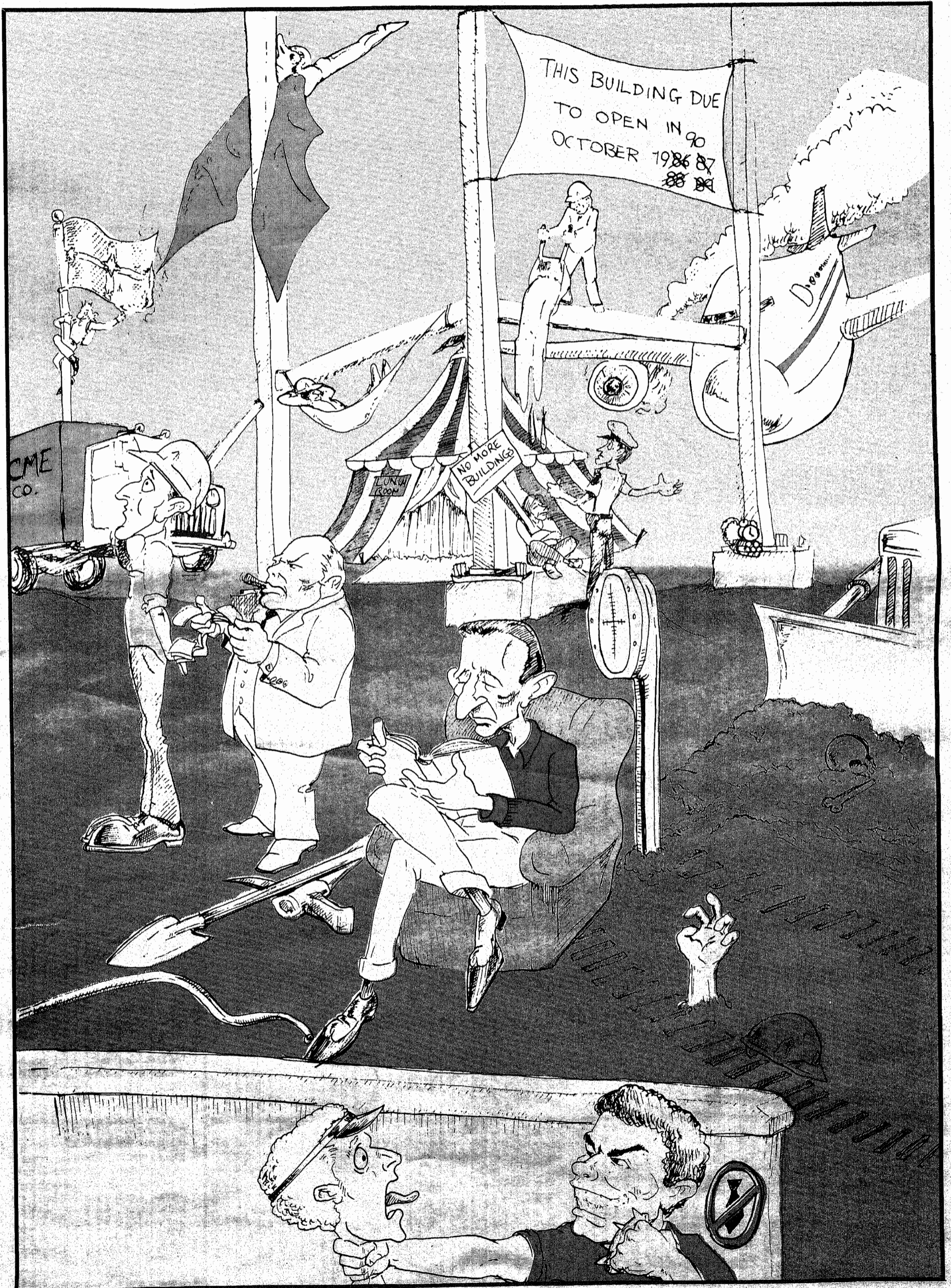


# THE PROSH RAG

\$1

Adelaide University 8/8/88



## THE THWAITES GRAND RE-OPENING SALES START THIS WEEKEND!!!!!!

STOP PRESS

HOLLYWOOD, PERTH: IT WAS CONFIRMED TODAY THAT MR WOLFGANG BLASS, ONE OF ADELAIDE'S TEN BEST DRESSED STUNTMEN, HAS BEEN RE-HIRED AS STUNTMAN FOR THE NEW BOND FILM, 'BEERFINGER', FOLLOWING A MIRACLE RECOVERY FROM A RECENT CAR ACCIDENT IN WHICH THE EFFERVESCENT WOLF TOOK ON A STOBIE POLE (AND WON !!!).

FURTHER DETAILS OF THE FILMING OF BEERFINGER HAVE BEEN LEAKED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE PROSH RAG, MUCH TO THE IRE OF THE SECURITY CONSCIOUS BOND CAMP. BOND, WHO HIMSELF WILL BE PLAYING THE PARTS OF BEN LEXCEN AND MRS "RED" BOND, WAS INITIALLY RUMOURED TO BE DOING HIS OWN STUNTS BUT AT THE LAST MINUTE BOWED OUT. " WE NEEDED SOMEONE..... WITH EXPERIENCE " SAID DIRECTOR WARREN JONES WHEN REFERRING TO THE SCENE WHERE BONDY CRASHES HIS ROLLS AND IS THEN CHASED BY SAVAGE POLICE TRACKER DOGS. " PLUS, WOLF IS THE ONLY OTHER BASTARD, BESIDES ALAN, WHO STILL THINKS THAT WE WON AT GALLIIPOLI " ADDED JONES.

IN FURTHER NEWS TO HAND, WORLD FAMOUS AUSTRALAN FASHION DESIGNER PRU ACTON HAS INDICATED THAT SHE INTENDS TO RUN FOR THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT IN THEIR FORTHCOMING ELECTIONS.



Chancellor and former Saint Aloysius schoolgirl Dame Roma Mitchell models for us our lovely tracksuit blouse and beret from our "Mother and Son" collection in the trendshop.



Legendary newspaper columnist and man Phil Adams signals his solidarity with our coloured bretheran by wearing a demure but assured black number from our Joe Emanuele sale bin.

Former Prime Minister and Commonwealth Secretary hopeful checks to see if he's wearing one of our very own Embassy off the rack suits with optional international distress transmitter and homing device fitted into the lining.



Ex- Premier Don Dunstan models the latest in Thwaites exclusive home brand safari suit for the modern unionist on the move. Don demonstrates the ease of movement whilst doing the "Time Warp " with a group of Victorian tourists.



The Vice Squad wishes to advise its members that a Car Rally will be staged by its social club. The day will commence at 9.00am next to the University footbridge (please bring swimming togs and floaties) and proceed then to the Green Dragon, the South Parklands toilets, a quick tour of North Adelaide side-streets and then back to the footbridge (providing it's dark). Members please bring picnic lunch and alibi. No witnesses.

Design: Fido

Layout: Tim Heffernan (who is planning to run for Something Really, Really Political)

Advertising: Josh Marchant (a quiet achiever with no personality).

Distribution: The Prosh Rag. Thanks also to the Labor Club, and

Footlights for helping here (particularly TIM HEFFERNAN)

Tim Heffernan: As himself, and the Bulimic Boy

Photography: Richard Falkland "Aw, that makes me feel really militant." And Alex Hancock

Cover: Ron Tomlian

Your house at 8.30 Barnard Street (Bunny's house, next to Neal Blewett's house) byo pizza aha allright

Thanks too, to Bunny for being really really hospitable

Typesetting: Sharon Thompson

Freight: Alex Wheaton  
All reference to people, living or dead, is wholly coincidental. Really.  
Eds note : On this day, in the year of our Lord one thousand and eighty eight, Sir Stephen Horan actually DID SOMETHING!!!!!!  
Yes folks, believe it or not, Stephen achieved a task . Thank-you Stephen , thank-you Lord.

The Prosh Rag is edited and published by Fido, for the Students' Association of the University of Adelaide. It appears as part of Prosh week and all money raised from sales etc., goes to a nominated charity. This year Freedom from Hunger is the beneficiary (see page 6).

# Give it back, robber barons

Militant Roman Catholics are emerging as an angry and vocal political voice once again. Judging from Friday's demonstration outside the Anglican St Peter's Cathedral it appears that sectarianism will re-emerge to inflame and divide Adelaide.

Spokesperson for the band of Catholic activists, Mr Lunchtime O'Booze, denied that the Catholics were trying to foment racial tension. "All we want is what is rightfully ours. They (the Church of England) have practised a most outrageous fraud on South Australian Catholics."

The cause of the religious ill will is the issue of who rightfully owns the land on which the cathedral is built. Mr O'Booze claims that a prominent landowner called Da Costa left the land to "the Archbishop of Adelaide" back in the middle of the 19th century. The Church of England argued that as they were the official religion of the colony then legally there was only one Archbishop of Adelaide, the Anglican Archbishop.

"The bloody Supreme Court were all bloody Protestants so they construed it anti-Catholic. The fact that Da Costa was Catholic didn't seem to matter. Well it's time that this filthy fraud was exposed and the land restored to its original and rightful owners," O'Booze angrily exclaimed.

According to the Catholic activists Catholic land rights will figure greatly in the political scene.

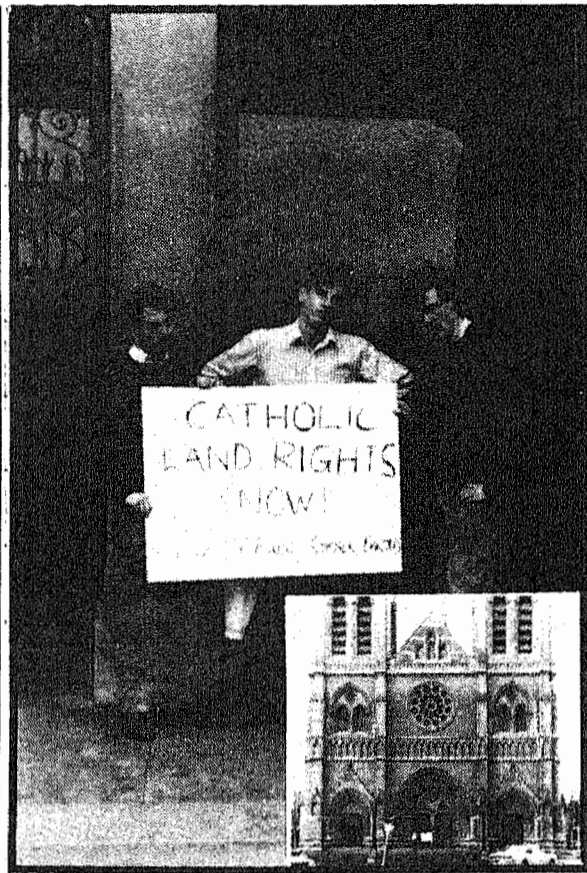
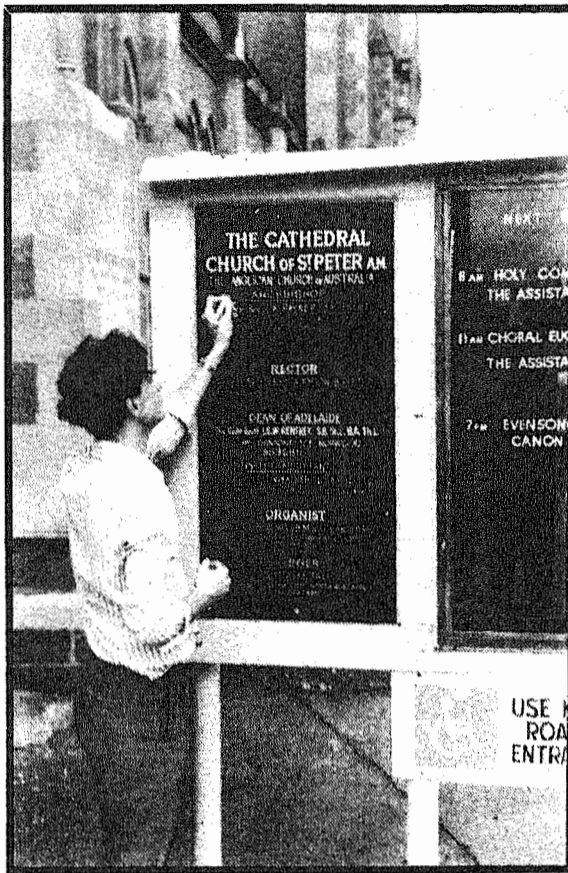
"We've been a forgiving lot for the most part. But the time has come to throw off the 'turn the other cheek' philosophy. Action is required and maybe even violence" said fellow activist Lenny O'Stout.

"I can see the day when Catholics will be forced to strangle the wretched Anglicans with Rosary beads. God, I'm looking forward to it".

What lit the fuse for the Catholics was the issue of ordination for women. "We had been simmering for over a hundred years with the land rights struggle but had kept it under the lid until Runcie (Archbishop Robert Runcie) sanctioned the ordination of women. We'd almost started liking the C of E up until then. Of course we didn't compromise our principles. We just didn't spit when we talked about them. But Holy Mary Mother of God, the women thing backed us into a corner. They were looking for a fight."

Having spoken to Prosh rag the Catholics then commenced a prayer vigil interrupted only for a few quick drinks at the Queen's Head hotel and the occasional visit to the

T.A.B. "It's a mortal sin if we wilfully don't drink or gamble at least once a week" said Mr O'Booze.



Landrights

Left: Lunchtime O'Booze attempts to give an offending sign the *nihil obstat*

Right: A militant clutch of Hibernians gather in the porch to protest

Inset: The infidel superstructure

# Bulimia is beautiful

Eating Disorders Anonymous staged a protest outside the extremely well-known and much patronised Perryman's Bakery in Tynte St, North Adelaide, last Friday afternoon and strangely enough Prosh Rag was there to record it.

'Changi' Charles Pipecleaner, functions co-ordinator for E.D.A., explained the group's actions. "It's appalling that an establishment such as Perryman's can sell the irresistible food that they do. It is totally insensitive of the bakery, given the growing numbers of eating disorders."

The protest, which took the form of a hunger strike, was for the greater part a subdued affair. The hunger strikers sucked their faces in and

tightened exposed stomachs in an attempt to highlight their message. "We hope we are not being too melodramatic, although Tim has done so amateur theatre and received some very good reviews for it. What matters though is that people are well aware of the dangers that mass produced home cooking pose."

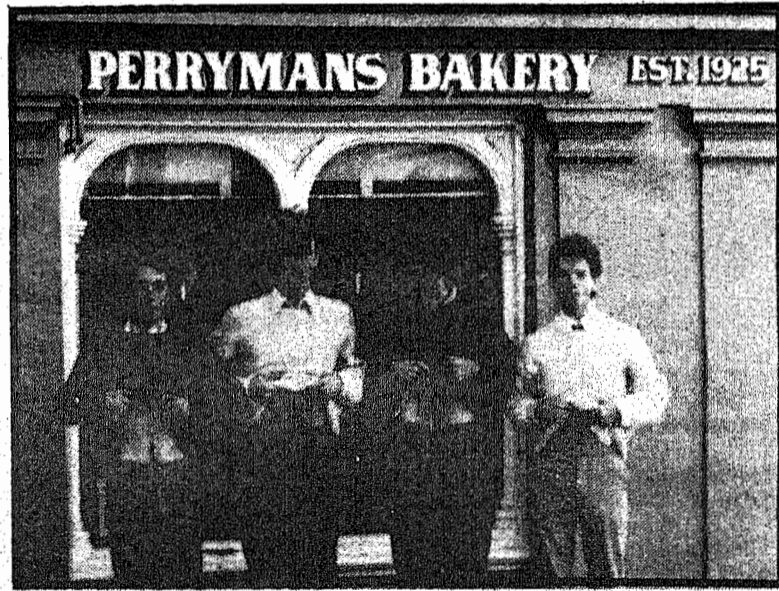
Several of Perryman's customers were upset by the protest. Mr J. Balfour, a patron of Perryman's for over fifty years, voiced his concern. "There they were standing outside the shop for an inane photograph, trying to scare the little kiddies. They should go back to the University where they belong."

"We are not students", countered 'Changi' Charles, as he prefers to be

known." We're just a couple of blokes who enjoy throwing up.

Excuse me, but I have an afternoon lecture to attend."

The hunger strikers adjourned to the bakery after they had finished their half hour hunger strike. Warren Digestion-Jones spoke of his concern for those suffering from bulimia and anorexia nervosa, the two major eating disorders. "Well frankly I feel sorry for the poor blighters. I've never had any problem finishing the meal that is put in front of me, so I my heart really goes out to those who twitch at the sight of food. The only reason I came along today was to get the free feed that 'Changi' Charles promised the three of us."



# Minister of Health in erection scandal

As one of his final duties as Minister of Health, Dr John Cornwall announced major redevelopment plans for the Royal Adelaide Hospital.

Speaking from the foyer of the Supreme Court building, a cautious Dr Cornwall, wearing a large and cumbersome mouth-guard, revealed plans for the largest car park in the southern hemisphere. To be owned and run by Adelaide City Councillor Michael Harrison, the car park will cover the entire present site and include a bonsai garden.

Courteous to a fault, Dr Cornwall



Dr John Cornwall unveiled a scale model of the building, to be called A Concrete Erection. "It will be the envy of car

park enthusiasts throughout the world, or at least males aged between 45 and 60 years old."

The Royal Adelaide Hospital will be demolished to make way for the twelve storey car park. The controversial move is in line with recent government moves to streamline South Australian health services and fulfil the aims of the Medical Practitioner Elimination Scheme, strongly backed by Dr Cornwall.

"For too long South Australians have been getting inadequate health care. They should now be able to get really appalling health care" the ex-Minister announced. Dr Cornwall denied that such a

move would result in massive job loss for the medical profession.

"Doctors have never needed patients to make money. Indeed, studies prove that actually caring for patients inhibits the doctor's ability to spend money. Besides, the rapidly expanding area of defamation will more than adequately compensate the average G.P. for any loss of income."

Drying a sweaty forehead with his handkerchief and clutching the office eddy bear, Dr Cornwall proceeded to praise the choice of developer for the project. "Michael Harrison has a flair for car parks. I particularly liked the

idea of the fast food outlet as you drive out and the aerobics classes to be held in the laneways."

Dr Cornwall said it was his vision that the project would establish itself as one of the great car parks of the world, and should dovetail perfectly into the Grand Prix celebrations. "We hope to get celebrities from around the world to park their cars in A Concrete Erection. I have no doubt that the car park will become Adelaide's premier tourist attraction and a much safer suicide spot than the Pulteney St car park. The chunky concrete edifice will be a perfect complement to the ASER site."

## Crazed Veggie on the loose



Arthur Rimbaud poet and author, as played by Sylvester Stallone

Arthur Rimbaud, 19th century French Symbolist poet has come back from the dead and issued a writ for breach of contract, naming Sylvester Stallone as defendant.

The celebrated poet, who had a brief but sparkling literary career towards the end of the 19th century, crawled out of his grave and irately

stormed Hollywood, abusing Sly Stallone.

"I was a sensitive artist, alert to the nuances of words, the correspondence between the ineffable inner world of the soul and the outer world of sound, colour and light.

"I meet Monsieur Stallone. I say to this homme, mon ami, I would like

to sell you my life histoire, entitled 'Rimbaud', so you can make a Hollywood flic out of it.

"I give this lout, whom I trusted at the temps, strict instruction as to plot, characterisation and so forth - moi, French boulevardier and aesthete, tragically sacrificing his life for Art. And what does the schmuck go and do? Rename me

'Rambo' and have me slaughter little Indochinois, grunting very porcine like. Insufferable!"

At this point Monsieur Rimbaud, not a little overcome with the emotion of the occasion, made a suggestion to our photographer, Sven, and a fight ensued. Rimbaud then abruptly departed muttering that he was a victim of love.

## Spluttering Jack stumbles back

John Farnham, under licence, this week spoke exclusively to *Prosh Rag* about his new album "More Medium For Suburbia". A candid and relaxed Spluttering Jack put his new found success down to some clever marketing by his manager Glen Wheatley.

"Well, er, mate, I gotta tell you Glen's a real upside down person to work with. I mean, um, unlike the last album where we trudged through two hundred songs to find the ten hotties that ended up on the vinyl, this time we really pulled our finger out and went through forty four thousand songs. It may sound a lot but most were computer generated, based on models of previously successful songs."

Spluttering Jack explained that he takes great care with his lyrics. "I think the bottom line is the lyrics, and that's why I leave it all to Glen to work out. What he usually, er, does is commission a research firm to survey bank clerks and public servants.

"Glen assesses the results and then writes the lyrics, making sure to leave out all the original, witty or poignant lines. I'm telling you mate, it's bizarre the way the public goes for it."

John's relationship with his manager Glen has blossomed over the past three years. "One day Glennie came around to my joint with his accountant and told me what a talented lad I was and how he'd always wanted to be my mate and

how he reckoned I could be famous again if I'd just sign a recording contract with Wheatley Records.

But I mean it's been more than just a business relationship. The bottom line is we're great mates. He pays for the rent on my flat, gives me a weekly allowance and even lets me drive his new red Porsche, sometimes."

Being named Australian of the Year was a source of tremendous joy for John. "I'm proud to be an Aussie. The bottom line is we've got a lot to show the world and they're just being snobby bastards if they think it's kitsch, dull and mediocre."

However, John's public success could not have been possible without a secure family life. Married for sixteen years, John reflected on his family.

"My wife's been just great, er, specially looking after the kids while I'm signing contracts with Glen, which takes up most of the year. I mean she IS just great, a great lady, and the bottom line is I can't remember her name. But I still love her heaps."

And what are John's future aims? "Well, I kinda really like to revive 'Sadie the Cleaning Lady', a sentimental favourite and the only song I've ever really understood."

"Whenever I mention it to Glen he just says 'Prat' and 'Wanker', but I haven't heard of those songs. Anyway, I trust Glen because he's my mate. And that is the bottom line."



John Farnham before he met Glen Wheatley

## Brief Notes

Mr John Olsen, leader of the Opposition in State Parliament yesterday held a news conference to announce that he has mastered the art of entering doors.

Mr Olsen ecstatically explained the event, in which he opened the door to his office in Parliament House, entered the room and successfully negotiated his way to his desk. "I've had a lot of difficulty dealing with doors. Actually, I have a lot of trouble dealing sensibly and rationally with most things. It could have something to do with the fact that I comb my hair from under my armpits and over the old bald spot."

Explaining how he dealt with doors in the past, Mr Olsen said "The normal scenario is 1) I open the door the wrong way and proceed forwards, 2) collide headlong with the door's panelling, 3) have a few angry words with the door, 4) throw some punches at it, 5) blame the Bannan Labor Government. But yesterday things went like clockwork and without the help of my staff, parliamentary colleagues and even my mother. I felt as happy as Peter Duncan did when he found out about his superannuation payout."

Happy with this achievement, Mr Olsen said he felt there were few challenges left to him, except to formulate some credible policies and be taken seriously as a politician.

### BLASS IN BOND MOVIE

**Hollywood:** Flamboyant Adelaide vintner and stuntman Wolf Blass has just signed a \$4.5 million deal with James Bond producer Albert "Tubby" Celery.

Under the agreement Wolf will play a mysterious character known only as "one of Adelaide's ten best dressed men". According to Wolf, the part involves minimal stunt work "though the Rolls will still climb a few trees," he disclosed wryly.

Specially built platform shoes will be provided for the seduction scenes.

I, I mean, Dr Cornwall would never have called Dr Peter Humble a "scurrilous liar" or a "robber baron", even though he caused me, or rather, Dr Cornwall, a lot of frustration and inconvenience. No, that filthy dirt merchant is beneath contempt, that disgusting wart on a pig's rump is not worth commenting on, let alone libelling and I, that should read Dr Cornwall, is too much of a level-headed, agreeable man for such thoughts about that toerag. Humble ever to enter my, that is, his head.

(Eds - We realise that the above is quite probably an actionable libel which could expose its author, the editors and the Students' Union to a long and very costly court case. We therefore, unreservedly apologise to Dr Cornwall for enhancing his reputation.)

Politburo member Yuri Bravura revealed the real intention behind Mikhail Gorbachev's much vaunted Glasnost program.

"Dissidents nowadays are becoming harder to find. They've gone so far underground that the KGB can no longer trace them. By easing the restrictions on free speech the dissidents will come to us, saving us thousands of manhours on surveillance and torture."

# BREEDER IN LABOUR

Doctors at the Queen Victoria Hospital today denied that they were negligent or criminally liable for a miscarriage that occurred yesterday. Mrs Narelle Breeder was rushed to the Queen Victoria on Friday night after suddenly going into premature labour. Upon reaching the Queen Victoria Hospital she was told by one doctor, who we cannot name because he went to school with some influential members of the legal fraternity, that she was "incredibly fat" and should go on a diet, because she "had a pretty face". A well known Adelaide gynaecologist then examined her, because according to Mrs Breeder, "I reminded him of his wife". The examination, which Mrs Breeder described as "unconventional but extremely thorough" having been completed, Mrs Breeder was informed by the gynaecologist that she should "stay of beer as it made her excessively bloated". Promising to send a bunch of roses in the

morning, the doctor then disappeared into the nurses' changing rooms.

An obviously pained and delirious Mrs Breeder received no further medical attention except for some "pleasant and comforting smiles from the nurses". In a brief telephone call with an unnamed administrator at the Queen Victoria Hospital, the doctor said "it was really the woman's fault anyway. She shouldn't have got pregnant in the first place. Why should doctors be forced to clean up the detritus of a permissive age? The doctors involved in this case, both keen golfers, discharged their duties diligently and honourably".

Asked to explain how they did this, the medical administrator replied "both were wearing white coats and carrying stethoscopes". With a final brusque remark the doctor dismissed allegations of negligence stating "How could these doctors have been negligent? They weren't or Malaysians".



# Australian libel

**Yarralumla:** The Foreign Minister announced today that the Soviet Union was to be given complete access to all Australian ports. He claimed that this was a great diplomatic coup and only came about after many weeks of high level after dinner conversations.

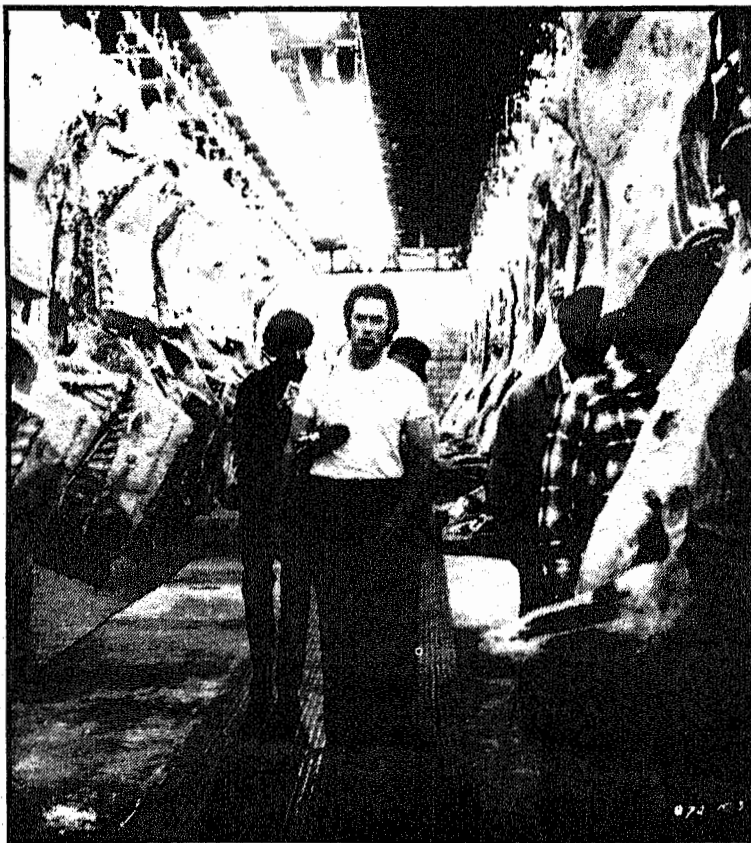
The Minister dismissed criticism of the decision as "bullshit". He said "Soviet society was now much more open" and that the department of Foreign Affairs would "closely monitor the situation for any possible abuse of Australian fortifications".

A spokesperson for the Minister said that the first visible sign of the new policy, a shipment of five year old Clare Valley Tawny, was expected to leave the country next week.

When asked about the new development, the Prime Minister said it was "bloody terrific" and "will you bastards leave me alone now, I've got a wagon to catch".

The American Ambassador, Mr Clint Eastwood, said he was concerned that Soviet influence could spread to other alcohol enhanced beverages (A.E.B.'s).

"If the Soviets ever got their hands on cooking sherry, I think it would have serious ramifications for world peace," he said.



Ambassador Eastwood doing a tour of duty

# YASSER GET ANGRIER

The Israeli Army at a news conference in Tel Aviv explained its shelling of a Palestinian school that resulted in the death of a teacher and 531 students aged between 10 and 12.

West Bank Wop Boys' Primary was reduced to a pile of rubble yesterday when fifteen tanks continually shelled the Art/Craft centre for eight hours. General Arnold Shalom, a former Hollywood film producer, explained that the children were engaged in pottery classes at the time.

"We were forced to act quickly and ruthlessly. Undoubtedly, the amateurish ash trays and butter plates were intended as missiles for the victims' younger brothers to hurl at Israeli troops."

Unrepentant General Shalom stated that "not only was the security of the Israeli nation at stake, but we hadn't killed anyone for three days and the lads were restless".



Yassar Arafat: old boy of Wop Boys' Primary

# Vegies back

Well known television newsreader, restaurateur and former radio announcer, Jeremy Cordeaux, has announced that he will be briefly absent from the airwaves.

"I'm a bit concerned about how I'm handling my public persona at the moment. While in the past I've been a smarmy, insincere, patronising, little toad, I've been told by my producer that some pleasant remarks have slipped into my vacuous asides."

A modest and self-deprecating Cordeaux added, "I owe it to the public, not myself, to retain my nauseating personality, so I've enrolled in the Don Lane School of Self-Satisfaction."

"Don's mapped out a program for me and I'll be concentrating on regaining a love for the sound of my own voice."

Cordeaux hopes that by the end of the course, to be held in a recently vacated studio at Channel Ten in Sydney, he'll be even blander and more insincere than ever.



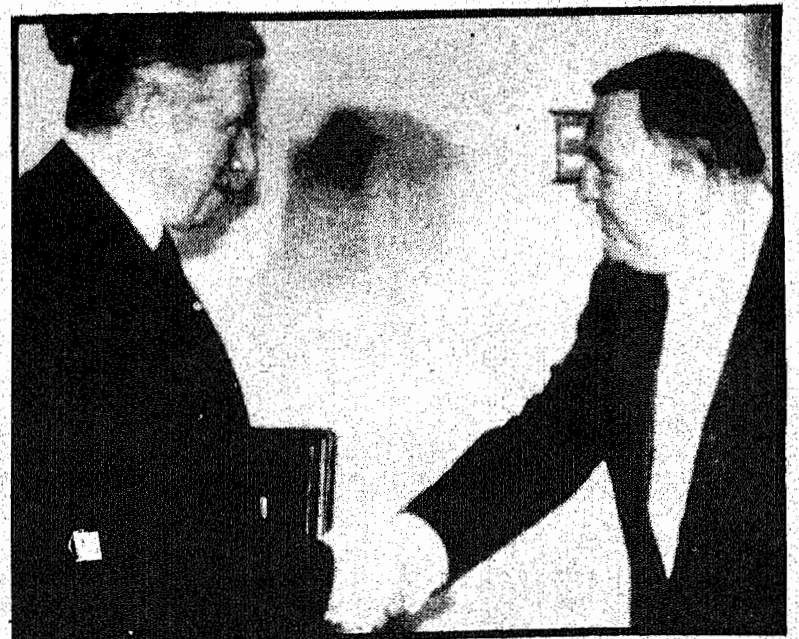
# Great slander

The local business community was surprised by takeover bids launched last week by Alan Bond's Dallhold Investments Pty. Ltd., for two well known South Australian firms, Beerenberg Pty. Ltd. and Gold Star Bakery Pty. Ltd.

At first it appeared Mr Bond was expanding into the home produce and bread baking markets, but information has come to light that the bids were made in error.

Explaining the \$100 million bids, described by analysts as extraordinarily generous, Mr Bond admitted that he had "shot from the hip". An embarrassed Alan Bond explained "I saw the word 'beer' in Beerenberg and the word 'gold' in Gold Star, realised that I didn't own them and contacted my stockbroker immediately".

Never one to back down, Mr Bond asserted that he would continue with the bids, saying that the companies would "come in handy for Eileen's restaurant".



# Shakespeare gives Hayden the fingers



The National Union of Students in Australia (NUSA, pronounced "Noosa") is the only representation body of students in Australia. Our aims are simple. We stand, like everyone else, for what we like to call the "Three Ms" - marches, marijuana and more marches - well, perhaps really four Ms then.

If you think this silly, think again. The Hawke Socialist Labor Government (the HSLG) has, over the past five years, not done one thing for student marches, despite repeated calls from NUSA to invade Ethiopia. To say, as some have, that we're a useless bunch of fellow travellers (most often to Queensland, so that we can observe the enemy at close quarters) who have been at University now for 10 years and are hiding from the outside world is simply wrong. We are not hiding from the outside world, we're simply waiting for them to find us.

The major activity planned for the future will be our Queensland August conference. Plans are still in the pipeline, but I can already tell you that the agenda includes a three day sit-in in the Fascist Foyer of the Port Douglas Sheraton. This will, undoubtedly, expose us to world wide media attention. Former schoolteacher Janine Haines may even be there. Hopefully, I'll be attacking the HSLG on television and my boyfriend Barry (who won't be able to make it because he's a

Melbourne merchant banker) will be able to see me.

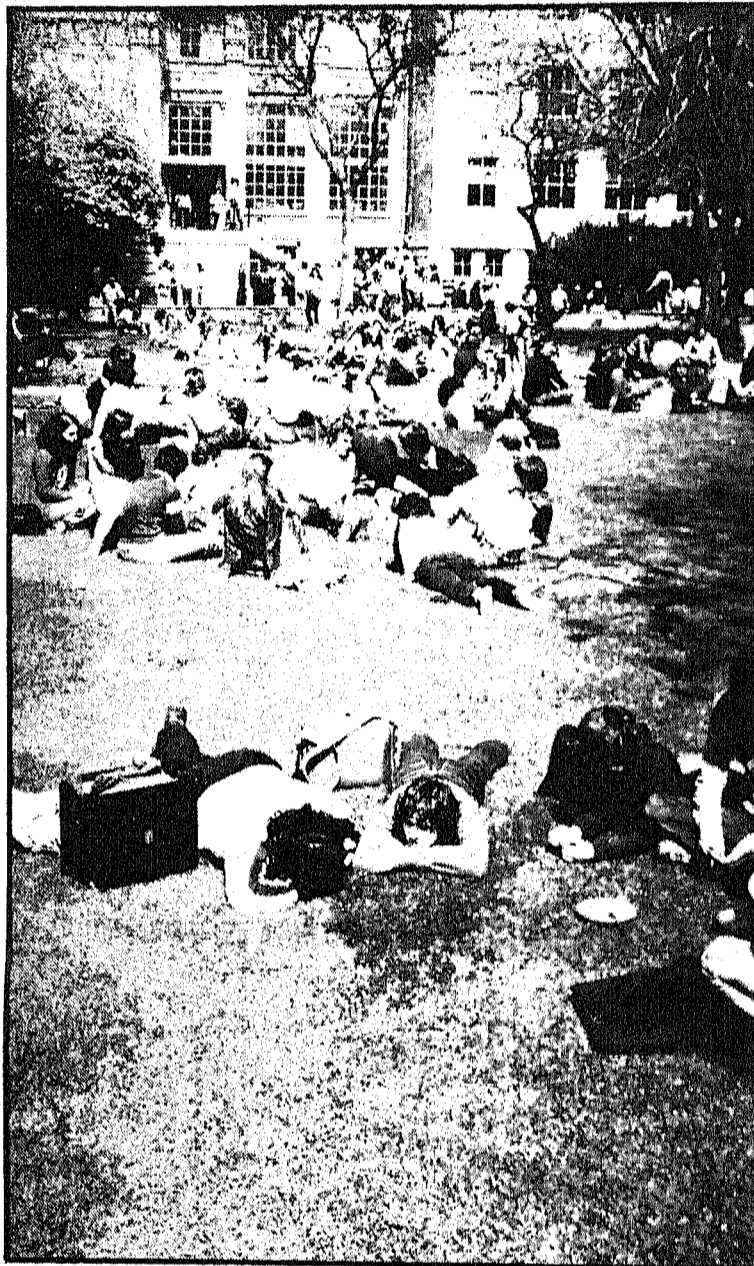
Let me tell you something of our last conference in Queensland, which was held in June. I played an integral part in it all by organising a seminar on student fees and krill. I'm not sure if you know our policy on krill, or even that on the larger crustaceans such as prawn. The fact is that krill today are being eaten in their billions by CIA backed whales. The whales have conducted ruthlessly organised programs against the krill. And their numbers are increasing. This led to the passing of policy option number 22342, which reads,

"NUSA would like to voice its concern to the HSLG about the rapid increase in the whale populace and its contribution to the demise of krill. We see this as just another step in the direction of full fees and repression in order to turn universities into centres of learning."

I also printed up a few hundred "Don't Kill Krill" badges which were really neat. Although the government has not yet changed its policy on krill, I believe that they are now more aware of student feeling in this area.

Many skills essential to good march making are not taught at University. We would therefore, like to see emphasis placed more on "life-skills" such as banner paintings, paper-mache effigy of Bob Hawke making, fruit throwing, loud shouting and French cuisine in tertiary curriculums in order to give Australia its edge over the rest of the world.

Remember, we are our nation's most important asset. That is why we're opposed to any form of Austudy asset test, because no one can put a price on your share portfolio. Students are our main concern, and for that reason NUSA is going offshore next year.



Multi-storey building to be erected on this site

## BOOZ

sour grapes

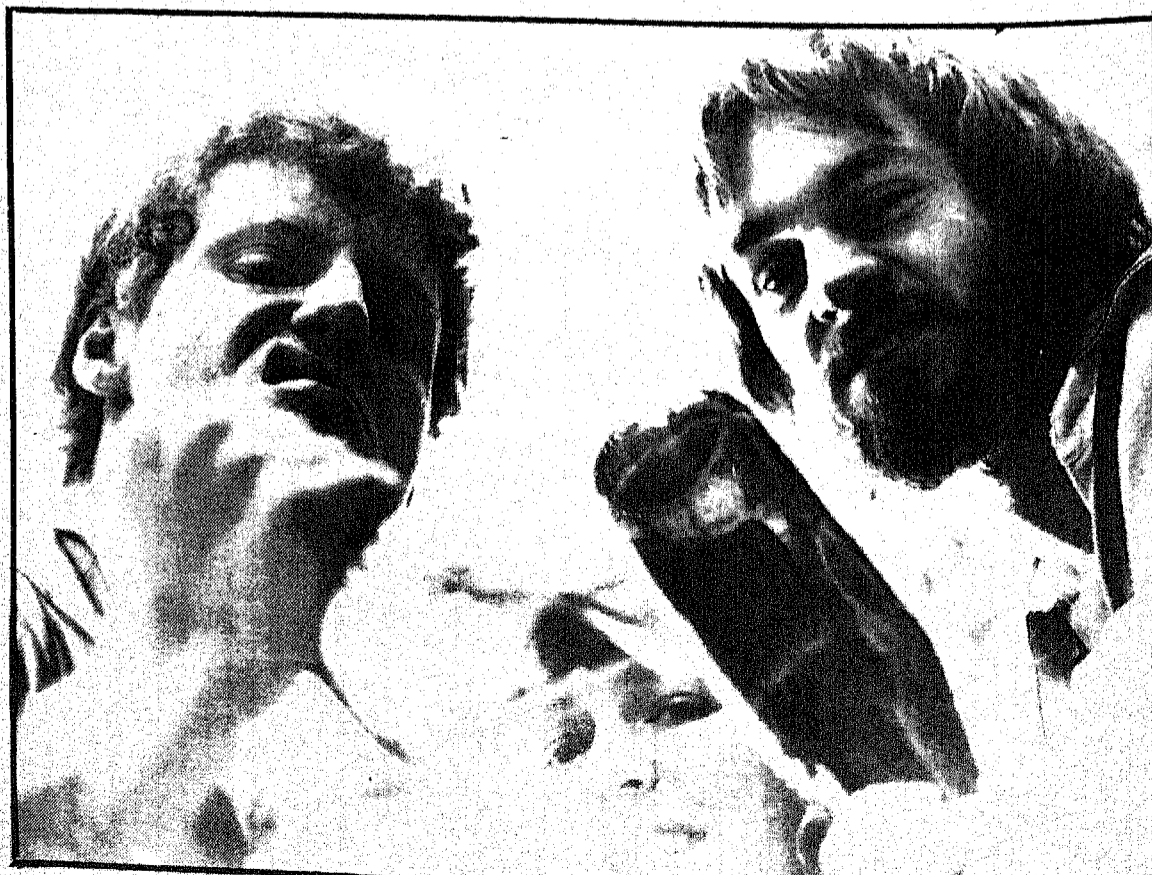
There are some mighty drops around at the moment, fellow wine buffs, all going fairly cheaply. I had the privilege of sampling some of these choice quaffs last week at a private tasting held at the lovely Illicit Stills Winery. The first on the agenda was a pungent little number, the *Old Spice Eau de Cologne*. Not widely known in wine circles, this punchy little white had a strong bouquet, soft palate and a kick like a Thai boxer. Most satisfying for the serried ranks of lovers of the vine who tried it, as evidenced by the suppressed retching sounds.

Next was another neglected white, the *Digger Mineral Turpentine*. This characteristically Australian drop has been a closest fancy of many an imbiber but the time is now

right for connoisseurs to polish off this little beauty openly and proudly. A nose reminiscent of Sunday afternoon's painting the lounge room, this well rounded drop is best drunk in a few years' time when you lose your job, the good lady or your marbles.

The only red for the day was vintage '75 *Ampol Petrol/Cabernet Malbec*, a clever wine from a fine Australian producer. The mixture of cabernet with petrol should see the wide acceptance of petrol, an underrated drop with a sensational nose, which has had its traditional market in the younger age bracket, the unemployed and indigenous peoples, but deserves a larger audience.

These were the three picks of the day's tasting which included a range of mouthwashes, antiseptics and cough mixtures. The Illicit Stills people once again proved to be wonderful hosts by booking all present into a hospital. Next week, I'll be sampling the latest release from the E. & W.S. Wineries, the Adelaide water range, known in recent years for its deep, rich colour and berry insecticide flavour. Meanwhile, send your get well cards to the Royal Adelaide Hospital. Bye bye buffs!



# Fido speaks out

This is the part of Prosh Rag where we tell you what is going wrong with the world and give you three easy lessons in how to fix it.

The world, you'll be surprised to hear, actually copes quite well notwithstanding editors' opinions on diverse topics.

We don't claim to have any special insight into anything. We don't claim to have any particular knowledge of anything much at all, if you really want to know the cruel and bitter truth.

Which is why we trained our rather clever little beast, Fido the Dog, to do all the difficult parts for us.

Although we have done our very best to turn Fido into a healthy happy dog, who doesn't bite children or pensioners, he is only one of God's creatures.

**EDITORIAL**

If he has in any way slipped up then any writs should be sent to him and not to his owners, Sally Niemann, Paul Washington, Tony Horan and Joseph Carney.

We have thrown the proverbial stick into the proverbial lake in the often vain desire that Fido will fetch it in an amusing, intelligent and ultimately inoffensive way.

Whatever defamatory or boorish stick that the subjects of the Prosh Rag have copped we snivellingly and abjectly apologise for.

The reader can ultimately

console him, her or themselves (if they're a collective) that the means justify the ends.

The proceeds from the sale of the Prosh Rag benefit "Freedom From Hunger", so you can view the purchase money as a donation, if you don't fancy what has been written.

A few words about Prosh Week. If you want to get involved in it it really can be enjoyable. But for goodness' sake don't be a buffoon.

Keep your fun within reason or you might find that a fellow student or a member of the public feels he/she has very good reason to belt your head in.

For this reason the Grab-a-thon is NOT on this year.

Good luck, good sense and don't catch anything terminal.

Fido's Owners

## STUDENT ACT IVIST GETS DEGREE

NOTED student activist and university fixture, Uluru Whichway, is today a broken man. Due to a horrendous administrative mix-up, Mr Whichway inadvertently became the recipient of an Academic degree. "I'll fight on", he said when asked whether this meant having to find a job in the outside world, "you can fucking bet on that". Mr Whichway said that the whole thing was either a horrible mistake ("yeah, but I'm not a bloody airbus") or a plot by the Liberals and the fascist wing of the Labor Party, just like the smear campaign conducted earlier this year romantically linking his nome with Senator Janine "chalky" Haines. Mr Whichway was also reported as saying (though we have to confess our tape recorders didn't catch this) that "the outside world is a dangerous place where dealers in South African Fish hang around outside private schools and offices of BHP mongering their highly addictive wares smoked with CIA truth serums. "Look outside my Uni, and you won't find any of that scum." Although we didn't specifically ask him, Mr Whichway volunteered the following views, "tax the Govenor-General, not students - as Peter Garrett (any relation to Andrew?- Eds) said," when the Generals talk"" , "students are angry- if any loss of life or property occurs I'm afraid we can only hold the South African fishing industry and their fascist stooge, Senator Peter Walsh " and " free education is very important in Africa these days.

- STUDENT ACTIVIST GETS DEGREE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
- SAMELA HARRIS' GLASS EYE FALLS OUT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
- IAN CHAPPELL FOUND TO BE INTERESTING
- MRS MARSH LOOSES TEETH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
- KYLIE MINOGUE WRITES OWN SONGS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
- N.U.S. "MODERATE"!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
- FEMINIST WASHES!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
- BILL HAYDEN TO BE G-G!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Yes, this and other nonsense means its time for the Christadelphians to have another meeting. If you're stuck for something to do on a rainy Sunday afternoon and you appreciate twisted argument by uneducated twits, then come down and see us. It won't cost you much at all, and, for this month only we're having our annual apocalypse sale with hundreds of much sought after titles such as the Marvel Comic's edition of The Book Of Revelation, Theology In Ten Easy Steps and How TO Write History ( with its free companion volume, How To Rewrite History ).

# Hayden gives the fingers

**Yarralumla's gates:** The soon to be ex-Foreign Minister and heir apparent to the Governor-General's throne, Mr Bill Hayden, spoke to Prosh Rag about his expectations of the job.

"I don't see why Ian Sinclair is so concerned about my imminent appointment as Governor-General. What Sinkers seems to forget is that I was once Leader of the Opposition until that position was usurped by the Right Honourable R.J.L. Hawke. I can assure Sinkers that revenge will be sweet and I will unashamedly have blood on my hands."

Hayden sees himself as the ideal person for the job. "In the past I have referred to the position of G-G in a pretty disparaging way. But, being a firm monarchist, I can see the intrinsic worth in the job. Somebody has to entertain Phil and Liz when they are out here. I brought back some great jokes from Tibet."

Prosh Rag raised the issue of 'jobs for the boys', suggesting to Mr Hayden that, ethically, he shouldn't take the job. "When you've been shunted out to the back-blocks of Foreign Affairs the way I have, opening public buildings and shaking hands will be necessary to restore my sanity. No-one listens to Australia anyway. International



voice! More like territorial squeak! Having never been noticed beyond Norfolk Island makes me extremely well qualified for any doormat job, so it's not really a question of 'jobs

for the boys'."

Mr Hayden hoped that his last duty as a Member of Parliament would be as after dinner speaker at Ian Sinclair's birthday party.

# Vegies set free

The Vice-Chancellor of the University of Adelaide, Professor Nigel Globule, yesterday revealed a new admissions scheme to the university.

"Under the proposed scheme pumpkins, carrots and sweet potatoes will be eligible for admission to any under-graduate course and also to several post-graduate courses" Prof. Globule said.

Citing the issue as one of access and equity, Prof. Globule elaborated. "For too long vegetables have been excluded on narrow and bigotted grounds, namely that they can't read or write. But in a civilised and developed country, such as Equatorial Guinea, illiteracy must never be a barrier to a higher education."

Prof. Globule described the move as enlightened and said he hoped it signalled the emancipation of vegetables from the university refectories. "Those places are hell-holes. Very few live to tell of the experience."

A spokesperson for the National Union of Students said it (no gender is used since N.U.S. representatives are an indeterminate life form) believed that although the vegetables would be much better off, they would still find something to protest about. "The intersection of North Tee and King William St



has become something of a regular hang-out for us we are starting to miss it a bit" it said.

Despite the misgivings that Prosh Rag has about the N.U.S. he believes that this organisation is the best group for representing vegetables.

# Great slanderers and libellers.

These men are unashamedly Our Heroes. One day we will try to emulate the depths to which they have sunk in hurling mud at some very fine people.

**DR JOHN CORNWALL** - a vet who never understood that you should treat people differently from dogs and cats. Still, you've got to admire a politician who can so consistently lose control and let fly with some very descriptive adjectives and nouns. Such brutal honesty is refreshing and makes for some great reading in the morning papers.

**ALAN BOND** - what a chap! One of his television stations broadcasts something about Sir Joh Bjelke Petersen which deserves a slap on

the wrist, but instead Mr Alan 'Add Another Nought To My Overdraft' Bond decides to slip \$400,000 Sir Joh's way and comically call it an 'out of court settlement'. Of course by accepting the settlement and waiving what pitiful right to sue that he might have had, Sir Joh might possibly have decided that Alan was not such a bad bloke after all, the sort of person the Queensland economy needed...

**GREG MACKAY** - *Arsenic and Old Lace* was once Greg Mackay's favourite film until the unhappy episode with Emily Perry. Anyway, the story is as follows: some five years ago, when Greg was editing that respected and prestigious publication *Bread and Circuses*, before

he rose to the dizzy heights of President of the Students' Association, he published a fictional interview with the alleged husband poisoner, Emily Perry, which endured with Greg being poisoned by one of Mrs Perry's cups of tea. Mrs Perry obviously saw the funny side of the situation and expressed her appreciation by suing Greg and the Students' Association. The whole debacle ended up costing the Students' Association something close to forty thousand dollars in legal fees and damages. The distress and shame this produced in Greg eventually drove him out of the state and into the an extremely well paid job in the Sydney money market. We lay the blame for Greg's present

predicament squarely at Mrs Perry's feet.

**TAKI** - Greek joy boy and waspish columnist for that creme de la creme London publication *The Spectator* wrote a piece about a party to which he was invited where, when he arrived, he was allegedly "thrown out like a dog" by the hostess. The high society madam took considerable offence at Taki's clever and witty prose and successfully sued Taki and his editor to the level of £130,000. Needless to say, this only encouraged Taki to more subtly slag her off in subsequent issues.

**RICHARD INGRAMS** - sometime editor of the outrageous and infamous British publication *Pri-*

*vate Eye*. Would quite shamelessly fabricate stories if he thought the result would be maliciously funny. He never understood the world 'compromise'. Upon retiring as editor he boasted that his singularly greatest achievement was "never having successfully defended a libel suit".

**FOUR CORNERS** - The ABC apparently keeps several QC's on hefty retainers just so Aunty can dial them up on a Monday afternoon to find out what new legal action the ABC will be involved in as a result of Monday night's program. The ABC seems to have now found the solution by divesting herself of her better journalists to commercial stations.

# Crazed cricketer

England is today without a Test cricket side following a scandal last week in a fashionable London hotel. Fresh from a drubbing by the St Patrick's College under 13 side, the team returned to the Hotel Romp in Chelsea to celebrate only losing by an innings and thirty runs.

It was soon after Imran Khan visited the hotel that the problem developed. According to a reliable eye to the keyhole, the team took to cleaning a white powder that Imran had carelessly spilt over a coffee table by vacuuming it through their noses. Soon afterwards events accelerated.

Details are sketchy but a statement by team selector Peter May seems to point to the entire team being found in bed together by the hotel's concierge.

An embarrassed Alan Lamb admitted to having been found early in the morning in David Gower's room. "But he is so cute", a sheepish Lamb muttered. "He reminds me of a toilet brush my aunty used to have."

Commenting on the team's performance Lamb said "I was surprised by how well the team performed in bed as opposed to on the field. Some of our players actually scored. John Embury, despite his tame appearance, certainly is an excellent all-rounder."

A weary Peter May later said that England's match against a Combined Sri Lankan Boy Scout side was in "serious doubt" owing to the incident.



# Naughty boys on the loose



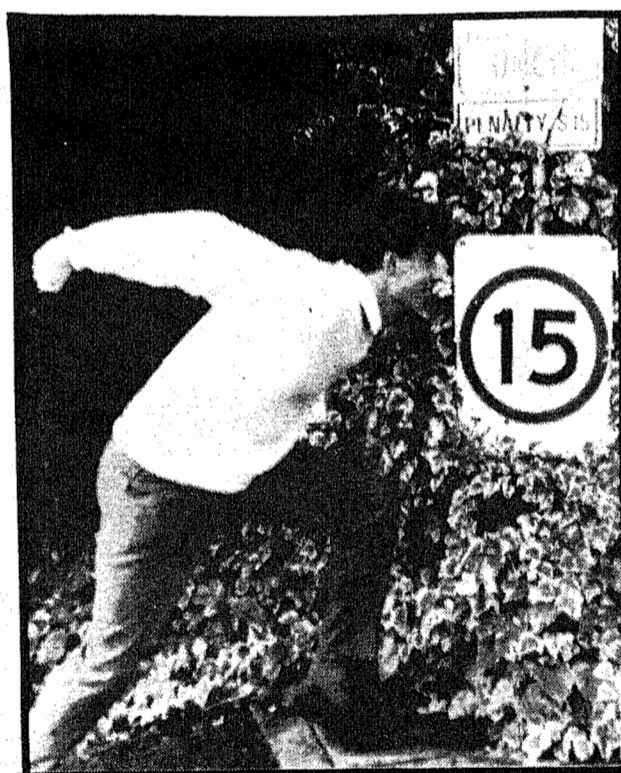
Wicked Gobbling Dwayne plays with matches



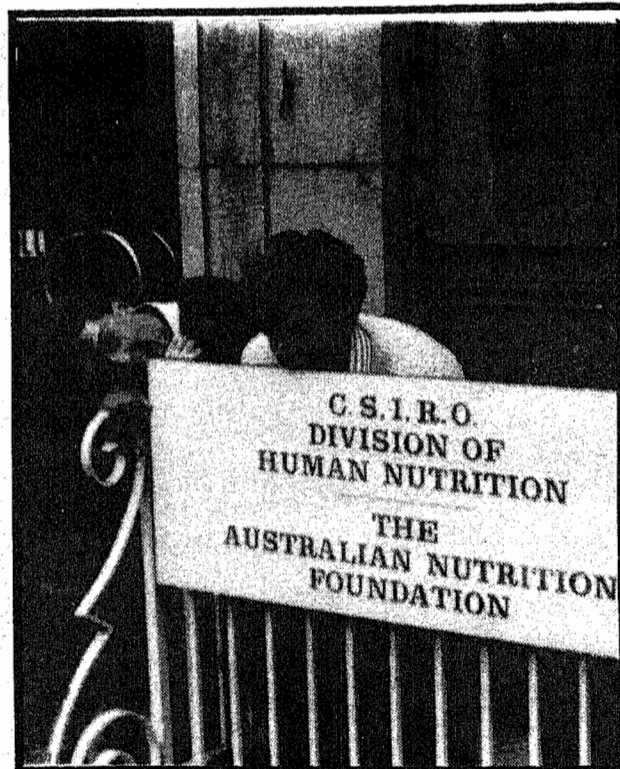
Gobbling Dwayne and side-kick Reg wilfully disobey a sign



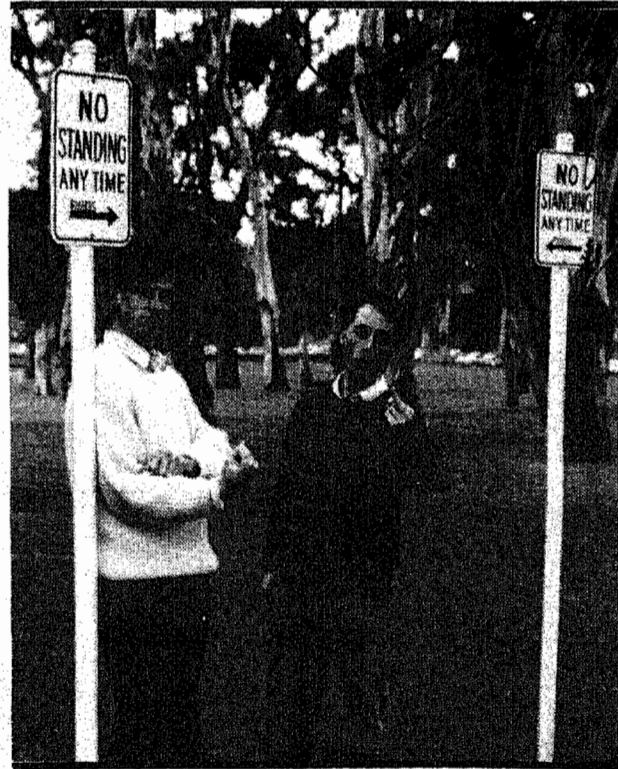
A bit of mischief from the lads



"Who tells me what to do?"



Nive meal, kindly supplied by the government



"Yeah, tangle with me, Granny!"

## GIVE IT TO THEM, LADS

A band of young men has been terrorising the streets of Adelaide in the past weeks. The focus of the group, numbering two, is to disobey street signs with a cruel disregard to civic well-being.

"I mean, we are a collective of anarchists idealistically pursuing world chaos" said the collective's spokesperson, Gobbling Dwayne Street-March. "What we are trying to advocate is the overturning of social norms. Too many people obey street signs for no better reason than that it creates social order. By taking a stance we are effectively giving the big double

digits to Fascist- Imperialist power axis."

"We're not being boring and middle class though. Me and Reggie try to stick it up building owners as well as local councils" said Gobbling Dwayne, referring to the infamous incident where GD and Reggie attempted to eat the C.S.I.R.O.'s "Division of Human Nutrition" sign before being told to bugger off by the caretaker. "We would have pursued our anarchist ideals and told him where to ram it, but he wasn't in a good mood and we had to catch the 4.20 pm bus

home," said Gobbling Dwayne with a carefully studied sneer.

The gang have gained quite a reputation with its marauding escapades. "Yeah, we've got no respect for No Standing signs. We practically fall asleep at those. As for No Entry signs, well, its the wide open door approach as far as we are concerned."

The collective has a lot of ambition and intend to develop their anarchy into an art form. "Reg and I are just beginning our careers as anarchists. We've got the best years of our lives

ahead of us. Disobeying "Don't Walk" signs, walking the wrong way up escalators, relieving ourselves at women's toilets, we see ourselves as the vanguard of world revolution."

So what inconvenience have the pair caused? "Apart from the C.S.I.R.O. guy, well not much actually. A few old ladies suggest that we go out and get a job. We hope progress from merely irritating to totally annoying."

Strangely, the two lads have very strict ideas on how an anarchist

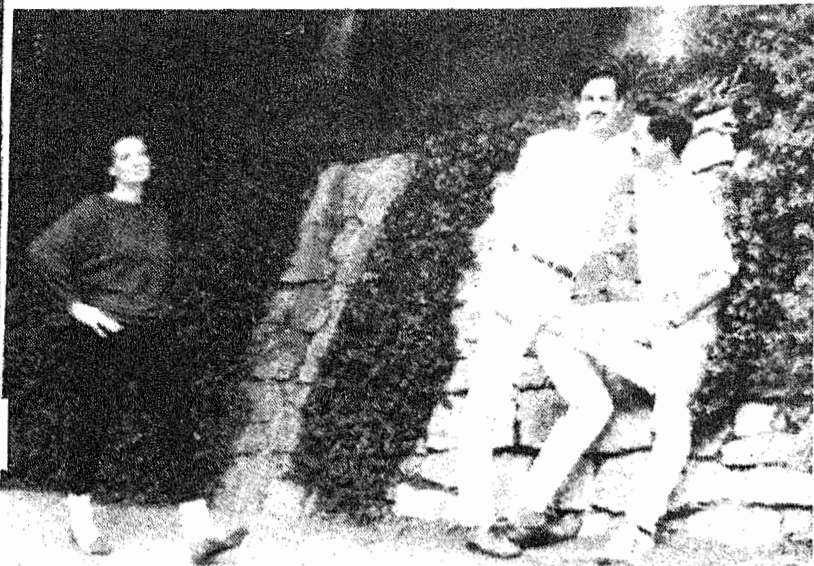
should behave. "You've really got to observe some strict rules, rebelliously though, of course. The collective believes that every proposal for demonstration or mob rule should first be carefully and sensitively workshopped. We're perfectionists really" said Gobbling Dwayne.

Running foul of authority, disrupting the lives of city commuters and just being a couple of playful lads, these anarchists will not be forgotten for at least a few days.

# Royal Gay Shakespeare Company



"et tu, Brutus?"



"One woman is fair, get I am well; another is wise, get I am well; another virtuous, get I am well" Much Ado About Nothing

"Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars, And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day'" King Henry V



Harvey Spanks is widely recognised in the theatre world. Many would put this down to Harvey's predisposition to Lycra swimwear, particularly on first nights. Harvey puts it down to being what close friends describe as "the greatest modern theatre director since Brooks" or "the man who re-invented, redefined and restored the use of the sauna bath on the modern stage". Despite this, Spanks has humble beginnings. He started out in the theatre when, as a sensitive young boy, his dominating mother took him to see Bruno Knez's famous production of Brecht's *Puffin Billy* (Adults Only; Warning: Male Nudity and Bad Language may offend). Leaving Adelaide for the West End, he had dazzling success in solo with the complete works of Toe Orton. In 1980 he formed his current company, The Royal Gay Shakespearean, now in Adelaide on its world *Serious Flashlight* tour. The Prosh Rag caught up with Spanks for this exclusive interview somewhere in the West Parklands.

P.R.: Mr Spanks...

H.S.: Don't be silly dear, call me Harvey.

P.R.: Harvey. Who are your major influences?

H.S.: Well, being a Shakespearean Director, William Shakespeare, I suppose (a pregnant pause occurs, it that is an apt description of the circumstances).

P.R.: Any others?

H.S.: Well...I guess Bruno Knez early on.

P.R.: In what way?

H.S.: Well, it was from Bruno that I first learnt the number one rule of the theatre.



P.R.: Which is?

H.S.: Have at least one nude scene if you really want to pack 'em in.

P.R.: I see. You are now well known for your dramatic and drastic Shakespearean reinterpretations.

H.S.: They aren't reinterpretations. I play Shakespeare as the originally intended it.

P.R.: What?

H.S.: Yes, it has been proved now quite conclusively. William ("Billy") Shakespeare was most definitely the finest homosexual playwright Elizabethan theatre ever had. It's all there in the sonnets, let alone the high camp of the plays, Ann Hathaway was kept firmly in that second-best bed while Billy had all the fun in the first. Shakespeare's *Dark Lady* was no lady at all, I am afraid. It's all there if you look.

P.R.: *Globe* was the only theatre in Elizabethan times which also had saunas and baths installed. Did you know that not only the comedies but also most of the histories were written in or around the Stratford-on-Avon Public Toilets. It's a disgrace that Britain hasn't made it into a national shrine. Another example of Mrs Thatcher's stated policy of

trying to make life as miserable as possible for gays, I suppose. But the genius of Shakespeare is remarkable. Hamlet, a really quite raunchy play when you think about it, for example, it anticipates the coming of AIDS by almost five hundred years.

P.R.: How come none of this has come out before?

H.S.: Fear, superstition, prejudice. But now, thanks to the work of the RGSC, the record's finally been set straight.

P.R.: Where did the "Royal" in the "Royal Gay Shakespeare Company" come from?

H.S.: Well, I guess you mayn't have heard, but our new tea Gay, Edward.

P.R.: Yes. Well thanks a lot, Harvey.

Prosh Rag spoke to some of Harvey Spank's actors, whom he prefers to call "my players", about their roles in the Royal Gay Shakespeare Company.

Kent is a lively 20 year old from Manly in Sydney, who was spotted by Harvey on a beach on the New South Wales north coast. "I was exceedingly pleased and felt very privileged to have been asked to

join the RGSC. I feel that there is a thespian muse dwelling in everyone and all it needs is a gentle prod from the right person to spring lovingly into the tangible world."

Kent believes that he has developed markedly during his time with Harvey. "He's a wonderful man. I never realised that Shakespeare was so liberated. The man literally overflowed with gay sentiment. Plays such as 'As You Like It' and 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' are terribly, terribly camp. And as for poor dear Hamlet, his only problem was in deciding whether to come out of the closet. 'To be or not to be' really is just a mental effort to go the whole hog and not be a fence-sitter. No wonder Ophelia did herself in, in the end. She found out what the troubled boy really was."

Sitting next to Kent was Warren, slightly balding and in his late thirties, who said that he had been involved in the "entertainment industry" for most of his working life. Warren picked up on the thread of Kent's thesis. "We all know what 'pound of flesh' Shylock was after. You find that the older guys get quite desperate at times when they start worrying that they're unloved."

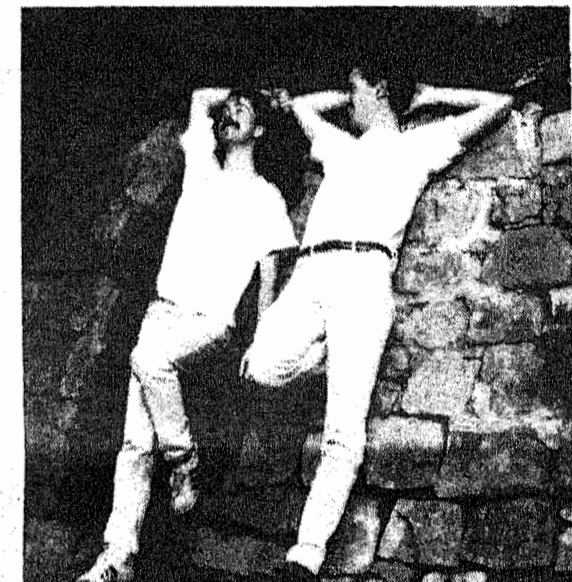
"Julius Caesar" was a case of one too many jilted lovers. He had it coming, the way he was leading poor Brutus and Cassius on. I shudder to think what Shakespeare really had in mind when he wrote 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', but I bet Kent has a fair idea", said Warren with a wicked smile.



The famous balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet



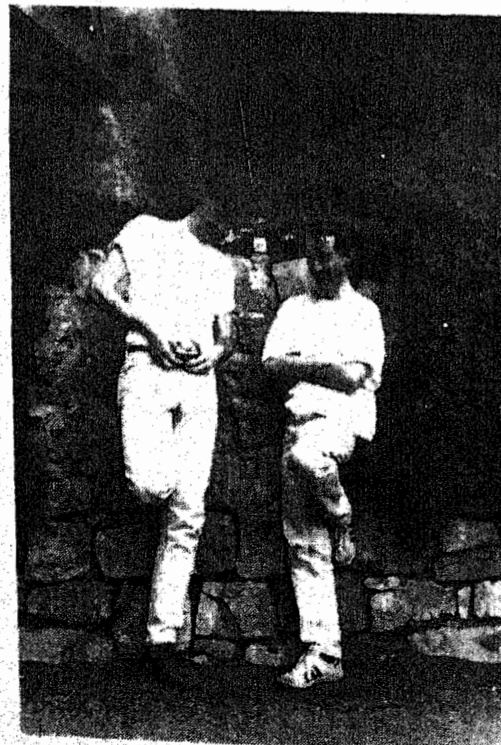
As You Like It



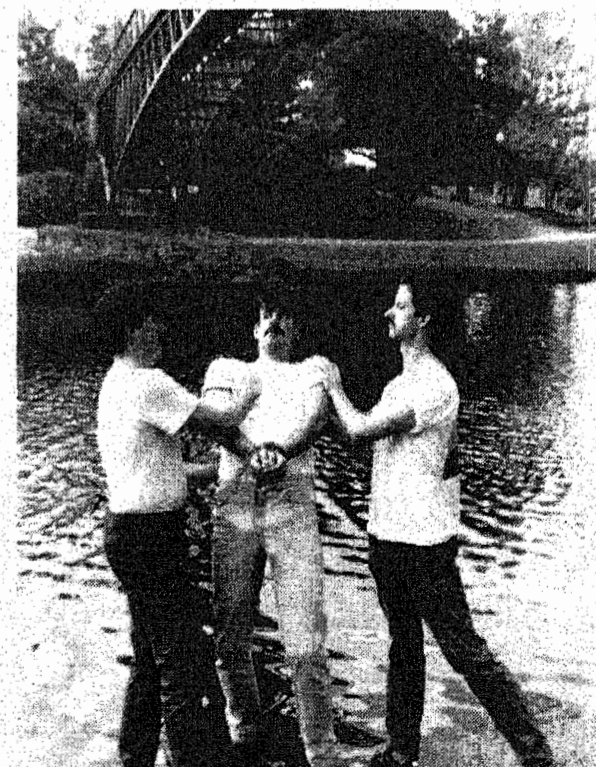
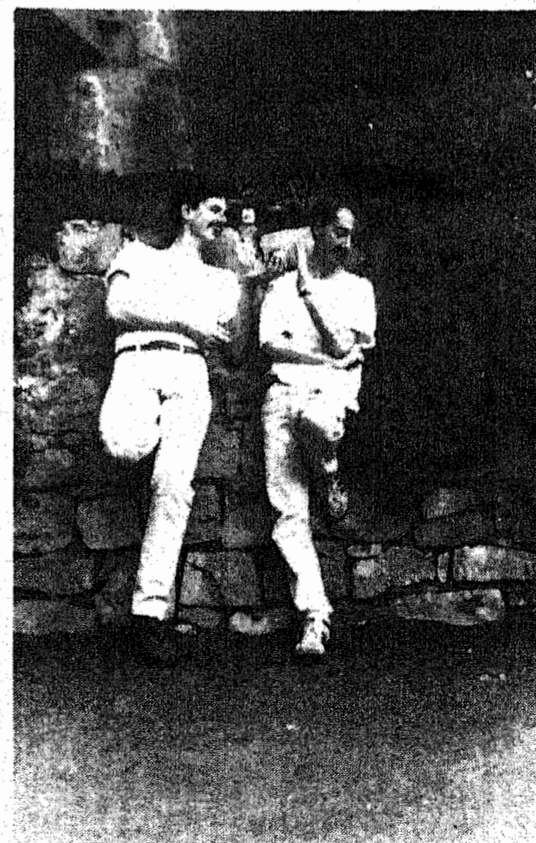
"Too hot, too hot: To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods" The Winter's Tale



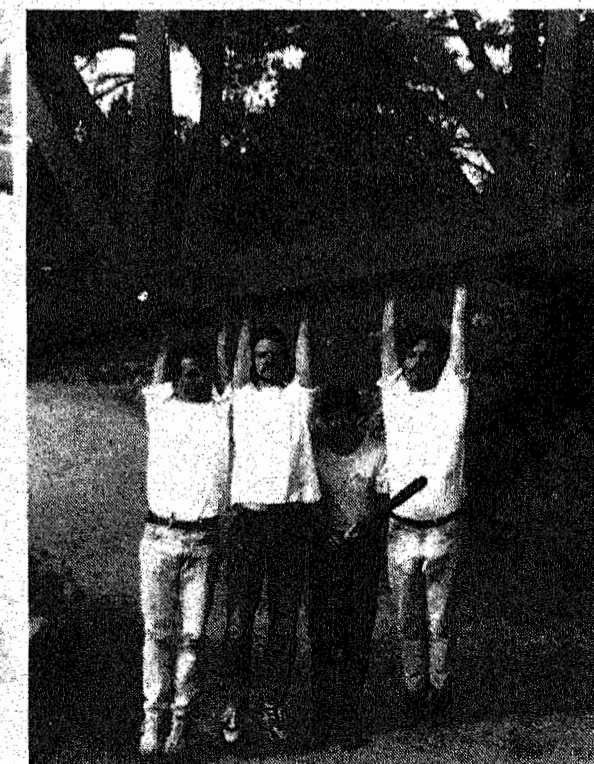
"When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lightning, or in rain?" Macbeth



Ever till now When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how Measure for Measure



"What cannot you and I perform upon Th'unguarded Duncan? what not put upon His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt" Macbeth



"I assure you there is very excellent services committed at the bridge" King Henry V

# HEY! YOU

The Department of Pomp and Circumstance is now seeking tenders for the position of Governor-General of Australia. The position (Public Service Level 6) entails being the Queen's Representative in this once fair country of ours. This is an honourable position and no, it doesn't mean that you have to sleep with Prince Phillip when he comes down here alone.

Candidates are asked to apply in writing (no help allowed) by late this year. The sort of person we are looking for, as well as being a person of distinction and charm, should have the following:-

- (a) a proven ability to appear on television drunk (whether after elections or at the races, we don't care)
- (b) a sense of humour, e.g. if he were dumped by the present Prime Minister he should be able to see the funny side to that
- (c) maintain a flexible view about the job
- (d) be prepared to go shopping for his wife
- (e) wear loud suits
- (f) see the position as perhaps a reward for his family (or even a good behaviour bond)
- (g) be a member of the A.C.P.

The position itself consists of multiple handshaking, speech-making, chatting and avoiding John Elliott at the Melbourne Cup. All of this is pretty interesting, but if you post your application away right now, a chauffer driven limo will also be thrown in.

Come on, why not apply. The position comes along with heaps of freebies and varying degrees of respect.

The salary is as negotiable as the position.

Just fill out the form below.

Form

Yes, I would like to be a Governor-General\* of Australia.

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation .....

\* Members of the A.L.P., please get your wife/mistress to sign this consent form.

Yes, I don't mind if my husband makes me look foolish in public. I've finished my menopause and don't think I'll steal anything much anymore. I do not have a silly first name.

Signed .....

(Wife/Mistress)

The Department of Pomp and Circumstance is an equal opportunity employer, whatever that may mean.

**YOUNG MAN, HAVE YOU:-**

**EVER WANTED TO TRAVEL THE WORLD IN LOUD SUITS?**

**EVER HAD A CHIP ON YOUR SHOULDER?**

**FELT LIKE GETTING AWAY FROM THE WIFE?**

**THEN BECOME A FOREIGN MINISTER IN ONE OF THE MOST SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE NATIONS IN THE WORLD.**

Sorry, but no wogs, wops, dagoes, slanty sorts, spics, ikey-moes, poms, krauts, yanks, Professors of History ( especially Blainey and Clark ), frogs,nips,boongs, B.A.Santamaria, Phillip Adams or any other of those foreign sorts may apply. Teetotallers too may as well save their money and not apply

**Written submissions (help allowed on spelling) by sometime next year.**

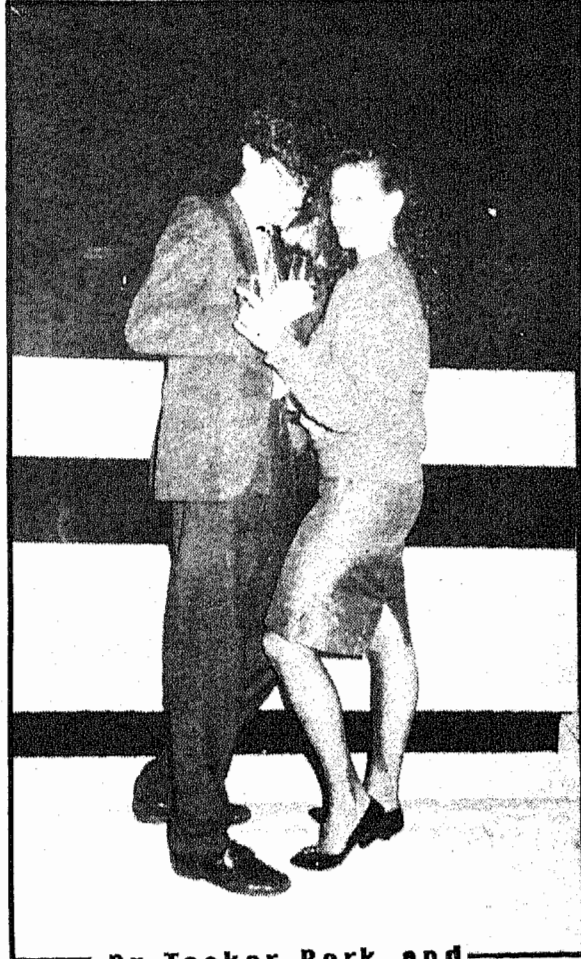
**We are an equal opportunity employer.**



# Let's be seen...



Dr Tasker Berk accompanying Mrs Susie Playthang to the opening night



Dr Tasker Berk and Mrs Susie Playthang at Dr Berk's wife's exhibition of her most recent paintings on Sunday night



Dr Tasker Berk and Mrs Susie Playthang at a garden soiree held in the grounds of Ayers House on Thursday evening



Dr Tasker Berk and Mrs Susie Playthang attending the opening of Mrs Playthang's husband, Ronnie's, new club in Melbourne St on Monday night



Dr Tasker Berk and Mrs Susie Playthang sharing a cocktail at a fundraiser held by the Burnside Women's League on Wednesday night



Dr Tasker Berk and Mrs Susie Playthang attending the farewell party held for Mrs Playthang's husband, Ronnie, who is going on a study tour in North America for six months. Mrs Playthang is staying in Adelaide to look after the couple's children

## Electric Brendas - syphallitic sore

Album of the Week.  
"Cruel But Fair" Syphilis Records  
by the Electric Brendas

Once again the Electric Brendas, Australia's top electro-funk cajun must Band have surprised us with a great new album. But that was to be expected with the line up of Phil Crowe (electric harp), Jeffrey Alvin-Powell (electric tuba) and Ingmar Taylor (vocals, french horn, acoustic synth, drums) and new member John Bannon (debating coach, electric timpani). One really never knows what the Brenda's will come up with. This is no exception. But that was to be expected. Now that I've repeated myself we can go on to the next paragraph.

The injection of Premier Bannon into the Brenda's line up has led to a more committed stand on issues. The opening song on the album, "A Faction Too Much Fiction" immediately alerts one to the fact that "Cruel But Fair" is a radically different album to the earlier self-titled album. Much of the earlier stuff about coconuts in conspicuously absent here. This is, frankly speaking, music with a message, an aural awakening of Australia's newly found Grand Prix confidence. The message is, I think,

"Could somebody turn the music down, I can't here myself think!"

Luckily the Brenda's are not a band that likes to listen to messages, even if it's their own.

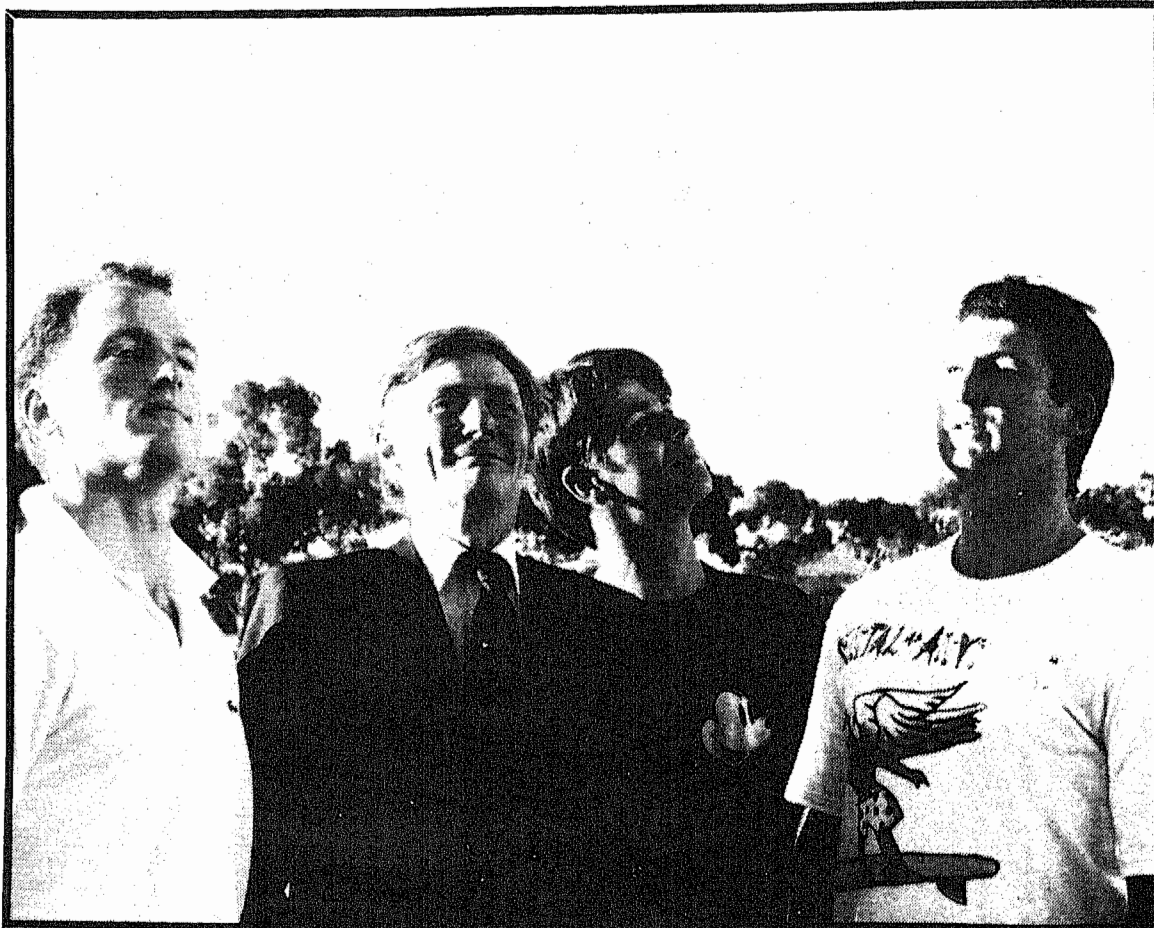
Side one continues in a similar vein with "Submarine A Go Go" which according to the cover notes is based on the old Swedish fairy tale about the Irishman, the Frenchman and the German. There is also a beautiful rendition of that old favourite "The Men Who Attempted Manslaughter on Liberty Valence", dedicated to Frank Blevins Jr.

It is not until side two that we find a sure fire hit single. "They Shoot Nigels Don't They", a not terribly oblique reference to former electric bassoonist Nigel Thompson who left the band under a cloud to start a franchise in stretched swimwear.

John Lennon's "How Do You Sleep" is by comparison to Crowe's searing harp riffs and lyrics (Get Lost/We don't like you anymore) mild indeed, yet I can clearly see this one climbing the charts, with its complex Afro-Viennese dance rhythms and Motown-style screaming in the background. A special mention must go to the Video of this song. It is really excellent, depicting post-Apocalyptic Adelaide as a city without people, populated by evil car parks. Full marks boys.

Many people, myself included, said they believed cajun electro-funk in Australia was dead. Certain acoustic performances by the Brenda's seemed to vindicate this. But fashions in the pop industry change, and this week seems to be the Brenda's. Always popular with the teeny-boppers, the Brendas are assured of success.

They will be playing this weekend at Club Povey's on Friday night and Parliament House Saturday night.



Electric Brendas strike now typical pose. Note the absence of founding member Nigel Thomson



### THE GALACTIC TRADING POST

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You too can look like this if you hang onto an Art Gallery wall for a hundred years

## Brief erection

"Who's Having My Baby"

Molly Ringworm, Laurence Bolivia.

Directed by George Melly and Dr J.J. Bray.

Produced by Phillip Adams.



MOLLY RINGWORM

God knows Teen movies have been boring recently. It was breath of fresh air, then, to go along and see "Who's Having My Baby", a comedy-horror-romance with a good fuck in the middle. Movies in this genre are so rarely made these days that tears of joy rolled down my face as the final credits rolled by. This is a film which the whole family should see - dare I say it - the feelgood movie of the year.

The plot is deceptively simple. Adrianna (Molly Ringworm) meets Ernie (Laurence Bolivia) one dark and lonely night at the local bar, St Pervo's. Ernie is a married businessman who's into Mah Jong. Adrianna asks him whether he'd like to spend a night on the tiles and naturally he says yes. Later that night when they end up at Adrianna's place. Ernie discovers that Adrianna is making his favourite dish, boiled bunny rabbit. They start talking, and as it turns out, they were good friends when at College in the sixties. So Ernie rings up his wife Kerrie (Bridgette Nielson) and gets her to come round. After smoking some dope Adrianna drops a bombshell. She is infertile and wants Ernie to bear her child for her. Ernie points out that they may all be a little confused, but in the end they go down to the local IVF clinic. It is there that the kooky but loveable Dr John Thomas (Angry Anderson) mixes up the Petric dishes whilst playing the shell game and the confusion begins.

Molly Ringworm is at her best here. Her nipples have never been so erect, her sensuous pouting lips so full. The scene in which she gives birth to a baby (but is it hers?) in the toilet of an airliner is dynamite.

Directors George Melly and Dr J.J. Bray have carefully crafted a most memorable film. Both Melly's

suits and Bray's running shoes make cameo appearances in the garbage dump chase scene. Much of the movie is in fact reminiscent of Svetonius' Lives of the Twelve Caesars but it can hardly be called derivative. The endings are in a way the same. This paragraph is too obscure, move on to the next.

The challenge in this movie, as in reviewing all other movies, is discerning the underlying rejection of right-wing values in the film. In some movies, Walt Disney's classic film on the dangers of dog overpopulation, "One Hundred and One Dalmations", for example, this is quite easy. There one could easily see how those in control of the means of production cruelly manipulated the dalmations to their own end. Discerning the Anti-Thatcher line in "Who's Having My Baby" is a little more difficult, since all of the action occurs in the 1932 downtown Manhattan. But about 16 minutes into the film the viewer becomes aware that we are not talking just about America and that the issue of teen infertility is a very real one. Even though all the characters are rich, none are truly happy. Life echoes art as Ernie, Adrianna, Kerrie and Dr John Thomas finally come to terms with their childhoods and decide to dedicate their lives to the white slave trade.

## Australian?

"... so she says about the flowers 'all this means is that I'll have to spend the weekend on my back with my legs apart' to which the one replies 'well, why don't you put them in a vase'".

Such witty banter was exchanged between the muscular Butch Ladd and his trusty steed, Knacker's Yard. Well, in fact the horse said very little, but he knew what Butch was saying, and neighed knowingly to himself.

"Knacker's Yard" was a little joke that Butch had with the horse. The equine companion knew full well, though, that if one day he didn't measure up to Butch's exacting standards, he was headed for his namesake.

However, there was no need for either horse or rider to worry on this dusty summer's day. The tanned, ruggedly handsome, swarthy bushman had some time off from his duties as station manager of the expansive Drawl Station situated in the inhospitable Australian outback, somewhere near Kununurra and not that far from Launceston. Still, it wasn't Butch's problem to know exactly where the property was, so long as he was home in time for Mrs McIntyre's evening tucker.

No, Butch's present thoughts were focused exclusively on his girl, Cindy-Lou, specially imported from Texas for this story. Butch didn't know Cindy-Lou's surname, but if he did he sure as hell would like it. He liked everything about little Cindy-Lou, despite her disability. Cindy-Lou was stricken in early childhood by a debilitating disease, the legacy of which was a total inability to bend at the waist. Her torso was tragically locked at 90 degrees to her legs, as the accompanying illustration shows.

Butch loved everything about her, including her strange habit of eating her hair between meals.

Butch himself had a slight disability, which he told no-one about: he only had one leg. He had



concealed this handicap for the past thirty years, ever since he stupidly played forward to a rising ball on a spongy wicket and had to have the leg amputated as a result.

Often he had fallen off his horse but Butch had an iron will and such mishaps were no deterrent to his career goals, although hanging might have been. His father was a staunch supporter of capital punishment, Butch noted to himself wryly, carefully savouring the irrelevance of the thought.

But Butch could afford the luxury of idle musings as he rode Knacker's Yard along the dry dusty road lined with gum trees and the occasional piping shrike. It throbbingly hot day and he was glad that he was almost out of the South Parklands and into the city proper.

Ah, Adelaide! It was a lovely city, although the motorists drove a little too close to the reserved yet

charming swaggie and his horse.

In a couple more minutes he would be meeting his girl, who worked at John Martin's, like the rest of Adelaide. Where would this chisel-chinned, sky blue-eyed, lithe young man take Cindy-Lou for lunch? Coles cafeteria had become a little passe.

He knew what he wanted to say to her and what he would do. As that tremulous moment approached he quickly recited to himself his moves. "I'll bend down on one knee, even though that will be difficult, and declare my love to her, saying 'my dearest association of organisms, I love you so much I'd even buy you a biscuit from David Jones'".

Satisfied with this course of action, Butch found the nearest car park (a well designed one, as most of Adelaide's are) and parked his horse. He then disappeared into the male toilets for a quick... to be continued next week

## Enid Okay - 'Moonface' Roberts

Who in their youth was not touched by the moving story of Noddy and Golly, or thrilled at the exploits of the Secret Seven or whose ambition was it not to climb the Magic Faraway Tree? Let no one say that this is not an important book.

For some time now, it has been fashionable amongst (and I'm afraid to say it) left wing intellectuals to ignore the cultural heritage of Blyton. No longer can this be so, but to understand why we must look first to the life of Blyton herself.

Enid Blyton was born late in 1890 in London to a couple of prominent Anabaptists, her father being a leading figure in the Pre-Raphaelites. It was rumoured that he had posed for Sir John Millais' *Death of Ophelia*. Perhaps this is why he was so strict about bath times, a theme that recurs in Blyton's books again and again. And again.

Enid (who was named after her sister, also called Enid) was a precocious child. By the age of five, under her father's careful tuition, she could recite the Book of Job (Knox version) backwards.

By the age of six she has started on her first work *A Diatribe Against Niggers* in which the characters of Noddy and Golly first made their appearance. Although not a long book (in fact, it only contained the line "Noddy hit Golly") it was already showing signs of a mature



Enid giving yet another of her public readings

literary style developing.

Ezra Pound, always on the lookout for genius, declared this to be "better than Sylvia Beach's new hairdo" and immediately cabled the Blyton household, asking if he

could be Enid's private tutor.

It was at this juncture that one of those fortunate mix-ups in history occurred. The Blyton family, confused by Pound's apparent lack of



Capt. "Moonface" Roberts

reference to the sixty-three pages of illustrations in the book, sent the wrong Enid.

The real Enid stayed in London and after a tragic teen love affair with Edith Sitwell was sold into the

chorus line of *Porgy and Bess*. She there became acquainted for the first time with the Jung-Freud debate and after the first season in the West End decided to catch the first boat to Vienna.

It was on that fateful trip that she developed the tragic cocaine addiction that was to lead to the semi-autobiographical *Magic Faraway Tree*.

Seduced by Captain Jimmy "Moonface" Roberts, she left the boat stripped of her former naiveté - Vienna was 1000 miles inland and inaccessible by boat.

Mr Irving covers his ground quickly and concisely. He carefully lays down the ground work for his most staggering thesis - that both the "Secret Seven" and "Fantastic Four" series, previously thought to be the sexual delusions of a bitter old woman, were in fact secret messages compiled and published in post-war Brazil.

One's initial reaction is to doubt until the evidence mounts up...the fact that no one has yet been able to locate the fabled Blyton Swiss Bank account...the continual mention of pogroms in the Blyton novels...and her strange hobby of collecting the underwear of famous Nazis...

Mr Irving has given us an important book, sure to go down in history as the nadir of consumptive journalism.

## RESTAURANT REVIEW

BY SOL SIMIAN

It is so refreshing to see that Adelaide has once and for all shed its parochial and staid reputation. No longer can visitors scoff at us for being a city only famous for its car parks and sex murders. For with the introduction of two new restaurants, both in Rundle Street, we now have our feet firmly planted on the culinary map.

The craze for specialist restaurants first started in early 1987 when French master chef Dior Rea, the creator of "cuisine crappique", after a rather nasty bout of amoebic dysentery, opened his New York restaurant for fellow sufferers, "Speckles", which only served soup and licorice. New Yorkers, of course, flocked to it, and soon eateries for the diseased sprung up everywhere.

It was therefore with great pleasure and pride that I and my mysterious partner found out about the opening of Adelaide's first two new restaurants for the ill (and for the not so ill), *The Vomitorium* (for bulimics) and *Thin Lizzy's* (for anorexics). Who else but those stalwarts of Adelaide society, Jeremy Cordeaux and Julie Bonython, could have thought of

such a brave move in the backwaters of the culinary world that Adelaide is?

Cordeaux and Co. have, I am proud to say, come up with two joints that would, I am sure, equal anything to be found overseas. We visited the first two of these shiney stars in the cullinary sky last Wednesday and had a tremendous time. *The Vomitorium* is cleverly aimed at Yuppie bulimics who aren't scared to admit it. And why should they be? The whole concept of ending the night with an empty but satisfied stomach is as old as the Romans themselves yet a radical and dynamic statement on Eighties eating.

My companion and I started the evening with a litre each of the Andy Warhol style soup before quickly hopping into our entrees. It was not long before both of us started to get itchy fingers and the custard wanted a park. For those who are not yet adept at manual inducement (and let's face it there's a few of you out there), the proprietors have left on the table an easy to use and functional sort of swizzle stick to give the tonsils a tickle. Stylish modern silver plated ice-cream containers (especially designed by Mies van der Row) are to be found at every place next to the butter knife and quickly whisked away by the ever efficient staff to the thankfully now dry Whitmore square. Harry Seidler troughs

carefully concealed under the table drain any afterthoughts speedily away. The whole effect is very Ken Done.

On the night that we were there the establishment was overflowing with the slightly obscured (by pieces of food) faces of the glitterati. It appears that Max Harris of Bibliophile Books has set up residence there, forsaking his old haunt Hort's. He was heard to comment that "the meal was true to my classical taste and a fine antidote to these Philistine times." Max's companion for the evening, former Premier and nun Mr Don Dunstan did not seem to be impressed by the general standard of behaviour and stormed out, only commenting that "it's grossly improper that the Athens of the South should sink so low."

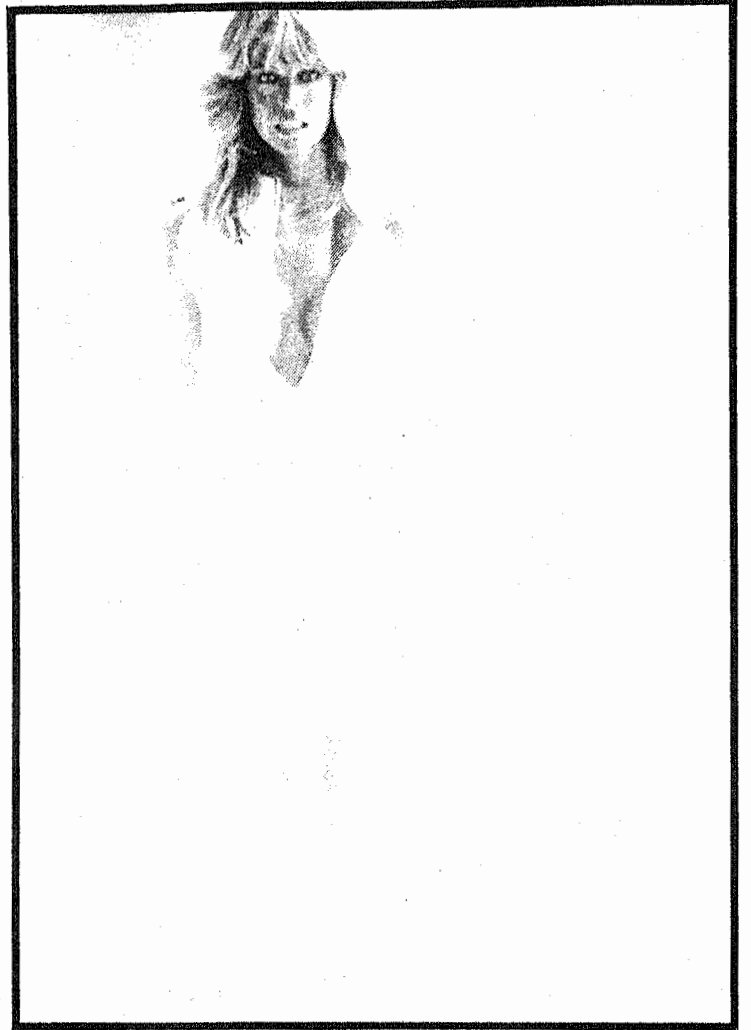
Back to the food. How could you avoid it? I, for one have always been of the school that quantity is always a good enough excuse for quality, or lack thereof. Five stars to a great place to be seen.

The second restaurant, *Thin Lizzy's*, was by contrast a bit of a let down, in particular when one considers the current interest in anorexia. My companion and I sat there for well on forty-five minutes waiting to get served. When I ventured to ask if we might have the menu and perhaps a few drinks, I was firmly told to "Fuck off fatty. Take a look in the mirror. Your'e

disgusting. And half the world's starving. Why don't you go home and take a jog."

Needless to say, my companion and I left left immediately.

**THE VOMITORIUM**  
2 litres of Campbell's Soup, \$25,  
22 Pheasants under glass,  
\$150, 50 Pills for virgins, \$22,  
Bucket of Fried Chicken  
\$15, case of Johnny Walker \$600



## PROSH RAG??

# HAVE A HOLIDAY

If you're not into 'bits', 'bytes' and 'CPUs', then buying the right computer can be a very risky business. There are just so many different brands available that you could use up all of your holidays finding a reliable machine that represents good value for money and does everything you require of it.

### BBC Micro Supplies can help !

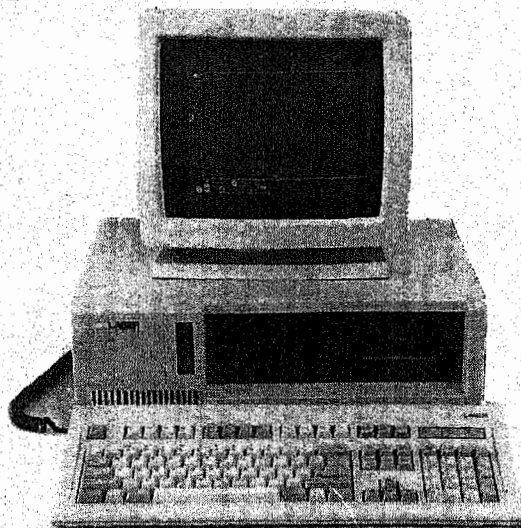
In June of this year, when the South Australian College of Advanced Education was faced with the problem of finding a computer that students could use for wordprocessing, databases and the like, they examined machines from over 40 companies and selected the ;

LASER Turbo XT Computer  
from BBC Micro Supplies

The evaluation programme included extensive testing of the computers, and determining which suppliers could best support their machines.

**BBC  
MICRO  
SUPPLIES**

Showroom - 100 Wright St. Adelaide.



The S.A.C.A.E. evaluation committee found that many other computers would not run the required software properly, were obsolete or unreliable. However, to quote the college ;

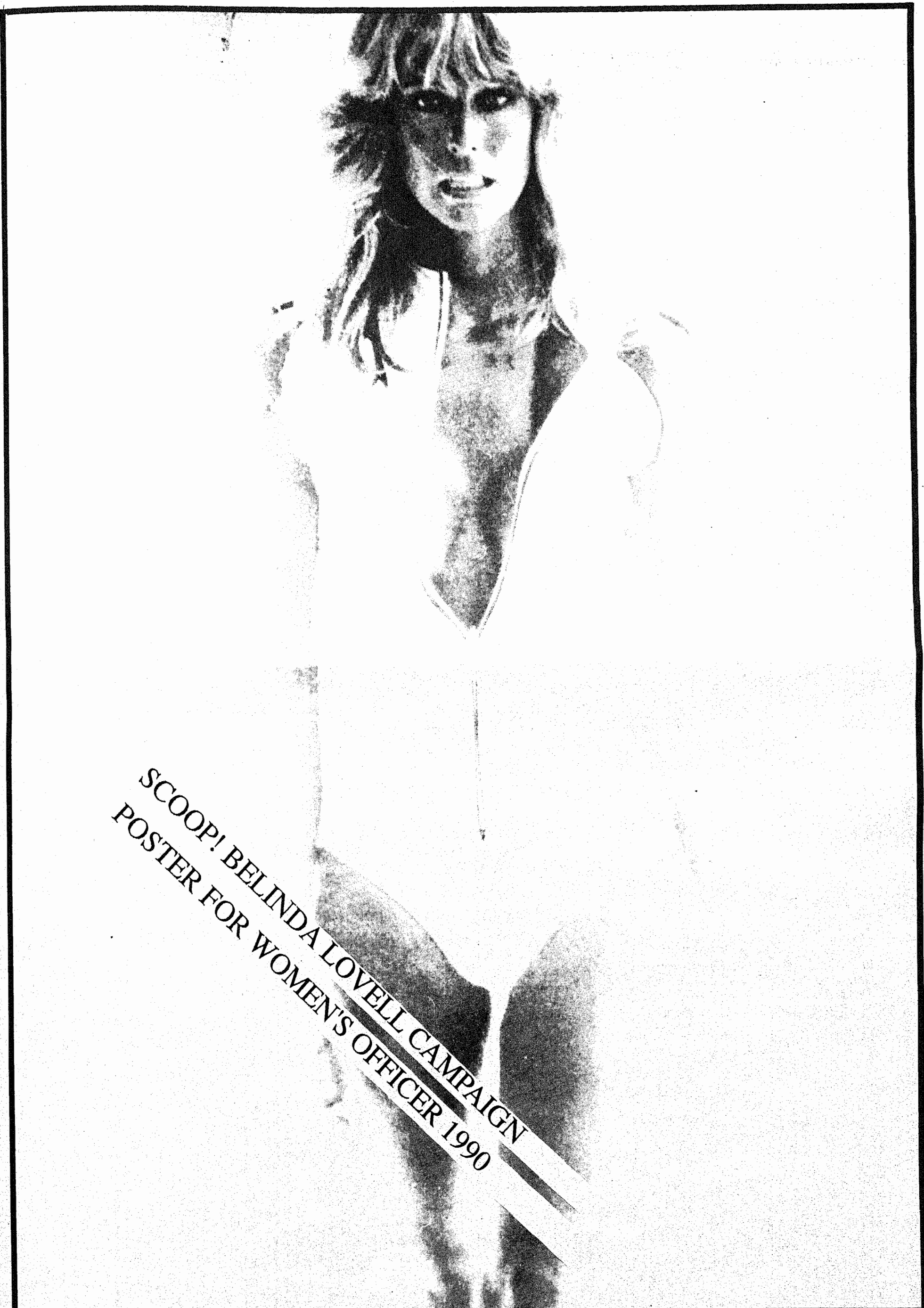
"The Laser XT impressed us as best suiting the range of needs which we had specified in the most cost effective way."

We can now offer students and staff complete wordprocessing packages at our S.A.C.A.E. tender prices.

For \$1,969\* we can supply a powerful, ready-to-use wordprocessing package. Avoid the traps and invest with the confidence of knowing that you will be getting a system that has been evaluated and selected by an expert and independent authority.

(\* price includes computer, software & printer)

For more information, call in or phone Paul Stevenson on (08) 231 1331.



SCOOP! BELINDA LOVELL CAMPAIGN  
POSTER FOR WOMEN'S OFFICER 1990

Prosh Rag gets cheap and nasty. Boys: you can salivate. Girls : write angry letters



# ALL HIS OWN WORK

## MONDAY 8/8/88

**Prosh After Dark** tickets go on sale. Available in the SAUA office and in Airport Lounge at Monday Lunchtime.

## TUESDAY 9/8/88

**11 AM Prosh Week Choir** assembles in cloisters and will proceed to city to SING SING SING.

**1 PM Jelly Wrestling** in cloisters. 400 litres of throbbing gelatinous excitement. Prizes of tickets to Prosh After Dark to be won.

## WEDNESDAY 10/8/88

**11 AM Flinders Tour**. Bus departs for a tour of Flinders University. See how the less fortunate people live and laugh at them. Meet in cloisters. (Bus is free).

**3.30 PM Car Paint Up**. All cars going on Prosh Procession will be decorated.

## THURSDAY 11/8/88

**1 PM Prosh Procession**. The most traditional event in Prosh week. Meet in cloisters at 1PM. Procession will depart at 1.10 PM (approx) and will proceed through the streets of Adelaide. Everybody should participate.

**5 PM Suck a bar dry** - Assemble in the cloisters to board a bus heading to a yet to be disclosed pub of ill-repute

## FRIDAY 12/8/88

**7 AM Brekky on the Barr Smith Lawns**

**12 Noon - Bar opens** - Be titilated by the soothing rhythms of **Rough as Guts**. Elegantly sink gallons of piss. Conclude your prosy lying flat on your back in a pool of someone else's vomit. Free beer will be provided for a short time.

## SATURDAY 13/8/88

**8 PM - Prosh After Dark**. The climax of the week. All other events wilt by comparison. Don't be flacid - get up and dance to the arousing music of eight bands including - **Spank You Very Much**, **Mad Turks from Istanbul**, **Annabel and the Movers**, **Spliffs**, **Gumbo Ya Ya**, **This House is Jumping**, **Life After Reagan** plus five hours of movies.

**NB All Grabathons and Practical Jokes will NOT be supported by the SAUA**

FIVE SOLID REASONS WHY WE SHOULD

AMALGAMATE WITH

SAIT

1. IT WILL BE EASIER TO GET INTO ADELAIDE  
UNIVERSITY

This will have profound and important implications, especially for schoolboy first eighteen football, as football schools like Sacred Heart and Princes' will loose out as most of their senior players will be able to matriculate perhaps even as early as nineteen. Sportsmasters have already complained to the Minister of Education that under the new "veggie " university proposals there is a good chance that for the first time since 1923 boarders will matriculate to Adelaide University. One sportsmaster, who asked not to be named, said that, " The situation could get quite easily out of control. Some boarders are already talking about leaving before their hundredth game with the firsts to do home economics at Adelaide Uni. It's just not on." Already rumours are circulating that the amalgamation proposals represent just one last desperate attempt by St Peters to stop the rot after several poor seasons.

2. THE PHYSIO'S ARE BETTER LOOKING THAN  
ANYTHING WE'VE GOT

4. THEY HAVE SOUTH AFRICAN FISH IN THEIR CAFES.

5. IT SEEMS LIKE A GOOD IDEA (LIKE HELL!)

*THE FOOTLIGHTS CABARET*

*The scintillating swing, the fascinating rythms of George  
Gershwin & Col Porter*

*is coming to the Gallery*

*Level 6 Union Building*

*SEPTEMBER 9, 10, 13, 14, 15*

*Doors open 7pm Performance starts 8pm*

*Drinks & Supper Available*



*don't do that...*