

The Truth as We See It

Scandal Matters

Satan Claus



"War is Peace". Orwell's enigmatic message haunts me at this time of year, filling my thoughts like mincemeat fills an Xmas tart.

The reason is of course Santa Claus. "He knows when you've been sleeping, he knows when you're awake"; so who can sleep with some fat little man snooping into your private life?

The facts in the case are admittedly few, but Lee Harvey Oswald actually ordered his sniper's rifle not from a gunshop in the American midwest, but from on "S. Claus, Special Armaments and Information Broker, The North Pole". If this man indeed knows if you've been naughty or nice, he must have been part of the plot to assassinate John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

Kennedy's death is not the only crime which Claus must answer for. "The Cubans" of Watergate were actually Santa's "elves", as was Ollie North's mysterious Syrian contact.

Claus' continuing freedom can only be the result of one thing: his ingenious advertising campaign, which he has been involved in for as long as anyone can remember. He is not as he is usually portrayed — a friendly little man drinking a popular carbonated beverage, or exchanging hearty banter with one Ebenezer Scrooge. He is instead the Devil his ownself.

The fact that we missed the connection is attributable to the clever media manipulation of Claus himself. His image has been so skillfully masked that no one suspects that a man who lives forever without aging — a man dressed in red (the color of the flames in Hell... and Calgary) — is actually Satan.

Such is the gall of the man that he has barely even disguised his nicknames: "Old Nick", "Saint Nick". They're the same being.

This man is even more of a threat in today's technological society, and it was this fact that George Orwell was trying to warn us of in his book *1984*. "Big Brother" is just another name for Beelzebub, bub. With the spy satellites launched today — like the one sent up in the space shuttle "Atlantis" this week — vulnerable as they are to signal tapping, the monster know as "Santy", and his "elves" technological wizardry, know everything there is to know about every person in the world.

So you better not shout, you better not cry, you better not pout, and I'm telling you why... Big Brother's watching you.

The Getaway

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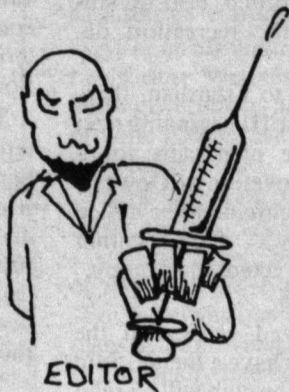
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The Getaway disposes of all letters to the editor suitably. If you have a comment which you think would be of interest to the students of the university, please do hesitate to send it in. Letters may not be dropped off at our office (Room 282 SUB).

The students of the University of Alberta are stuck with *The Getaway*. All opinions expressed are worthless and reflect the views of *The Getaway*. Copy deadlines are 11 am, Mondays and Wednesdays, but that doesn't mean anything. Photos printed in *The Getaway* may or may not be for sale.

INTRODUCING...

The Getaway letter-rating system



Take a valium.

Ingest two valiums and call your editor in the morning.

Drastic measures are required. When you regain consciousness, join a relaxation therapy support group.

Immediately inject valium directly into the bloodstream. Seek psychiatric help before you regain consciousness.

Rhetoric

But I also hope Randy's age doesn't become a future standard for the staff members of the *Getaway*. I'd hate to see the *Getaway* office turn into a refuge for semi-retired geriatric cases trying to relive their youth.

D. Tupperware
Arts III



God grief

involved with casual sex. How is a guy supposed to find some action these days with all the girls worrying about, first, getting pregnant, and now about getting AIDS.

Before this stupid AIDS scare, it was hard enough finding a nice-looking, willing girl who was on the pill.

Other girls were willing, but because they weren't on the pill and were worried about getting pregnant, they expected ME to wear a CONDOM.

All they cared about was themselves, and had absolutely no concern for my satisfaction. They didn't even know what it was like to wear one, and imagine, having the nerve to ask me to.

Now, with this silly AIDS thing, girls who take the pill and aren't worried about getting pregnant are worried about getting AIDS. And so the bitches expect me to wear a rubber! How dare they! They all want me to sacrifice my pleasure, just because of this absurd disease.

When I told this one chick I picked up that I wouldn't use one, she said to me, "It's better latex than never, pal."

Needless to say, I had a cold shower that night.

C'mon guys, let's band together. This AIDS thing is ridiculous. I know I won't get it. You won't get it. The whole thing is just a farce to make us revert back to old, boring values.

Let's start our own movement towards a revival of the exhilarating, satisfying one-night stand.

E. Goman
Science IV

Meaning of life clarified

I'm sick of it. I'm sick and tired of picking up *The Getaway* and having other people's opinions shoved down my throat. Now don't get me wrong, I like a good *Getaway* as much as the next person, but I feel compelled to object when people spout off their views on everything from religion (gag!) to Lady Godiva's bouncing boobs (yah, man!). So, in the future, I suggest that everybody just stick to the facts, i.e. Godiva is a babe, Jesus is a myth, and Engineers are goofs. Thank you for the opportunity to set a number of misconceptions which have been running rampant in *The Getaway* straight.

Bart Cornflower
Ag III

Are you frustrated? Annoyed? Riled up? REALLY ANGRY??? Well, don't bother venting your spleen! *The Getaway* letters editor has heard enough bitching, whining and complaining to last her a lifetime. Give her a break today. Resist the urge to pick up that pen and say what's on your mind. Yes, keep it to yourself! Nobody cares what you think anyway.

Smatterings senile

As a student of the U of A, I feel I have a right to express a concern about our student newspaper, the *Getaway*.

Last spring, the staff of the *Getaway* elected Randy Smatterings (or rather, he won by acclamation) as Production Editor of the newspaper.

Well, Randy looks bright enough. But his age (old, that is) is another matter: to me it implies senility.

The role of the *Getaway* Production Editor is a crucial one. Ol' Randy's getting up there, and I'm not sure I want anyone who has trouble remembering whether or not he's put on his glasses running my student newspaper.

I mean, he could accidentally, at a confused moment, do something like mixing up the paper's pages when he's laying them out to be sent to the printers. We'd wind up having a paper with *Sports* in the *Opinion* section, and *Entertainment* in the *Sports* section.

Elderly folk such as Randy usually don't admit to their occasional (or frequent) moments of disorientation, but I'm sure that Randy, at his ripe age, experiences them.

Actually, I know this for a fact, because yesterday I saw him eating lunch in the bargain basement of the Faculty Club with some short bigwig in a suit. Randy ate his macaroni-and-cheese enthusiastically, but he left his potato soup to one side until it was ice cold. He'd forgotten that he'd ordered it. Then, it wasn't until after the check had been dropped off that he remembered he needed a glass of orange juice in which to mix his Metamucil.

Anyway, I hope the old coot, with one foot in the grave, survives the rest of the year so we can see what kind of consistency there will be in the quality or the work of the Production Editor.

Would you please tell all the religious zealots to stop bragging about how they're going to heaven? Because, frankly, we've got enough problems up here already.

Ever since the United Church began allowing ordination of homosexuals, the angels have been threatening to go on strike. And frankly, I don't blame them.

Then, of course, we've got all the elderly followers of American televangelists dropping like flies and assuming they're going to get in because they gave money to Jim Facker. The trouble is, they don't realize that all the money went up his nose, rather than here. Why do you think I asked Orally for that \$8 million anyway? It's not easy balancing a budget these days with nothing to export but faith and the odd batch of ecstasy.

There's also my son. He's been moping around like a martyr for the last 2000 years or so and whining about not getting laid. Well, if immaculate conception was good enough for me, it should be for him too. I told him to find a virgin and have her artificially inseminated, but is that good enough for him? Nooo.

Just one more thing. If I don't get some publishing royalties from the Bible soon, there is going to be big trouble. We're talking pestilence, plague and famine here, so don't even think about fucking me around. After all, it's the world's best-selling book, right? I should get something, shouldn't I?

Oh yeah, have a merry Christmas.
Sincerely,
God

Better latex than never

I've had it up to here with all this bullshit about the AIDS hazard