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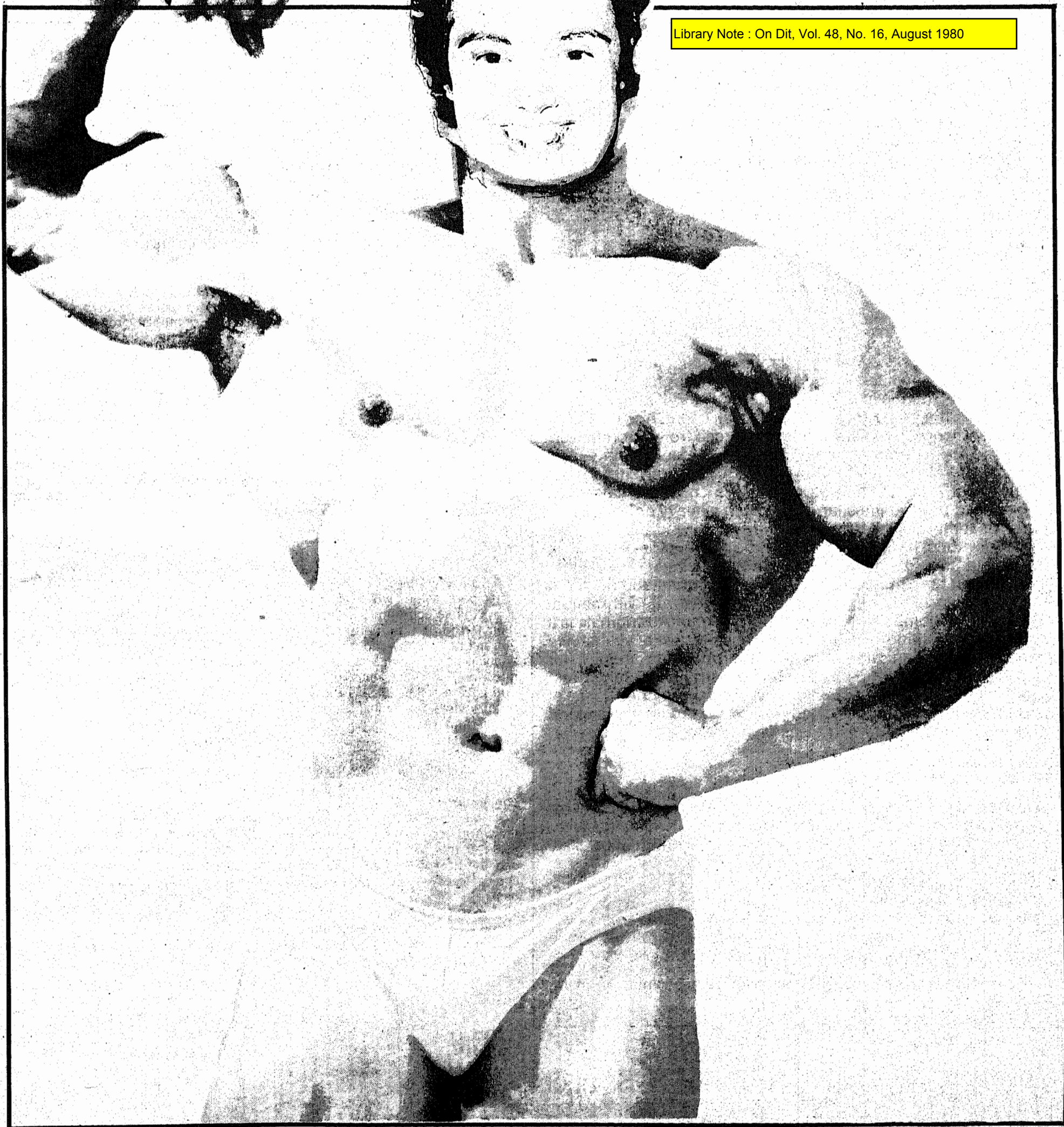
Off dit

50c



Newspaper of the Adelaide Prosh Uprising Number 1

Library Note : On Dit, Vol. 48, No. 16, August 1980



JENNY MUSCLES IN ON SEXISM

A Student's Views On Land Rights

The Prosh Rag is back - disguised as *Off dit* after several years' absence from the Adelaide streets. To borrow a phrase, we're putting it back in the gutter where it belongs. The whole point of the Rag, besides injecting a little bit of humour into your life, is to raise money for Austcare, and by the grace of the Adelaide City Council, Helping Hand.

Although there is much written and spoken about the apathy of University students and their insularity, we believe that the production of the Prosh Rag goes some way toward showing that at least some students still care; not only about charity but about being alive (well almost).

Despite almost overwhelming odds, and a lack of time, resources and money, the Prosh Rag has actually made it into your hands due to the efforts of the aforesaid students. Battling against impossible workloads, inefficient timetabling and laziness in hard graft - our thanks to the contributors.

Well, what's a Prosh Rag meant to do? Send up things, be serious or both. It's certainly not meant to be tendentious, and we hope we've avoided that. So battle on through a sea of typos to the heart of the story, the core of Prosh Humour - and remember, the whole thing is money well spent. Austcare does important work in redistributing resources from our relatively rich society to poorer ones, societies whose members are denied the necessities of life we take for granted. It's a great shame that Australia and other Western countries have such miserly aid programmes, and ones with a heavy dollop of self-interest at that. As the Brandt Commission argued, from selfish grounds alone, if we do not change the distribution of wealth in the world, then a violent catastrophe will result.

It's about time that Fraser, rather than grandstanding about his humanitarian commitment, linked his words with action. Even on the home front, Federal treatment of Aborigines is a disgrace. Speaking of aid programmes, it's not a well known fact that German aid agencies are providing money for Aboriginal programmes in Western Australia - surely a responsibility of the Federal Government. Our continued denial of aid to Vietnam is ridiculous; our policy toward Heng Samhirin in Kampuchea is a human disaster.

Prosh Magazine, August 1980.

Edited and Published by Andrew Fagan and Geoff Hanmer for the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide.

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It is very curious to note the inconsistencies in the reasoning of people who hold strong social or political views. More often than not, such inconsistencies as exist are implied ones only, which are not apparent to the holders of those views nor even to their protagonists. Their existence might not even receive attention but for the unusual moment or two of idle reflection by amateur philosophers, such as myself, who occasionally see the hazy outlines of these distortions in the lees of our beer mugs.

Take, for instance, the commonly held attitudes amongst members of the student population towards the important issue of Aboriginal Land Rights. Most everyone would agree that tribal Aborigines should have the use and possession of their tribal homelands protected at law from the covetous and destructive habits of the rest of us, mining companies not being the least offensive in this regard. Yet few people seem to have thought right through the question of why this should be so. The Tonkin Liberal government plans to pass a law in the coming session of parliament to extend to the

Pitjatjantjara a permanent title to their lands. But even amongst the government ministers one would find, I would warrant, great variety were one to ask them to explain exactly why the rights of these people must be respected in this way.

The big problem seems to be one of perspective. *From whose point of view* are we saying that the aborigines should have permanent title to their lands? Probably from our own. Because unless you worship the spirit's dreamtime too, the sacred sites and religious relics of the aborigines can have only an anthropological significance. The spectacle of thousands of students of European descent, most of them professedly agnostic or atheist, protesting angrily to protect the rights of tribal aborigines to worship animistic spirits does, upon reflection, have a slight aura of absurdity. Not that these students are wrong in their support of the aboriginal cause, of course, but their motivation in doing so may come from a view of things vastly different from that of the people whom they are trying to help. In the long run, such differences may prove to be very dangerous. □

Ask any student of the Marxist persuasion why he or she thinks aborigine's should have their territorial rights protected, and you might be lucky enough to get an analysis in economic terms. It is a question, in their minds, of the oppression of the luckless aborigines by our wicked capitalist system. But take it right through, comrade. Surely in a socialist society no one should have exclusive title to land - not even those of *us* who have black skins. The answer doesn't come from our own conceptions of the world, it comes from the aborigines' conceptions of the world. It is only by accepting that there is this difference between us and the aborigines that this kind of special treatment derives any rational basis.

"segregated" the aborigines in this way. We are their friends, and we want to help them. But don't we run the risk of imposing our construction of reality, (as Berger and Luckmann would say), upon them in doing so - just as surely as those who exploit them do?

In the end, I suppose, it becomes a question of honesty, you may support aboriginal land rights. If you do it because you respect the aborigines' own conceptions of the world, then you are being "honest". If you do it because you have imposed your own conceptions of the world upon the situation, without attempting an objective analysis, and the aborigines came out as the "underdogs", then you are "dishonest". You may even be absurd. □

The paradox is, however, that few students are aware that they have philosophically or mentally

Veritas
James Irving

"Solar heating is not something that will happen overnight." - Gerald Ford (when asked for his policy on solar heating).

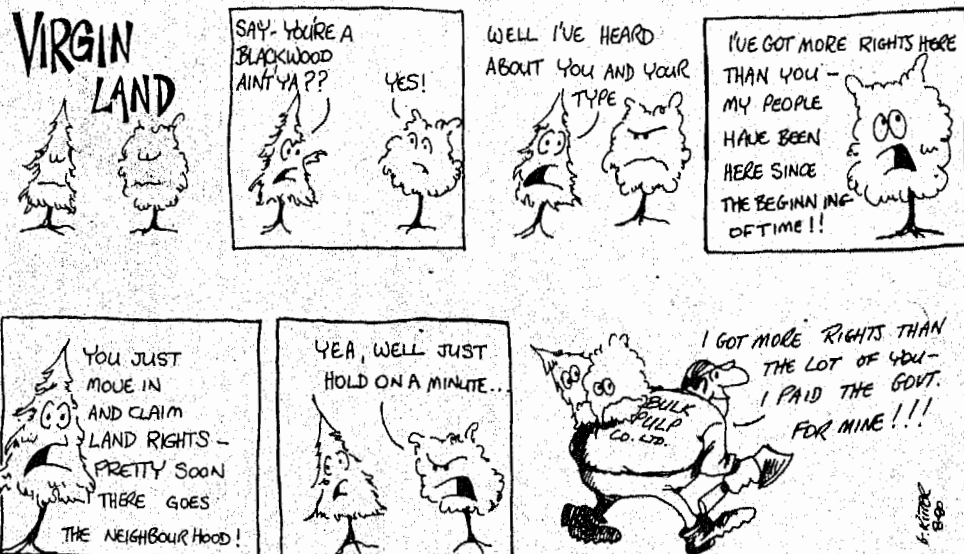
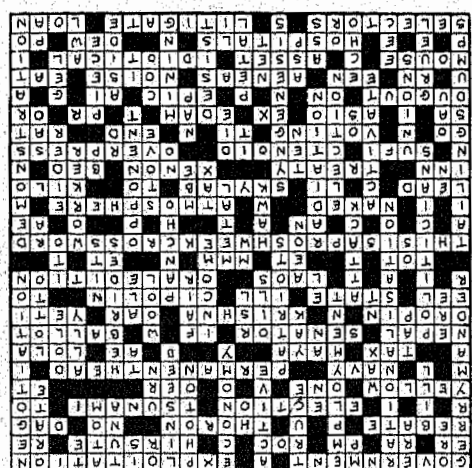
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This Week's STINKER Solution



HIGHER EDUCATION TIMES

The University, on its last financial legs since early this year, finally ground to a halt yesterday when the staff soup kitchen finally ran out of funds.

Aside from other considerations, it's unlikely that the Physics Department will ever be able to redeem its pledge on the University Particle accelerator hocked out early this term. Not only that but the redevelopment of the Mitchell Building as a multi level shopping complex has been a complete failure. Observers blame inadequate development work for the disaster - the hand written crayon sign and 1.7 metres of secondhand tinsel near the front entrance did nothing to entice the shoppers from the mall. The Vice-Chancellor, driven to drink and speaking from his new office in the front bar of the Botanic Hotel, was frank.

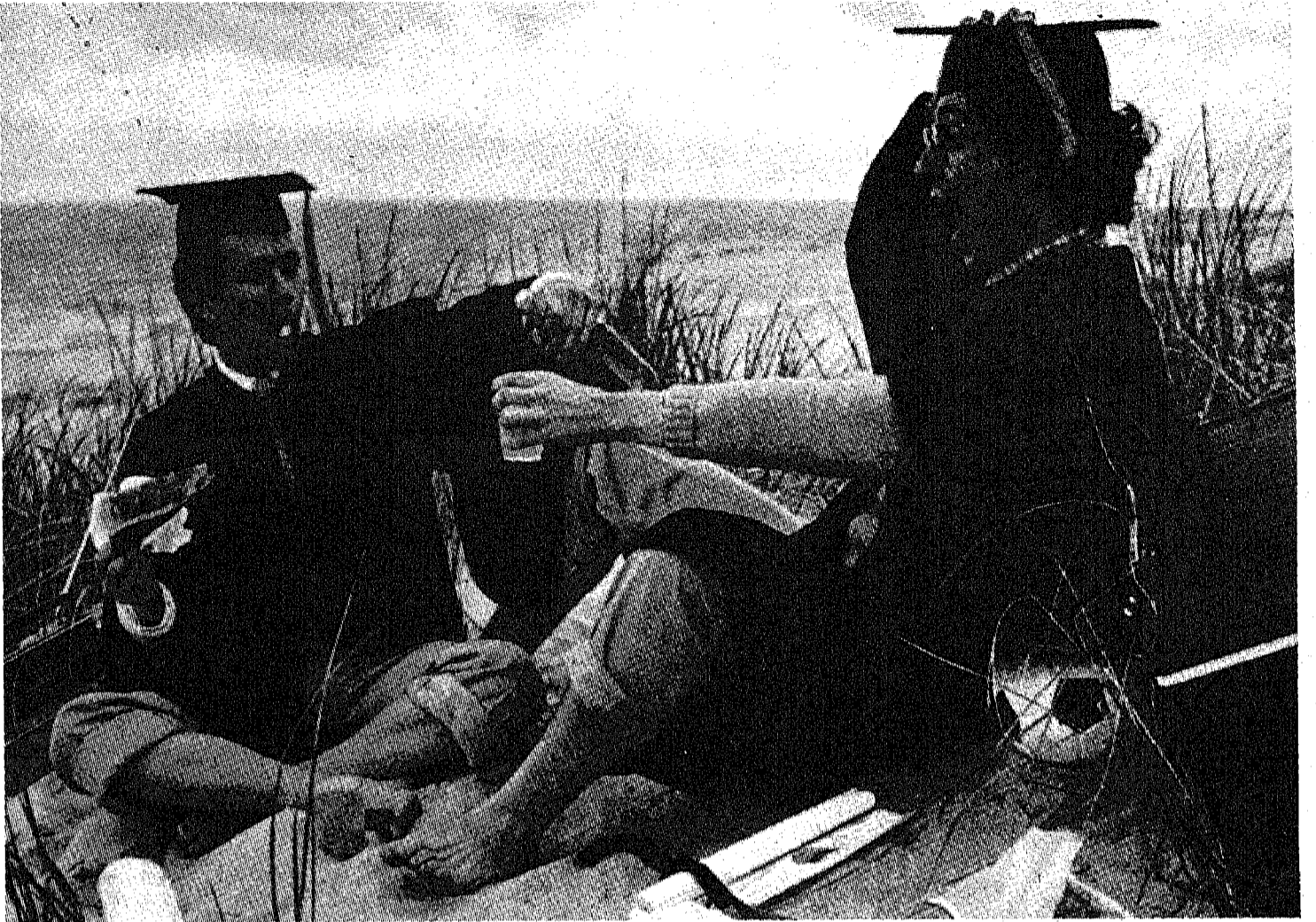
"The whole fuckin' place has gone down the drain - Rovalley is right out of my reach now," he said between hearty swigs on a metho bottle.

Savings

Earlier this year, the University went on a massive economy drive by reducing student numbers to eleven; one from each of the faculties. Despite the vast improvement in the student/teacher ratio this move brought, it was generally regarded as unsuccessful. Later desperation moves were also ineffective as the University crumbled under the weight of its own financial inertia. At one stage, with the Barr Smith Library operating as a book exchange and the Hughes Building roughly converted to a hotel, it looked as if the University would pull through, but eventually the end had to come.

Downturn

With the sale of the main computer at an auction early in second term, the administration was left with no major assets to dispose of. Massive rates payments and a crippling bill for the VC's desk lamp fell due. Nothing was left except for the disposal of University Real Estate, a difficult task given the state of most buildings. At present, a receiver manager has been appointed to wind up the University's affairs, but confusion surrounds his actual duties given that the University has no real business to undertake.



Takeover

Rumours have been rife around campus that a military style coup will be staged by members of the University Regiment. Their plan; to install a military Vice-Chancellor and shoot the remaining staff and students in an attempt to reduce outgoings. "We need strong action to ensure viability. This is no time for soft options," said one of the rumoured coup leaders between coo's. Prime Minister Falcon Grazier said he didn't "give a flying crock of shit" about the University's problems. "User pays," he said as he tried to kick start his trailbike with the gearlever. Moves are afoot to make all the Universities in Australia one multi campus institution to be controlled from Canberra. Although the Vice-Chancellor's Committee is expected to be absolutely objectionable to such a proposal, the government will probably take no notice. □

Mean Ms Sheen

interest in F.U.

Flinders University is to close down. Sources close to the Vice-Chancellor said that, due to a distinct lack of student interest, the campus would have to be 'Rationalized' as long as he didn't get the chop.

Students (and informed sources claim there are a few left) will be able to transfer to Sturt College, which will in turn close down. Observers say that TEASA has pulled off a really slide one this time.

The University itself will be auctioned off on Monday. A reserve price has been set, rumoured to be about \$2.50, the Fraser government market price for education. It's believed that Rupert Murdoch is interested in the property. Sources say that Murdoch is interested in the potential of the site for a new international airport. Obvious disadvantages of the area include its precipitous nature, but Murdoch's

explosives company has already been put on round the clock production. Main buildings are expected to be converted into hangars.

New Uses

The site left unused is expected to be converted into a Rupert fun fair, whose scale, if not inventiveness, will rival Disneyland. Following Murdoch's tried and true success story, extensive use will be made of large meaningless signs and scantily clad women.

As usual the *Herald* and *Weekly Times* is expected to succeed with a massive counter bid.

Pontificating on the whole affair, I'd say that both these bids are ultimately doomed to failure and that eventually the State Government will purchase the site for a new growth centre.

What's the new conservative line on all this? Too early to tell really, but the land's likely to be a good speculative buy. □

Tony Bacon

On being a Guru

AMAZING SCENES

by Tony Bacon

(With additional lessons on talking out of the side of your mouth).

Well now 'de max is dead an' buried under a mass of soggy Sunday Mails, the thoughts of younger men turn to grabbing his place in the empire and making more dough. Not that I'm concerned about mere money or anything like that, it's just that you gotta survive and who better to survive than me. Pretty good philosophizing eh? Inasive, to the point, cleverly written, self interested and dead boring; in short the mood of the times. And remember I'm here to reflect it, being too stupid for anything much else.

Now another thing about success; its good. All those shitheads out there that I write for haven't got a hope in hell of coming near my abilities. I know they're a bunch of helpless

Support Slips

Surveys just released indicate that Mr. Tonkin's support is slipping. The surveys, released yesterday show Tonkin has some pressing problems.

Using the Totally Random User Sampling System (TRUSS) it was determined that Tonkin's support had slumped considerably. With the possibility of a painful rupture within the party over his style of leadership, Tonkin has just had to grin and bare it. Although the split runs very close to Tonkin's heart, he is determined to hold the factions together. However the falling support means it will be much harder for the divided members

cretins, but it uplifts them to have an intellectual like myself writing for them from time to time. As Bruce (Gyngell, of course) says to me - "Besides watching your crap Tony, the best thing you can do is remember your position in life. Remember I'm sixty percent right, you're probably about forty five and the rest, well, we're way ahead."

Although Bruce gets a bit carried away with himself at times - I mean was Channel Ten in Melbourne a forty percent decision - he's about right. I'm way ahead of most of you. That means I can disguise my paper thin intellectualizing with a gloss of popularism and get away with it; on twenty odd grand a year. Nice little set up, eh? And the boss supplies me with free hairpieces, although I admit they are a bit on the cheap side.

Anyway; the secret of my success, aside from my unflinching correctness and good looks, is my *style*.

Style is something that you Arsetralians just don't understand, but me, I'm loaded up to the fuckin' gills with the stuff. Bye, Bye Max, hello me. □

to mend. pressure is piling up.

If Tonkin's support falls any lower, then we could well expect the party would demand his guts for garters - something that may be entirely possible to arrange. In other state government news, it's been revealed that there are moves to dump Stan Evans from his cabinet hotseat. Always a fiery parliamentary performer, Stan has been smouldering since his colleagues fenced him into a corner over charges of lack of supervision of his portfolio.

"I refuse to ignite debate over such trivial matters" said Stan "most of those old farts wouldn't know if their arse was on fire". □

Peter Turd

Library Note : Some text on this page is very light in the original issue. This is the best copy possible. Please see original document for better detail.

Football Times

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WEEK

AUGUST 7, 1980
Vol. 5, No. 18

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

The Mona Lisa Smith



Mutancy is divine. Or didn't he tell you? The bad man who was born under a wishbone on the shores of the dry river. Surely he taught you that much. Stunted introversion in pure defiance of probability and fact. He rolled the dice and they all came up sevens. The stench of smouldering mortality blew ashes on to the carpet, and the dice were obscured in a maelstrom of an imploding personality. The vortex took him down the dark torrent and in his loneliness he became great. When he emerged, still dripping from the metallic cold of the black water, he displayed his greatness and grasped handfuls of proffered finery to dry himself off. That was his secret.

When he came they bowed and said 'He has come', and because it was true, he obeyed. As he played the machines he laughed at their aversion to the black river. They saw courage in his fearless scorn for the opaqueness of its mysteries. They did not see his secret or his ghoulish love. Their neglect of the obscene and the unwanted gave him his power. He was, after all, a mutant.

Deep in his midnight self he cherished the bud. The rose of mortality which had saved him from judgment and from trust. His serpentine intestines billowed with the growth, and his mud-puddle eyes threatened like rifle barrels when

mirrors and mazes blocked his glacier-like progression. Only the visions of those black rapids and his own cold certainty kept him from following their diversions. Even sexuality could do no more than amplify what was already in motion.

Many times he was forced to flee into the mangroves and stinking bogs to become great again, but on each return he was a little closer and a little more certain. This was truth, he told himself as the thorns scratched the

walls of his stomach and the roots sidled their way into his veins. Only he had it, and although many had intuition and guessed at its nature, only he was its keeper. Finally, when time was ready for him, he rode on a grey cloud of foolishness to the gates of the appropriate town, and let his icy precision wander over the geography. The place was here, and time was still his servile dimension.

As the pain ripped through his mortal being and the dry pod cracked

and buckled he knew he had chosen well. He manipulated time and, wringing the essence from its concealed nature, flooded the sky above his crucifix with the darkness of the vortex. Laughing he sprang into the self-cancelling implosion and the rose burst forth in mockery of all who had worshipped him. Even as they took his limp body down from the wooden cross he was jeering at a world which could only sadly observe, but never follow. □

INTERNATIONAL
Herald Tribune
Weekend

No Pyramid for Shah

More Rumours

Meanwhile, the CIA have denied a report that they colluded with several Egyptian underworld figures to snatch the late Shah's body for eventual exchange with Ayatollah Khomeini for the hostages. Sources suggested that Ayatollah wanted to reduce the Shah's body to brawn with a meatgrinder and then sell the product to status seeking American Iranians. However problems with FDA approval of the product were believed to have spelt an end to the scheme.

On Teheran news of the death was greeted with scepticism. Hordes of people chanted for the return of the Shah's body. "I don't believe the stories," said a passer by. "Me I'd want to rip his spleen out to see whether it was cancerous or not."

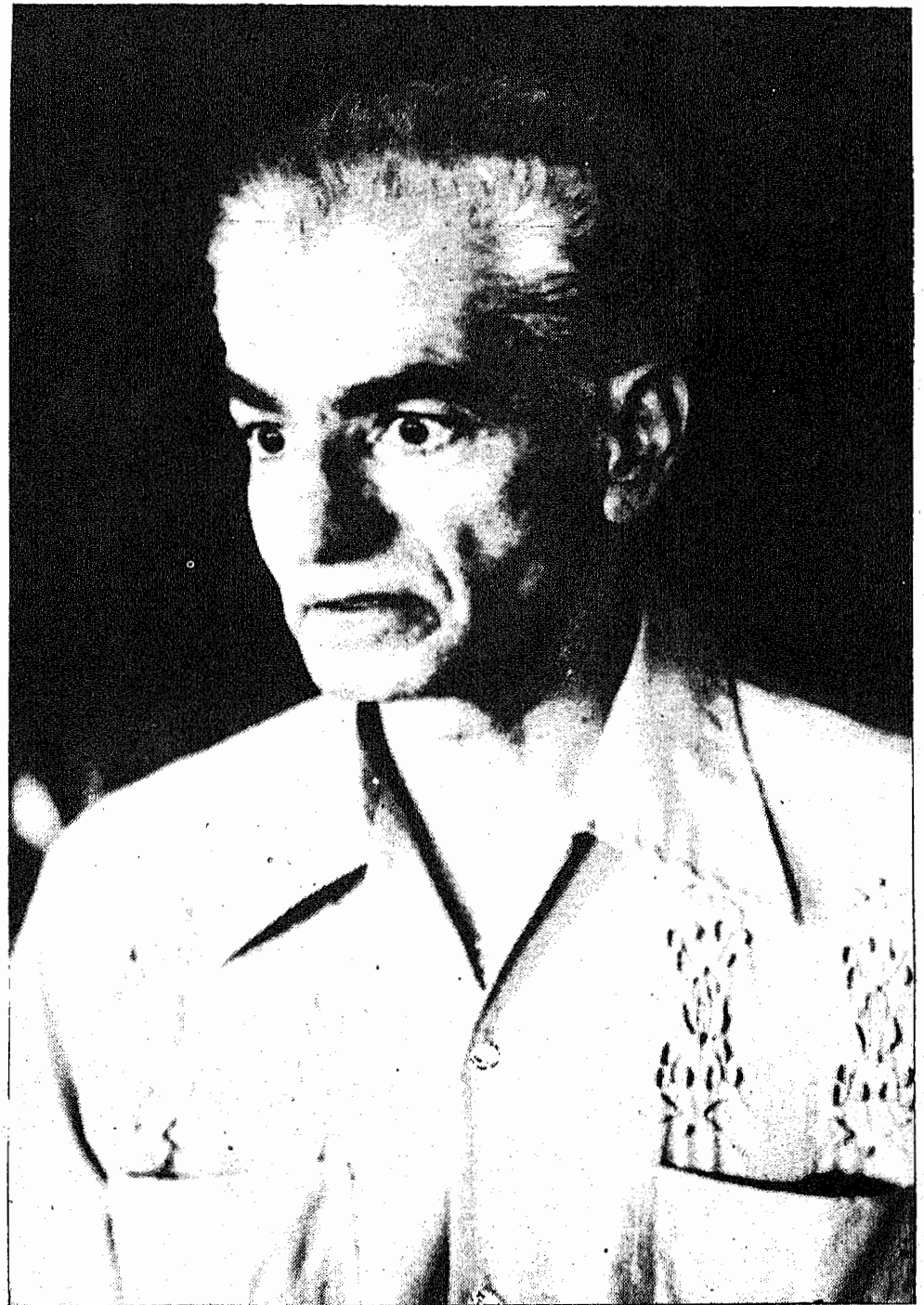
Speculation has run high in Teheran that the production company involved in the controversial film "Death of a Princess" was responsible for an elaborate hoax to create an even more controversial "Death of a Shah". International observers in Teheran expressed concern as to how (and if) the film might strike again. The obvious title is "Death of an Iman" - which given the symptoms of Khomeini's malignant cerebral gangrene and his great age, isn't all that unrealistic.

Abudllah

In a shock report received early today it has been revealed that the Egyptian Government planned to bury the Shah in a specially constructed pyramid.

Apparently, the move was abandoned after the Shah's wife, Empress Farah, fled the country to evade entombment with her husband. Posing first as a CIA agent and then as an emissary for the PLO, Farah is reported safe in Eire. Customs officials are believed to have been unable to spell her name so the Eire government is officially unaware of her presence. The new pyramid to house the Shah was believed to be part of a now aborted publicity drive to attract discredited heads of state to the country as part of a plan to revitalize Egypt's flagging economy.

Two of the visitors to the Shah's burial ceremony, ex President Nixon and King Constantine of Greece, are believed to be possible future clients. Nixon, as a mark of gratitude for his invitation, is rumoured to be considering presenting a tape recorder to President Sadat, but officials believe this to be a two edged sword pointing to Nixon's earlier problems with the machines.



Startling Necrophilia Revelation

New revelations on the relationship between Presidential Candidate Reagan and his wife Nancy are believed to be endangering his chances of erection.

Sources within the Republican Party admit that Nancy is due to appear in a Federal court on several accounts of Necrophilia. Aides said a conviction would gravely effect the chances of a Regan presidency, but are confident that they can exhume evidence to refute the charges.

A prize piece of defence evidence is a previously confidential videotape of Ron and Nancy together in a Palm Springs Motel.

The prosecution is believed to be presenting evidence suggesting that in fact the male personage in the tape is not Reagan but Sylvester Stallone in disguise. Stallone is believed to have agreed to the arrangement after Republican officials hinted that the Presidency in 2015 could be his, thus continuing the use of dead movie



stars as Republican nominees, a ploy seen by many to be the Republican's most successful move since Nixon's phlebitis.

Demands

The prosecution have asked that Reagan be isolated from power points and aides for at least 72 hours before trial, banking on flat batteries to defeat the defence case, but the

defence have protested that such a move would endanger Reagan's health, citing the massive claimed 25 amp current required by his Pacemaker.

And in the Democratic camp, things aren't going too well either. Teddy Kennedy was severely embarrassed when his mother held a Bridge tournament to raise funds.

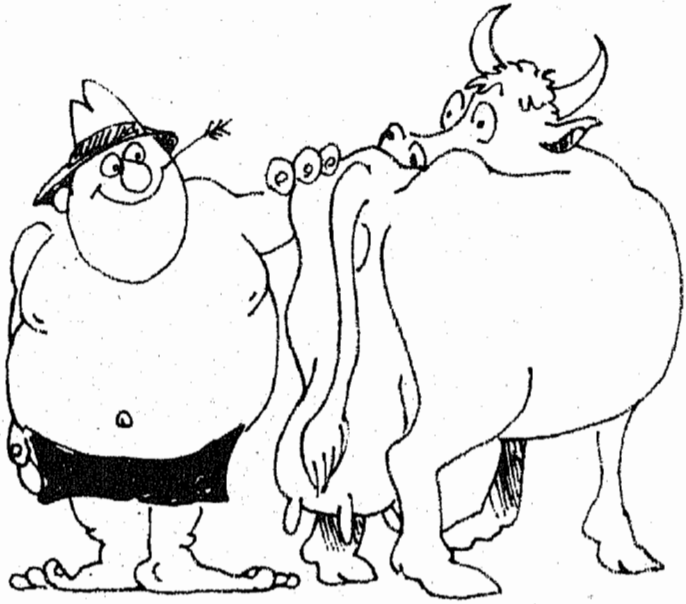
When asked about the gaffe, she commented "Oh, these slurs are just so much water down the river to me."

Kennedy's last minute campaign to get himself assassinated in order to pull a sympathy vote, has so far been unsuccessful. Sources quote a disappointed Teddy as commenting ruefully, "Oh well, two out of three ain't bad."

Rupert

SOME AUSSIE SEXUAL MYTHS EXPLODED....

THE COCKEY - IT SEEMS
LIKES TO ACT OUT HIS DREAMS



THE BAKER - KNEADS AN
OCCASIONAL ROLL

'TIL HE GETS A
BUN IN THE
OVEN !!



THE BUTCHER -
WITH CLEAVER,
LIKES TO LOUVER
THEN LEAVER.
(FROM WHAT I'VE
BEEN TOLD
HE LIKES HIS
MEAT COLD!)

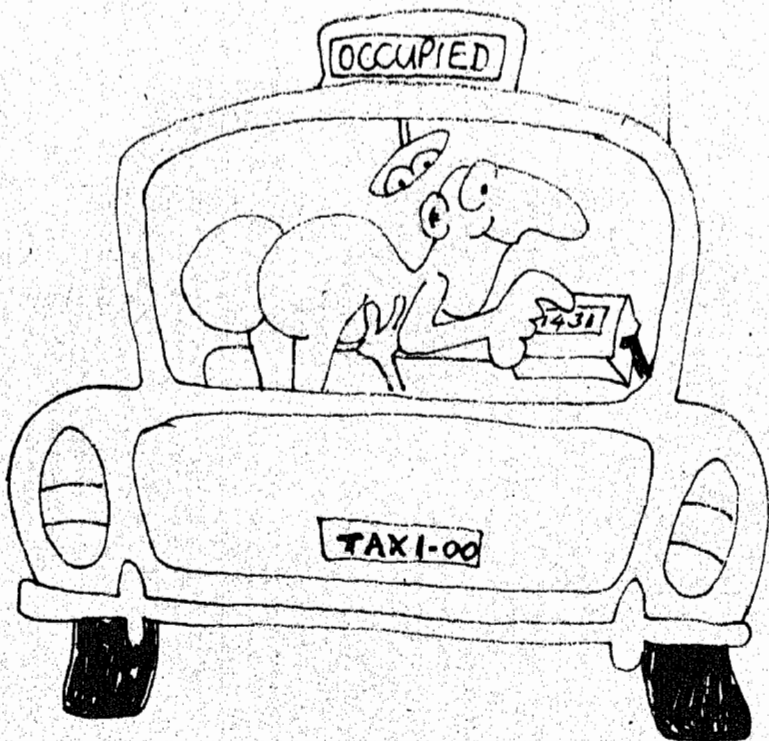


THE FOOTBALLER - WE FIND

HAS OTHER THINGS ON
HIS MIND,
THAN SCREWING A PUNT
OR
HANDLING A BALL!



THE TAXIDRIVER -
IT SEEMS ONLY FAIR
HE SHOULD GET HIS SHARE
METERED OUT - 'TIL HE'S PETERED OUT!



THE POLITICIAN -


SOME, LIKE PEACOCKS, ARE
SUPPOSED TO BE LIBERAL
IN THEIR LOVE'S LABORS !!



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RON CONT'D?

followed in the footsteps of your childrens book, "The Illustrated Childs Garden to WW3", would be impressive. It sold well in Canberra, Duntroon and Pine Gap, I hear.

Colin: Yeah, well, thanks. Doing those pictures in the Illustrated was really fun. I really think pictures are so, so... pictorial. It was burned at junior primaries though.

Ron: Can you tell us more about your new publication?

Colin: ...er, well. Frontal Lala-whatamy has been an ambition of mine for years, you know, free at last.. mmm.. or first in line, cutting out the crap and all that.

Ron: It sounds sort of extreme, doesn't it?

Colin: I always said never let your left side know what your right side is doing. Ignorance is bliss. But can you imagine cutting into the Brain, the Place, doing a Jesus in the Temple number?

Ron: And yet your literary efforts have... tenderness, a deepness of great... depth.

Colin: Ideas and stories and stories as pictures as sculptures of words, yeah, they just pour into and onto me. I get a flash, the flash of a wholeness and it jumps and squirts out of my fountain penhead down into the place between the lines. Some-times I wonder, though, who's hand it is.

Ron: Have you written anything autobiographic?

Colin: No, I'm not dead yet, despite what some critics say. But there'll be no more books of words for a while. I've been planning my own sequel to *Gone With the Wind*, there's nothing to see, is there?

Ron: Er, umm, yeah I see what you mean, or rather don't see, as it were.

Colin: Well, er...., yeah, thanks for being on my show - it was real visual.

Ron: Nice having you Colin. Ladies and gentlemen, a big hand for Colin Hyena-Smith. And now, a short break for a word from our sponsors while I go and take a look in the mirror. □

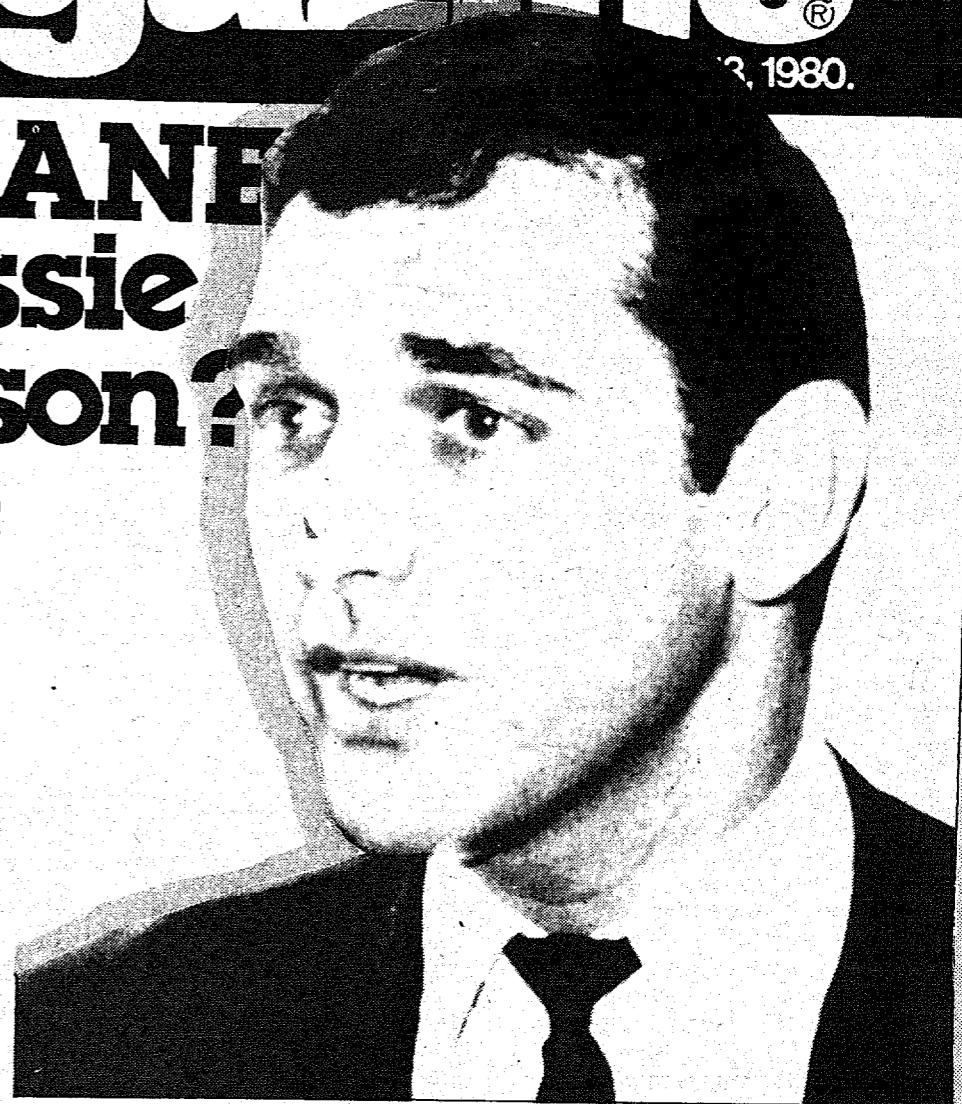
Mick Bocchino

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - AUGUST

FREE Your TV Magazine

2, 1980.

RON DANE An Aussie Parkinson?



Ron: And now, ladies and gentlemen, I'd like you to join with me in welcoming one of the country's most crypticocontroversial artists and man of imagination, Collin Hyena-Smith.

Colin:(blank behind polaroids)

Ron: Well Colin, welcome to the Show.

Colin: Yeah, thanks, its.. er.. really... mmm.. it really is to be.. or not to be, here.. mmm.

Ron: Yeah, and hey, congratulations on your new book, "Reflections on Frontal Lobotomy, or the First Cut is the Deepest"; I've not read it myself yet, but my analyst tells me its selling well.

Colin:(blank as before)

Ron: Er, Colin, Colin... congratulations on the new book. I would hazard to say that anything that

Colour special

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TORRENS MONSTER RETURN

Controversy again surrounds the possible existence of the now legendary River Torrens Bunyip following the discovery of metre long, black muddy foot prints outside Parliament House last Wednesday.

The footprints were first discovered at 7.15 a.m. by a horrified Mrs Jennifer Adamskon who exclaimed "These aren't my footsteps!" to astounded passersby. She had just returned from her regular morning jog around the city.

A little later that morning, Peter Lewis, MLC, who was shot in mistake for a speckled duck during the game season in June, was found cowering under his desk by a cleaner. Refusing to come out he explained that he had been frightened out of his wits when his room had suddenly been darkened by a large and hideous creature standing outside.

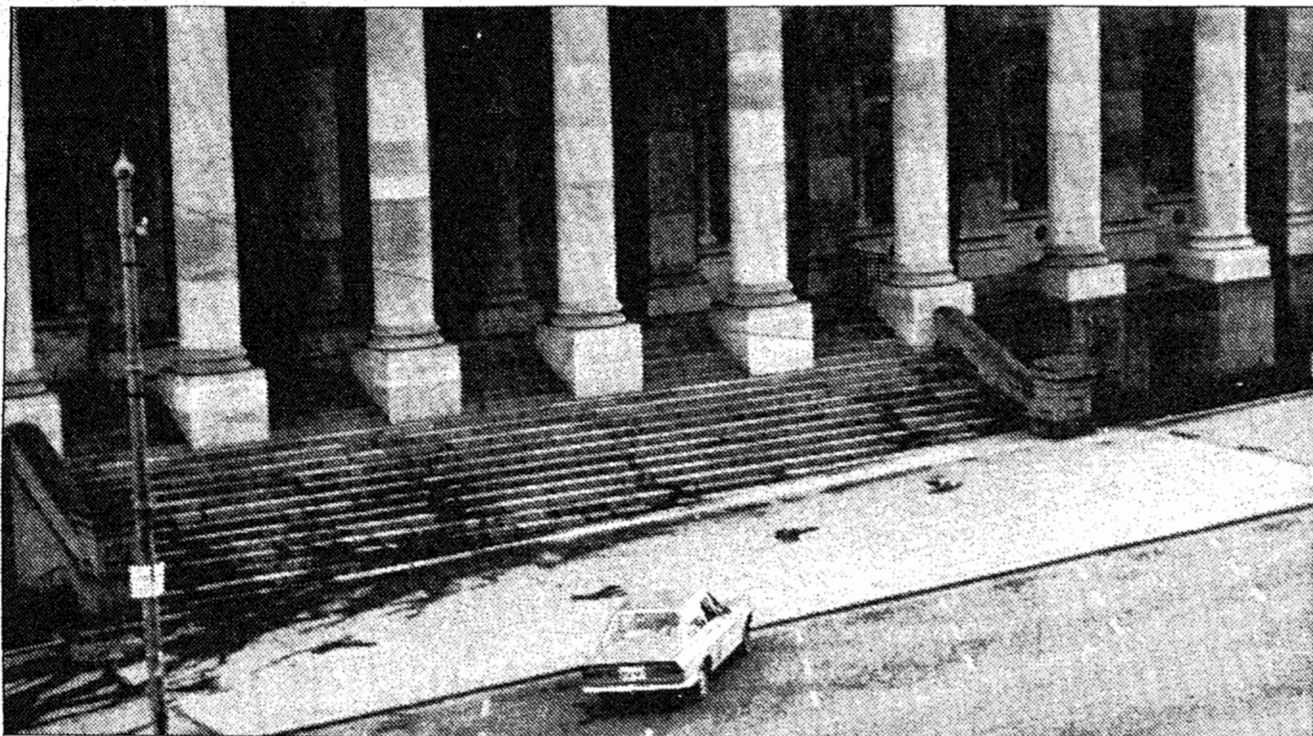
It has since become known that similar footmarks had been found around Gay's Arcade last Monday, although no mention of them was made by any Fire Brigade officer at Sunday's fire. When questioned about this, a spokesman told me the marks had originally been believed to have been made by one of the larger men fighting the fire, "but," he added, "anyone who had closely examined the 'footprints' would have realized at once that the marks bore no real resemblance to either the shape of a fireman's boot, or to any fire-fighting equipment."

Phone calls received at Radio 5UV (in response to an announcer's invitation during the breakfast programme last Tuesday) had listeners speculating on the origin of the mysterious "footprints" and according to Mr Ian Craven, comments ranged from the sublime to the ridiculous. The station's manager, Mr Keith Colon said, "Compared to the tales we heard of visitors from outer space causing the Arcade fire, and University students up to their usual pranks, the 'monster' theory for the footprints seems plausible. I, for one, could easily be convinced."

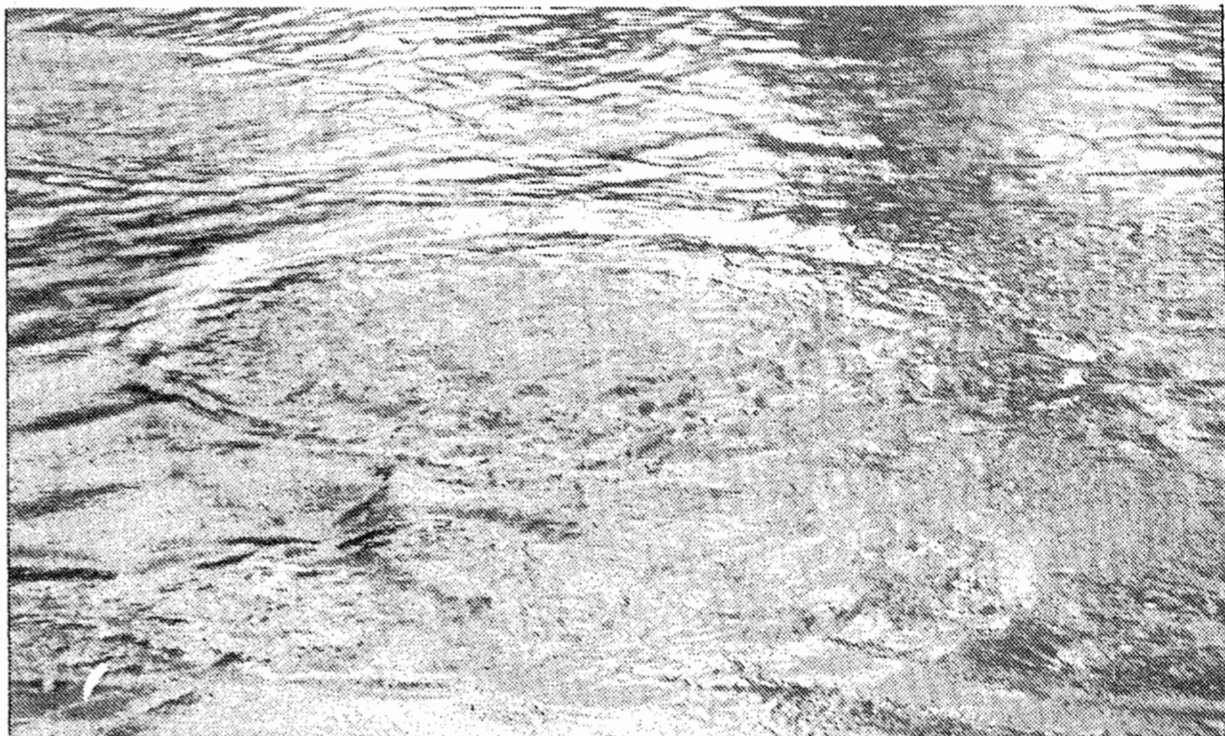
Academic opinion
Somewhat sceptical, I contacted several well known academics last night. The University of Adelaide's Dr Mike Tyler, who recently discovered a new species of frog in the Kimberleys, was equivocal. After a bit of "egging on", he said it could have been a sighting of 'Limnodynastes Gasmanensis', but it would have to be a new record, rather grossly inflated on the well documented average of 3 cm in length. "Anyway," he joked "the Torrens is too polluted for any clean living frog to inhabit. Maybe it was a plant... or a member of the Botany Department."

Dr Lange of the Botany Department twigged upon the idea of leafing through a truncated version of the recently published Torrens Corridor Study. "I'm sure it contains a wealth of information," he told me, although he later confirmed that he had yet to read it. He agreed that the sighting probably was a plant and hinted that the CIA may be involved. "I", a little bit out of my depth with this one," he concluded.

History
Reports of the existence of a River Torrens Bunyip in the vicinity of the city are not new. Speculation began as early as 1852 after a man disappeared near the present site of the Zoo. The Register of 15th March 1852 states that an acquaintance of the missing man claimed that his friend "was taken by a crocodile-like creature" late on the night of the 14th. This story was dismissed by police on the grounds that the incident had occurred late at night, and that the witness had allegedly been drinking. However, stories persisted over the



Bunyip prints outside Parliament House.



A Bunyip just before he gets out of the water.

years and in 1966 the then Police Superintendent Ronal Baker was known to have stated that Adelaide would not have needed a Missing Person's Bureau if there had not been a River Torrens.

It has even been suggested that Adelaide was designed with a bunyip threat in mind. In a recent interview, however, Adelaide historian Mr Arthur Jackton, rejected suggestions that Adelaide's original planners were aware of the possibility of the monster's existence. He pointed out that the absence of dwellings in close proximity to the river near the city related merely to the problem of polluting the river so far upstream, and quoted "forward-thinking administration" as the reason for restricting the use of Torrens' frontage to the Army (the Parade Grounds), a research institution (the University) and eventually the Zoological Gardens.

Shady dealings

The Zoological Gardens themselves have been a focus of attention for quite some time. It has been common knowledge amongst Adelaide taxi drivers and market gardeners that someone associated with the Adelaide Zoo unloads large crates late at night next to the Frome Road bridge. The driver of Car 232 from Suburban Taxis told me he had originally passed it off thinking that the intention was merely to feed the fish with scraps left over from feeding time at the Zoo. But a preposterous rumour is now circulating among disgruntled members of the Pet Shop Owners' Association (recently disaffiliated from the Federated Meat Packers' Union), that these crates could actually contain mutton and horse flesh as part of a trap to recapture one or more Bunyips which escaped from their secret tank in the Zoo's Animal Hospital!

This rather amazing story has it that the Bunyips would have been transported to the Zoo from Lake Alexandrina or the Lower Murray, with the money making intent of illegal export, depending on the establishment of a market overseas. This has been known to happen in the past, with some employees of the Zoo having been involved in an Australian-wide international Bird smuggling racket back in the sixties, according to some reports. (Like the River Murray itself, it all leaves a nasty taste in one's mouth.)

Conspiracy of silence

Connections between the "smugglers" and members of the Adelaide establishment could explain the conspiracy of silence that has gone on for so long over the "River Torrens Monster".

Why was it stated in the press on Tuesday that the South Australian Fire Brigade was operating on a

shortage of 100 men when it is common knowledge that the missing men were running all over the banks of the Torrens in front of the University on Sunday looking for something ... nobody knows quite what! There has been speculation that they had actually been engaged in chasing one of the monsters who had clambered out from his watery abode and gone for a wander up into the city.

Several years ago, the ABC's current affairs programme DDT, decided to do a feature on the Torrens' "Bunyip". Initially intended as a tongue-in-cheek look at the public's superstitious awe when faced with the unknown, the investigation turned into a serious study when some of the evidence was collated. It was found that many of the unsolved disappearances in the Torrens area occurred when the water level of the Torrens was at an uncharacteristically low ebb. The researchers proposed that this disturbance of the river's ecosystem drove the monster out of hiding. They also found that the unusual lack of

fish upstream in the Torrens is not merely a function of recent increases in pollution levels, but dates back to the last century. No satisfactory explanation has ever been given for this phenomenon.

The DDT special was never screened by the ABC. Station executives withdrew it at the last minute without stating their reasons. It is believed that business interests operating along the Torrens were sensitive about any release of information concerning the monster for fear that the publicity would detract from the Torrens' image as a site for leisure activities. At least one member of the DDT team considered resigning over the coverup.

If such efforts really have been made to keep the "monster" out of the public eye, then it is quite understandable that the Fire Brigade made no report of the footprints around the vicinity of Gay's Arcade. It would only have been when the tracks were discovered in front of Parliament House on Wednesday that it became obvious that it would be an

impossible task to keep the whole affair secret. The word is now out and it remains to be seen how the public will react to the knowledge.

The Duncan affair

The "Bunyip" existence in the Torrens could also throw new light upon one of the most controversial local issues to emerge in the 1970's; the disappearance near the Torrens of University Law lecturer, Dr Duncan, in 1972. The Duncan murder case rocked Adelaide as allegations of complicity were levelled at certain Vice Squad detectives. The results of a subsequent special investigation carried out by two Scotland Yard detectives were suppressed by the Police and the issue was never publicly resolved. A growing body of opinion among the University's gardeners holds that the refusal to release the report may not have been so much because police officers were implicated, but because the evidence conclusively proved that the "Bunyip" was involved. □

Bunyipological Underwater Mythogenesis Socy, (B.U.M.S.)

BUNYIPS An expert opinion

Possibly yet another mammal occurred in Australia fresh waters, for there have been many reports of a hairy aquatic animal clearly neither water rat nor platypus. Considerable mystery surrounds this animal and it has come to be called the bunyip, a word of aboriginal derivation roughly equivalent in meaning to 'devil' or 'spirit'. Lacking specimens, there is no evidence to decide unequivocally as to whether it was a mammal, or, indeed, if it existed at all.

Perhaps the first report by white men was the mysterious roaring heard by the crew of the Geographe in 1801 in the Swan River, Western Australia. The first sighting by Europeans would seem to have been that by the explorer Hamilton Hume in 1821; he reported the occurrence of an animal not unlike a manatee or hippopotamus in Lake Bathurst, New South

Wales. No specimens were collected, but for several years afterwards there were reports of mysterious animals near Bathurst. Then, in 1846 a skull purported by Aborigines to be that of a bunyip was found on the banks of the River Murrumbidgee and sent to W.S. McLeay in Sydney. From there an illustration was sent to London and examined by Professor Sir Richard Owen. He said it was a calf's skull. This skull is now at the McLeay Museum at the University of Sydney. It is said to be probably the malformed skull of a calf or ox.

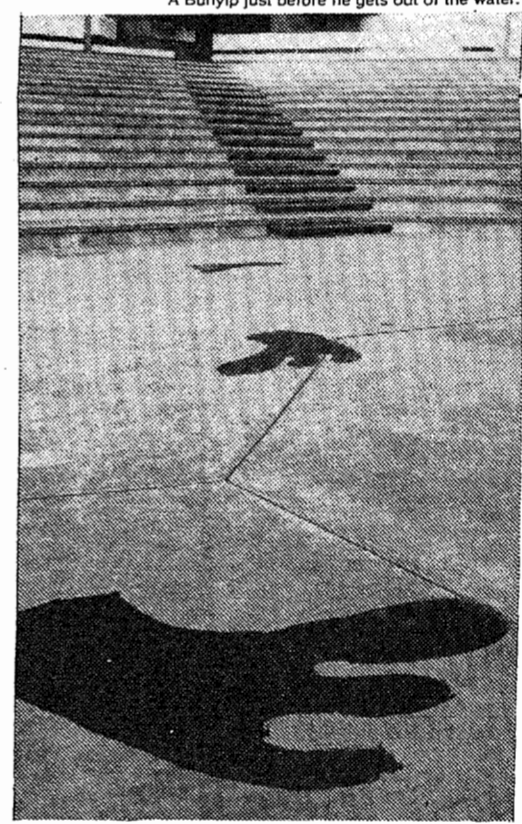
Notwithstanding the opinion of Richard Owen, from 1846 on many bunyip sightings were made, particularly in New South Wales, Victoria and Tasmania. A remarkable feature of these was their degree of agreement. Thus, the bunyip reported from Lake Tiberias,

Tasmania, in 1852 had a bulldog head, short legs and was hairy. An animale like a sheep-dog with two small flippers was reported in 1863 from the Great Lake, Tasmania. In Lake Burrumbeet, Victoria, an aquatic animal like a big retriever dog with a round head and hardly any ears was sighted in 1872. And from Dalby, Queensland, there was a report in 1873 of a creature not unlike a seal. Twentieth century reports are less frequent and credible so that if there ever was a bunyip in Australia it would not appear extinct or virtually so.

Allowing at least some credence to the early reports, the question, then is, what sort of animal was the bunyip? Two possible answers have been proposed. The bunyip could have been an extinct marsupial adapted to aquatic life in the way some modern placentals are (e.g. the otter) and know-

ledge of which was retained in Aboriginal folklore. On the other hand, bunyip reports could have been sightings of seals that had wandered inland. This is clearly the most plausible answer for several seals have been reported and some actually caught well inland; there are old records of seals having penetrated over 1000 km upstream in the River Murray, for example. The presence of locks and weirs on this river would now make such penetration impossible, and account for the 'extinction' of the bunyip in at least this river. It is possible of course that in the early days of European settlement, cattle formed the basis of Aboriginal stories about bunyips: to a people knowing only kangaroos as large animals, long-horned English cows must have appeared strange indeed.

Professor W.D. Williams,
Dept. of Zoology



Remains of Bunyip dance in the Festival Amphitheatre.

"Life after all..."

Life after all, is a sexually transmitted disease," I ruminated in the shower. It was the sort of day that makes all Arts students stay in bed. Contemplating my navel wouldn't help me this morning, however. I was so hungry I almost ate the dates off the calendar on my way into the kitchen.

Flicking quickly through the paper, I glanced at the comics, sports and front page finally, just to make sure cataclysms were still occurring around the world. Still there were some interesting stores.

Rape Horror

- A court had found an Irishman not guilty of raping a young lady. He had tied her legs together to stop her escaping before he tried to rape her.

Health cuts

Jennifer Adamson was planning to introduce cut price discounting to the major hospitals as a desperate attempt to reduce expenditure. Each of the major hospitals would have weekly 'specials', like 1/2 price lobotomies. Each surgical team would compete to produce the cheapest, quickest alive patient. Teams whose patient died before leaving the theatre forfeited.

Space to rent

- Some nut was advertising a space to rent. "Aprox. 2 litre hemispherical space 173 cm from ground, empty at present." apply Premier's Department.

It takes all kinds I thought.

On arriving at the Royal Adelaide I saw this week's special offer was appendicectomies - have two and your third one is completely free. That's certainly *cut price* I thought. About mid morning most of the consultants arrive from their 18 hole rounds at the other Royal Adelaide, so I had plenty of time to see my patient and take a history before I had to present him to the consultant.

Up in the ward my patient was having his wounds dressed. He had been in a motorcycle accident and had many cuts. I approached and opened with a standard line. "Now what's brought you into hospital?" "An ambulance" he muttered sullenly. Oh no, a joker, I thought.

The history was uninteresting but on examination I found him to have piles. "How long have you had these?" I asked. "Oh ever since I've been sleeping on the carpet." He was very uninteresting so I went off to have a cup of tea in the cafe.

Green ladies abound in the cafe, all sitting together and chattering at once in their no speaka-the-English language. They all give us dirty looks because we walk on and dirty the floors which they endlessly polish.

Back up in the ward I waited for my consultant; he was half an hour late. As soon as he saw me he shot a question, "What's Ellers-Danlos syndrome you miserable polyp?" "It's when you have very mobile joints and elastic skin," I replied. "Why then should it be called the Nichodemus syndrome?" he queried. "I have no idea," was my reply. "Because in the Bible we are told that Nicodemus tied his ass to a tree and walked into Jerusalem!" It was all too much so I spent the afternoon with the Space Invaders at the Botanic front bar.

August

Thursday 7

Friday 8

1963 Great Train Robbery

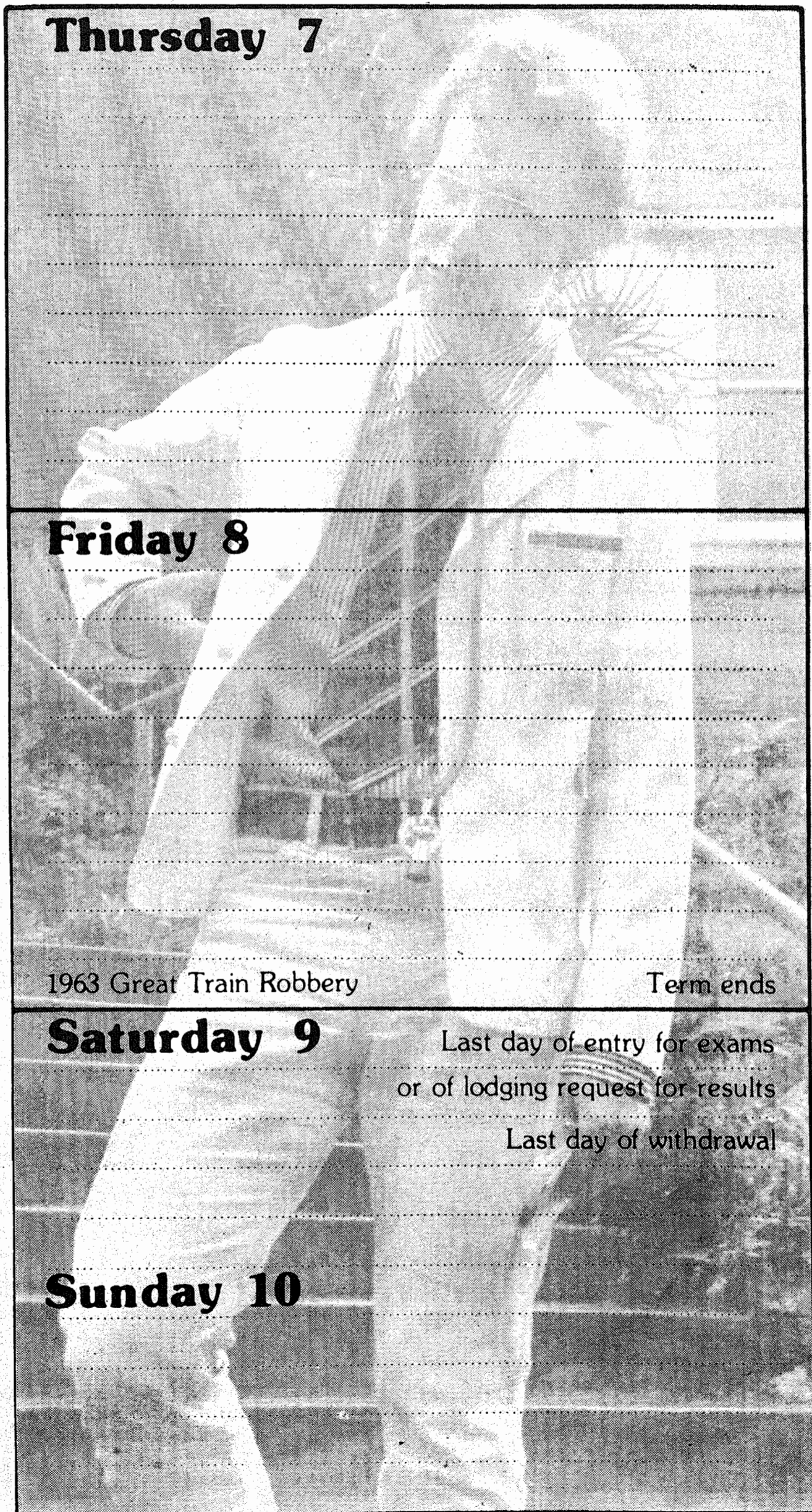
Term ends

Saturday 9

Last day of entry for exams
or of lodging request for results

Last day of withdrawal

Sunday 10



Bicycle vs. Behemoth

Here is the *Off dit* comparison of the century - the ultimate in student transport contests. And *Off dit* brings it to you with only a modicum of fanfare and self congratulation. Let's see how these two totally different and incomparable transport methods actually compare.

Marvel at our ingenuity in setting tests that no other magazine would even bother to think of, but first the basic statistics. The bike; a basic one gear back pedal brake model fitted with tyres, a wheel or two, pedals, handlebars and a seat. A traditional design - perhaps we could expect more in the 1980's.

The car; a basic three gear model with a nifty three on the floor conversion. A motor of over three litres gives mediocre performance and a whopping fuel bill. Fitted with drum brakes, all round it's a guaranteed first time stopper, although the second, third and fourth attempts are anyone's guess. A deluxe leather look vinyl bench seat with tasteful chrome plated plastic hardware completes the cockpit picture.

The contest then is Falcon XT Station Wagon US Super Eliots uncertain; who will come out on top? Here the XT wins hands down, although in ultimate terms it would have been quite a bit of trouble pulling the skin off the proverbial rice pud. You're in marshmallow country with the Ford. A screaming whine of

mechanical agony mimics the travel of your foot to the boards as you demand maximum effort. To be fair, it leaves most Holden EJ's in its wake. Besides if anybody is idiot enough to pass you, just smash the fucking thing into them; they wouldn't stand a chance.

Not so the bike. Chances are that in applying maximum effort you'll forget to look where you're going anyway; fatal if the roads are infested with clapped out Austin Lancers or similar. Ten to one you'll be eating number plate before too long.

Speed

Nothing you can do on a bike can really replace the thrill of blasting the Falcon along crowded suburban streets, speed ever increasing, adrenalin pumping. Trying really hard, and ignoring the horrible tangled snarl produced by massively overstressed machinery, the thing can be made to accelerate to well over sixty or seventy miles an hour. At this speed, aside from a deafening noise from the side windows, and an ominous grinding rattle from around the gearbox, you can hear the typical iron lump strangled six cylinder roar so beloved of millions of uncaring tank floggers all over the country. The bike is a different matter. Smooth as silk; although marred by a slight chain grind typical of the under-maintained student machine. Despite the bike's lower terminal velocity and

the effort required to push it, at least you end up fit and not a bankrupt nervous wreck. The pleasure of driving the Ford fast is something akin to the thrill obtained walking on the edge of a cliff - it's OK if you keep going straight but one mistake and you're over the edge.

Corners

Through the corners, the Ford, fitted with the optional heavy duty dampers and worn balljoints, will surprise many a suburban Commodore poseur, complete with Brabham approved Supersteels. Despite an alarming amount of sway, slop and general unpredictability, the XT will hang on quite well if the car is set up properly. Generally there's a surprise in every corner with the XT. Pumping the tyres up to 50 psi there is a marked improvement in feel, but at the expense of traction around the bumper corners. But what the fuck eh? When the whole shaking mess does give way, the resulting slide toward the abyss is reassuringly slow; slow enough to wind the side window down to give adequate vision for the next few kilometres. While we're at it, let's not forget the five or six turns lock to lock. Fishtailing is definitely out.

Not much can be said about the bike's handling in these conditions; I've yet to provoke a slide long enough to figure out what's happening.

Verdict

Terrible but understandable handling; remember to mind the chrome on the door handles son. The bike is positive but suffers from an annoying rear end flex when it's leaned hard. Fun, but the road's fairly unyielding at sixty k. or so. Verdict; don't fall off.

As for general luxuries there aren't any. Anybody driving the XT for any period of time better check that his/her health insurance has a deformity clause in it, as well as one about chronic injury (made necessary by the likelihood of the seat belt slicing your neck off). All I can say about bicycle seats is that they've improved - now your bum goes dead after three, not two minutes. Joining the raincoat brigade is a must for any bike rider. You too can look like a plastic bag. From a distance, the ergonomics and efficiency of the bicycle design vis a vis the human body can be appreciated. Close up though things aren't so rosy. Whoever designed the XT obviously wasn't human at all; my theory is that it was designed from the ends in; the driver and passenger are left to fit in the space between the back seat and the fire wall.

Well, let's wrap this whole thing up by saying that the XT really is a pile of shit, but that it can carry the bike when it's raining. □

Frank Spanner

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THE MR 1980 QUEST



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THE QUEST

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Entrants are required to raise a minimum of \$200 each to be eligible for the title of Mr 1980.

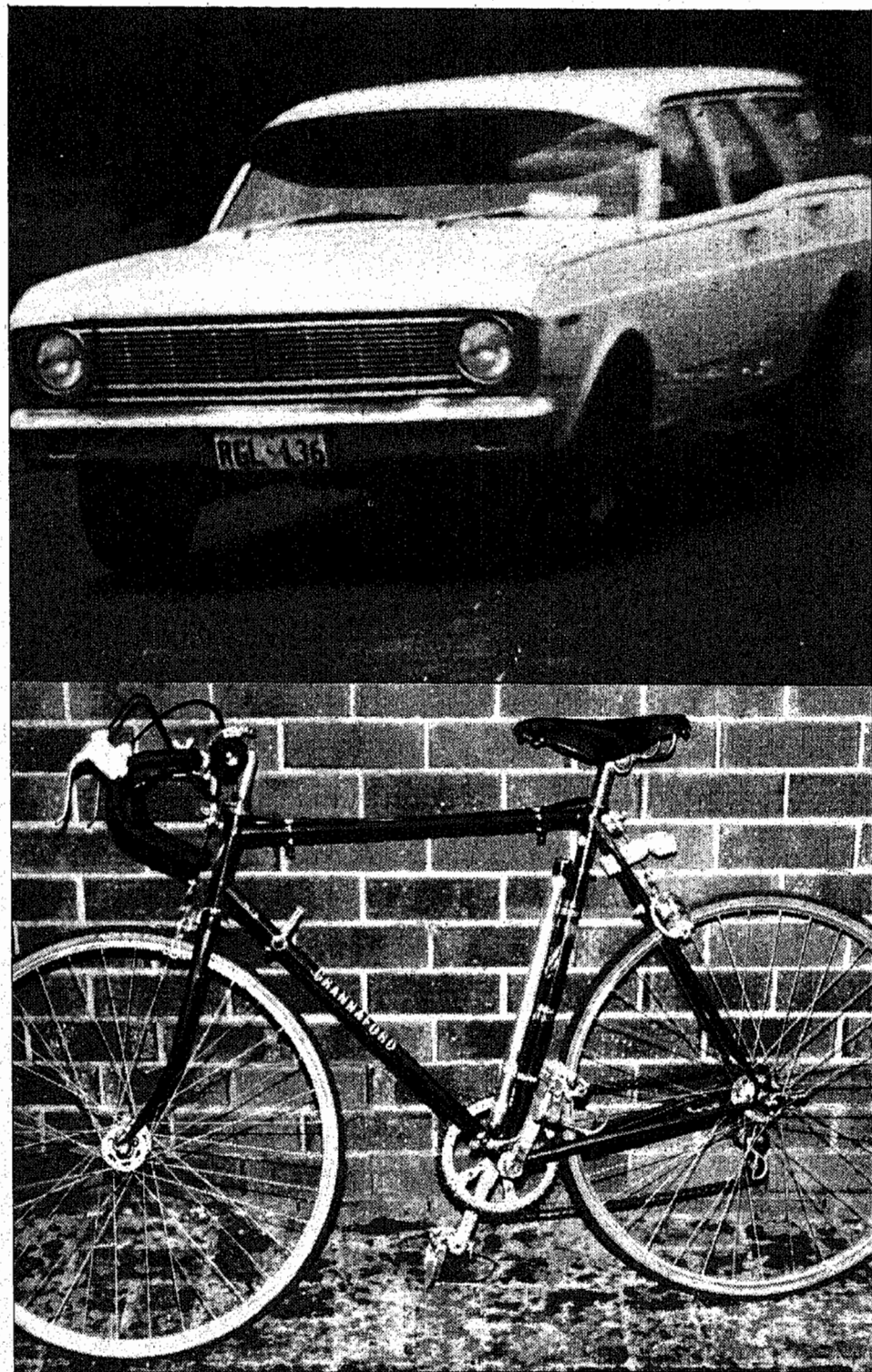
If you wish to enter and have no sponsor, we can help to arrange one for you.

Companies wishing to sponsor entrants may nominate an entrant or by notifying Austcare - we'll nominate an entrant for you.

Entry Forms are available from Austcare, 24 Waymouth St., Adelaide, 5000. A.H. 51 3377

Please send me further details regarding The Mister 1980 Quest

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Address..... Postcode.....
Bus Ph..... A/H.....





the merinos



Thousands of prepubescent primary school children, dressed exactly like their pop idols, flocked into the customs department at Outer Harbour yesterday to welcome the Merinos back to Australia.

The band has just completed six months of touring in the greener pastures of the near East.

As their crate was lowered on to the wharf, a shocking outburst of animal like activity erupted requiring police intervention. Six arrests of confused groupies were made, two for disorderly conduct and four for attempted bestiality.

Background

Having had some trouble with local record companies just over a year ago, this band staked their claim alongside such other O.S. Oz bands as AC/DC and the MOR group LRB (said by NME to be BOF's), with their live "Export" tour to the middle East.

Originally contracted to EMI, they got the chop after being lambpooned by *Record Mirror*. After these setbacks, no other record companies would have a Baa of them.

Then as outlined in the *Merino's* round-up in last week's ish., the band went on for a rave tour of Afghanistan with the personal backing of sometime squatter and prospective

good shepherd, Falcon Grazier. Going by reports in the Kabul press, the *Merinos'* music has been the best thing for Russian troop morale since "I love my Agricultural cooperative" by the Marxist-Leninist brass ensemble.

Now however, they are coming back to their hometown, playing to the kids that supported them in the earliest days. But seeing their more than avid fans, the so-called "sheep army", all look-alikes of their heroes, dressed in those familiar outfits created from old car seat covers, it is hard not to suspect that there is more to their success than a mixture of tremendous musical talent and economic viability.

Enraged parents with children in the Merino's flock have hinted at commercial exploitation of their impressionable offspring. "They've really been pulling the wool over the kids' eyes" said one concerned father. "Our lad Darren started wearing Ug boots. The next thing we knew, he was into grass."

The Image

But what do the *Merinos* think about their own image? *Off dit* interviewed Frank Fleece, leadsinger with the band and he gave the following droppings.

"We're not punk. I guess we'd have

to class ourselves as 'Ewe wave'." As for their outrageous stage act and costumes, Frank has this to say. "We didn't choose the *Merino* image. It's almost like we were born with it. It's popular because the average record buyer can identify with it. It also helps with TV coverage because we fit so well into shows like 'Countdown'. People say we are 'wolves in sheep's clothing', taking over kids' minds, fleecing them. That's not true. We know that cult things don't last. Today's teeny bopper idols are tomorrow's Ug boots."

If things get too hot for the *Merinos*, they can always fall back on to their strong Australian country following; come back to grass roots. In fact they've already had one firm offer of a partnership for a tour of Australia from Adelaide band, *The Jumpers*. But for the while, the band is doing very well as it is. Around Australia thousands of young kids avidly await the return of their heroes touring here next month, and thousands of parents await the return of their car seat covers. As a comfort to them, it seems the *Merinos* are just another phase in the teenage rebellion, aiding thousands of kids to find their personal identity in the seething mass of cultural relativity confronting them today.

James Williamson

RUMEN

Bio Lavatology Today

The nineteenth century became notorious for the under-exposure of sexuality in society and literature. Times have changed, and sex has become the most exploited, overrated feature of our society.

Puritanism has been superseded by liberalism, which has been squashed by promiscuity. But, despite the emphasis on sex, it is nothing more than an expression of nihilism in our society. Woody Allen, in *Love and Death*, described sex (without love) as a meaningless experience, 'although as meaningless experiences go, it is one of the best'. Existentialists have proclaimed the meaningless of life for decades.

The meaning of life

Despite the efforts of the existentialists, and the disproportionate amount of emphasis given to sex in society, there remains a universal feature which gives meaning to life: going to the toilet. The media have never exploited lavatological expeditions. A puritanism remains which is as rigid as that of Victorian times.

Biolavatology

Numerous papers have been compiled on sex and society, but few theses have ever been written on faeces. Not even the meekest attempt has been made using Hegelian analysis, in which faeces and anti-faeces combine to form synfaeces - the ideal, classless defaecation. How has human reason neglected this study and allowed the whole matter to remain but an amorphous blob in the world of knowledge? When has *Women's Weekly* ever had a feature on the role of a lavatologist? It manages to provide us with copious quantities of material on gynaecologists, and their contribution towards the meaninglessness of the cosmological process.

Another bad point about going to the toilet is that the moralists cannot have a field day. While sexual virginity can be preserved for a century by the individual, only a little time is needed in this world for the human to complete the first, albeit involuntary, poogasm.

Repression

It must be mentioned that most

people are crypto-lavitists. This means that for good social behaviour, they make out that defaecation is a necessary evil, which is not to be enjoyed. Even today a dark mist of repression hangs over this City of the Churches. Although living in an age of comfort with regard to most areas of existence, our lavatories remain in the pre-pubertal ages of last century.

Recent technological breakthroughs such as electrical seat heaters, absorbent carpet, windows offering panoramic views and soft tissue non-abrasive toilet paper have yet to be promoted on a large commercial basis.

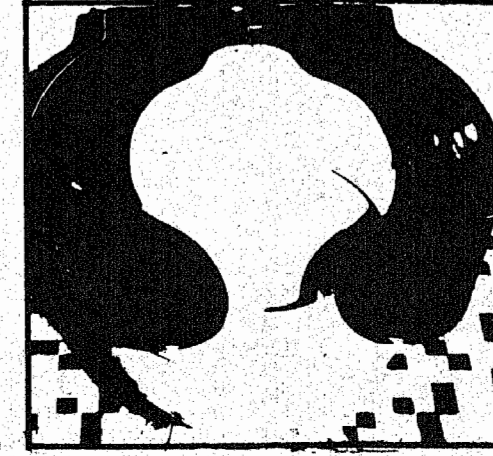
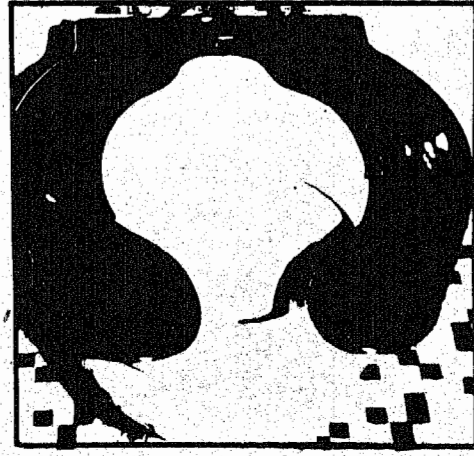
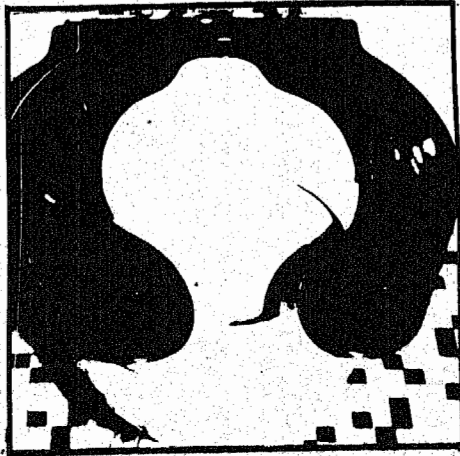
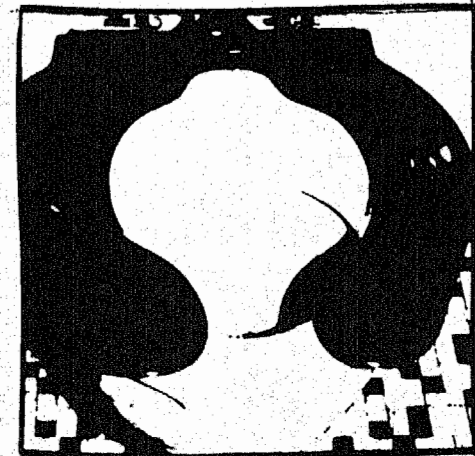
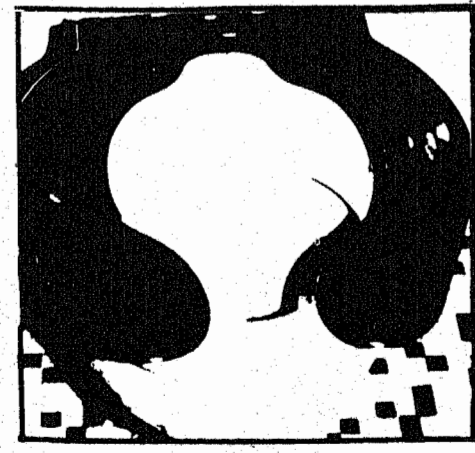
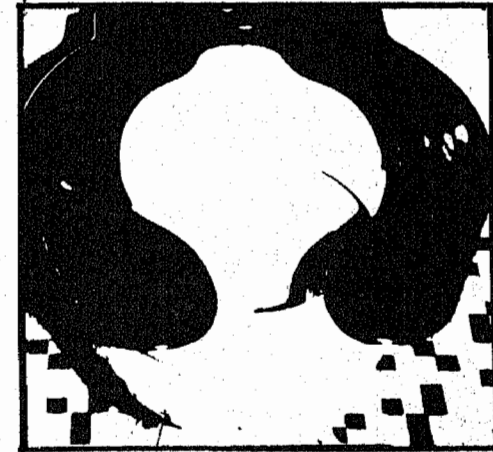
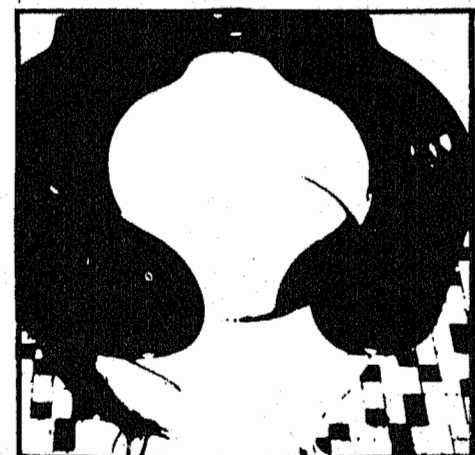
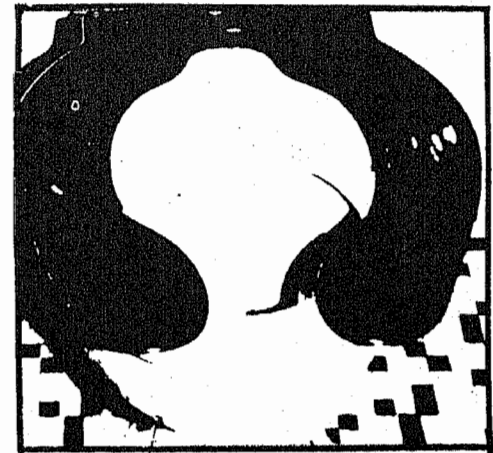
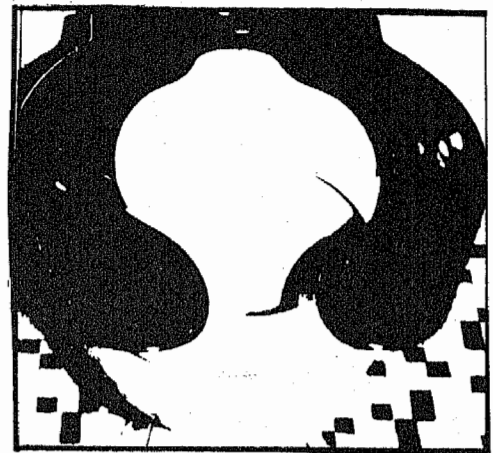
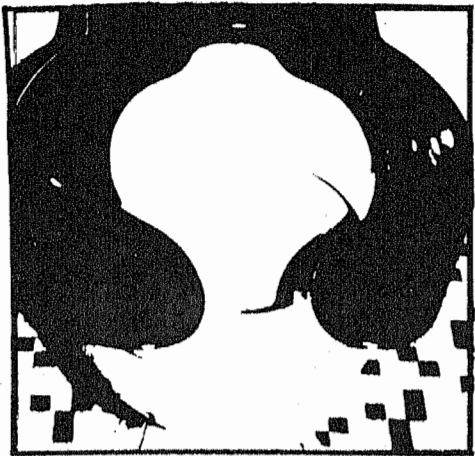
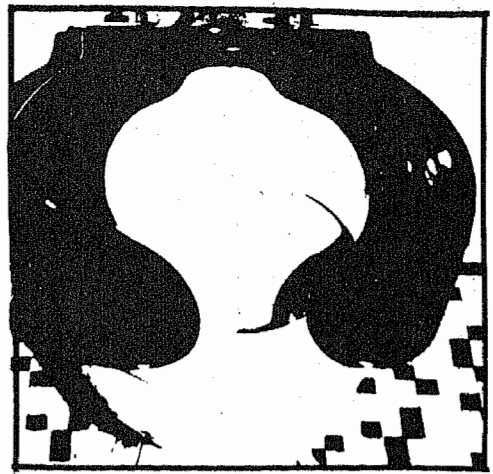
This wilful neglect is difficult to understand. In our enlightened age there should be no need for this futile purging of one's conscience. In some institutions there is even an accepted practice to charge a small fee to discourage people from indulging. This intimidatory hampering of one of life's most pleasurable activities must be brought to an end. Most people enjoy going to the toilet (millions of people in our country reach poogasm every day) and so they should be allowed to defaecate as they please.

The throne of thought

Going to the toilet combines physical pleasure with profound thought. What great leaders have not formulated motions, to go before the cabinet, on the toilet seat? Who has not laboured over a problem for days, nay weeks, only to discover the solution in the midst of an invigorating splurge of diarrhoea? Anybody doing work with a programmable calculator will find their problems coming out with remarkable haste amidst the excitement of sphincteric activity. It is significant that the papacy has never issued an edict condemning the use of enemas, and that the Reformed Church has never discussed the use and abuse of going to the toilet.

The lights at Bolivar Sewage Treatment Works are a reminder, as gentle fragrances weave into the atmosphere, that each individual, in remarkable privacy, has contributed towards the meaning of life. Perhaps this meaning should become an issue in our fair city. A Bowel Action should be formed so that the public can hear of the ultimate praxis.

Glyn Wittwer



Appin disaster report

p 5

Coal miners dispute

JOHS DOG FOR SENATE



In a completely predictable move, the Premier of Queensland, Joh Bjelke Petersen, announced the nomination of his pet dog Bo for the chairmanship of the National Party.

The move follows Joh's dissatisfaction with the performance of Sir Robert Sparkes, the present chairman in Queensland. Observers in Canberra expressed surprise, shock and then complete resignation as news of the new appointment leaked through. Petersen is believed to have considered a number of nominees including his wife's scone tray. But Bo's natural tendency to assume a cocked-leg position when faced with political dissent is believed.

The decision to proceed with Bo's appointment was made in the early hours of Thursday morning. A heated cabinet meeting took place. Joh, after finding deep resistance within his cabinet (a finely carved 15th century antique) set fire to the piece. Finally, Petersen's persuasive powers won through, and the decision was implemented.

Struggle
Despite the collapse of the cabinet over the issue, several National Party colleagues put up stiff opposition to the proposal. Crass Hanz, the police fuhrer and close parliamentary ally of Petersen, was called in on several occasions to secure support.

After several conferences held in the cramped confines of sound proofed windowless rooms in parliament house, Heinz was able to report that the plan had full support among the parliamentary party. Heinz said "Once it was explained just what sort of a situation these people were putting themselves in, there were no problems."

One backbencher attributes this turnabout to Heinz's command of rhetorical argument and his subtle use of language. "The five or six high ranking police officers carrying rubber truncheons had nothing at all to do with my decision," he said. Bo, an Alsation-Pekinese cross had no comment on his appointment early this morning. Petersen said the appointment would preserve democracy in the top dography of the National Party.

"Bonzo is a good straight forward dog and can stand on his own four legs," he said. Petersen continued "Any talk about this being a put up job is all nonsense and will be repressed entirely by all the free thinking country people who vote for me." "Besides it's just another example of press bias dragging down the wonderful State of Queensland," he added.

More Appointments

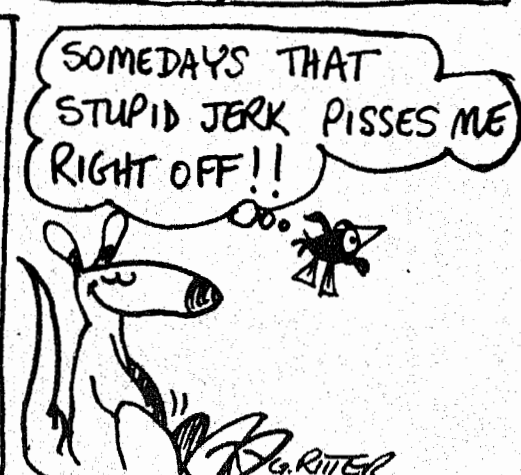
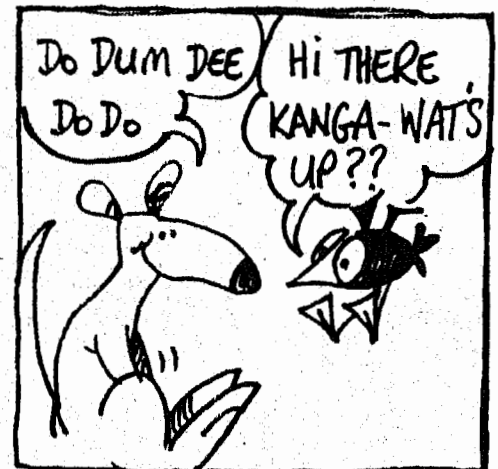
Hard on the heels of the announcement of Mrs. Flo Bjelke Petersen as the number one on the National Party Senate ticket for Queensland, Bonzo's appointment is seen as only the second in the formation of a Petersen Dynasty. Informal observers believe Joh will be pushing for the appointment of the most talented members of his family to high positions within the party and Government. "It was a bit of a toss up for these first two positions" said a political colleague close to Joh. "We didn't know whether to run Bonzo for the Senate or not." Commenting on the federal appointment he grudgingly admitted that in fact Mrs. Petersen's scone tray had been offered the job first but declined.

Mixed Reaction

The National Party was officially silent today as a mark of respect for the untimely death of a government backbencher early this morning, but

unofficially many were confident that the move marked a turning point for the party. "Now we'll really be able to piss on those southern socialists" said one jubilant member celebrating at his multi storey Gold Coast flat and mortuary development. □

FIB-FUNNIES © SOCIALIST HUMOR KOLLEKTIV(M)



RING ON THE RED PHONE

Got a story or newstip for Tribune? Ring Sydney (02)692 0646 or local CPA office (see p. 15)

G. RITTER 8-80

THE METWURST BROTHERS
PRESENT.

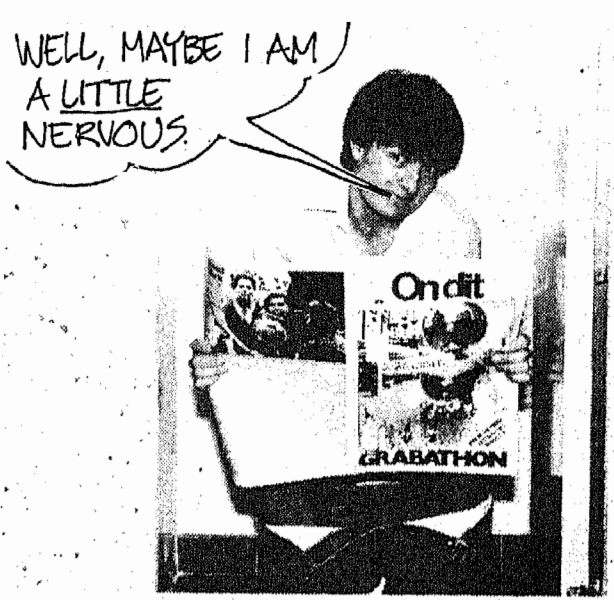
GONE WITH THE WIND

STARRING HORATIO SNOODGRASS
IN AN EXAMINING SAGA



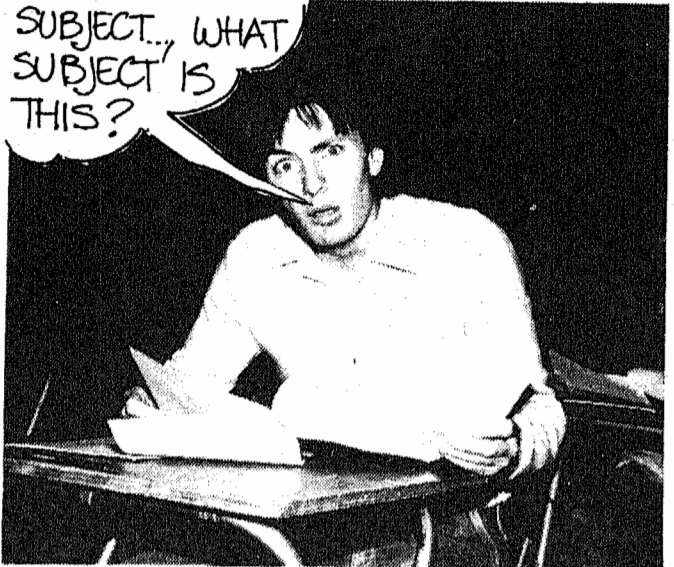
1:45 PM

HERE I AM, FIVE MINUTES BEFORE MY COMPANY LAW EXAM. COOL CALM AND COLLECTED



WELL, MAYBE I AM A LITTLE NERVOUS.

BUT AT 1:51 PM HORATIO SUFFERS FROM A MASSIVE MENTAL BLOCK, AND HE CAN'T REMEMBER A THING...



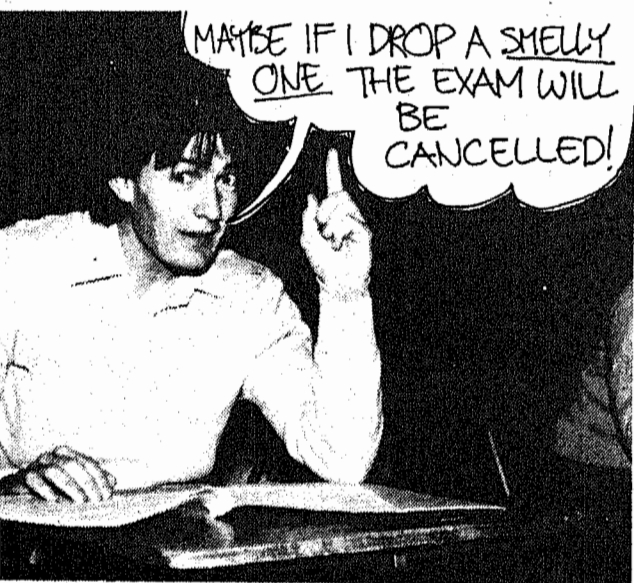
SUBJECT... WHAT SUBJECT IS THIS?



I'D BETTER ASK THE SUPERVISOR

AT 3:53 PM WITH LESS THAN 90 MINUTES TO GO, THE ONLY THING HORATIO HAS WRITTEN IN HIS EXAM BOOK IS "MICHELLE FEGGLESTEIN SHAVES"!

AT 4:52 PM - ONLY 28 MINUTES BEFORE FINISHING TIME AND HAVING WRITTEN NOTHING FURTHER - HORATIO GETS DESPERATE...



MAYBE IF I DROP A SMELLY ONE THE EXAM WILL BE CANCELLED!



PHOOIT!



AND YOU THINK THERE'S GAS AT MOOMBA

HIS 'WINDBREAKING' DEVASTATES ALL STUDENTS IN HIS VICINITY... BUT LIKE A NEUTRON BOMB IT LEAVES THE BUILDING, DESKS CHAIRS & EXAM SUPERVISORS INTACT.

THE EXAM GOES ON...

BUT HORATIO HAS ONE MORE PROBLEM...



I've shat my pants!



SPLAT

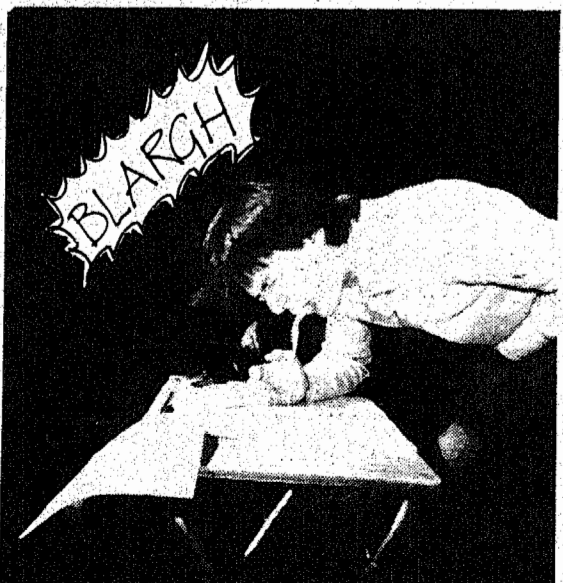
IT SURE IS GETTING CROWDED DOWN HERE

SHUT UP NIGGER!

5:19 PM: one minute before the exam ends



Well, I've got to put down something...



BLARGH

BUT THIS INCREDIBLE STORY DOESN'T END HERE... LIKE THE READING OF CHINESE TEA LEAVES HIS CHUNDER WAS INTERPRETED BY EXAMINERS AS A PROFOUND STATEMENT ON MULTINATIONAL COMPANIES IN AUSTRALIA.



AND I PASSED