school sweetheart at home in WA.

This may be a digression, but perhaps I ought also to warn you that I myself once played a considerable confidante to Teresa Brennan's more starring role in Oz - one never knew how close she was. You may not recall that Justice Einfield claimed in court that he lent Teresa his car years after she appeared to have been killed by a hit and run driver while working as an academic in the US, after doing some projects for Bella Azbug (or was that Abzug?) At the parties I remember best, Teresa tapped out some of the meanest songs - like 'Every little meaning has a movement all its own', which was also like a Temple take on academics and lots more different Trots. But who remembers Trotsky nowadays?

### **LEARNING TO DELIVER THE PROPER CORRECTIONS TO THE FOLLIES**

Having spent so much time wandering and running up and down Broadway, including in pouring rain, with and without shoes, I now find myself here, lending a hand to what I hope is pre-production, production and promotion. Rough pre-production regional show directions and evaluations are made below in the proper manner - demonstration email. (*Mother of God, correct me if wrong. What the fuck am I doing here? Can I ask Biale?*)

### **GET PLENTY OF GREAT NEW IDEAS FOR FIDDLING WITH KIDDIES**

(Read all about many fun new directions. Play and sing along with Carol and the kids.)

### **NEW YORK, NEW YORK, IS UNUSUALLY FAR FROM WAGGA WAGGA.**

(Baby you bet - more on key problems later.) (Baby means smash hit - remember Hope?)

### **GIRLS AND BOYS WATCH, HOLDING GOOD VIBRATIONS BEARS, WHILE SERIAL MOMMY PULLS THIS OFF AND ALSO GETS AWAY WITH IT EASY**

(See Mark's hard come shot. Also learn how good punctuation could be good for you.)

### **LOOK AFTER THE FUNDING FIRST AND FOREMOST (BABY, IT'S YOU!)**

Say good-bye to Ogilvy and tired old advertising pricks. Welcome and promote Carol. Cherish her brand and protect it with your whole soul. (*That's a shoe and a fish, Nitwits.*) John Elder of the Master Builders would have understood the drill as he always had to deal with so many big kids so also called a lot on Mary. This is a rainbow tribute band so Carol naturally gets first pick of the dressing up again and will be thanking the Lonely Planet and dedicating this to Her and to Intrepid and Ruth. Other evaluations attached. What are nuns' management relationships with God and others, I naturally hear you cry. Unfortunately I too missed the Catholics at Sydney Uni. on this, as I was sorting mail. I discuss more sympathetic alliances between potential rioters and post offices later.

## WHY CAROL?

Over the years, Carol has gained an awful lot of experience of men and women in many areas, in perhaps comparatively narrow practice, but in considerably broader theory, which is worth a lot, when put that way. Also bear in mind that I feel fairly sure Carol would have joined the Weathermen early, had she lived in the US rather than in Australia and so therefore should probably be dead today. Instead of that the NSW Catholic right wing boys, the Ferguson brothers, Anna and a few more of the usual suspects set her off on a learning curve and we ended up here. In Oz. Baby, it's us against Rupert Murdoch! I am Dorothy. This is High Noon and I can say with fabulous conviction, looking around at you all, straight to camera, 'Do not forsake me O my Darling.' Isn't that satisfying? Get my ASIO file and any interesting others and show me and Dave McKnight. Meredith can come too. Bring others along by all means. We'll have a big open puerile party and end up with a book. Not like old times? Chris Hayward and I were born for each other.

**N.B.** Bear in mind that German soccer come-back, Mark, thinks I am his lovely hippie and Gordon is his principal Good Vibrations Bear. The Kiss of the Spiderwoman was a major turning point of understanding in my life and I am nobody's lovely hippie. Don't try to tell me all governments are the same. They are not! (*Tell that to Mark's Bear.*)

Mark and I have very good taste in music and find Gordon's a bit weird. This is disturbing as Gordon has the driver's veto over music and exercises it often on the health and safety grounds that he doesn't want to fall asleep at the wheel. Should we have withheld an appropriate part of his tip? Since Mark bought Christine's final dinner and wanted to buy a lot more for her at Donald Trump's at the end of the trip, should there be any comparable relationship between any such potential event and Gordon's tip or bonus? The last I heard, Christine was going off to sleep with Mia, if the latter could smuggle her into the room because her earlier US contact appeared to have let her down. I went off with my light backpack to my Yotel. It was just lovely everything and me. Should anybody care about any of this stuff? (*If your organisation is hot and bothered by any such questions ask Carol and Mary to workshop them for you. When I was a girl we could be expected to say No, until he said Menzies. Mary also tries to help with the lot.*)

If I were British youth I guess I would be revolting too by now. See the related example later of how we feel about the closure of the Glebe Post Office and their lousy systems. (*Princy, you know how they operate - is there a film in this? I was thinking perhaps of*

*something tasteful and naturally using Wendy's starring line when she became a lawyer. Remember when she put on the gown and declared 'I have been fucked by God's steel prick' - finally. Liz's definition of a Glebe secret seems equally admirable for broader use. It was 'something you tell your three best friends and strongly impress on them not to pass on'. Those were the days when every machine came with a man attached as you so rightly pointed out. My daddy was called Roy Brown and was a boxer of Welsh stock. So we are royally connected. Gordon is a Browning so can also be turned over. (Russell Crowe played a lot like my daddy in his boxer movie, although he had a lot more hair.)*

However, to gain some direction for more pressing matters, we must first help me and my windows to remake ourselves. In this direction Steve ideally takes the first option on reviving my bedroom in the way that Sally has led us both. As I understand it, this mainly involved making all her windows open up and replacing her current glass with something newer but less attractive to the stiflingly oppressive summer heat – (like the older Brando or Newman? It was also far too hard to go past the young William Hurt.)

*Anyhow, Steve, would you inspect my situation at St James Court and give me a loosely related quote? This probably does not concern you, but I will also approach Putney to fix my drain for longer and agree with Janet that photos suggest our loose ridge capping tiles need close attention. I suspect the stinkpipe guards proposed by Gutterclean without photos are a repeat of old construction industry fantasies but under newer names. (There is a lot of this renaming kind of stuff going on again in Wall Street right now as well.)*

Aside from the personal mission at No. 10, I offer a few more quick observations on the USA and those within it. As one has come to expect from Intrepid, our tour guide and driver was also fascinating. He was twenty-five and said he preferred being a homeless, casually employed tour guide and driver to doing his earlier job as an engineer, computer modelling safe disposal of nuclear weapons. He was highly knowledgeable, competent, articulate and sensitive. I prayed he would never fall asleep while driving, because the rest of us could fall asleep at will and did so often. I was in a near fatal crash in Nigeria when a man beside the nodding driver spun the wheel in time under such circumstances.

Gordon had travelled widely in the world and said he wanted a new and better career helping others. A psychologist had helped him and he now considered retraining as one. He said when travelling he was often harangued by people about being American but refused to take the common coward's way of pretending to be Canadian. We agreed US leadership is total shit but he also attributed similar qualities to governments in every country. His view of marriage, however, was very romantic. He put his hands over his ears whenever I spoke of it. I naturally always put in a good word for Peter Pan as well.

Gordon's advice on the way to fill in his evaluation also reminded me of the faculty of Health Sciences at Sydney Uni. I thought it was living in a similarly sick and evil place although he at least performed very convincing demonstrations that the expectation of tipping naturally improves the services to clients, at least in regard to tour guides. You can't please all of the people, especially at my age. I guess that about sums it up.

I also received many random acts of kindness from US residents and am still wondering if the Maquarie Bank remains up to its elbows in the Intrepid Foundation, where I put my leftover lunch and dinner money. We must benefit from improved kangaroo diplomacy.

On coming home to Glebe I went to the local shop with my thick, white, tough, Welcome to Guangdong and Hong Kong vinyl bag. Our current shopkeeper, following the French, suggested to me that things are nearly always cheaper in New York. Was she thinking also of Christine Lagarde's concern about the cost of finance, food and fuel (the 3Fs) for populations around the world, but especially for the poor in developing nations which I first read about in The Borneo Bulletin? (16.6.08, p.1) Lagarde never mentioned any costs of any environment and health destruction either. In Guangdong the former blows your socks off. The word 'apocalyptic' springs to mind.

I found I could give many reasons for questioning their views, including that China seems willing enough to sell many of its manufactures as cheaply here as in the US, where all are so famously free and so many also appear to be almost famous as well as American. The latter are foisted off more easily on the rest of us, in sunnier climates or not, as they are assumed to come with more hope of money. (*I speak as a woman used to following crowds who appear to know exactly what to do. I blindly followed huge ones, for example, nearly over the Chinese border, from a bus station somewhere near the Packer casino and others in Macao*). They did not turn to tear me apart like Tennessee.

China is banker to the US so they and those in Europe can and should be able to strongly assist more sensible US and related national redirection. In Singapore the tourist bus always played 'We built this city on Rock and Roll' while it waited for us to come back. The question, however, must always be 'Whose rock and roll'? It seems we stood and talked like this before. Tell Scott and Princy there has to be a ladder in it somewhere.

Cheers Carol O'Donnell, St James Court, 10/11 Rosebank St., Glebe, Sydney 2037

P.S. Don't forget about my windows and seeing more at [www.Carolodonnell.com.au](http://www.Carolodonnell.com.au)

**COMPLAINT AND ACTION NUMBER: VH1827207**  
**URGENT, URGENT, URGENT, URGENT**

**APPLICATION TO HOLD MAIL 54609130 2**

Personally, I am amazed that London is not a smouldering ruin as I guess they have so many of the problems we have experienced in Glebe, only so much worse in their case. See below for a tiny example of one which yesterday climaxed in my standing beside the Chinese manager of the Broadway Post Office in Sydney, screaming down his phone and at him, that **the issue is not the bureaucratic handling of my complaint, but that I am the customer. I want my fucking mail. You made a mistake in entering my home coming date. Give me my mail.** What next? See earlier correspondence below.

**SEND MY MAIL TODAY!**

The attached fax of my application to hold mail shows that the finishing date was Sunday 12.8.11. I rang 13 13 18 this morning (15.8.11) to find out why my mail has not recommenced. It is apparently because your office has entered the wrong finishing date. RETURN MY MAIL TODAY. *(Actually the application to hold mail could not be faxed as the paper was too flimsy, so I faxed this information and went down to the Broadway PO, where I promised to return next day (16.8.11) to see the manager.)*

The lady in Melbourne who answered my original phone complaint seemed wonderful in every way. However, this is probably the kind of situation making people riot in England. The Glebe Post Office was managed in an extremely helpful manner since 1975 at least. It has now closed and we are stuck with the one at Broadway because the Sydney Uni. PO apparently refers things to Broadway. I tried to find out on Monday and Tuesday why my mail hadn't started but the queues at Broadway PO were far too long for me to bother with getting to the counter with the hope of picking up my mail. As I made my phone complaint (15.8.11), a multitude of cheery messages kept me on hold, telling me Australia Post was making my capacity to collect my mail easier than it had ever been before. I was glad I had a fax so that I could show proof of their entry error.

NB. I am a comparatively wealthy retiree with nothing better to do than complain and I only lost \$70,000 when the 2008 financial crash occurred, plus the fear and costs of the construction industry trying to solve some of their undoubtedly worse problems through descending on our body corporate with a load of safety issues to fix. If I was in small business or an unemployed person looking for work I would feel like heaving a brick through your window after listening to your cheery Australia Post messages. It's just as well there is such an extremely competent lady handling complaints in Melbourne. (Ha ha, ha, in retrospect. She was merely a polite eunuch far from Sydney.)

**(NB: I still haven't got my mail and this is a brand new day – Friday.)**

Carol O'Donnell, St James Court, 10/11 Rosebank St., Glebe, Sydney 2037.