

# Get thee to a nunnery Maggie

Beyond Reason: Part VI (A Getaway Exclusive!)

The last thing I remembered about Pierre was his cute little dimples. With their memory still pulsating in my fevered brain, I encountered a man who would change my life — again. I was in Studio 54 watching Truman watch Bianca watch Halston watch Warhol watch me, but for some strange reason I was dissatisfied. I had just dumped my date Bruce Nevins (he's a Perrier water exec, dontcha know), and was trying to bum a joint from somebody when, suddenly, I saw — HIM. He's a Catholic priest, a fine Southern gentleman, but his name is of no importance

"Hello," he murmured softly.

"Hello yourself," I sighed sweetly. I was bored.

But, after him, no more. I had a mission in life. It was with a great sense of

anticipation that I entered the "Our Lady of Lost Causes" convent the next day.

My days as a nun were very enlightening: they were a deep and meaningful experience, a source of strength and inspiration, a beacon of spiritual guidance, an excuse to kill a month or two of my screwed-up life. Besides, I hadn't tried religion yet, and my agent told me it was becoming fashionable again.

The Mother Superior at my convent was a real nice broad, and incidentally an old friend of mine from my footloose and fancy free days at Marrakesh. She's gone straight now, though, and she made a promise to renounce the devil and all his works and devote my life to goodness and truth. I hadn't promised that much to anyone since my courtship with Pierre; luckily, I still had his list with me (ohmigod! no pot?!). I only snickered once as I read it to the mother superior, and she fell for it. HOLY SHIT, I was a nun!

To be honest, I must admit that my

pregnancy caught the entire convent off guard. Christ, you'd think they'd never seen a knocked-up nun before! They were probably most surprised by the fact that I had gone after such an old priest, but I guess they never met Pierre.

My Mother Superior was *extremely* upset at the incident, but I knew how to handle her. Consulting my ACTRA handbook, I decided on my "I didn't mean it, Mommy" act; she crumbled and promised me another chance.

Meanwhile, hordes of reporters had descended on the convent, wanting to know if this meant a reconciliation with Pierre. While flirting with the reporters and posing for 23 pictures in my brand new outfit (designed by Halston, no less), I told them (in seven separate interviews) that I had no comment, but I'd sing them a song if they asked nicely.

Well, shit, this lifestyle was kind of fun! There were only two things I disliked: the hassles from photographers when I

went to pick up my royalty cheques, and the looks the other nuns gave me when I showed up for evening prayers in Mercedes. Other than that, this "H Maggie" crap suited me fine.

It was in my sixth month that I began to be plagued by doubts. Here I was, thirty years old, an ex-flower child, ex-Princess Minister's wife, ex-jetsetter, ex-actor, expectant mother ... what the *hell* was I doing in a convent? I needed to be me, to be FREE, to soar like a bird, to smoke a joint, to do a little dance, make a little love, get down tonight!

But I couldn't do it. I couldn't let them. There was simply no way! The beautiful people had transformed me into a pretty (like my Dad always says, "may not be very bright, but she's sure got a nice ass!"), mixed-up disco queen into a pretty, mixed-up nun.

So I left.

It was time for the next chapter.

"If men could get pregnant, abortion would be difficult."  
Dr. Henry Morgentaller

## Another male exploited

You're 19 years old and in the final stages of a pre-law program. You've busted your ass to try and make it to the top but the competition is pretty stiff and every sta nine is crucial.

Ever since you were a kid you've dreamed of being a lawyer; hobnobbing with politicians and playing golf with doctors; making the big money. Other kids idolized Gordie Howe or Pierre Trudeau. You always looked up to Alan Eagleson.

People always told you how good looking you were but you never took them seriously. Until that day your English Prof, Mrs. Bogle, called you into her office for some extra counselling.

You were pleased when she sat you down and told you how interested she was in your work. But your joy turned to shock when she locked the door, turned off the light and let you in on the facts of university life. Put out or flunk out.

What would you do? Compromise your principles or endanger your future?

Every year scores of male students on campus are faced with similar problems. You see this as a real story. Three short years ago Bruce X was in this predicament. Today Bruce X is close to a Law Degree. He did what he felt he had to do to get ahead.

In order to prevent other males from being exploited an organization has been formed to stop sexual harrasment. For more information see the Law School bulletin board or phone 433-4033 and ask for the full details.

"There are very few jobs that actually require a penis or a vagina. But if you haven't got either, you sure as hell ain't working for us."

Henry Ford

## Introducing Glub... The beer with the built-in hangover.

### The shape.

Perfect for drunks of all sizes. Easy grip means even large apes can hold on to it. An engineer's dream.

### The label.

Who else would dare to pass off this bland, uninspiring label as "our nifty red and white masterpiece?"

### The name.

Glub! So simple to pronounce, even your average pissed-to-the-gills cretin can say it!

### The opening.

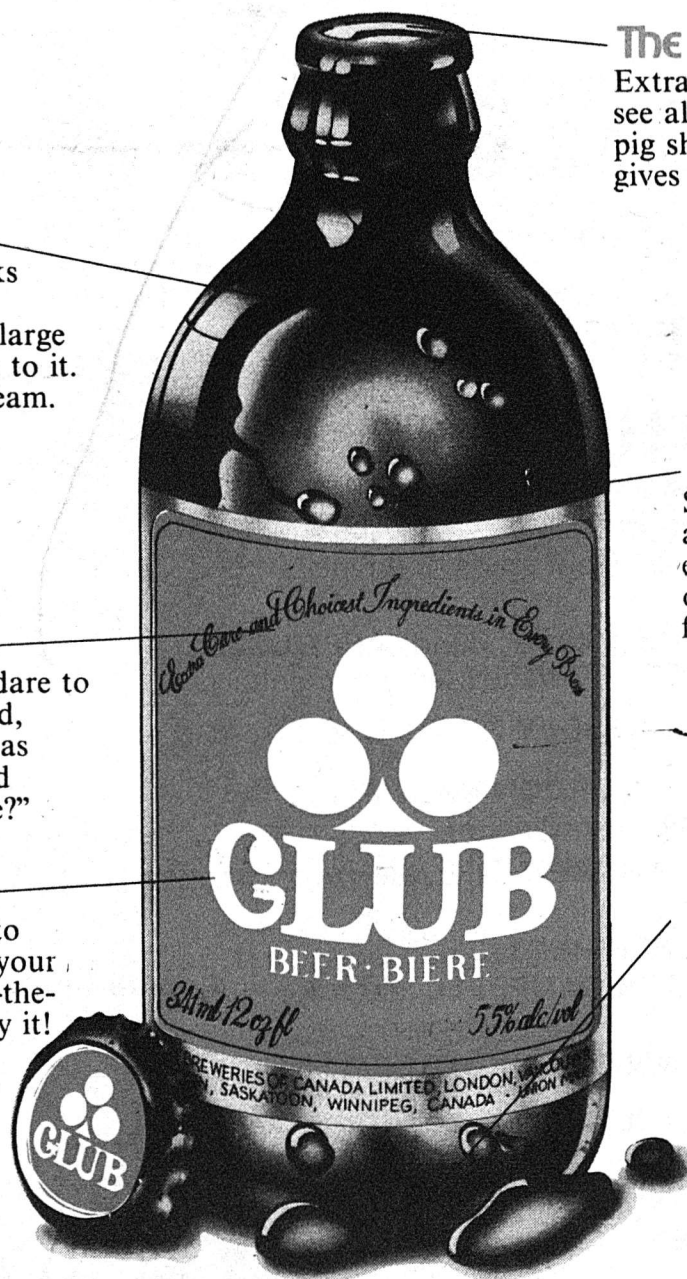
Extra wide so you can see all the grime and pig shit inside which gives Glub its unique flavor.

### The bottle.

Specially designed so that at least five very sharp edges appear when broken over someone's head. Great for barfights.

### The contents.

Consistently gross. Liver cirrhosis guaranteed within five years or your money refunded.



**Glub beer.  
mediocrity at its best!**