

# FARTS

## Christ-He's Chuck Berry!

by Zany Parker

Chuck Berry is really the new messiah, the *Getaway* learned yesterday in an interview. Berry claims repeated busts have been analogous to the persecution of the original Christ. He has been arrested for transporting a woman across state lines for immoral purposes (she was actually his white girlfriend) and later for tax evasion.

People misinterpreted the lyrics of some of his songs, Berry says. What was thought to be "Hail, hail, rock and roll" is in fact "Hell, hell, rock and roll," a warning to all clean-living people to avoid such sinful music. "Maybelline" is, in reality, a sermon on the evils of wearing eye-liner and mascara.

"Roll over Beethoven" is a song about the resurrection of famous composers, obviously predicting that Berry (who is not dead yet) will rise again.

When Berry's songs are played backwards, they repeat the books of the New Testament set to music. They also predict the mode of his eventual death. White Southern Baptists, infuriated by a newspaper article calling Berry the second coming, will crucify him to the hood of a '57 Chevy and drive him down Route 66. This information can be obtained by playing "Sweet Little Sixteen" backwards at 45 rpm.

"It's only fitting that the new messiah should be Black," says Berry. "After all, people have known for years that God is a deaf black Lesbian."



Is this man the new saviour? He wishes you peace, especially on his brother's birthday.

## Art Gallery briefly reopens

by Eric Blare

To the astonishment of many close observers of Students' Union behavior, the Council voted at their last meeting to reopen the Art Gallery on the main floor of SUB. The move was announced subsequent to a surprise donation of 80,000 dollars to the SU by local millionaire and leadership candidate Peter Pocklington.

The first show at the newly-renamed "Wayne Gretzky Memorial Art Gallery" was an exhibition by sports abstract painter Amanda J. Smythe-Beddoes. The show featured abstract, non-representational works which were intended to be symbolic of the Edmonton Oilers and their play in the NHL.

One painting, which resembled a pile of steaming horseshit, aroused the ire of Oilers fan, Zionist, former Arts Editor of the *Getaway* (now its barely-managing editor) Jensen Anders.

Anders howled, "This is outright hate literature!" Hearing these words, SU Vice President Internal Rayway Conmond came storming down from his second-floor office and seized the offending object, shouting, "This exhibit is declared closed by the authority vested in me."

Disgruntled Arts Critics filed out clutching their free drinks, muttering about reprisals. Several days later, Conmond sheepishly returned the 'objet d'art' with an apology to all present, "Well, I guess I blew it this time. I hope nobody lets on that I'm a Canadiens fan."

Unfortunately, the momentum of the exhibit had been lost, and afterwards it was

revealed that the show had cost the SU 300,000 dollars (mostly for light bulbs and free drinks for journalists). Although the overrun was quickly hidden by an accounting error, students petitioned to have the gallery closed for good.

Noted patron of the arts and SU Prez R.G. (Bobby-boy) Greenhill was at last report taking the result of the petition to DIE Board.

## Tarts in the Arts

by Jay Dee Cocks

"I'm an artist, ain't I? Don't I got a right to a little government support?" Trixie, 19, defended a 26,000 dollar grant from the Canada Council last week in an impromptu interview with the *Getaway*.

This hard-working correspondent discovered in the course of many long nights of strenuous research that many of Edmonton's prostitutes are in fact receiving grants from the Canada Council.

Why is the august arbiter of the nation's cultural standards now rewarding ladies of the evening? It was up to this reporter to find out.

*Getaway*: Uh, miss ... excuse me ... do you feel that what you do deserves a Federal government subsidy?

Candy: You wanna talk, it'll cost you twenty. But yeah, I think the Feds owe me something. I mean, they can screw the rest of Canada for free, but I've gotta make a living anyhow.

*Getaway*: Well, yes, but can you justify it on artistic grounds?

Candy: Just come upstairs with me ...

## THE AIRSICK BAG

Macdonwalds  
Millions of locations

by P. Prince

We finally dumped the guy who did all those "exorbitant reviews that only Law, Medicine and Engineering students could afford. Today we present a review of a restaurant that truly meets the student budget.

Of all the fast food joints, *Macdonwalds* is certainly the quickest.

We first entered the restaurant at 11:05 p.m. and exited at 11:07. In that time we ordered, were served and ate.

This was really convenient. This is the type of well-run establishment that would be great on campus. You technically could stop and eat in that pitiful ten minute break between classes.

Anyways our delicious meal began with a light french fry chaser, quickly followed by a heavenly variety of fast fried foods. Don't let those *Wendy's* commercials fool you, fried is best. Instead of burning out all those nutritious elements like fat and salmonella (like broiling does) *Macdonwalds* guarantees those elements are seared into the soya bean pattie itself through the primitive, but tried and true method of frying.

Me, Myself (my dinner companions) and I ordered three cheeseburgers, two Big Mic-Macs, 14 McLivers, 22 McPorked and seven one-quarter pounders (before frying respectively).

I personally enjoyed the McLivers. Not many places can add such spice to a liver sandwich like a grill cooking 26 different varieties of food.

Myself found the Mic-Macs palatable, but the processed cheese on the burgers was definitely of a superior vintage. It must have been a good day.

As for Me, after 22 McPorked and seven quarter pounders and 13 trips to the little person's room, he called it average. He usually averages between 12 and 15 trips.

To help wash down the repast, we had 14 large cokes each and a couple of thick shakes. The flavor of the month was Evergreen.

We decided to pass on the dessert menu since we had a noon class, though we were tempted by the frozen milk soft ice cream sundaes.

So this excellent gourmet meal came within our limited budget of 15 for three people. I will admit it is out of the way, but well worth the 75¢ bus tariff.

(several minutes later) Okay, look at this. Wouldn't you call that a work of art?

*Getaway*: I suppose so, although ...

Candy: Awright, come over here. (Segment of taped interview unintelligible) Wasn't that an artistic (expletive deleted) experience?

*Getaway*: I'd say more like a religious experience. I guess you've got a point.

Candy: You've got a pretty good one yourself. So, tell the council we could use some more money, eh?

In conclusion, the Canada Council should be highly praised and commended for exploring these experimental new erec, I mean directions. Hopefully this program will continue to be funded vigorously.

Aren't we all prostitutes anyway?

## The Joy of Wife-Beating

by Phyllis Ghostly

book review by Anne Ominous

Phyllis Ghostly, ERA opponent, has just released her new book *The Joy of Wife-Beating*. In a recent interview with Phyllis, the *Getaway* discussed the implications of her book's revelations.

*Getaway*: Your recent book advocates wife-beating as a healthy sign in a marriage. Could you tell us a little more about this?

Phyllis: Certainly, darling. You see, wife-beating indicates that both husband and wife have found their proper roles in the relationship. If a man did not beat his wife I would seriously have to question her subservience and thus the future of this marriage in bringing up happy, properly educated children.

*Getaway*: Didn't you also state that wife-beating is a sign of affection?

Phyllis: Oh most definitely, dear. A beaten wife is a wife who has her husband's attention. This makes her a cherished happy homemaker.

*Getaway*: Do you feel the woman's movement has hurt the move towards progressive wife-beating?

Phyllis: Absolutely, Love. Those Satan-spawned lesbians don't understand the great joy that is possible when a wife is lovingly beaten by the man in her life. It is truly wonderful to realize that your husband cares for you enough to break your ribs.

*Getaway*: Could you briefly summarize how a couple could begin to engage in wife-beating?

Phyllis: I would be happy to, sugar. The first thing they must do is realize that all that lesbian propaganda about wife-beating is inspired by the Anti-christ and is dedicated towards destroying the family and civilization as we know it. They might want to just start the actual beatings fairly lightly — perhaps just a few wrist slaps at first, then experimenting with blows to the face. After a while they'll find that they'll be able to engage in bodily throwing the wife against walls and down stairs. They'll have to progress slowly since this society has been hoodwinked by those vicious man-haters who don't understand real love. We have a long way to go before wife-beating comes out of the kitchen and becomes a fully accepted method of achieving happiness.

*Getaway*: Well thank you, Phyllis, for a most enlightening conversation.

Phyllis: Anytime, doll. It's been wonderful speaking to someone with an open mind.

## Reel Good Movies

by Quentin U. Marsupial

Boy oh boy, it's Christmas time and are we going to see some good movies or what? My friend Darwin is assistant scapegoat to a certain Hollywood mogul type and has managed to pilfer plot-outlines for a whole shitload of keen new movies. And, he has sent them to me, Al Franken. Gee, what a guy!! Anyways, I simply must share my scoop with you...

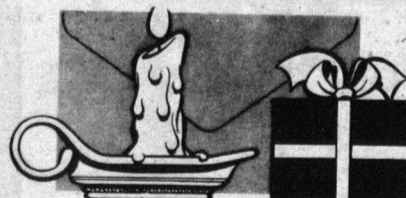
*Beast Friends* - Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn star as aging zookeepers in this obvious rip-off of *Born Free*. The plot centers around their daughter's affinity for cats of all sizes and the hilarious escapades she goes through due to this affinity. A real lighthearted screwball comedy. Natassia Kinski plays the daughter. (Warning: flying guts)

*Sophie and Tootsie: The Story Continues...* (original title: *Kramer vs. Kramer: The Sequel*) - Dustin Hoffman's maternal instincts, so strong in *Kramer vs. Kramer*, finally get the best of his wee brain, with reel funny results, see. He succumbs to transvestism and runs around in women's clothes, babbling. Meryl Streep (as Sophie) eventually gets a court order to have him put away and moves to the country to raise their wimpy son. The boy, haunted by his father's actions, hacks up his mom in a reudian shower-murder straight out of *Psycho*. Fun for all.

*Gandhi: Honky-Tonk Man* - Clint Eastwood stars as "the man of peace" in this expose of Gandhi's private life. It's all here: the drinking, the brawling, the womanizing, and especially those classic Indian country songs (including "Okie from New Delhi", "Stand by your mantra", and many more). Situated in the country honky-tonks of southern India, *Gandhi: Honky-Tonk Man* details both Gandhi's life-long romance with country music and his sensitive attempt to raise his orphaned neihew, Rajneesh (played by Kyle Eastwood, Clint's son).

*Kiss Me Goodbye for I Have Only Six Weeks to Uncover the Trail of The Pink Panther* - An epic in the mold of *Ben-Hur* and *The Life of Brian*, *Kiss* stars Sally Field as a quasi-religious eight-year-old girl attempting to find love, happiness, and mystical truth while uncovering the whereabouts of the missing Pink Panther Diamond. On her journey she learns, from the ghost of her dead husband, Clouseau (played by Peter Sellers), that she has only six weeks to live. Transformed by this news into a psychotic she-monster, the little girl scurries back to New York in order to lay heavy guilt trips on her mother and her congressman boyfriend (played by Mary Tyler Moore and Dudley Moore). In the end she dies and everybody is happier for it. The kind of movie that made Hollywood what it is today.

Sheesh! What a holiday season I'm going to have! Surely these films are the best things to come our way in a heckuva long time. Jeepers! Hope to see you there.



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