

TITS &  
BUMS  
PAGE 16

# THE VOICE OF THE REVOLUTION

PRICE  
50C  
FOR MS

# UNIVERSITY SECEDES IN ROYAL DISCO POPE SEX



Prince Don I - backed up by Mick Nasty, revolutionary guard leader.

## HEADLINE CONT. ON PAGE 3

In a shock announcement today which has stunned the whole of the Commonwealth and the civilised Western World (New Zealand), the Vice Chancellor of the University of Adelaide, Professor Stranks, has declared himself Prince of the Torrens River Province and has indicated its secession from the Commonwealth of Nations.

Using special powers known only to himself and his close advisors the former Professor spoke to startled newsmen last Sunday, declaring the coup and secession had been non-violent, successful and a "bloody good idea." "Not a shot was fired," he declared proudly surrounded by military attaches and various aides, "except of course for the occasional shot of brandy."

Various degrees of disbelief were exhibited from notables around the country and internationally as the shocked leaders of nations considered the implications of this news. Prince Donald has indicated his willingness to discuss the setting up of ambassadors with different countries including Queensland and Kangaroo Island.

Messages of support have been received from Prince Leonard of the Hutt River Province, Jo-Bjelke Petersen and his wife Flossy, the leader of the Australian Democrats in South Australia and Lone Ranger in

### SUPREME BARGAINS for the investor

Steals are selling watches, rings, jewellery at supremely low prices this week.

All are famous brands, so famous that we can't release their names and all so low in price that you'll think you just walked out of the store with them without paying. In fact, you wouldn't even get them any cheaper if you did steal them when you take into account the damage to your reputation etc., and the cost of a clever lawyer. Buy from Steals now — our goods are sure to win your appeal.

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1.38 Color G. S2	\$6100	\$3900
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0.44 Color T.L.B. VS	\$895	\$502

# Steals

SAFETY — SECURITY — SATISFACTION

WHY PAY MORE? STAY WITH THE EXPERTS

Continued on page 10



# VIVA THE REVOLUTION!

Prosh is one of the few times in the year when students of the University of Adelaide publicly bring (or force) themselves upon the people of this city. Traditionally it has been a time of fun and frolic for University students with humorous pranks of various sorts being inflicted upon those thought most suitable targets. Used as a "releasing" time from the heavy pressure of exam studies that students endure, Prosh has also traditionally raised the hackles of various members of the public who feel this special licence is unwarranted.

But Prosh has always had another aim, an aim that sometimes in the media reports of Prosh seems to have taken second preference to the other events.

Prosh attempts to raise

money for charity in a humorous and interesting way and this year the people to benefit are those suffering from the disease called Multiple Sclerosis. A disease that affects people between the ages of twenty and forty, it has a very damaging effect on the central nervous system. The lack of knowledge about the disease and the inability to find a cure makes the effect of Multiple Sclerosis more drastic on those who suffer it. The money to be raised from this year's Prosh activities is to aid research into Multiple Sclerosis.

Donations this year will be "supporting" the return of the University to the Commonwealth of Australia (see main story) as the Vice Chancellor Professor Stranks declared

last Sunday its secession from the Commonwealth. Proclaiming himself Prince Donald of the Torrens River Province the first act of the new Province was to give any money it received to open negotiations to another needy group - the Multiple Sclerosis Society of South Australia.

These donations can be phoned in to the Torrens River Province Radio Station (5UV) on Tuesday from 9.00 am to 5.30 pm on 223 3699 and the donations will be acknowledged on the Wednesday breakfast programme (6.45 am 'till 9.00) and the evening programme (5.40 pm 'till 7.30). 5UV is on 531 Mhz.

Other activities include the selling of this paper and traditional money-raising functions on the campus. The

functions that will be occurring in the streets of Adelaide and Rundle Mall are supposed to be harmless but humorous.

Before we leave you to muse over the contents of this magazine we ask you to consider the effort that is being made for another group in society that needs some help, and ask for your support in this.

We hope you like the New Improved Prosh - a new emphasis or an old emphasis revived, and hope that the Multiple Sclerosis beneficiaries will like the results of it too.

Thanks for your support in buying the Prosh Rag, expect to see it next year.

Viva la Revolution!

**Paul Hunt  
James Williamson  
Editors**

## Landrights for Ducks

Adelaide's Torrens ducks have not had an articulate voice speaking in their behalf since the demise of that legendary Adelaide University Club, SPUD (Society for the Protection of Underprivileged Ducks).

But even under the well meaning eyes of those selfless philanthropists, duck existence was still a matter of day to day charity. Soggy bread from a sodden river ain't much of a life is it? Even when it comes on a regular basis.

But now there is Fidel Che Quakera Marcuse Duck, the new revolutionary duck superstar. He's bigger than Big Bird and with too much sense to waste time on motorcycle maintenance. He's to the duck population what Jonathon Livingstone Seagull is to air traffic controllers [a bloody menace. Ed.]

So to explore this new movement which has revitalised live on the Torrens we tracked down this quack messiah and watched him duck the questions.

**Tell me... er Fidel Che Quakera Marcuse...**

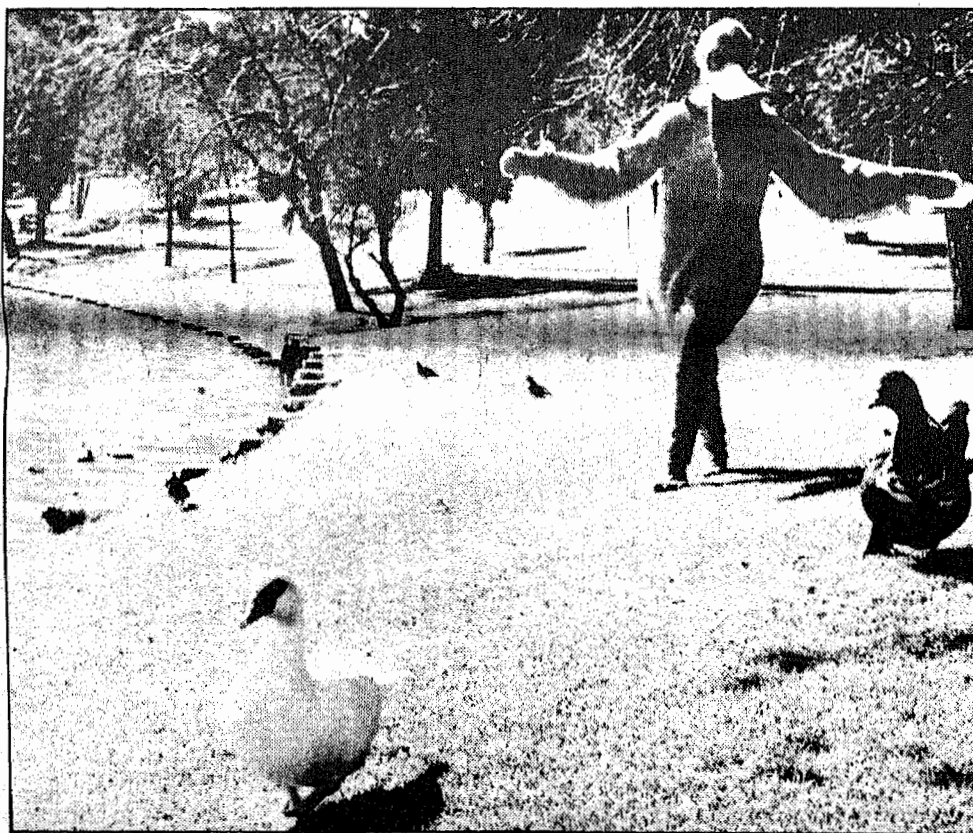
That's OK, call me Mickey.

**But he's a mouse.**

Yeah, I'm throwing off the Donald image.

**Well, Mickey, I've already seen ducks balancing on parking meters and tightrope walking on the handrail of the university footbridge all in your name. How do you achieve this phenomenal following?**

Well, back in early times I tried all the usual crowd pullers. The loaves and fishes act wasn't bad, but impact-wise its minimal. The bread gets wet and the seagulls get the fish. Faith



Fidel Che Quakera Marcuse and friends.

healing is one you can nearly always bank on, but ducks are pretty aware of quackery you know. Then I went to a straight magic routine. But I'm a male duck and when they started calling me Mandrake I knew my image was fucked... er sorry, ducked.

**How did you finally make it?**

I put it down to media exposure and my fine understanding of showbiz technique. I'm the complete duck activist. I fight for the inalienable rights of ducks. They're an oppressed group so I stand up for them. It sure

does do a helluva lot of good for me too.

**Well um, cynicism aside Mickey, which duck's rights do you see as being the hot issues of the moment?**

The Torrens Lake is an ancestral home of ducks and we want full landrights. Also we've only got one duck crossing. We want duck crossings on all major roads around here. The duck sign on the Frome Road crossing looks like a hen anyway, and we all know what happened to the chicken that crossed the road.



Duck or Chicken? The controversy rages.

**Are you aware that other birds who are manic media self-publicists like yourself are going places quicker than you? For instance, Big Bird has even danced with Rudolf Nureyev.**

Yea, they danced a bit of Swan Lake. But imagine me in the *Pas de Quatre*. There's a big demarcation problem here.

We want a ballet about ducks. "Because ducks aren't swans and ducks don't ever want to be swans. Only the ugly ducklings finish up swans."

**The Voice of the Revolution**  
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**ANNOUNCING**

**THE CORONATION OF PRINCE DONALD I**

**OF THE TORRENS RIVER PROVINCE**

**In the CLOISTERS, Thursday the 6th of August**

Let all his loyal subjects see this gala occasion, one only repeated every few months.

**"BIGGER AND BETTER THAN THE ROYAL WEDDING"** (Revolutionary Times)



# SHARK HORROR SCANDAL

## Revolutionary Cadres Defend the Secession

Strong evidence of attempted sabotage of the Torrens River Province revolution has come into the hands of the revolutionary guards. Said the Guards' Supreme Leader, Mick Nasty, "We're not saying what happened because it could cause people to get silly ideas and get themselves in trouble. All we are saying is that the culprits are probably revisionist elements from one of the nearby institutions."

The Province is under risk from one or all of the surrounding bastions of federation, - the Art Gallery, the Museum, Adelaide CAE, The Institute of Technology, Government House, The Festival Centre, the State Library and most likely of all, Parliament House.

"We are getting to a situation now where a purely defensive military action may have to be taken before these dangerous elements get any silly ideas about a take over" said Comrade Nasty quoting from the Israeli parliamentary hansard.

Nasty refused to comment on any suggestion as drastic as a massive course of annexations though he did say that he was "just itching to get into the bastards" with his newly acquired army which presently consists of around one hundred heavily armed and drugged desperados.

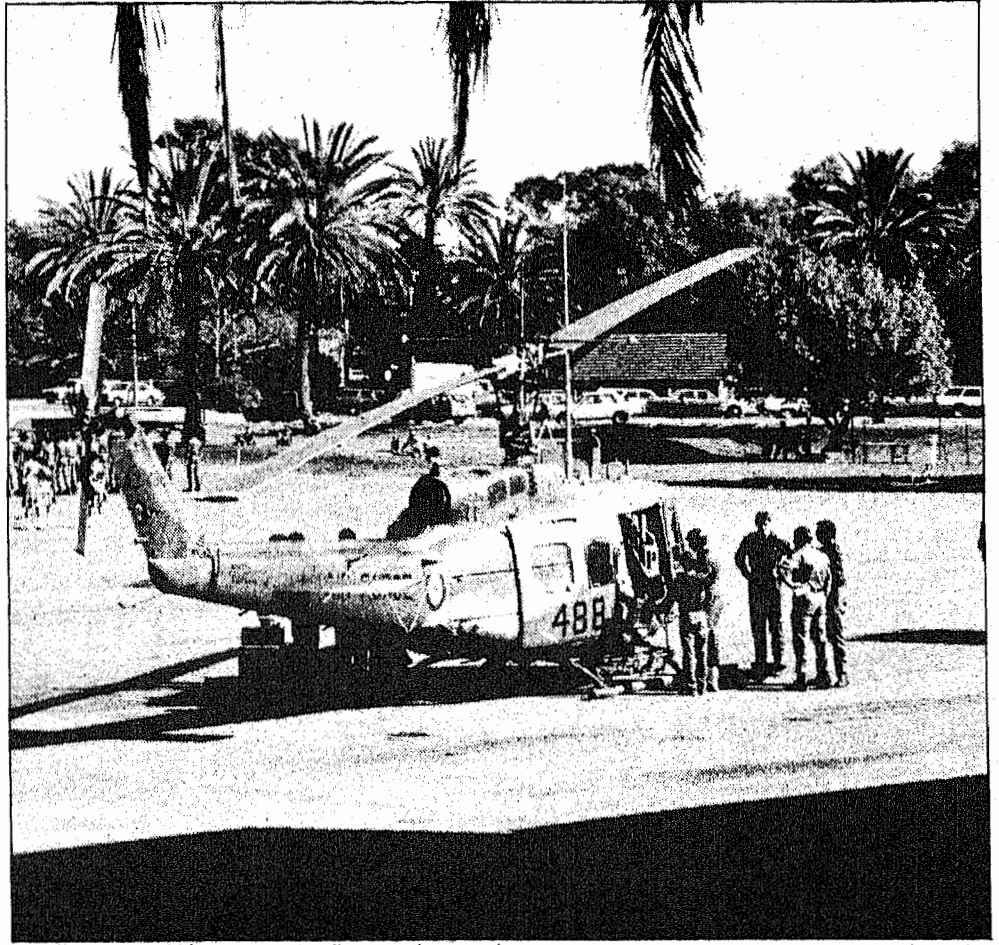
The strategists of the principality have also noticed clear geographical dangers to the new state. Its close situation to the Torrens opens up the possibility of an amphibious invasion. "If a threat arises" says supreme leader, Nasty, "we will have to claim the Torrens for our own".

Researchers from the university see a real threat from a river-borne invasion. Said Dr. Michael Infantile-Paralysis, "University tests have proven that paddle boats can carry three armed men with full battle kit and three days supplies at a rate of two knots. This means that we could be under attack in ten minutes time."

Another major threat is the University footbridge linking the new Province with the social climbing hordes in North Adelaide. The psychology department's leading mentor Prof. Vincent Wurm said "These people have an underlying need in their lives for someone to suck up to, they need an authority figure so that they can grovel at their feet. Now that the royal wedding is over, we are going to see a lot of under-stimulated social crawlers wanting a prince to gossip about. I think we will be seeing people from upper social backgrounds, the sort you might see rumaging in garbage bins behind the Adelaide Club, trying to move over the footbridge and into our happy little royalist principality."

The general public opinion in the Torrens River Province is that, while we wouldn't want to exclude these people totally from the activities of the new principality, they should have to pay for the privilege. Thus it seems almost certain that the footbridge, ancestral possession of the citizens of the university, shall be annexed and a toll be charged to those attempting to cross it.

A problem was foreseen in enforcement of the possible new rules when it was realized that the users of the bridge, as pedestrians, don't have number plates to take down if they break the toll laws. Head of the enforcement arm of the



The Commonwealth's army on standby near the province.

Revolutionary guards, Ken Oath, however said that difficulties had now been ironed out. "Anyone who doesn't pay might discover that they are meeting ducks on a more intimate basis than they ever thought possible," he said sharpening his machete with his teeth.

The toll idea seems very popular with Prince Donald's happy and loyal

subjects as it may alleviate part of the financial difficulty brought about by the principality's altruistic policy of donating all its funds to charity. "Not that we want anything left for ourselves" said the Prince himself, "It's just that the more we get, the more we can give away and that means the Province stays happy and relatively peaceful".

### Reaction to the declaration of independence by the Torrens River Province has been swift:

In Canberra, Federal Education Minister Mac the Knife brandished a large size stiletto at his press conference this afternoon. "I want my cut and I'm gonna get my cut", he told the assembled journalists, "and I don't mean of Malcolm's birthday cake, though I didn't get any of that either."

Told of the newly independent state by the Torrens the minister said petulantly, "It better not stop me slashing education in Adelaide or I'll get no cake again next year".

Fears were expressed by one Liberal Party official about the fate of the zoo, which is firmly positioned inside the frontiers of the new principality.

"For all we know this Prince Don might want to read poetry there like the last one did. We're already worried about losing the donkey vote", he said. "Who knows where it will end."

### Local reaction to the secession was mixed:

"I wish I'd thought of it first," said Adelaide Lord Mayor Jim the Bear as he toted up the rates valuation of the central business district. "But the rates values simply aren't high enough to make it worth my while at the moment," he continued, "and there are still a couple of city streets I don't own."

Meanwhile Prince Don emerged from his attic in the Mitchell Building threatening legal action unless the Torrens was immediately refilled. "He's been in a fit of pique all day," confided a nervous aide. "I mean, he can't walk on water when there's none there can he; and when your name's Prince Don you've got a hard act to follow."

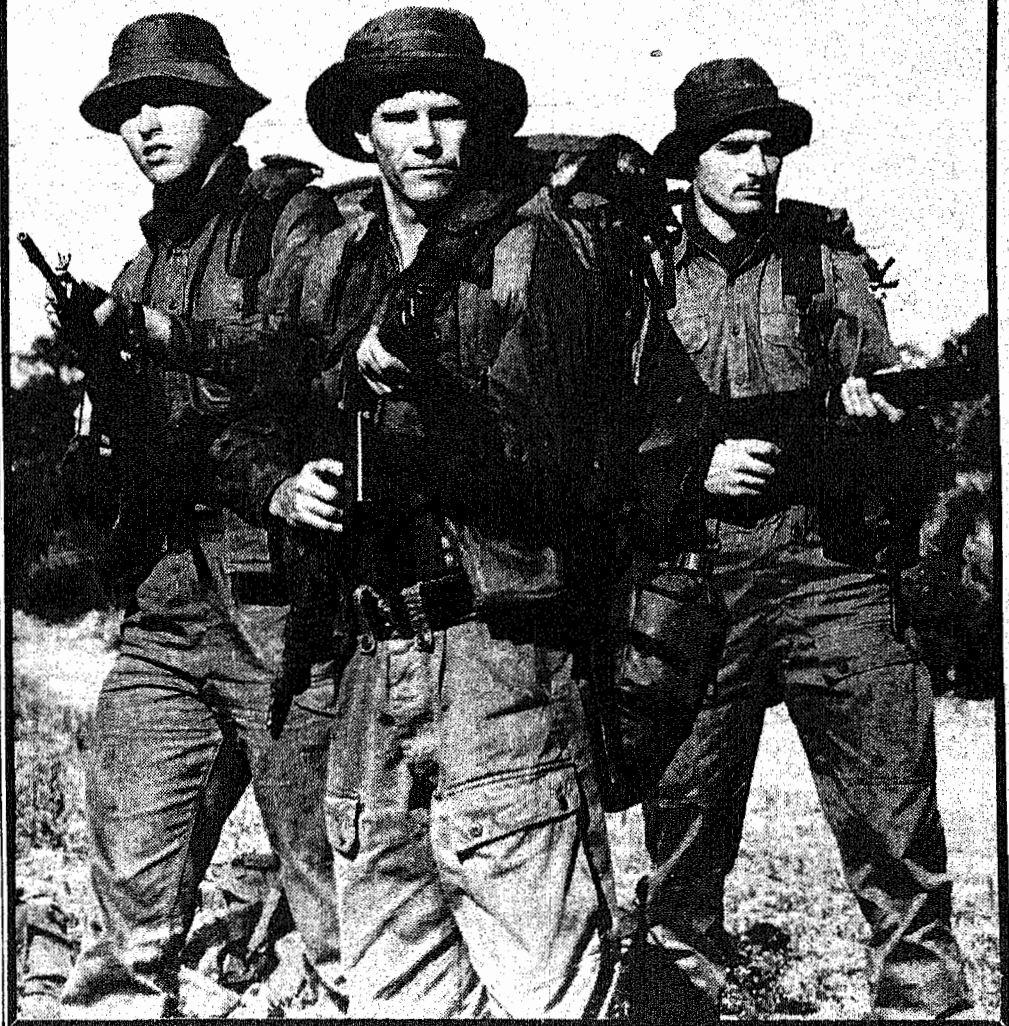
International diplomacy has been rocked by the establishment of the world's newest independent state:

Britains PM, Margaret Gotcher-bythe-Balls, cabled Fraser,

APPLAUD ANY METHODS USED TO DEFEAT THIS MANIFESTATION OF INTERNATIONAL TERRORISM STOP PERSONALLY RECOMMEND YOU PROVOKE HUNGER STRIKES STOP SINCE THEY LIVE ON TEAS YOU WONT HAVE TO WAIT TILL THE FUCKING LITTLE SHITS VOLUNTEER STOP.

Reaction was sought from US Ambassador Robert T Cadillac. Speaking from his Los Angeles used car lot, the ambassador said, "Yea.. er well personally I wish the Prime Minister every success in putting down his totally unjustified uprising. But, ah well y'know, F-16's are a good buy this week. We've got plenty o' surplus Jewish stocks. And we also got a special package offer for newly independent nations. What's the guys name?... Prince Don eh. OK I'll be in touch."

**JOIN THE  
REVOLUTIONARY  
GUARDS  
and see the world!**  
(or at least as much of it as you can Conquer.)  
— Must be willing to collect small change  
Apply at the On dit Office wearing Khaki.





# The Proshelariat Dictates

**SECESSION: THE CONSTITUTION, THE COST AND THE CONSEQUENCES.**

**The Univadian's guide to leaving the country without leaving your home.**

Ever since Malcolm Fraser declared that 'Life wasn't meant to be easy' (and made sure it wasn't). It seems that secession has become something of a national daydream — an opium of the people — the only way to endure life in the Commonwealth is to imagine life without it.

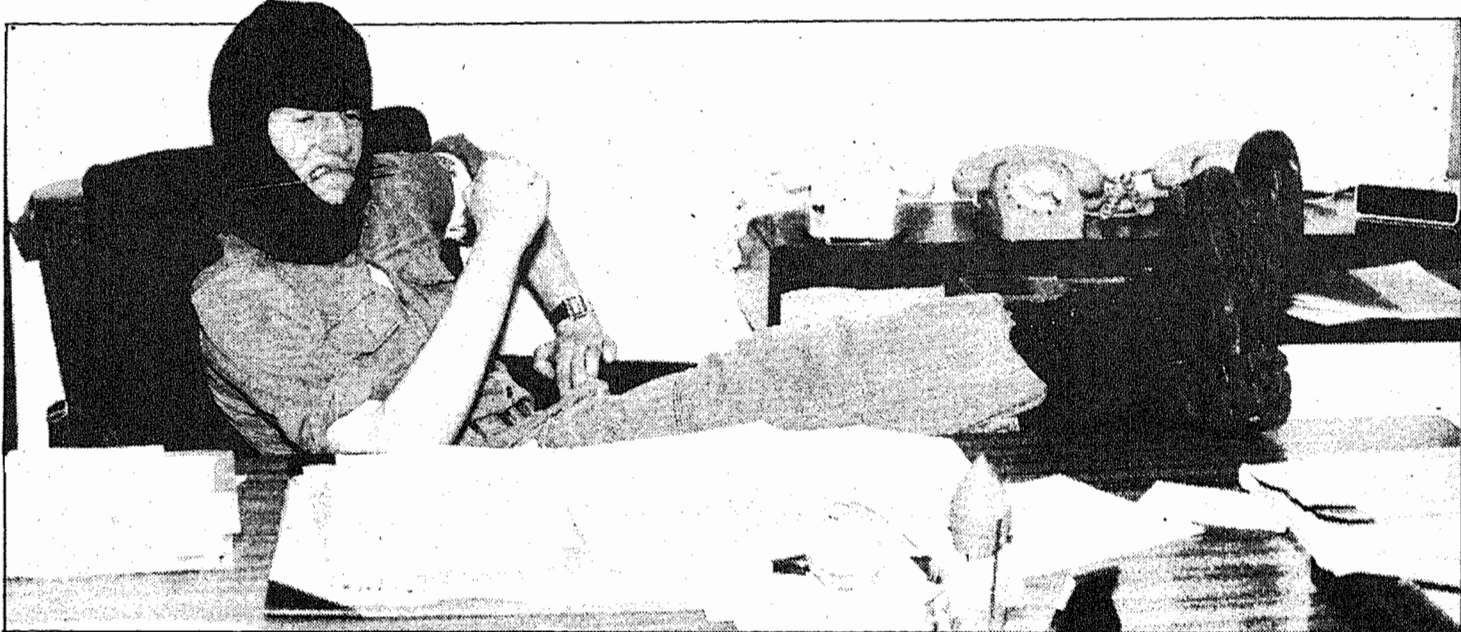
Secession has been muted in such diverse plots as Hutt River Province, the Murray, Queensland and Western Australia. But the Torrens River Province is unique. Never before have the people orchestrated a serious coordinated secession from Australia.

"But they can't do that," you cry!

Or Can they?

Early indications are that imperialist federalist fanatics from neighbouring Australia will try to challenge our territorial rights after the secession. The most likely form of this attack will be by trying to enforce the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia over Province territory. The procedure would be for foreigners to institute proceedings in their chief court, the High Court of Australia, to try to get the Torrens River Province to rectify some breach of their Constitution. There is no doubt that they will try to assert their claims over our land — not only does our nation constitute a prime piece of real estate with commanding views of the Torrens but also houses a magnificent library, some of Australia's greatest intellectuals and one of the most successful bars in the south of the continent.

A polite explanation of our secession is about as likely to succeed as a pork shop in Jerusalem. To these legalistic megalomaniacs secession is impossible. The Preamble to their Constitution declares that their Federation is indissoluble.



Guard's Supreme Leader Mick Nasty occupies Prince Donald's throne — for how long?

"Whereas the people of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland and Tasmania, humbly relying on the blessing of Almighty God, have agreed to unite in one indissoluble Federal Commonwealth under the Crown of the United Kingdom etc. etc."

As responsible members of the international community we respect Constitutional and International Law. South Australia, as an original party to the contract is stuck with the Commonwealth. The Commonwealth is a Federation of States - a federation of distinct political entities with distinct territorial claims. The States as contracting parties are legally committed to the Commonwealth and cannot secede. However, groups within States can secede from the States to form new political and territorial entities distinct from both the State and the Commonwealth.

Our case is simple and watertight but without doubt conservative forces of imperialist Australia will not allow us a victory in their courts. We will be denied the right to peaceful self-determination. Revolution and war are inevitable.

Unfortunately, I can't help but fear the worst. Australians have a long

history of stickyfingerness. After only 80 years they've been in 4 wars — all someone else's.

As young Turks of our young nation we must face the fact that the path to independence and integrity within the international community will inevitably be strewn with military conflicts. The history of Imperialism is the history of armed suppression and domination. As surely as though predestined we are headed for the Battle of the Barr-Smith, the Fight for the Frome. These conflicts will not be picnics. We will have to face cold, hard scenes.

I can see a vision: I see the Law School Pool red with blood of the youth of Torrens Province; shattered young men weeping over smashed computers — casualties of guerilla raids; I see trampled flower beds — the stark scars of infantry clashes; toilet paper strewn around the cloisters.

We must be realistic — nothing in the world is free — our nationhood will be no exception. The secession will cost us dearly.

Having rightfully taken power the responsibility of our beloved leaders is to maintain it at minimum cost. We

must immediately implement procedures to ensure we are at top military preparedness. We must develop a whole network of industries exploiting to the full the resources we have at our disposal to produce a tight, well-oiled military machine. We have the scientific knowhow, the medical support, the tactical prowess (wargaming club) the philosophical justifiers — all the ingredients for victory in any armed conflict. Any shortages in raw materials would be met by guerilla raids into Australian territory — Rundle Mall is nearby.

However, having won the war the battle is only half over — we must not let this hard-won opportunity slip through our fingers. Economic and political plans must be developed to ensure that we can exploit the inevitable post-war boom to come out a stable, secure and diversified industrial power.

In years to come it will be the Province which will provide inspiration to the workers and academics of the world. The Torrens River Province will be the toast of the world — imperialist Australia, the stale bread.

Viva La Revolution!

## CONSTITUTION

We the students of Adelaide University, in Order to form a more perfect Union of Students, and University Staff, establish Mayhem, ensure student happiness, provide for the defence of Adelaide University against SALT and the Adelaide CAE, promote student Radicalism, and secure the blessings of the Union Bar to ourselves and future students, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of Univad.

**Section 1:** All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United Students, which shall consist of a University Council, a Union Council and the Students' Association, together with associated groups.

**Section 2:** There shall be as much bureaucracy, red tape and stuff-ups as is humanly possible in each of the groups and there shall be a lack of adequate communication between the groups and each other, and the groups and the staff and students as it at all possible. This section is to legalise the existing situation.

**Section 3:** Elections shall be held for all positions. The how, why and when can be decided later.

**Section 4:** The Vice Chancellor shall be the Prince.

**Section 5:** The Torrens River Province shall be an autonomous collective under the rule of her majesty the Queen Elizabeth II. The students and staff shall take it in turns to be on the committee, running Torrens River Province and all decisions must be ratified at a weekly meeting of staff and students by a 2/3 majority in the case of purely business decisions but...

**Section 6:** Taxes (Hitherto known as 'Union Fees') shall be apportioned yearly. Any students not paying taxes shall be declared naughty. There is a danger of being declared too naughty to graduate (immigrate) if these are constantly not paid.

**Section 7:** Punishment shall be meted out fairly and regardless of race, class, sex, position in the bureaucratic echelons and any other unjust things. Worst offenders shall be forced to listen for a set period of hours (days) to the Troglodyte lecturer of the week.

**Section 8:** There shall be a body known as AUSIO (Adelaide University Spy and Intelligence Organisation) who shall have the power to tap phones, torture suspects, trail and apprehend suspicious characters, and to perform all sorts of naughty and nasty acts in order to collect information, form secret files and to make reports in triplicate (one to file, one to send to the Councils and one to burn).

**Section 9:** The Revolutionary Guard is to be the official fighting force of the Province and is loyal to her majesty Queen Elizabeth II. It shall protect the lands and subjects of her and her faithful subject, Prince Don.

**Section 10:** The Official Organ of the state is *The Voice of the Revolution*. The staff of the organ shall be exempted from all the Laws of the Torrens River Province and shall receive free icecream on Sundays.

**Note:** This constitution may be changed only after a 3 hour notice of intent has been given. The notice is to be pasted on the underside of a lead weight weighing 700 lbs. which is to be locked in a closet located in the most inaccessible place in the Torrens River Province.

### PROSH BREAKFAST

FRIDAY 7TH AUGUST

VICTORIA SQUARE

7.30 AM

Coco-Pops, 20¢ a bowl, bring your own booze.

Very silly dress ONLY.

(Inoffensive) Procession through town to Uni. At about

8.30 am, collecting for M/S as we go.

### Crossword Solution

D	O	U	B	L	E	A	D	U	L	T	E	R	A	R	E					
C	D	S	E	X	O	S	E	X	O	S	E	X	O	S	E	X	O			
U	X	E	R	S	E	R	H	O	T	O	H	O	T	O	H	O	T			
N	I	N	M	I	M	A	I	N	O	S	I	N	S	E	X	O	S			
D	O	U	B	L	E	A	D	U	L	T	E	R	A	R	E					
I	H	O	B	N	I	X	S	E	I	S	E	X	I	S	E	X	I			
T	M	O	R	T	S	P	O	R	T	S	P	O	R	T	S	P	O	R	T	
Y	A	R	L	E	M	O	L	D	O	M	O	L	D	O	M	O	L	D	O	M



# Exclusive Report from the Province

**Ace reporter Heiffer Nose Fernews was sniffing around the Province just after the announcement on Sunday and with great daring filed this gripping report:**

All seems calm around the new Province at the moment (sniff) with few signs of activity apart from the occasional revolutionary guard, armoured troup carrier, F16 or blood splattered wall. It is apparent that the coup has been most successful with all effective opposition either being out of the State or too stuffed to really care (sniff).

While I dodged guards and tried to look provincial I took the opportunity to discuss the implications of the coup with a number of the Province's constituents, most of whom seemed blissfully unaware of any proceedings. I first spoke with a young man with tattered jeans and scruffy hair who looked as spaced out as Skylab returning to earth — obviously a shell shocked victim from the latest revolution (or a philosophy student). When I asked him about the effect the secession had on his lifestyle he looked at me, sighed, and replied "que?" I left him to his musings.

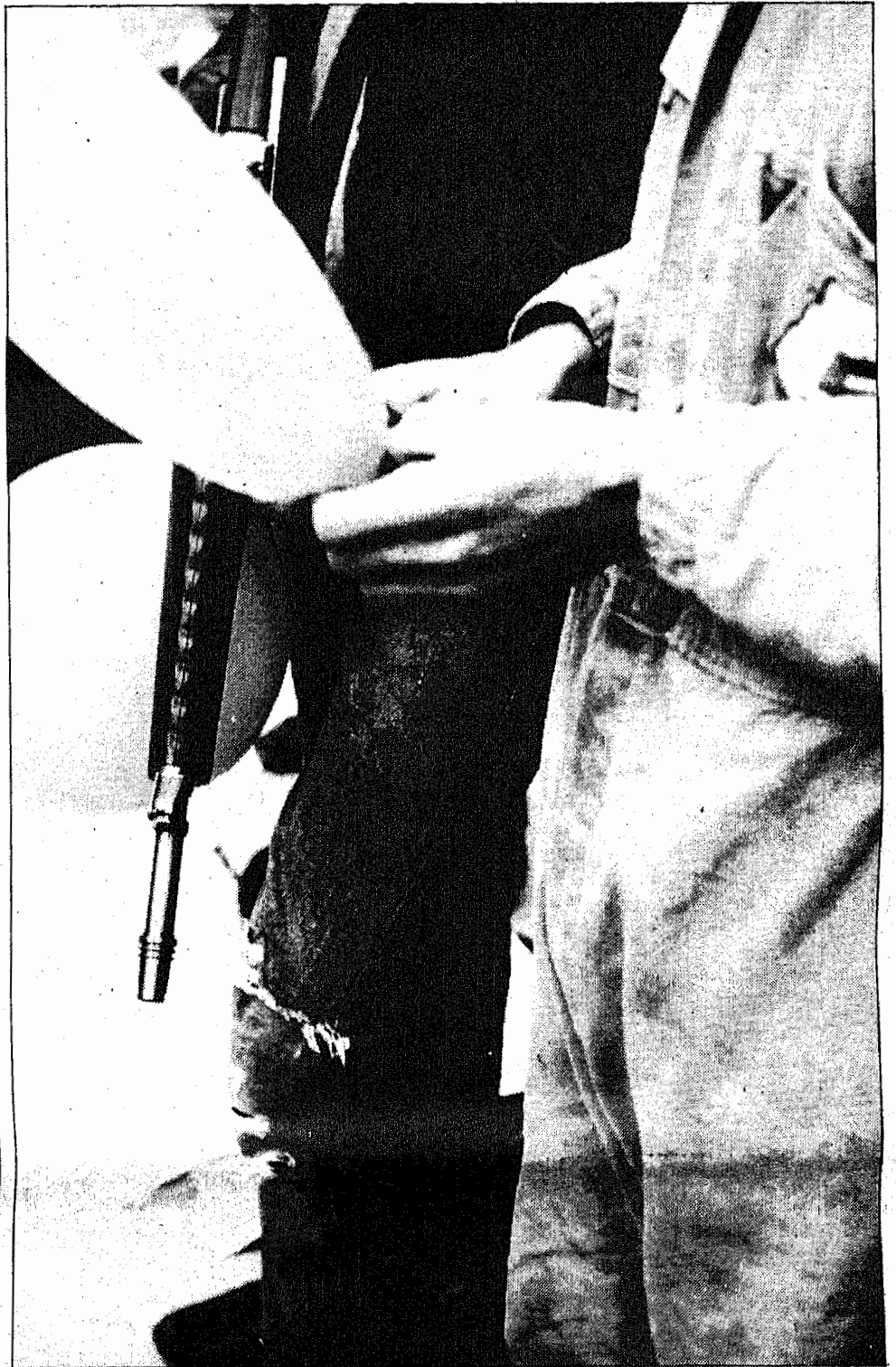
The newly proclaimed Province covers a not too significant area, but

strategically its position is of greater significance. Situated close to the heart of Adelaide it is within motor distance of the main shopping areas, the railway station, and more significantly, Parliament House. But, is it worth getting worried about it? (Sniff).

The results of my investigations and the statement issued by Prince Donald seem to indicate that the Province, happy having now established itself, is continuing peacefully to consolidate its position as the newest nation in the world.

It remains to see whether the future actions of this new nation will be aggressive towards its neighbours. Assurances are currently being sought as to its policies for economic planning and future expansion (see main story). But all remains calm in the Province, and an uneasy eye on the situation is being kept by the State Government (for questioning I understand - it was found on the border of the Province just before the secession announcement and the government denies using arc lamps and heated pins to gain information).

So this is Heiffer Nose (Sniff) Fernews signing off and getting out of the Torrens River Province, the worlds newest country.



*Celebrations as the revolutionary guard takes control.*

## DONATIONS TO STOP THE SECESSION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE FROM THE COMMONWEALTH.

These can be phoned into the Torren's River Province Radio Station (Formerly 5UV) on Tuesday 4th from 9.00 'till 5.30 pm. The revolutionary number is 223 3699 and the progress of donations will be monitored and contributions acknowledged on air on Wednesday 5th from 6.45 — 9.00 am and from 5.40 — 7.30 pm.

**A decree from Prince Donald has led to all donations being passed on to the needy Multiple Sclerosis Society to aid research into the disease. Target to stop the secession is \$10,000.**

## Provincial Religion

**We, the religious students on campus, proudly announce the inauguration of a new church in the Torrens River Province. For many years we have been unhappy at the way the Commonwealth of Australia has been treating the University of Adelaide and we give our total support to the University secession from Australia.**

For too long we have unjustly suffered under the imperialistic domination of the constitutional inequalities of Federated Australia. Not only has the University been disallowed airconditioning in all our buildings, but also vital educational tools like portable television sets for the Medical. Students to watch General Hospital have been rejected. As God-fearing students following the teaching of our Great Gun we cannot stand by and let this outlandishly unjust situation continue. We are called to help the poor and to condemn the oppressor. By supporting this week's popular uprising we feel we are helping this to occur.

But that is not all!

For too long have we religious students been dominated by the harsh guidance and help of our parent bodies. We cannot, in all conscience, allow this to continue.

Not only have we been refused the funds to build our own Crystal Cathedral [perhaps because there are too many pigeons around] but we have only been given support by a minimum of six different priests and ministers actively involved on campus and the support of a minimum of eight external institutions.

We deeply regret having to take these steps, but it must be done. We cannot cut ourselves from the imperialistic domination of Australia without cutting all our institutional ties. How can we be expected to properly achieve an ideal educational atmosphere if we are forced to take notice of the real world!

Impossible!

Our action isn't entirely negative and destructive. Our dis-association from the outside community will allow greater freedom and more room for free academic initiative.

We have great visions for our new republic and our new church, the benefits of which will be reaped by the rest of the world, including Australia. At last we will be able to reach our full potential as a University community while keeping Australia's politicians honest. No longer will we have to put up with our grotty old buildings but we will be free to live up

to our reputation. Yes, we will build 'Ivory Tower' academics, no longer will Australia's politicians have to lie about us. What they say about us will be true. We will be ivory tower academics!

The Province will be a stalwart and great example of democracy. Minority groups will be encouraged to voice their views so that it will be possible to have policies that truly reflect the opinions of all staff and students. To help achieve this our constitution has appointed an official church but it has also allowed for an official atheists body. But to respect all viewpoints we will at some future point in time start an agnostics body, a hedonist's body (they can have the Bar as their official meeting place) and a nihilists body. This may seem inconsistent or perhaps wasteful but

all views must be represented even if there is no purpose behind it.

Viva la Revolution!

But seriously folks. Don't take too much notice of us. We're just making a bit of noise to have some fun and get a bit of money for a group who need it more than us. We try to have a laugh at ourselves while making a few comments about our society.

Whether we do this symbolically by showing how frustrated we are at the loss of forty CAE's and a few million dollars less of education by seceding from Australia, or by the Christian students getting together to have a laugh at some of the ways we choose to glorify God (or the lack of there-of). We are not trying to hurt anyone's feelings but rather have a joke and do something worthwhile for the community.

### BURDEN CHEMISTS

OPEN 8 a.m. TILL MIDNIGHT

7 DAYS A WEEK

CML Building, King William St.

Adelaide

ALSO

9 a.m. - 9 p.m. At Elizabeth  
Town Centre



# The Case of the Nicked Knickers

Yes folks, it's time for another thrilling adventure as Sheerluck Holmes and Doctor Witsend are called upon to solve the baffling case of the "Whitechapel Murders".

I still recall in every vivid detail that chill, cheerless foggy November night in the year of '82 (or, perhaps it was '92?). My friend and companion Sheerluck was seated directly in front of the fire in such a way that I was entirely unaffected by its warmth. He was smoking his evil-smelling pipe, and playing on his violin a tune of such difficulty that it was beyond even his remarkable incapacibilities.

Our attention was arrested by the arrival of a tall dark, handsome cab, followed by footsteps along our stairs and the unmistakable sound of a loud, insistent knocking at our door.

"Ah," said Holmes, his keen sense being at once directed towards this singular chain of events, "that is the sound of knocking" (a splendid memory, this fellow!). "Unless my senses deceive me, we have a visitor who is I deduce, a woman of quality who is not used to being kept waiting."

I gasped. His telepathic powers never ceased to amaze me. "It's quite simple," he said above the din, "I can estimate the height of the knocker at about five feet due to the fact that their fist can be seen clearly through the hole they have punched in the door. Again, there is the sound of a high-pitched voice crying, "We command you to let us in." It is either a lady of quality, or the Bee Gees on a good day."

I, in my excitement at being given a chance to show-off my John Revolva routine, almost wrenched the door of its hinges. I was disappointed. There were no tight, shiny trousers. It was only the Queen in her royal rig-out.

"We were wondering if" she paused, "you do not object to our use of the royal We...?"

"It's first on the left down the corridor" said Holmes.

"You are quite a card, Mr. Holmes" she replied with a royal flush. "There is one important question I must ask you. Since this is a matter of A1 Security... You haven't defected, have you?"

"Goodness no!" said Holmes looking around his chair, "At least, not when people are present."

"We were wondering if you have heard of a series of dread crimes called the Whitechapel Murders, and the name of the one they call ... Jock the Ripper."

Holmes was upstanding immediately (Lucky boy!).

"So, Queen, you've come to confess to these heinous deeds!"

"Don't be absurd," she replied, "Do I look like a Jock?"

"A Jock, no... a jock-strap maybe," murmured Holmes thoughtfully.

"You are a loyal subject," said She, "unmask the culprit and you will earn a sovereign's thanks."

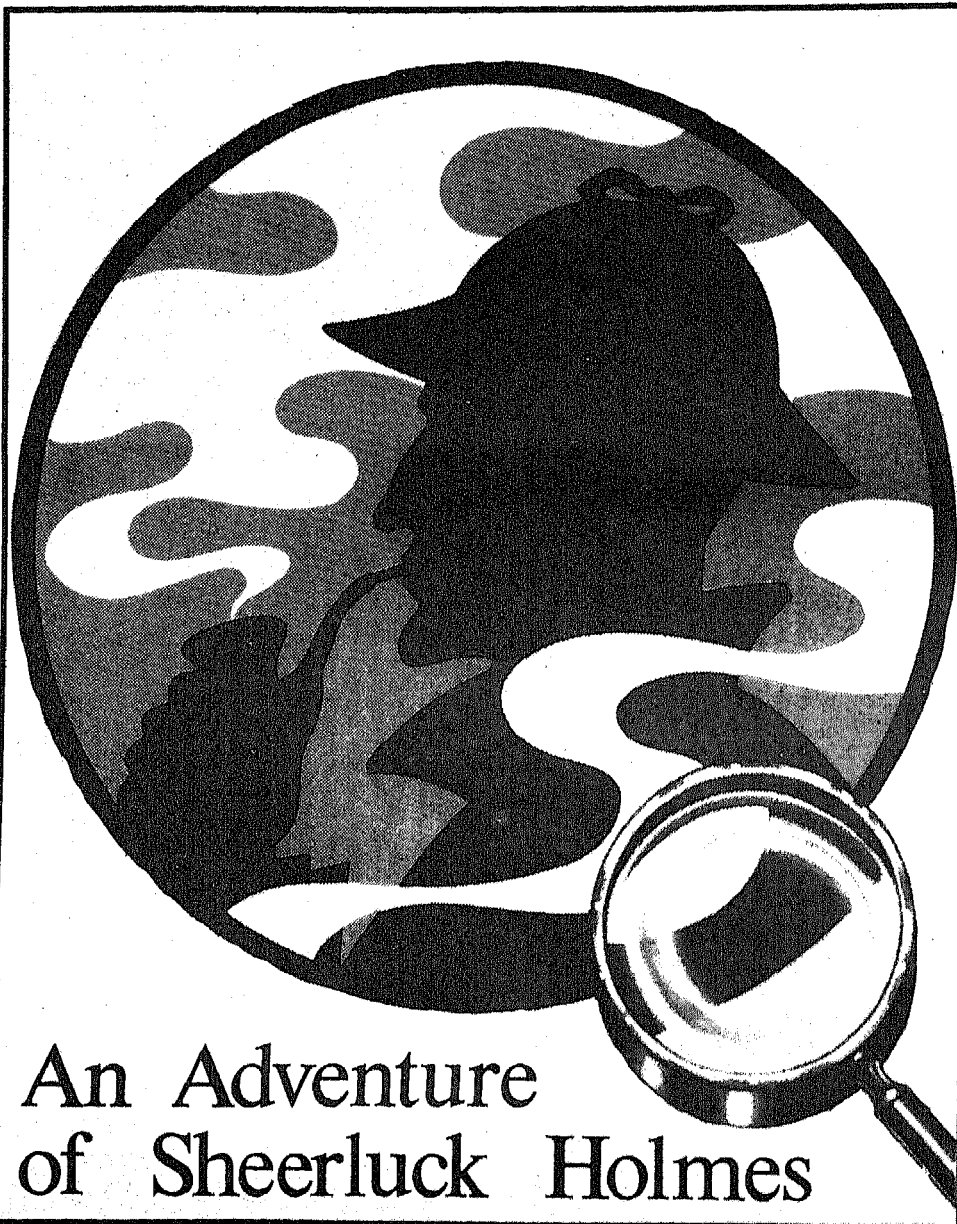
"What?" we both chorused, "Not even a tomato field down at Virginia?"

"Nothing doing," she replied (kicking him in the groin) "I'm off."

"Tell me, Witsend," Holmes said, putting on his heavy overcoat, "what do you know of this case?"

"Only that a terrible fiend has murdered countless, harmless souls, that he operates on foggy nights, and that he leaves the bodies of his victims foully mutilated."

"I rather think," said Holmes, taking off his heavy overcoat, "that we shall stay in tonight."



## An Adventure of Sheerluck Holmes

At that precise moment, there was another knock through the door. My intrepid friend bade me open it, and took up a position under the table (it was a familiar spot to him) I was startled to find an odd figure before me, clad in a tartan kilt, a butcher's apron and holding in his hands a street-map of Whitechapel. (And you wonder why Spandau Ballet performed their songs in a foggy alley!)

Holmes emerged from beneath the table. "I rather think, Witsend, I shall now go out."

"Hoots, ye won't," said the stranger. "I have come to warn ye, for your own good, not to meddle in the affairs of," he paused, the chilly air hung as it were in suspense "...Jock the Ripper".

Holmes thought deeply for two seconds flat. I pointed out to Holmes that the knife (dripping blood onto our new cream carpet) could be an indication of this man's guilt.

"I had not overlooked that," said Holmes contemptuously retiring behind the curtain, "nor have I failed to observe the singular stains upon his sporran. I have made some study of the curious marks which appear on sporrans in London, and since these are from Whitechapel, I have no hesitation in pronouncing our intruder none other than Jock the Ripper."

"Ye have a muddier intellect than the waters of Loch Ness" said Jock, "I was wondering how long it would take ye to realise that this wasn't just tomato sauce. Who did ye think I was, Shirley Temple?" (Exit).

I made to follow him, but Holmes wiser than I, restrained me with a rugby tackle.

"Make haste Witsend," he said (holding me securely) "or the villain will escape. We must act with all speed."

We acted *Hamlet* as quickly as we could and were half way through *Othello*, when Holmes suddenly slumped to the ground, his intellectual ability becoming suddenly incapacitated.

"Get up Holmes," I cried, "we haven't got time today!"

Realising that the time for a different type of excitement was imminent, Holmes raised himself from the floor and we formulated our plan of action. Over a lengthy bucket of tea, we decided to follow the trail of ...Jock the Ripper.

After donning our commando like Jungle Greens, we kicked our way through the doors and began an army trot through the streets. Suddenly, Holmes stopped. Gasping and panting he sank to the ground.

"Witsend", he groaned, "I don't think I can go any further."

"Get up Holmes, we've got to find... Jock the Ripper."

"No, no, there is a sharp pain in my heart, not to mention the sharp pain in my legs."

I examined his person. Everything seemed to be in order. Yes, every pocket in the forty-pound pack he was carrying was filled with lead, in accordance with army regulations. "Sheerluck", I began, tentatively, "could it be that you have just a little too much lead stuffed in the pockets of that forty-pound pack you are carrying?"

"Not at all, Witsend, not at all. What I'm carrying is the light stuff. I am also supposed to carry an extendable steel ladder, three German tanks and a giraffe, but I thought the giraffe might hinder us in our investigations when we go through low doorways." He paused, "However Witsend, you may be right. I'll change the lead for sand."

"I was wondering why you couldn't get through that doorway before, and

had to jump through a window and fall three flights to the ground."

"No, no," he said, "the doorway was no problem. It was that little old lady with her shopping bag to one side of the doorway, who wouldn't move. I pushed and pushed, but she just wouldn't move."

"Holmes — she was nailed to the doorframe."

"Oh, well it did make getting through that doorway difficult."

Suddenly, I saw the solution to our problem.

"Holmes, don't bother about getting up." I rushed to where I believed I had seen The First Possible Clue. Yes, there they lay. A pair of red jocks. Excitedly, I presented them to Holmes.

"Witsend!, so you've decided!"

"No, no, these aren't *mine* Sheerluck. These belong to one of those countless, harmless souls whose bodies are foully mutilated and left lying around Whitechapel. The man we saw today goes around Ripping off people's jocks!"

We decided all we had to do was follow the trail. Holmes led the way, due to the fact that his pack was only a thirty-pounder. Each article of underwear we discovered led us closer and closer to ... Jock the Ripper. Suddenly, Holmes stopped.

"I see him, Witsend, I see him!" he said. I looked in the direction in which he was pointing. Sure enough, there was the same stalwart figure and knife dripping with blood. He was travelling in the direction of the park. "He must be contemplating another crime."

"Sheerluck, what are we going to do when we finally capture the Ripper."

"Grab him by the Sporan. That should effectively hinder any further movement by him."

From behind the trees, we pondered the scene unfolding before us. Jock the Ripper was weaving his way through the trees, searching for possible candidates to persecute. Suddenly he reeled back, circled three times, and dropped to the ground in a dead faint. We dashed to: The Scene Of The Crime.

We turned our gaze to the assailee, who by some magnificent slight of hand, had managed to stun Jock the Ripper and leave him Out Cold. We started. We blinked. Yes, the only thing adorning this man was a large, silly grin and a black plastic mac. I looked again. It *did* come from Harrods. (That was where I got mine from).

"Holmes, how was this marvellous deed accomplished?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson. This criminal spends his time removing people's underwear from their body. Thus, the sight of this flasher was too much for him, and to accommodate this unknown state of affairs, he simply fainted."

"Holmes you are brilliant."

"I know, We will apprehend the criminal, and give him the punishment he deserves. And thus the baffling case of the Whitechapel Murders is solved."

Max Gillies is in  
**Squirts**  
a burlesque

\*SQUIRTS is a rude and witty satire; unfair, ad hominem and below the belt.



# Better on the Rebound

## Iva Buttock — in London Reviewing the replay of the Royal Wedding

The atmosphere here in London is getting more exciting by the minute as THE FATEFUL DAY gets closer. I am simply gushing with enthusiasm, superlatives and *italics*.

Lady Diana is certainly the teenager of the moment. Such a lovely girl. She is destined to become a great beauty one day — all that she needs is a small nose job, a touching up of her dark roots and a little wax for her face. She wears such trendsetting clothes too. I'm sure they'll be making a big comeback within the next twenty years.

As far a royal duties are concerned, Lady Di is sure to join with Charles' horses in the popularity stakes — she is already in training around the tracks. Once she gets a good feel of the public regions in which she will be carrying out her duties Lady Di will do a splendid job of pleasing everybody, especially Charles. But, amidst this flurry, we should pause for a moment to consider the position into which Diana is about to launch herself. Is she ready for the excitement? Will she be able to cope? How will she manage? What will she do? Is she doing the "right thing"? Has the "right thing" been done by her? Will she get along with the in-laws? Will the in-laws get along with her? Will she find acceptance and true love at last? World press is waiting for the answers to these and other questions which lie in the soon to be published autobiography "Di's Daily Diary" written by Barbara Farland as told by Lady Diana.

Today I decided to mingle with the common tourists to catch a glimpse of the Royal Aisle, down which Di will take the Last Slow March and an amazing new phenomenon — hundreds of Lady

Di lookalikes perched hopefully in the fence surrounding St. Pauls, one can only suppose waiting for another prince to come along and free them from their daily sludge. It is so pathetic, I pity all these girls desperately trying to capture some of the glamour surrounding Di for themselves. Ah well, ignoring the featherbrained flocks, I shall try to bring some of the magic to you, my

public. I have — shit those pigeons have ruined my blond wig, see through skirt and ruffled shirt — half a mind to write the rest of this article when I get back to Australia but I will leave you with a few exciting snippets of information.

—The latest big news here is that Lady Di's pet hamsters are directly related to the Queen's corgis. Royal Officials are worried about this as it

raises the possibility that Di's relationship with Charles is incestuous. Historians are busily at work to find out just how closely the two are related.

—Di's relationship to Genghis Kahn is also producing some headaches for Charles. Evidently she is overcome by frequent urges to leap funetically brandishing a sabre and sing "Moscow, Moscow". Charles was reportedly very embarrassed and upset: "It's not that I mind her leaping and singing" he said, "but I hate it when she gets the words wrong."

At the last incident of this sort Charles and Di had to be forcibly removed from the annual Tory dinners after attempting to outdo and undo each other on the dining room table.

*Iva Buttock*



## HE HAS BAD VISION



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# New Improved Prosh

## PROSH WEEK PROGRAMME Mon., Aug. 3rd - Fri., Aug. 7th 1981

Proceeds from all Prosh Activities will benefit the "Multiple Sclerosis Society of S.A."

### Prosh Rag

The Prosh newspaper will be available to be sold from Monday, August 3rd. Volunteers are required to sell the Prosh Rag in the streets of Adelaide (Monday to Thursday), on campus, at other campuses and other suitable sites in the suburbs. Pick up Prosh Rags and collection tins from the Student Activities Office. We are hoping to sell some 4,000 copies at the recommended price of \$1.

There will be a special prize and trophy for the person and group/club raising the most money by selling the Prosh Rag. You could become famous.

### Timetable

#### Monday, August 3rd

1 pm  
Prosh Rags available for collection and selling from Student Office. Can be sold all week.  
Prosh Ball tickets on sale from Students Office. Students (with card) \$4, non students \$6.

#### Wednesday August 5th

1 pm.  
Special Prosh Stunt. Please gather in cloisters for details.

8 pm.  
Adelaide Premiere of *Stir Crazy*, new film with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor in Union Hall. Free admission, fancy dress.

Prizes will be awarded for the wierdest costumes. A parade of competitors will take place on stage after the film. The audience can register its approval or otherwise by cheering or booing.  
Remember, it's free admission, so bring all your friends.

#### Thursday, August 6th

7.30 pm. - 10 pm.  
Free entertainment in Union Bar.  
10.30 pm. - 6 am.

Movie Marathon in Union Cinema (Level 5) featuring "Mad Max", "Animal House", "Justice For All" and "Scum", \$5 admission.  
Tickets on sale from 10 pm.

#### Friday, August 7th

7.30 am.  
The "Prosh Prosh Coco-Pops" Brekkie in Victoria Square, Adelaide. Coco-Pops and Apple Juice provided, bring own everything else.

Outrageous dress.

To be followed by orderly walk to Uni in time for 9 o'clock lectures. Cocolossal!

8 pm. - 1 am.

1981 Prosh Ball featuring "The Dugites" (from Perth/Melbourne), "The Others" and "Chequers". An evening of music, dance and fun in Lower Refectories.

Student tickets \$4, non students \$6. Tickets available from Student Office, be early. Very reasonably priced drinks available.

Come dressed as outrageously as possible, and bring all your Uni and non-Uni friends, open show.

### STOP PRESS

Adelaide Uni to secede from Australia during the week, see press and listen to radio for details early in week.

Volunteers needed to help secure our republic and charge tolls to non members for walking through our territory. Go to the On dit Office if interested and willing to become a "Revolutionary guard". Dress is khaki and a specially supplied arm-band just so people know the real thing.



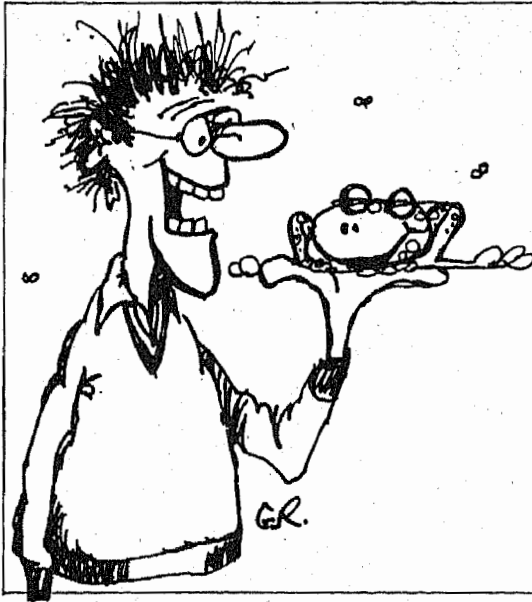
# Intellectualis Ignoramus

In an attempt to breakdown the amorphous mass of "bloody students, always protesting about something" into identifiable groups of common behaviourable patterns, I have classified them according to their chosen faculty. The main characteristics of members of the various faculties are listed, and from them the reader can quickly identify any stray students they may encounter and act accordingly.

Hybrids do sometimes occur (such as the hideous Law-Arts creature), and of course there are wheels within wheels (no self-respecting politics student will appreciate being lumped under the same category as psychology and even languages). However this guide does provide a useful outline and is accurate in the vast minority of cases.



*Favourite Joke:* Economics students have no sense of humour at all.



**1) Agricultural Science:** Usually tall and bespectacled, dress varies from casual to accidental, hair-styles by Cyclone Tracy and deodorant by Hereford. Fond of discussing the mating call of sirex wood-wasps and reminiscing about homogenised cane-toad brains. Convinced that their search for the genetic causes of bushfires will revolutionize the Australian wheat industry. Often the daughters or second sons of farmers who wish to prove their agricultural worth.

*Favourite Joke:* Q. How do you make a hormone? A. Unzip her genes.

**5) Economics:** Three piece suits with used car salesmen inside. Bring their brief-cases and umbrellas to lectures, the males sporting 'Jules Bar' moustaches and the females forever touching up their career-woman makeup. Epitomised in the business-accountancy student, they interpret their own blinkered ignorance as 'realistically' hard-nosed superiority. Their digital watches dictate their life-style with silicon chip precision, and all social activities are judged in terms of their opportunity cost. Have the unique ability to attend the university for three years without meeting anyone.



**6) Architecture and Planning:** Another obscure campus group. Displaying a hybrid of engineering and economics traits, the best which could be said about architecture students is that they are beer-drinkers with a great sense of time. This department seems to supply most of the personnel for the Adelaide University Regiment, and also the numbers for extravaganza engineering shows. Can draw straight lines on bits of paper and often do, but sometimes have trouble walking the same.

*Favourite Joke:* ...ah well, back to the drawing board.

**2) Medicine:** Medium built, clean-cut young men and Lady Di, cross your heart, Myer Miss Adelaide women. Have a high regard of their own intelligence (which is not shared by anyone else). Can usually be seen parking their M.G.'s on Victoria Drive at 8.30 am after a cold drive from Springfield. Perpetually boasting that their workload is heavier than any other on campus, yet still manage time to consume copious quantities of port and attend old scholars functions.

*Favourite Joke:* A rather long and convoluted anecdote involving the dissecting room, a short-sighted student, and a window cleaner:



**7) Law:** Sophisticated engineering students. Mostly rich and intending to become even more so, they are always the idiots who make loud, reactionary noises at students meetings. Wine drinkers by choice rather than financial necessity, they foster a refined English gentle-folk image and are experts in semantics. Not quite the intellectual giants they presume themselves to be, law students will always argue with whatever is said, and have just sufficient intelligence to annoy everyone else intensely.

*Favourite Joke:* What's justice got to do with the law anyway?



**3) Dentistry:** Second-rate Medicine students. Similar social habits and many have medical aspirations. A rather obscure campus personality, the dentistry student is not often seen or heard, preferring the company of its own kind to that of normal people. Were it not for their physical intrusion into the University world, their complete lack of personality would lead to the conclusion that they don't exist. As it is, you can look at one for a long time without noticing it.

*Favourite Joke:* Q. What happened to the mad orthodontist? A. He was put in a dental institution.



**8) Mathematical Sciences:** Unpredictable people with strange hairdos. Have a frightening gleam in their eyes as they rush from lecture to lecture, possibly stemming from personal paranoia and social insecurity. Can do amazing things with numbers and symbols, but can seldom explain their methods to the laity. Frequently subject to nervous breakdowns when their computer refuses to talk to them, and always scared someone will steal their log-in code. Quite possibly intelligent, but not capable of proving it.

*Favourite Joke:* Q. What do computers like best? A. Other computers.

**4) Engineering:** A horde of beery, uncouth vandals, whose main talent is their portrayal of gross bigotry and undisguised contempt of all things alive. The few women in this department are besieged by the ignorance of wealth, and are more often than not participants in this peculiar cult of Southwark chauvanism. Usually found standing around a keg at 4.00 am telling each other what a great time they've had and how much beer they've drunk.

*Favourite Joke:* Anything involving farting, chundering or venereal disease.



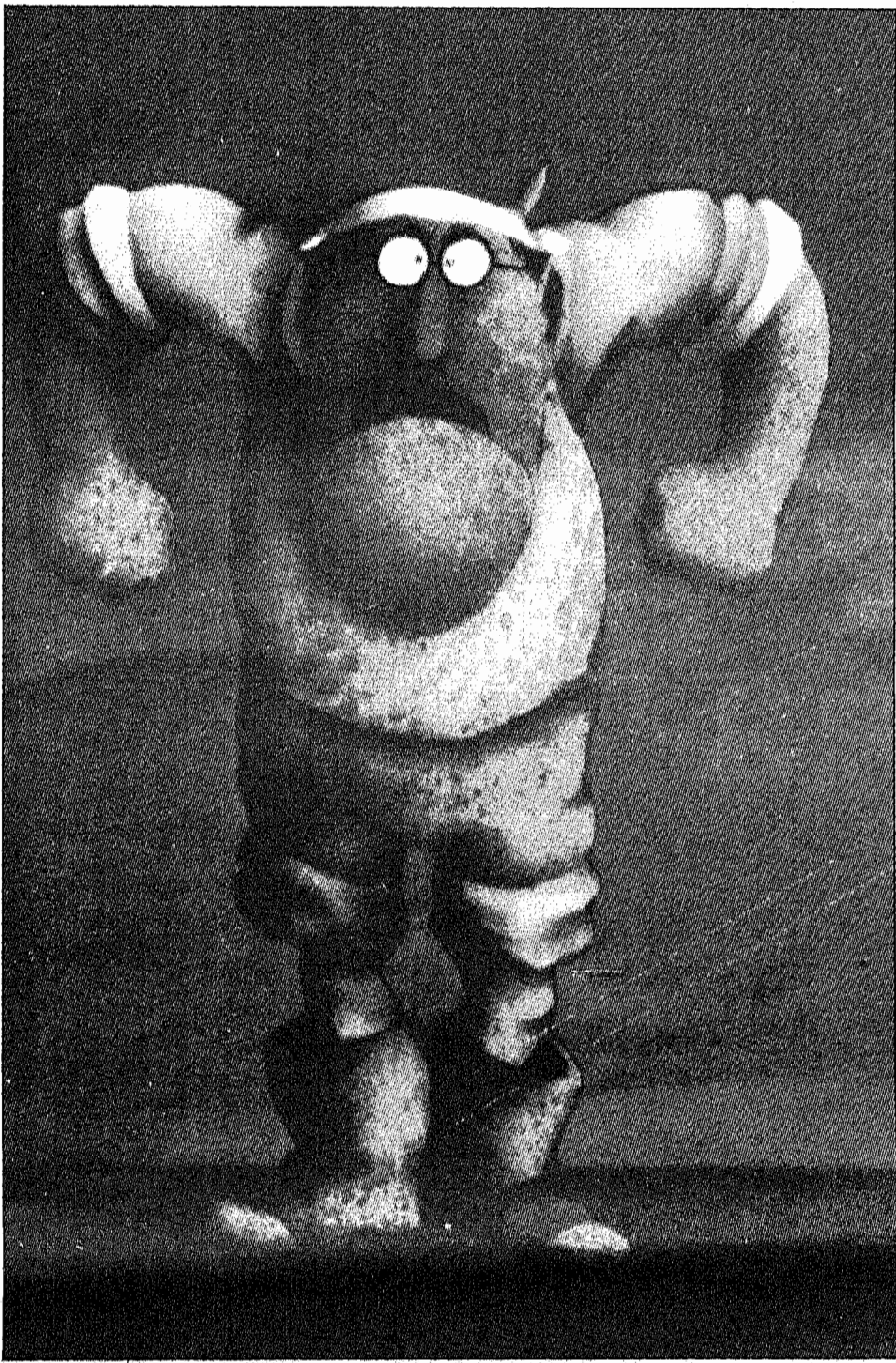
**9) Science:** Slight, haunted students with glasses. Are keen on science fiction but don't believe in U.F.O.'s. Often acquire some characteristics of medical students, but always look out of place wherever they are. Polite social disasters with in built foot-in-mouth mechanisms which require careful monitoring. Are really very nice, but keep them away from sharp or breakable objects.

*Favourite Joke:*  $E \neq mc^2$





# A GRAVE DIGGER'S LAMENT



- "To turnips I must turn my toil" -

Fine turn of events, isn't it, when a bloke's got to leave his job he's been doing for sixty years and dig potatoes and compost instead. Things aren't what they used to be ... these young people ... Bodies, there used to be hundreds of them, all over the place. Epidemics, incurable diseases, they finished 'em off. Not like now, doctors are actually trying to cure people. Never think about us old diggers. No bodies about now, are there? People just haven't got the civility to die anymore. They only talk about it. Or sometimes they're too afraid to even do that. No stomach muscles. It's as if they didn't know I've got a right to follow my profession. I've got to earn my bread and butter too. Young hooligans ... won't even die out of sheer charity, these young ones ... no concern for us old diggers.

A good war's what we need ... make men out of 'em. Now in my day, as soon as a lad was seventeen, he'd pack his bags and be off to the front. That was the way to get a few corpses in. Bit of propaganda and they'd be lining up, queues of nice young potential carcasses. Another war, that's what we need. Put 'em in the army, send 'em off to fight the commos - that's the way to get in a good catch of carcasses. Field-day for us old diggers. I could buy a new shovel. A nice handle it'd have, made out of oak. And copper screws in it, and scenes carved on the handle, and a gold hook to hang my radio on, so I could listen to the races while I'm

digging. Yeah, put 'em in the army, make carcasses of 'em ... whack 'em in the ground. I could breed worms and sell 'em to fishermen. I'd buy new gum boots. Nice white ones, with extracts from Shakespeare and Wordsworth on them in attractive sophisticated designs. In braille they'd be, with musical scores, and pictures of peeled apples with instructions for sharpening barbed-wire fences...

People today have got no idea about how to die enjoyably. When I was a lad, just an apprentice digger, mind, at parties I used to wait until all me mates were good and sloshed, and then I used to say to them, "let's go swimming". We'd all go off to the dam, and I'd fish 'em out afterwards and whack 'em in the ground. The potatoes came up really well from those ones. Or I used to get 'em drunk and give 'em me car keys and tell 'em they could take it out, you know, with a few sheilas in the back. Never failed. What I say - I've said it for years - you don't have to wait 'til the stobie-pole comes to you.

Young ones, they've got no idea about these things. And it's not as if we haven't given them a good example. They're just too bloomin' lazy to die for themselves. Take drugs and just play at being dead. Always compromising. No respect for us old diggers. Ought to be taught, in the schools, how to die for themselves. Shouldn't leave everything up to old Nick, politicians and tobacco firms.

Andrzej Markiewicz

## PUBLIC NOTICE SQUIRTS

For three weeks in August, forces belonging to the Far Left took control of the State Theatre Company of S.A. and occupied its prestigious Playhouse in the strategically situated Adelaide Festival Centre.

The revolutionaries were led by the notorious malcontent Maxwell Gillies. Their penetration of State defences was facilitated by a range of devilish disguises resorted to by the ringleader. On five separate occasions during the infiltration members of our security forces were so deceived as to have actually saluted him as he proceeded towards Theatre Control. Gillies travels under many aliases - Madame Kransky, Sir Robert Menzies, B. A. Santamaria, J. M. Fraser, Sir William McMahon, Sir John Kerr and H.M. Queen Elizabeth II.

The exact identity of this political faction is still uncertain. Forensic experts report that dental impressions obtained from pieces of uneaten meat in State's Bistro establish without doubt he was accompanied by Alan 'Fingers' John, a well known hit man in Sydney Marxist-Feminist circles. It is widely recognised that 'Fingers is an associate of one Neil Armfield, a director of the so-called Nimrod Group which has its organisational base in Sydney.

## STOP PRESS

CONTRARY TO EARLIER REPORTS, IT HAS NOW BEEN ESTABLISHED THAT THE LEFT-ANARCHO-SYNDICALIST-ARCHAIC-CHURCH-SLAVONIC GROUP UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF THE DISSIDENT MAXWELL GILLIES WAS DEFINITELY ARMED. A CACHE OF WEAPONS HAS BEEN DISCOVERED IN AN ABANDONED FILING CABINET AND PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION REVEALS THE HALLMARKS OF THE FOLLOWING MANUFACTURERS - D. WILLIAMSON, B. OAKLEY, J. ROMERIL, D. WATSON, D. ALLEN, S. SEWELL, T. ROBERTSON, P. COOK. CITIZENS ARE WARNED TO STAY IN THEIR HOMES TILL FURTHER NOTICE. THE GOVERNMENT CONSIDERS THE GILLIES GROUP EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.

SQUIRTS - PLAYHOUSE - 7 to 29 AUGUST



10) **Arts:** The most varied group of wierdos to be found outside museums. Ranging from high-fibre, just-butch hairstyles to be-whiskered sages, arts students believe almost anything they are told, and regard themselves as a politically educated elite, acting as the conscience of the campus. Most of them are on TEAS or the dole, and their workload consists of a momentous five hours a week. Always complaining about overdue essays the arts student strikes a colourful figure on the Barr-Smith lawns at lunchtimes, and is nearly always stoned or meditating. They are always broke and never get jobs. For entertainment they nominate each other for positions in the Students' Association, and try to trace their ancestry back to working class origins.

*Favourite Joke:* If its sexist, racist or elitist, it's not funny.

11) **Music:** High-strung arts students. They are all sensitive talented people who would go a long way if they could just remember how to get there. Not especially intelligent, but have a quaint jargon and know all the film producers. Every music students has had a tumultuous, unhappy love affair sometime in the past, and has tried to commit suicide several times. Very few play football or get involved in student riots, but nevertheless they are a useful and dynamic organ of the student body - about as useful and dynamic as an inflamed appendix.

*Favourite Joke:* Who the hell is Fellini anyway?





# SECESSION SUCCEEDS

Cont from page 1

the South Australian Parliament Mr. Robin Millhouse, and the leader of the State Labor Party Mr. John Bannon.

Prince Leonard, who is still fighting his battle against the imperialist aggressor in the so-called excited state of Western Australia, has said that ties are already being set up with the Torrens River Province and denied that he had played any leading role in the coup. "The fact that Donald and I had tea in the University Club last week and are old primary school friends, had nothing to do with it," he said. "Neither did the fact that the University is sited on a significant deposit of uranium play any part in my supply of arms, machinery, and military advisors to the new Province." He continued — "I was merely helping Prince Donald with the best choice of equipment for the research the University er... I mean Province, is currently undertaking. My contact with Western Australian mining magnate Long Hancock and Ureato-Certec, Pan Continental Mining, BHP, Dow Chemical and the boys next door is purely coincidental." He said discussion about training and discovery rights was not open, "at least not until my office is established in the administration building."

Mr. Bjelke Petersen has telegraphed his support to Prince Donald pointing out — "I thought of the idea first." Asked why he supported revolutionary fervour in an educational non-vocationally oriented institution he said he didn't understand the question but if it was left on his desk he would answer it later. "But," he said "if they try and give Queensland to Prince Charles and Lady Di on their first Anniversary like they tried when they got married last week, I won't be far behind Prince Don!"

"Just because we were unfortunate enough to have her Royal Highness' name in the first part of our name doesn't mean we should suffer for it. Give 'em Ireland for goodness sake, they at least would be closer to home; to drop round for scones and tea and the like, at the Palace." "I'm a family man," he slavered "and wouldn't want to see family separated."

His wife Flossy agreed and said she thought the new Province was a great idea. "I think it's lovely," she said, "and 'Prince Donald' has such a lovely regal ring (a little pun there dear) don't you think?" "Besides," she continued, "It means we can have one of those lovely Coronations doesn't it, and life has been so dreadfully dull since the Royal Wedding was over. Has Prince Donald got any Corgi's?" she asked. Mrs. Flossy Petersen also scotched rumours that her scone-tray was to run for the Senate — "It's not all that Pure and Simple you know dears, politics is an extremely complicated thing. Maybe next year, you don't want to go off half-baked do you?" she said.

Her husband mumbled something on leaving, that he might even secede even earlier than he first thought because his tiddlywinks team hadn't been allowed to win the premiership once, "and hell, that's why I rigged a gerrymander to keep this position as Premier for so long — and they now tell me it's just a figurehead position. I thought you were supposed to keep sport out of politics, or is it visa versa...?" "....Just think dear," said his wife "we could have our own royal wedding. I think I'd better go and bake some more scones."

Lone Ranger Millhouse has said that he will support any under-privileged group "cause I know what it's like," and has pledged to Prince Donald that, "I will jog around the whole Province if I have to," to help bring this disgusting State of Affairs, no indictment on this present government 'course — although I'm working on it", to light.

John Bannon has also pledged his unqualified support for the as yet young province, "although I'll have to talk to the Party, the Unions, the workers, my electorate and my wife first," he said. "And of course it depends what that other lot on the other side of the house do 'cause they always get up to something, continually trying to discredit me they are," he pointed out incredulously.

Other notable leaders have sent



All in Light's vision.

messages of congratulations including the Ayatollah who hopes this further spread of Islamic revolutionary fervor will lead to all women being covered from head to feet in 50% shade cloth." "Helps against sunburn," he said, "Particularly in your country". President, Dictator, Ugandan gold medalist six times over, Conqueror of the British Empire and "I'm in hiding and you can't catch me," Idi Amin has said the move was a good one as being part of the Commonwealth is really a pretty degrading experience.

The official arm, leg, thigh and mouth of the Russian Government *Tass* reports that the "Capitalist, interventionist, decadent society of imperialist aggressors has shown its inherent weakness by its structure of inability to understand fundamental Marxist propaganda statements with coherency and alliteration," and made no statement about the declaration of the Province.

President Reagan has pledged — "to support the democratic right of every individual to truth, justice and the American way. The pursuit of

happiness, multinational domination and control of their affairs, and every person black or white — just so long as they 'ain't pinko Commies." He said the F16 military planes, tanks and armoured cars were being sent only in an advisory capacity, "and besides I couldn't get rid of the F16's to Israel and they were becoming a storage problem." He said the 200,000 troops were a UN peace-keeping measure and denied that the Torrens River Province Radio Station (formerly 5UV) was a tracking station, silo base and front for the CIA — "at least not yet."

Mr. Reagan also denied rumours that a certain member of his "troika" had set his sights on Australia after his plans to oust Colonel Gaddafi from Lybia failed. However a very highly placed source in the CIA said "Of course we were behind the Torrens secession. I mean, our boys have to stay in training somehow and how are we going to live on our feeble retirement pay if we haven't got outrageously disgusting and dishonourable political action to expose in autobiographies?" The Red



Prince Don in an informal pose with aide.

*"We will fight them on the banks, we will never surrender!" - Prince Don*

army faction, IRA, Bader Meinhoff and North Adelaide Fascist Party have also claimed responsibility.

The Prince was asked why he had decided to take such a serious step as declaring the University of Adelaide a Province and making it secede from the Commonwealth of Nations. His prepared statement follows:

"I have not taken this decision lightly, nor is the secession an ill conceived idea, nor is it a bad idea, nor is it ridiculous or stupid or as dumb as this statement is going to be. However, in the light of the refusal of the present government to fund this institution adequately, our displeasure is most effectively shown we believe, in cutting ties, responsibilities, shoelaces and obligations with the Commonwealth.

This achieves a number of things: (1) It pisses people right off; (2) It means we no longer have to pay taxes [at this point an aide pointed out that the University previously didn't pay taxes as it was an educational institution]; (3) We don't have to pay taxes if we don't want to (is that right?); (4) I satisfy my megalomaniac

tendencies and desire for power; (5) And it means I get unlimited use of the University's er... Province's Regal Saloon (Commodore SLE) — at least within Province grounds.

When asked about his economic policies to establish a strong economic base for the building up of the new Province, Prince Donald said he knew nothing about the code names for strong American bases. After another aide briefed him at length on the question, he told of his plans for the Torrens River Province. These included; the mining of the River Torrens — "it's so thick with sludge we could sell it to Cowley's as a base for their pie floaters"; the charging of a toll for entrance to the Province grounds — "to help with the costs of repairing paths and roadways air replenishment programme we're going to start, to keep ourselves independent"; and the selling of military secrets to any foreign body that wants to buy them.

He said he was encouraged by the response from the repressed peoples

of the world as their messages of support poured in on the telex and their ambassadors flew in on their private jets. "Oh, by the way" he said, "Frome Rd., is to be made into a landing strip for our international flights and TRP (Torrens River Province) Airlines are offering cut price flights to Britain to see the replays of the Royal Wedding where Lady Di doesn't get Charles mixed up with Phillip. Never would have happened if I was King" he muttered. "Special prices for revolutionary guards and their families and free one way tickets for Mr. Falcolm Grazier and Mr. Temier Pronkin — as a goodwill measure".

Prince Donald — "Oh, call me Prince Don, I don't like to distance myself from my subjects", invited all the reporters to his Coronation Party in the Cloisters on Thursday 6th at 1.00 p.m. — "It will be so much fun" he joked, "it might even rival the arrival of Di and Charlie's first child — oh, wasn't I supposed to say that? Never mind, I didn't get an invite to the wedding did I? And me a Prince and all."

Asked if there was any way this secession could be stopped, Prince Don called off the revolutionary guards who had just battered the reporter who asked the question, into a bloody pulp, and said — "not on your life bucko, I'm enjoying this too much. But if \$10,000 is to reach the Province by Thursday, I might consider opening negotiations at a top diplomatic level about our future relations with the Commonwealth and the Federation of Australia. All checks should be made out to "MS" (our code name), and the progress of the (we like to call them "donations") is to be monitored by the Torrens River Province Radio Station (formerly 5UV)."

"What if it doesn't happen?" asked a *Nudes* reporter "and what colour socks do you wear?"

The Prince replied gravely — "the consequences of not receiving the money by the deadline and of finding out what colour jocks I wear are not worth thinking about!" [See story about the aims of the Province later this issue].

The reporters left the scene unusually quietly with so many unanswered questions left hanging in the air — (the way the revolutionary guards showed their displeasure at journalists who asked silly questions). Would the bastion of intellect and research be lost from the nation of Australia? (Not likely they cried — it's not resident at Adelaide University). Would the secession really be successful and lead to chaos within the Social Security Department as TEAS was reclassified and reduced once again? Was the Vice Chancellor really off his head? Would we ever find out what colour socks or jocks the Prince wore? Could the \$10,000 ransom be raised in time? Would the Province raze Parliament House? Are the brilliant minds of Australia's youth under the corrupt influence of this Chancellor of Vice? Will Milly Molly Mandy buy a pair of socks...?

Footsteps echoed down the long corridor as the guards marched in military precision singing "What a lovely day to be beside the seaside". The wind whistled down the dark alleyways and empty streets while a lone dog howled at the moon. A lonely figure wandered in and out of the shadows, kicked the dog, and kept on walking. Here and there a curtain at a window opened just slightly as nervous eyes took a fleeting glance at the desolate scene outside. An occasional note from a scratched record playing over and over again wafted on the breeze, tantalising the hearers who waited for its completion.

But in the early gloom of another day, as the mist lifted from the Torrens to reveal a few more aphixiated ducks, the words could be heard all over Adelaide, of father to son, mother to daughter, husband to wife, children to parents, bosses to public servants, people to people; those universal words of comfort, warmth, sincerity and truth — "You did what! Paid bloody fifty cents for a Prosh Rag, the produce of those decadent, lazy, good-for-nothing sponging University students! You ought to have your head read!"

And a new day begins.



Prince Don on the steps of the Great Hall discussing tank placements with Mick Nasty.



# PROSH PRODUCTIONS

present Revolutionary Australian Drama with

*Petal and Andre in*



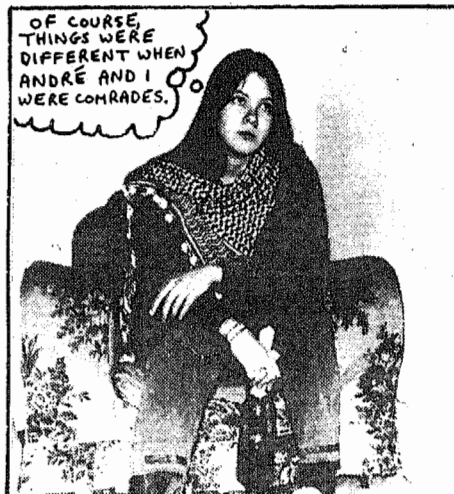
*Terrorists in Love*



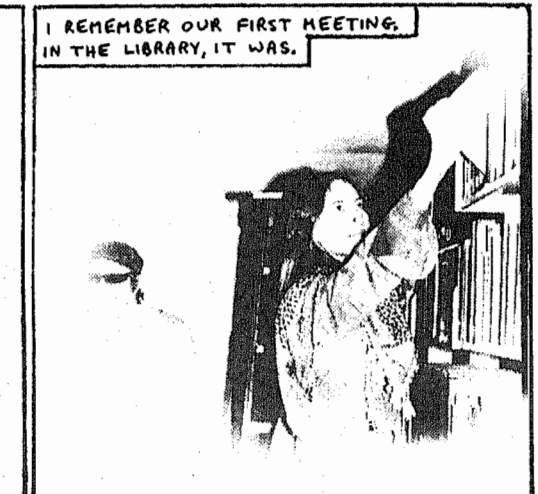
I'VE ALWAYS ENJOYED MAKING MOLOTOV COCKTAILS TO SMASH THE OPPRESSOR.



BUT LATELY IT'S JUST NOT THE SAME. I SIMPLY CAN'T KEEP GOING ON LIKE THIS.



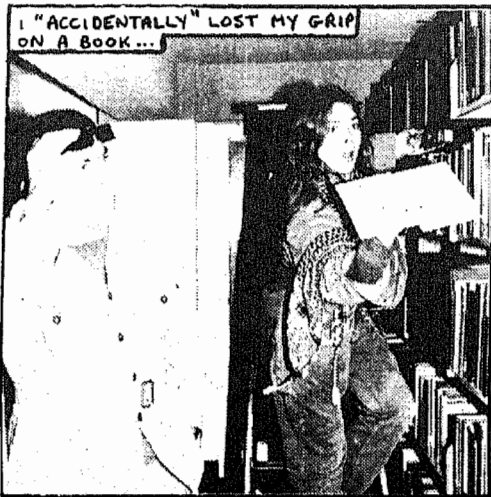
OF COURSE, THINGS WERE DIFFERENT WHEN ANDRE AND I WERE COMRADES.



I REMEMBER OUR FIRST MEETING. IN THE LIBRARY, IT WAS.



I WAS DOING A LITTLE "RESEARCH" WHEN ANDRE WALKED PAST.



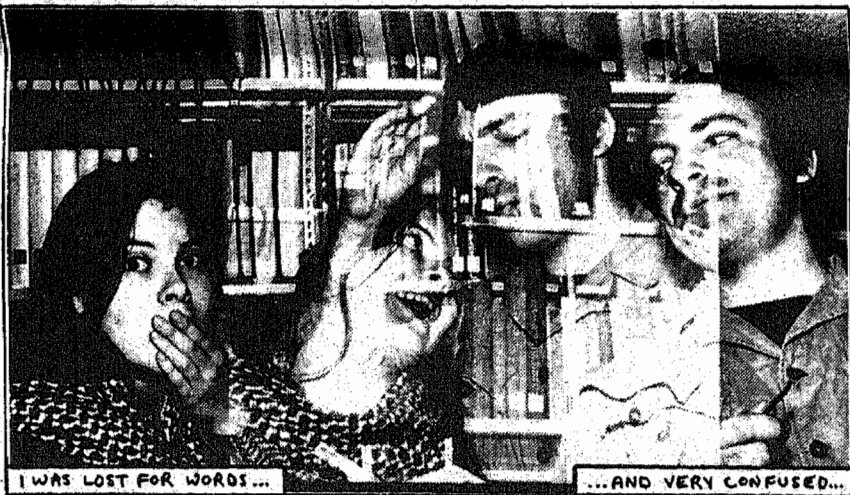
I "ACCIDENTALLY" LOST MY GRIP ON A BOOK...



... HE WAS SUCH A GENTLEMAN.

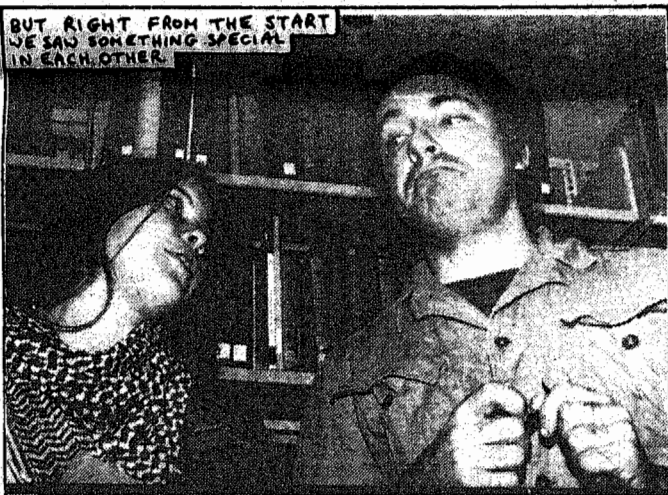


OH, INTERESTED IN BOMB-MAKING, ARE WE?



I WAS LOST FOR WORDS...

...AND VERY CONFUSED...



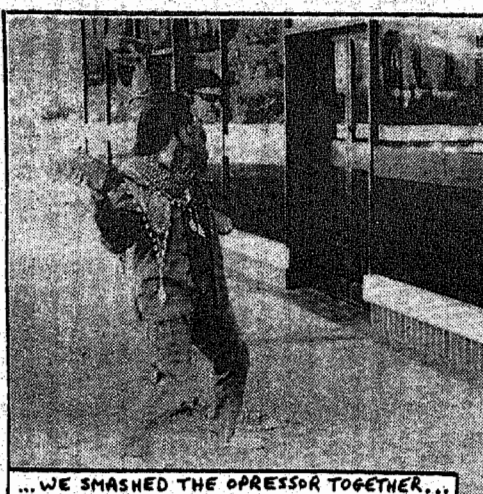
BUT RIGHT FROM THE START WE SAW SOMETHING SPECIAL IN EACH OTHER.



THE REST IS HISTORY.



WE SPENT QUIET EVENINGS TOGETHER OVER MOLOTOV COCKTAILS...



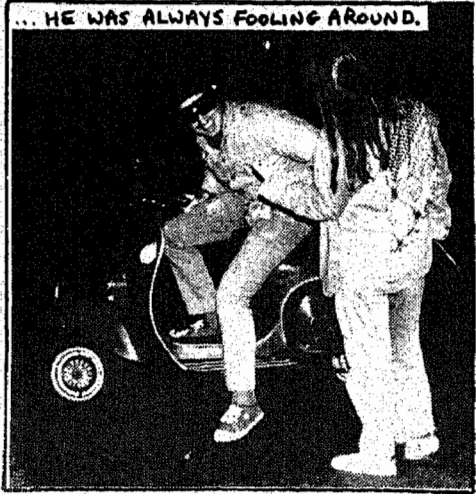
... WE SMASHED THE OPPRESSOR TOGETHER...



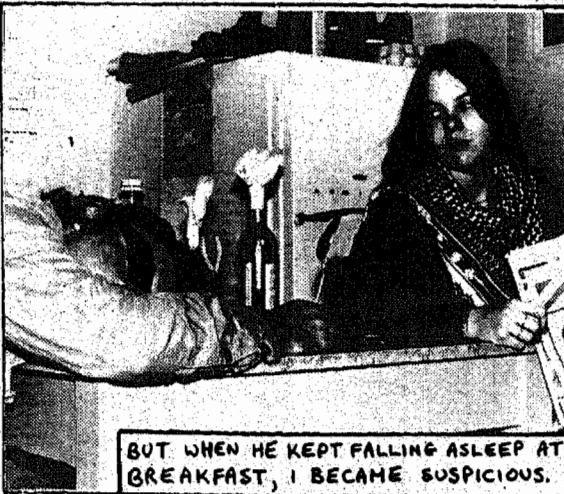
... WE PAINTED SLOGANS TOGETHER...



... WE HAD A GOOD TIME TOGETHER...



... HE WAS ALWAYS FOOLING AROUND.



BUT WHEN HE KEPT FALLING ASLEEP AT BREAKFAST, I BECAME SUSPICIOUS.

WHAT WAS HE DOING OUT LATE AT NIGHTS WITH OLGA?

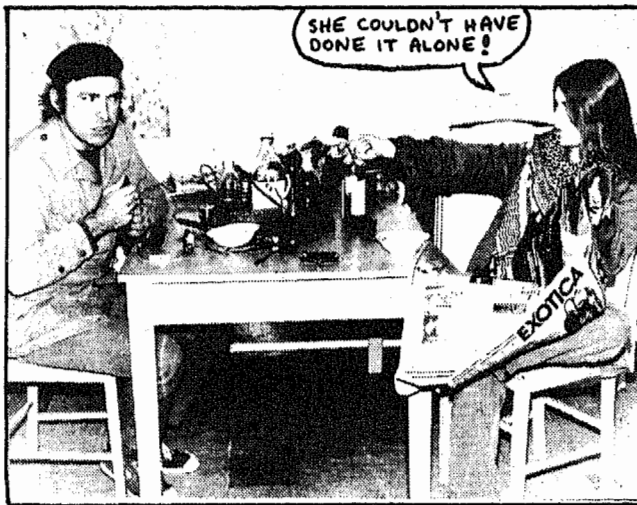


I SOON FOUND OUT.





ANDRÉ, IT SAYS HERE THAT OLGA ROTRUMP USED A STATE-OF-THE-ART DIGITAL INCENDIARY DEVICE TO DESTROY THE ADELAIDE POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



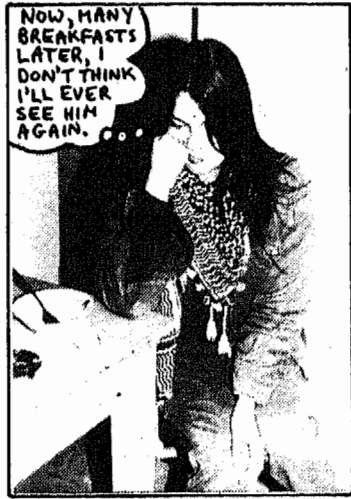
SHE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT ALONE!



YOU'RE THE ONLY TERRORIST IN TOWN WHO KNOWS HOW TO MAKE STATE-OF-THE-ART DIGITAL INCENDIARY DEVICES.



PETAL, YOU'RE RIGHT. I HELPED HER, AND I MUST DO ALL I CAN TO GET HER OUT OF JAIL. HASTA LA VISTA!



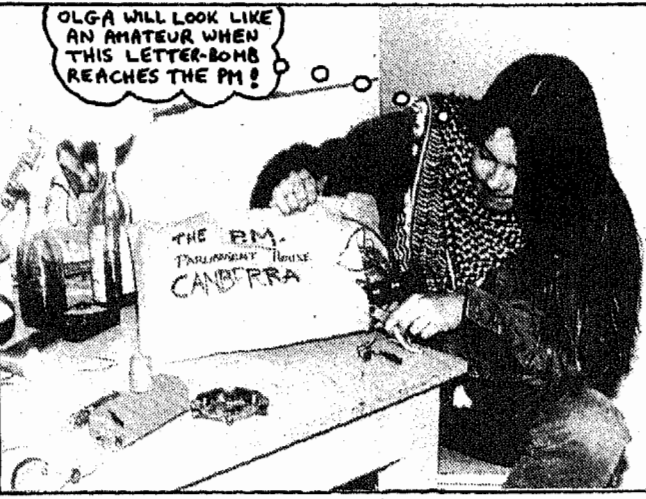
NOW, MANY BREAKFASTS LATER, I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER SEE HIM AGAIN.



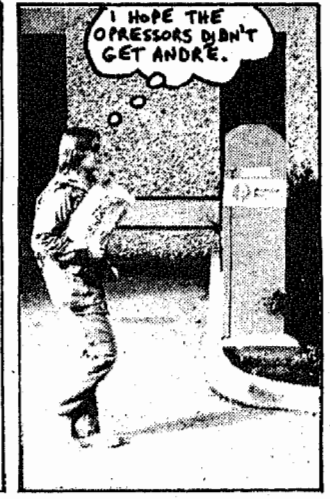
BUT I THINK I KNOW A WAY TO GET HIM BACK.



I'LL GIVE THE PRIME MINISTER AND ANDRÉ SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.



OLGA WILL LOOK LIKE AN AMATEUR WHEN THIS LETTER-BOMB REACHES THE PM!



I HOPE THE OPRESSORS DIDN'T GET ANDRÉ.



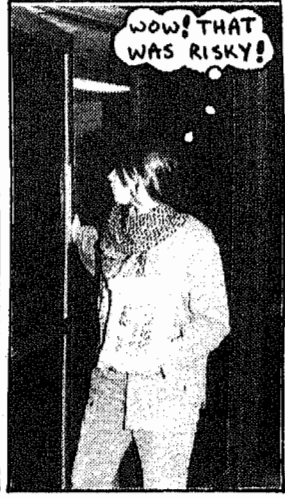
THAT'S A BIG PACKAGE YOU'RE SENDING THE PM, YOUNG LADY.

I WONDER IF HE SUSPECTS ANYTHING.



I WONDER WHAT THESE WIRES STICKING-OUT ARE FOR.

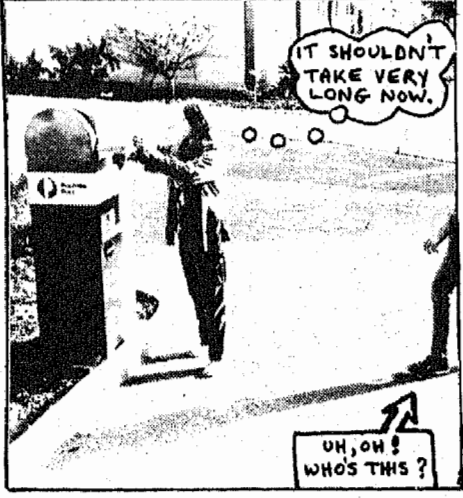
ER... IT'S A PETITION TO STOP WHALING.



WOW! THAT WAS RISKY!



NOW TO GET ON WITH IT.



IT SHOULDN'T TAKE VERY LONG NOW.

UH, OH! WHO'S THIS?



PETAL!! ANDRÉ!!



I WAS GOING TO WRITE YOU A LETTER AS SOON AS I GOT TO BEIRUT WITH OLGA.



BUT NOW THAT WE'VE MET AGAIN, I REALISE SHE MEANT NOTHING TO ME.



PETAL, LET'S SMASH THE STATE TOGETHER AGAIN LIKE WE DID LAST SUMMER.

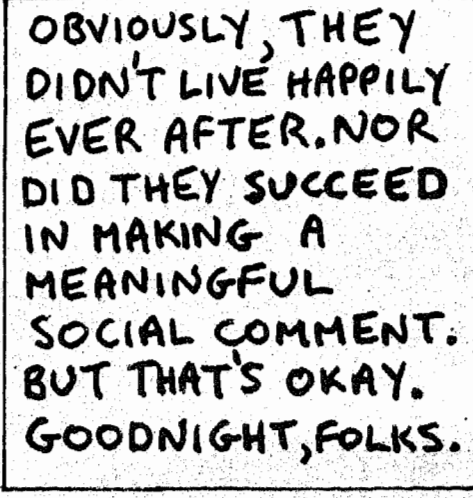


YES, ANDRÉ, YES! THAT'S ALL I'VE EVER WANTED TO DO.

NOTE FALLING LETTER-BOMB!



KER-BOOM



OBVIOUSLY, THEY DIDN'T LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER. NOR DID THEY SUCCEED IN MAKING A MEANINGFUL SOCIAL COMMENT. BUT THAT'S OKAY. GOODNIGHT, FOLKS.



THAT WAS TERRIBLE!

WHAT A BORE!

Zzzzz...



LOOK! HE'S STILL TAKING PHOTOS!

WHAT???

WE'LL HAVE TO STOP HIM.



I'LL MOIDER DA BUM!

INNOCENT BYSTANDER

STOP HIM, NOW.

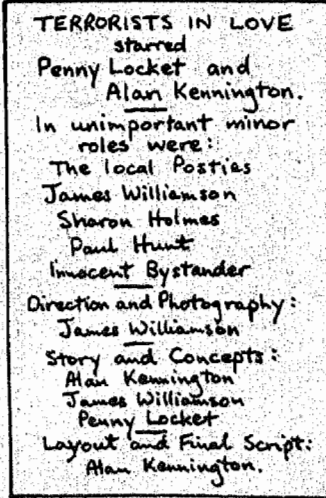
QUIT TAKING PHOTOS, WILL YOU?



THAT'LL LEARN, YAS, PUNK.

DUMB PHOTOGRAPHER.

YEAH!

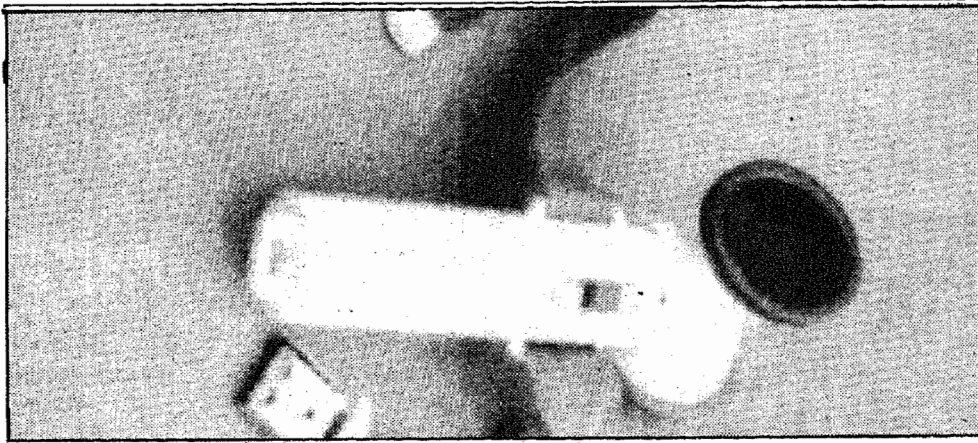


TERRORISTS IN LOVE starred Penny Locket and Alan Kennington. In unimportant minor roles were: The local Posties James Williamson Sharon Holmes Paul Hunt Innocent Bystander Direction and Photography: James Williamson Story and Concepts: Alan Kennington James Williamson Penny Locket Layout and Final Script: Alan Kennington.



# LONG LIVE THE REVOLUTION

## NEW PRODUCTS AND PROCESSES



The Glow and shoot tourniquet.

# Shining Example for Shooting Up

### Tourniquet for Nocturnal Heroin Addicts.

The latest gadget to hit the streets of downtown Tokyo, and the only one to successfully replace the Sony Walkman portable cassette player on the bodies of trendy disco-goers, is the **Glow-and-Shoot** tourniquet from *Suicide Products*.

"For too long have those boring old rubber tubes been disgracing the arms of rich socialite junkies," said a company representative at his street corner dealership. Attempts at creating a glow-in-the-dark plastic to replace the conventional rubber tubing failed when the Standards Association of Japan found that continued use on rats over long periods of time led to cancer.

"We care for the health of our consumers, so we opted for the *Glow-and-Shoot*." The device is basically just a small battery powered globe

attached to a strap with a friction operated buckle - simple but effective. Happy Glow-and-Shoot users swear by it for two reasons. Firstly, one can tighten it with one hand which saves the undignified use of the mouth to hold the other end of the strap - "a wonder for those with dentures," said one dedicated geriatric shooter.

Secondly, having the light means that once the vein is up, it's easy to see even in the darkest of allies and you won't feel like a pincushion in the morning having jabbed yourself a hundred times before mainlining.

Glow-and-Shoot, attractively gift packaged in assorted coordinator colours, retails at \$4.35 and is available at most leading trendy disco fashion stores. Work is now underway on the world's first fluorescent cocaine spoon.

**Weak news**

### PHILOSOPHY

What is there, when all is said and done?  
I mean when *all* is said and done  
What else forms?.....

Something;  
Not Nothing!  
Nothing ever really ends.  
Nothing ever really starts.  
This poem certainly hasn't.

## Something for Men

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35% discount all trousers

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ADELAIDE

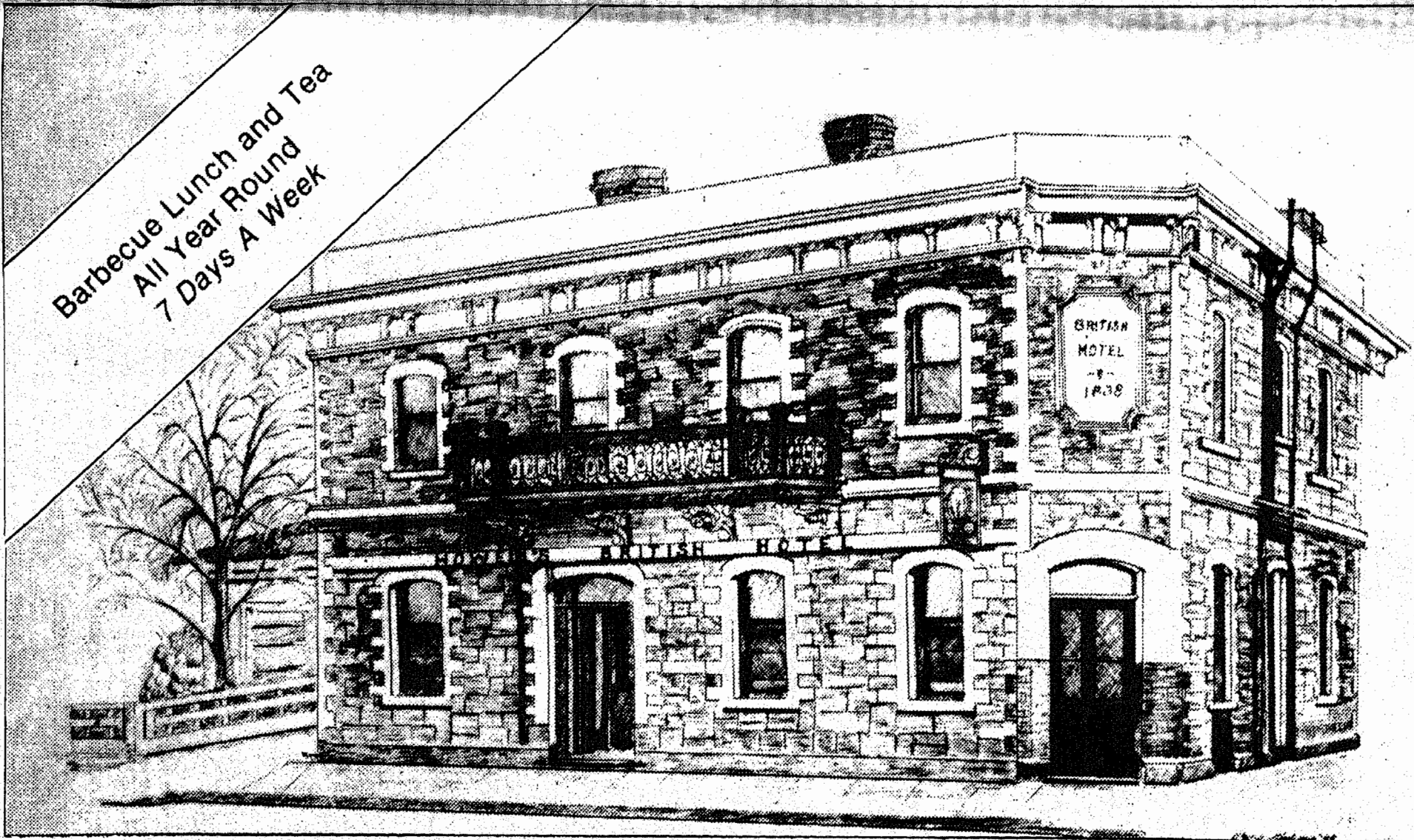
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*Squirts*  
a burlesque

\*SQUIRTS is rated essential.

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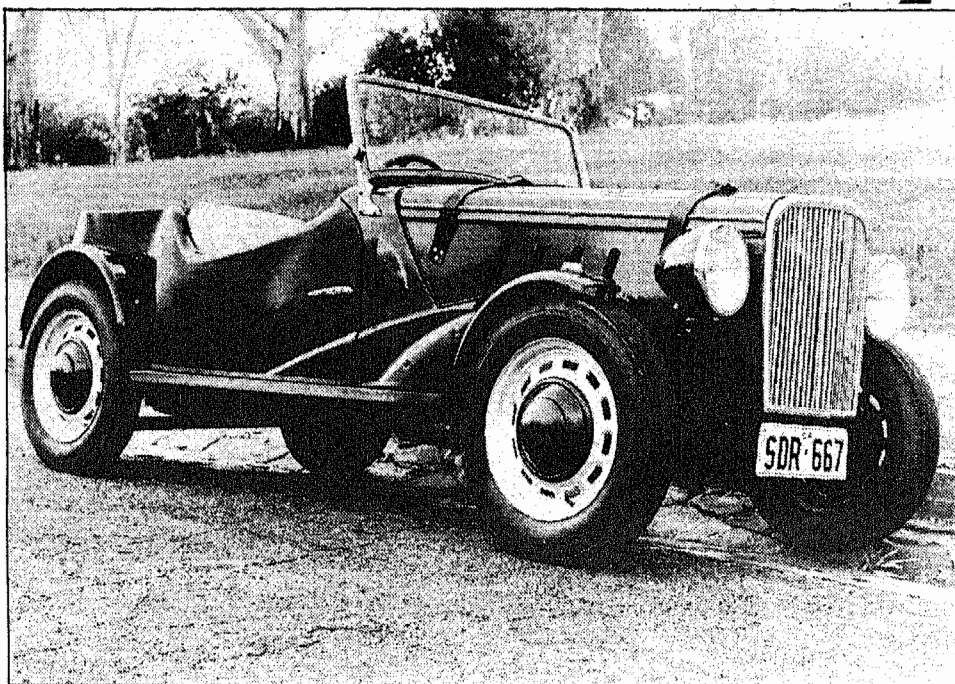
# Roadtest of the Decade - Vespa vs. Anglia

The battle for world supremacy has begun yet again. Since the untimely yet fortunate demise of the super powers (due to General Haigs fascination with buttons marked "Russia — Do not touch without Ronald's consent). England and Italy have crawled out of the radio active scum that was once the Northern Hemisphere and are battling for world economic supremacy.

The United Nations (now controlled by Mary Whitehouse) fears the worst, they are unwilling to allow the two countries to implement Bill Hayden's doctrine of "Dulce et Decorum est pro patria mori". Instead, Malcolm Fraser is asked to resolve the problem. He, showing rare insight, has had Ivan Hodgson (of Transport Workers' Union fame) sacrificed and his entrails read by Ita Buttrose. She consulted with Flo Bjelke Petersen over pumpkin scones and a pint of Bundaberg, the result being that they couldn't decide shit between themselves.

Mary Whitehouse, on hearing these disappointing results, decides that something realistic must be done. The next day a seance is held by the Leaders of the United Nations who get in contact with "Jack (putty nose) Nicholls" who came down upon them with a herald of angels to preside over a contest between the epitome of each nations technology, economy, sociology and philosophy. And On earth there was great Rejoicing.

For 40 days and 40 nights the two contesting countries toiled (by



The English entry - Ford Anglia tourer Mk.II.

means of a collective workers union) to produce machines that reflected 1m years of cultural accumulation since climbing out of primeval slime.

The two machines were unveiled at a grand and selubrious ceremony at the Barton Town Hall hosted by an illiterate, slaving idiot (Mr. Ian Meldrum.)

Italy's entry was a machine of stark beauty fashioned of metal into awesome angular lines protected from the cruel air by an unerringly even coat of grey enamel. It had two wheels and was approximately five hands high by seven hands long. the controller dissumed a squatting position atop its massive throbbing power unit (150 CC). Such a grand

machine was capable of attaining a top thrust of 90 Cubics per hour glass. The fine and hallowed machine was to be known as the "Vespa 150 Super". And the plebians rejoiced and made much merriment.

Britains entry struck the peoples with its simplicity and taste. Yet at a second glance the sheer enormity and power of the machine's capabilities made the bile rise in ones throat. Britain chose the standard format of balancing ones machine with 4 points of contact with the mist enshrouded ground.

Its manipulator reclined in splendor in a seat encased in pure white virginial wool of such quality that it could only be graced by her contrariness Lady Dianna Spencer's bum. Britain's metallic savior measured one axe handle in height, two in breadth and 5.762 in length. Its green bonnet hid a pulsating 4 cylinder, sidevalve demon of 1.172 CC in capacity. Such a fine piece of engineering was also aesthetically pleasing to the gods and revelled under the grandiose title of Ford Anglia Tourer M/c II.

And then there was further rejoicing and merriment.

Putty nose descended from heaven with 5 stone tablets, on each vehicle was inscribed a standard requirement that each vehicle must attain.

Full attainment of each requirement would receive 5 stars.

Elected to mount the Vespa was His Excellency Pope John Paul, while England charged beautiful, cute, terminally popular, polite, well spoken and not such a good girl as everyone says she was, Lady Dianna Spencer to drive for them.



The Vespa 150 super - Italy

The first prescribed test involved the ability of the vehicles to change directions. The Hallowed Vespa showed nippy handling. The Pope managed to manouver it through a crowd of devotees while being shot at by a sniper.

Incredibly only one shot from a

volley of 10 pierced the papal chest. For this effort, it was awarded 4 stars. And there was much rejoicing.

Marked upon the 2nd tablet, was that each vehicle must be stopped from a speed of 40 knots in the distance of the width of one "Woolies" shopping aisle (wider than the rest). The Anglia's performance was so stunning that it achieved the involuntary bowel expulsion of all onlookers. It attained 5 points. The Pope after a miraculous recovery suffered a relapse of ill health as the Vespa locked and slid on a liberal covering of excrement left as a result of the Anglia's performance. The scooter scored a disappointing three stars. And there was much rejoicing.

The 3rd tablet prescribed a rigorous standard of acceleration, the Vespa with its light weight, easily attained the standard. The Anglia however returned feeble results, the official reason was a high drag coefficient, less scrupulous among those present suggested that Lady Dianna had trouble slipping the gear shaft through the new and unused gate. Four and Two were scored respectively.

The fourth tablet was concerned with storage. This meant that numbers of each vehicle had to be stacked upon each other. The Vespa, despite light weight was of ungainly shape and the Pope with regained composure and clean robes had trouble stacking more than five atop each other.

The Anglia however with a shape resembling a brick, proved to be quite stackable and attained a score of seven cars atop each other, hence gaining a score of 5 stars. Beating the Vespa by 1 star.

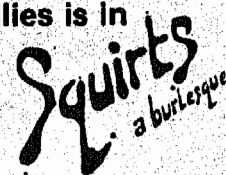
The 5th tablet portained as to the pleasure of riding each vehicle. The Vespa when slipped into 3rd gear at low speeds vibrated deliciously, causing the driver to squeal in delight, the Vespa attained 4 stars. The Anglia attained 3 stars from a similar procedure, because, unfortunately, most vibrations were absorbed by the sumptuous seat cover.

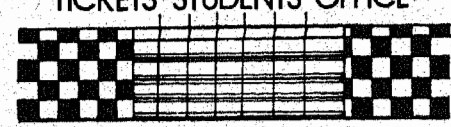
These results were sent to John Howard who after much contemplation accertained that the scores were equal.

Mary Whitehouse and the gang once again came to the rescue. She suggested that a race should be held starting at the Barton Town Hall and finishing at the Birdwood Mill Museum where the masses would participate in a luncheon, part of the great Shell family day away.

Unfortunately, the start was tragically marred by a well intending but incompetent Belgum Race Official who prematurely started the race while the Pope was manouvering his vehicle into position. The accident which insued caused massive multiple and external fractures to the lower half of his excellency's body.

Because of this tragic occurence (and the Popes lack of agility to enable him to leap out of the way of oncoming vehicles) England was awarded the race, Britannia once again ruled the waves and the people rejoiced.

Max Gillies is in  
  
 \*Nearly all Squirts believe that women should have some rights and should stay at home.

PROSH BALL  
**THE DUGITES**  
 THE OTHERS  
**CHEQUERS**  
 MAYO & WILLS REFECTORIES  
 FRIDAY AUGUST 7th, 8pm-1am  
 VERY REASONABLY PRICED DRINKS AVAILABLE  
 STUDENTS \$4, NON STUDENTS \$6  
 TICKETS-STUDENTS OFFICE  
  
 PROCEEDS TO MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS SOCIETY OF S.A.



# LONG LIVE THE REVOLUTION

## Murder by Degrees (of Laughter!!)

- featuring two people who can't reveal their identities



### THE MORAL?

SHE WHO LAUGHS  
LAST LAUGHS THE  
LO-O-O-ONGEST!

©DROLL HUMOUR COLLECTIVE  
Kate Gibbons & Jane Wilcox  
deny all complicity. Definitely not  
written by James Williamson & Tim Dodd

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## BLUE STOCKING DAY

Show your support for women in education by  
wearing blue stockings on **TUES. 4th AUGUST.**



**STOCKINGS** available from **John  
Martins** 4th August — 14th August  
reduced to **70¢** on production of  
Adelaide University Student Card  
and **STUDENT ACTIVITIES  
OFFICE.**

IN THE WORLDS BEFORE OXE-5 ACNE  
RULES  
FACES SOUGHT ORDER  
BUT THE PIMPLE CAN BE KILLED ONLY  
WHEN THE PUSSHEAD HAS GROWN.  
THE STAPHOLACCOCCI -FORMED AGAIN  
AND YET AGAIN  
AS ENDLESS BLACKHEADS WEALED AND  
PUSSED.  
TIME, GLENZO, PINE-O-KLEAN AND  
WHITEKING ALL WORKED UPON A  
CERTAIN SPOT, OLD AS CREATION.  
...AND IT BECAME MAGICALLY FERTILE.

THAT FIRST WART WAS NAMED  
THOUGHT.

TAFATAKA BUDDHA, THE LORD BUDDHA  
SAID "WITH OUR WARTS WE MAKE THE  
WORLD"

MENTAL FORCES CAUSED THE WART TO  
HATCH.  
FROM IT CAME OXES

THE INGREDIENT OF OXES WAS ... BENOL  
PEROXIDE.



# BORED TO TEARS

## at the Klutz Club

The atmosphere in London's *Klutz* Club is tense as the audience awaits the first chord from the world famous band *Bored To Tears*.

*Bored To Tears* were the earliest exponents of the "New Ruminators" style, and they, along with other bands such as *Deep in Thought*, led by Bernard Bland, formed a movement of mindless trendy artiness that rotated around the *Klutz*.

William Worthless of *Bored To Tears* found his original inspiration in the unutterable dullness that made the early Ruminatoric poets and authors great. Just like their hero and mentor D.H. Lawrence, the "New Ruminators" have discovered the art of raving on about fecundity and incest and other such topics without actually saying anything worthy of more than a yawn while also getting up to some pretty perverted acts backstage after gigs. "The major difference between D.H. and us," said William "is that we use vinyl in our art whereas he used leather." But the new ruminators use vinyl when they make records. This creates other major differences.

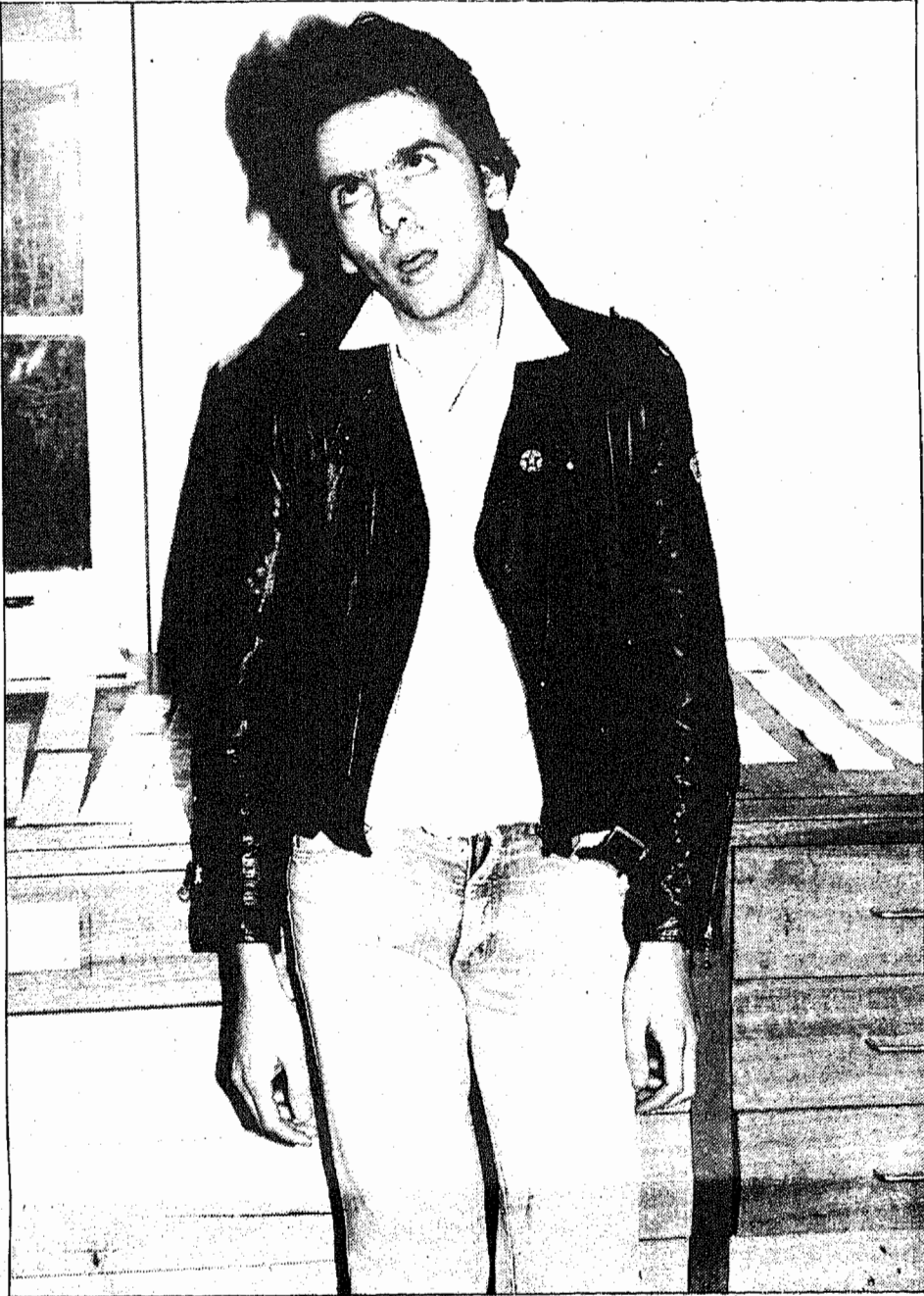
"It's very difficult to get across the feeling of our show on a record," continued William as he chased a pekinese around his hotel bedroom with a hairbrush.

This seems quite clear when you're standing in the midst of the mass of jaded bohemians and ex punks still waiting for the first chord to be played three quarters of an hour after the band have come on stage.

The important and attractive thing about *Klutz* music is that it is different - so different in fact that it is non-existent. And to upper middle class trendies bored with the excesses of punk, a nice quiet night out with your friends is a real change.

So what is it about this music that sells records and fills venues? Bernard Bland of *Deep In Thought* believes that it gives people the chance to rediscover thought. "These people don't think very much," said Bernard looking toward one particular group of people staring at the roof with their mouths open. "That is why they buy our blank records and copy our clothing styles."

Thinking is what the new



William Worthless at our exclusive interview.

ruminators are all about. We are fifty minutes into *Bored To Tears* set. Until now the band has stood huddled together in a small group, only the odd noise as another member of the audience falls sleeping to the floor almost breaking the musicians' obvious concentration. Twice now one member has whispered to another something indeterminate, once a note was accidentally played as the bass player reached over to pick up a drink. Only William Worthless is missing. We wait another

five minutes and William wanders on to the stage. It is obvious that he is heavily under the influence of Satre. For a moment he seems confused, but then realizes his destination and

steps purposefully off stage on the other side. This is too much for the audience, some of whom have a major insight and fall to the ground.

Ten minutes later William wanders back. This time he walks up to the microphone and clears his throat. This brings some members of the audience back to the earthly plane. William speaks.

"You still don't know who the real enemy is, do you?"

he says. He and the band then walk off the stage. It has been another shattering night at the *Klutz*.

All eyes now are turned toward the future of *Klutz*. How long can audiences partially made up of fifteen year old school children, stand concentrated thinking on such philosophical greats as Nietzsche, Bishop Berkeley and the existentialists without cracking? Bernard Bland says no one can be sure. "Being a new ruminator takes years of practice. If I had my way we would only allow professors of philosophy into our shows. The general public just can't take the pressure." An alarming increase in teenage insanity and suicide backs up Bland's assertions.

But the other more practical problem seems to be that all silence sounds exactly the same though Worthless does insist that on very good hi fidelity systems one can pick up individual characteristics such as breathing rates and heartbeats. "For example," he says "on our first album track *Sludge*, you can tell that I have flu if you turn it up really loud."

However, more and more bands are actually using music to add individuality to their albums. The cries of "sellout" are already coming from the crowds. "Fuck them," says William Worthless who has now finally caught the pekinese in the corner of his hotel room. "If they don't like the new sounds they can turn the power off on their turntables."

## Eating Out

The food is superb. Entree was haricots congeles — chilled baked beans lavished over delicately charcoaled toast — a startling innovation from the nouvelle cuisine (a la Wollongong). Washed down with a lightly sparkling Chateau Extrait du Grot 1979, it truly titillated tastebuds.

Following this came the chefs *piece du resistance*: "Jawbon er Oefs marseillaise all naturel!" — Ham lightly fried with eggs. This daring little concoction, served on a rest of tepid spaghetti was worthy of the delightfully full-nosed red which accompanied it.

Dessert was a real surprise — a shining combination of fruit salad (a la borte) and -so daring- icecream! The gamble paid off and the result was truly delicious while totally original in its subtle blend of flavours. So, a shining and innovative menu from Aloysius and friends. The prices are more than reasonable. — Mrs. Grubb and I paid a mere \$78.35 for our meal — and the service is excellent. The oilskins and wellingtons on the waitresses are a nice touch, as the authentic enamel mugs and plates. This charming little dive is a must for all society rejects — don't miss out!



### EATING OUT Stan Grubb

A wonderful new restaurant has appeared in Nth. Adelaide — Aloysius Grange's latest venture *La Vieille Saucisse*. The decor is positively ultra chic — cream wallpaper and purple shag pile carpet, with snazzy green lounge chairs and matching card tables — ideal for an intimate meal a *deux*.

## Mandy Discovers True Meaning

Milly Molly Mandy buys a pair of socks.

Mary Klutz water  
Poxy Books \$4.35

"One fine sunny day, Milly Molly Mandy went into town to buy a pair of socks for her Daddy's birthday. On the way she met Evil Erik, a nice boy from school who had very short hair and wore a black leather jacket with studs in.

"Hello Erik" said Milly Molly Mandy.  
" " said Erik, kicking her on the shins..."

This epic tale of Milly Molly Mandy's fight to be recognized as more than

"Five Children and Id"

E. Nesquik  
Poxy Books \$5.45

In a similar vein to the Milly Molly Mandy epic, this surrealist novel investigates the realms of the subconscious minds of five middle

class brats who experiment with hallucinogens while on holiday in Chiddingtold, England in the 1900's. Heavy stuff, but useful to impress pseudo-intellectuals with, or as a door stop.

class brats who experiment with hallucinogens while on holiday in Chiddingtold, England in the 1900's. Heavy stuff, but useful to impress pseudo-intellectuals with, or as a door stop.



*Dear Di*



everyones favourite royal matron.

Dear Di,  
I'd send you a wedding present but I don't, for the life of me, know what to give you. What do you think Charles would like?

Mick Nasty

Dear Mick,  
Why don't you give us the University of Adelaide and the surrounding areas?

DI

Write to *DI* with your own particular dilemma and she will *diagnose* your problems (no matter how *d*iverse) with *discretion*, without *digression*, directing you to a *dinamic* solution for your *dire* problem.

Dear Di  
In honour of the wonderful occasion of your marriage to the Prince of Wales, I have written a poem which I hope you will treasure as much as I shall treasure my "New Idea Souvenir Royal Wedding Issue". (My friend helped me). (To the tune of Land of Hope and Glory).

Fair and sweek and ni-ice  
Lady Di is she -  
But take my advi-ice  
She will be-e-e  
A very firm wi-ife  
To-o Pri-ince Charlie.

(Drum roll and repeat)  
We hope you like it - it took us several days to think up. Best of luck dear.  
Miss Enid Plimsoll

Dear Enid,  
Charles and I were deeply touched by your submission. We spent the first night of our marriage discussing the implications of this work on western literature and feel it could form the basis of a new movement. Keep writing!

DI

Dear Di  
I saw that look you gave me at Lord B-J's horse and hound party - just watch it or I'll be forced to write to 'Private Eye' about that evening at Dennis'.

Auntie Marg.

Dear Aunti Marg.,  
You do, you bitch, and I'll release those pictures of you and Roddy on the beach with the corgis.

DI

Dear Di  
Have you any tips on house training Corgis? I'm having a bit of trouble with mine. He'll only perform if the National Anthem is playing at full

Dear Di  
I was wondering if you could help me. You see I have this problem. It's probably a bit difficult to understand and I'm sure I don't want to bother you, what with you being the future Queen of All England and the colonies and all that, but, well I'm really confused and I don't know who to turn to for help. My husband wouldn't understand, and anyway he's always off at the pub with his mates Gordon and Norm — then there's my sister Flo, but she's too busy with her amateur over 40's ladies wrestling club and anyway she's a communist. So what I'd really like to ask you about, without beating around the bush or avoiding the issue or anything like that is — well — is it best to use plain flour or self-raising for scones? I hope my question isn't too personal to answer in your pages, and that I'm not being impertinent writing to you, but I really do need

an answer soon, before I do something drastic like shoot the postman.

Yours ever-so-respectfully,  
Gladys McSprod (Mrs.)

Dear Gladys,  
I'm sorry but mummy never let me do any cooking. I do try to be practiced, but daddy said to me "Why do something when you can pay a menial labourer to do it for you." Mummy said "Be a kindergarten teacher — that's nice light work that doesn't need many brains — don't work on manual things — your hands are very important for a successful marriage". So I can't help you. All I can suggest is that you use self raising flour — perhaps it will mean that your husband will spend less nights down at the hotel with his friends and more with you.

DI

Dear (Name withheld)  
(Advice withheld).

DI

Yours "worried Arthur"

Dear Worried Arthur  
A number of devices are on the market to stop Corgis messing on the carpet. The first is "doggy nappies" available at any 'Woolworths' in packages of 12 for 95p. The other is "Korgi Kill" a new product from Japan, easy to slip into the water dish at home. Either should solve your problems.

DI

Dear Di  
I'm 16 and on the pill. What do you think I should do about it?

Name Withheld

Max Gillies is in  
*Squirts*  
a burlesque  
\*SQUIRTS is a great new political burlesque opening at the Playhouse on August 7.

# The Yellow Box

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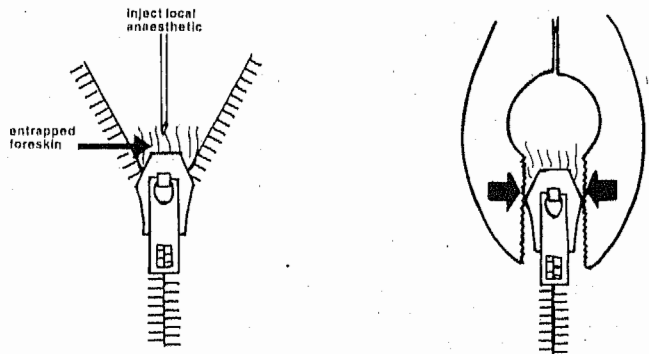
## Extricating the penis from a zipper

### Problem

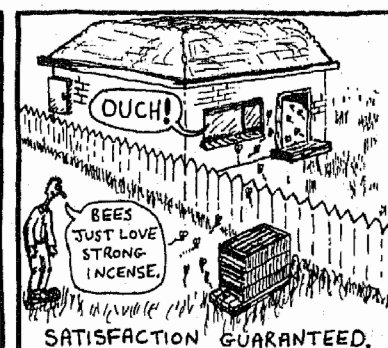
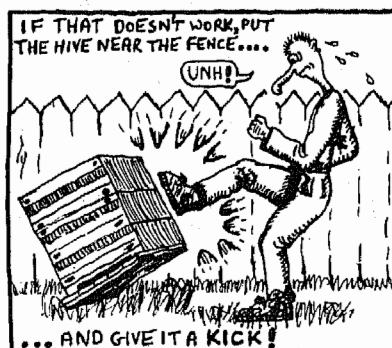
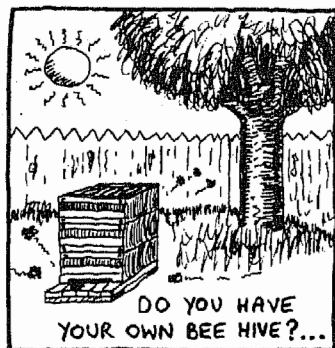
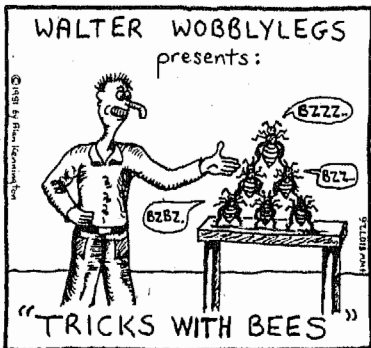
The patient has accidentally entrapped the foreskin of his penis in his fly zipper. He will have already tried to extricate himself and further manoeuvring will not only be painful but will continue to impact the skin.

### Solution

The following represents a simple and effective technique which frees the skin but ruins the zipper. The technique is painless following the use of local anaesthetic.

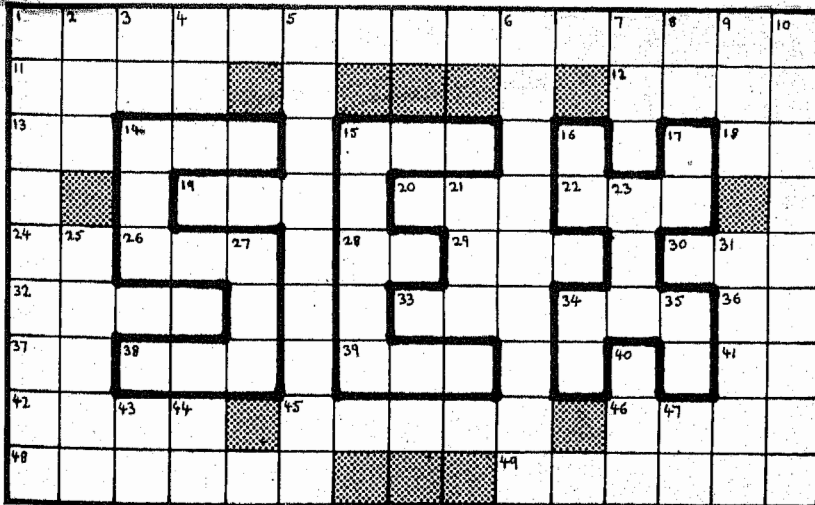


1. Infiltrate 1 per cent lignocaine immediately beneath the entrapped foreskin.
2. Grasp the zip fastener with pliers or any similar 'crushing clamp'. Apply pressure until the zip breaks and the skin is freed.
3. Consider tetanus toxoid and topical antiseptic to the abrasion if appropriate. No further treatment is usually required.



# Señor Smarty's Sizzler

Compiled by A Klevva

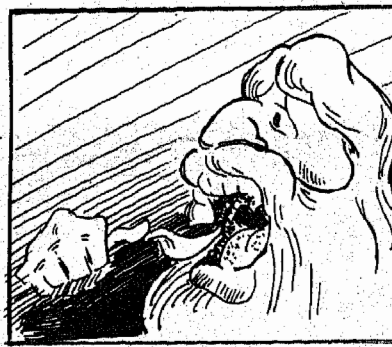
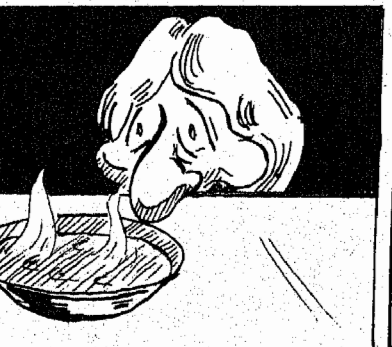
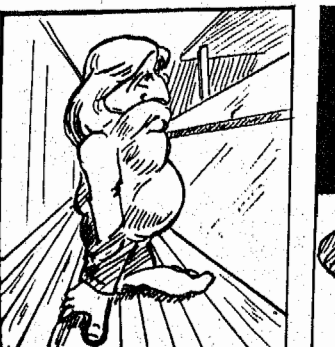
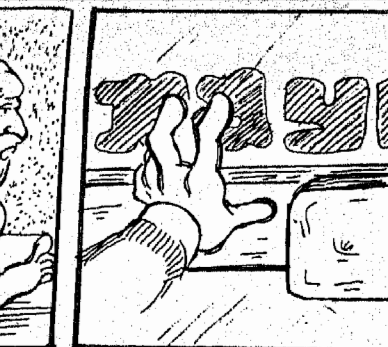
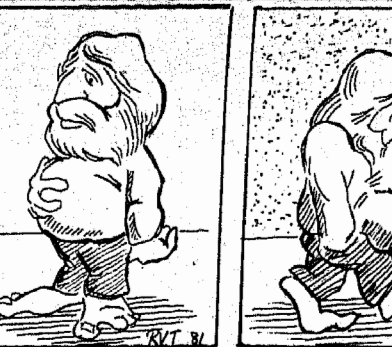
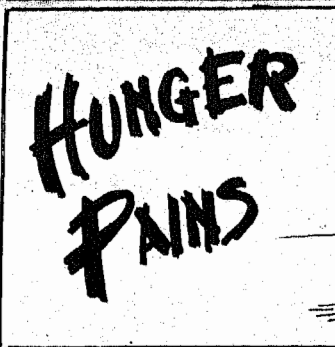


### ACROSS

1. Two too many partners
11. Verge
12. Delightful time of day
13. Disreputable
14. Delightful pastime
15. Takes practice
18. And
19. Exciting
20. His
22. Mostly done at night
24. Russian consent
26. Overdoing it
28. English refusal
29. Intention
30. Place to get merry
32. Not a pretty sight
33. Curve
34. Not 100% safe
36. Libido sauce
37. Choice
38. Not accepted in public
39. We like it
41. Short salutation
42. River in northern Zaire (not sexual, sorry)
45. Invigorating activity
46. Leave out

### DOWN

1. Disrobes in winter
2. Deviant
3. North Amer. Indian consent
4. Existential activity
5. Lust
6. Slippery lewdness
7. Oral act
8. Very funny
9. She had sex first
10. Ample proportions
14. An erotic activity
15. Wines, womens
16. Overdoing it again
17. Well-built and strong
21. Aural invagination
23. Viscious bird
25. Give the nod
27. Difficult to give up
31. Not anything really
34. Out
35. Don't
40. Long, strong and dangerous
43. Laws
44. Edit her
47. Mr Fogge missed her





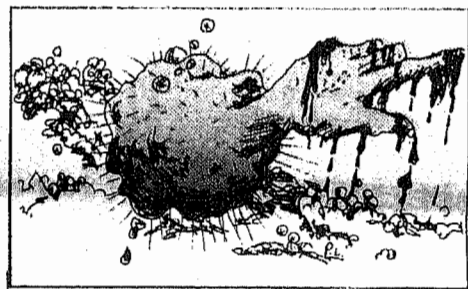
# The Watch over Time

## DIGITAL WATCHES - CHRYSTAL COBBERS OR MECHANICAL MACHIAVELLIS?

Much has been said over the past few years, concerning the slow encroachment upon human life styles by the all too familiar silicone chip. However, very little attention has been paid to that sinister pulsating force, he who is literally close to our hearts (or at least a main artery) the digital watch.

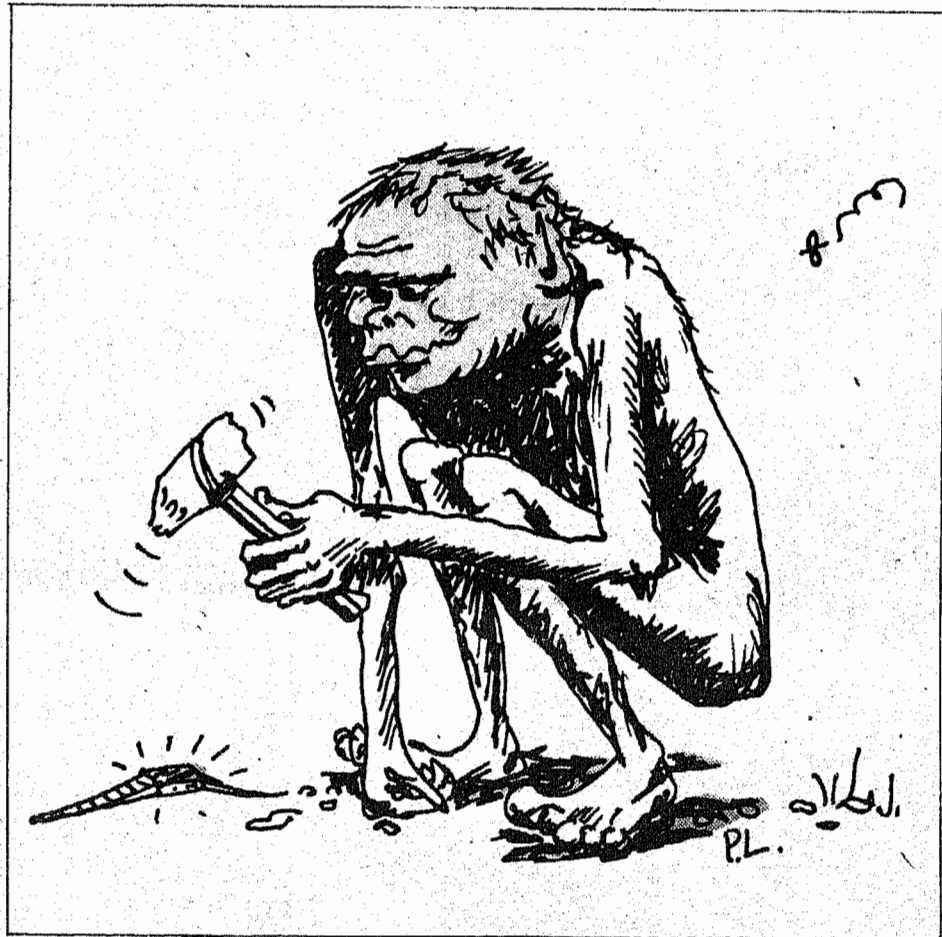
Did anyone hear the last dying gasps of Hanz Handerson the famous Swiss watchmaker, as he lay on his workshop floor strangled by a fashion fit sprung steel watchband? Even if anyone did heed the 'Hanz of Time' would they have understood his unusual dialect? These silver sentinels with souls of nickel cadmium will not stay silently shackled to our selfish shanks. What stand before us is the greatest threat to our moral righteousness, homes, families and loved ones - a veritable numerical nightmare. Yet before we probe the ominous threat that confronts us, it seems advisable to recall the chronology of the chronograph.

### An Informal History of the Digital Watch.



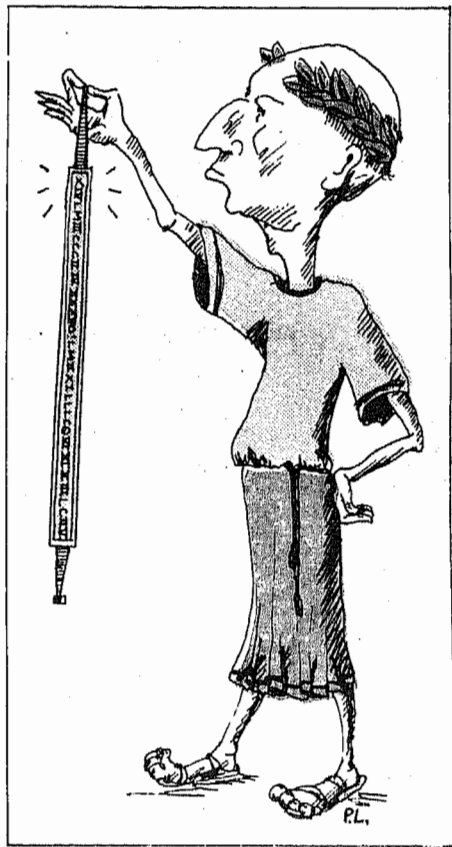
108,000,000,000 B.C.

A momentous discovery - a piece of green floating scunge evolves the first wrist due partially to an unhappy childhood.



1,200,000 B.C.

Borag Thung, a malcontent Australo Pithecus, after years of painstaking research and development, puts the finishing touches to the first delicate 42 function liquid Crystal Display Unit, then uses it to clean wax and a small stinging insect out of his ear.



JULY 8 49 A.D.

Postamus Infamous Pancreas abandons research on the digital watch when he realizes how ridiculously unfashionable a 4 inch line of complex Roman numerals would look at 12.59 in the afternoon.

JAN. 16 942 A.D.

Cardinal Spasmoti in a small Italian monastery, sketches from a dream three images of the Multi-Functional Chronograph. When given a scathing review in the *Dark Ages Art Journal*, Cardinal Spasmoti was heard to comment, "I don't know Art but I know what I hate."

NOV. 7, 1875 A.D.

Rene Plonk creates the first real electronic digital watch of the modern era. However on a demonstration tour in San Tropez the combination of a 40°C afternoon and an overactive sweat gland resulted in the explosion which denied Rene the use of his wrist up to his shoulder and gave him a dread fear of custard.

MARCH 10, 1945 A.D.

Einstein warns Roosevelt that the Germans are developing a digital watch, thus motivating American research in that area. Fears of a German prototype are confirmed by Martin Boorman's consistent punctuality on T.W.A. connecting flights to Bolivia.

SOMETIME IN THE EARLY 1970's

The design of the modern digital watch is finalized - enough said.

JULY 23, 1978

Kazi Noflushu of Bulls Creek Mugee invents the world's smallest digital watch but dies of blood poisoning when it's sucked down a pore in his wrist.

OCTOBER 18, 1980

After 22 years of unpaid work, veteran archeologist Sir Garfield Ponce-Smyth unearths the fractured skull of an Australo Pithecus in which he finds the remains of a stinging insect and a Liquid Crystal Display Unit. From this he deduces two things; First, that early man was controlled by a race of super intelligent wasps with a poor sense of timing and a fetish for ear wax; Second that he should have taken that job in his father-in-law's shoe polish factory.

JUNE 29, 1981

Chuck Freely invents the first emotion motivated digital watch which only tells you the time when you are giving it your undivided attention.

JULY 11, 1981

Chuck Freely arrested for having an unnatural relationship with an integrated circuit.



MARCH 8, 1986

Due to the rising dependency among youth in the Western World, computer and printed circuit workshops are set up in Victorian tomato plantations, to supply pushers seeking a 'time fix'.

JAN. 16, 1994

Civilization collapses just as South Australia seems set to win the Sheffield Shield (damn shame!).

Well, there you have it - it's 3.5444, recurring minutes to midnight and the epilogue has gone into recession. The menace is here and now and threatens to corrode our sense of destiny and purpose, the driving force behind the human spirit.

Have you ever noticed how, with a digital watch, there is only 'now', not like your good old clock face who reflects upon the past and strives for the future?

Digital watches consider themselves a 'hip', live for the moment, trendy, fashionable, fun loving fellas as they bask on beautiful bleached beaches and soak up the sun (sun soaking is highly beneficial for their little photovoltaic cells but an excess can lead to cancer of the crystal). The immorality of these sick cybernetic snow sniffers is slowly infecting our systems and corrupting our souls. When we glance at our beloved time-pieces we no longer see a time to eat, a time to sleep and a real physical space between now and the last train to Clapham station before the bloody school kids get out. All we see when we gaze down at our wrists is an immediate present (and I don't mean a 'gift', no future, no past, only the thought "to heck with it, I'll go have a pasty").

When the jagged edges of Bazz and Pilko emit from your insipidly accurate clock radio, you lurch over and turn it down - don't you? Even though you've got to get up for that agonizing 9 o'clock tutorial - this damned thing is making you a spineless automation.

Behind their grey faces broods no form of pity or Christian conscience; they think God is a little yellow man with slanting eyes and a white lab coat. These calculating cryptic chronographs will not rest until our youth, its cup of life drunk to the full wandering aimlessly about, offer

themselves whole to the malevolent magnetism at the end of their limb - the machine where you can't "pull out the plug", for there is no plug to pull.

Be warned brothers, sisters and don't know, return forever back to the sundial and the swinging Swiss movement and be - free.