

STUDENT UNION

B.S.C.

# Re-Orientation Camp

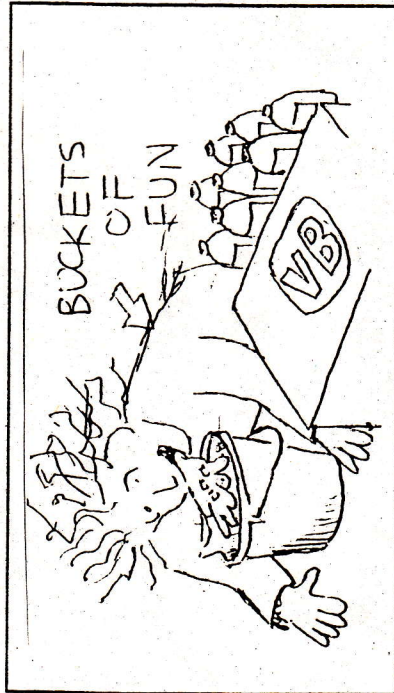
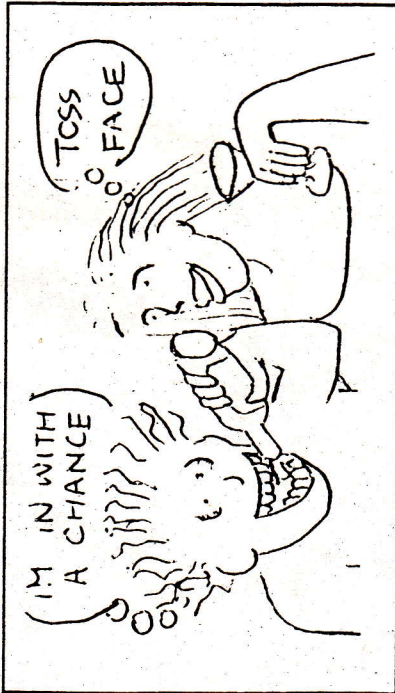
AUSCA holds an orientation camp at the beginning of every year to make it easier for new students to acquaint themselves with University life.

AUSCA also holds a re-orientation camp every year. These camps only hinder new students from being successful in their studies. They are for the sole purpose of getting hellish before it's time to begin working really hard for the next lot of exams, and for blowing off a bit of steam from the last lot of exams.

At an O-Camp there are rules for the students and for the seniors involving alcohol, drugs and who you can and can not sleep with. At a Re-Orientation camp these three things are the things which there is the most of. The only rule is "Don't trash the campsite."

That's the hype you may say but what are Re-O camps really like. The only way to describe AUSCA's Re-Orientation camp is HELLISH. Those of you who attended AUSCA's Lager Expedition may think they know what being hellish is. The truth is that they have absolutely no idea.

I have fond memories of arriving to my first Re-O and finding Deano with a bucket hanging around his neck, Troy and Gregg asleep against the wall with their arms around each other (after a three hour Bong-a-lon), and trained Lions. If you do not attend the Re-O camp you will miss out on all of this and feel out of the conversation when people are talking about their experiences, for the rest of this year. (The trained lions were our Lager Lyon being under control and so well trained that he vomited on command).



If all of this hell seems like fun to you then see Little Tia or Slightly bigger Sonja Best for tickets in the cellar this week.

For your hard earned \$27 you get accommodation and gourmet food prepared by R.A.N. Officer Mark Siyan. If you must fulfill commitments other than to be hellish then you may stay for only one night. This will cost you only \$15. Everybody gets their own choice of alcohol. (Because they buy it themselves) and anything else they wish to bring.

## AUSCA General Meeting

*6:30 pm in the conference room on Tuesday the 6th of August. Be there to discuss our prosh activities and to give us some fresh ideas.*

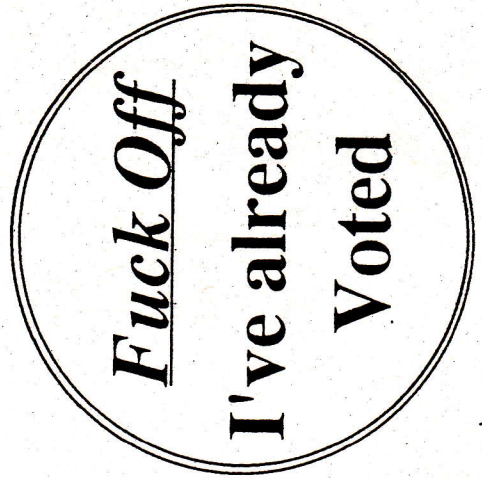
The Re-Orientation camp is being held on Friday the 14th-Sunday the 16th of August at Normanville Campsite and it is currently a really nice place.

(Because of the distance to the campsite, AUSCA may organize a bus if enough interest is shown).

This is just a warning that the SAUA elections are soon to take place. This little Badge might come in useful as you make your way to the refectory during the elections.

## Fishing Trip

Last year AUSCA had a very successful fishing trip. It was promised as a first semester event but obviously never occurred. It is now officially a second semester event and will be held between the Re-O Camp and the Mid semester break. Andrew Macdonald has volunteered as the covenor. Any good ideas on places to go would be appreciated.



# Letters to the Editors,

If you do have anything genuine that you would like to get across to other "science" students which are A.U.Sc.A. members then here in front of you is the vehicle for your message. Send to:

**Sam Hodge  
Maths Building  
pigeon holes (near  
maths lawns)**

**Andrew Macdonald  
Organic Chemistry  
Pigeon Holes.**

Dear Mr. Domineering Macdonald,

What sort of business is it that you own that Sam J Hodge could get me a job at? Oh, but alas, as a mere art student I have naively mis-conceived the distinction between the famous A (Bruce) Macdonald and the infamous McDonalds. 'Tis a life of shame as a lowlife arts student. Apologies are given on behalf of more than a million Art graduates and students for wasting all of that money which could be otherwise used constructively to train up tight arse professionals (Medicine and Engineering that is, not

Science students). Arts offers a life of objective studies; to be able to respond to a question more than one way does indeed foster individualism, but of course we couldn't allow all these individuals to roam the "real" world could we? After all who would run all of the fast food shops? Imagine a late night at home with the boys, when, from some unbeknownst acts, comes "the urge," alas we all have the MUNCH-IES! You foolishly jump in your car giggling for unknown reasons (sounds like someone I know (ED)). Finally you arrive at the gates of heaven (McDonald's or Hungry Jack's Drive Thru) But ahead is a sign. "Closed due to a lack of funds at Adelaide Uni for Arts students after heily petitioning from AUSCA members for their abolishment". In agonising stomach pains you turn back realizing how fortunate you are that the Education and Financial president have decided funds used on art students are a healthy cause.

So next time you slander art students stop and think..... Hey, what will we do without munch Havens??

Yours Faithfully Ana  
(Art student and proud of it) LONG LIVE ALL ARTS STUDENTS.

PS (Hey Andrew what exactly is it that you're doing at Uni anyway? Malicious rumours have spread that you yourself are doing..... Philosophers

phy..... Aaaagh.)  
pps (Dear MD, As a fellow art student I find myself in a position where I could tell you without a guilty conscience that you are a whimp!! Heckling and abuse from AUSCA is a turn on.... get with it!!)

Dear Ana,  
Not another one of those stupid letters in flowery English. I don't know how they keep slipping out that end up as recycling paper. My sympathies are extended to you for your stupidity as I never made any claims as to the ownership of the aforementioned company. Although you may think otherwise, we AUSCA members do not recklessly indulge in the consumption of illegal substances. It is common knowledge however of your efforts a few weeks ago to remain inebriated by the implied substance for a period of one week. My contempt for your intellect is superseded only by my sorrow for it. All I can say is that at least you're pretty, because then you have one thing going for you. (We'll probably get a whole swag of Feminist letters now)

Yours in fun only  
Andrew Macdonald.

Dear Samuel J Hodge,  
I love your work! Your bulletin is fabulous. (although I'm not a member

of AUSCA I often lift a copy or nine from someone's pigeon hole.) I loved the interview with Shane Monte (still masturbating in front of it) and Scum in Utopia was just sooper. (I had to make up my own words as I couldn't read the ones that were printed HA HA) Also, please send me a copy of this years first Bulletin! (I've enclosed \$125- all of the money I was saving to buy Gavin "goobs" Swot his Vic 20 with a mega hard floppy discy Driver for his 21st)

Yours Lustfully,  
Nitzzag Swot

Well Nitzzag you seem to be one hell of a goober.

Any one stupid enough to send us money (especially \$125 for a copy of a bulletin) is stupid.(you even make Ana the arts student look smart) Bruce and I though, thought long and hard and decided last Saturday to spend your \$125 on ourselves. We bought a big bag of buds and three cartons of Coopers. It was great. In fact this is the first time I've been able to move any part of my body since. As for your copy of the bulletin ~~GET FUCKED~~ we don't like you and don't want to have anything to do with you.  
Yours Innebreatedly  
and heaps googilly.  
SAM & BRUCE

Dear AUSCA editors,

I'm a fringe member of AUSCA and would like to know what I must go through to become a fully fledged member. Some of my friends are also only fringe members and although they don't seem to mind, I find it quite embarrassing. At meetings I'm discriminated against. People don't know me and because of this I find myself being urinated on, vomited on and generally given the rough treatment

Yours Helpfully  
BRUCE.

Thanks to Tarsha Gray for supplying the cartoon at the end of the Bulletin.  
Sam & Andrew  
XXXX

Sam and I are really sorry that it's taken so long to get this, the third edition of the 1991 AUSCA Bulletin out. But these holidays are the first time since the second edition came out that we've been free at the same time.  
We thank Craig for helping us do this Bulletin. It made our job a hell of a lot easier.  
Any help, ideas or if you want to talk to our members please contact us.  
Sam & Andrew

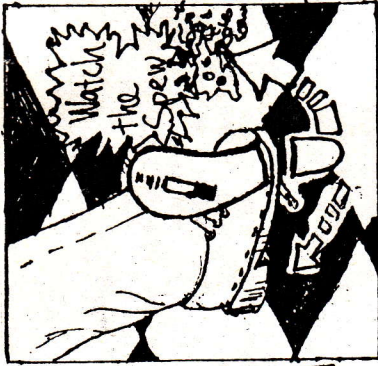
And although I often achieve multiple orgasms with laughter I don't think I'm getting enough out of my membership. Please help me.

Cornelius Rodriguez III

Not so Dear Conellius, (oops I misspelt your name) Cornelius, I think we should start at the root of the problem. I'm sorry to say that it's your name. Although it's quite a beautiful

# ANCESTRAL DANCE MOVES III

Boogie til ya stop!  
by Sam Hodge. ©

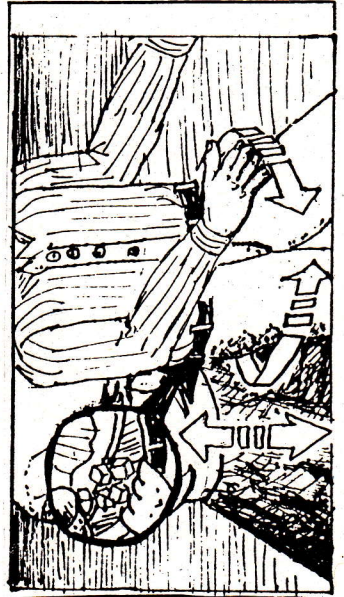


Last Friday, I was at the Berkeley Saloon bar, enjoying the cheap drinks and having to put up with the Hip-hop-happy-house-over-sampled-and-messed-up music. My friends and I had a bit to much to drink and one of the girls convinced us to dance due to the fact when your that drunk any beat is hard to resist. So we proceeded upstairs. A couple of friends of mine that don't usually dance were having trouble getting their body moving to the beat together so I thought that I would be a pal and tell them my two essential dance moves which when mixed together can have you moving like a true Disco King.

The two dance moves stem from embarrassing situations, so they are easy to remember while loud music which you don't particularly like is playing. For the first move (the one at the top of the page) imagine that you are having a cigarette and you finish your cigarette and you go to butt out your cigarette butt to your surprise you have a hole in your shoe and the butt is burnin' your foot you are undecided whether to try to put the cigarette out through your sock which is rapidly disintegrating or to shake the butt out of the inside of the hole in your shoe. Visualise yourself on fire and think of the butt and let your body do the rest.

Now imagine that you have just offended some body at a high class show as they don't want to cause a scene and argue civilly with you they decide to throw some ice down your pants not wanting to make a scene yourself you decide to remain calm and jiggle the ice out of your pants ever so slowly then you can feel the ice melt and it sends a chill up your spine and you wiggle your back and then proceed to moving your rear to dislodge the ice by a side to side to round and round rocking motion of the pelvis and an up and down motion simultaneously with your thighs.

Repeat these two moves over and over repeating "smoke butt" and "ice down the pants" which will make you look like you know the lyrics to the rap song as the music is too loud to hear anything. So you will get a routine gong like "smoke butt, ice, ice, butty" and before you can count to three you be the ultimate funky party animal! Keep grooving!



side to side, round and round rocking motion of the pelvis and an up and down motion simultaneously with your thighs

On the 19th of April approximately 50 brave AUScA members set forth on what promised to be the most dangerous mission of their lives. The group assembled on the lawns outside the Maths buildings and Captain Gregory marshalled his troops towards the first target.....The Berkeley Tavern in Hindley Street in the city was the sight of the first vicious attack. Much joy was taken in the fact that ammunition at this first stop was just 80 cents each. Copious quantities were loaded into most members of the party while tales of battles past began floating around the recruits. It was not long however that Captain G.D. Butler began moving his troops on, happy in the thought that no casualties had yet befallen the soldiers.....The Mansions Tavern was ill prepared for this second yet comparably timid attack and this mission was completed quite quickly. Captain Gregory and Lieutenants Lyon and Bruce led two separate sorties to the campus of the University of Adelaide. The first attacked the birthday party of Sir Douglas Mawson, here the opposition fell quickly and survivors joined the rest of the AUScA army at the other side of combat the Uni Bar. Here souvenirs of battle (pint glasses) were stowed in bags and the next mission began. It was a weary lot of troops that made the trek across the Bond Neill battle grounds and found their way to the British Arms Hotel. Weary they may have been but weak they were not. Large amounts of fluid were consumed and many songs of victory were sung after this fierce battle was over. An at

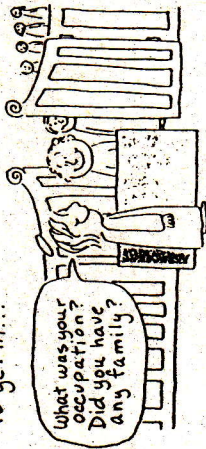
danger of eating the foods of the enemy. Many of these foodstuffs were recipes from the mystic East and do not rest too easily on either the palate or the stomach of troops from the West. The foodstuffs were not heavily guarded and after a brief exchange fighting was over. But as thought by the Commanding officers Greg, Lyon and Bruce the ethnic culinary proved too volatile for some of their troops. There was no resistance at all at the Queens Head and the troops had time to rest and muster their strength for what was going to prove the hardest battle of all. The troops were keen to go back to battle some charged towards the next site without heed, these troops were rewarded with the spoils of victory. Even the juke box which on previous raids of the Cathedral had proved too heavily guarded was overrun by the AUScA troops and a fine collection of songs for the battle weary were heard. Much joyous celebration took place for all knew that the mission was over. Those who were too weak of heart to take to the field of combat arrived amazed at the sight before them. Almost all of the troops who had set out on this deadly mission had survived. For those that survival was assured the satisfaction of doing their best in the field of combat filled them up with something that no-one can ever take away.

# AUScA's Lager Expedition

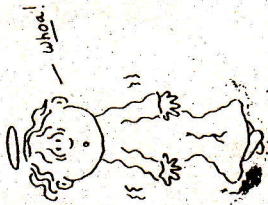
ver castle was a long one but the fearless AUScA troops emerged victorious in yet another battle. The first major casualty of the night was first year Private Karron Melcaif, her courageous head first solo attack on an enemy troop carrier ended with her being escorted to a nearby MASH base with the aid of Private Sonia Harvie. The enemy soldiers at the Royal Oak were old weary warriors who had seen many a battle. They were only too willing to share with us the spoils of many a past victory. The troops were hungry and all knew of the supplies kept by the enemies which we were about to attack. Although they were hungry they were also only too aware of the

Andrew Macdonald  
(I hope everybody has as good a time as I had)

Saint Peter was at the gate to heaven interviewing a line of people waiting to get in...



When all of a sudden he had to go to the bathroom **REALLY BAD!**



Luckily, Jesus was standing nearby. So Saint Peter called to Him and asked...



And Jesus said...



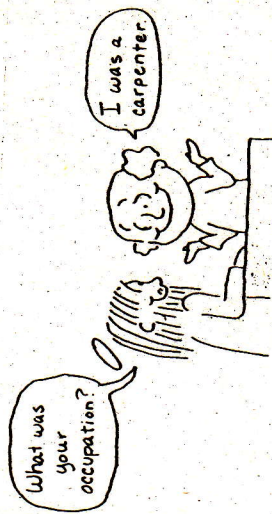
So Jesus took over Saint Peter's job.



All was going well when a sweet-looking old man approached...

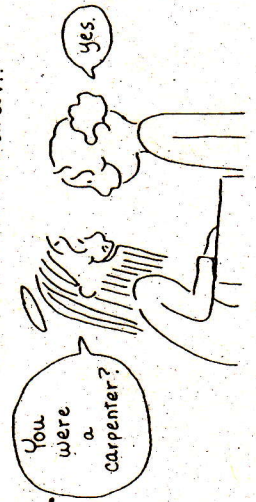


And Jesus began to question him...



I was a carpenter.

Jesus leaned forward...



yes.



Jesus leaned FARTHER forward...

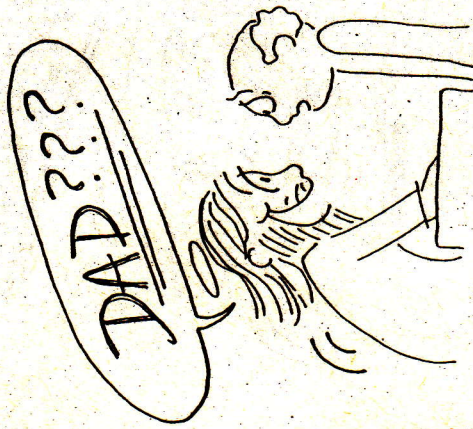


Jesus leaned EVEN FARTHER forward...



Jesus paused for a moment.

THEN...



PINOCCHIO ???

