

DEADITORIAL

Blah blah blah ...

Right, this is the space (and time) for another editorial. You know — the gratifying, egotistical, opinionated, spouting off part of the paper. It will be fun, they told me.

And so, where should we start... issues, topics, subjects, debates, controversy, decisions... ta da.... Truth. Take your pick: campus, local, national, and, heaven forbid, international affairs... all just waiting for the vicious slice of the pen. No, must omit the last one, no one at all wants to hear about starving babies or exploitive capitalists in poor countries. Mustn't be boring now, you know.

Everything comes down to that, I suppose. I mean, you start with concept, right? You're trying to make a point. And then you formulate an argument — got to have a stand, you know — all the time trying to be: literate, controversial, occasionally witty, always interesting, and never boring. Oh yeah, and it helps if you're right.

Actually, I want to start something like this: "I may be right, and you may be wrong, but, on the other hand, you may right and me wrong, and in any case, we should sit down and discuss this." But this won't do, no way, 'cause then you're wishy-washy, you know, "a stupid fence-sitter with no beliefs (read: guts) and nothing but bullshit arguments." Got to be firm.

Next rule: never be caught sitting on the fence. You're supposed to change the world, shape the opinions of the masses and, if they won't listen, you're supposed to bang your head against the wall until either they do, or you die. This sort of pleasure is called living by convictions. Truth, you know.

Nevertheless, I must confess, I get a perverse pleasure from subtly distorting an argument or grossly simplifying an issue until it reads in black and white. Black and white are the colors of a newspaper (the "new all color *Edmonton Journal*" doesn't count), so I guess it figures all the opinions inside should be like that.

So who cares if I know the issue is much too complex to fit into a two column by ten inch space? Just give them what they want to read and shut up. This isn't a bloody philosophy journal. Right? I mean, if it can't be explained so my grandmother can understand it, then it obviously isn't worth talking about. Irrelevant and boring...

I mean, you've got to be arrogant to do this anyway. You walk in, drop your philosophic baggage on the floor and camp out. Either you assume you know everything, or you're finished.

Okay, so you've read this far, and you haven't found a joke yet. "So, what's wrong?"; you say. Well, it's dialectics, man, like, point-counterpoint. If, in a real issue, everybody thinks the editorials are a joke, then...

Besides, we can't print silliness the rest of the time (but God knows we try).

Bitter? Naw, never.

Quiche Kraushe

the Getaway

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If it happens during Christmas ... it never happened.

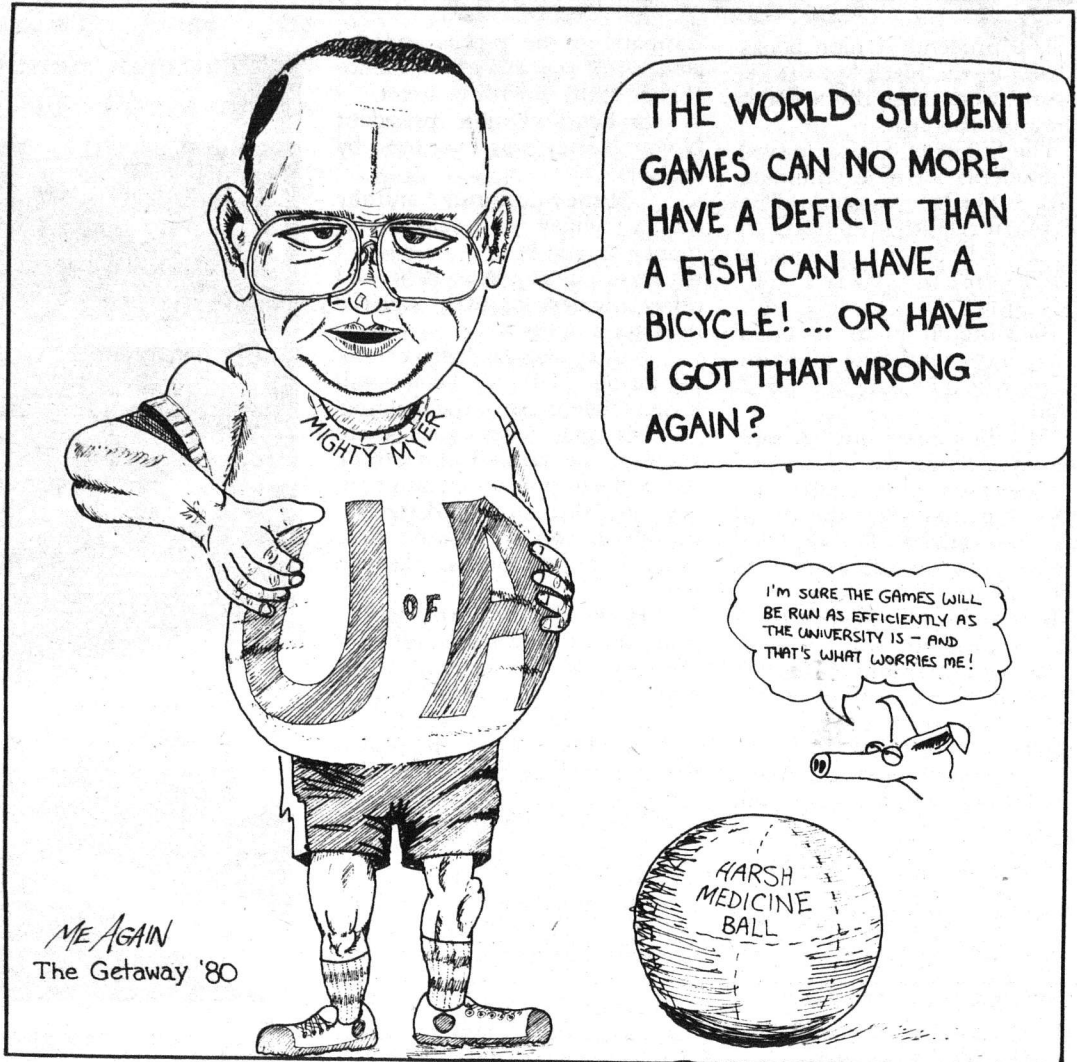
We verged on efficiency on our last 1980 press night, but Alison Thomson complained persistently that Peter Michalyszyn was undemocratically using a three column breaker on page 11. Keith Kraushe concurred, even knowing Robert Cook was party to the original decision. Nina Miller and Jim McElgunn swore vindictively under their breath, while Ken Daskewech knowingly smiled at the would-be student democrats. Shaune Impey ignored the whole damn thing. Bill Inglee and Ray Giguere, though under the watchful eye of Kathy Kebarle, still made up

their own minds in the darkroom. So did Murray Whitby and Jens Andersen, and they were better for it. Nor were Cathy Emberley and Elda Hopfe acutely concerned about their fingers' anarchy on the typesetter. But in the end, the affable Michael Skeel stood up for Mike Walker who imposed closure on yet another useless debate. Kent Blinston concentrated on finding some humor in the debacle, and Wes Oginski prepared his costume for Friday's Christmas party. Sorry, Wes, it isn't a dress-up...Greg Harris smelled a Christmas rat in HUB. Mike McKinney picked up the rags Thursday afternoon and made the rounds. And after the bars closed, he delivered the papers...

Deaditorial Staph
DEADITOR - Quiche Kraushe
MISMANAGER - Jimbo McLugan
NOOSE - Spike W. and Spinny Ninny
REDUCTIONS - Bohdan the Great
FARTS - Smelly Bastard
SPORTS - Gimpy Impey
PIX - Crazy Kinky K.K.
CUP-A-TURKEY - Jimbo 2
NO ADS, DAMMIT!
MEDIA RELATIONS - "Maggie T."
West

CIRCULATION - The Frat Man

THE GETAWAY is the newspaper of a select group of monks hiding out in the Students' Union Building. With a circulation of 18,500 and a readership of 14, the Getaway is published by the only organization in town that makes us look competent, the Students' Union. Opinions are erratic, news optional, libel mandatory. Copy deadlines are 3 a.m. the day after the paper comes out (though we try to be flexible). Getaway editors may be reached at the Alberta Hospital at U of A, Electroshock Therapy Ward.



I'm mad as hell and not ...

That does it! Normally I'm a pretty mild-mannered guy and I'd never consider writing a letter to the editor but this time I'm really steamed. I can put up with a lot of stuff but this really took the cake. You've got to appreciate just how riled this situation has gotten me - I've never been so angry before.

I just can't let this go by; it can't stay unchallenged any longer. For pete's sake, just who do they think they are trying to get away with that kind of thing? I can't believe such things take place in a so-called "civilized land."

No, by golly, they aren't going to go unnoticed; they can't get away with it. The time to speak out is now and this is as good a place to start as any.

You have to understand that

Farm out, real gravy

Dear To Whom It may concern,

Outta site! Like we want you to support the legalization of marijuana, er marijuana...ma rri... dope. Rather than a vice punishable by legal punishments. Marijuana is good for you. Cannibalism, canine, pot doesn't hurt people it makes them peaceful and calm. so calm like iam floating away over the rippling waves of the sea with the sunset reflecting off the water and shela is soo o.

It would be a crime to give people criminal records for behaviour that is not deviant harmful to anyone. And further the legalization will bring prices and take dope out of the hands of criminals unless they want to smoke too which is cool because they won't want to be criminals anymore and they will love everybody especially shelia cause she is soo o.

Our committeeeeeeee needs monceeeee for dope. for the legalisation of marijuana...cani...grasssssss. It running, time that is. oin us.

ALCEY MOUSE

I'm not overreacting. Like I said, I'm a peaceable fellow. "Live and let live" is my motto. If you can't say anything nice about someone, I don't think you should say anything at all. Good manners are the grease of our social machinery.

Be all that as it may I truly feel I must put aside politeness and bluntly tell you of this offense to human decency. I beg the forgiveness of many of you who will be shocked by the nature of

this terrible, terrible injustice but my conscience compels me to be brief and blunt.

It happened on the first of the month in ...

Norman Hull
Arts III

Editor's Note: Sorry, Norm, but your letter was over the limit so I had to trim it. I hope I didn't cut out anything important.



Humor kills department: Getaway staffer Pizz Doff relaxes in the office between issues.