

# CIRQUE S DU SOLEIL AND A DAY OUT IN THE DOCKLANDS

The Voice from the Pavement - Peter Adamis 31 March 2013



Yesterday, my wife and I were treated to a day out to watch the "Cirque Su Soleil" now still playing at the Docklands. It was his 63 birthday present for me. I for one was apprehensive being in a crowd of some closely packed throng of people. I am not accustomed to so many people being around me and somewhat a little intimidating.

However we thoroughly enjoyed it for two oldies. (Me any way not the missus being the oldie that is). We were told as soon as we sat down that no smoking and no mobile phones. So me being an old bugger tried to send a message to my son to thank him, was suddenly swooped upon by an attendant who asked very kindly you turn it off as it would distract the performers. Suffice to say they wee correct as later in the show in demonstrated how important that hand eye movements were a big part of the show.

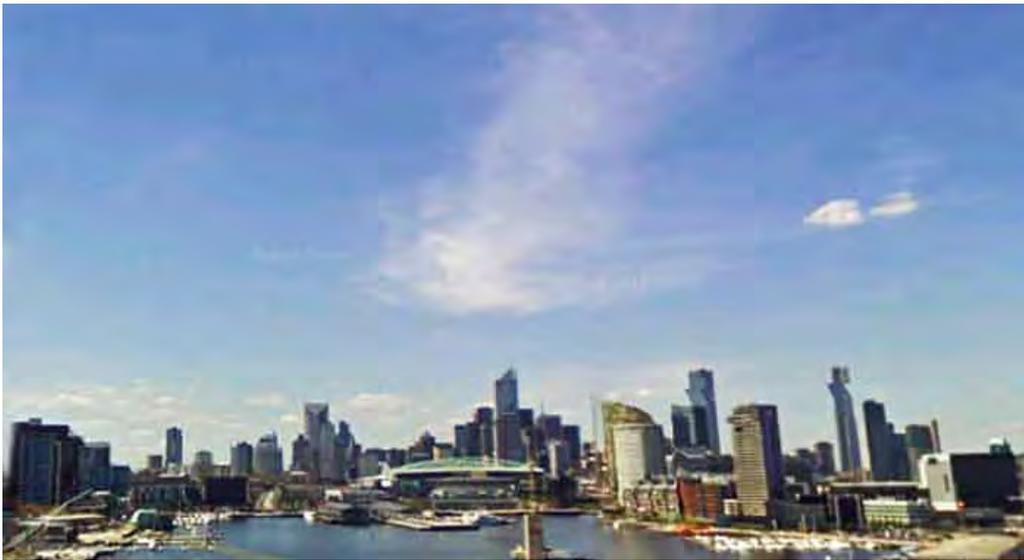


I even had the little fat black beetle bug sit on me as she was "smooching" some old bloke behind me. I obviously was old enough or that she was scared away by the glare of my wife. He he. There were a lot of kids there and I also joined in with the rest of them in displaying my enthusiasm and joy. Not often that I laugh these days.

The colour of the performers' costumes was extraordinary; the music loud and magnificent with the low lying smoke or mist slowly spreading on the stage made it a spectacular event. Sitting in the front row made it even more exhilarating as we could see all the performers close up, but at times had to shy away from some of the aerobatics display which was extraordinary to say the least.

After the show we driven around the docklands, I was amazed at the changes as I had not been down there for a long time and it was a far cry from the old days where one could visit the docklands and observe the "navies" and the dock workers going about their daily work.

These tough, muscular men with cigarettes hanging out of the corner of their mouths, speaking a language familiar only to the docklands were a sight to see. I remembered also the seagulls hovering overhead monitoring the daily traffic of the busy little men below, while the cargo was being loaded and unloaded onto the wharfs with the overhead cranes that dotted the landscape.

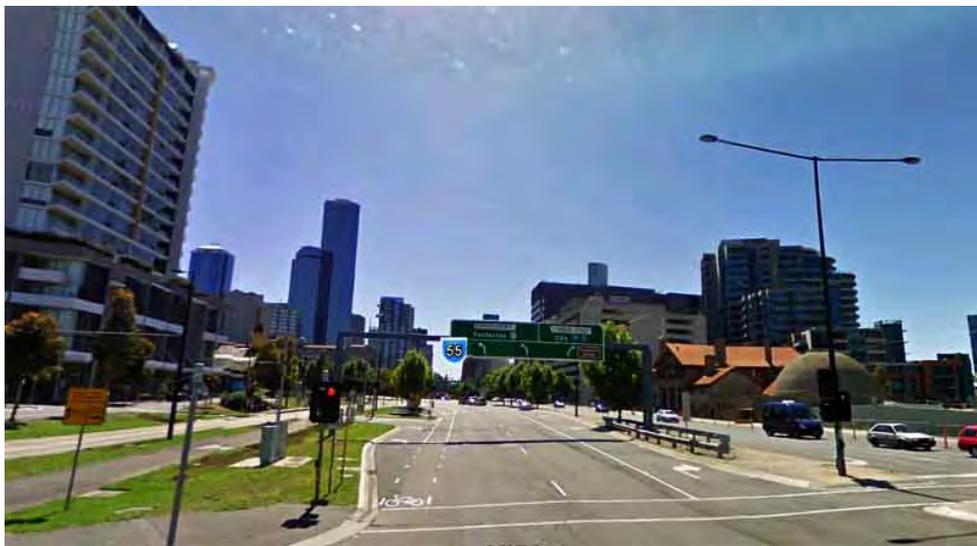


I was just a young apprentice electrician then who would sometimes take the long road out to the West gate bridge when it was being built. We would service the lift taking the works up to the top. On that fateful day, the foreman for some strange reason changed the routine and we went to another location. Fate had a part to play otherwise we would have been part of those lying at the bottom of the mud filled basin at the bottom of the broken bridge.

But that's another story. Still on the tour of the docklands I noticed the high rise building and could not believe that in my time such structures would find their home amongst the docklands. Still they now played their part by overshadowing the myriad of shops and traffic below. Casting a shadow over the docklands in the as the sunset to the west. Near Flinders Street end I remembered the old Seaman's Inn where sailors from around the world would always find some lodging for the night.

We made our way along Flinders Street towards Spencer Street and past the rough old pub I would sometimes drop in for a drink, past the tattoo parlor where I got my first tattoo, (Death before Dishonor) and I chuckled to my wife who knew what I meant. She smiled as she knew that I had gone there to erase my previous wife's name off my chest and replaced it with hers.

(But that another's story) At this point, I have to give credit where it's due. Peter Jasonides my old sparring partner, Savas Grigoropoulos and Peter Vlahos all had a hand in our overseas romance, but again that's another story. Straight down Flinders Street down towards Punt road where we turned left towards the freeway and made our way back to the badlands, (For some it's the badlands).



We were tuckered out, but there was another surprise in store for us as we were not driven home but to a romantic spot in research pas Eltham at a small restaurant called Wellers. It was a delightful affair and one which was well worth going to. After a beautiful dinner, again we were driven home to a nice glass of drambuie upon which enough was enough for me and it was time for a long and restful sleep.

As the eyelids began to flutter and the mind switched over to commence the night routine, my mind flickered for a moment to the day's events and I said to myself that it's had been a glorious day. I had been pleasantly surprised by the lavish attention and for being spoiled for the day.

I guess being a single dad for all those years of hardship finally pays off at one stage or another. Anyway that another story. For those who wish to take their children to the "Cirque Su Soleil", I recommend it and I am quite sure that the adults will as well.



For those that have children, being warned that you will be challenged as they grow up. They will question your ideals, your customs and your well known paradigms of the past, but the love you have for them they will not question it. It is interesting that one has to grow with age and capture the wisdom of those years to reach that conclusion. Remember that when Pandora's Box was open and all the evils of the world escaped upon mankind, only one was left. Hope. But that's another story. The articles below may no longer be available on the internet.

<http://www.smh.com.au/photogallery/national/behind-the-scenes--cirque-du-soleil-melbourne-20130126-2dd1x.html>

<http://www.cirquedusoleil.com/en/shows/ovo/tickets/melbourne.aspx>

<http://www.cirquedusoleil.com/en/shows/oceania/australia/victoria/melbourne.aspx>



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