

Mr. Editorial

Life is like a Twisted Sister video

"I don't let anyone - parents, authorities, or even headbangers dictate my lifestyle...My attitude is '...you, I take what I want.'" —Dee Snider

Right on Dee, baby.

Sitting alone in the nocturnal haze of my alcohol induced Friday night, I found myself particularly taken by a Twisted Sister spotlight.

This group is incredible. The melody is intoxicating, the rhythm overwhelming, but, most of all, I was entranced by their lyrics. Damn, we've got some great social comment here.

Videos like "We're Not Gonna Take It", and "I Wanna Rock" take a hard look at how we stereotype people: the tight-ass overbearing school teacher, the shallow, uncaring unfeeling old-fashioned paternal figure. Life is like a self-fulfilling prophecy: we're seen as stereo-types and we become these stereotypes.

By having its characters fly through walls, and crash through floors, and meet fiery death by hand grenade explosions, we realize the fragility of the material trappings of our commercially surface lifestyles. We are only extensions of the paint and plaster coffins that stand cold and isolate in sepulchres of self-absorption.

We identify with the children of the videos, wimpy, pudgy, acne scarred little nosebags though they are. They embody the rebel in all of us, the never say die attitude we hope enmeshes the fibre of our very souls.

We revel in the gaudy make-up, the undulating rhythms of neon, the harsh guitars, the mindlessly gyrating bodies of sweaty pre-pubescent greaseballs with their AC/DC T-shirts and slatternly skimpy tank tops. This is Twisted Sister — the reality of life. Twisted Sister dispels the idyllic myth of saintly childhoods and satin swing-sets and throws us down to muck and slither about in the sleazy armpit of urban embryology.

Thank you Dee Snider, thank you Twisted Sister, thank you Wendy O. Williams, thank you heavy metal. Thanks for the cast iron lyrics, the acid trips the leather underwear and the hands of spiked leather that never leave the pulse beat of the essence of our being.

Lance Progenitor

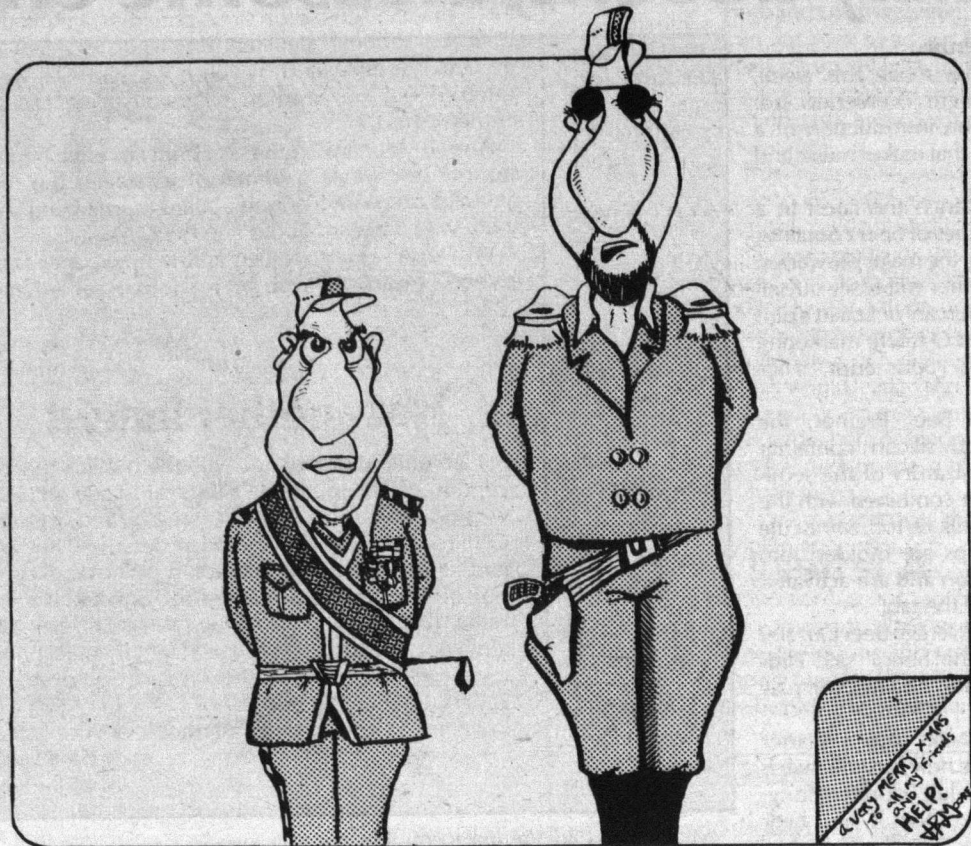
Santa Schlock

The sweetest thing happened here in the Getaway offices yesterday. A cute little girl, around eight years old, wandered in looking forlorn and lost. Ol' Jailbait Bouchard glared at her and demanded, "What the hell do you want, kid?" She looked up, her blue eyes brimming with tears and asked, "Is there really such a thing as Santa Claus?" Awwwww. It was so gosh darned cute, the entire office nearly threw up. Jailbait, in his infinite wisdom, told her to get killed and quit bothering him and that was the last we saw of her. Poor little thing never did get an answer to her question.

Well, little girl, there isn't a Santa Claus and there never will be a Santa Claus. You are the most ignorant and naive little twit we have ever come across. What are you — retarded? You lived to be eight years old and you haven't yet figured out that the goofy guy in the red suit and fake beard was your father? Really, is it at all plausible that reindeer can fly? Have you ever seen any animal on earth fly except birds? Grow up! Nobody could ever live at the North Pole in an uncontrolled environment and survive. If I was your mother, I'd really be worried.

Well, little girl, I hope I answered your question. Merry Christmas!

Suzy Gumdrop



Hear this, Imperialist pig-dog capitalist swine! We Kuwaiti terrorists have seized control of the Getaway editorial cartoon. We will assassinate characters every five minutes until our demands are met — as soon as we think of some.

Letters to Mr. Ed.

A letter

Mila, Mila, Mila — I was thrilled, thrilled, thrilled to discover in your letter to me that you are seeking sexual favours from me, a mere SU Manager, in order to get work at the Theatre and/or cabarets. And its not an ugly rumour that jobs here can be got for sexual favours — it's the ugly truth! I think I could get you a job slinging beer at Dinwoodie next term — a job that requires a lot of class — unfortunately all third.

I surely can understand your hearty lust for me and my tight socks, so let's get together to discuss the variety of sexual favours you listed in your letter to me, some of which I've never even heard of before — never mind tried! Between you and me though, my fav is the missionary position—I hope that's not too wild for you.

So, with you needing money and me offering jobs, I guess I have you over a barrel—hey that sounds like a fun position too.

Carnally yours,
Jerr E. Stall

SUB Theatre and Dinwoodie Cabaret Manager

A letter ?

I am writing this letter in response to the comments made by Dave Jenkins in the November 28 December 2 issue of the Getaway. In his letter Jenkins slanderously derides Fred Arthur for garrotting the two students locked in amorous embrace in the carrel in front of him.

I mean, c'mon! Do ya know what it's like to try and wade through integral calculus with two people in front of you moaning and giggling and constantly readjusting themselves to fit on one chair? Disgusting!

Okay, maybe Fred overstepped his bounds. Perhaps a warning would have sufficed. But I think Attorney General Neal Crawford is just trying to score political points by calling for the death penalty.

Morgan Schlitz
Phys Ed VII

Poor excuse for a letter

Recently, I sent my invertebrate zoology class over to SUB to study the newest form of invertebrate life—Fried Hoggins. Look for our results in my latest paper: "Hoggins and the Amoeba, can you see a difference?"

Dr. Prot 'Zoan
Prof of worms and icky things

What a letter !

After the overwhelming success of my latest single, *The War Song*, which contains my most analytical and profound lyrics to date ("war, war is stupid and people are stupid"), I've decided to write all future songs following this particular theme. Here's a sample of what to expect: *Beating Yourself Over the Head with a Wrench is Stupid*, *Calling Mr. T Pretty is Stupid*, and *Don't I Look Incredibly Stupid?*

Boy George
Bacteria Culture Club

The Getaway

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Staff this issue: yes.

The Getaway is the official rag of the U of A Students' Union and not the students. Contents are whatever we have lying around or steal from *Barbie Magazine*. Jailbait Bouchard is not responsible for the contents, in fact we don't even let him touch our rag. We are all so apathetic we have no opinions and no views and absolutely no taste. We are open for bribes 12 noon Mondays and Wednesdays. Anyone offering anything under \$50 will be eaten by Wray Warbash. People who read these blurbs are insipid goots. Leave us alone. Go bug Gorge Stump.