For each profession there are different letter-writing rules. For example, intimate writing on the present fluorisation of water dispute could say, "As dentists, we view with great concern your obituary tribute. As a dentist with twenty years of successful practice . . ." Lawyers may do neither, unless they do not reveal their name. All they may do if they sign their name to deal with the matters raised without stating with what authority they speak. This, no matter what reasons the Bar Council or Incorporated Law Institute think of, is plain silly. Much of the worth of such letters is the authority behind them. And the public deserves to know that authority so that it has some basis of judgment.

Lawyers, particularly, have set up extraordinary rules for their particular score. In the recent Peter Clyne affair, one of the Bar Council's charges was that Clyne had participated in a public debate on divorce reform and that in the advertisement for the debate he was listed as a barrister, while many of the people who remembered Clyne as a first-rate debater at university would have gone to hear him in no matter what his qualifications.

The fact remains that a large part of the life of his appearance was because his close associations with the subject as a barrister. This is an example of the particularly narrow thinking of professional bodies. Possibly the association's best interests may not be served by Clyne being advertised as a barrister (although anyone who reads the newspapers' court cases well aware that Mr. Clyne is a barrister, and, judging from the frequency of his name in print, a fairly successful one), but the point is that the public interest in this instance was far greater than the association's. But even the Acts empower so many professional bodies to make their own rules for non-members, public interest as no voice in their deliberations.

The whole Clyne case presents a lot of interesting questions of how a professional association should look after its ethics. It was professional misconduct, the association said, for Clyne to include his private address on his letterhead, for example.

This sort of situation is not so serious there is a greater gap between the professional association and the statutory control of the profession, as in architecture. Here, things like price-cutting, sharing commissions, advertising and so on can get an architect thrown out of the Royal Australian Institute of Architects, and give him the disapproval of members, but he is still a practising architect.

All this is not to deny that most of the rules of the professional associations are excellent and in the public interest. Certainly it is a good thing that doctors, dentists and veterinaries are prevented from having their names on medical propositions, and that doctors cannot be directors of private hospitals and funeral parlours (a grisly combination of this sort was recently exposed in Sydney). But there is no doubt that some are silly.

There are some professions that are not registered by statute at all, but still have very strict professional rules. Accountants, in States other than N.S.W. and Queensland, and stockbrokers are unhampered by statute but hog-tied by their own regulations. Stockbrokers, particularly, are bound by a mass of rules and interpretations. Most of them are roundly based and designed to protect the public, but many of them are aimed at protecting stockbrokers from other stockbrokers. Regulations against client-stealing and staff-stealing, about advertising, rates of brokerages, and against the splitting of commissions are in this sequel.

To a large degree, the Stock Exchange's strictness against advertising (particularly in Sydney) is out of date, and a lot of brokers realize it. Only recently were Sydney brokers allowed to advertise in the Press at all, and that being limited to only a 1½ deep by 4½ wide maximum space. And this concession, like several others, was "forced on us by unfair competition from Melbourne," whose Exchange seems a little more realistic and more aware of modern business requirements. But because Sydney is still an old place and about the size of a broker's name when it appears as a underwriter in an advertised new issue, some funny things are seen. For example, the recent Chevron-Sydney issue of debentures was underwritten by a Sydney and a Melbourne broker. In the advertisements for it, the Melbourne broker's name was in type about twice as big as the Sydney brokers, which raised some doubt to it in the discreet maximum allowed by the Sydney Stock Exchange.

Idealists or Rabbits?

Life on the Fringe

BY HENRY MAYER

ALTHOUGH our pre-occupation with bread-and-butter issues in politics leaves little room for minorities inspired by an idea or for the peddlers of lost causes, Australia still has its share of these minor political sects. All of them share three things: their ideology is borrowed from abroad with the exception of the "New Left," they are, dying out (they manage to vegetate on the fringes either of the major parties or the fringes of sanity); and they are marginal in every sense. But without real hope, yet constantly having to delude themselves that soon, very soon, they will not only join but indeed be the stream of history.

There is a hierarchy even among the minorities. On one end of the scale you have, as in the "New Left," people who have just started, who are still optimists, who have new blood and regular contacts with others outside the group. On the other end, there are the Henry Georgeists, who are ageing men, doing on the single solution others refuse to see. They cling desperately to their seedy offices, their lack of dusty old books, their letters. A new face or a published letter to the editor is a major event. Their regular means of sustenance is the book of Press cuttings, and one of them recently left over a dozen volumes of his scrapbooks to the Social Crediters, this is not the bottom: they have a paper and an office. They can look down on the Domain or Yarra Bank spruiker whom one sees shuffling out of thePhi Beta Mu, and his scraps of scribbled-on, lacy paper clutched tightly, as if to warn himself.

On the surface, one can distinguish the fringe who are rational and sedate (within the framework of their lost cause) from the real paranoids. In the first category, the oldest, dullest, and most respectable are the followers of Henry George, clinging to the tax on land values as the solution to all the problems of the universe. They are in the top drawer: they have at least two, regular monthlys, The Standard and Progress, some sympathizers in the A.L.P. who at times can be persuaded to address a meeting, members in New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, a regular Senate team in Victoria, an occasional broadcast and small display advertisement, a "School of Social Science." Their preaching is mostly to the converted, though a couple of their members try to spread the gospel in the W.E.A. The Social Crediters are already
much closer to paranoia. They are deeply split on the exact interpretation of the A plus B theorem. One branch runs a journal, New Age, in which one finds a mixture of Social Credit, anti-Semitism, and tads relating to foods, manufacturing methods, and fluoridation. There are links between them and such extreme right-wing organizations as "The League of Rights," which distributes the speeches of McCarthy and the Protocols of the Elders of Zion.

On the "left," there are a number of groupsters running all the way from purists to practicalists, from "old" left to "new" left. A few Trotskyites of the orthodox type issue a 4-page monthly, The Socialist. The Fabian Society seems to be dead in N.S.W. but lingers on in Victoria and W.A. The Socialist Labour Party, followers of Daniel De Leon's peculiar mixture of purism (no immediate demands) and syndicalism, which was of some importance in the days of the Industrial Workers of the World and the attempts to form One Big Union in the early '20s, has been reconstituted for decades. A couple of years ago it was still vegetating in an old building in Bathurst Street. The man in the skull cap in the office was sure I had been sent by the Security Police when I tried to get some old pamphlets from him. He was entirely surrounded by Press cuttings which had not yet been pasted up, and there were eight pans of glue.

The group with the most pretentious name, the Socialist Party of Australia, is perhaps the smallest but certainly also the most intelligent of the "old" left. The S.P.A., with maybe 20 members, is a "sister party" to a group which has existed in England since 1904 without ever changing a word of its principles. This body, the Socialist Party of Great Britain (known as "Small Party of Good Boys" to unkind souls), is unique. It is a rationalism run riot: No immediate demands, because before you can get socialism, i.e., a classless, moneyless, leaderless, conflictless, clubby club, the majority of people must really understand what it is all about. Their candidates never make any promises — and regularly lose their deposits. S.P.A.'s are young, pleasant, reliable, terribly serious, and about the only people in Australia who really know their Marx. Since they proclaimed in 1917 onwards that the Russian Revolution was not socialist, and since they always have opposed all other parties, they are hoisted up by being able to say "I told you so." But most of the time they have to say it to each other. In Melbourne, their few members tend to be active unionists; in Sydney, they are more intellectual and put their case in the Domain, at the former Socialist Forums, in debates with other small groups, and at W.E.A. lectures. Their spokesman (he would reject that title) manages two paper-back bookshops with skill and an eye for the unusual. Just as virgins do not usually worry about alternative methods of birth control, the group sticks to its purity of principle by re-defining politics so as to exclude compromise, power, choices between values, manipulation, irrationality. It is unfair to include them with the fringe political groups.

The "New Left," holding their second national conference this month, is by far the largest of these groups. It is held together by a journal, Outlook, edited by Helen Palmer, with a circulation of nearly 1000 a month, consists mostly of University people, has many supporters who left the Communist Party over Hungary. Since a monograph by Alan Barcan on it is shortly being published, I will not deal with it here.

Paranoid movements and tendencies certainly seem to come out more clearly on the right. Professional Anti-Semites have been crocked with in The Observer in an earlier issue (19/5/59). They have recently been joined by a Workers' Nationalist Party which, so far as I have been able to discover, consists of one or two men distributing a British Fascist publication, Combat.

An old-established body is the "Papist Union," which advertise mostly in The Press. They have been labelled as "Fascist" by the Labor party, but whether, properly interpreted, is the clue to world history. The whole idea of a Fascist with this meaty stuff, the Sane Democracy League is pretty colourless, contenting itself with exposing the A.L.P. Labour supporters see these two groups and others of a more sporadic kind as financed by the Liberal Party, and doing work which is "too dirty" for it, especially at elections and referenda. In fact, the Liberals find this sort of stuff rather embarrassing.

All these bodies are the very essence of rationality compared with those who believe in the Great Catholic Conspicacity. It is here that one gets closest to a dinky-di Australian flavour. The anti-Catholic vote was active in the recent election and that from the far right. Indeed, instead of running a fat weekly newspaper, The Watchman, as it did in the first decades of the century, the Loyal Orange Lodge has to content itself with an annual demonstration to mark the Battle of the Boyne. The Rock, which used to be a weekly, has become a thin monthly. The old headlines ("Beauty Brother in Bed with Boy") have lost their punch. In Victoria, there is still a Victorian Protestant Federation, but its monthly, The Vigilant, is anemic in comparison with what used to circulate in the '20s. In New South Wales, the extreme Protestant fringe is organised in a council, but doesn't seem to do much else beyond attacking immigration policy and Mr. Santamaria in Letters to the Editor. Some years ago there was a "Protestant People's Party" in N.S.W., which polled, from memory, a couple of hundred thousand votes in the Senate elections; it had No. 1 position on the ballot paper.

To revive the days of Dill Mackay and the Australian Protestant Defence Association, one has to turn to an occasional book. One, by a gentleman who is an expert in this field, has just been published. (H.W. Crittenden: Behind the Black Curtain: A Book of Unholy Revelations, Humanist Press, Sydney, 25s.) Here is the real thing: "This is a book of startling, even shocking revelations. It tells the outrageous stories, in high places and low, in peace and war; of corruptions in every department of the Australian way of life; of incredibly successful nationwide organization to get in power; of a bizarre system of disciplinary and control. Soon the black curtain is lifted: The Vatican is the cause of two world wars, the secret third force which prevents a settlement of the Cold War.

A truly noble claret. Praised by experts in Paris, London, and Australia, and awarded many exhibition prizes since 1891... COONAWARRA ESTATE CLARET...
War, it, and the Pope, are run by the Jesuits. It has "power to destroy the entire human race," it manipulates the United Nations, the British Foreign Office, the U.S. Department of State, Mr. Menzies, our Prime Minister, Nehru, the Middle East, the Muslims, the World Council of Churches, and de Gaulle, to mention but a few. After all this, his fantasies about Australia are valid. Mr. Santamaria, the Rev. Alan Walker, Dr. Manunx, the omission of "Defender of the Faith" from the Australian florin — these seem a little weak in the context of the world-wide conspiracy.

There are a few finer webs which he does dignify: his proof of John Curtin as in the pay of Santamaria, and aiming at a Catholic Action dictatorship under Japanese control is pathetic, though my favourite among the disclosures is that the Movement is storing arms in Monasteries while the Catholic Church gets its money from the green belt racket.

Here is a man who sees connection of those of us who are corruptly "by fear or guile". Nothing escapes his net: the playing of hymns at Christmas department stores, the design of the new Christmas stamp — a clear proof of a partly plot. The task of exposing it is almost hopeless, for there are only a few thousand who know and care. Already they have to be very cautious, for the police, the Civil Service, the judges — all are in the plot. "Even in the street two people in conversation will furtively look around because lowering their voices to whisper a confidence upon (Menzies') sectarianism, or upon his villainous Axis friend, Dr. Manunx."

Can all this really be the work of merely terrestrial, human powers? Clearly it cannot, and before long we have the final clue: The Jesuits are not the end, after all — they are agents of Satan.

It is only when we get to the last chapter, which tells the story of Mr. Crittenden's petition in 1950, to disbar a Catholic MP from sitting in Parliament since he owned "adherence, obedience and/or allegiance to a foreign power" that we get a clue to the personal story. When it was dismissed as vexatious, his claim and lasting impression "was one of almost overwhelming loneliness, utter and complete."

The "lonely ones" come in all shapes and sizes. They are lonely, rootless, and eeyop. Their void can be filled by religion, hatred, belief in a rational utopia, or any other drug of the mind. The one thing needful on their quest is certainty. The more they are on the fringe, the bigger the dose of certainty they need. The truly forsaken are few and easily indentified as "rathagas."

But is their entourage really so very small?

---

**Observer's Diary**

Dr. Evatt and "The Sydney Morning Herald."

**ANALYSTS** of the behaviour of the *Sydney Morning Herald* may have been puzzled by the fact that (except for the Molnar cartoon which has avoided discussion — almost to the extent of censorship — on whether Dr. Evatt should be appointed Chief Justice of N.S.W. His appointment to this position has been taken as a long-expected conclusion ever since the first kite was flown some months ago. The *Herald*'s reason for keeping quiet is not the belief that there should not be discussion of appointments to the judiciary: one can imagine the fuss they would kick up if Mr. Menzies were to be appointed. The split was not a fact, but a payoff of discussion between both Australians and the United Kingdom whenever a politician has been mooted as a Chief Justice.

What has got under the *Herald*'s skin is nothing less than the rich to see a re-elected and strong Labor Party which will give Mr. Menzies a run for his money. This is a practical application of their editorial line in the last Federal election, "The people want to vote Labor to give the Government a fight and shake belief in Mr. Menzies — but they did not want too many people to vote for Labor in it. It was a case of social engineering to an unusually high degree of precision."

Mr. Angua Maude, the former British Conservative M.P. who is now editor of the *Herald*, appears to be taking some personal part in this subterfuge. He has most enthusiastically joined the anti-Menzies camp — even to the extent of ticking off Lord Bruce for saying that Australia was in the grip of inflation. The argument runs that Lord Bruce took the Labour that was offered him by the Richardson report and that there was a clear casual connection between the Richardson report, the margins decision, etc. inflation, etc., etc.

The idea that if Dr. Evatt goes, Labor will again be booted is naive. The D.L.P. vote is not going to vote for Mr. Calwell — or anyone else at present in the Parliamentary Labour Party. The idea is not a superficial phase: it represented the implacable irritation of politics, and fiddling around with the leadership will make no difference. The idea that Labor should be bolstered up, would not work. The opposition is also naive: parties move up or down and if they are moving up, the movement tends to accelerate. The collapse of the Australian Labour Party is only part of the general nervous exhaustion of socialist parties everywhere.

---

**Reports**

Tom Truman reviewed

*It* is interesting to note that *The Catholic World* reviewed "Macta's" account of the war in Syria and Politics. Most, of course, of his identification of the Church's policy with Mr. S. and some have a Roman Catholic account of the war. The affair is also completed that his general view of the Church's position on the "fire is completely wrong. In the *Weekly*, an anonymous writer "Mr. S. has demonstrated false" and that date his final conclusions."

*The Advocate* wrote, "Since the book lacks organization, it is not surprising that many people to vote for Labour in it. It was a case of social engineering to an unusually high degree of precision."

Mr. Angua Maude, the former British Conservative M.P. who is now editor of the *Herald*, appears to be taking some personal part in this subterfuge. He has most enthusiastically joined the anti-Menzies camp — even to the extent of ticking off Lord Bruce for saying that Australia was in the grip of inflation. The argument runs that Lord Bruce took the Labour that was offered him by the Richardson report and that there was a clear casual connection between the Richardson report, the margins decision, etc., inflation, etc., etc.

The idea that if Dr. Evatt goes, Labor will again be booted is naive. The D.L.P. vote is not going to vote for Mr. Calwell — or anyone else at present in the Parliamentary Labour Party. The idea is not a superficial phase: it represented the implacable irritation of politics, and fiddling around with the leadership will make no difference. The idea that Labor should be bolstered up, would not work. The opposition is also naive: parties move up or down and if they are moving up, the movement tends to accelerate. The collapse of the Australian Labour Party is only part of the general nervous exhaustion of socialist parties everywhere.

---

*From Tiberi Merry*