

MIDDLE-CLASS PREJUDICE

It might have been Peregian Beach, not knowing this part of the coast, nor having any large-scale map, I'm still unsure, but somewhere south of Sunshine Beach we parked, climbed a dune and found the shore. You sunbaked placidly while I – if people eat till they're fat don bathing suits and dark glasses, sit pale-skinned under beach umbrellas watching other fat white people in togs, dark glasses under beach umbrellas. . . They didn't block much sun, foul the water, litter the ocean horizon. I surfed, sunbaked, dodged their dogs. They didn't have me removed for being tanned and skinny, not owning a corgi, or being inept as any bush boy in the waves: nor fined my dusty Holden wagon for parking among their Jap hatch-backs, European limousines. The prosperous middle-classes are nice people: I bet they can tell each other apart, or together anyway. It's the taxes their accountants can't avoid paying subsidize the printing of poems. It's really nice to think of those nice people on that nice beach, on such a nice sunny day, with their nice dogs. It's what makes a summer holiday on the Sunshine Coast so nice.