

SYDNEY. Twenty-one is an awkward age. Especially, when you are trying to break free of the bounds of money. There's an old saying that "money begets money". Apparently, when you come from a world dominated by greenbacks and credit cards you're always stuck there. That's partly true. You see, I have a love for fashion. Unfortunately, I don't have the money to cultivate that love into a career. So, my Aunt Yvonne suggested I ask my grandmother for the money to go to fashion school. *(Pause)* A word of advice to all of you young girls: Never ask an older person about fashion. Oh, Grandma is considering financing the school endeavor, but she wants me to experience what she calls "fashion in action". Hence, the orange hats. *(She looks around, then, lowers her voice.)* I don't know if you know this or not, but there is a secret society of women who speckle this country. Each wearing an orange hat. Not a baseball cap, not a beanie . . .but something similar to -- *(She holds her orange hat up)* this! *(She examines it)* So, in order to get the money I need. I have to spend the better part of the summer hanging out with these women and wearing this hat. Today was "golf day" which was not looked on with a lot of favor by many of the "orange juliuses", as I call them. There was some talk about it being too hot and --Wouldn't cards be more sociable? -- or something like that. Anyway, Grandma is the "head OJ" and insisted they "explore the difficulties and refinement" of golf. So, all of the women borrowed their husbands' golf clubs and here we are. All thirty-six of us making our way around the links like a bunch of sunburned thumb tacks. *(She shakes her head.)* Now, I'm not sure what this group does in private, but if they wear hats like this in public, you mark my words -- they are a "ballsey and dangerous" bunch of ladies. Afraid of nothing -- and that's kind of scary if you think about it. I mean, it's orange. *Orange!* Think about that. The Mafia won't even go THAT far