

POWER LOVING

**Everything you didn't want to
know about sex and lawyers.**

PREVIEW

Carol O'Donnell
A new vocational text

ACKNOWLEDGING THE DAVID HAROLD TRIBE PHILOSOPHY AWARD 2020 AND OTHERS

AIN'T I A FELLOW TOO? (CAROL FRANCES O'DONNELL AND SOJOURNER DOUBT)

When writing my autobiography, *Power Loving*, during the 2020 corona virus pandemic, I was thrilled to come upon the University of Sydney **David Harold Tribe Philosophy Award** for \$20,000 with the competition open to the public and advertised in the *Australian Financial Review*. 'Who knew'? I asked myself, rubbing my eyes in great surprise like Alice. In Alice's *Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*, she is presented as an adored child, shaped to be seen and heard by playful reason, to become the new woman. Later on, in Australia, I was too. Alice's father was the Mathematics Dean at Christ Church, Oxford. The creator of the fictional Alice, Charles Dodgson, was a Mathematics Don. He was a philosopher and I am too, as well as being a wayward Magic Pudding.

Philosophically, *Power Loving* is a self-help, new vocational text suited to the global times. It seeks repeatedly to serve scholars who come from many philosophical positions to meet in their reading and related action or not, as the case may be. The text takes personal, historical, Marxist feminist, Freudian and related sociological approaches to events and writing. These include all economic and political discourses in their geographic, institutional and other community contexts of personal association. *Power Loving* also addresses global and regional states in many related administrative recommendations, following the views of Weber and Popper. In new publishing terms, it is an example of 'socially conscious' writing described by Amazon, in the 'new journalism' traditions of Tom Wolfe, or 'creative non-fiction', described by Sue Joseph in *Behind the Text*.

Power Loving also poses as a new mythological text in which I speak as Lucifer or the Anti-Christ in the persona of Lilith the Magic Pudding, Chief Alternative to Faith and Queen of the Monkeys. This might confuse some judges but you could show it to the Sydney University Vice Chancellor. Bearing Oxbridge associations, I guess he knows his onions in such matters.

As a pro-Jewish Australian feminist, my key dilemma is that I thought I had written an exploration of the personal entry to the political place, which is typically denied or hidden in disciplinary and professional blinkers of any related argument. I am disturbed, however, to find *Power Loving* is also like an Australian *Mein Kampf*. I wonder if I should try advertising partnerships with craft brewers and lovers and why any might come to the launch.

In this 2020 personal reflection, many thanks also to Rod, Katherine, Susan, Sheila, Denis, Norm, Brett, Victor, Buz, Robyn, Jessica, Rob and Louis. You know who you are and why. Nixon Apple, bearer of Queen's Birthday (2019) honours for services to superannuation and trade unions can get stuffed for ignoring my queries. I did not have time for an editor. As I wrote to the closest of many, like Tony Soprano: 'You toucha my big picture, I breaka you face.' I am a doctor of philosophy.

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POWER LOVING

Carol O'Donnell

The Angel in the House

Skilling Me Softly

Innocents Abroad

Living in the Seventies

Writing Machine

Corporate Cultural Blues

Heartbreak Hotel

Travelling Grandma

COMMON ABBREVIATIONS

ABC	Australian Broadcasting Corporation
ACTU	Australian Council of Trade Unions
ALP	Australian Labor Party
ASIO	Australian Security Intelligence Organization
BBC	British Broadcasting Corporation
BHP	Broken Hill Pty. Ltd.
CEO	Chief Executive Officer
CFMMEU	Construction, Forestry, Mining, Maritime and Energy Union
CPA	Communist Party of Australia
DIRE	Department of Industrial Relations and Employment
DVD	Digital Video Disc
GDP	Gross Domestic Product
GG	Governor General
ILO	International Labour Organization
IP	Intellectual Property
IT	Information Technology
NDIS	National Disability Insurance Scheme
NHS	National Health Service
OHS	Occupational Health and Safety
NSW	New South Wales
PhD	Doctor of Philosophy
PM	Prime Minister
PNG	Papua New Guinea
SBS	Special Broadcasting Service
SCUM	Society for Cutting Up Men
UN	United Nations
UNESCO	United Nations Educational Scientific and Cultural Organisation
US	United States
VC	Vice Chancellor
WHO	World Health Organization

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Publications in academic journals are listed at www.Carolodonnell.com.au under the **Background** side bar.

Power Loving

Parents, siblings, lovers and children naturally appear in this Australian self-portrait of a woman's progress in interesting times to illuminate the rest more sharply in the region. Like US psychologist Stanley Milgram, Carol believes psychology is telling stories about the self and life is understood backwards but must be lived forwards. This is the story of a woman for policy purposes which question the normal party, professional and industrial approaches in the democratic interest of the population. Others in the region may feel different, but this is Carol's story. She was born in 1947 and left Southend on Sea in England in 1951 for a rural life in Queensland. She discusses her family and schooling, followed by her work as a shorthand typist, a secondary school English teacher in Nigeria and Australia, and a university student and teacher of teachers. During this personal and political progression, Carol identifies herself as a Marxist student of women and children's lot, before and after the Whitlam Labor government of the seventies. As a state public servant, she helped to establish services for women and children and then worked in the corporate planning and delivery of health, insurance, rehabilitation and fund management services for the NSW workforce. She then became a university teacher of health care professionals, retiring in 2007. Finally, she points out why our generation should face our inevitable death for better state policy and why she became a travelling grandma making a revisionist political return to her father's small business views. She observes that English is the most spoken language in the world and old men can't type. Better communication is women's most natural advantage. Cut off old rich heads and let us all work freely if we want. We only do what we want or can contract. The quality and fairness of work are best judged openly. God alone knows how you cost them.

The Angel in the House

Everybody knows that the Dice are loaded/ Everybody rolls with their fingers crossed

Leonard Cohen was probably right. We disclose what everybody knows. Music and song are the axis of awesome as they go to the global heart of communication fast, like moving pictures. I address words as an old Australian woman looking backwards and forwards to our death, in the time of the corona virus global pandemic of 2020. US psychologist, Stanley Milgram, who studied reactions to commands by contracting authority figures in the 1960s, wrote life is understood backwards but must be lived forwards. Hence the song. I explore more democratic routes globally, as we now must for better policy in any field, naturally starting with my own development. As LP Hartley wrote in *The Go-Between*, his tale of forbidden love between the English upper and lower classes, *the past is another country. They do things differently there*. A little like Alice, I wonder what you are under anti-discrimination legislation today and if you are a racist. I do so as an 'occupationist'. Following the logic of Australian anti-discrimination legislation, I may make rude and nasty assumptions about people based on the disciplines of their occupation, starting with lawyers, a bit like you or rulers. This womanly attempt is naturally a salute to former Australian Prime Ministers, including Kevin Rudd and Malcolm Turnbull (*Mr Harbourside Mansion*). I am thinking of a bigger picture as I write, remembering the debate over whether Australia should become a republic, rather than a federation of states, as it has been since 1901. I could think only of lawyers in 1999 and how poorly they rule the rest.

Some people say they hate police and are called racist. This is wrong, perhaps. They may be 'occupationists', like me. I hate lawyers. I explore whether this calls for a new category in Australian anti-discrimination legislation, from the perspective of women and children rather than lawyers or other professionals like you or us. I do this by putting faulty personal memory first and seeing how it stacks up against what I have learned in life disciplined mainly by motherhood, professional and more voluntary work. This is a regional demographic approach to wellbeing which globally includes all of us. I naturally start with myself and the family. However, as the author of the *Handmaid's Tale*, Margaret Atwood, said on TV, 'What is it if you're not having fun'? I have been a comparatively cheap or free woman, like many others dying here today. Like many, I have been a more skilled communicator than the norm as long as we stick to producing words in our own language. This is English, the world's most written language, although Chinese may now be overtaking. English writing seems our natural local content advantage besides mining. However, this gets us nowhere as long as the state military industrial complex rules over us. US President Trump and Chinese President Xi are in position. Here I am, stuck in the middle with you.

I am encouraged by a sexist book, *Australia Brought to Book*, compiled by Kaye Harman. It includes what those great British social reformers, Beatrice and Sydney Webb, thought after two months in Australia in 1899. I would say the same in 2020, except that Beatrice was a snotty bitch who didn't believe in votes for women. On the other hand, she loved being in Adelaide in South Australia, the first Australian state to give women the vote before

it was granted to men and women after the federation of states in 1901. Aborigines faced another story. After Beatrice had sneered all over the women of Australia for being vulgar, the Webbs wrote their report, before going home to write *English Local Government*, their major work. I quote this verbatim as I know they would hate it any other way and I don't call this plagiarism either. They wrote: *while everybody in the US assumes that politicians will be corrupt and the Government is perpetually treated as if it were the lowest of the low, in Australia there is a conspiracy of silence over any small scandal that may arise, unless indeed the matter can be put right by making all the facts known..... But of men engaged in public life the journalists are the best class in Australia, which again is a striking contrast to America. With more careful selection of its civil service and better trained intelligence in its public men, the Australian Government would become a striking instance of successful democratic institutions. At present, it is at least a most promising experiment.* I still agree except they got the women and civil bit wrong. One wonders if Beatrice thought women were twiddling their thumbs, or whether she just couldn't see them working along with kids.

This is a later personal story. I try to recall my life as honestly as any woman's crooked reflection will allow, as Kate Jennings claimed in *Moral Hazard*, her 2002 tale of putting her dementing husband in a nursing home while she worked as a speech writer for New York investment bankers. Mine is also the story of life lived in interesting times, as they may be today for more of us ordinary folk. I was born Carol Frances, on 9th January 1947, in Wokingham Hospital, Reading, England to Roy and Phyllis Brown. I was the fourth child, the adored post-war baby, born sixteen years after my nearest sister, Sheila. As a child I loved and followed dad, conscious I loved mum as a better person. She was more clearly self-sacrificial and loving, from my view. She would give everybody else the last pieces of cake and cheerfully go without. My East Londoner mother and father were born in 1902 and 1903 respectively. Like many British and other Europeans, they left home for Australia after World and War Two, in 1951. My twenty-year old sister, Sheila and I, went with them, from Southend on Sea, to rural Queensland. Dad died in 1969 and mum in 1974, in Brisbane.

My brother, also called Roy, had gone to Loughborough engineering college and worked in Kuwait. He married and had a child in England then moved his family to California and worked in the US space program for many years before he died. He tried to shoot himself when he developed Parkinson's disease, but did not kill himself as he wished. The hospital made expensively futile attempts to save him even though he and his wife had stated earlier in writing to let him go. I know little else of my brother's life except he had a wife and three children and his only son was killed in a motor bike accident when a young adult. Writing this book on Brown times, however, drew my attention to the *Sydney Morning Herald* recent report on *Life Expectancy and Mortality rates 1959-2017*, in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. It paints a bleak picture of a US workforce plagued increasingly by drug overdoses, suicides and organ system diseases while grappling with increasing economic stresses. The lead author claims deaths from drug and alcohol abuse, smoking, overeating and suicide have become known as the 'deaths of despair'. My personal Australian woman's story asks if we expect too much from life and comes down with the usual California Buddhist proposition that we do, but we can try to do better if we

want. Be more realistic in Australia and stop following down the US road I hate. Look forward more to certain death.

My oldest sister, Joyce, married a career soldier, brought up in army schools when his mother died suddenly during his early childhood. They travelled often and were often based in Gibraltar. Jack used to hint something important for the British army was going on in Australia but refused to say what it was. Many years later, I guessed he might have been talking about testing the atomic bomb at Maralinga. I found the Australian Living Peace Museum on Google recently, and had read Frank Walker's book *Maralinga* when it came out in 2014. I saw the story of the Maralinga Tjarutja aboriginal people on ABC TV and what they suffered as a result. Between 1946 and 1996 the US, Britain and France conducted many programs of nuclear testing, mainly in the deserts of Australia and the atolls of the South Pacific. How can we not hate these men and states that acted so self-importantly and carelessly to destroy the health and lives of the human inhabitants of any place, let alone life even further below their notice? They seem like criminals against us all, as they did to my father before me. I recall the astounding TV program about the French spies who blew up the *Greenpeace Rainbow Warrior* in harbour, in New Zealand in 1985, when it was about to travel to protest against French atomic testing at Muroroa atoll in the Pacific. They were so French their movements were obvious to the public all over the country. Is this the slow turn of the crushing wheel or a newer global vaudeville production? I feel I have to ask.

When I think of the 20th century of global war, biting depression and then global war again and its aftermath, I recall my parents shared their times with an older Virginia Woolf. She yearned for the Oxbridge education given to ruling class men, and the 'room of one's own'. She wrote in England after the First World War, sharing their century of global horror, in which so many of their menfolk were killed, maimed and altered. Thus, so were women and children impoverished around them. Woolf saw sadness and entrapment everywhere and feeling no escape from a helpless round of social pretence, she drowned herself. Calling Australia home today I count myself among far more fortunate colonial stock. Woolf wrote, however, about the image of the *Angel in the House* inside every woman. She felt she must strangle her Angel to survive and prosper in her world. I've felt the same, but I saw no sadness based on their wartime experience in my parents, despite the fact they went through a lot of bombing and family upheaval. As a child I loved and pitied mum but admired dad, as he knew about the world and wanted to share his knowledge with me. I loved that most, I guess.

My parents helped me along in comparative indulgence, before I chose marriage, like mum. This normal fate may lift a burden from any girl's life, making it true that girls *just wanna have fun*, as Cindi Lauper later pointed out in song. In retirement I'm having a go with myself here, for the sake of an old teaching profession. The personal is never political or professional enough, however, for wellbeing. It cannot take into account the circles of human emotion and their global advance, alone or with others. I have ended up in a similar, but healthier, wealthier place, to Virginia Woolf and my parents. This is written at No. 10, at St James Court in Glebe, a suburb close to the heart of the City of Sydney. Check out

Grandeur and Grit, A History of Glebe. I retired from work in 2007 at sixty and see this as a record of a bit of the immigrant grit. I live alone with my postgraduate degrees and some IT, in a townhouse with three levels, now overlooking big trees, gardens, and birds close to Sydney Harbour. My daughter, her partner and my grandson live nearby. Glebe is also close to Sydney University, where I spent a lot of my time. Call me stupid, but when they say I should find a financial adviser I can trust I always wonder how you can tell. Like the comparatively old and financially frail in Australia, which I am not yet, I put more trust in government as at least one has a chance, however slim, of holding it to some account. They have a tendency to reply, for example, as distinct from ignoring you completely.

In old age I appreciate more how dad started and ended life as well as what he managed to do for us. Unlike him, I never had to make a living in small business, let alone be responsible for anyone else besides my only child, whose upkeep her father shared. It would frighten the hell out of me to start afresh and alone with family responsibilities in a new country, at nearly fifty. I appreciate related nurturing qualities in Australian government, despite its stupidly adversarial political party and industrial set-ups which may wreck good regional planning and project operations. It began long before we all knew better. Mum never had paid work. She was institutionalised by the times as my generation after World War Two were liberated by them. We then fell into common professional traps, led from above. Some, mainly men, made plenty of money and can afford to work for free today. Off with their costly heads. The most important thing I learned from being a sociologist is never to take things personally as it leads to personal unhappiness, or narcissistic rage. True sociological understanding may become a form of Buddhist equilibrium, perhaps. I find myself too angrily dismissive now, trying to shorten the message and make it clear, if only in explosive speech and bad writing. As Janice pointed out in the HBO TV series, *The Sopranos*, a lot of anger is self-importance. Humour lies in between perhaps but I can only explore the angel in the house for now. Some grow richer nevertheless, at least until death, which must come for some of us sooner, rather than later.

The angel in the house can seldom be a man today, I guess. We are used to them as providers and supporters, or not, as the case may be. As a child I never doubted this flow. Dad was a provider and mum worked for all of us for free. She only ever cared about the children, my father said bitterly when I was a teenager. Mum always said dad had been a good father. She implied this was in spite of everything else, but it was her highest praise. Nevertheless, as a young woman born after World War Two, I shuddered to think of her comparatively powerless life and did not want to emulate it. Passion was a different thing. As I aged, I became increasingly sad for my father's declining health and mum's helplessness under his control for so long. There had been a dutiful revenge against him in my teens. Move away from trouble and look at it rarely. We are told the Chinese say '*may you live in interesting times*', and this is either a blessing or curse to the would-be scholar who considers himself above the fray. It is always a him. Bigger Mary? This book may be considered a regional correction starting at the bottom in Australia. Former PM Keating famously called our home the arse end of the earth with Asia the bit you need to fly over to reach Europe. I can barely identify with starting from the bottom but will usually have a go.

My old dead student mentor, Teresa Brennan, told a related story as a result of family and collegiate relationships with Marcus Einfeld, former Federal Court judge and human rights champion in Sydney. Fiona Harrari's book, *A Tragedy in Two Acts* tells of Teresa's early death, in Florida, and of the imprisonment of her friend, the judge, for traffic fraud. It seems from reviews of Teresa's book she claimed our way of life is making us sick. I try, perhaps, to pick up her mantle lower down the evolutionary scale as usual because I later claim that our rich lives appear to make us sick by defining us so. I thought Teresa was sick by normal standards, but then so were others in her family. Helen Garner is one of few Australian writers with the guts to open these professional questions up, as she did again in the book *Joe Cinque's Consolation*. It discusses the trial for murder of a law student in Canberra who was the daughter of doctors. She poisoned her lover, assisted by a female friend. She found redemption in jail in criminal studies. End of story. I often wonder why evidentiary bases of lawyers and doctors are not compared. It may be a difficult topic because they often share the same houses, so start off life naturally with feudal relations and friends, including at Christmas. I am the angel who speaks against the party and its law. How brave is this? No worries. I am too old to care about any career. Our death is next.

When accepting an Australian left-wing view, as I did from an early age, one normally takes an old trade union and Labor party view of life or the '*New Left*' view, coming to us from California and Europe. This emerged as my generation grew up. Many of us followed comparatively securely along into expanding party, law, government or related service sector employment, as did I. Before death, ironically with more time and money than I've ever had before, I've written with greater awareness of dad and the times he faced. I also promote the views of Australian industrialist and adventurer Dick Smith as I think they are right. Reduce unplanned population or see trouble. This is a woman's tale of how I come to believe what I do. It begins as usual in a family in a changing place. I remember more of my father than mum as her place was largely self-sacrificial for us. I guess it isn't worth telling you often she was there to give love and she certainly did to me.

Nowadays I often think of the trapped sadness of Virginia Woolf and smile at a more fortunate global and personal progress in later commoner times and places. Men controlled her life and aspirations closely in one way or another. I repeatedly lost my men to other women throughout life, and became glad of more monied time alone with my own free expression. I guess this is common now more women have stopped feeling a need to be in pairs to go to public bathrooms or other places. Many are now more like Teresa, ready to present a single face and product to the world, with family and collegiate circles behind it hidden or not, depending on the case. I want better IT support and to have the state give me a nice comfy death whenever I want to go. It's the least it can do. I have not been a believer since I was a child. I do not consider myself a medical or related health experiment so the medico-legal state should help me to go to the grave when I want. Don't ignore my voice and completely rational wish to die, and tell me you're more caring.

In early childhood memories, however, I am clearly the angel in the house, at a time when Gracie Fields sang *Every little girl would like to be the fairy on the Christmas tree. Up above the party, dressed in white, shining in the candlelight*. Every little boy would have fun with a trumpet and a gun, or was that a *drum*? Guns still increase the need for more guns, as arms competition easily ramps up and weapons are bought and tested because it makes the guys feel more important in their career runs. The superior status of the gun owner as family and nation protector is enshrined in the US Constitution, but he often kills indiscriminately, like any state which bombs or mines other people or its own. Death or being maimed also happens when gun users kill members of the family or others accidentally, or when death is delivered by a madman or terrorist. Tiffen and Gittins point out in *How Australia Compares*, that in 1999 an American had a ten times greater chance of being a homicide victim than a Japanese did. Today's market in war toys and games shows it is hard to keep a good man down, as gamers the world over love their product better than football. As an old woman, however, I have no great wish to see girls join these sports and am disillusioned with equal opportunity marketing approaches I've been part of all my life. They appear to suppress freedom of comparatively honest speech while serving the secret military industrial states and product advertising markets, often through more IT. How could this internationally continuing early introduction to the applauded war game and the gun be good for any kids? I address this backwards personally and regionally in Australia, going towards our certain death. This reminds me of the old joke that Ginger Rodgers had to do everything that Fred Astaire did, while being pushed backwards in high heels. I've seldom worn high heels because I'm not worth it.

The first angel was in the first book I remember, for some reason, after seventy years of reading. It began: *A is for Angel, with shining white wings; who drives away shadows and frightening things. I'm never afraid if it's dark on the stairs or think that the shadows are goblins or bears. For I know there's an angel that waits at the bend and sees that I'm safe till I get to the end*. I realized recently I have an Asian angel raised against black velvet, presiding over the bend in the staircase in my Glebe town house. I was attracted and bought her for fifty dollars from *Junktique*, decades ago. I also had an alphabet book of flower fairies as a tiny child. Appropriately dressed groups of fairy friends lived in particular flowers found in an English garden or countryside. I spare you the poetry. I lined all my dolls up in beds, took them on car trips and taught them. One bleak day, some passing boys threw my Furry Bunny onto our garage roof. In this act, one of his long floppy ears came off. Enraged I howled for help and they ran away with it. Dad got Furry Bunny down with a ladder and mum divided his remaining ear in two. She sewed them both back on his head immediately to my considerable relief. For years he was a favourite companion with his long narrow ears, neckcloth and flowered pants. For some reason inexplicable to me, my half-Vietnamese grandson loved all wheeled vehicles best as early topics of his attention. He lined cars up along his cot rail, like a traffic jam and ignored the teddy bear, giraffe or other dolls I preferred when a beginning reader. Admittedly he went through a stage of clutching a square of cloth with a donkey's head in one corner, keeping a close eye on it wherever he went, unable to sleep apart. I recall in infancy I had a piece of petticoat embroidered with flowers, known in family circles as a golly string. I wound it round my fingers to smell them on going to sleep. My relationship with beds has always been good. I can curl up and sleep almost anywhere, just like Upsy-Daisy on TV.

I feel sure I was well cared for from birth and healthy, as I have been my entire life. Nevertheless, I write looking forward to death and what government policy should look like as a result of changes in social expectations which have occurred regarding women, children and men since I was young. I look back first to being rugged up in cold weather and told not to fall in the water when feeding bread to ducks at the local park. I remember a man called '*Old rag do-it*'. He called this out when travelling the streets with a barrow collecting old clothing and other goods. Around that time, I was a reluctant breakfast eater. Dad fed me each spoonful as if it was a wheeled or aeronautical vehicle. He made the appropriate ambulation noises while circling the spoon round my head, before popping it into my mouth. We played at turning the empty eggshell upside down and pretending there is a surprising new breakfast. I loved Christian, fairyland and other stories, pictures and songs, as well as games where children put old clothes upon the floor in piles, and call out '*first pick*' before acting out a common story. We performed many pregnancy stories. One of our favourites was choosing to be Mary. She would faint. The doctor was called to solemnly explain she was going to have a baby. I remember singing '*We plough the fields and scatter*' around a big display of agricultural produce at a church as well as going to a local theatre and seeing lots of cheeky song and dance routines where girls threw up their skirts at the back to men in blazers and boaters who were holding canes. It was the era of sending up the song, *I Believe*, and penniless toffs forced to walk up the avenue until they reached the club and could meet the Vanderbilts. Here, presumably, they hoped to be looked after in some way. Dad looked after our family and we chafed a bit.

It seems strange that of all my memories, it is the book, the song, the theatre, movies and the television that arise from the mists of forgotten life comparatively clearly. I wonder why I recall them yet forget so much. Maybe it's partly cultural repetition. Australians, like many around the world, have been increasingly steeped in global Americana. I love the songs and movies. It's a pity about their lousy state organization, supporting the arms trade and their financial markets all the way, while calling this democratic. Unfortunately, it seems the more things change the more they stay the same, based on reverence for US Constitutional roots, or something even earlier. I hope to make this personal account less boring and more honest than the usual professional way I write. Margaret Atwood made the distinction between being a good writer and a popular one. She wanted to be a good writer. I judged the professional way, paid or unpaid, more useful than seeking to be a good writer, or a popular one. If you are still reading this, I expect you are a woman and will often find writing easier and more congenial than a man. That was often my experience as a woman, student and teacher throughout life. Writing better and braver than a man will bring the significant advantage of being needed as their shield, as long as you don't go too far. Aim higher by being free or cheap. If you don't know how to do it, ask your mother.

My parents and my older sister and I first lived at Southend on Sea in dad's new bicycle and repair shop *Roy Brown Cycles*. *Don't bus or hike, bike!* was the earliest slogan I remember, painted across the front. I guess dad bought the shop when comparatively flush with funds from his job doing maintenance work on fighter bombers during the war. Mum

and the three children took refuge from the bombing of East London through evacuation to Purley Park, outside the nightly firestorms. Dad was too young to go to the First World War. He met mum when he worked for the historic global travel agents, Thomas Cook and Sons, including in their banks in Nice and Athens. (Cooks failed spectacularly, in 2019, leaving flights, passengers and business and family plans dramatically held up). He was one of five siblings born to a Welsh salesman and his wife in London, before his father left the family to become a rent collector for a widowed woman. Dad and grandma's three sons, who were starting out in working life, supported grandma financially. I can't recall my grandparents. Auntie Elsie, my father's youngest sister, was closest to our family and brought me sticks of the sweet, Brighton rock, whenever in touch. Southend on Sea had a famously long pier that I remember, with coconut shies, the song *I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts*, and Punch and Judy shows. The fact that Judy and her baby lived with Punch in a violent family relationship where all were beaten with a stick was not remarked on at the time. Brown family discipline was not violent. I have never been hit that I recall and doubt I ever was.

I remember a visit to Chessington Zoo in London where elephants had a tea party and also riding donkeys on the sand at Margate. At pebbly beaches we had rubber shoes. I recall little else except my sister reciting the poem about Mr and Mrs Ramsbottom who went to the beach with Albert, their son, only to be disappointed by the ocean's lack of destructive comic drama. Southend on Sea was called Southend on Mud as the tide went out such a long way. There was also an old song parody, *'You can tell by the smell as it stinks like hell in Sussex by the Sea'*. Unlike Proust and his French cakes, I have poor smell recall and we lived in Essex. My nose was never as good as my ears. My eyes, I have come to realize, are highly selective before any speech is made up, globally or locally. The learning gained in family recognition is the first and most personal aspect of discrimination, which is also elevated today in marriage as personal choice. This act of limited and particular perception also occurs in scientific, academic and professional disciplines, as Karl Popper, the great philosopher of science and administration pointed out in his book, *The Bucket and the Searchlight: Two theories of knowledge*. A man first strolls the shore picking up facts for the bucket. In drawing up the world on common disciplinary or professional lines, he forgets the family introduction to a collegiate circle of light, or not, as the case may be. Nevertheless, we must pick out the family well enough first, or die in the midst of larger numbers. I see it at last.

Mum was one of eleven children born to the Wheelers, who ran *The Old King's Head*, a public house in Hackney Road. She was kept out of the bar and studied at *Lady Eleanor Holles* where she excelled in botany before going to Pitman's secretarial college. That is mostly all I know, except that an elder brother was shattered by the First World War and another became a soldier settler farmer on a pineapple and banana farm at Kandanga, near Gympie, North of Brisbane, the capital of Queensland. In 1951 we joined him and his wife there. Our Brown household had a Welsh London and Methodist flavour, with its belief structures set by dad, to which mum added the softening influence of a vaguely religious world view for children. She pleaded agnostic to me later on whether she believed it. I embraced the early religious view and stories of Jesus as a friend to little children strongly and personally, decorating a small bedside cabinet as a prayer table. I said prayers, sang

with vigour and pondered how it was possible to love someone who was not present. (I've mainly felt the same about men since.) Grace would have been too much. However, a nightly prayer was *Thank you for the world so sweet; Thank you for the food we eat; Thank you for the birds that sing. Thank you, God for everything.* I also said *'God our Father, day by day; Help and keep us in Thy way; Helpful, kind in work or play. We pray thee Lord, Amen.* Surely nobody could complain about that today.

Nevertheless, a century of war and comparatively good knowledge of European and global history had disenchanted both my parents, with my father clearly leading the advance. He never believed in any God as far as I am aware and he hated the British and European clergy and aristocracy with a passion. I remember him in Australia, reading the newspapers, jabbing his finger at pictures of them, with furious anger, until my mother demurred. I act in a similar fashion today with lawyers. I could not vote for Boris Johnson and the British Brexit from Europe but supported it on my website. Dad was wary of the motives and worth of many professional services and liked to do things for himself and us. I feel more in sympathy with him in a healthier and thus more fortunate old age. He cuddled me and taught me boxing from the earliest times. Later I was encouraged in his broadly sceptical masculine beliefs about history and power in general. He embodied the East London view that Jack is as good as his master and liked making and fixing things. We naturally relied on him. They have seen it all before in family business for a very long time, I guess. However, I deserted this approach for newer learning, which was often a bone of contention between dad and me when I became a growing teenager. My generation is one where professionals generally hoped to better their familial roots.

After retirement in 2007 I naturally discuss age cohorts and their estates rather than market cycles or charts, as we are all going to die soon and leave assets or debts behind for lawyers and the many old or newer family members to pick over. We all may buy and sell land and property for family rather than purely commercial reasons first. When I retired, I became more interested in what finance best sustains land and housing from the household rather than market view, to support more stable and healthy development. The term *'life cycle'* may be most relevant to addressing a species, but as individuals, we all die comparatively soon. This has regional and global policy implications relating to each of us as people with assets or debts, well known or not, which are left behind. As Rumsfeld realized, there are the known unknowns, but the unknown unknowns often get you. We can only come to provisional conclusions from what is around us, as well as what has produced us, depending on what we want. I mainly want a healthy and biodiverse nature, starting naturally with more open experimentation in human family relations. My only grandson is half Vietnamese, as a personal good example. People whose skin has a yellow or brown or darker tinge should note I'm from a dying race. Surely you care?

Napoleon, as we know, called Britain a nation of shopkeepers. Dad was ahead of his global time in a bicycle shop in a working-class holiday town. Business was slow and England was still bruised and battered from war. Food rationing coupons were still part of life. My sister was doing clerical work after matriculation and their older offspring were off

my parents' hands. Dad wanted us to start our lives afresh in Australia, so we did. I recall mum as a kind, chubby and motherly sort of woman who wore corsets when she went out to shops or anywhere special. Dad hated lipstick and it was a slightly bitter family joke that when she wore it once, he said she looked like a broken-down chorus girl. She seldom dressed up as there wasn't anywhere much to go that would warrant the cost. Dad always had a car, however, so there were trips to the countryside and quite a good life for the struggling post-war times. Mum willingly played endless silly toddlers' games with me. One involved me racing round the rotund cardboard Michelin tyre man advertising his wares at the back of the shop. It entailed the customer being intent on strange bicycle and tyre purchases which were never available but always pronounced to be coming in next week.

The contemporary English-speaking world appears to love comedy sketches about going into local shops and not buying strange or silly things. Beloved sketches about cheese shops, dead parrots and strange books that only Margaret upstairs can find in stock abound in TV shows like *Monty Python*, *Little Britain*, or *The League of Gentlemen* for example. The trading game begins so early in life for so many. My grandson and I have played it almost from the start. In Glebe today, the *Gleebooks* assistant appears the cultural equivalent of Margaret upstairs. So many more cheap books than ever before, turning over so much more rapidly than ever before, especially in a Christmas space. Where once we had none or one, today we may have multitudes of all our favoured products. I wonder what should be a book's progress in the world, whether rejected or not. Surely not pulped for the next? In the age of global communications, we should know more about Australian canons of cultural product production, promotion, archiving and sales to get better knowledge here and abroad. I want to find out more, so have written this Australian immigrant and native story for future generations to put more flesh on this old rack of bones or others of an era. When in doubt about Australian times, I often consult the *Australian Timelines Series* of Trocadero Publishing. Do I see things more like dad today than ever before? Perhaps.

Dad never drank other than at Christmas to be sociable or at some similarly rare event. He never smoked. The Browns rejected heavy drinking, smoking and gambling so weren't singers round the pub piano. They supported local theatre groups instead. Dad was happy making scenery and that sort of thing and there are family pictures of my sisters in plays. He was a broadly knowledgeable, skilled and passionately argumentative man of his time, proud of the amateur boxing of his youth. I was allowed to examine all the cups, medals and pewter vessels he had been awarded in various British tournaments and he insisted on bringing them all to Australia with us. This was to mum's disgust as so much more was left behind that was valued by her or my older sister and me. It had also seemed to dad when young that British fascists under Oswald Mosley were on the right track to peace, not war. He changed his mind later as many people did, backing Churchill in the Second World War. When I knew him, he was a socialist I came to think of later as typically Northern European. He was a small business champion of welfare states against aristocratic government and militaristic market forces. The family voted Labour, yet to my knowledge, dad was never in a political party, trade union, or other association. I joined the Communist Party of Australia (CPA) in my youth and was active in trade unions later.

After the First World War, Europe fell to war again in popular riots. Manufacturing states with capitalist, fascist, socialist, anarchist or related organizational bases developed further out of earlier religious and feudal states. These incorporated many other feudally related peasant or hunter gatherer lands abroad in the increasingly global economy today. I guess the great writer of *1984*, George Orwell, exemplified a general pessimistic rage and an ironic British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) professional humour, against the ruling classes making decisions affecting people in chaos everywhere. We Browns were members of '*the proles*', the working classes subjected to war, putting up stoically with troubles. With broader hindsight through international communications, we see how wars were related to ruling family associations and to state military and manufacturing associations with lawyers supplanting church men. Challenging fury was part of dad's persona. It flowered again in the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in Britain, beginning in 1958. My parents were still there in spirit. Experience of war was different in Australia. Yesterday's freedom fighting hero may be dubbed a terrorist now, or the reverse. The capacity for almost any state to bomb or shoot civilians remains, after the Cold War between Russia and America subsided and weapons of all sizes were made far more widely available in private to angry men.

Dad was never a violent man other than in boxing, as far as I know, in spite of his war work doing maintenance on bombers. Our family was often open in its verbal fights. Walls between rooms in our Australian housing were thin so I also heard a lot. He had a pair of brass knuckles mum hated but dared not throw out. They re-appeared on their bedroom dressing table from time to time, when he was angry. I guess my parents were fairly typically well educated, lower middle-class East Londoners made comparatively wise by the reality of twice living through global war and state bombing of civilians. In the previous century the soldiers of the ruling classes held their battles with each other away from populations, unless billeted on them. Twentieth century wars which justified dropping bombs on unpaid urban or rural populations were a new and devastating low in male conduct. Dad decidedly wished a pox on their ruling houses. The longer I live the more I see his original point. Those currently concerned about membership of the European Union may feel they have paid enough to support the British aristocracy and its global family and friends for long enough. One might sensibly replace many wealthy diplomats with journalists put together globally in tiny quarters to save rents, otherwise poorly spent.

Looking back, I find our family diet appalling and worse than Australians, although they ate more meat. We laughed at them privately when we first arrived as they served salad with their fish and chips. My favourite breakfast was bread fried in mutton fat. We ate Yorkshire pudding and jam roly-poly or treacle tart on many nights and mum also baked cakes weekly. Dad loved bringing home chocolates or similar sweets. In later life, I gave up all batter and bypassed pizza and Coke entirely. I loved fruit. My drug use is something the standard professional tunnel vision may not ask me about, perhaps not believing the answer. I've never smoked tobacco, although I've enjoyed recreational marijuana use for years. I drink less than three bottles of wine a week, have the occasional beer and use no medication. In youth, however, I had the family sweet tooth. Mum and I queued at the

local school to hand in food coupons for bottles of concentrated orange juice. I loved tea times with auntie Elsie and uncle Percy. I once had an iced birthday cake with a sugar terrier on top, as well as the usual array of delicious fish paste sandwiches and cakes or chocolate biscuits. They jokingly told me that Toby, my aunt and uncle's dog, was shrunk by fairies and put on the cake. It worried me badly, so they recanted. TV had begun before we left Britain. I hated a slapstick man called Mr Pastry. I loved Muffin the Mule puppets and had a set of rubber moulds to pour plaster of Paris into to make the TV characters. I remember painting a penguin and a gollywog with a big round face, a bow-tie, a smart blue jacket, and striped trousers. He was also on jars of marmalade. I had a small classroom population made of lead in the days before the now ubiquitous plastic toys existed. The children were permanently bent, so each slid into a seat at a desk and the desk tops could open up so bits of chalk or paper could go inside. In a world of toys which may pass more rapidly through the hands of youth today, I wonder why a few memories remain while the rest desert; and how far on a scale can we trust them. Trust them to do what? – we may ask the pollster.

Dad came home from London with a bag from which he took rabbits to put in a hutch he made for me. He made beds for my many dolls and a big wooden dolls' bungalow with a lot of furniture inside that you could get at best by taking off the roof. I thought he was there to meet my every carpentry and household need, which he lovingly and willingly did from his own resources when I was young. I feel this primary relationship fixed a comparatively unshakeable attitude to men in me throughout life, which is that they should have a taken for granted gene for fixing things with tools and if any have lost this, it's a pity. Only on coming to Sydney University in 1974, as a postgraduate student, did I meet men and boys who had never made or mended anything with tools, let alone a car. I was shocked to see they had no rags or tool box in the boot, as cars constantly broke down, even then. My father, my brother in law, my husband and former boyfriends, would never have had to call and wait for a mechanic, but would have fixed it. Mum and I often waited, outside the car with bated breath, almost reverently, until dad got it going again. We were grateful in our relief and understood his irritation, like nurses breathless around a surgeon. He decided where we should drive and got us there, often being secretive about where he had chosen. In my old age, IT is a comparative mystery. I naturally wonder where is my IT man today, and also whether any women are available, equally or not. The last thing I want to do is learn how to do something I do comparatively rarely, as I forget so easily how to do it. Thank God I don't have to do my own electrical work, carpentry, plumbing or car maintenance. I failed my driving test twice in Melbourne when I taught sixth form English and girls were getting theirs all round me. They were very kind and celebrated when I got it. I rely on walking or public transport now because I'm old and it's great in Glebe.

Feminism has been a slow and changing burn with me as I first saw the sexual division of labour as useful, as a specialisation built reasonably on biology and inclination. I loved and relied upon the men I knew closely with good reason. They liked to do everything I couldn't do as well as self-expression, especially in writing. I willingly finished school at fifteen, to get money to spend on myself as well as providing some to parents for board. Later I saw economic independence and knowledge as vital for all women who wish to avoid continuing risk and want in globally unknown and controlling male hands and futures. Many of us grew

out of this era of expected wife and child dependence on a single man, I guess, as the historical and cyclical economic nature of the world around us became more clearly visible through broader, richer and longer education. A family circle is the normal start. My grandson, Louis, looks promising in terms of meeting my IT needs but is only six so far.

My parents seemed broadly tolerant of other communities around them and I was always free to play and go out with anyone I liked. When I was a growing girl in Australia, however, mum occasionally warned me against being seen as common. She also liked me to speak up nicely and hold my shoulders back instead of slouching. They rarely mixed socially with those outside the family. Mixing was for a younger generation and cost too much. In England, Lyons tea shop was the only place I recall we went occasionally to eat away from the domestic table, although fish and chips were a weekly family treat around TV later. We were amazed to see how many Australian Catholics always ate fish on Fridays and privately considered such religious dietary prohibitions crazy. On the other hand, we did not consciously meet anybody in the local community with any particular prejudice, assuming they lived a lot like us, minding their own family business for the most part.

'Home' was always part of the British Isles to many in Australia. Dad, however, was socialist and anti-imperialist first. He loved the novels of the era, including *How Green was my Valley*, about Welsh miners, *The Keys of the Kingdom*, about a liberal Christian priest in China and *Fame is the Spur*, about a man's rise to political power. He supported Colonel Nasser of Egypt strongly in the view that his people were swindled by English and French oil interests. There were always library books in our house, which dad pressed on me from a very young age. I read them when I only vaguely understood. We owned hardly any books. Mum, who had more secondary schooling than dad, would occasionally quote poetry in mock heroic form. '*Never admit the hurt; bury it deep; only the weak complain; complaint is cheap*', or '*They also serve who only stand and wait*'. Both embraced military and hunting references in domestic environments, like '*A good soldier never looks behind*' or '*Stand back you boys, let the dog see the rabbit*'. Old loyalties may remain in continuing institutions which bear little or no relation to the core beliefs or interests of their roots, especially if they are family and professional ones. In my youth, Australians watched *Brideshead Revisited*, about the English aristocracy between wars on TV. In old age I was thrilled to see the TV series *The Hour* on the post-war BBC, and *Peaky Blinders*, on working-class criminal and political organization after World War One. This showed my parents' era. I had largely enjoyed US popular movie and TV views before. Dad knew which side he was on. This did not affect his knowledge that everybody must marry or make another living somehow.

After World War Two, higher education became a ticket to ride almost anywhere globally for young men of my generation. Reliable contraception also came to save young women. Renewed waves of anti-imperialist demands against imperialist forces also came along. However, it wasn't until I retired at sixty, that I read Anne de Courcy's book, *Dianna Mosley*. I only realized then the British fascist leader's wife was one of the six famed and aristocratic Mitford sisters. Their widely varied escapades in divided and often tragic global houses have become more widely known the world over since. I read Mary Lovell's book *The*

Mitford Girls next. The six entered varied political extremes of global and national community belief, writing and commitment. This often arose from falling in love with particular men who entered their aristocratic family, school and university circles. The family son and heir, was killed in the Second World War, whereas the father was maimed in the First. Dianna was accepted as the most beautiful sister. The Mitford family fortunes were falling as war and taxes to maintain an empire and its families took an increasing toll on their landed estates. Dianna married into rich Irish Guinness manufacturing interests, then met the leader of the British fascists, Oswald Mosley and became his devoted lover, along with his moneyed aristocratic wife and other women.

As de Courcy shows in an appendix on *Ten Points of Fascist Policy* written by Oswald Mosley, Blackshirts, (the supporters of fascism) were first expected to be loyal to King and country but also to stand for 'far reaching changes in government, in economics and in life itself'. Their watchword was *Britain first*. Globally, Australians may start here again, catering for our historic and biggest trading partners, China and the US, besides ourselves. Point 2 of Mosley's *Ten Points of Fascist Policy*, is that Blackshirts stand for action in government. Point 3 seeks establishment of the Corporate State as the main ideal. Industry is to be divided into national corporations, governed by representatives of employers, workers and consumers. The only limits the State will lay down to industry will be limits of national welfare. Private ownership will be permitted and encouraged provided such activity enriches the nation as well as the individual. Point 4 claims the Corporate State, with production properly controlled, and operating to the benefit of the state, will automatically eradicate unemployment and the resulting poverty. The function of the corporation will be to raise wages and salaries over the whole field of industry. This appears a male state akin to capitalism and state socialism, depending on war for its social advance. Globalisation meant becoming more interested in inclusiveness in policy, as I did later.

Australian and national broadcasting and social structures of the 1950s, shown in the movie *Newsfront*, for example, often followed their British origins, but with the addition of a vitally important Irish Catholic social influence. (God help us.) Australian '*baby boomers*' like me are the first generation to be in a position to develop broader historical, pictorial and regional understanding, owed substantially to good communications and education. These also formed our choices of US songs, movies and books. Since federation of states in 1901, Australia may be viewed as a comparatively successful and peaceful fascist, or producer driven state. It now seems increasingly entangled in a slow waltz, or on a slow march to more democratic management, depending where one looks. As Billy Joel's father pointed out, after leaving his expected US family state, Vienna is waiting for us. This theme is developed in later chapters, in the personal and political context of this old woman's life.

To read the British Fascist statement of intent is like revisiting the Australian Accord agreement of the Hawke and Keating governments. The Australian Commonwealth began this with the trade union movement and large employer groups in 1983. I worked to help bring a common direction through corporate planning in New South Wales government. The market is regulated and rigged from the top, with their numbers. Nevertheless, looking

back at Australia's comparatively consensual and producer driven state and population administration, being ahead of the times may still be the Australian case. I reread the *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-Tung* (now called Zedong) recently and was surprised in retrospect to find how many of these Chinese Communist goals appeared similar to those of New South Wales (NSW) state government when I was helping with its corporate planning. This had continued comparatively quietly and modestly in the interests of more democratic treatment, as in New Zealand, to be regularly interrupted by acts of war and God, like floods, fires and earthquakes. This may be a global long march through the institutions or we may just get more tied up in them by relying on lawyers as usual. Eddie Cantor put his finger on the nub. The rich get richer and the poor get children. Possibly Jews may lighten them up. There were many Jewish actors in Australian 20th century politics, as I also remark later, mainly in regard to NSW in the eighties. Like lawyers they were very influential.

In later chapters I address the limitations of anti-discrimination and equal opportunity legislation as well as those of corporate government approaches to protection of populations in our regions. I treat the corona virus new start, begun in China or not, in my final chapter on travel before I die. US President Trump's protectionist activities for international peace and trade today seem likely to reduce the massive and internationally dominating US war machinery. One wonders, however, where the merchants of death will go now. Global media normally challenges authoritarian state expectations while hiding their own workings in their support of secret commercial operations as usual. These are ideally opened up broadly in their related intellectual property arrangements. The global logic of more open national and regional association is addressed later. I argue that we may naturally appear to be our own intellectual property first, to use freely in gift or to exchange in contract with one or more others. Go for it freely as soon as you like.

Dad's sudden death from a stroke at the end of 1969 came after years of deteriorating mobility. Mum had been so dominated by him and limited by circumstances for so much of her life she was lost without him. She lived her few remaining years in aged care. Since my father's physical capacity was his most prized and constructive possession, I felt the sadness of his continuing physical deterioration, and then saw mum's fate, declining in care she had embraced at first. They believed in children's self-determination and encouraged my free choices. I took them up on it. My sister and her family in Brisbane faced the primary burden of parental care when I was in Europe, Africa, Melbourne and Sydney, before mum died in 1974. I felt a sense of relief and release in both deaths. Men's escape from past caring is usually more easily attained than it is for women. Like the hero in *L'Etranger*, I attained it. As Virginia Woolf said of her own withdrawal before her death, '*When the self speaks to the self, who is speaking? It is the self that took the veil and left the world – a coward, perhaps, but somehow beautiful*'. Choosing death in old age today may be a more satisfying escape than that surely, compared with more painful decline. The old may not want to die, but if I were called upon to care a lot, I would probably want to be paid for it, so money would have to come from somewhere. This is an influence of the increasing liberation of women from unpaid caring roles they formerly bore as a matter of course.

British historian, Sheila Rowbotham, referred to women and commoners as hidden from history. To Stanley Milgram we appear caught like puppets and the best we can hope is to see others' strings and our own. Ignorance may be bliss but has historically been unhealthy. Globally we nearly all appear to be living longer now, albeit with more chronic illness and injury conditions. The *Global Burden of Disease*, published in 1996 by Harvard University Press shows this in statistical tables produced by the Harvard School of Public Health working in co-operation with the World Health Organization (WHO) and the World Bank. Technological and market forces generally extend and cheapen democratic participation as long as democracy is viewed as inclusively powerful. The combination leads to degradation of the natural world and growing social inequality even as urban standards rise and change faster in comparison with more rural and remote areas. I explore the results personally for the sake of comparative honesty, feeling the US succeeded too well.

The rapid rise of Asian trading partners occurred after a century of war in Asia, led by European, Japanese or American forces. Good order has a comparatively slow press. Our Australian order has not been attractive as so many feudal and manufacturing historical forces have stood in the limelight for so long. As Australian Broadcasting Corporation (ABC) comedy show, *Mad as Hell occasionally asks, 'Whose bottom are we kissing now?'* I will address this later, in a personal rather than professional style, in the interests of women and kids, rather than men as usual. As a natural power loving woman, as well as a lifelong student and teacher, it has seemed to me that men were often better value for the same money as women, outside the communications which are so vital for community and related personal service, whether this is visible or popularly acknowledged or not. Less politely, many men appear a bunch of comparatively silent and tricky liars about what they must surely know, deep inside or not, if we have actually managed at last to find it out.

The family is our earliest form of welfare state and business living on any land. It is the comparatively innocent view of our activity, which starts in the family, and which we may lose growing up, which often makes us happy or unhappy, I guess. Huge business and population growth now use up global resources like land, wood and water more unequally than ever before. This is often in contexts where the top powers in any region shape and control markets in their primary interests. This also leads to increasing desertification, fire, disorderly migrations and the risk of small, or large-scale riots, wars and other family and community disasters. My memories of my early post-war family life, however, are very happy, before we emigrated to Australia and experienced a new way of life mum found harsher, as it was, especially for her. It brought fewer trials for dad, who was a more adventurous man than many. Our remaining family values seem fairly similar still to those of participants in Michael Apted's British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) TV interview series entitled *Up*, which often appears on Australian TV. It began in 1964 with *7 Up*, with interview questions to a group of boys and girls about their lives, values and aims at the age of seven. I used *7Up*, as a teacher of trainee teachers at Macquarie University in the 1980s, for example, to explore how the power of social class and sex roles may appear and persist or change over time. The interviews have been repeated every seven years since. I welcomed each new film as one does old friends. Mine is also perhaps the case for many immigrants prepared to put another country on family trial. It is a common enough story.

Gillian Armstrong's film *My Brilliant Career*, shows the white Australian woman's early plight at the mercy of the family and land, as did the book, with more alcoholic sexual menace. However, I find Henry Handel Richardson is Australia's greatest novelist of family and community life. *Richard Mahoney*, is based on her father's 19th century Victorian gold-field rise to riches and his decline into open madness and dependence on his wife's meagre earnings, under the horrified eyes of his children. He was a learned Irish doctor, come lower in business in England and then come to Australia to try his luck where fortunes were made or lost in goldfield towns. Richardson's observations on the necessities for starting in regional production, family life and politics are strikingly observant of the lives and interests of women and children, whereas men comparatively ignored them. The doctor excluded his wife, like some doll, from all knowledge of his financial operations. Richardson's novels appear in the early 20th century as an intellectually fierce and critical expression of an Australian woman or child's voice on financial and sexual relations, joint or not. In her first book, *Maurice Guest*, begun in 1894, when she was a music student in Leipzig, she wrote the tale of an Australian music student abroad who was driven, like many, by worship of the most talented of her student peers. This approach to professional merit finally triumphs over more conventional approaches to women's chastity offered to her. Maurice Guest is destroyed by his petit-bourgeois spirit and the heroine wins love and support in her romantic loyalty to her bohemian artistic relations. In old age, I want to know how families operate now, to see more constructive attitudes to life and death serving current and future generations. If we want to die, help us do so. Writing about our perceptions can only be good for women and kids.

The driving US global force for new development is aimed at fully inclusive but individually specialised markets. It leads to huge consumption and waste, compared with older expectations for subsistence. Australia lies hidden from history, nearest to Asian and Pacific nations, dominated by British institutions, following post-war US market cultural communications. After the Chinese Revolution in 1949, competing Chinese warlords were brought into the central planning control of the Communist Party of the People's Republic of China, under leadership of Mao-tse-tung (called Mao Zedong today.) China is the major trading partner for Australia today, mainly through Australian mineral sales. Yet I have only been aware since I retired, of how common family approaches naturally challenge trade union and political party views I never saw in my family life. It is recent news to me, for example, that Adela Pankhurst, from the famous English family of suffragettes, arrived in Australia in 1914 and became active in the peace movement here. She married a trade unionist and they established the Australian Communist Party (CPA). In my youth I was a member of the CPA but learned this history in 2019 when Clive Hamilton produced his book of historic protest photographs, *What Do We Want?* He claims that over the next twenty-five years Pankhurst travelled from the far left to far right and died a lonely figure. But Clive was a married Christian youth when I last knew him. He just remains antipathetic to China.

When Kennedy Miller's classic TV series *Vietnam*, starring a young Nicole Kidman, came out on free to air TV in the 1980s I must have been too busy to notice. It was drawn to my

attention in DVD form a year ago and presents an accurate, apparently forgotten view of Australian conscription to the US war on Vietnam. Australian government now seems more about building giant war memorials than archiving our opposition. Conscription to the First World War was fiercely resisted in Australia. In the sixties, conscription sparked increasingly broad protest movements in which many took part, including me. I explain later how I came to be situated where I am now because like many of my generation, I saw change and played a role in change I wanted. Nowadays, in peacetime, I think that care to keep as many old people as possible alive as long as possible against their will is expensively unfair. We don't stop men going to war, crippling themselves in football or dying in similar sports. I am sick of their control.

It often seems to me now that many males leap from the womb with interest in tools where females concern themselves more in caring communications. Our greatest modern asset, perhaps, has been that we are free or cheap and comparatively reliable word and content creators. We should point this out to advantage, instead of always whinging to be let into some higher circle of clubs defined by men or their handmaidens. We are all going to die soon so might as well try to enjoy it. This is the case for a better death, similar to the one Tom Wolfe made in *The Kingdom of Speech*, in 2016, just before he died. The great US author of *The Bonfire of the Vanities* saw speech as the first evolutionary development, pointing forward to writing, which is necessary for recording, controlling and for all civilized development in the future, including law, trade and calculations. The male world, however, hides or runs from honest common speech to elevate mathematics in service to any feudal legal authority and its professions. Put content first, in its rightful place at last.

Wolfe's book suggests the developmental vitality of the common word is typically drowned in closed top professional interests and associated numbers. This has obscured and downgraded many roles and jobs mainly taken on by women, such as that of parent, teacher, family correspondent, typist and member of a group housing committee like ours, for example. Feminists have usually responded with a 'me too' approach to opening up any male controlled or male dominated occupations under anti-discrimination legislation and related equal opportunity policy approaches. This is far from enough as it engages the strongest first in their self-protective and enhancing alliances, often hiding their family connections in continuing professional, party, schooling and related institutions. Where I used to see lawyers and doctors as similar brothers in the same family, now I think that if they are any good in their own professional terms, they should more likely hate each other.

Those who appear comparatively cheap or free already may lead the rest out. For example, Clive James, the Australian boy from Kogarah, died recently at Cambridge. He was brought up by a mother living on a widow's pension. His father was a pilot in the Second World War who was killed at the end of it when Clive was six. Like many after university, he left Australia to make his mark in London in 1961. He became a regular on British TV, and wrote comedy sketches, books and poems while mixing with newspaper and Cambridge Footlights club performers and their ilk. His friend from youth at Sydney University, film maker, Bruce Beresford, of *Driving Miss Daisy* and *Black Robe* international acclaim, wrote

an obituary for James in the *Sydney Morning Herald*. James apparently said popular culture was his observation point for good reason. It was that 'nothing in the world was more natural to him than to say what he thought and that it was a big advantage to come from a country where saying what you think is something you do all the time'. I guess he also had his tongue held in his cheek. Beresford also quotes James saying: 'I was brought up on the proletarian left and I will remain there. The fair go for the workers is fundamental, and I don't believe the free market has a mind'. He was an atheist by conviction, who described religion as *an advertising agency for a product that does not exist*. It actually exists, however, in deep, squid-like institutions wrapped across the face of the Earth which we may most easily think of, fondly or not, as the history of home. James approved of a planned economy and state-owned media. Without more independent intellectual spine, however, the democratic project fails, I think. Nevertheless, his work should be archived well in this country, to be a good example for the rest. I often fear the US times will see him easily forgotten in Australia, by stressing production and sale of new US product, rather than dealing well with yet another competing canon to its own. The mind, as distinct from the brain, has now also disappeared from view in key medical model diagnoses for disability. They deliver drugs or surgery to those who present themselves or who are sent by others for their first medical inspection. French philosopher Jacques Foucault appeared wise in being wary of professions grading populations for professional purposes as was New York anti-psychiatrist, Thomas Szasz. This autobiography shows why I share their views.

I remain a Marxist and Bob Dylan girl at heart, having lived in a time when successfully entering university meant a guaranteed career advance for men from almost any social background, if first allowed into the country. Yet there is nothing like the European depth and spread of institutional reach and therefore landed money, evident to Australian eyes in the place of our upbringing or birth, or in its bureaucratic states. We have an Opera House, universities and colleges, hospitals, media, superannuation funds and related population housing and infrastructure to manage in a globally and regionally mixed economy. At the end of the day, however, all politics is local and on state land. This should be a source of strength to anyone wishing to put religious belief in a better regulated policy context of service provision to diverse people. Like Clive James I am an atheist by conviction but I can also recognize a service many people want. I also hope women who have proliferated in Australian media since PM Kevin Rudd pursued our free to air communications policy in 2007 don't get cycled through when their tits drop and they become more alarming in any coming institutional reconstructions. If you are mangled in the machinery you may lose a bit, as the US President's aid once pointed out to *Washington Post* owner, Katherine Graham. Last in first off has always been the old man's industrial mantra, which is neither fair nor productive. Cut off the richest heads and let some cheaper and better things bloom is generally my advice. Let the top work for free and enjoy it, as many do, in open service. 'Always try to speak the truth, think before you speak and write it down afterwards', as the Red Queen also said to Alice in Wonderland. I often feel now I can't live without the lot.

In the museum resources space, Barry Humphries and Ken Thomas have done their patriotic bit, like the Nicholson Museum, by writing and illustrating *Dame Edna's*

Ednapaedia: A History of Australia in 101 objects. Dame Edna dictated this, including many lovely photos of herself. Her claim that *'From barbies to Bex powders, bogans to feral koalas, thongs to uggs and goon to Nellie Melba, this is the most important book of Australian history you will read this year,* is only a little farfetched as usual but I prefer the cultural positions of Shakespeare scholar, Germaine Greer to most of the above. I read *The Female Eunuch* in 1972, when a high school teacher in Northern Nigeria. Inspired by re-reading her work and a biography in 2007, I ran the Get German Greer for Governor General Group (GGGGGG) before the election of PM Kevin Rudd. I was a sole member but emailed Australian politicians and others about her obvious merits for appointment to the position of last GG and first woman in the job. PM Rudd gave us Quentin Bryce as first female representative of the British Crown instead. She is a Catholic lawyer, originally from the Queensland bush with lots of kids and hats. I address related matters later. As my parents, would have said were they alive, *'That's Australia for you'*, (always fighting the last war.)

Skilling me softly

You, who are on the road, must have a code that you can live by

In 1951, when my dad, mum, sister and I went from Essex to a pineapple and banana farm in Kandanga, near Maryborough in Queensland, the differences in her way of life made my mother sad. She missed the ordinary comforts of English life and faced loneliness with comparative strangers in the bush. I remember her taking refuge and solace in gardening and I would tag along, knowing how much I loved her and wishing I could help. It was hot. We saw how fast things grew. My uncle Charlie, being a farmer, didn't talk much. His marriage had been arranged many years earlier, with a woman from the Brethren. He was a non-believer but would drive Aunt Sissie to church each Sunday and wait outside in the car until she was ready to come home. She would sit with us at table but eat separately later and alone. They had no children but were kind to me. Those were the days when nice Australian women never wore trousers and wore gloves and hats when they went out, especially to church. Aunt Sissie was strict for the times. My East Londoner parents, on the other hand, were thoughtfully cosmopolitan and used to family and urban life in a technologically advanced cold country. Dad weathered the bush well. Mum was distressed.

As migrants trying to get on, my parents were aware I guess, of key political and industrial forces shaping Australia then. I wasn't aware of many of that era, in which we did not have a phone at home, let alone TV or computer and internet access. The smart phone was newly and widely introduced, when I retired in 2007. I was glad of more time to read and see movies and travel. At home I equally gladly avoided having a phone on my person. After I retired, the key impression I gained in global travel was of the overwhelming and continuing bricks and mortar solidity of aristocratic family and state financial forces. *'How could I have spent my adult intellectual and theoretical life without putting in the family centres supporting the Crowns?'*, I now ask myself repeatedly, slapping the side of my head hard, a bit like Varoufakis. In Australian life we are historically poor cousins, as in Siberia. However, we have entered a giant country which is mainly desert. Surely the technological idiot savants and autistic arseholes in the family can come up with something. In theory I am far ahead of the boys but they control practice. Open it up better to gardening and the performing arts. I hate boys ball games although I admit in recent years to a delightful US tour with German soccer players. God knows publishing needs fixing in the national interest, instead of Amazon head office and their mates hiding somewhere or other.

The farmhouse we first came to share with my uncle and aunt, had kerosene lamps lit every night, as well as tank water. There was no electricity for refrigeration so dairy and meat were in a wire sided cabinet, sometimes with a block of ice until it melted. The toilet was in the yard, in a wooden sentry-box. Newspaper or tissue paper was cut up and hung on a hook for bottom wiping. The toilet had a wooden seat on top of a can a family man regularly emptied into a pit dug for the purpose. Mum cooked on a stove for which wood had to be chopped and split first. To do our washing, she also heated up water in a wood fired copper to boiling point, swirling the clothes around in the soapy water with a large paddle. Then she put them through a mangle, to crush them free of water, ready for rinse and repeat. Then she pegged them on the line. She had an iron heated up on the wood

fired stove, for which she also had to split kindling. It was called Mrs Potts, for no reason we knew of. Amenities even worse than these confronted us living on land in outer suburbs of Brisbane, where we moved later. However, this lifestyle was relatively common for many people at that time in Australia, outside comparatively small circles of urban area utilities. Many people were saving to get ahead through land purchase and shack rental, without contemporary urban services and in far less regulated conditions than seen now. After I went to university in 1966, I was excited and grateful so forgot life in the lower ranks.

During the fifties the main difference between the toilet in the town and in the country was that '*dunny men*' would come from the local council to take the full tin away once a week, whereas in the country, someone in the family had to regularly dig a pit and tip the lot in. Dad took that job lot on when he bought land in Brisbane and built a house a comparatively long way back from the bus stop at the beginning of the Chapel Hill dirt road. Anybody living along the road without a car or bicycle had to walk it in the day or at night, without lights unless with a torch, to get to a passing bus. Dad bought me a bicycle which I rode to primary school when I was the youngest in my class to get one. It made me a big hit with kids on school sports days in Brisbane. Australia has never been like the US and I was never so crass as to charge classmates for a ride. It was an era when school sores and boils were common and parents greatly feared polio striking children. The young English former merchant navy seaman that my sister fell in love with and married in Brisbane, was found to have tuberculosis. Sheila was pregnant with her first child. She faced a new baby in the bush with Geoff in Chermshire Hospital, where she visited with great difficulty for many months. We lived with our parents and dad built an extra self-contained bedroom at the side of our house for Sheila and Geoff and the baby when he came home from hospital. They often entertained me with stories and bushwalks and swimming at the beach. They did so even more later, when they had their own house and family of three children.

To go out in the bush in Kandanga in the 1950s we were highly dependent on dad and the car. Sheila quickly found a job in the local post office. As she was a pleasant, attractive and capable young woman of marriageable age, everyone was kind and attentive to her. She enjoyed the new life and I loved being taken out to the beach or bush with her crowd. I didn't think about our new life much, except for being sad about mum, as I remember. Ours was a commonly passing life in the Australian bush. Mum never minded hard work but her loss was of a family, home, landscape and society, she missed and mourned deeply. Dad was told it would be cheaper to ship his car out from Britain to Sydney docks. Then when it arrived, he could travel down to Sydney by train and drive it back to Kandanga. He did this because many products which are common now were comparatively rare, expensive and hard to get then. Australia had a highly protected but fast developing economy with an expanding British and other European immigrant population. There was also a need for rapid industry and housing construction after the return of men from World War Two. Most businesses and homes faced many product and labour shortages and thus high prices.

Dad learned about the farming business by working with uncle Charlie. He also learned about buying and selling sacks in which farm produce was packed for market according to

the crops and seasons. I remember sitting on sacks in front of the pineapples, while dad drove my uncle's giant horse and tray. Looking back at my parents, I think dad was enjoying a new adventure after the war. He determined to build his own house and business in an unfamiliar land, with two dependents or helpers, before my sister married. Many people say they are going to build a house when they mean they will pay someone else to build it. Dad built the lot himself eventually, with some physical family help. Being a builder's labourer appears my natural womanly stance in life for good reason. It seems only natural I should have joined the Communist Party of Australia (CPA) later, like the Green activist and trade union leader Jack Munday, from North Queensland, before me. I came into the party with the new left wave, reading *What is to Be Done* and the views of Alexandra Kollontai, in the Left Tendency CPA Sydney branch for tertiary students. I was later with the Teachers branch. Jennie George, a contemporary European migrant, became the first woman President of the Teachers Federation and of the Australian Council of Trade Unions (ACTU). Her husband, Paddy, was in the CPA. I can't believe that she is left out of Aisling Marlor's book *Women Who Made Australian History*. Jesus, what was she thinking?

Our family business was our world within a world. We loved radio, movies, TV, reading, the performing arts and having a good time in the bush and at the beach. Many immigrants see financial salvation through saving in land and housing first. The common manufacturing, Labor party and trade union emphasis has usually been on the landlord as the common enemy, who the housewife and children must face. This has also allowed the men to spend more time and money at the pub and on cigarettes and gambling. The reality often appears different for immigrant and other ways of moving up, by owning rural land and housing. When I got my first job as a typist in Brisbane at sixteen, for example, dad lent me money for a speculative deposit on land at Nerang. I sold it when I got married, at 21 in 1968. Then my Australian born husband and I bought speculative land at Berridale, on the way to the Snowy Mountains in New South Wales. We sold it before we divorced later. Investment in cheap land and housing allows members of the growing family to be supported while they support each other by working in any related small businesses.

Later generations of the Australian born, like me, tended increasingly to gain more formal education credentials leading into more private sector manufacturing and expanding service states. Australian high school and university educated men typically meet up again in advancing their professional and political party organisations, in employer and employee associations, and in other financial and bargaining matters. The dominant party, state and professional outlooks seem increasingly poor for our natural environment, in many cases. Similar relations are also learned in top sports like men's ball games. I have always loathed their dominating ball game chatter, as if any of it mattered, except to cement a certain kind of male being. However, I also forgot my family roots which were never in either the trade union movement or any form of party or professional organisation. At Sydney University they commonly refer to '*sport and recreation*' for policy purposes. Sport is actually part of a broader recreation first. Population recreation prepares for fitness in any range of chosen fields. These kids should grow up fit. I speak as a mother with that view, following mine.

I see from the inside cover of *Baby Boomers*, that this social history book about growing up in my post-war generation was given to me by my former lover and father of our child, Denis Townsend, a former Catholic and best man at my wedding. Jess was born in 1977. Denis gave me *Baby Boomers* with love and kisses for Christmas 1988 with the message. 'This is our lot'. It still seems so. In the fifties and sixties, many Australian Catholics and Protestants like us mixed at public or private schools, in shared British and then US cultural associations and entertainments. This came first from radio and then TV. Many rural and immigrant kids or those from broken families also shared in these communication cultures. We remember radio serials like *The Air Adventures of Biggles*, *Superman*, and *Smokey Dawson*. *When a Girl Marries* was dedicated to *All those in love, and to all those who can remember*. We listened to the *Children's Hour* on radio and were familiar with Ruth Park's *Muddle-Headed Wombat* and key entertainers. We sang *My Old Man's a Dustman*, *Flying Purple People Eater*, and *Does your chewing gum lose its flavour on the bedpost overnight*, followed by the top forty favourites of the era by British, US and Australian recording artists. However, any formal and supposedly egalitarian or romantic school and family associations may have their darker side. The primary school maypole we danced around as girls, carrying variously coloured ribbons and wearing matching sashes, looked fine when we wove them in expected patterns and didn't stuff it up. It took a lot of practice for us to be able to do it. Today we'd doubtless wonder if it was worth the trouble.

From arrival in Australia, my parents' disagreements over lifestyle and money made them fight and made mum sadder. She nearly always lost the argument because my father would retreat into a silent fury. She would finally give in and they would have sex. I would hear the talking and then the sex because the walls were thin. I think I conceived of sex as punishment for women. My mother was often urging on a family member's behalf, or against my father's plans in small business which she thought risky for very good reason I am sure. For example, dad would get mad about what something I had to get for school cookery cost, when mum asked for the money. He thought about buying a petrol station or shop. Mum wanted to keep me out of this for a better chance in life as a shorthand typist. After a fight about any family matter, my mother would sometimes win, but not often. Both of them believed, very reasonably, that she had no choice other than to follow him. This was their lot. Reading Doris Lessing's debut novel, *The Grass in Singing* about deteriorating married life on a failing farm in South Africa, was chillingly convincing to me later in life, especially as I had taught for two years in Nigeria when I first read it in the early seventies. In the case of the family pineapple and banana farm in Queensland, however, work was done by white men in the family and by a young man who had come to Australia from England under a migrant scheme. He lived in a shed built behind the main house. He did not mix with the family at meal times or in related association with us other than farm work. To my knowledge, I saw far fewer Australian aborigines in those days than I see in Sydney now. In retrospect, however, I sometimes wonder if my first serious boy-friend at high school, came from a part aboriginal family. His name was Lex Brown but he was no relation. He doesn't respond to my attempts at contact. I never know why but find it interesting.

The number of aboriginal people in Australia at the time of the First Fleet from Britain in 1788 has lately been estimated at around 750,000. Church and government reserves for

aboriginal people began to develop later, supposedly as protective measures for a dying race, who didn't exist. That was the case according to English law and colonial Constitutional practice, which had supposedly found Australia empty of people (*terra nullius*). As a child in Queensland, I was far less aware of living with any aboriginal or Torres Strait or other islander people than I am living in Glebe today. I was, however, often frightened of drunk men reeling down the evening street, which seemed to be comparatively common in Brisbane. Whether this was related to the early closing times for pubs or whether violence would have been more of a problem without that I have no idea. After inclusion of aboriginal people in the Census in 1967, better mother and child health services meant a sharp decline in rural and desert child mortality. Aboriginal birth rates rose until those who identify today as aboriginal are around 3% of the Australian population.

The states of Australia had each had their own Constitutions from England since the gold rushes of the 1850s, well after the early convict and farming settlements had occurred. In 1901, states were finally linked in a federation under a new Commonwealth of Australia Constitution and related administrative associations with the states and territories. The origin of the White Australia policy lay in the first acts of the federation of States, which were the Pacific Islander Labourer's Act and the Immigration Restriction Act. In *Social Sketches of Australia*, Humphrey Mc Queen notes that in 1888 the *Bulletin's History of Botany Bay* had put great weight on convicts 'to expose the corrupt origins of despotism and the British connexion'. He also notes a long economic downturn then lasted from about 1890 to 1941. War is the normal pick me up for men from the teeth of recession on the land and in manufacturing, so as to get themselves more employment. Like sex, many may want it to keep happening, and naturally call it family defence or service in hard times. Planning today ideally involves contraception and abortion being linked to better housing. I recommend no more than two children today, rather than selective elimination of boys.

My mother was one of eleven siblings although three died early in life. At the time of Australian states federation in 1901, large families were quite common and between six and ten children was considered normal. Up to fifteen was not unusual. Methods of contraception were very limited and they were also frowned upon by church authorities whose opinions carried great influence into law. Abortion was legally seen as like murder, administered under criminal law. Criminal law carries a stronger burden of proof than civil law. Hence with murder or abortion, the accused is more likely to go free than in civil courts. The Pacific Islander Labourer's Act of 1901 had aimed to end the kanaka labour trade on sugar plantations in North Queensland to protect this work for favoured immigrants only. Asians, in particular Chinese, were also targets of the Immigration Restriction Act. They were in Australia since gold rush days until denied entry by unfamiliar European language testing. In 1934, for example, the Czech journalist, Egon Kisch, was to come from the World Congress of the Movement Against War and Fascism as a guest speaker to the Melbourne Congress. When he was denied entry to Australia, he jumped off the ship. He failed the Dictation Test given to him in Gaelic by a police officer, but went on a speaking and writing tour. Australia soon took many more migrants from post-war Europe. The white Australia policy was ended by a Labor government in 1973.

In 1907 the legislated male wage under State and Commonwealth agreements, was set to provide enough for a man to support a wife and two to three children in frugal comfort. Related laws barred women from any man's job and explicitly established separate work on sex-based grounds, where women must resign on marriage and were denied career advance. Women's wages were later set at two thirds of the male rate, when doing the same jobs. This entrenched sex discrimination, from later international perspectives enshrined in the United Nations *Universal Declaration of Human Rights* after World War Two. The Evatt family of Australian lawyers was dedicated to establishing the Declaration internationally and in Australian law and practice. My paid working life was later spent in related practice, lower down in the Australian evolutionary advance. As a grandma I have become a serious revisionist and this is my family account.

Family and household matters may first drive industrial, political and other career actions. However, political party, professional and industrial systems often dismiss the family rounds of birth, sickness, disability and death as demographic keys for joint planning attention. They see them instead as part of God's work, like bushfires, floods and other personally moving incentives for more charitable actions, which they often are. I was introduced to a broader risk management approach when working in regional treatment of health standards and insurance in the 1980s. This is discussed in later chapters which entail a global and regional demographic understanding, rather than starting from the home-grown circles. This is where death as well as birth is understood to be real, as distinct from opinion, and broadly accepted first as being the case. The life cycle concept may be suitable in regard to species, but we all face death as individuals. For Christ's sake face it and bring the Pope.

I think Australia was ahead of the global times after Federation in 1901 and has been a comparatively lucky, fair and meritocratic, producer driven place, including women, since. However, from international and related regional perspectives on wellbeing the path is now overgrown. In 1901, keeping the male wage high was generally seen as protective for women as their child bearing role meant their need for the support of good men. Unfortunately, there have always been bad ones too. Since the end of World War Two and the Declaration of Human Rights, Australia hopes to live in a new world order protecting all lands and people to a reasonable standard, internationally as well as nationally set. From the small business view that I now try to grasp globally in old age, I renounce some of my former industrial views as being too professionally and technologically driven. I guess wealthy young women may also be too romantic today if they think of their partners on the make as potential providers for them and their children forever, in their expected style.

We once saw big technological and financial forces related to cars controlling social forces. Now we see this more dramatically in fast IT advance in which the technology may drive the content poorly, because of market and professional limitations on social service. Former PM, Malcolm Turnbull wrote in *A Bigger Picture* that Julie Bishop, the deputy leader of his party, claimed their colleagues always said '*Thank God I'm not the Communications*

Minister, I hope Malcolm knows what he's talking about because I don't understand a word of it. Put national and regional content in the driving seat first. Former PM Kevin Rudd's communications direction wisely established free to air TV and personal health care recording from the cradle to the grave. Technology should be established to support social services to good national effect rather than the reverse. The family or related immigrant business might easily be seen as threats to expected national or state standards if any of its members are not rewarded correctly according to legislation. The virtues of any particular case should naturally be explored as well, because free labour may exist for many reasons.

In Kandanga, after dad and mum explored the district and learned a little of the farming business, they decided this move far into the bush, living with family, was not for them. Mum wanted to move to Brisbane partly so her daughters could get broader education and jobs to widen their circles of choice. Like many mothers at the time, before reliable contraception or abortion were options, she feared her daughters would get pregnant eventually, if left to their own comparatively few devices in the bush. This would usually mean a 'shotgun' wedding or a girl would disappear suddenly from the scene. She would return later, after having birthed the baby and having had it adopted, perhaps by a married couple. Strong social norms dictated she could never speak of the event to anyone. I saw friends leave or marry without acknowledging their plight. That changed for women of my generation who went to university after the contraceptive pill arrived in the sixties. I have never needed an abortion. However, by the 1970s women in my circle spoke of them.

My parents were comparatively free urban thinkers who wanted their daughters to choose their marital partners for themselves. Good work and education records were central to the choice and so was keeping one's legs firmly crossed. We were united in being shocked at the idea of unplanned pregnancy as a comparative family tragedy, to be remedied somehow. I am surprised today when men and women may be surprised if pregnancy occurs. I wonder what such common accidents might mean for other expressed or unexpressed desires or expectations of support. This is a question Margaret Thatcher addressed in the British poll tax concept. Somebody must pay for the welfare state, as it is normally the state of dependency on the collective efforts of others. Key generational issues, like death and estate, should be faced not denied in this broader collective context.

Small businesses in the city or supporting farming in rural or remote areas may depend most for financial success or failure on the family in its immediate neighbourhood first. Family and small business situations and interests may also vary sharply and from time to time for personal and emotional as well as financial and other environmental reasons. Whether a business man is conceived as an employer, self-employed, or an employee for example, may depend on the particular project and the particular day of the week. Many may still rise or fall by their free efforts together again. Take our Brown family, for example.

We planned to resettle in Brisbane, on what was then its comparative outskirts, in worse conditions from where we were in Kandanga. In those days the suburb of Kenmore was

truly rural. We were going to live rough on land between the suburbs of Chapel Hill and Indooroopilly somewhat closer to the city. Dad was contracted by a dentist to clear some land and perhaps to farm it. He assumed his employer would develop some of the land for farming or housing sale later; or else use continuing clearing for tax deduction purposes. In my childhood memory, the lands we worked and lived on seemed huge. They were connected by an overgrown path in a gulley to a house dad was building by himself, with family help. This was when clearing land was with axes and machetes, before power tools were available to many. Dad cleared the land while also building the new house at Chapel Hill on a piece of land he had bought from a local dairy farmer whose house we could see on the next ridge. He also built a small wooden bridge over the gulley to reach Chapel Hill Road, which was then a long dirt road to the bus-stop, like so many roads were then. While this land clearing, house and bridge building occurred, my parents, my sister and I lived in a very small shack with no inside amenities of any kind to speak of. It was in far worse conditions than in Kandanga, which had already been a big shock to mum. There was a huge gumtree beside the shack, providing rare beauty and shade across the already cleared landscape. Dad was told to cut it down and so he did. Mum and I both sat there crying our eyes out and we were all very sorry. It is perhaps the strongest sad memory of my early life.

Dad had plans for our new life on the land where he was building. A lot of the house was wood, lined with fibro sheeting. By the 1990s, this building material was destined by law to be treated as asbestos. I have so far suffered no ill effects of this childhood asbestos exposure. Dad tried buying and selling sacks around farming communities and lost money as he had little or no historical understanding of the markets. He tried mixed vegetable farming, producing a lot of work for little profit. We bought a huge number of chickens to put in sheds he put up and outfitted for chicken and egg production. Mum sorted the eggs and they were sold to the Egg Board until the chickens got bird flu and had to be killed. One of my strong early memories is finding dead baby chicks and dying chickens. Once I fell into a newly sorted and packed Egg Board crate of eggs while I was skipping. I was horrified by what I had done and both my parents were remarkably forbearing and kind about it. This is a difficult route for a marriage, however, especially when the chickens go down with illness and have to be slaughtered. It is interesting that I forgot my small business family beginnings when I developed political analyses in university and state institutions later in life. In retirement I see more of where my sympathies came from originally and also why I feel so comparatively angry and roughly inquisitive now. I cannot say I told you so. I took a comparatively privileged and theoretically constructed route, in government and university work myself, adhering closer in speech to their standards. I also have the benefits today.

Economists write as if people are buying and selling houses for purely financial reasons. Many people, however, are not responding primarily to market signals in their trades, but to family and related emotional and household change. Dad liked to buy a subdivided living situation where he owned a property on which someone else lived and paid rent or not, depending on the situation. When my sister became Sheila Ward, after marrying her English former merchant seaman boyfriend, dad built a separate bedroom dwelling next to the house he had built for us at Chapel Hill. This meant they could save for land of their own at Indooroopilly and build. Their house was built by professionals with mod cons of the period,

including an indoor toilet and washing machine. They soon had three children to support. Sheila and Geoff looked after me a lot when I was young and I depended on their family for all sorts of entertainment. Family time after school, at weekends and on longer holidays was often spent at the local creeks and crossings, swimming pools or at the beach.

The expectations of the household economy may be led by many unpaid members, yet the professional analysis seldom sees it as so, even when the welfare state is overarching. Dad eventually did better financially when he became a milkman delivering bottled milk by utility truck around expanding Indooroopilly, Chapel Hill, and Kenmore districts. The European Australian population grew rapidly and their families grew the economy. They were also great milk drinkers. Government supported dairy production with the health requirement for each primary school child to have a small bottle of milk at school each day. Dad and mum normally did the milk run accounts during the day. Customers would often make changes to normal nightly milk supply which had to be documented, carried out and invoiced properly. Leaving me at home alone at night after my sister was married and left was natural. I was a good sleeper so I was never frightened while they were on the milk run. I sometimes went out in the truck instead of mum on Friday nights to get pocket money.

When I first went to school, it was at Indooroopilly primary and mum had to walk there with me through the bush in the morning, dragging me and bribing me with cakes, because I hated it. Kids laughed at my accent but worse was we had arithmetic first in the morning. My hands were icy with fear each day and became warm only after the ordeal was over. I couldn't do the sums in a subject called '*mental*' fast enough. The teacher made us sit up straight and put our hands with our slate pencils or ordinary pencils in them on our heads, in anticipation of the sum she would deliver to the class. As we did the sum mentally, she shouted '*pencils down; hands away*'. We had to thrust our arms quickly behind our backs and sit up straight. I had to admit every morning, when class members called out the answers, that I had a lot wrong. I couldn't stand the stress and humiliation. I generally avoided maths, although I had fun with or without them in a later working life in the state public service. I always enjoyed spelling, reading, writing and other subjects like drama. I also recall learning Australian history and geography later. We were practiced at drawing maps of Australia and putting in rivers, towns and state boundaries. We heard about the *Sunlander* train and many towns following production up the Queensland Coast. Later we sang, *Life is Great in the Sunshine State*. We giggled at the words, but I generally enjoyed it.

Where Britain refers to its private schools as public and rejoices in a civil service, Australia is less terminally confused and has a state public service. We should not assume the public is necessarily civil about public servants, particularly out of earshot. It also seems dishonest to refer to private schools as public, as if benefits were equally available to any child beyond the gates. At Indooroopilly state primary school, they first tried to change my writing hand from left to right, against my horrified will. Mum went up and complained and they stopped doing it. As soon as we could move into the shell of our house in Chapel Hill, we did. We met our neighbours and I changed schools to Taringa primary school where I was much happier, even in mathematics. One of our rare neighbours along Chapel Hill

Road, Mr Butler, was a builder. He had a truck with a big flat tray on the back. Kids going to Taringa school would come to his place and get on the back and he drove us there each morning. Today this would be called a safety nightmare, especially as most roads were narrow, bumpy and dusty. Driving along them threw up clouds of dust, while dogs also raced out from houses to see if they could catch the wheels of a vehicle. Occasionally they did. We lost Paddy to traffic and Bolshie to ticks. Burton just disappeared.

Taringa primary school was a big hit with me and I stayed there loving the teachers and kids for the most part until I went to Indooroopilly High School. Just as reported in *Baby Boomers*, we all did the same school work, read the same great or popular books, told the same jokes, sang the same elevated or popular songs and played games and sport in sex segregated groups or together. Primary school girls and boys played and flirted with each other through exchange of messages in autograph books or by providing those favoured with strawberry or chocolate flavoured drinking straws, as well as with lollies, sometimes shaped like hearts with messages on them. The flavoured straws were later found to be unhygienic and were banned from school. Tuck shop fed us the normal round of pies, sausage roles and mock cream buns as well as some brightly coloured soft drinks. School fights with leftover water melon rinds were looked on reasonably indulgently at Christmas.

When TV arrived in Australia in 1956, it was a huge national step up and entrée to global culture through Australian links with British BBC origins and increasingly with US news and cultural product as well as songs and films. Dad was keen to get a TV early and I always did my homework in front of it. Before that we had radio. I remember the quiz shows, new US serials and great plays but especially the songs, as I heard and sang them at home and with school friends. The influential Australian Catholic church apologist, B.A. Santamaria, was given a regular weekly spot on TV long before I could understand his views. I was also introduced to Bertrand Russell and Ed Murrow through TV. They regularly put their points of view to the Australian masses. I became a great fan of Bertrand Russell, whose anti-war philosophical views broadly approximated those of my family. However, I had no understanding of the contemporary US political forces arising from US actions against Communists and Jews in trade unions. Nor could I see the Australian male Protestant and Catholic divide at work and in related party developments that I inherited as a woman.

In the 1940 election, the United Australia Party leader and Prime Minister, Bob Menzies, supported a wartime coalition government with Labor's John Curtin. Top lawyer and Labor man, Doc Evatt, had been elected to government earlier in a contested seat and became Attorney General and Minister for External Affairs. In this role he went to the UN Conference in San Francisco in 1945. He took a leading part in the creation of the United Nations Organization, the adoption of its Charter, and the means for establishing its related agreements in governments around the world. In 1950, as a Labor lawyer, Evatt successfully fought the Communist Party Dissolution Act in the High Court of Australia. When I was growing up oblivious of such tensions, many religious Catholics felt the normal trade union and Labor party processes did not represent their family and small business views effectively. The main Catholic newspaper, *The Catholic Worker*, for example, began

operation in 1936. It was originally established by Catholics supporting the fascist Franco regime in the Spanish Civil War, against Communist and Anarchist organisation and interests. The leading intellectual and political Catholic voice in Australia then, was BA Santamaria. A Catholic lawyer, he established the National Civic Council with associated organizations in 1957. They were to combat the Communist led trade union influence in government. Labor Party supporters in related trade unions often recruited from church and community constituents, in higher education institutions and in high schools, as well as in workplaces. Many saw themselves as speaking against employers in the interests of all workers, as I did later. I forgot about small business, even though I came from it originally. It seems clear in 2020, that most Australians are increasingly free of any party, trade union and related association interests, which typically claim to speak on their behalf. Old associations now seem more protective of old men's interests. Open them up.

Australia has cared a lot, however, about the democratic education of its compulsory voting population. Going to a state primary school, I was hardly aware of any differences between Protestant and Catholic children, although I knew that my much-loved teacher, Mr Doig was a Catholic, as he spoke a lot about Ireland and he knew that I had other ideas than him about Communism. Kids from state and Catholic schools occasionally used to chant sporting abuse when they met, but I never saw serious trouble. *'Catholics, Catholics in the bin, Protestants, Protestants further in'*, was a common school meeting duet. Or *'Catholics, Catholics, (or Protestants) yah yah ya. Oughta be, oughta be, dipped in tar.* In the circles I was in, Catholic priests were mainly avoided for harassing women for lapses from the faith, like divorce or sending children to state schools. Only later, in high school, at work as a shorthand typist, and as a university student, did I begin to see how the adoption of a serious Catholic persuasion could destroy one's future if *'Vatican roulette'*, the rhythm method, didn't work as birth control. I guess Catholic kids learned to ignore more mistakes.

I was comparatively bored at home in Chapel Hill. The few children or people without a car who lived on our road had to straggle along it for ages after getting off the bus on the route to Kenmore. We were of assorted ages and didn't have much in common, but I soon became good friends with Annie, a Dutch girl a little older than me. Mum would often go up the path, across the bridge dad built across the gully, to visit Mrs Horchner, our closest neighbour, for a cup of tea. He hated her being away from domestic or business duties for long. He probably thought she was talking about her dissatisfaction and missing England. He never forbade her visits but made it clear he didn't much like her talking unaccompanied. My parents met a number of Dutch families occasionally for a cup of tea and biscuits. I think mum thought it would have been easier for our family if dad had got a job as a clerk in an office and that he could have done so easily even though he was over fifty. Dad, however, usually liked to do things his way. It was her role to accept. To be fair to dad's methods, he made enough money through finding a milk run in an expanding local area to take mum and me back to visit England only seven years after we arrived. That's working and saving. Later land sale helped us move to Auchenflower, nearer the city, when I started high school.

My class at Taringa Primary school came to see me off to England in 1958, waving and throwing streamers as I leaned over the deck rail of the Lloyd Triestino passenger liner, *SS Roma*. The Courier Mail came to take a picture and I featured prominently in the main Queensland newspaper. I enjoyed the voyage immensely until the sinking of the *Skaubryn*, meant an extra 1288 passengers, arrived suddenly on board when our boat picked them up from the ocean. I since learned from an exhibition at the Sydney Maritime Museum and the internet, that the Norwegian flag vessel, *Skaubryn*, normally carried refugee passengers, and was then travelling from Malta to Sydney. It had a life boat drill only hours before a fire broke out in the engine room and quickly spread. All passengers were safely evacuated in life boats in calm seas, although one died from a heart attack in a lifeboat. We dropped them off at Aden and travelled on to Genoa and then by land to see part of Italy and France before reaching England, where we stayed with my older sister Joyce and her family. We also went to Butlin's Holiday Camp for a week, which I loved. At school in Reading, I found myself out of my depth in curriculum but surprisingly good at sports. This reversal of my normal expectations made me think. I also saw why mum missed her home. However, we came back to Australia, as she was also happy enough to do after this family visit. We took the milk-run back from my brother-in-law's recently arrived brother's family, who was keeping it going while we were away in England, deciding whether we would stay there or not.

Dad's milk run was expanding through new building. He loved the big professional family customers who drank lots of milk and paid their bills on time. However, many former primary school kids remember drinking school milk warmed in the sun and hating it. Dad's supplier, Peters Ice Cream, gave us a beautiful ice cream cake every Christmas. In the fifties Australian Christmas cards still looked as if we were warmed by fires in Dickensian homes shrouded in snow, decorated with holly and mistletoe. We went swimming at nearby creek crossings or beaches for many such family festivities. I was a voracious reader. My English teacher, Miss Macdonald, lent me her copy of *Seven Little Australians* and I soon found I loved the book series as much as *Ann of Green Gables*, *Little Women* and my other favourite books. The comparatively boring state school magazine came out regularly, as did the more exciting publication sent by the private sector to state schools. It was often favoured as it contained lots of product samples designed to educate and interest us in finished products. The state school magazine once contained a true poem, good enough for a personal mission statement. It was: *Books are chests of buried treasure; Books are steps, that upward lead; Books are gates to lands and pleasure. Come let us read.* Almost anything that is manufactured must start out with speech. Writing is first recording on which the rest is to be built. Its common communications mission is vital but often overlooked as soon as the secretive adversarial complexity of law prevails across the lot. In the internet and tick-a-box era it is often conveniently forgotten in constant tricky search of broader markets.

The older I got the happier I got as the freer I felt to live my own life in a time of mass US and British communications aimed squarely at kids including me all around the world. Increasingly we sang US popular songs we heard on the radio and saw on TV. The school songs about the merits of being *The British Grenadiers* or *The Merry Peasant* or lingering *Down by the Sally Gardens*, faded into the background along with allegiance to the Queen and flag. We saw *Disneyland* and loved the kids in the *Mickey Mouse Club*. We also loved

many new Australian songs and TV shows as well as US and British ones on the hit parades. We sang Australian advertising jingles about toilet rolls, Vegemite or fly spray on school bus trips, and also went to dances. My generation was increasingly steeped in US cultural views and it continues, determined largely by shared US and English language empire economies of scale, I guess. When I was a child our Asian relations to the North were largely ignored except for increasing popular fear of Communists seeing Australia as a land to take over.

To be free to choose one's partner is seen as the essence of equality between the sexes in dominant global standards. After Gilbert and Sullivan musical theatre had seeped into comparatively educated British bones, the Broadway musical and Hollywood film sewed the romantic tradition globally through the song in every feminine heart with any pretensions. Looking back over the pleasures and entertainments of primary and secondary schooling I recall my parents taking me regularly to US movies at the local cinema. I loved them. I remember a musical called *Red Garters* which started with the screen going up upon the statement that '*Some people say the movies should be more like life but I say life should be more like the movies.*' I pondered this deeply. I thrilled to every song in *My Fair Lady* when dad took mum and me to the commercial theatre as a rare and great surprise treat. I blissfully watched the movies *South Pacific*, *Guys and Dolls*, *Oklahoma*, *Carmen Jones*, and all the musical rest with my parents or with girl-friends. Their effects on me must have lasted, as I find I still recall a considerable part of all their soundtracks over sixty years later.

I soon chose the Broadway heroine as a model higher than any former religious song or address. Thus, I left behind my huge enjoyment of the Christian school camp at the beach which had offered our state school kids a week of religious beach games, plays and songs with other girls. I found a greater love in Broadway musicals and French torch songs. I always found US popular entertainment products amazingly uplifting, compared with the lawyers foisted on us in anti-discrimination legislation that I was more soberly interested in implementing as an adult. The drive-ins and supermarkets came to Brisbane when I was a teenager going out alone or with others. Lex, the first high school boy I fell in love with, gave me the record *West Side Story* before I had a record player. I was thrilled and bought one when I'd saved up by working in Woolworths and helping dad on Friday night milk runs.

By today's urban standards, our early lot in Queensland seems an impoverished mode of private life, just as mum found it. However, it was common then for people to clear land and live rough in a shack while building a house. On the land dad bought at Chapel Hill, was a shack of unlined corrugated iron with concrete and dirt floors. A bus driver with a family of three paid rent to dad until they could afford a better place. When they left the shack was taken over by new Dutch immigrants and then by a large English family. They came with us to Auchenflower, nearer the city, to live in a big old Queensland style house on stumps that dad had bought. It was divided down the middle, with a veranda at the front. Dad gave up the milk run to move to Auchenflower when I began high school and the thrill of going to this more urban place as a teenager was wonderful to me. With much greater personal freedom, living closer to town and events, my social life dramatically picked up. My best girl-friend, Pirjo Sampi, and I went to many dances and places together. She gave me my

first lesson in how to treat domestic violence, when her father clouted her across the side of the head, giving her a swollen face and black eye. She went to school against both her parents' wishes and told our friends and anybody else who asked what had happened to her. I realized then that in any reasonably good society openness is likely to be the best defence for the weak and a girl stays silent on bad treatment often at her peril.

Many Australian Catholics came from lower socio-economic, peasant and small business immigrant backgrounds, like and unlike my urban, atheistic, British parents. Catholics were encouraged by their church to eschew birth control and divorce. Their religion railed against effective contraception as well as abortion. Sexual abstinence was expected before marriage, although alcohol and gambling were popular. As a British family who wrote '*Methodist*' when pressed, we avoided their risks. The Browns were straight Labour voters, I guess, mainly because they thought of our family in the global and British class context. In 1959 the Second Vatican Council was announced by Pope John XXIII. It ran from 1962-65 to address the pastoral needs of the Church in dialogue with voting Bishops and with Christian and other communities 'separated from Rome'. This was timely opening to global change.

In the 1960s, many people of my generation, including me, knew nothing about the Korean War, but judged the US war on Vietnam to be evil, starting from when Australian conscripts were first sent to fight in 1964. When I became an Arts student at the University of Queensland in 1966, I imbibed the views of social movements then called the '*New Left*'. The name was to contrast members of new, loosely organized and anti-imperialist social alliances, with those from older political party or trade union politics. The new left advocated on behalf of women, aborigines, immigrants, homosexuals, the environment and others hidden from normal deliberations of old white men ruling all related global and local business. Like markets, Western bureaucratic notions of meritocratic performance often hide their family, party and professional connexions. To understand international politics now, we should look back at least on the end of World War Two and Cold War politics to the events of the 1970s and beyond, as more broadly educated and richer cohorts emerged in global and local terms. Policy increasingly treats public and private morality in a growing and nationally inclusive ideal state of wellbeing. However, the new left was globally led by elite males at universities, in retrospect with shady backing. For an Australian example, see the mystery of the Ananda Marga bombing of the Sydney Hilton in 1978. It was the first example of Australia facing international terrorism with our own Sydney University poster boy, Tim Anderson. Who brung him? Landers *Who Bombed the Hilton?* and Salusinszky's *The Hilton Bombing* tell this baby boomer generational story. We should hear many more.

ALP and CPA trade union and party organizations between the two world wars, later incorporated attitudes of the new left social movements I supported, growing to adulthood in the 1960s. This alliance led to more political rifts with traditional Catholic church followers and organisations, like those following BA Santamaria. Devout Catholic groups feared Labor and Communist trade union and party organizations led increasingly to living against the teachings of God and the family. Such Catholics rejected the British inspired state secular education and wanted state subsidised church schools to teach Catholic

morality. They also had their own hospitals, social welfare and charitable organisations. Their institutions relied upon the army of brothers and nuns who worked as schoolteachers, supervisors and workers in many health and social welfare areas. This Catholic and related religious breach with the Labor rest was healed when the Whitlam government came to power in 1972, promising stronger state support for private and disadvantaged schools. The church role in death has also been huge and religious caring remains a service many want.

In old age, I read Patrick Morgan's book of Santamaria's edited letters between 1938-1996, *Your Obedient Servant*. It shows him as a Catholic layman, trained lawyer, in lifelong paid service to the Church of Rome. He appeared consciously guided and informed by the Christian Democratic political model of thought and action. He explains this in contrasting four models of social and political development: Capitalist; Marxist; Secular Humanist; and Christian Democratic. He saw the European Christian Democrat view as the state representative stance of Italian, Irish and other peasant or family business. Santamaria was a religious warmonger against Communism. He might be called a sectarian Jihadist today. He sought the increasing US and Australian alliance and was a strong supporter of ramping up government intervention and bombing of Asian peasants during the US war on Vietnam. In later life he switched to seeing US markets and so the Australian and US state alliance as key sources of moral degradation. His autobiography was aptly called *Against the Tide*. Former PM Tony Abbott is a historical representative of his influence in Australia nowadays.

Santamaria increasingly mourned the Catholic Church adoption of principles championed globally in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights as he thought they led to a Godless nation. Australian governments, however, increasingly gave financial support for inclusive education and other services later addressed in many new anti-discrimination, health care and disability acts. Santamaria's views reflected those of many older Australians when I entered Queensland university in 1966, in company with many lapsing Catholics. He hated Communism and strongly disapproved of married women in paid work; sex outside life-long marriage; effective contraception; abortion; divorce; homosexual expression; and those who assist or service such operations apparently deemed undesirable by God. Today the things that Santamaria most hated, represent giant markets in which women and their doctors have voluntarily entered in increasing droves if they have the means to do so, along with scientists, engineers, etc. People have voted with their feet to bring about equality between the sexes which rests on limited reproduction and equal wage related treatment. The rural and urban problem is that many kids without work may spoil and impoverish the plot when all need cleaner environments outside the richly gated family and community. The Pope needs us to fix it. Theoretically I have a go at www.Carolodonnell.com.au

The story of my generation partly lies in removing some key discriminations in law. These discriminations may also be reasonably well thought of by many, as more protective of the society as a whole. However, our bodily eliminations and death, as well as our food and sexual expectations, require treatment in regional rather than professional community contexts of production, distribution and consumption. Gross domestic product (GDP) is one of many flawed national, international and market driven notions. It should take account of

the number of people expected to live upon the sum, how it is spent, and how this relates to free comforts, for any more reasonable estimation of any costs and benefits of living. Regarding more democratic state and market advance, call me proud to be part of a dying white race. Heaven help the rest in the market, expanding or contracting without plan, geared to supporting or being supported by us older and richer folks. Our death is best seen as their way out, I guess. However, don't stuff it up, like my brother, who tried suicide in old and sick age in California. His family got the hospital bills. Better planning by state, family or individuals today depends on integrating market and community dealings in more openly honest plans and accounts than lawyers and their best friends can manage.

Looking back, however, I am most struck by how much hard domestic work has now been lifted from the shoulders of the Australian woman at home, even in the bush. Teaching, communications, health care and related paid work classifications have greatly expanded and so have available entertainments, often driven by home and car upgrades. Many Australian household cleanliness and entertainment expectations now lead to hugely increased expectations of personal consumption of scarce water resources. As an old woman, I remember before en-suite shower and toilets and daily hair wash or washing machine loads helped younger people be and feel cleaner. Nobody then except the rich would have had a swimming pool at home. When I come in by plane over Sydney now and see all the big houses with swimming pools, I always wonder what lack of a holistic regional planning approach has meant. We can't keep going like this, embracing consumption standards thrust upon us by product manufacturing and advertising industries, especially in new building construction or travel. This is a disaster when top business operation is rocket-fuelled with new information technology, related financial product management, and their mathematics. Regional planning approaches are not yet tried seriously or well enough.

As I argued at a conference on socialism held at Sydney University in 2019, before student organisers threw me out, *'You can't ignore China and call yourself socialist'*. To do so is to become partial US puppets peddling products for boys loving guns above the rest. This follows US Constitutional lines which cement the supremacy of the gun users' rights against the rest of the global victims of shopping and fucking or some peasant or urban revolt. Many Socialism students appear US dupes who grafted their particular social demands onto a view of the industrial working class more suitable to the manufacturing era before World War Two. This was before Australian mass high school and tertiary education, radio news broadcasting, TV, the internet and all moving picture access. As a result, they suffer from Cold War mentality, as referred to by China's President Xi. Australia is one of few countries in the world with a cradle to grave welfare state and mass pensions which the state needs to manage properly in the services of the people as a whole. Yet Socialism students showed little or no understanding of a state supported services economy as key Australian strengths for the total population here or anywhere else. These strengths are especially evident in the Australian history of effectively designed and supported state elections, education, free to air broadcasting, health care and in many related pension and other service administrations. Many have comparatively good data gathering, service and risk management practices, which reach the total population in one way or another. Housing is comparatively left out and we see them winding back the protective clock in IT.

Why do so many women like me hate and avoid studying mathematics? This is a question for education as long as the sciences, technology and financial management are promoted to girls. Technical and numerical guys still rule the world, in company with the financial morals and language capacities of lawyers, who put their legal privileges regarding use of client secrets above all. State rule follows the financial interests of lawyers and IT supported by mathematics. I took the typing and writing options instead and never regretted or denied their utility to the common cause. Give me words, music, pictures and song all the way. The best I have done with mathematics, perhaps, was to teach a short course on social indicators, including computation of the mean, median and mode, to aboriginal students. Maths remains, however, like key financial and IT operations, a great and fearful mystery out to destroy me. I suspected, on reading Sylvia Nasar's erudite and clear book *A Beautiful Mind*, that maths has always been closely linked to state warfare and using spies in war or peace time. Nasar's biography of John Nash, about Cold War university mathematics and the intellectual forces he represented is amazing. The movie and Russell Crowe couldn't do justice to the book. Whose mathematics often seems a highly political and industrial affair, commonly started in warfare. After the global financial crisis of 2008, I read more about how this appears to be the case in global and Australian housing and in related financial management. Search me, I have no idea, but it matters for democracy. When will Dr Karl and Adam Spenser be finished playing with their belly button fluff?