

Dear Ministers (Others for info.)

**EASILY SHAKEN AND STIRRED:
DROP ME IN NAGOYA FOR THE BEST REPORT**

**KIND REGARDS, CHIMERA CALLING
(FUNNILY ENOUGH AFTER ENOLA GAY'S BOMB AND BIKINI)**

Thursday 14.10.10: Another good night on ABC TV where we saw most of the little penguins in Victoria followed by China's Long March where one sees more the second time around. Next we struggled with highly charged and mixed emotions on hearing on 'Lateline', that there is to be a UN Conference on Biodiversity in Japan, but Australia is sending nobody. Is everyone around you barking mad? What about me?

I am the antithesis of the new Australian Saint Mary McKillop, so I definitely should get a Guernsey to go to the UN Conference on Biodiversity in Nagoya next month. One has contributed super policy suggestions on trade and investment in the attached discussions. Australians must hear what directions the Chinese, Japanese, Indonesians, Koreans and others are going in from the most productive source (i.e. me) for best results. I could send many emails back very fast from Nagoya if there is a room where a computer is easily had. My computer is too scared to leave home so I trust another can be procured.

One has often found the game of politics is far better played without the bar or pub in mind and taking up our time and money. This is especially so if one has ever been an exceptionally gifted shorthand typist, like me or Ethel. Regarding Mary, you will recall the antithesis is not the opposite, but the equal product of the conditions of the thesis, which will resolve in a synthesis, bye and bye (Hallelujah). This is also hopefully before the guys have wiped out orang utans, chimps, gorillas and others. Ethel and I are as one on this. She knows I am more mature than Kate or Ged and Tanya is with child. She also fears the traffic and who can blame her after what we have all been through. (She cannot imagine how well all traffic has been ordered in Japan or how good the trains are.)

It would perhaps be best if I could follow behind Martin or anybody else you prefer and judiciously take down what people said or ask a question or two and then write up a report on the affair fast, once I had it reasonably straight. I'm used to this as you will see from my curriculum vitae, at www.Carolodonnell.com.au. For example, I interviewed every WorkCover construction inspector in Sydney to write each of their personal reports to the Gyles Royal Commission on corruption. Once corrected as a draft with each involved, the reports were then put together with names attached and circulated within the organization and to our social partners. What does that tell you? The late John Elder of the Master Builders Association was a funny man. I have kept his naturally glowing reference if anyone would like to see it. My earliest thesis discussed the historical path of romantic love, stemming from de Rougemont's views about Cathars and I hope this may help our cause again now. The PhD treated something completely different.

About the miracles – when I opened my beautiful little Japanese notebook yesterday, the first page asked the single questions, ‘What is your managerial relationship to the Pope? Will you put this talk in writing and if not, why not?’ I asked Archbishop Pell this when I saw him last, but now it seems as pertinent to put it to myself. Yesterday I wanted to enter Grace Bros. at Broadway but had to hold the door open first for an Asian man pushing a baby carriage big enough to sink a battle ship. He was followed slowly by a very old Italianate woman in black leaning on an almost empty shopping trolley and limping, before I could get in. There are many miraculous signs but I find I often forget about their specifics and hesitate to tell you about the latest builder. He wouldn’t like it. (What do you make of this? Tell them our evidence based approach is better than theirs?)

STAGE DIRECTION

Ask Tony if I can go and I bet he will say yes. On Channel 9 on Sunday he said his role as Leader of the Opposition is firstly to hold the government to account. Secondly he is to speak up for people who may not be getting a fair go - (i.e. me). Coming in at a distant third was being a credible alternative to the government. His order may naturally shock a few but seems fair enough to me. Ideally I am the chosen one, so why bother with any of the lawyers? The article entitled ‘The secret lives of judges’ in the Weekend Edition of the Sydney Morning Herald told us little about them except that they think they do too much work for too little money. They should start a club. Michael Kirby’s brother said he writes all judgments by hand. I bet all his troglodyte mates do too. Think of all the crossing out, throwing away and of all the poor women endlessly typing all that stuff up.

How much fairer, faster and cheaper court lists would shift if each lawyer submitted his basic case by email. We would then know easily who to pick as judges – the best and fastest written communicators (i.e. those most like me). The idiocy of their administrative processes would make a grown man cry, unless he was a lawyer, travelling nicely with his brothers. Supreme Court judges may dress like Santa Claus which sends appalling messages. No wonder our natives set up cargo cults then sit beside the plane.

Our main message is that one assumes that in developed countries like ours, the demand for travel and cars ideally will depend increasingly on good settlement, transport, communication and recreation planning. We hope towns will be very clean, green and naturally beautiful, with settlement which is also fairly densely built, as distinct from having loads of spread out dormitory suburbs where everybody in the family needs a car as early as possible in life to get a decent go at anything. Communications technology development since the heyday of the car means one ideally does not need to go further than the village or park which is even lovelier than one’s home or special institution. We are early baby boomers and adore our couch, computer and TV. But services must be directed effectively to gain everyone’s Ideal Global Me competitively. I am sure many others feel exactly the same as I do. We want an open service culture. Don’t stuff it up.

Channelling Faith, I’m sure many Australians are also thinking regionally about the best relationships between biodiversity, community distrust of government and others in the bush and the related direction of water, vegetation, energy and banks, especially in the

Murray Darling Basin. We are also considering the ideally related greener direction in coming state elections in Victoria and for Lord Mayor of Sydney. Our natural pick is parks and Clover but also ask how to help everybody else to develop better and faster too. (A couple of semi-miracles about bamboo, Arishiana and Chou En-lai come in later.)

Our Sydney Uni. Gym weekly pick is the pop group, Lazarus - not the former PM. Dispense also with all those stupid Beazeley slips because they are far too long and expensive. Get their pictures out of the pool room and put ours up instead with music, dance and song. Bring on more jokes and Sony Tropicfest films. Politics is the greatest game where others seem absurdly out of focus. Welcome to our related kind of town. For Christ's sake leave us alone about the bloody football. We know you love it and why you want it. You can have it. We need more high class ladies' things. We travel at one with Emily in 'Little Britain'. Vicki, Ann and Linda show us respectively how to talk to lawyers, doctors and academics. Carol teaches us computer literacy. One longs to be a granny as they now appear to be treated in our Little Mother Country. Baby, bring it on.

All economic girly men now step up five paces with turned out pockets. We seek a better chorus line around a better Mr Goodbar. The main supporting concerns about fairness to employers, employees, contractors, subcontractors and their related associations are naturally up for grabs again. I'm sure we all shudder equally to think about these hoary chestnuts who are also our main providers. Design them to give customers, borrowers and related investors better value for money. A hint or two - We bet our types of houses are currently pushed on us primarily to please the producers and we could find more tasteful, greener, cheaper designs and build them instead, if we had better contact with orang utans and chimps and the whole damn thing. Read the Superannuation Industry Supervision (SIS) Act for fun and profit. It tries to beat the legal competition by defining the responsibilities of the trustee to the trust. Lots of luck with that one guys. Will these relationships be seen as ideally based on preserving secrecy and loyalty to one's fellow, who also pretends to swear on his God's Word? Or will we seek the truth in future? Gee, let me wrack my brains over that one. (You lying and murdering sons of bitches?)

WHAT WE GOT HERE IS FAILURE TO COMMUNICATE

One assumes the ideal industry direction is to create a world increasingly working to prevent loss of biodiversity, to reverse deforestation and to have abundant clean water and cleaner energy. Resist any of the older feudal pressures towards overpopulation (you know who we mean) and also welcome widespread multi-skilling through much better practice on the job and related communication methods. This is necessary to fix the lack of jobs currently supporting greener construction, transport, energies, etc. and also to fix the lack of access to other services like education, recreation and sports that avoid illness and disorder, so everybody can have as good a time as possible. Ethel and I both fervently pray that some of these cultural folk will get a better grip and God knows we are all far from postmodern. Where it counts, we are still forced to follow feudal directions.

Australian regional aims should be to identify greener service industry development and bargaining approaches to match mining, manufacturing and other primary industry and community directions, which may also be led or matched in construction, transport or communication. If one considers water treatment in this regional context, the boundaries and ideal links between national parks, commercial developments and related non-profit ventures are ideally also analyzed with a view to gaining agreement on how to improve the value of the land for native flora and fauna, including people. This is where many small business and government jobs and career paths seem likely to begin, ideally with multi-skilling. Fit the teachers around the work and give up trying to force students to visit them in distant, new buildings being put up very slowly, so those who do so now, continue to drone on. They do not work well and are far from cheap (to put it politely).

WHINGING ABOUT OUR RUNNING SPATS

One wonders what Kristina and Julia are fighting over in regard to the current national approach to occupational health and safety legislation, whatever it is. One assumes there is ideally a minimum national standard and that on big dangerous sites where work is also expected to be completed to clear deadlines, it may very well be good to allow unions to prosecute for workplace safety breaches and put the onus of proof on the defendant. This also assumes the approach to occupational health and safety is driven by rewards for effective work completion, not designed mainly for winning extra money while on the job. The latter may be done by treating risks with many rule driven demands which may pose as being about safety, but which may actually be used mainly to get more money. What is everybody expected to do on the smaller sites these days? (You'd be surprised).

Let us not forget the related inconvenient truth that under state mining legislation the trade union representatives and mines inspectors must have known about dangers of asbestos for almost as long as mine managers. All agreed to be bound by secrecy about risk because the main priority was making money. Today they may make money by fanning our urban hysteria so they can conveniently dig it up from landfill in cities while leaving it hanging around in the open in the bush. Dad built us a wood and fibro house and we played in fibro. He never smoked but died of a stroke related to his bad diet and perhaps also to brain damage from boxing. He did not drink. (Cut out the crap, it makes me sick.)

I appealed to all services last year about Ark Tribe, the rigger who refused to attend an Australian Building and Construction Commission interview. One wonders what Mr Tribe's point was, other than this allowing him or his mates to thump any of those he does not approve of harder, with relative equanimity, next time round. Why is he called Ark Tribe? Is he by chance related to the Carwoola Council of Elders, who seemed mainly obsessed with fishing when we met? (Shirley and I both feel we were often here before.)

In the case of Mr Tribe, all services were warned never to send cowboys out on knights like these but to embark upon an Australian services and related industry bargaining direction designed to get all Australian government and industry debt and related problems under control. Ideally they should consider some key service industry development options designed to support key local, national and international goals and

also explore potential forms of profit and non-profit funding structures in partnerships with others. Let us get rid of lawyers and start again using more intelligent and less adversarial methods. Try common sense supported by evidence which is less obviously slanted by all the loyalties we have long been used to see posing as being much finer. (One hesitates to state it more broadly than that.)

However, our view that practices could be much better than the current feudal ones if people took into account their social and environmental connections better has always fallen on deaf ears. Sadly one therefore wonders if God is dead or only deaf and dumb and unable or unwilling to write sensibly either, like the most powerful of those He created. One assumes this is the future world that cars will be bought into and that few urbanites will ever truly like to travel in them or to park in anywhere like Bangkok, New York or Sydney. (Think what happened to Sherman McCoy.) One hates trying to find a parking spot, especially in the dark. One cannot take a car if in danger of drinking more than two glasses of wine. Six monthly services for tiny times spent on the roads seem silly. I may be old but I bet I'm not alone. We all need greener public transport.

Australian life is increasingly also in danger of being conceived as a medical project so we are striking a special medal for Peter van Vliet. Those at St Vincent's Hospital were truly blessed to have him. He must be the most multi-skilled, helpful and inspiring student actor with the finest memory God ever made for free. One has never seen smarter Chekhov than on the concrete steps in the graffiti tunnel at Sydney University. Without him one's Sony Tropfest short films would not have started, let alone been finished. What else can one say? Pity he hasn't been more available since? How did he get like that? (We have our ideas). Biodiversity, trade and investment directions are attached.

Nobody hates chaos, injury and sadness more than us. In Queensland, I was always the one screaming 'don't rock the paddy wagon', before a new Premier ended the shameful brawling of youth and police in the streets. It's hard to give value for money in Brecht productions when a third of the caste remains locked up. Our father was always happy to come and bail us out early. He was a young Oswald Moseley supporter in London, who soon saw the error of this and later was strongly in sympathy with Nasser, unlike the British government. Our father was a clever man who had a go at building and fixing lots of different things with good results. People like that should be helped, not always stuffed around. Their great skills should be much more highly respected and put to good use in towns as well as in the bush. Until we came to Sydney we thought all men had a gene for fixing cars and other things. Career specializations have been driven to disabling extents.

Many Intrepid travellers and others like them everywhere could be great supporters and drivers of a green social agenda and development in construction, education, sport, film, music, art, etc. Do not send us to work with more blinkered, narrowly disappointed men or women that traditional, outdated and narrow career channels have become increasingly clogged with, like fat in arteries which will support populations of increasingly anxious semi-invalids if we do not sort them out soon. Shut up and get real. One can work and learn as much or more from the internet, Google, good newspapers, TV and movies or videos made for any good reason. Good scripts are vital. We adore the erudite, poetic,

ironic, European sensibility. Those entertainers from New York and California have thrilled and taught us all so much so very cheaply. (You all know the ones I mean).

A local dalliance of ours has also been with bamboo as it is beautiful, reaches maturity in five years and I bet that pandas could live in it too, if they kick the possums out first. Partial evidence has been gathered and the case flexibly proved on my new floor at St James Court on site in Glebe with miracles involved as usual. We are at the dead end of a dead end street, but without personal worries to speak of aside from the garbage others dump around us because of our dead end position. Zhengrong Shi and his alternative energy mates should wake us if they get up to our waste. I have tried to find out too much already and am frustrated by their tricks. God knows it isn't easy being green and so does Ethel. We also argue about things like the relative value and effects of various trees. Our body corporate is one of our many trials. Let me have a go at the other end in Nagoya.

LEAVING ON A JET PLANE FOR JAPAN AND SUPPORTING MIRACLES

My time is free but I would like my Nagoya expenses paid as I recently returned from Japan and would not go back so soon. We are planning to visit East African monkeys and other wild animals next. I'm happy with the accommodation standards of Intrepid and also find one often tends to meet a more open, interesting and fun type of person on such tours. Because of the age differences one may also keep a refreshing distance more easily. God knows one needs one's beauty sleep and to protect one's teeth from sweets. The Intrepid traveller often seems more openly thoughtful, less guarded and less status driven than the other. Admittedly, retired New York Jewish lawyers seeing Eastern European cities by train can also be a lot of fun, albeit rude about our Opera House.

I returned from Japan feeling I knew little about the country except what I had learned at Hiroshima and from related paper purchases at Narita airport, where I spent my final day. Brunei Airport might take a leaf out of the latter's book, although the free airport tours they provide to waiting passengers are wonderfully informative. Nevertheless the mind does not live by cultural products alone or by seeing big tanks of beautiful living coral ripped off the reefs by giant banks. The latter can get very depressing at 1am, unless one reassures oneself with sensible reading. What about the coral? Why did the bank do it?

Hiroshima and the lovely places around it were highlights of my trip to Japan, though there were many others. Hearing 'Fat Trick', the Japanese guys playing and singing great Louis Armstrong covers to outdoor crowds near the bamboo forest at Arishiana felt miraculous. Before I left Sydney I had loved the sly poem Chou En Lai wrote to a friend at Arishiana, about modern international communication systems linking modern lovers. It was in 'In Quest', a book of his poems cast-off on the footpath in Glebe Point Rd., which I picked up for free. The poem 'Bon Voyage to Li Yu-ju' also applied to my friend Buz, the Australian product of a marriage linking Afghan and Iranian cultures. He built my website, and was sad his Australian lover would shortly go to study in Israel.

This is not to trivialise the huge, beautiful, blue butterfly that tried to mate with our English train driver's blue sunglasses, or the nest of six baby birds being fed by a parent

on the concrete ledge at night, outside our karaoke session. Only the small lantana bush full of multi-coloured flowers which scores of tiny multi-coloured butterflies hovered over at Lake Cargelligo in NSW was as fine. I guess it is a weed and may get ripped out.

My main questions in Japan were what relationships did Buddhist and Shinto priests have to rulers in feudal culture and how have these changed? Why do all the people in such a giant concrete slab as Tokyo all keep off all the grass in front of the Tokyo Imperial palace? Why is it that all supposedly Western toilets are so bizarrely resource intensive, especially at the Narita Mercure Hotel? How is the huge mountain of plastic and other waste which must derive from such very high standards of cleanliness and health treated? How is it possible that the towns and countryside always appear to be so spotless? Why has the Japanese yen remained so high when the economy has been so poor for so long? What the hell is going on in Japan? (Chinese culture seems a comparatively open book.)

Who knows if Tokyo's giant golden building guarding its sculpture of a giant golden turd is irony, perhaps like the Nobel Prizes doled out to US economists? However, 'Nagoya's show aims for world relevance' (AFR 2.9.2010, p. 24), commented on a current Australia and Japanese art collaboration to boost the fortunes of Toyota's home city. Baby, the government would do itself a favour sending me to Nagoya, especially as I missed going to the Mazda (?) car factory because we did not have enough time at Hiroshima to see everything we wanted. Let the sun shine and let the grandmas fight over it in jelly. Until then we must keep writing. It is invariably a woman's best defence and with a few good men this is not always an attack but may also lead towards their liberation. Give me some men, who are stout hearted men who will fight for the right they adore, etc. etc.

Nevertheless, as Kevin pointed out to Kerry on ABC TV before going to Mary's canonization in Rome, Australian policy is not made as the result of a 'wimminy frolic' and I have certainly never confined my offers to particular male groups or individuals. In general, however, if they asked me I could write a book about the way they talk and whisper and look. I could write a chapter on how we met, so the world would never forget. And the simple secret of the plot would be to tell some that I love them a lot. Now the world discovers how my book ends is by making true lovers of friends. Knowing how their bread is buttered they have all ignored my offers so far but this, Baby, is still a true homage, in case you didn't pick it. Take it from me while I whip out to the local jelly wrestling pub for a bit. The grandmothers will soon be coming up.

But soft, Ethel reminds me of the vital ethics code of practice she has applied in the case of visiting dignitaries but which suits us all equally now, with condoms on. She sings:

An ambassador has just reached this shore
He's a man of many loves
An important gent from the Orient to be handled with kid gloves
He can come and let his hair down
Have the best time of his life
He can bring his new affaire down
Introduce her as his wife

But she mustn't leave her panties in the hall
Cos the Hostess with the Mostest's on the ball

Don't tell this to anybody teaching, especially in a university or government or the law. I sure wouldn't want to upset them or make their lives any harder than they are already.

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

Footnote: Also known as Fang, the Monkey Queen or Lilith, Adam's first and finest before that stupid cow, Eve, turned up (not that either of them were particularly bright). I learned about Lilith when visiting Berlin and Vienna for the UN Global Forum for Reinventing Government in 07. How did the Christians keep it from us for so long?