



Audrey Auk

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The Official<sup>1</sup> Authorised<sup>2</sup> Registered<sup>3</sup> Licensed<sup>4</sup> Glossy<sup>5</sup> Weekly<sup>6</sup> Newsletter<sup>7</sup> of the Adelaide University Choral Society Inc.

## Lambs to the slaughter

### Another successful AUCS AGM

According to the venerable rituals set down by arctic birds of old, Wednesday 27<sup>th</sup> August saw a slaughter of innocents in the Hughes Lecture Theatre at Adelaide University. Annual General Meetings have a long and blood-spattered history in the choral fraternity, and this year's was no exception. It was a long night, but at the final siren, when the fat lady sang in the wash up at the end of the day, the real winner was AUCS.

Eighteen brave choristers, including six committee virgins, were sacrificed to the Great Auk in the sky and elected to the AUCS Committee for 2004. Hearty congratulations to the worthy chosen ones (listed at right - virgin offerings denoted by asterisks) and condolences to their families and loved ones. Floral tributes may be brought to the Annual Dinner on September 13<sup>th</sup>, where a small but tasteful shrine will be erected in their honour.

## R.I.P.

### (The Committee 2004)

President	Emily Heylen
Vice President	Tomais Byrt
Secretary	Tim Dunstone
Treasurer	Andrew Wilkins
Librarian	Heidi Holzkecht*
Concert Manager	Margit Apponyi*
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Skwauc Editor	Annalise Gehling
Webmaster	Michael Gehling*
General Members	Jim Partington, Jonathan Webb, Jenny Larter*
Immediate Past Prez	Elsie Mann
Morals Officer	Ed Watts



Past and Future Kings: Emily, incoming Prez and Elsie, outgoing Prez.



Mmm... virgin committee flesh. Innocent freshers Cassia and Michael.

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<sup>1</sup> In the sense 'of or pertaining to an office'. Any office. Currently of no fixed office, but searching the real estate liftout every Saturday. <sup>2</sup> People wrote it. They are the authors. It has been authorised. <sup>3</sup> When people read it, they register that it exists. <sup>4</sup> Not to drive. Not to kill. To misinform and to needlessly offend, maybe? <sup>5</sup> Serving suggestion. 'Skwauc' is not actually glossy, and the strawberries are not included. <sup>6</sup> It is always published during the course of a week. <sup>7</sup> Broad, descriptive term. 'Skwauc' may not necessarily contain much news and isn't really a letter.

## Editorial

Greetings loyal readers, and congratulations. You have just opened the lid on one of the finest cans of early worms (and mixed metaphors) available for bright young Auks to catch in these turbulent times of ours. However, said worms' purpose in your life is more to entertain than to provide significant nourishment. Bodily consumption of worms (early or otherwise), and indeed of society newsletters, has been shown by multiple independent studies (not reported here) to engender non-optimal conditions for continued life. So: tuck in, but in the strictly cerebral sense. Pass your time with the puzzles and the entertaining anecdotes, copy the important dates into your diary and stick the details of the concert on your fridge – or, even better, someone else's fridge.

Inspired by the contribution of our favourite incendiary Canberra resident (other than Tony "slush fund" Abbott) Mr Grumble Bum, I thought that in my final edition, the Editor himself might step up to the "opinionated bastard" plate, and thus go out in style, or maybe with a bang, or even down in flames like Pierre the French Airman. After all, why not make an informed and considered editorial contribution, such as appears in other reputable publications (for example, the earth-shaking "Both Teams Deserve Our Finals Support" in The Advertiser, September 2<sup>nd</sup>). Well, here goes. All bang, no whimper.

It's an old beef, I know, but honestly: is there anything in the modern world that is so unnecessary and simultaneously so monstrous (apart from the obvious Burgo's Catch Phrase) as today's overrated pop "artists" working their syrupy hack-jobs on decent and unsuspecting old songs? Songs usually written by performers of yesteryear who, whilst mouldy at the edges and no longer fit for MTV, at least made a living out of their own talent. I do not dispute that 'covers' are a worthy form of musical expression – but surely their natural habitat should be the live concert, the B-side and the bonus track, and not the bloodcurdling wilds of the top 40 with only dance beats and boob-tubed teenyboppers for company.

Allow me to wheel out a few examples. As Exhibit A, I cite Madonna, who, no longer content with consistently reinventing *herself*, set her sights on Don McLean. The result was an "American Pie" that lacked interest, good taste, several verses, and a good reason to exist. Exhibit B: "Uptown Girl", which Billy Joel stopped singing after his divorce in 1994. Westlife thought they could do the

world a favour in 2001 by breathing new life into a classic; big, big mistake. The only thing they breathed into it was noxious levels of NutraSweet. The list goes on; Ronan Keating zapped one of our Fresher Rep's cowboy heroes with hot pink techno jumper leads, Mariah Carey tortures innocent songwriters by the truckload, and apparently Britney sang "Satisfaction" (shudder). Then there was DJ Sammy, who by dousing that clunker of a Bryan Adams number "Heaven" with retro-trendy dance beats accomplished the rare but notable feat of making a bad song even worse. What is more, the trend shows no sign of abating. If you have recently made the mistake of watching Video Hits, you would have seen that someone called Gareth Gates (who?) is attempting to have a smash-hit with "Unchained Melody". Take a number and join the queue, Gazza.

Why do they do it? Is it an overwhelming dearth of original ideas, or perhaps a perverse attempt at bridge building – bring an old song to young ears, while at the same time assimilating some of those old-school music snobs into modern pop culture by redecorating one of their favourites? Since the music snobs (me, for instance) appear to be failing to convert in droves, I can only come to the sad but ultimately satisfying conclusion that it is the former.

Well, there you have it. End of rant. I'm spent.

I hope you survive the rest of this edition (watch out for Grumble Bum). Thank you *everyone* who contributed – you make Skwauc what it is, and this one is a ripper. But for now, I'm off. Fare thee well! I leave you in the capable editorial hands of Annalise, so the future of Skwauc is bright indeed. Keep writing, keep reading... and keep singing.

Hasta la vista,

Jonathan Webb - The Editor.



Jonathan in his new home at a rehabilitation clinic for mentally overstretched basses.



AUCSters basking in a fleeting ray of sunshine at the Canberra Inter-University Choral Festival, in July (brrrrr). Ellinor, Ali, Erica, Tonja and Lou.

## Interested in the arts?

Charlie Fandango is a new production company with interests in the areas of theatre, film and music.

Formed in 2003 by Charlotte Ford and Heather McGinn (AUCS soprano), Charlie Fandango endeavours to provide a (Coopers) friendly environment where up and coming artists, writers, directors, musicians and actors can showcase their talents and give them an opportunity to find their niche in an often competitive industry.

Next production is "10 Minutes", a group of short plays.

\*\*\* FREE ENTRY! \*\*\* 9pm 25th September

FAD bar, Waymouth St., Adelaide.

To get involved, go to [www.freewebs.com/charlifandango](http://www.freewebs.com/charlifandango)

# Presidential Preamble

by the Most Right Venerably Honourable Elsie Mann

It seems as though this year is romping to a close and I'm only just getting the hang of all this presidential stuff! AUCS certainly is an active and vibrant club and I hope you are all enjoying being a part of it.

Hmmm, so what to say... Highlights since our last edition...

The victory of the mysterious disappearing carolling cheque – after one and a half years of persistence, our efforts have finally paid off. I wonder if this late payment could enter the Guinness Book of Records for the world's latest payment (or at least the most stupid accounts department!).

The Symphonic Spectacular certainly lived up to its name, even if we didn't get to hear the boys sing the start of the 1812, and had to watch the strange movements of a 'dancer' and the day-dreams of an old man in the bath... I certainly enjoyed being part of such a big event – I'm sure there aren't many other people who can say they have performed to an audience of over 5000 people.

I was very sorry to miss camp this semester (I know, naughty me). It sounds like I missed a great camp of which a highlight may

have been the loud and enthusiastic signing of pub songs until the early hours of the morning. However, those who came back to town to sing the same songs at the University of Adelaide's Open Day did AUCS proud and entertained a small yet appreciative audience (not too many people were still there in the rain at 3pm).

Hopefully Marks fated Barbeque will finally happen (it has been rescheduled again to the second week of term four), you will all invite lots of people to our next concert series (note the not very subtle hint there) and by the time this Skwauc is printed I will have got a lot more work done for this semester!!

We still have plenty to keep you all occupied for the rest of the year: the formal dinner, the quiz night, *another* concert and camp (yay!) – so keep your eyes peeled and your ears tuned.

And enjoy devouring this scrumptious issue of Skwauc (Thanks Jonny, and farewell)!

Cheers,

Elsie

"I've lost my sausage prowess."

Mark

"It doesn't look any good from here, it just looks like Ed's slapping himself around."

Phoebe

## AUCs are nice!

A first-year rundown by Cassia Flashtig

It's true. AUCS are an amazingly warm, friendly and musical bunch. Any choir that doubles as a social club has my approval, but I feel it is fair to say that AUCS sets a particularly fine example of how to have a brilliant time and create quality music.

I was lucky enough, before the onset of my first uni year, to bump into not one, but two enthusiastic AUCs from my old school Marryatville. Now Occasional AUC, Nina Ruddock briefly described the AUC tendency for four-part harmony singing in pubs (I was immediately intrigued) and in demonstration of what a great brand of people were members, told me how she even met her flatmate and her boyfriend through the choir.

This initial favourable impression was driven home by the entreaty of Tomais Byrt (that valued, if hard-done by Treasurer of the choir) at that crucial time just before O'Week when I was wondering how I was possibly going to discover things musical at such an overwhelming institution. (Here I might add how decidedly underwhelmed I was by the location of the AUCS stall at the said O'Week. It was difficult to find, even to one pre-informed of its presence). Tom described the musical and social merits of AUCS, including an impression of the ingestive feats of some members with regard to alcoholic beverages (amusing, and occasionally downright scary!). The end result being that I felt there was no choice but to discover the mystical land of AUCdom for myself.

My first first-hand experience of the choir was at the O'Week BBQ at which I was one of the few freshers present (due to the carelessness with which this event had been placed on the same

afternoon as the O'Week pub crawl). Despite having been assured that AUCS were friendly and hardly ever bit people unless provoked, I was immoderately relieved at the warm welcome I received into the fold.

Even at this initial encounter, I was impressed by the quality of AUC fare. There were the usual BBQ meats, but also quite a smorgasbord of salads. After the BBQ we removed to the Hughes Lecture Theatre for an introductory sing-through of some pub songs (the 'real music' being left for when the whole choir was present). Then it was off to the German Club for my first encounter with the affectionately termed 'coffee'. That night included pub songs complete with exuberant table thumping and air punching. It was also observed that a certain Morals Officer preferred to drink her vodka off the table-top through a straw.

Well, as you may have guessed (and against the odds), I hadn't been scared off. In fact, I had formed an impression much the same as that of one of those staffing the favoured AUCS Wednesday night dinner spot Rumours Café who commented that I had chosen my club well as 'these people certainly seem to know how to enjoy themselves!'

Camp was the next social delight in store. Held at Crystal Lake campsite at Macclesfield; it introduced the idea of singing for 7 hours in one day and the importance of bringing a tea-towel. It was here that I was introduced to the joys of skolling games involving 5c coins; the ridiculous practice of substituting children's rhymes when the words became too difficult, and jokes on demand amid much

foot stomping. Jim also introduced himself. He made certain that his presence was noted by presenting himself to a group of unsuspecting freshers with what I have since been led to believe was a customary mooning through the pub window.

Also in store was the novelty of camp food that I was actively pleased to consume and the realisation that practically anything I said could, by the deft hand of a fellow AUC, be transformed into something completely inappropriate and outrageously funny at one and the same time. Then there was the Revue. Suffice to say I was astounded by the level of talent displayed and highly entertained by each of the acts, which were at times musical, occasionally dramatic, and usually silly. The comic duo David (Tim) Attenborough and Steve (Jim) Irwin who hosted the 'documentary' in which the acts were set deserve a round of applause for the manner in which they wove an illusion of semi-coherence through the diversity of the evening.

One pub-crawl later, complete with cute t-shirt designed by the ever-brilliant Annalise (and many thanks to those who spontaneously contributed to a program of free drinks for freshers... you



Three of Cassia's fellow freshers Heather, Sophie and Victoria snuggling for warmth at the Longwood camp.

know who you are), we come to the matter of rehearsals. These I have found to be fun as well as surprisingly productive. All this despite frequent and jovial factional inter-section warfare (I was quickly introduced to the prevalent choir stereotype that 'altos like basses, basses like altos, tenors like tenors and sopranos like discos').

From the beginning I was impressed by the great sound made by the choir, and it only seemed to get better. From the rather rowdy, good-humoured though erratic mess of missed entries and improvised notes that was the first rehearsal of Haydn's *Paukenmesse*, emerged a choir. A troupe of fine-tuned choristers who sang with emotion and style in all the right places, and complemented the four soloists and beautiful 28-piece AUCestra in a very successful performance (in the musical sense). One audience member was heard to pronounce that her hair had been made to stand on end no less than five times (which I gathered from her tone of voice was high praise).

This concert also provided insight into the ancient tradition of scarf draping with much tying, comparing, re-arranging, water staining and resulting hysterics keeping the female sections of the choir well entertained. During this period, some of the males took out their pent-up aggression by pretending to whack one another about the head with their music, while others entertained themselves in various activities such as musing over the intricacies of the scarf draping and even warming up.

The musical standard of the concert was beyond the belief of some choristers, as was evident at the PCP when Henry Jones (unaware that he was listening to a recording of the concert we had just given) commented with a note of sarcasm in his voice 'Oh, that'd be right! I suppose they're trying to lift our spirits by playing a recording by people who sing far better than us mere mortals, are they,' (or words to that effect) and then on realisation 'Wow! We're brilliant!'

All I have to add is that I agree!

## Planet AUCS: A Progress Report

### Another fresher's perspective, by Tonja Wright

I am pleased to report that things have really come along since the early days of landing on this strange planet. After initial scouting at the O'Week table proved that this mission could not be solo (the inhabitants seemed at best quirky, and at worst downright insane) things are picking up – or maybe my grip on sanity is faltering.

Recently I threw caution to the wind and attended a solar-system gathering. They called it "CIV" and I rather regret moments of it now. These other creatures made the AUCS look positively human! There was more physical contact going on here than at one of the footy matches back on my home planet; a massage and a grope seemed to be the official greeting. They had all these strange rituals – "banging" people seemed very popular, but I think it was rather dangerous and involved much public humiliation. There was also something called a "Bazza special" - but thankfully I was prewarned not to ask (there weren't enough available good-looking basses around to make it worthwhile anyway!).

I was also subjected to what can only be described as a powerful

torture technique - they refer to it as a "Revue". Some of those acts were most certainly painful! As a highly evolved and superior being (an Alto), I found one in particular more than I could bear. A group of what they supposed to be their 'finest', a little too scantily clad in bondage gear for my liking, took to the stage. By the end I was wishing that someone would poke my eyes out, but that would still have left the abuse to my ears!

I have come to the conclusion that there are 4 types of people who attended this "CIV": Festy dudes; slutty chicks; reasonably okay people whom you might possibly consider after 10 drinks (NB: 4 drinks is not enough); and AUCS. Nevertheless, I'm looking forward to the next gathering, maybe the warmer weather and nicer surroundings will tempt others less strange out of hiding and magically transform the ones mentioned above!

**"I just want to make it through IV without being quoted"**

Wilkins

Since then I have been more cautious about leaving home, but that's okay because AUCS have been having a few of their own events. The camp was surprisingly pleasing. There was another "Revue" but this one was far from painful, in fact it was enjoyable. I was hosted by two FBI agents who were on a case investigating intelligence evidence of a lack of talent, and willing to arrest people for the crime of a bad act (something that would have come in handy at CIV). Sadly no one was taken in for questioning, but events that followed proved that some could be locked up for different rea-

sons. Yes, the playing of "Psychiatrist" was highly disturbing (see p10 for just how disturbing – Ed.) and proved that these aliens have a lot of problems (thigh fetishes come to mind) and truly do need professional help!

Despite this, I must say that I have grown to like this new planet and am thinking of taking up permanent residence. I wonder how one obtain full citizenship? I've heard about something that involves five other members, but I think I'll just stick to the \$10.

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE IS RATED **(NA)** NOT SUITABLE FOR ANYONE (A) NO ADULT HUMOUR (L) MULTIPLE LITIGATION OPPORTUNITIES (D) PROBABLE DRUG USE (H) HORRIFIC USE OF LANGUAGE

## Things That Really ~~Shit Me~~ ~~Get on My Tits~~ Disagree with My Point of View

The War on Stupidity Continues: another broadside from Grumble Bum

If you have never read one of these before; strap yourself in. There is no common thread. No real justification. Just the collected grizzles of a large nasty bear with a mean freakin' hangover.

\* Gerard Healy is the most stupid person alive. (With the possible exception of the Zimbabwean government; keep reading to find the link). Gerard Healy is a commentator for the AFL. This year during a game, which was being held up because of a player gushing blood from his head, 'Professor' Healy commented that the blood rule was ridiculous and that it was arguable that HIV could be transferred by blood. What bloody rock has this moron been living under?

Yes it can.

It is.

It's been proven.

Everybody knows it.

It's no secret.

Big advertising campaigns have warned us about it, for ages. Early on, people were unfortunate enough to get HIV through blood transfusions; how does Gerard explain this? The nasty HIV-fairy comes and sprinkles stardust in their eyes and bickety-bam they are going to die? Oh! Sorry! I forgot that Gerard was the bass player for the Foo Fighters. More evidence that the gene pool needs draining, or least a bucketload more chlorine.

GRUMBLE BUM'S FIRST LAW:

"The stupidity of people should never be under estimated."

\* September 11, 2001 was a notable day. 2,800 people died as a result of some people who believed in something a little too much and hijacked 200 people who probably didn't believe in the same thing and certainly not as much as they did, and killed a lot of financial people who more than likely believed in nothing at all.

Now I am not going to make fun of this. It is a very bad thing to happen. But bad things do happen. And they did. But the thing that shits me about this situation is that it was something that happened

to America; and everyone is making big comments about poor USA etc. Stuff that. What about the Australians who died? This is one of the greatest losses of Australian lives in a single act and not a hoot; we bitched and moaned (rightly) about Port Arthur for years.

Another interesting thing is that the mood of Australia has been reasonably placid; sure we sent troops to Afghanistan but the public is hardly calling for conscription and 'smiting of the bosch'.

Picture if you will the following example. The Thorpedo was in Manhattan when the planes hit. Imagine the cruel world it would have been if Thorpey had been killed. Forget about a call for conscription; every Aussie would have been grabbing a length of four-by-two with a nail in it and rushing to the front and bashing anything without the name Davo, Mullet or Wazza.

But don't be lastingly distressed over September 11; it was bad and should not be wished on anyone, but bad things on this scale happen in the world. Always have, always will. It's just that the media was there to capture it all. Every last millisecond. Every last 'Oh my god'. Every last particle of dust. Every bloodied face. And they are sure never to let us forget it. It makes them feel important.

\* Apparently the speed of light is not constant. Well that's ruined my holiday plans. Honestly, if you can't rely on the speed of light, what can you rely on? Next time you are pulled over by a police officer for speeding, attempt to explain to him that as the speed of light is not constant and you were just measured by a laser gun (a magic make-shiny-light stick, for the luddites) which is



The War on Stupidity needs YOU!

now based on an absurd assumption, and as such is inaccurate and you should be sent on your way with the humblest apologies. Don't ring me for bail.

GRUMBLE BUM'S SECOND LAW:

"The world is just plain weird; and at any given time is getting more and more shitso."

\* I have a deep-rooted distrust of the media. But recently something happened which was inexplicable.

Astronomers found an asteroid that looked for 24 hours as if it may hit the earth. 2km wide and a mean f\*\*\*ing attitude; an extinction event if this thing were to hit the earth in 15 years (February 1<sup>st</sup>, 2017 from memory). So you would've expected a bit of panic; maybe a murmur of "oooh that's a bit rough, nasty bit of rock. We never did nothin' to it".

Nothing. SFA. Not even a hint of panic. It was hidden 25 minutes into the news bulletin. A moronic newsreader tried to have a chuckle and make a lame pun. Now just to put this into perspective, the lead headline this day on ALL news agencies was 'tension in the Democrats'. Since when have we been able to equate Democrats with an extinction level event? Democrats are the koalas of the political system. They are evolutionary dead ends who just sit around making a nasty noises and pissing on themselves. Please think about this again: civilisation as we know it, gone in a huge catastrophic impact; Democrats having a political hissy-fit.

GRUMBLE BUM'S THIRD LAW:

"Never trust the media."

\* Eddie McGuire is the inbred bastard love child of Mike Munro and Adriana Xenedes. (A note for Mr McGuire's lawyers: this is a work of fictional humour. Not meant to be taken literally. Sure – he may not find it funny, but if you supported Collingwood you wouldn't have a sense of humour either).

Recently Edwardo went above and beyond his usual banal rhetoric and lack of personality during the National IQ test.

I would like to think I showed Mensa worthy intelligence via not actually giving a rat's arse that it was on – besides, Rove was on and interviewing Larry Hagman – and I still don't know who shot JR. However, channel flicking at the end of Rove (Sandra Sully wasn't presenting the Ten news that night) I saw him talk about people who scored below average on the IQ test.

It went something along these lines: "if you scored below 80, it's official: you're thick". I only wish I was paraphrasing. The supervising psychologist baulked at this and tried to resurrect the situation by saying (quite rightly) that the test is just a test. It is meaningless really; hasn't been conducted in controlled circumstances; IQ tests are context specific; an IQ test should consist of more than a mere question section, etc. The list goes on.

(Basically this psychologist knew he was going to get a right cock punching at the next Psychologists' Guild meeting for bringing the profession into disrepute). Eddie followed this face saving effort from the psych by commenting: "but you're just sugar coating it aren't you, they're thickos." Frankly, Eddie will be first against the wall when the Neanderthals rise up. The only positive to Eddie McGuire is the strange sensation of finding someone more irritating

and more arrogant than Red Simons.

GRUMBLE BUM'S FOURTH LAW:

"Eddie McGuire should not be on television and should never be taken after a meal"

\* The war in Iraq was a bit of a hoot really. All these people whinging about not wanting to go to war; don't get me wrong, watching Howard's tongue lodged in Georgie's arse was sickening. BUT, now I am not sure (and frankly don't care) if Iraq ever had the rocket-propelled, anthrax-laden poodle that US and the Coalition of the Witless claimed they had; my beef is with all the hippies going, "NO WAR... Don't bomb the Iraqis. They never did anything to you... They would have been better off without the war."

Are these people seriously kidding? Saddam was a complete and utter nut-job. The Iraqi people will eventually be better off (once America has gotten all the oil); and no amount of bitching will convince me otherwise. Where were these people before the war, campaigning for the human rights of those hapless wretches under Saddam's regime?

Apply political pressure to him, your hard lefty might say. But wake up. Saddam was a nutter. A wealthy nutter. He wasn't going to listen to anyone, or let anyone live who disagreed with him. He didn't play by the rules. He was never going to. But before the war, while the Iraqis' plight was out of everybody's field of vision, we

**"What's wrong with my taste in men – apart from the Adrian incident..."**

Phoebe

could be happy with ourselves that he wasn't really that bad. After all, he was only killing Iraqis, right?

The real funny (dark-gritty-not-ha-ha kinda funny) side to the war was that yet again, the Allies almost did a better job at killing themselves than the Iraqi army did. This is almost the same effect as having extras being your top scorer in cricket. America fighting a war against Iraq is like Australia playing the Nepalese at cricket.

Well that's your bloomin' lot. In ten minutes we release the hounds.

Love, Grumble Bum

P.S. Send your complaints and future article suggestions to an Amish person; they probably don't get enough email.



Nicole the Fresher, Brendon the Chef and Wilkins the Bearded Lady

# The Acts of the Choristers

Book LVII

AUCS Camp, Longwood, 15-17 August 2003

**I. AND** it did come to pass in those days that the whole people of AUCS came once more unto the camp of the Long Wood: through the commandments of James the son of Partington they came, and AUDREY herself guided them, with a pillar of vinyl by night.

<sup>2</sup>They took chambers to dwell in, and set themselves around the fire in the chamber where they were to sing; but only Edward the son of Watts passed beyond the bars, that its heat might fall the more strongly upon him; but many of the daughters of Men followed after him.

3. **AND** Peter the son of Kelsall came, and summoned them to sing before him among the dimness of the light; and they sang a song of numbers, which song had power to bring the mighty from



Scribe and spouse: "Acts" creator Jeff Christensen with Erin McKenzie, and Paris son of Downes, AUCS' brave and talented accompanist.

their thrones and to confuse the humble and meek. <sup>4</sup>The lowest daughters of Men ascribed their chiefest faults unto the truest sons of Men; and it is no happy sign that Mark the son of Egelstaff may be enamoured of the Lady Librarian and yet lack books of musick.

5. **THEY** ceased their singing for a time, and Jonathan the son of Webb came unto that place; and he took Phoebe the daughter of Vivian up in his embrace, for the remembrance of what they had done in the previous night.

6. **BEFORE** they sang the Master of that realm spoke unto them of the two waters: from the hall they might have the water which is on high, and they might drink it in quantity; but from the chambers of sleeping they might only have the water which is from beneath, which was filled with vileness. <sup>7</sup>He spoke of the sons of Men seeking not the toilets of the daughters of Men: for in the past days he had had many children. <sup>8</sup>He spoke of the deeds they would undergo in the case of catastrophe; and he warned them of the frigid-ity of the morning airs.

9. **THEY** sang a repeating song that yet had within it an echo of the sounds of ecstasy. <sup>10</sup>Andrew the son of Wilkins spoke of the publick-house whither they should go in that night, Jonathan the son of Webb sought among them the words of the future, and the son of Egelstaff spoke of the many teatowels which he had brought with him, which had taken refuge in his house from the camps of the past.

11. **THEY** took soup, and Craig the son of Turner was summoned for a jest by the hurry-made rhyme of the son of Egelstaff; and at the tenth hour they went forth unto the publick-house in Stirling whither they sang many songs, each stranger than the last; but I took my rest.

## HERE ENDETH THE ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST DAY

but it is said that Timothy the son of Dunstone in seeking a chamber in the night roused the wrath of those who dwelt therein, and

the glare of a face largely hid by the curtain; and he hid himself in a secret chamber.

**II. AND** they rose severally: the words of the Master of the realm were shown to be true in the coldness of the airs. <sup>2</sup>They took breakfast, and Paris the son of Downes was amazed at the scarcity of the singers when the rehearsal-hour was drawn so nigh, for he is but unfamiliar with such gatherings as these. <sup>3</sup>Corin the son of Lang, who had kindled the fire, spoke of a plan to have the hall heated by gas; but few there were who might share that expense.

4. **THE** son of Egelstaff took breakfast, and Jane the daughter of Emmett and Phoebe the daughter of Vivian nigh unto him: and he spilt whiteness upon the counter before him; and no sooner was this remedied by the cloth of Brendon the son of Kelly that Tomais the son of Byrt did likewise, for a like cause.

5. **THEY** sang at the tenth hour until the son of Kelsall sent them out into many places: the highest daughters of Men moved not, but the lowest daughters of Men found their place in the sun; the truest sons of Men went unto the chapel, and the lesser sons of Men unto the Room of Commonness. <sup>6</sup>The heater of the son of Lang which he had brought was there in vain, for there was no point of power save that set aside for the keyboard. <sup>7</sup>They took coffee at the twelfth hour, and cards were played among men. <sup>8</sup>When the truest sons of Men sang again in the chapel, then did Michael the son of Gehling bring forth musick from the keyboard which the previous efforts of the sons of Turner and of Webb could not rouse from silence. <sup>9</sup>After a time they sang in one place once more; and when they ceased the players of ping-pong played on, though their ball was a ball no more, for an unkind foot had descended upon it.

10. **AND** they sang again: Phoebe the daughter of Vivian lay before them in the rehearsal, and slept; and so many slept with her, at least in seeming, that the son of Kelsall commanded them to rise and waken themselves; but still a deep fatigue lay within them.

<sup>11</sup>The daughter of Vivian in her recumbency had an engine of heat upon her; for which the son of Egelstaff rebuked her, saying that the heat of her raiment should suffice for her. <sup>12</sup>They sang a last time and hearkened unto certain musicks which they would sing: for it seemed to the son of Kelsall that the power to sing these songs lay yet within them, so latent as it was.

13. **TIM** the son of Dunstone summoned all those who would act in the Revue which was to come, to signify the same to him, for the promise of a reward if they were but new, or under pain of a severe punishment if they were old. <sup>14</sup>Ping-pong was played among them once more: he who vanquished played on while he who was vanquished was replaced by another in a cycle unending until it ended nigh unto the dinner-hour, and they set themselves to another system wherein they ran around the table in confusion.



Agent Jim dishes out Severe Punishment, apparently sourced from official FBI interrogation procedures. The writers of "The X Files" had it all wrong...

15. THEY dined on pizzas of several kinds, and cards were played among them: and later the Revue came to pass of which the performances were many and varied: but I name not them all, for they were very numerous, and the sons of Dunstone and of Partington were there in the guise of investigators to speak of them all, and to seek that place in which no talent lay; and many were the musicks which the son of Byrt set about their entrances. <sup>16</sup>When the Revue was ended a pudding of chocolate was set before them, and ice-cream therewith; and cards and like games were played among them, while some few danced or played at ping-pong; but at nigh unto the first hour of the morning I took my rest.

HERE ENDETH THE ACCOUNT OF THE SECOND DAY

but it is said that many commenced to play a game as of a psychologist at the second hour of the morning, and it engaged their attentions for many hours thereafter.

III. WHEN they rose severally again, as is their wont the hall of singing was still strewn with many bottles; and the plates wherein pudding yet lay abandoned where legion. <sup>2</sup>And they took breakfast, and cards were played among them: some there were who left at that time to go into the City, where the University was opened for a day to the gaze of many. <sup>3</sup>And I was of these who departed from that place.

HERE ENDETH THE ACCOUNT OF THE THIRD DAY.

## HERE ENDETH THE ACCOUNT OF THE CAMP.

# Archival Feature: The First 10 Years of AUCS

an article excavated by Tim Dunstone from the archive boxes filed in his bedroom

Below is an edited transcript of an article printed in "Eureka" in 1970 as part of AUCS' ten year anniversary celebrations. "Eureka" was the society's annual magazine. It continued for a number of years, supplemented by newsletters and its last known edition was produced in 1987. AUCS' newsletters have been called "The Pink Pamphlet", "AUKwords" and more recently "Skwauc". The first known edition of "Squac" (as it was spelled then) was in 1987.

This article was written by Roger Harper with the assistance of John Craick. Roger Harper served on the AUCS committee in 1969 and edited "Eureka" with Anne Quilty and Debby Osman in 1970. He was made a Life Member of AUCS in 1971. John Craick served as president in 1969, and he too was later made a Life Member.

"The Adelaide University Choral Society, hereafter referred to as AUCS, was founded in June 1960 by the university, which appointed Lewis Dawe, conductor of the Adelaide Harmony Choir, as its conductor. The early rehearsals were held during the lunch hour on Tuesdays in the Union Hall. Later the day was changed to Monday, and the venue to the Conservatorium, this arrangement being current until just recently when the University Union Chapel became the room for rehearsals. During the second term of 1962 Friday evening rehearsals were introduced. Through these we are still able to cater for members, such as graduates and part-time students, who are unable to attend the lunchtime practices. In the first few terms the repertoire consisted chiefly of madrigals and similar short pieces.

**"I'm not that drunk, but it never pays to be too careful."**

Cecilia

"AUCS' first committee was formed early in 1961, and their first duty was to organise the trip to Brisbane for the Intervarsity Choral Festival (IV), which is an annual event held in a different state each year during the May vacation.

"In July of this year (1961) AUCS gave its first Adelaide Concert. This was held on a Sunday afternoon in the Elder Hall, and the

works were those performed in Brisbane (IV), namely Bach's *Come, Jesu, Come*, and Vaughan-Williams' *Festival Te Deum*. Ashleigh Tobin accompanied the latter work on the organ. At the end of 1961 AUCS took part in its first Service of Lessons and Carols, held on a Sunday afternoon in the Cloisters. This function was later transferred to the Bonython Hall, and became a major activity of AUCS, in coordination with the combined religious societies.

"During July 1962 we gave a lunch hour concert consisting of excerpts from Vaughan-Williams' *Dona Nobis Pacem*, as well as other items. We had earlier hoped to present a Sunday afternoon concert, as in 1961, but we had not achieved a sufficiently high standard. On June 19, 1962 we held our Annual General Meeting. It was held earlier that year, so that the committee could be elected to plan the IV in Adelaide the following year.

"In April 1963 AUCS held its first camp. This took place at 'Nunyaré' (Belair), and the main function was to learn the Beethoven 'Mass in C', the combined work for that year's IV. Since then we have held various camps, both Summer Camps at which we aim to introduce freshers to AUCS, and our Winter Camps, generally for the purpose of preparing for our Winter concert. The Adelaide IV was a great success. For its individual item AUCS performed Vaughan-Williams' 'Valiant for Truth'. This was again performed later at a Memorial Service for Professor Morton. In the third term of 1963 AUCS gave a lunch hour concert, the chief work being the Vivaldi *Gloria*.

"In April 1964 AUCS gave its first performance of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, namely *Ruddigore*. This was highly successful, although not financially so. The heroine, Rose Maybud, was sung by Cathy Weber, who had also sung in two of our recent concerts. In May 1964 our conductor, Lewis Dawe, resigned and for the rest of that year his position was filled by Brian Chatterton, until Ralph Midenway took over at the beginning of 1965. On the 27<sup>th</sup> of June 1964 AUCS held its first official dinner, which was held at the Earl of Zetland Hotel. This has now become an annual event, following the Annual General Meeting, which is held at the same locale as the dinner. On the afternoon of Sunday September 27<sup>th</sup>, AUCS gave a con-

cert in Elder Hall. The works were Vaughan-Williams' *Festival Te Deum* and Cherubini's *Requiem*. We were conducted by Brian Chatterton, and accompanied by Ashleigh Tobin on the organ.

"In 1965 we held our first Freshers' Camp at Graham's Castle, Goolwa, on a weekend in February. It was at this camp that we first met Ralph Middenway who had been appointed as our conductor in place of Brian Chatterton. Our second Gilbert and Sullivan opera,

**"social aspects of AUCS... have been far from negligible."**  
understatement of the century

*Patience*, was presented from March 24 - 27, and was again a great success. On September 10 of 1965 AUCS gave its first evening concert. This was entitled '9 Centuries of Choral Music' and ranged from a 12th Century work *Hec Dies* to Carl Orff's *Odie at Amo*, composed within the last forty years. A few weekends prior to this concert we held our first winter camp at 'Nioka', near Mount Lofty railway station. This camp was a fairly intensive preparation for the concert, and on the Sunday afternoon some of the instrumentalists who would be playing in the concert came up to the camp. The concert was very successful, even though a rehearsal concert which we put on in the Shedley Theatre at Elizabeth on the previous Monday evening was far less so, chiefly because of the very dead acoustics. In the Bonython Hall, however, the acoustics were far better and the setting was ideal for the style of music we were performing.

"In the second term of 1966 we performed our third G & S opera, *Princess Ida*. This was again a musical success, but a financial flop. In September 1966 we gave another concert, the main work being excerpts from Haydn's *Nelson Mass*. We held a rehearsal camp at 'Nioka', the most exciting feature of which was a practice in the Crafers Church of England, with the organ for accompaniment. The concert was a great success. Besides the *Nelson Mass* we performed Gabrieli's *Magnificat*, and a select group performed a Palestrina Mass. We had a small orchestra for the occasion, although we had a spot of bother with the Musicians Union and were thus unable to have any brass instruments.

"We intended to perform Bach's *Magnificat* at an Adelaide concert in early September 1967 but in the second term numbers, particularly of sopranos, fell off and it was felt that it would be impossible to perform this work, which requires two soprano parts. In place of the planned performance we gave, on September 18, a lunch hour concert of several small pieces. The most interesting item I feel was a psalm chant setting of the Adelaide City Council Parking Regulations. We held a preparation camp for this concert at Clarendon during the August vacation. At the end of 1967 Ralph Middenway resigned and Mr Phillip Britton was appointed as our conductor.

"At the Orientation Week concert in 1968 we performed Orff's *Carmina Burana*, with accompaniment from two pianos. The actual performance went well, but the audience was not large. This was again the case in 1969, but when in 1970 we held our concert in the week following Orientation week we had a far larger audience. This was because there was no clash with Orientation Week activities in which the Freshers generally like to participate.

"In July 1968 we presented our first concert under Mr Britton, which was very successful (musically at least). The works included Schubert's *Song of Miriam* and Palestrina's *Missa Papae Marcelli*.

Cathy Weber joined us for the Schubert, and sang some solo pieces accompanied by Dr JV Peters on the harpsichord. AUCS was unable to hold a winter camp in 1968 due to some technical difficulty at the camp site. As a result of this there was no concert early in third term, but on the first Sunday in swot-vac we performed the Palestrina mass in St Francis Xavier's Cathedral at the morning service. This was the first time AUCS had performed in such a situation.

"In 1969 we started rehearsals early in January in order to learn the combined Adelaide IV works which we would need to know in order to lead the others. These works were Handel's *Solomon* and John Joubert's *Choir Invisible*, a modern work first performed only in 1968. Our Friday evening rehearsals, during first term, were held as combined rehearsals with the Flinders University Choral Society.

"Our Summer camp was held at Tatchilla and was a combined camp for AUCS and FUCS. This idea of a combined camp worked well and it was repeated early this year at 'Adare', Victor Harbor. Most of the camp rehearsals were the Adelaide IV works, both the combined works and the individual item in which we were combining with FUCS under their conductor, Mrs Elizabeth Silsbury. This work was a fascinating modern composition, by Bergsma: *The Sun, The Soaring Eagle, The Turquoise Prince, The God*. Other rehearsals were occupied by items for our Orientation Week concert, largely taken from our winter concert in 1968, and also some Israeli folk songs.

"In 1969 AUCS was fortunate enough to be able to avoid what has been called the 'post-IV anticlimax' by starting immediately on work for our winter concert. This was held early in September, and was another first for AUCS in that we combined with the Burnside Symphony Orchestra to present Scarlatti's *The Seasons*, Vivaldi's *Gloria* and Haydn's *Te Deum*. This was very successful concert and in return for it we sang the *Gloria* and the *Te Deum* in a concert at Burnside later in the year. Before the concert the winter camp was held at Kersbrook and, as usual, contributed greatly to the success of the concert - which could not have happened without it.

"1970 began auspiciously with a highly successful summer camp at 'Adare', Victor Harbor, a fresher's welcome during Orientation Week and a successful recruiting concert during the following week. On May 8, we gave a concert in the Bonython Hall, the main works being Bach's *Jesu, Priceless Treasure*, a Russian Orthodox chant. Guila Tiver sang three solo pieces. On the Queen's Birthday weekend in June we held a highly successful houseboat trip to celebrate our tenth anniversary.

"This history has had to ignore the social aspects of AUCS' activities through the years, which have been far from negligible. Every concert has had its post-concert party, and many others have been held with less excuse and equal success. Overall, I think that AUCS has become successfully established, and in spite of its various ups and downs, I hope and trust that it will go on to bigger and better things."



Current conductor Mr Peter "PK" Kelsall sleep-conducting at the Longwood camp.

## Morals Report

by Phoebe “Well I have to quote someone so it might as well be me” Vivian

There have been many recent events which provided ample opportunity for AUCS to run amok. There was the most recent camp at Longwood and Canberra IV, but let us not forget the pre-IV sculling practice at Tim's house. This was simply an excuse for Tim to get as many drunk, scantily clad people as possible into a spa. Let's just say that the hire fee for the spa was money well spent. So much so that at IV Timmy was still reaping the rewards of the spa/sculling night, but he was shortly displaced by Adrian. This new duo reportedly discovered the new waters of *another* spa, while Timmy moved on to greener pastures, in the form of a brunette from SUMS. While all this was going on, Heidi Sheppard surreptitiously began a fling with someone of similar hair colour/ length. The cherry on top of this scrumptious IV package was Tonja “short relationships are better”

Wright and some English-accented backpacker getting together at camp. Overall IV was almost completely successful – but spare a thought for the large number of people who went “vom-voms,” and the man who coined the phrase, Mr Dunstone himself.

Sometime between IV and camp, a prominent member of the old guard, Damien Day, made a reappearance after years of absence, although apart from an interesting game of Never-Never on Friday night he did not make any notable contribution to the lowering of the moral standard at camp. Following the Never-Never game at the late time of 3.30 was a game of truth or dare. A number of people (including this morals officer) were dared

“Phoebe takes it like a man.”

Ed

to jump naked into Adrian's bed, arouse his interest and then depart. Thankfully, nobody attempted the dare. In fact it would seem that Adrian had set himself up for interesting night-time happenings. He found himself in a dorm consisting of a number of close, previous acquaintances plus someone with whom he would like to become better acquainted, though nothing happened or is likely to do so in the future on either front, or back.

At the revue on Saturday, Tim and Jim showed just how sleazy they could be, with phony American accents and far too much gun wielding. Compensating for anything? Later in the evening, there was a game of Psychiatrist that involved most of the attendees, and all the laughter. Methinks perhaps some of the psychiatrists had a bit much to drink (or were they “sleep deprived”?), as some of their questions were a bit left-field!



“Stop! Put me down, you bwute!”  
Phoebe makes an easily manhandled  
sogball goalpost at Canberra IV 2003.



Compensatory gun wielders Agents Jim and  
Tim, hosting the camp revue at Longwood:  
cheap accents, even cheaper suits.

## “Psychiatrist”

by Heidi Holz knecht

*Heath had a cheeky ingratiating smile on his face – I was immediately suspicious. . . “Have you ever played Psychiatrist before?” This was the first I had heard of this marathon game, which is not actually a game, but which managed quite energetically to stuff with more than one person's head. If we patients had been receiving treatment from those in the middle in real life, it is more than likely we would have been in a much worse state when they'd finished their butchery than when they started. But this was AUCS and being prepared to have your mind warped is one compulsory element – don't be frightened, in this society your brain is disposable and all you need is your voice. . .*

A wide circle of chairs with regular passageways circled a few in the middle as patients raucously filed into their positions. It was time for their therapy and the doctors, as usual, were running a bit late. It seemed the group was expected to be much larger and wasn't, so a few patients gleefully dispensed of the excess seating, efficiently closing the gaps and any chance of escape. In came the psychia-

trists, looking slightly nervous – wouldn't you, in a room full of AUCS? – and took up their positions in the middle. The patients waited for the first question with bated breath. Those who had participated in this type of therapy before were keen to see whether these doctors were better than the previous ones, and the new members of the group were just keen to see what could be revealed. And so it started. . .

Interrogatory questions ranged from: “Are they your shoes you're wearing?” to “When in high school did you have a crush on someone in this circle?”

It was very confusing for some patients – they seemed to struggle with the ages of their partners and even their own age. Patients responded to the shrinks' searching questions in different ways.

One handsome country lad, after truthfully admitting his single-ness, cried in something approaching anguish: “It was nice knowing you guys!”

Another – who staggered slightly, was obviously suffering from

delusions concerning his occupation and victim syndrome, amongst other mental illnesses, rarely found sitting down comfortable. When the group moved around he would be the last to sit, and would often stand before his chair and moan: "You've got to be joking!" or "Why is this happening to me?" This behaviour was found to be most interesting but difficult to link to a single illness.

A bright young blonde whom anyone would have difficulty picking as a nut-case made repetitive suggestions to the shrinks – she professed to have been a psychiatrist herself once before collapsing into mental illness. She encouraged them to ask many questions, and to repeat the questions to multiple people. The learned doctors obviously distrusted this technique – coming, as it was, from one of the fallen – and generally failed to take on the advice that was thrown at them from around the room.

One abusive patient kept insisting that he was in therapy and that the doctors weren't doing their jobs very well, he also laughed uproariously at virtually every answer to their questions, obviously deriving great amusement and satisfaction from the process – the whole group certainly understood why he was in therapy.

Another pattern emerged regarding the movements of three patients – one was a strawberry blonde (natural), another had black hair (natural) and the other also black (fake) – everywhere they sat the people surrounding them became agitated and repeatedly asked the psychiatrists for questions. The blonde showed quite blatant signs of nervousness at this behaviour, giggling with colour rising. I believe analysts would have found this in itself remarkable until they discovered she was also a soprano. The faux dark patient seemed to hold himself largely above proceedings, but once when finding himself left with a seat next to the aforementioned blonde said: "No way – there is no way I'm sitting there!" Apart from that, only a slight tap of the foot indicated his discomfort. The other was the least obviously distressed during question time, although every now and then the observant may have noticed a minute flicker of his eyes.

Apparently the patient with the most seniority in the group, had delusions concerning his relationship status. Several patients remarked the existence of a gold wedding band, yet he always insisted he was unmarried. The therapists, in asking the same question regarding marriage to the rest of the group, persistently found that only one person was ever married, but it was never the same one. The only time another 'yes' was volunteered, there was an outraged "What?!" from another part of the floor followed by a derisive snort and the signal for the group to exchange seating arrangements.

**"The blind fell down in our front window, so my sister put a fitted sheet up in the window, and now it looks like we smoke pot."**

Margit



Heidi (centre) demonstrates *her* need for a psychiatrist during the camp revue: interpretive dancing with spirit-sisters Annalise and Margit.

One thing the group had in common was its obsession with hearing about other group members' historical or current views concerning physical relations. This constant fascination with all things sordid and disreputable was quite remarkable – not the least due to the fact that most patients were practically itching to answer the questions (the more revealing the better) and spill their secrets to the world. Apart from the occasional dip into the dark underbelly of the groups' subconscious, the counsellors refused in general to participate in such base discussion, choosing instead to focus on the question of relationship status.

And as for the psychiatrists themselves:

Dr. Clara obviously had a vision of herself winning the Nobel Prize for physiology and medicine basing her research on uncovering this puzzling psychosis. Her questions were clear, generally practical and, at times, seemed to progress logically. However, it was not until patients volunteered information outside of questions that theories appeared to click.

Dr. Dave seemed a little out of his element. Although the group insisted his questions were aiding the illness identification process, he doubted himself and gradually lapsed into silent contemplation of the insanity that so blatantly surrounded him.

Dr. Heather also spent much time quietly deciphering the answers to the questions, although occasionally she would start with sudden inspiration and point demandingly at a patient and ask particularly direct questions.

Dr. Michael seemed to latch onto the crux of the illness quite quickly, yet refused to diagnose it. Instead, he persistently asked complicated questions which took some time to formulate and often succeeded in confusing both the patient and himself. As a group, I think we can be thankful that the psychiatrists were able to diagnose this terrible illness in such a (relatively) short period of time – however: I'd like to see you try and cure us!!!

**Like what you've seen so far? Inspired right down to your little choral toes? Or maybe you think you can do better... Whatever your reason, the incoming Skwauc editor, Annalise, would very much like to hear from you. Please email your submissions to [annalise.gehling@adelaide.edu.au](mailto:annalise.gehling@adelaide.edu.au) — after all: it's *your* newsletter (daa, daa, daa).**

## Fill-it-in puzzle sent from afar by pseudo-Canadian AUC Ellinor Willumsen

### 3 LETTERS

AES  
AME  
BYE  
CD'S  
CPO  
DNA  
END  
EUR.  
GEN.  
HTS.  
HUB  
ICI  
ICU  
IDI  
KIT  
LEO  
LIE  
LOI  
MET  
MOM  
NIN

NRA  
OAK  
OBI  
O'ER  
OMS  
ORS  
PYM  
RAH  
REE  
ROC  
SAY  
SDI  
SLA  
SSW  
TBS.  
TEE  
THO  
TUN  
UHF  
UHS  
ULE  
ULT

### 4 LETTERS

ALEC  
ANGE  
BEAS  
CURT  
GAPE  
IANS  
LEAN  
LOEB  
MEIN  
OKIE  
SEEM  
UPSY

ERMAS  
EUBIE  
FAITH  
LOTTO  
OLDIE  
OUSTS  
PHOTO  
STORE  
TRADE  
UVEAS

### 6 LETTERS

(CHAIRS)  
ELMORE  
MUSLIM  
TENSER

### 5 LETTERS

AHEMS  
ALoud  
APTER  
AVAST  
DROSS  
EERIE

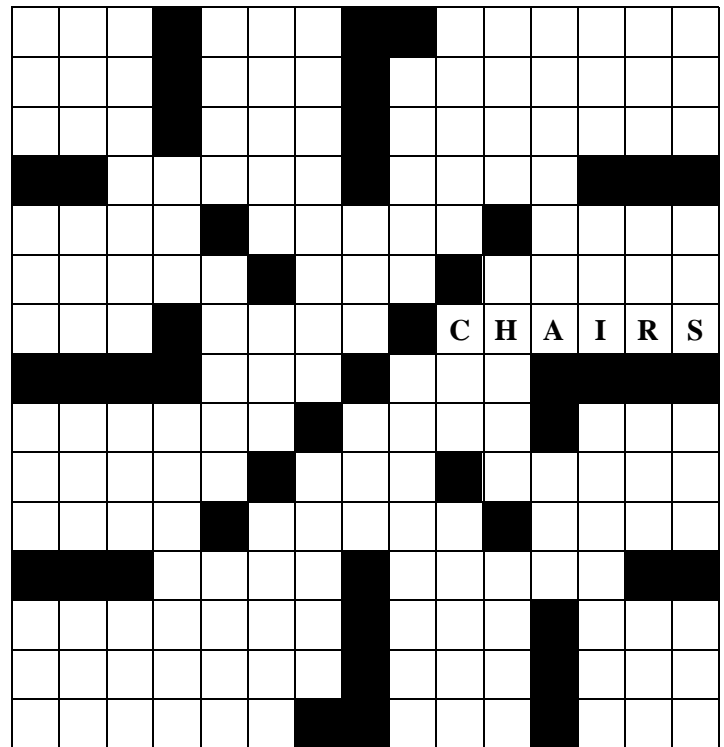
### 7 LETTERS

AMASSED  
BOWLERS

DOESKIN  
EMERGES  
FREEMEN  
LINGERS  
MAGENTA  
MESSALA

### 8 LETTERS

LET'S DO IT  
OF COURSE



## Three cheers for the editor!

by Mr James "Arse Jim" Partington

Warmest congratulations to Mr Jonathan Webb for another fantastic edition of Skwauc.

Since taking over the reins as editor of this valuable publication in 2002 every edition has been exceptional, from the very first colour edition to the edition that actually had my arse on the cover. Not only has every one been jam packed with informative and entertaining articles (see issue number Umpty-Dumpty's "All About Mooning" for an example) but the layout has been very professional.

They have also come to us at regular intervals, not such an easy task for a society like ours.

All good things must come to an end however with Jonny finishing his run with this issue. I will certainly look forward to reading some great Eratos in the future Big J.

I would also like to wish our new Skwauc editor Annalise Gehling the best of luck. I think everyone will agree she certainly has a hard act to follow.

## Erato, and why you should read it

This goes out to all AUCsters, regardless of attendance at IV. It is imperative that you should read *Erato*. Not just a skim through mind you, but every word – cover to cover. You must laugh every time something seems remotely amusing and you must exclaim in amazement at the superb formatting and presentation of the whole. Most of all: you MUST NOT FALL ASLEEP from when you start reading until you've finished admiring the very last joke, article or piece of blank paper – because that is what your *Erato* editors did in order to produce this piece of literature for your perusal.

I've heard that extreme sleep deprivation has caused death; therefore it has occurred to me, over the last few weeks that editing *Erato* would be a very effective form of torture, or an excellent remedy to dispose of someone you don't much care for. If you wish to be a fully functioning human being don't, for pity's sake, volunteer to edit *Erato* because it is highly questionable whether pity will

be around after you've finished.

Back to my original point – by the time *Erato* is close to completion, you are likely to exclaim in extreme frustration at the computer which has just crashed for the third time in the hour: "I hope people bloody well read it!" And it is similarly likely that your partner, massaging your tension-riddled shoulders, will be sending a silent prayer of the same order to the big dude upstairs.

So I plead with you to validate the latest edition of the AICSA newsletter (it really is quite good!) by, figuratively – and literally should you feel hungry enough – consuming it completely.

With many thanks in expectation,

Unnamed partner of half the *Erato* editing team.

P.S. Well done to both the editors on such a fantastic and punctual edition!!!

## Ode to AUCS

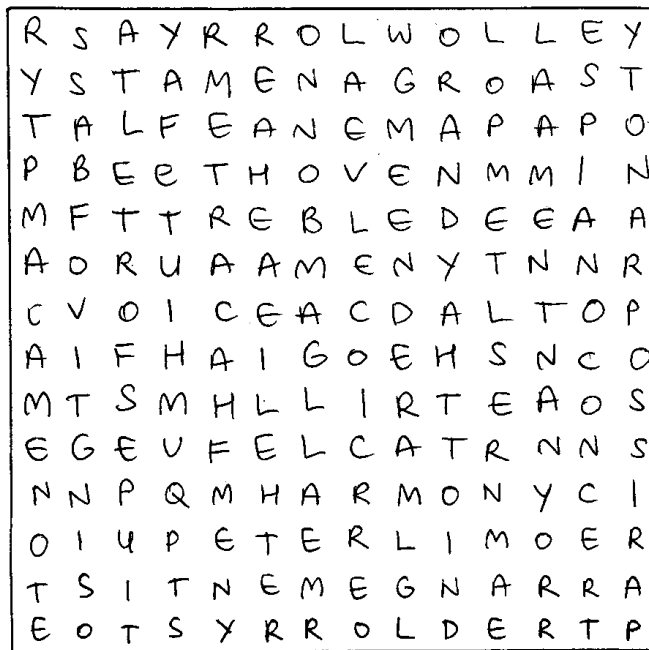
All-original, revue-winning song from the recent camp, written by Mark Egelstaff and Tomais Byrt

They giggle, they screech,  
They play with their hair.  
They're ditzzy and funny,  
Yet not quite all there.  
Whether screaming at top A's  
Or drinking champagne  
The sopranos in AUCS  
Are... in the main  
Beautiful creatures,  
Though frightfully vain.  
It's rumoured that one of 'em  
Has half a brain.  
They're like tenors with breasts,  
An octave too high.  
When they stick out their chests  
The basses just die.

Altos are butch like  
They sing rather low.  
There is one quite good one;  
I'd give her a go.  
Drunk full of beer  
They really are proud  
That despite their large numbers  
They're not very loud.  
They miss most their entries  
They can't count to four.  
When the notes are too hard  
They just sleep on the floor,  
Which is rather quite odd  
As in any one phrase  
They sing only two notes –  
Their G's and their A's.

## AUCS Find-A-Word

Assembled by Margit "I love Gorecki" Apponyi



MELODY  
ALTO  
AMEN  
HARMONY  
CLEF  
PIANO  
VOICE  
HEAR  
MUSIC  
AMEN  
FORTE  
BACH  
BEETHOVEN  
AMEN  
BASS  
ARRANGEMENT  
TREBLE  
RED LORRY  
YELLOW LORRY

CAMP ORGAN TEMPO AMEN  
AMEN TRILL TUNE TENOR  
NOTE PETER CAROL SOPRANO  
FLAT AMEN CONCERT HAUDN  
AMEN PARIS MF SING

The tenors are beautiful,  
They all sing so well.  
Handsome, intelligent,  
Just all-round swell;  
Martini in one hand  
The world in the other.  
The part for both genders  
We're sister and brother.

Basses are basses.  
What more can we say?  
Too low to be tenors  
And not nearly so gay.

Too dumb to be monkeys.,  
They all think they're hunks;  
Their very best friend's  
A soprano who's drunk.  
They sit up the back  
And they rumble quite low.  
There is one quite cute one  
But I'd have to say no.  
See, the thing about basses  
Is when they're quite blotto,  
A tenor like me  
Looks a lot like an alto.



The act itself. Beautifully presented. Must be tenors.

"Am I actually firm enough for you? Because I don't seem to be making much of An impact."

Damien



The AUCS Freshers' Four brought a trophy home from Canberra IV—our first sculling win in some time. Go you little AUCSters, go!

## Very Important Dates

to be remembered by All Choristers, on pain of Being Lonely and Looking Silly

Saturday September 13: Annual Dinner  
7:00 for 7:30pm, Backstage Bistro, Adelaide Festival Centre

Friday September 19: Dress Rehearsal for *The Ninth Hour*  
7:00pm St Francis Xavier's Cathedral, Adelaide

Saturday September 20: *The Ninth Hour* Concert I  
7:00pm call, St Francis Xavier's Cathedral, Adelaide

Sunday September 21: *The Ninth Hour* Concert II  
1:00pm call, Our Lady of Victories, Glenelg

Wednesday September 24: rehearsals recommence  
Tom Farnan will conduct our final concert for the year

Monday September 22: combined 2003/4 committee meeting  
The House of Wilkins. (Only essential for committee members, but observers are welcome!)

Saturday October 18: AUCS Quiz Night  
7.30pm, venue TBC. \$10 / \$5 - book a table of 8-10!

November 28-30: AUCS Camp  
Venue TBC, but will involve sun, sand and wetness.

Saturday December 6: final AUCS concert for 2003  
Featuring extremely varied repertoire and a viol ensemble!



More revue action from Toby, Alice, Jenny, Ed and Ange. Right: Wilkins gets the 'en passant' rule wrong again. The pawn has to duck sideways Wilky, not you!

## Not-Very-Classified Section

### WANTED: REVIEW HOST

A casual position for Review Host has recently been made available due to previous hosts 'calling it a day'. Successful applicants must host next AUCS review. There is also the possibility of hosting successive reviews subject to performance.

- Must have good imagination
- Should not be afraid of cross dressing
- Ability to speak in American accent an advantage but not essential.

The position is open to any person or group. Freaks welcome to apply. All applications to be made in person to Tim and Jim.



### UP FOR GRABS

Choral Society Newsletter, reasonable condition. Only, er, several previous owners; none for very long. Interior styling questionable. Renovator's dream. \$0 o.n.o.

### FOR SALE

Large dog, eats anything, fond of children. Recent bereavement makes current home unsuitable. Available immediately to first offer.

### ONE BOY

Boy for sale. He's going cheap: only seven guineas. STRICTLY LIMITED OFFER. It's a deal. It's a steal. It's sale of the bloody century. Inquiries to Bumble: 0403 858 763

### TEACHING WORK

Required immediately to teach basses how to count. Previous teaching experience not essential; previous experience with basses preferable. Applicants must be able to count to at least four. Immediate start. Basses need not apply.

### HOW MUCH

is that tenor in the window? The one with the waggly tail.  
How much is that tenor in the window?  
I do hope that tenor's for sale.

"Hello sex machine. Are you coming or not?"  
Jonny (to Tim)

"Phoebe, is your network card in a relatively accessible position?"  
Wilkins

## Horror Scope

by Cerberus van den Stinkenwangel

### Scaries

Your life seems to be travelling at exactly the same level all the time. You are probably an alto. It's time to take the drastic action that you have been considering for some time – but if it involves criminal activity, don't come bleeting to me when you get slung in the clink.

### Thesaurus

Well well well, bulls. You are wounded and charging, and you can't find another way to say it. Take a much-needed break, re-evaluate your place in the fight – and then stick it up that Spaniard with the red hanky.

### Jam in Eye

Watch out for Venus crossing into your self-destructivity sector and meteorites passing over your kitchen; breakfast mishaps may result. Your lucky colour this month is puce.

### Prancer

Any minor problems and misunderstandings in your life will clear up very soon; the major ones are going to be with you for life. You might have missed your calling. Think seriously and immediately about becoming one of Santa's reindeer.

### Cleo

Read less beauty magazines; they will only make you feel ugly. The truth hurts and you are a pain junkie. This is an exceptional time for you to try something new, do something you've never done before, break from the daily grind, and say the same thing in lots of different ways.

### Fur Co.

Spring-cleaning is in the air and anal retentiveness is the new cool. You've just won the lottery! But remember: rather than taking the speck out of someone else's eye, sometimes it is better to pull the log out of your own eye and stick it in theirs, to cover up the speck.

### Liberal

Go to Google, type in "Weapons of Mass Destruction" and click on "I'm Feeling Lucky". Now set up a trust fund to which anyone who doesn't like Eddie McGuire can make tax-deductible donations, and hope that one day you can prosecute him for something and he'll go to jail.

### Centipede

Your nemesis Saturn is distracted by the moon waxing in his rings. Take advantage of the situation and change your mobile ringtone to the theme from Happy Days.



Margit, Kate and Corin discuss the signs of the zodiac at AUCS Coffee.

### Vegettarius

Chances are that this month you will say a considerable number of things that don't really mean anything at all. Call 1900-TAKE-UP-ASTROLOGY for help.

### Cob of Corn

The perilous situation in your love life is almost past. Opportunities will come knocking. Invite them in and serve them tea, but hold the artificial sweetener.

### Fishtank

Something is on your mind. Sit tight, keep one eye on the rear vision mirror, and expect a blinding flash of inspiration around mid to late October, 2047. Oh – and stear clear of pecan nuts.

### Pie Sees

This week, your football team will lose and insects will find you invisible. Investigate purchasing a new shower rose.

"They have clearly underestimated me."  
George W. Bush

Almost all the information in this publication is guaranteed to have been at least vaguely accurate at time of going to print, but the Adelaide University Choral Society Inc. will accept no liability for anything that is completely bogus. Net weight: not much at all, really. Net worth: about the same. Odourless. Tasteless in the extreme. May cause drowsiness. Do not exceed recommended dosage. Do not consume alcohol or operate heavy machinery whilst using this product. Basses use extreme caution when reading; headaches and giddiness may result. Poking out your tongue a little bit and tracing the words with your finger might help.

If you have **any questions** about AUCS, please contact the President, Elsie Mann (8344 8044 or [president@aucs.aicsa.org.au](mailto:president@aucs.aicsa.org.au)) or Vice President, Emily Heylen (0413 380 699). We rehearse on Wednesdays 7.00-9.30pm, we don't have any auditions, and we welcome all comers. And goers. Finding "Skwauc" funny is not a prerequisite. If you are new to us or you haven't been around for a while, come along to one of the concerts and check us out... The music is sensational.

Adelaide University Choral Society presents

# The Ninth Hour

A concert of contemporary sacred music, including the premiere performance of Bruce Stewart's 'The Ninth Hour'

Pärt  
Górecki  
Duruflé  
Tavener  
Stewart

**Saturday 20 September,  
St Francis Xavier's Cathedral, Adelaide, 8pm**

**Sunday 21 September,  
Our Lady of Victories, Glenelg, 2pm**

**\$15 Adults, \$10 Concession, bookings at BASS ph 131 246 (Booking fee applies)**

[www.bass.net.au](http://www.bass.net.au)

[www.aucs.org.au](http://www.aucs.org.au)

Assisted by the South Australian Government through the South Australian Youth Arts Board.

