

From the Back Verandah

(The following peculiar piece arrived in the *Bikwil* office addressed to me. After some hesitation the editor has agreed to publish it as is, provided that I state that no endorsement of the advice offered is implied. Its author remains conveniently unidentified.

— Fizzgig)

Being the proprietor of a thriving business (I sell second-hand underground religious magazines), I believe I am admirably placed to offer the devout *Bikwil* reader invaluable guidance on how to become a successful entrepreneur.

Before anything else, what you've got to do is borrow enough to buy a luxury retirement villa abroad — preferably a place with which Australia has no extradition treaty. (According to my sources, one will soon become available in Majorca.) Having acquired same, you'll be home and hosed no matter what goes amiss in Australia.

Next, find a lawyer and doctor who have both become

accustomed to a lavish lifestyle. That way, if your ventures fail and put too much strain on you, you'll be able to produce all manner of reliable evidence (photos, videos . . .) as to your delicate condition. A mental and physical state so frail, indeed, that it will legally prevent you and your family from ever leaving your overseas retreat, no matter how persuasive the invitation.

Now to get rich fast, so as to pay back that loan — or least to give the impression that you intend to. For this I recommend selling out-of-the-way blocks of land, by offering too-cheap-to-be-true finance yourself.

And don't forget to write a book. Call it something like *Quick March to Prosperity through Real Estate*. Advertise it on the Internet and on midnight-to-dawn commercial TV.

From then on, you may lie back and offer yourself up to a life of unbridled pleasure — all with my apostolic blessing.

BIKWIL

The Newsletter of Quiet Enthusiasms

Editor: Tony Rogers

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Five Easy Pieces

Guess what? It's time again for another *Bikwil* mind bender. Though no cinch, this one ought to be simpler than our notorious "Twelve Billiard Balls Puzzle" (Issue 4, November 1997).

The "Five Coin Puzzle" concerns coins lying in a straight row, all touching — three 20-cent coins and two 10-cent coins.

When you start, they are positioned so that the coin types alternate, with a 20-cent coin on the left. Your goal is, in as few moves as possible, to arrange them (again in a straight line), so that the 20-cent coins end up together on the left, then the 10-cent coins, all touching.

Thus, starting with this:

20 10 20 10 20

you have to get to this:

20 20 20 10 10.

Here are the rules for moving the coins:

coins must be slid, not picked up;

two adjacent coins (always of different types) must be moved each time;

at least one of the pair moved must touch a third coin after the move;

the coins moved must not change their left-to-right orientation (in other words 20 10 must not be twisted to 10 20).

Solution next March.

The Feral Joke Collector



Announcements Taken from Church Bulletins

- ◇ weight watchers will meet at 7 p.m. First Presbyterian Church. Please use the large double door at the side entrance.
- ◇ The 1991 Spring council retreat will be held May 10 and 11th.
- ◇ Eight new choir robes are currently needed due to the addition of several new members and to the deterioration of some older ones.
- ◇ Mrs. Johnson will be entering the hospital this week for testes.
- ◇ The senior choir invites any member of the congregation who enjoys sinning to join the choir.
- ◇ Please join us as we show our support for Amy and Alan in preparing for the girth of their first child.
- ◇ Scouts are saving aluminum cans, bottles and other items to be recycled. All proceeds will be used to cripple children.
- ◇ The Lutheran Men's group will meet at 6:00 p.m. Steak, mashed potatoes, green beans, bread and dessert will be served for a nominal fee.

– Forwarded by Katisha

Colophon

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We welcome PC disk contributions in any MS-Word-compatible format

Back Issues Are Still Available

her life as a pianist and bareback rider.)

And the whole Mitford family turns up — Farve, Muv, Nancy, Jessica, Pam, Deborah, Diana, Unity and Tom.

One appealing oddball is John Slater, “the only person ever to have walked from Land’s End to John O’Groats in his bare feet, wearing only his striped pyjamas”. He lives in a remote sea cave, and “once volunteered to spend six months in a cage in London Zoo as a human exhibit, to help raise funds for the conservation of the panda. The zoo authorities, he said, ‘foolishly declined’”.

Another splendid example is the “potato man”, Alan Fairweather, an obsessed inspector in the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food in Scotland. All his meals consist only of potatoes, with the occasional chocolate bar, vitamin pill plus pots and pots of tea.

He sleeps on the floor of his study in a sleeping bag and rents out all four of the bedrooms in his house: “I don’t see the point in having a special room set aside to fall unconscious in”.

And we meet Yvonne X, a New Jersey woman who builds perpetual-motion machines. And the group calling itself the International Society of Cryptozoology. These latter mob are “dedicated to

searching for animal species not recognized by conventional science” — not only Bigfoot and the Loch Ness Monster, but also such delights as the beast of the Congo jungle they call Mokele-mbembe.

Let’s wind up with this piece about an unknown lady of means:

My mother could always be relied on to do the unexpected. Her real forte was staircases. She ripped them out and rerouted them with gay abandon. She waltzed the good one around the house for five years — never, of course, having it fixed. The only way to the second and third floors was by outside ladder. In my sixties, I can still shinny up a ladder three stories high. She chopped the house in half before the staircase finally came down, and she took it with her when she sold the house. I don’t think I ever could persuade removal men to take a concert grand piano up a spiral staircase, but she persuaded them it could be done — and after each abortive attempt she plied them with expensive single-malt whisky. When they all accepted defeat we had three tight movers and a piano minus its legs, lid and pedals.

Then the fun really started. She wanted to call the builder to reroute the staircase again. How he did it I don’t know, but by nine o’clock the next morning my father had procured a carpenter and a mobile crane. The window was taken out and the piano installed. Why she carted that piano around was like everything else: never explained. One thing was certain, she never learned to play it.

— TR

Yard Work

She’s hot —
 she’s snappish
 with the yard boy,
 a 51-year-old Paisan
 (her very own age),
 who’s high on her smell,
 but too blitzed
 on weed and coca
 to snap under the matronisation
 and nervous contempt that
 she summons up for him
 with brittle fingers snapping;
 but her edgy calm
 belies her inner volcano,
 for she, too, grew up in Italy —
 “Do you think you can
 remember to weed the hostas?”
 she snaps.
 His own riper smell
 seeps between their class divisions,
 but both write sonnets
 in the same two
 languages.

— John Birkbeck

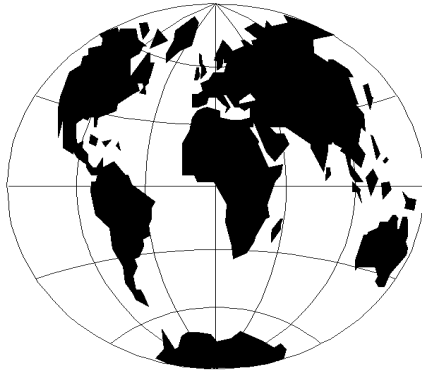
(This poem has appeared, in a slightly different form, in the *Poetry.com* Web-zine)

Web

I've already mentioned the coverage that *Bikwil's* Web site has been getting in search engines, etc. in the Editorial in Issue 21, September 2000. There seems little point, however, in naming them all here. Suffice it to say that thanks to places like All the Web, AltaVista Australia, Google and Lycos, which index the full text of sites they list, *Bikwil* can now be found via any word that occurs in its issues. This will assist those who don't yet know what a valuable storehouse of quiet enthusiasm our site can be until they search for "palindromes" or "Wagner" or "Camp Creative", etc. (Regular *Bikwilians*, of course, can use the search facility we have provided just inside the site's front door.)

In this issue I am addressing a few Internet sites that have been especially generous to *Bikwil's* new electronic presence.

First, there's *Australia's Cultural Network*, which has the vision of "a dynamic Australian culture which is accessible to and enjoyed by everyone". It works to



Line

achieve this by promoting "Australia's cultural endeavour, commerce, activities and events".

A lofty realm for little *Bikwil* to be inhabiting, perhaps, but not only did they have us listed within a day of my submission, but it wasn't long before they had done deep indexing too.

There we are, wonder of wonders, alongside icons like *Southerly*, Don Bradman, Henry Lawson, Uluru, *Jacket*, the Australasian Computer Music Society, Arthur Boyd . . . Thus, with people and topics like Bet Briggs, Giorni, anagrams, Velikovsky, Abdera and the Mexican wave readily findable at *Australia's Cultural Network*, *Bikwil* is now well and truly on the Aussie scene.

Next I want to extend my thanks to *Zinos*, one of many American sites that dedicate themselves to publicising so-called ezines (*Bikwil* now being an electronic magazine as well as a printed one). As some of you already know, *Zinos* run a weekly competition where Zine authors

between eccentricity and mental illness.)

Of course, if Weeks is right about this, then some of our old Sydney ratbags may have been something more than mere eccentrics. (On the other hand, the definition of "insanity" will have changed over the past 150 years.)

As for Weeks' conclusions from his study, in 1996 David Gergen interviewed him on the U.S. PBS TV programme *The News Hour*. Here is part of what Weeks said:

They're permanently non-conforming from a very early age, and there's a great overlap between eccentric children and gifted children. They develop differently, though. The eccentrics become very, very creative but they're motivated primarily by curiosity. They have extreme degrees of curiosity, and they're very independent-minded. Their other motivation is fairly idealistic. They want to make the world a better place, and they want to make other people happy. They have these happy obsessive preoccupations, and a wonderful, unusual sense of humor, and this gives them a significant meaning in life. And they are far healthier than most people because of that. They have very low stress. They're not worried about conforming to the rest of society, low stress, high happiness equates with psychological health. They use their solitude very constructively, and physical health, because of that. They only visit their doctors perhaps once every eight or nine years, which is about twenty times less than most of us do.

By the end of his study Weeks was able to identify fifteen characteristics that applied to most eccentrics. Of these, the five central descriptive words and phrases for eccentrics are:

- nonconforming
- creative
- strongly motivated by curiosity
- idealistic
- happily obsessed with one or more hobbyhorses.

So who are some of the nonconformists that enliven Weeks and James' book?

As you may recall, in Issue 1 (May 1997) of *Bikwil* we had an article on Edith Sitwell's *English Eccentrics*. Well, one of her star performers, Jack Mytton, who "scorned caution and wondered why others did not so likewise" (such as setting himself on fire to cure his hiccups), is there.

Remember William McGonagall from Issue 5 (January 1998)? He's present as well, in all his splendour. Lord Sutch is there, too: he is described, mistakenly, as "an aristocratic ne'er-do-well" and a "rock star manqué".

French composer Erik Satie makes an appearance. So do Canadian pianist Glenn Gould, Virginian Dr. Patch Adams and Russian Madame Blavatsky (she who founded Theosophy, after tiring of

you could do a lot worse than borrow a library copy of Keith Dunstan's *Ratbags*, published, I think, in the early 1980s.

It makes you wonder, doesn't it? What, if anything, did these examples of Sydneyside idiosyncrasy have in common? Some were possessed by an *idée fixe*, sure, but not all; some were non-conformist in a more general way.

Let's see what the first serious book ever to be published on the subject of eccentricity has to say. I'm referring to *Eccentrics* by David Weeks, a neuropsychologist at the Royal Edinburgh Hospital, and Jamie James, a journalist (1995, ISBN hardcover 0 297 81447 8).

I should point out at once that, sadly, there's no mention in the book of Miles, Deamer, Stace, King or Chidley. One Australian eccentric who does get a guernsey, though, is pianist/composer/self-flagellator Percy Aldridge Grainger (1882-1961). If we can arrange it, there'll be a feature on Percy Grainger in a later *Bikwil*.

Apart from the other individuals they do discuss (more of whom presently), what I found most interesting were the results of the survey that gave rise to the book. It was a ten-year study that began in 1984 and ultimately included a

sample of over a thousand eccentrics, mainly from Great Britain and the United States.

Weeks found that the best way to define eccentricity is to consider some of the things it is not:

One of the most common misconceptions about eccentricity is that it is a mild form of madness — in other words, that eccentric behavior is a symptom of mental illness . . . [but] illness implies suffering and the need of a cure, yet even a casual observation of most eccentrics undermines such a conclusion.

Especially great care must be taken to distinguish between eccentricity and neurosis . . . Neurosis is often thrust upon the sufferer from the outside; it is an unwanted difficulty in life. Eccentricity, on the other hand, is taken on at least partly by choice, and is something positive and pleasurable to the individual. Simply put, neurotics are miserable because they think they're not as good as everyone else, while eccentrics know they're different and glory in it.

An even more essential distinction needs to be drawn between eccentricity and psychosis, though it may sometimes seem a blurry one to the lay observer . . . [T]he important distinction is that the schizophrenic has no control over his visions and the voices he hears: they intrude themselves upon him forcibly and give rise to a terrifying sensation of powerlessness. The eccentric, on the other hand, is likely to find his visions a source of delight, and he has much more control over them.

(Significantly, Weeks devotes an entire chapter to the relationship

can submit an article for display there, and the "best of the week" gets an award. My submission was a piece describing *Bikwil's* Mesozoic history and affirmative purpose. I didn't win any prizes, but *Bikwil* did get lots of exposure and some nice remarks from both subscribers and non-subscribers. Like these:

I love what *Bikwil* is trying to do
It's easy to write about
the fallen faces that line our
streets, but harder to write
about the spark that still resides in
their souls, that spark
that still keeps them going even
though all seems lost, that spark
that still keeps them alive,
refusing to finish because perhaps
the soul can still find within itself
". . . quiet enthusiasm." It is the
stuff of hope.

I hope that Tony Rogers and *Bikwil* will prosper in their efforts as such avenues of writing are fast fading in to the wretched images of shock, which often desensitize the softer side of our souls.

(bohdan)

Bikwil always give me a belly laugh, lots to ponder on, and plenty to relish and re-read.

(Clare Hansson)

What fantastic pages . . . Gentle reading that inspires quiet thinkers, congratulations.

(Donna McDonald)

Dinosaur? One view of dinosaurs is that they were early birds — here's hoping that *Bikwil* flies.

(jeneric)

Thank you all — those who made affirmative comments and those who voted anonymously.

The following helping hands came quite unexpectedly.

Eighteen of them were awards, several presented by organisations or structured voting committees, and undoubtedly carrying some weight. Others came from little known and unpretentious individuals who express their support for good sites by offering awards which they design themselves.

In most cases, *Bikwil* was complimented on content, loading time and navigation. Images of our awards have been placed on our Web site (it's the least we can do), but here is a summary:

A1 Web Works Designs Award
Academic Tower Purple Distinguished Cross [sic]
All Letters Silver Award
Bearz Web 110% Prestige Award
Beauty and the Beast Silver Award
Critical Mass Award
ERAust 10 Award
Gadzillion Award for Creative Thought
Golden Web Award
Hawaii City Aloha Award
Inspired Visions Poetry Award
Peace Work Merit Award
SearchKing King of the Web Award
Shadow Poetry Cool Site Award

Sinapsis Silver Award
Smith 35 Golden Award of Elegance
Web Man Passionate Pen Award
What Is This Website of Distinction

A further surprise was an email from the *Be More Creative* site. This directory lists “websites that

encourage thinking, living and working more creatively”.

And where did they choose to put us? Under the Creative Living heading, in the subcategory they call Positive Outlooks. Where else?

— TR

Internet sites referred to above:

<http://www.ussc.alltheweb.com/>
<http://www.google.com/>
<http://www.lycos.com/>
<http://www.acn.net.au/>
<http://www.zinos.com/>
<http://www.webworksdesigns.com.au/>
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Bridge/4000/>
<http://www.allletters.com/index.shtml>
<http://www.bearzweb.com>
<http://hjem.get2net.dk/poul/>
<http://rio.atlantic.net/~bdar/>
<http://eraust.tripod.com>
<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Olympus/2843/>
<http://www.goldenwebawards.com/>
<http://www.hawaiiicity.com/>
<http://www.lonestarangel.com/inspiredvisions.html>
<http://www.peacework.net/peacework/>
<http://www.searchking.com/>
<http://www.shadowpoetry.com/>
http://www.geocities.com/a_paronetto/
<http://members.tripod.com/smith35/>
<http://pages.about.com/douglasl>
<http://www.whatisthis.com/award.htm>
<http://www.bemorecreative.com/>

Sydney to Parramatta and back, twice a day, for six consecutive days.

Most of his against-the-clock feats he did as bets.

King was also known as The Flying Pieman. In the 1850s he sold pies, freshly cooked on a brazier, on the corner of Pitt and King Streets. The “Flying” epithet came from his ability to sell pies at Circular Quay to passengers embarking on the Parramatta River steamer and then meet the same passengers as they got off, having outwalked them to Parramatta, a distance of some 29 kilometres.

He died, insane, in a home for the destitute.

My favourite purveyor of Sydney bizarrerie was William James Chidley (1860-1916). Among other beliefs to his everlasting notoriety, Chidley had a fixation on the idea that the male erection was a Bad Thing, and on Sundays in the Sydney Domain used to lecture *ad nauseam* on his gospel of what he termed “natural coition”. He recorded his theories in a volume (privately published, naturally, first in 1911 and with revisions in 1915) called *The Answer* — i.e. the Answer to the Sex Problem.

Yet it wasn’t his ideas on sex that got him repeatedly arrested, but his silk toga-like tunic which

was seen by the authorities as indecent dress. He wore it because he believed that heavy clothing caused unnatural erections that inevitably would lead to sexual indulgence, ill health and an untimely death.

Here is a short quote from *The Answer* on the ill effects of “unnatural” intercourse:

Our present coitus is a perversion and a shock. Now any protoplasm that receives a shock contracts, and the brain actually becomes smaller, as time goes on, through the repeated shocks of coition, and becomes distorted in shape. The blood supply is perverted also, and this contributes towards the injury. In the series of faces of my drawing you see the changes a face undergoes after marriage — or after the sexual habit has been formed — and these changes exactly correspond to those we know would ensue if shocks were given to the brain, were accumulated by the brain and nervous system. All the nerves, glands and muscles of the body would suffer lesions and perversion, of course, but the delicate network of muscles on face, and the eyes, show it more plainly than any other part of the body.

For the record, in “natural coition” the male organ is not thrust into the vagina, but when “the sphincter flashes open” the penis is gently drawn into it by suction.

Like Billy King, Chidley died mad — in the Callan Park mental hospital.

Now, if you want more detailed information on Sydney’s eccentrics

insightful article *In a Women's Prison*, about the Women's Reformatory at Long Bay, which appeared in 1925 in *The Australian Women's Mirror*. In later life she published her autobiography, *The Queen of Bohemia*.

Born in a Balmain slum to alcoholic parents and four alcoholic siblings, Arthur Stace (1884-1967) soon became a drunkard himself. His alcoholism being so extreme by the 1920s, his mind began to fail and he was in danger of becoming a permanent inmate of a mental institution. In 1930 his life was turned around when he attended a meeting for men conducted by Archdeacon R.B.S. Hammond of St. Barnabas' Church on Broadway (Sydney).

Some months later he heard the evangelist, the Reverend John Ridley, booming "I wish I could shout 'Eternity' through the streets of Sydney". That day Stace felt the powerful calling to write "Eternity" on the pavement.

From then on he would rise at 4 am, pray for an hour, have breakfast, and then set out. He claimed that each night God gave him the name of the locality where he should write the next day, and he arrived there before dawn — Wynyard, Glebe, Paddington, Randwick, Central Station. First he wrote in yellow chalk, but later

switched to marking crayon because it stayed on better in wet weather. In all, he wrote his anonymous message more than half a million times over 35 years — a one-word sermon in an elegant copperplate hand. There is even a fading example still extant at the old Sydney Post Office in Martin Place — eleven storeys above the street, inside one of the tower bells.

Stace died of a stroke in a nursing home. He left his body to Sydney University.

Sydney loved "Eternity". In 1969 the Sydney poet Douglas Stewart published a poem in Stace's memory. Decades later his "Eternity" would be celebrated in lights on the Sydney Harbour Bridge (New Year's Eve 1999) and in replica of that event at the Opening Ceremony of the 2000 Olympic Games.

Billy King (1807-1873) was a devout and athletic practitioner of pedestrianism — the practice of travelling on foot. One of his many leg-driven adventures was to tramp from Sydney to Parramatta with a live goat weighing 40 kg plus a 5 kg dead weight on his shoulders. It took him just under seven hours. On another occasion he carried a 31 kg dog from Sydney to Campbelltown in nine hours. He also twice beat the Sydney to Windsor mail coach on foot, and walked from

A Word in Your Pink Shell-like

After months of silence, I have at last been persuaded to reveal the solutions to *Bikwil's* two musical anagram puzzles — the Wagner one (Issue 10, November 1998), and the jazz one (Issue 15, September 1999).

(A) Wagner Anagrams Solution

Gross couple make ardent offal fans. (6,3,6)
Fafner and Fasolt

Satan's power? (6,5)
Wotan's spear

A nudge is singleminded when it comes to incest. (8,3,9)
Siegmund and Sieglinde

Morse turfs rum for whispering grove. (6,7)
Forest Murmurs

Vote limit on signature tune. (9)
Leitmotiv

John Culshaw's unerring doings. (4,10)
Ring Resounding

Eerie red furnishings joy for river cruise hero (10,5,7)
Siegfried's Rhine Journey

Confused hat buyer puts it on the map. (8)
Bayreuth

I bring tonsils for soprano. (6,7)
Birgit Nilsson

Battle birds in the saddle derisively ko father. (4,2,3,8)
Ride of the Valkyries

Will audio vigil bar waif in lunatic kingdom? (6,2,2,7)
Ludwig II of Bavaria

Magyar with tiger's logo. (5,5)
Georg Solti

Does an ugly Nibelung ever belch air? (8)
Alberich

Rug tune creates false bride. (7)
Gutrune

Blame the whole bloody lot on this rewarding arch. (7,6)
Richard Wagner

(B) Jazz Anagrams Solution

Analyst worms in (6,8)
Wynton Marsalis

Bond money nag (5,7)
Benny Goodman

Born wary (3,5)
Ray Brown

Cute bonsai (5,5)
Count Basie

Doglike tunnel (4,9)
Duke Ellington

Glee ramble (6,4)
Graeme Bell

Her satirical chin (7,9)
Charlie Christian

Here in Sydney we have been blessed over the years by our share of eccentrics, as an exhibition that ran in mid-1999 at the State Library of New South Wales unambiguously showed.

No doubt you know the stories about the legendary Beatrice Miles (1902-1973), who was forced to make hundreds of court appearances for her unconventional behaviours. Born into a wealthy Wahroonga family, Bea seemed to have a brilliant medical career ahead of her, but she abandoned her studies at Sydney Uni and, after a few years of living at home and working as an unpaid assistant in the emergency ward at Sydney Hospital, in 1926 she left the comfortable North Shore milieu forever and set out on an independent life as a bohemian.

In the 1950s and 1960s, in her middle age, Bea could often be found sitting on the steps of the State Library dressed in an old overcoat and an eyeshade with a placard around her neck advertising her Shakespeare recitations at prices ranging from sixpence to three shillings. She was equally renowned for annoying taxi drivers by climbing into their cabs at intersections and refusing to get out. To make her leave, drivers sometimes had resort to hosing her or making sexual advances.

Bea Miles spent the last nine years of her life in a home for the aged run by the Little Sisters of the Poor in Randwick, where she read an average of 14 books a week. Her unpublished manuscript *Dictionary by a Bitch* is preserved in the State Library. Kate Grenville's book *Lilian's Story* (1984) is a fictionalized account of Bea's life, and in 1996 was made into a movie that featured Toni Collette and Ruth Cracknell.

But what about those other Sydney ratbags, Dulcie Deamer, Arthur Stace, William King or William Chidley? Have you heard of them?

Dulcie Deamer (1890-1972) lived in Kings Cross during its heyday in the Roaring Twenties when it was a community for struggling artists and writers. At one point she was officially crowned the Queen of Bohemia. Perhaps her most notorious exploit was performing the splits at the 1923 Artists Ball in a leopard skin costume. She made her living from freelance writing for various Sydney newspapers and magazines. Apparently obsessed with the elemental passions of the Stone Age, Dulcie also wrote a number of short stories set in that sensual, barbaric and heroic age, "when men were strong and women were even stronger".

But she had a serious side, too, as shown in her pessimistic but

Here Be Nutters

Were you as dismayed as I was in May 1999 to learn of the death at the age of 58 (suicide, by hanging) of Screaming Lord Sutch?

Although he is now primarily remembered as a crackpot politician (he'd been Britain's longest serving party leader — of the Official Monster Raving Loony Party), David Sutch first became famous as a rock 'n' roll singer. The first opportunity of his political career came in 1963 when Defence Minister John Profumo was forced to resign as the result of a sex scandal. In the ensuing Stratford-upon-Avon by-election Sutch changed his name from David to Lord and stood as the National Teenage Party candidate on a platform of "votes at 18".

When Harold Wilson became Prime Minister in 1964 and failed to implement this policy, Sutch had no alternative but to stand in the 1966 election in Wilson's own constituency. He won 585 votes. According to the manifesto of his party, "this time Wilson got the message and changed the law to allow 18-year olds to vote".

In 1974 Sutch reinvented himself as the Go To Blazes Party, and

in the early 80s he was reincarnated once more when he launched the OMRL Party, fighting his first by-election under the new banner in 1983.

As well as his victory with 18-year-old voting, over the ensuing decades he "successfully campaigned" for allowing hotels to be open all day on Sunday and licensing for commercial radio.

By the nineties his reputation had grown to the extent that "in 1994 Lord Sutch won a staggering 1114 votes in the Rotherham by-election, scoring 4.1% of the vote and almost saving his deposit".

According to *Newsweek*,

His policies included banning work before lunchtime ("It's far too difficult"), and putting joggers and the unemployed on treadmills to generate cheap electricity.

I remember writing, in my skinny twenties, that "Eccentrics are a dying race, and more's the pity". In Sutch's case it's a sad truth, but in few others, for I realise now, in my well-rounded seventh decade, that oddballs are actually thriving, and always have, if only you know where to look.

More's the joy.

In my larger lug (5,8)
Gerry Mulligan

Lie on lace (4,5)
Cleo Laine

Massive lid (4,5)
Miles Davis

Men galore (6,3)
Lee Morgan

My newest groom (3,10)
Wes Montgomery

No machine walks (7,7)
Coleman Hawkins

No mean hilltop (6,7)
Lionel Hampton

Our migrant loss (5,9)
Louis Armstrong

Oval cherries (6,6)
Horace Silver

Pure ancestors (5,8)
Oscar Peterson

Tank sonnet (4,6)
Stan Kenton

Waterfalls (4,6)
Fats Waller

Me a donor? Why? (5,6)
Woody Herman

*No one ever went broke underestimating
the taste of the American public.*

H. L. Mencken

*Your manuscript is both good and original, but
the part that is good is not original, and the part
that is original is not good.*

Samuel Johnson

Quintessential Quirky Quotes

*Katherine Hepburn? She ran the whole
gamut of emotions, from A to B.*

Dorothy Parker

*Behind every successful man is a
woman. Behind her is his wife.*

Groucho Marx

*Red meat is not bad for you. Now
blue-green meat, that's bad for you.*

Tommy Smothers

Being

If we opened to the morning
to receive its light, turning
faces soft as petal-down
to absorb the touch of sun,
in earth's human garden
we would flower
as a living fire,
always fresh an flowing,
we would be, each morning
born anew, one with sun,
light to light returning
living fire flowering
in the garden of the universe.

— Bet Briggs