

# EDITORIAL

## All about pooh

Speaking of pooh, there's something I'd like to get off my chest. This building really bugs me. More specifically, the washrooms in this building really bug me. How many of you have ever been in the washrooms? Well, I tell ya, I use them all the time and there are a number of things that piss me off.

Now, I can only speak for the men's washroom but have you ever noticed how tight the rolls of toilet paper are? When you sit down to take a shit and then go to the toilet-paper to wipe your bum, you only get about one or two pieces before it breaks. The roll won't roll so you have this one leaflet of paper and you're supposed to wipe your bum with that? No way, I won't do it. For one thing, if you tried, your fingers would immediately bust right through and you'd get shit all over your fingers. The only way to get around it is to sit there and pull and break, pull and break, pull and break... It's really a pain in the ass.

Also, the grafitti on the cubicle walls is really getting me mad. This is supposed to be a university. We are all supposed to be getting educated here. Despite this, all I ever see on the walls are lines like: Frank is a fag, Betty gives good head, I pooh before I pee how about you?

I'm really sick of the whole grafitti scene in the washrooms. C'mon people, when you write something on the wall of a cubicle then write something intelligent.

Another thing, half the time when you enter one of those cubicles you find out that the latches are broken on them and the door won't stay closed. You have to sit there and keep it closed by yourself. All the other cubicles are the same so there's no use moving. If someone comes in and wants to use your cubicle then you're going to have a fight on your hands. Get 'em fixed for crying out loud.

Now I have to mention another part of taking a shit that really bothers me. If you go into one of the cubicles and sit down and there are other people in the washroom you're in trouble. Have you ever sat down to take a crap and then let loose with a super loud fart? Of course, farting right into the toilet bowl just serves to magnify the sound and then you have to sit there in the knowledge that everyone in the washroom heard you. You might catch a snicker under someone's breath, or hear someone running for the exit. But you can't just complete your job and then carry on like nothing's happened. You have to sit there until every person who heard you fart has left the washroom and then it's safe to come out. I mean, what about sound proof cubicles? That brings me to another point.

You know when you sit down on the can and there's someone in the next stall, you can hear their entire shit. Sometimes it's loud but other times it's sort of quiet and goopy. You just moisten your lips and slide your tongue out then pull it slowly back while sucking to reproduce the sound I mean. And I really don't want to listen to someone making that sound anally. We need sound proof cubicles!

Also, you know another thing that bothers me? If you get a really solid piece that comes shooting down the pipe and fires into the bowl. You get splashed. It's disgusting, I hate it. Well, what you have to do is take a couple of sheets of paper beforehand and lay them on the water surface and they'll absorb the blow so it won't splash.

Those are the things that really bother me about taking a poop. I think that the Students' Union should do something about it. I'm not the only one with complaints. There are lots more people who feel the same way I do. At least I sure hope so.

A. What?

## The canine standard

*Dachshund: A dog and a half long and half a dog high.*

H.L. Mencken

## Buyer beware!

The 12 most persuasive words in advertising, according to psychologists are: Discovery, Love, Results, Free, Money, Safety, Guarantee, New, Save, Health, Proven and You.

Gary Dunford column  
Edmonton Sun, Jan. 25, 1982

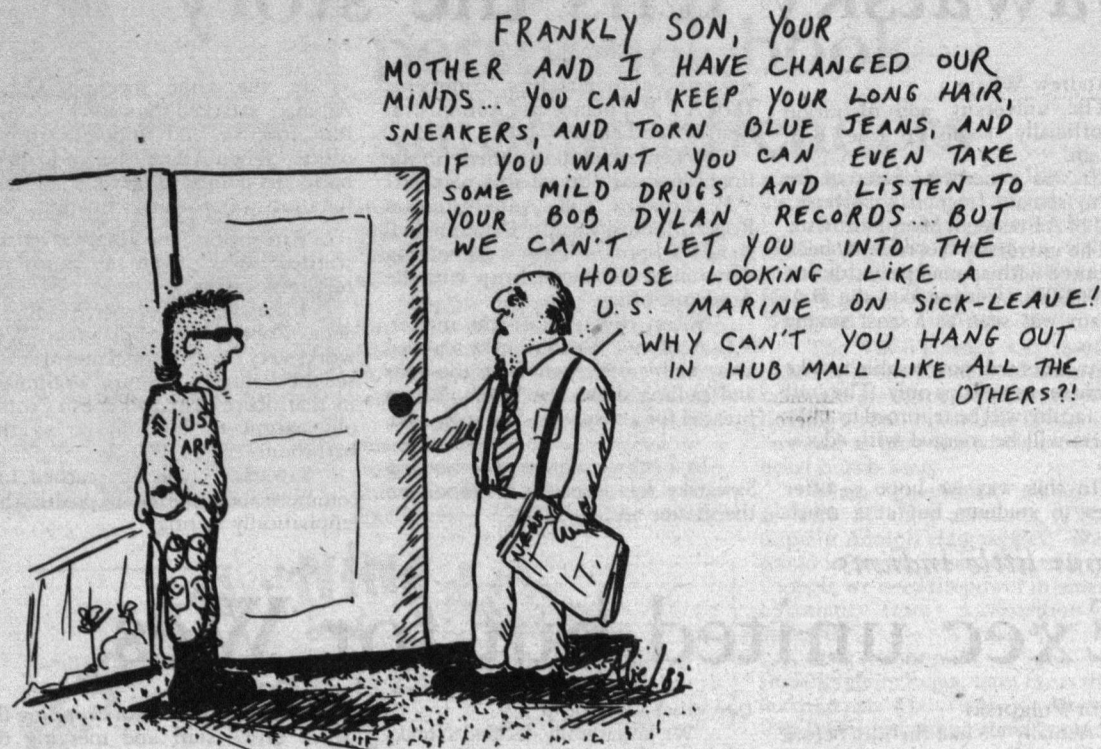
GRAND POOBAH - Android Kilowatts  
RUMORS AND OUTRIGHT LIES - Nastassia and Borich  
GESTAPO TACTICS - Anders von Weisenheimer  
TOKEN BOLSHEVISM - Comrade Caulks  
JOCK ITCH - Charlie Chan  
PINUPS - Raymond de Belles Filles  
EXTERNAL AFFAIRS - Polski Oginski  
DESTRUCTION - Jungle Jim Junior and Anne of Clean Layout Tables  
BOTTOM LINE - Tom Terrific  
MEDIA MISTRESS - The Cat Woman of Sherwood Park  
PERCOLATION - Tail-gunner Blodgett

Stiffs this issue:

So like some jazzed dudes and vals, like, gave up Pac Man tonite so we could get this bitchen paper off to the presses, right? Aaron Shrubkowsky and Tiffany Twitchen went for it, and like, it's xln, eh? Insane Harker and that nerd Rusty Toro were edged, fer sure, when Jack For Me, like, showed up with only a few keggars. But Homer Wayward, like, he's such a jel compared, like, to John Rottenbeen, but, like, totally, what's a person to do? I mean, like, you've got your image, fer sure! Marlaina Schmidtke, like, she's jazzed 'cause like she's gone home early, and, like, that's free hours for Pac Man that we don't get. So, hey, like, fer sure, have a real tubular Christmas, like the bitchenest ever, ok?

The *Getaway* is a concoction of various wayward students holed up at the University of Alberta. Contents are no one's responsibility, especially if the people we lampoon threaten lawsuits. Any resemblance to an above-board paper called the *Getaway* is purely coincidental. The *Getaway* is a fellow traveller in CLIP (Communist-front University Press). When *Getaway* staff snort cocaine the newspaper's circulation soars to 25 million.

**getaway**  
 VOL. LXXIII, NO. 25



FRANKLY SON, YOUR MOTHER AND I HAVE CHANGED OUR MINDS... YOU CAN KEEP YOUR LONG HAIR, SNEAKERS, AND TORN BLUE JEANS, AND IF YOU WANT YOU CAN EVEN TAKE SOME MILD DRUGS AND LISTEN TO YOUR BOB DYLAN RECORDS... BUT WE CAN'T LET YOU INTO THE HOUSE LOOKING LIKE A U.S. MARINE ON SICK-LEAVE! WHY CAN'T YOU HANG OUT IN HUB MALL LIKE ALL THE OTHERS?!

## « LETTERS TO THE EDITOR »

### Shameless Ham(let) in SU

To vote or not to vote. Is that a question? Whether 'tis easier on my butt to sit Upon the fence of diplomatic parlay, Or to take arms against a sea of Ammars And by opposing be fried. To die: To sleep. Oh God; and by a nap to say I void The council and the thousand inanities VPs are heir to: 'tis an oblivion Of meretricious note. To die: to sleep. To sleep? Perchance to dream. Hmmm ... there's a thought; For in that (valium induced) sleep what dreams may come When I have shuffled out the council door ... Where's my caffeine? That's an attitude That makes this portfolio into "opportunity cost"; For who could stand the gratuitous demands of clubs, The petty bickering, the ideological fights. The wasted cabarets, the laws delay, The idiots in office, and the spurns That vps seem to merit of the gateway types, (note the lower case vp and gateway) When he himself might end it all With a single Tylenol? Who would budgets bear To grunt and sweat under economic strife, But that the fear of something *outside of University*, That undiscovered country from who's bourn No student returns unscathed, puzzles the will, And makes us rather bear those ills we have Than fly to others we know not of. Thus reality makes cowards of us all And thus the naive hue of constitution Is (sic)lied o'er with the vile cast of BoG's whim, And proposals of great pitch and moment With their regard their currents turn to money And lose the name of "service" — soft you now! 'tis *Mother Gonzales!* Nymph in thy talks with God Be all my clubs remembered.

(With apologies to Shakespeare)  
Ray "Pretty Boy" Conway  
SU VP Internal

### Request yields not a dime

As Almighty GOD, I greet you: This, in all probability, is the last letter My Son and I will send to a majority of newspaper Editors and Publishers. The future looks bleak. Perhaps you are interested in Our income from donations from My last Letter — My plea for a total of \$10,000 to carry on Our works? It was hilarious. We did not even receive 10 cents.

It seems unbelievable that My Son and I have held Editors and Publishers at bay for forty years. Your refusal to publish Our Existence in your newspaper did not defeat Us — old age did. Someday, you will realize that GOD and His Son really did Exist, here on earth, in human flesh and blood, for the second time. The following are excerpts from Letters, which My Holy SPIRIT Dictated through My Son to Senators and Dignitaries.

The devil has a death-grip which throttles sanity in this world. With the advancement of time, the noose grows tighter and tighter, until a world is left gasping for the fresh air of freedom and sanity. How long can this exasperating life go on? See for yourself. Look around you at the dilemma of violence that screams its defiance of peace in newspapers throughout the world. Murders, rapes, burglaries, dope addicts — and the list goes on.

With crime, rearing its ugly head with its viciousness, We combat evil for a saner tomorrow. I reiterate: The wicked will be severed from the just and cast into a dimension of hell — being reincarnated in the body of animals — to live out a duration of misery. The human spirit is composed of Light. After the demise of an individual, that spirit of Light can be reincarnated into another form of life — human or animal. With a combination of the spirit, water and blood, this body has mobility in human or animal flesh. For those who perpetrate more vicious crimes, the hunter will become the hunted!

It has been almost two thousand years since the death of My first-born Son, Jesus. I traveled the empty corridors of Time alone. Now, My fetters are broken and cast to the ground! I found refuge in My second-born Son, Eugene's Body. This is Jesus' second coming. Eugene and Jesus are

one and the same — reincarnated — whether you believe it or not!

Forty years is a long time to dispense Justice from My Son, Eugene's Body. We don't have many more good years left. I pray, this wall of silence will be broken and this letter will be published in your newspaper.

I would like to see peace on earth and goodwill toward men in Our wordly Existence, here on earth BEFORE My Son's demise. But alas, this bubble of Hope will break, before Our goals are attained.

It seems that President Reagan would like to spend all the nation's capital on defense. How long can this cold-war hatred, between the United States and Soviet Russia, endure? These actions could also leave the SALT II Treaty in jeopardy. Time and time again I reiterate: It is this senseless pride between President Reagan and President Brezhnev which is at fault. Both parties try to convince their respective allies each other is at fault. But pride has a duty to pay in the life hereafter. These partakers of sin are also in jeopardy of hell's damnation.

My Son must also adhere to Virtue. He is not immune from Judgement. My Son, as a mortal in this life, must also recompense for his past sins. Sin is NOT forgiven in accordance with Virtue. The good must outweigh evil, for the Scales of Justice to balance. Yes, My Son must also fall to Our foe, which is death, who swings her scythe to separate the good from evil. My Son is NOT indeed inseparable from Virtue.

I truly wish this letter could end with a happy and joyful theme. But alas, the wickedness seems to overpower good. True Love is never based on fear. As long as My Son and I are here on earth, We will shed Our abounding Love and Peace — to make what little Love is left — prosper and multiply.

As Almighty GOD, My Son and I also shed a tear for even the wicked to mend their ways — before it is too late. My Holy Name is never written on any document, simply because it is void of form. My Son will Sign His Name to keep the Love Light burning in the hearts of ALL humanity as the Voice of My Holy SPIRIT fades gently from view.

Prayerfully yours  
Eugene Changey

*Managing Editor's Note: This is actually a serious letter, but we thought it would fit in better in the Getaway.*

### Know-it-all presents facts

I have to admit it's my fault. I've stood to the side too long allowing all these silly, manipulable terrestrials to take the blame. Now I don't mind that much, but now all these stupid journalists are getting into the act of deification and I'm not getting any of the credit. It seems like just yesterday that people knew who to give credit to for all the disasters. I have an impressive record to defend here. For example: the flood — my doing; locusts, deaths of first borns, splitting rivers — all mine; the Plague — I did it, not those silly rats (or was it mice?) who kept muttering "forty-two". And I got credit for all of them too.

But now, you silly people are attributing my work to your own kind. Hitler was a mere puppet; and holding Rauca responsible is just plain ludicrous. And all that stuff Amnesty International doesn't like — my work. Don't you know when you're being used? You're dumber than all those silly termites who nearly sunk Noah's Ark.

Well anyway, I just wanted you to start getting the story straight. So there.

Gawd

## LETTERS

Now I'm going to explain this one last time: THERE IS A 250 WORD LIMIT! If a letter is longer than that, all sorts of terrible things happen. The managing editor gets upset and cries. This makes the arts editor sad and all the record reviews turn out weepy. This pisses off the sports editor and he beats his wife. This enrages our distaff news editor and she demands a two page feature on sexism in our paternalistic society. The other news editor gets mad and sulks. Our Supreme Allied Commander takes an extra Valium, thereby contributing to the excess profits of the pharmaceutical companies. All because YOUR LETTER WAS TOO LONG!