

TOGETHER AT LAST IN GROCON'S ARMS (YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT)

ADDRESSING DISHARMONY BETWEEN NATURAL AND COMMON LAW FROM MONTY'S GRANNY, NOW WORKING MAINLY WITH J.P. SARTRE

If you ever need a jam here I am: (Addressing God's plan with Cool Hand Luke)

One writes mainly in regard to the charitable work of the churches, especially as they are manifested in the procession of beggars on Glebe Point Road, and increasingly also through the mail and on television and radio. One assumes that the Anglican diocese of Sydney, which lost \$100 million in the recent global financial crisis, was not alone among churches and their related odds and sods. To generalize the question asked in a recent letter to the Sydney Morning Herald by Bill Swan of Leura – how wealthy are they now? See the related discussion of Black Swan events later. God knows what the churches did with our dads' money, not to mention our own more particular mites. They have got a nerve to keep on turning up. See an alternative planning direction which naturally starts with the common aim of achieving 'Bluer sky, clearer water, greener land and better living', as recommended in Shanghai. The place where I worship is the wide open spaces, built by the Hands of the Lord, etc. See attached discussion of this direction and related events on our Intrepid trip to China. Don't address all the people the same.

Also see the attached Marxist feminist perspective entitled 'Marxist feminists may seek death through freer markets' I put to Kevin when he was PM, and the related ideas about sexual harassment. Among other things, it poured cold water on his mad promise of legal action against the President of Iran for alleged anti-Semitism. This seems only one step up from McCain's desire to bomb Iran. President Reagan's bombing of Gaddafi's palace in 1986 killed his adopted daughter and the Lockerbie 'disaster' then followed. Wikipedia suggests Gaddafi is an inheritor of Nasser and Maoist thought and Lockerbie appears to be a well planned Scottish town. One wonders at the choice. When Reagan bombed Gaddafi's palace I was working in the NSW public service. Because I thought the event would lead quickly to nuclear war, I organized a small demonstration of women, with friends mainly from the technical and further education area, outside the US Embassy, that afternoon. As I recall, Kay Schofield was present and my mate from around the corner, Jan, was too. These were also the days of the Radical Education Dossier. God knows what those secretly employed did or who kept them afloat.

One wonders why Australian journalists don't read Wikipedia to help them more with their current understanding, analysis and writing. Doing so today in regard to Colonel Gaddafi and Lockerbie has really jolted my mind about other events. Gaddafi was quoted on SBS TV as claiming about his people, 'They take nothing from me and add nothing to me'. He should be asked what he means by that because the last time I was in Brunei the newspaper had a story on page one about how a member of the Brunei royal family was in a London court over who owned and should direct a very large pot of money – his family or the government. Perhaps it's just me, but I'd rather hear Gaddafi's view than those of English law lords. It would be good to know. He might be cheaper.

As I appear to be the antithesis of Saint Mary McKillop, I also petitioned Kevin to let me go to the UN Conference on Biodiversity in Japan last year. See the attached discussion entitled 'Easily shaken and stirred: Drop me in Nagoya for the best report'. A bit like God, Kevin never answers but I still believe in him. You may think of me as mad or want to deny me the Chinese treatment, but you'll have to deal with Grocon first. We say in the attached that the community health, education and communication revolutions may be naturally led by tourism. Check it out with Martin and the bigger boys and note the key addresses. If you never wondered why he is called Marius Kloppers, I think you should. Every ideological presentation has a political and economic base in our book. However, 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. See more below.

All God's creatures got choice? (Up to a point, Lord Copper)

In regard to resolution of disputes we have pondered, as undoubtedly you all do, the differences between the common and the natural laws. These concepts roughly support many different feudal and tribal associations, which have also led to the slightly more modern context some of us still try manfully to inhabit. A Catholic scholar at Sydney University explained the natural law, as I recall, as the behaviour one may normally expect from any being, as God created it. (Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly, etc.) As Monty's granny, I wonder if God popped out naturally faithful and loving fathers, gardeners, herders, farmers, builders, and teachers as Catholics seem to assume. Baby, I rather doubt it. Feudal and tribal social structures suggest men may be more accurately conceived as God's struggling, increasingly enriched or impoverished products, depending on the bounty of surrounding communities and land. They appear to try comparatively ignorantly to take what they want and to protect themselves and selected others from harm through secret dealings in associations of brethren who they hope have similar interests. On the other hand, women have been given all those kids and also appear to be cooking up others. If God wanted all those kids He should look after them or at least think of others on the plot. (Think of different groups of monkeys for a start.)

The Catholic concept of the natural law appears both similar and different to the concept of 'Buddha' nature, as I understand it. The Buddhist and the Catholic perspectives on the natural law for humans, (i.e. human nature), suggest all God's creations are valuable and also that one may expect some sharks to eat people, for trees to drop leaves and for most women to be given babies, whether they specifically asked for them or not. From the Buddhist perspective, the human nature of men appears different from in the Catholic mind. It is generally assumed that Buddha was essentially a teacher seeking to improve the world. He did it by leaving his family to learn and counsel others. He was a prince, so one assumes he knew his kids would be well provided for and would be able to follow his teaching. From this perspective all people have Buddha nature in the sense of having the potential to become teachers in a world and related life which are naturally always consuming and in flux. The least we should all expect is a radio or TV so we can watch.

Many Jewish entertainers, especially in New York and California, have been our modern spiritual teachers. They saw, in company with Mao, that teachers ideally learn naturally from students and all related beings and doings. Their followers sang, 'It's a very ancient saying but a true and honest thought, that if you become a teacher, by your pupils you'll be taught. A spoonful of sugar makes the medicine go down. We're really soldiers in petticoats, etc. Like Shakespeare, Mao and Sartre – Frank Sinatra also questioned the ideal relationship between thought and action when he pondered, 'Do, be, do, be, do'. From a modern perspective, which is also entertaining, other legal cultures distort and downgrade education. Ruled by dead men they are also silent on the morality of many central family and community matters, when we need guidance for legal structures and dispute resolution that is expert and in touch with our feelings. Teach me tonight, by all means. But you don't own me. I'm not just one of your many toys. Don't tell me what to say or do, etc. As small aboriginal children have sometimes said to me on Glebe Point Road, 'You're not the boss of me'. (Having heard them, one never forgets the chicks?)

One assumes the common law ideally provides a community protection regime which is applied through codification of the natural law by many judges who have ruled openly on the evidence to settle disputes. They may report through His appointed royalty to what one assumes are community representatives of God or something like Him – (not current politicians, surely?) Our modern debate does not touch armies or sexual partners, any more than it touches other tax gatherers, to ask what they will bring to the future, to serve the ideal community which is also connected and engaged with all of its inhabitants, not just its immediate fellows. From this perspective, Marius Kloppers could possibly find an attractive dish to put in any basin, particularly in Mongolia. We have also fancied many others, albeit briefly or theoretically. One has a special soft spot for Gary Sturgess, later propositioned at a Redfern pub. What NSW public servant could resist his poetic reading of Frost on what to do with fences? Much better than Ginsberg's 'Howl' and what we have all put up with since. ('Howl' is rewritten below. However, one does not wish to be more indelicate here, before going off to see those in charge in Great Britain.)

Our modern situation is ideally where people try to rule according to good evidence on particular matters, in specific historic, economic, political and cultural circumstances. Ideally we also do it to improve our common lots and their environments, while tending our common projects, which I do metaphorically, as Sydney Uni has given me the sack. Clear definitions of terms are vital if churches are to serve their people up to God instead of allowing them to fall into warring with others and so into death or the infinitely greater horror of sexual infidelity. This is mainly where the wife and kids run wild through poor exercise of choice which usually upsets dad and future generations badly. From the ideal modern perspective, one can't beat them up, either secretly or even in the open. One has to reason broadly and attempt objectivity. (I told you this was new.) Rest on my metaphorical primary case before you bring the concrete. Would you rather see George Pell or Kristina Keneally in the Vatican? There is no contest, but you can be the judge.

And now for something completely different: Open judgment under natural law

Nowadays, fortunately, there appears to be a completely new Papal approach to managing risk, even in Rome. (You'd better believe it.) According to an article entitled 'Condom incident threatens papal visit' (Sydney Morning Herald World 26.4.2010, p. 6) a Vatican spokesman, Father Frederico Lombardi, told the Italian bishops' conference:

'This is the age of truth, transparency and credibility. Secrecy and discretion, even in their positive aspects, are not values cultivated in contemporary society. We must be in a position to have nothing to hide'.

Men everywhere will naturally be thrilled to hear it. The next stage must be learning about the joys of speech and writing. The pen is not so much seen as mightier than the sword, but different to it. Email and Google are equally exciting. One assumes this path is to be constructed and fixed in the local common ground project with Grocon, the family and others, as well as alone. We salivate at the thought of many meetings and wonder how much we will all be paid to attend with our helpful advice. (Tell Andrew Ferguson to put a sock in it.) Also try picking up someone different from a lawyer for a change. There is something about Mary but strike me if I haven't forgotten what it was, other than it being something to do with a bird dropping pearls in her ear. Those painters were a saucy lot who thought we'd swallow anything. We only demented on their watch.

The Methodists hated sex as they knew it could lead to dancing, which brings me to mental health and to economic and therapeutic ideas like black swan events. The Black Swan appears to be a movie event for the frigid and hard of hearing, at least as played in the Hoyts Cinema in the Grace Bros. shopping centre on Broadway, which is also fairly loud and cold. God strike me if anyone gets an Oscar for this crap. Give Natalie a taste of the Telstra sock and tell her to throw out her pink ones. Matt Damon seems to be another common dish. The Big Australian would not kid us about big things. Put the psychologist down for a healthier change and do away with lawyers. Who cares how?

Led by Mary, I picked up a General Practitioner Health Care Plan from a Broadway rubbish bin. Presumably either Sonja Blainey or Yasmin Bolt threw it there. One of them is a general practitioner and one assumes the other 'gets angry easily, argues even with strangers and has trouble shifting out of bad moods'. She is also from the country with a baby and a fiancé and misses people to talk to. I am not surprised because I get angry easily and argue even with strangers too. God knows they should give us some more sensible people to talk to. The form seems good and the diagnosis of depression and anxiety looks pretty reasonable but then the recommended remedial action is psychological counselling (cognitive behavioural therapy). Why is this better than the more obvious solution of going with the baby and someone cooler to the park, or beach or to get a video for cheaper entertainment and a chat? Then neither woman might feel she had to treat her form so unprofessionally. Try more shopping to really please a man? Ditch the baby and go to school to get a better job? It isn't too hard to sort out, surely.

TO PEOPLE LIKE YOU (MORE INTREPID THAN US): HOWL, BABY!

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO TAKE UP OR SUPPORT THE GRANNYS' IDEAL PROPOSITION 1 ON COMMUNICATION AND PROPOSITION 2 ON LAND

I sent the two suggestions below to everybody who was on my last Intrepid trips to China and Japan and also to members of my body corporate and a few more people in my Glebe community and beyond. They are based on feedback attached to Intrepid about my trips to China, Japan and across Siberia, which seemed a very nice place with a lot more trees than Australia. Lake Baikal is also extremely big. (Don't mention Singapore.) Also see more on www.Carolodonnell.com.au We also refer to the beautiful film with great music that Scott the train driver made of our trip to Japan, assisted by others. I treasure the memory. 'There is a divinity which shapes our ends,' etc. (Do you know who said that? – no, not the Bible again. For Christ's sake have another go and work with Mary.)

Proposition 1: AN INTREPID OR OTHER FILM FESTIVAL PROJECT in LITHUANA OR POLAND (or anywhere else.)

METHOD: Based loosely on **JOHN POLSON'S ORIGINAL TROPFEST MODEL**, as described by the Australian Financial Review **BOSS** (AFR magazine Feb. 2011, p.43) and below in notes. I sent 2x7 minute films to Tropfest in Sydney, after **SONY** was its major sponsor. (You get the picture. Anyone can do it. We are the true amateurs, etc.)

DIRECTED MAINLY TO: MARIA THE LITHUANIAN AND JULIA THE POLE and/or obviously to anybody else who wants to be involved in any way at all with a **film festival project based loosely on the 'Tropfest' ('Fridgfest?') model** which is demonstrated by Scott's film with music on Japan or in my more turgid go in Sydney. Feel free, obviously, to do anything with anybody else, - dingos, sheep, etc. Feel free to ask Peter Garrett, your local minister, Boris, Malcolm, or all others who might be helpful.

Proposition 2: TO COLLECTIVELY PURCHASE 11/11 ST JAMES COURT, GLEBE, SYDNEY TO ASSIST THE PRESERVATION AND RAISING OF THE SOCIAL AND ENVIRONMENTAL STANDARDS OF PEOPLE LIKE US (AROUND \$700,000 TO BUY THE TRI-LEVEL TOWN HOUSE NEXT TO ME).

METHOD: Ideally, the purchase is to house people to assist the management of job creation and placement schemes like Alex Shead's 'Fair Business Initiative' to support Sydney City Council green development direction and maintenance of related standards like those of our St James Court Body Corporate, where we particularly love trees, birds, etc. According to the **BOSS** (AFR Feb. 2011, p. 10) Shead is keen for the related business and social model 'Fair Repairs' to operate in more areas and is happy to share it.

EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST DIRECTED MAINLY TO: Ray White Real Estate Agents Mark Coleman 0414520055 or to Vanessa Utro 0449892703 (mcoleman@raywhite.com) at 391 Glebe Point Road, Glebe and also to the Body Corporate of St James Court, 11 Rosebank Street, Glebe, Sydney and its Strata Manager.

SUPPORTING NOTES AND THE PROMISE OF POETRY

In 1993, when John Poulson was little more than a naughty boy, he set up a screening of some short films by friends at the Tropicana Caffe in Darlinghurst Sydney. More than 200 people came. The year after that was bigger, with a turnout of 1000. Culled from more than 700 entries, the 16 finalists at this year's Tropfest were shown on 20.2.2011 before what I hope was 'a jovial, teeming crowd', at the Sydney Domain. They also screened at sites nationwide, with the live audience tipped to top 150,000, according to the Sydney Morning Herald Metro, Feb. 11-17, 2011, p. 3.

In China I was inspired by our guide's discussion of collective ownership. In 1975, as students, we bought a Department of Main Roads affected, six bedroom, and empty house for \$28,000, and with friends successfully fought the bulldozers for the freeway which was going to be coming straight through Glebe and destroying it, just like Los Angeles. Today I feel as if a lot of developers and others who have made a lot of money from housing and related commercial development in Glebe owe me and my friends a lot.

In late 2009 the Australian Government established the National Resource Centre Employment Task Force to address the workforce needs of major resource projects over the next five years and beyond. A key workforce need is for more attractive, affordable and greener housing and related natural and educational environments. The proposed management and related development projects may generally help provide greener development models to meet the international call for 'Bluer sky, clearer water, greener land and better living'. You haven't seen very much of it yet? I can't think why not. (Call up Marius Kloppers again and tell him Grocon will begin to fix it.)

The Mater, Peter Ceteris and Buzz ideally step forward with Scott and not just for the Checkhov on the concrete steps. We may expect you to do a bit on everything – starting with birth and death as usual. We would also like smaller children to wear faux-fur hats so as to look like cheap pandas, kangaroos or other mammals or marsupials in winter. Feel free to take this further but we have gone past rabbits' ears and cats. We are now rewriting 'Howl' to give it a woman's touch and to make it greener and more upbeat. To my little orang utan and to others on this proposal - Honey, why don'tcha call or write'?

Cheers, Monty's Granny

(Also known as Lilith the Magic Pudding, Chief Alternative to Faith, etc., etc. etc)
St James Court, 10/11 Rosebank St., Glebe, Sydney

THE POEM AT LAST: GINSBERG'S HOWL UPDATED IN SYDNEY

You've heard of our Man in Havana. Baby, I am Our Lady near Glebe Point
We've got some land around some bridges that we want to sell or rent you
The rest was lost in the street, along with the Sydney Council's plastic bins
And with Chou En Lai's poems and the Dictionary of Insurance Terms
For Monty's Granny to pick up for free or just a song on Glebe Point Road

As Mum was always saying – a good soldier never looks behind
Roll on many a new day but rethink washing your hair up to pussy's bow, etc.
Daily shampooing wastes a lot of water – but is it sensible to tackle it with you?
Look for the silver lining in an Italian suit if you want to be taken well.

The time has come to play the future in the way you want it
We want it green, for native vegetation and marsupials hand in hand with kids
The time has come to paint the future in the way you want it
We want it in the colours of the bush and then some, like the rainbow's arc
Or like the colours of the original Tin Sheds in which they used to sleep
With equipment at the ready reckoning for causes deemed good in the early hours
They were panda warm when fairly raised with a cup of coffee and toast.

They were the real artists, the hosts and midwives of economists and engineering dreams
For Christ's sake, if you can't stop at least don't throw the bloody cigarette butts down
And at least do the occasional milk or bread purchase and some washing up
The anarchists squatting at the left bank keep losing the vegetable coop. money
What else would you expect, Baby, the natural fucking law?
On your way with your posters to the Second Dead Pope Dance
Tell them not to play the music any louder than we can stand in Glebe.

Dripping with Checkhov and graffiti slogans on the concrete steps
And with Skippy's little mate, the IT crowd and Father Ted to judge
Your speech excites me so my mouth is dry and I must take a drink of water
You can bet your boots David Walliams will be Monty's Granny's choice
She takes them edgy at St James Infirmary and Court. Don't make her mad.