Public sector teachers across Australia are experiencing profound psycho-sexual malfunction on a mass scale.

I had a typical case last week. This teacher lassie was brought into my clinic on a stretcher. As soon as she saw me, she wailed, "Working in public schools is like working in a barber's shop. It's cuts, cuts, cuts— all the time!"

Budget constraints had forced the principal at her school to ration the allocation of chalk to one box per teacher, per term. When my patient got this 'chalk memo', she began to act like a furtive drug smuggler. She started to hide pieces of chalk in little money belts strapped to her body so that other teachers could not find it. When she began to conceal the chalk in small plastic bags within her body cavities, she was brought to my clinic.

Patients, with due respect to the disability lobby's language policy, it must be said that blind Freddy can see that our state school system cannot cope with the current number of students. There just aren't enough books, chairs and exam papers to go round.

Of course, educational resources aren't absolutely essential for effective learning. There are plenty of eminent professors in independent think-tanks, funded from unidentified private sources, who'll argue that a poor, black kid who wants to learn and who is a 'trier', will do well sitting under a gum tree with a correspondence course and a copy of the Old Testament.

I respect these views. I respect any laddie or lassie who wears the same old school tie that I do and who skis at the same resorts. These are objective, scientific views that can be trusted.

However, while poor kids may do well learning under trees, the legitimate needs of the forestry industries are so pressing we just can't guarantee that there'll be enough trees to put them under in the twentyfirst century.

Rational economic planning demands that we simply have to cull the kids—just like we do on the goat farm I established on the advice of my accountant, right down the road from my old macadamia nut farm. Scarce educational resources must only be invested in children who will pay dividends for the national shareholders. Tax funded equipment cannot be wasted on born losers.

We must take a Darwinian approach to education. Invest in the winners and abandon the losers to their evolutionary fate. The fittest will survive. Medical faculties have taken this approach for years—and look what it has done for the medical profession.

Let's not shilly-shally around. This culling can start in kindergarten. There is a simple way to sift out the dinosaurs from the species with a future.

The best indicator of a child's educational potential is the parents' choice of newspaper. If a child's parents subscribe to the *Independent Monthly* and the *Financial Review*, give them a fast tracked path to university entrance and a guaranteed place in an MBA course.

If the parents read a paper pitched at a reading age of ten, with a big-breasted woman on page three, let the child play a lot of sport at school and get your tailor to make them up a wardrobe of clothes with a lot of blue collars.

If a child's parents read nothing except the TV guide to find out when Hinch is on, then the child should be allowed to smoke in the school toilets until it's old enough to be allocated a voluntary tutor. The tutor will teach them a subject that used to be called 'English' but is now called 'literacy'.

For older students in our crowded public high schools, here is another culling technique. Take the teenagers into the science laboratory and offer basic instruction in the use of bunsen burners and beakers. Then leave them unattended.

If a student uses the equipment to make bright colours and bad smells, as instructed, give them a ticket to the Higher School Certificate and a life of work beyond.

But if a student uses the bunsen burner to light a joint and make a slice of toast, then 'Newstart' is the euphemism for them in the economically rational 1990s.

Send your problems to Dr Hartman's secretary, Julie McCrossin, c/- ALR.