

Idiotorial

Bug-off

You know what bugs me? A lotta things bug me so I'm going to tell you some of them: The water that drips from the HUB Mall roof bugs me. It's fucking stupid; and while I'm talking about HUB, the food in there is ignorant. You ever had a HUB Burger? You ever had your stomach pumped? Something else that bugs me is West Edmonton Mall. That accursed place is too crowded, too big, and Fantasyland is more tacky than the brothel in The Sting. The coffee cups in SUB and CAB cafeterias bug me. You think it would be simple to get a cup where coffee doesn't ooze out the sides, but no, Housing and Food Services is too cheap. Brian Mulroney bugs me. He is just a big dink who won't make a decision on anything controversial. And that jaw! Ha! Ha! What a freak! Animal lovers bug me - especially people who like fish and cats. If God had meant people to keep fish in aquariums he wouldn't have invented the frying pan. As far as cats go, they are stupid. God invented the automatic dryer to deal with cats. The Alberta Heritage Trust Fund bugs me. Loughheed just wastes the money on trips and things. Loughheed is a smuck. Christmas bugs me; Santa Claus is a goof. AADAC commercials and light beers bug me. Elevators bug me - but not as much as esqalators. What really bugs me is sticky things that get on the bottom of my shoes. And you know what else? You bug me.

Muff

My favorite things

Boy, some people's kids. Some unethical jerks tried to come in the office and actually bribe one of our idiots with a bottle of white rum. God, how crude. I mean none of us even drink rum. And white rum on top of that! The guy could have had a little better taste and bought dark rum at least. To avoid these gaffs in future, keep this handy Getaway Craft list over your desk or something.

Brent X.

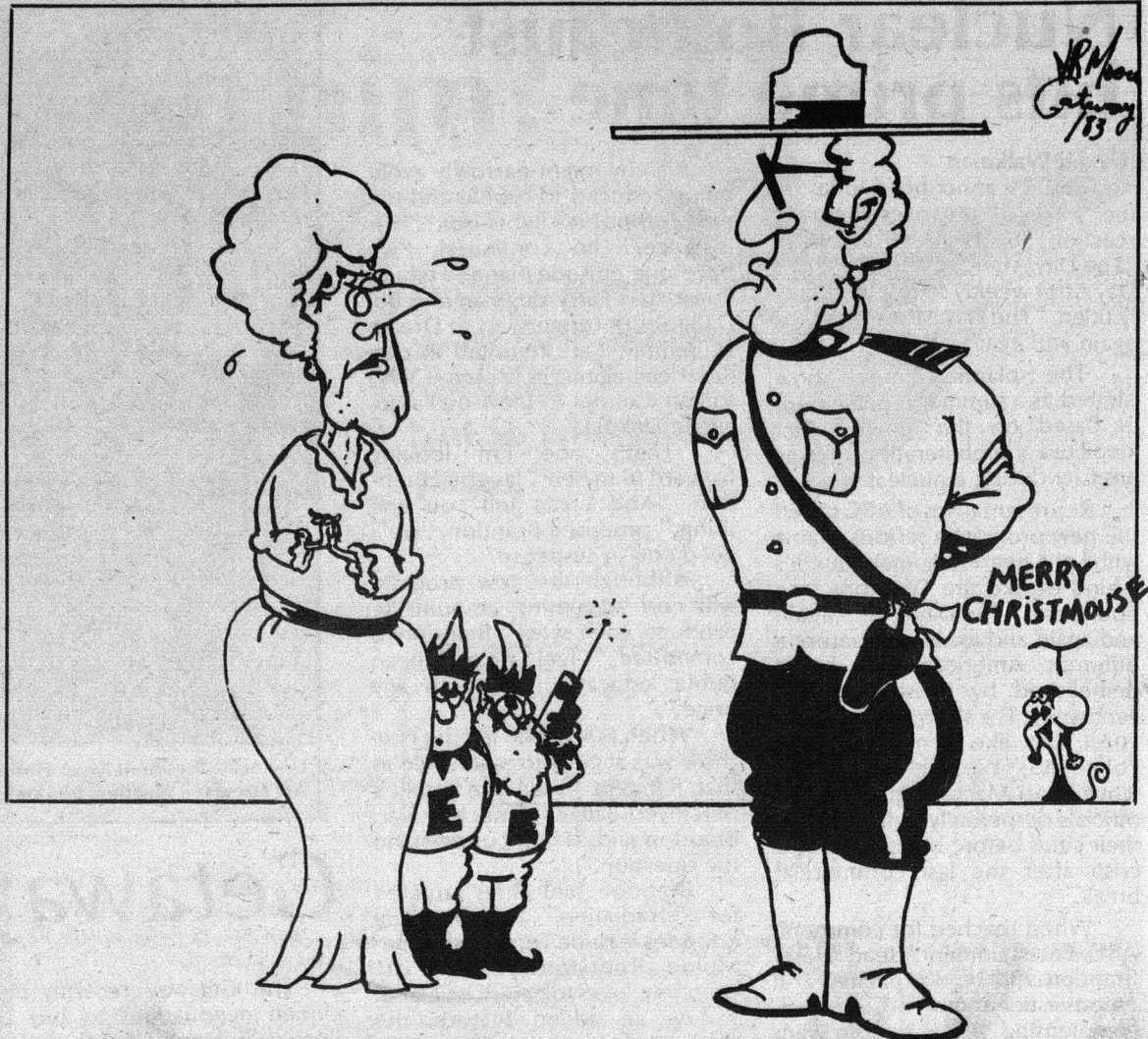
Idiot Bribes of preference

- Brent X..... White wine, T-shirts with dirty sayings (X-large)
Biff Roppel.....Rye (any brand), shoelaces with kiddycats on them.
Muffy Lenz.....Battery acid, shiny pieces of glass.
Big Al.....Port, large machinery.
Yatch Harris.....O.V., ABBA tapes.
Bill Gangly, Angela Denverboot Developing fluid; ropes and whips.
Killer Blinston.....Wild turkey, hockey trading cards.
Cheese Danish.....(No use bribing, has no pull in office anyway)
Boom-Boom McDade.....Ouzo, anything slinky in black.
Mr. T.....(No one knows, we don't have the nerve to ask him.)

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If you need to ask the price, you can't afford it.

Myer Horowitz



"...look, all we know is that we lost radio contact just before he delivered that coal to the Reagan's. How was he to know they'd rigged up anti-aircraft missiles over the White House."

Letters To The Idiot

The asshole syndrome

As is well known, Nazis are atheists, so they won't be celebrating Christmas like most other Canadians. Instead they will be observing the 50th anniversary of Hitler's most satisfactory bowel movement.

This holiday may seem somewhat trivial to the outsider, but the fact is that Hitler had a severe, and sometimes downright disabling case of hemorrhoids. This disability, indeed, may have been the critical factor that eventually brought down the Third Reich. For example, if it hadn't been for a particularly painful bout of hemorrhoids in late 1942, Hitler may have eased up and let the German army retreat at Stalingrad, and the entire course of the war might have been different.

It should also be noted - especially by our modern humanists, who continue to flog a bogeyman who has been safely dead for 38 years - that Hitler's hemorrhoids go a long way towards explaining Hitler's more misanthropic and regrettable acts, which seem more understandable in light of the suffering he underwent.

Sir Hugh Trevor-Roper
Fine Arts II

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The Final Solution

I don't know where the hell your readers get the idea that I'm pro-life. After all, I'm omnipotent and could stop all the miscarriages, wars, road accidents, drug overdoses and whatnot any time I wanted. The fact is, I just don't care any

more. The human race is a bore, and the sooner they kill themselves off, the better.

Bob God
Ancient History

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Boy, are you dumb!

Quick, pick a number from one to twenty. Ha, ha. Wrong, it's twelve!

N. Neebly
Math Prof.

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I'm as Crazy as a Loon

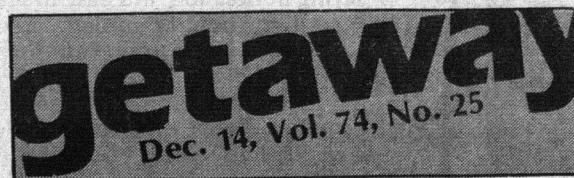
Dear sirs, This is Ronald Reagan writing. I just showed up in your letter to tell you little pinko bastards that placing anti-aircraft missiles around the White House is only the first irrational move in a string designed to end with the destruction of the world. This will give you something to think about during your Christmas break, when you are home safe (at least if you don't live in Edmonton). My agents inform me that Edmonton (because of its oil) is number 5 on the North American hit list.

Remember, I'm over 70, my wife's a bitch, I'm dumb as a stick, I can't get any higher than President, so I don't have that much to lose.

Merry Christmas, and remember, your fate is in my hands!

Ronald Reagan
President of the US of A.

P.S. If Santa flies over my house, the sucker is in for a big shock! Boom! Reindeer bits everywhere! HAHHAHA!



- Idiot-in-Chief - Brent X
It's News to us Idiots - Biff Roppel, Muffy Lenz
Barely Managing Idiot - Big Al
Not-so-entertaining Idiot - Yatch Harris
Badsport Idiot - Killer Blinston
Unphotogenic Idiots - Bill Gangly, Angela Denverboot
Guppy Idiot - Cheese Danish
Production Number Idiot - Boom-boom McDade
Poor Circulation Idiot - Mr. T.

The Gateway is whatever it damn well wants to be, so there! Contents vary according to the whims of whatever idiot happens to be hanging around the office. All opinions are as random and as vicious as possible. Deadlines are as arbitrary and irregular as everything else on the SUB Second Floor. Newsroom: Never mind, we don't want to know. Advertising: forget it, we don't want your slimy ad anyway. Readership is 25 or 30 depending on how many of our parents get plastered over the weekend. The Getaway is a full, complete, paid member of CUP, no matter how much they deny it.



Love and Kisses
High Priest
Algard