

## Some stupid bimbo

Gosh! I'm soooo sorry university is over. It sure was a neat, keen year. I mean, I got to hang out in cute HUB mall in the mornings and Rutherford passageway at noon and I just loved RATT in the evenings. Now that summer's here where will I go? I mean, like, can't we extend the school year so it's all year? What do you think?

Bitsy Titsy  
Big Breasts II

## Oh, the loneliness

Oh where did it all go? Where? Where? Where? Where? Don't you care for me anymore? I thought you loved me. I thought it was more than some silly fad. After all, I never peed on the rug or scratched the furniture did I? My life has been so empty since you replaced me with Blacky. Please take me back, oh please.

the Pet Rock,  
begging for mercy

## Bitch, wheeze snarl

I'm sick of being ignored and I'm sick of being slandered.

I hate the Getaway and those slimy, slanderous, yellow journalist self-serving, contemptible, corrupt, degenerate, commie pinko-fag, libellous, lying cheating, adulterous, biased, slanted, fascist, one-sided,

indigent, indignant, flatulent, tumescent, torporous, somnolent, solicitous, pompous, arrogant, criminal, neanderthal, negligent incurious, indolent, bunch of HACKS.

I'm important on this campus. When I speak, people should listen because I have a title and a big office and a business card and if that doesn't make me a somebody, by God it should, and the Getaway better start learning this and fast.

Did you hear me. Are you listening?

F.H.  
soon to be a major  
ex-SU prez.

## Shut the fuck up

Woof, woof, woof, woof, Howwwl, woof, woof.  
the neighbours dog, 4 a.m.

## Oh, the slander

You Getaway people think your so smart but you don't know what students on this campus really want. What do theigh want? Some big tits and cute asses and pikturs of carz, thats what. Anything as long as it isn't booring. You should reed the *Grind* moor if you want to sea what I mean. If you say bad things about meegh I sue you for liable.

A. Dummy  
Box 115, SUB

## Oh, the death

Blub, blub, blub, blub, blub.

Jonah, calling for help

## SEX UNDER BRIAN

Solve the mystery

reprinted from the McGill Daily  
by Canadian University Press

It is generally accepted that the sexuality of a people is molded and shaped by their leaders. The procession of Prime Ministers which have come down Canada's government runway have each exposed a unique sexuality.

For example, John Diefenbaker was musty and traditional, missionary position only, and deadly serious about sex. In that damp suffocating era Diefenbaker corresponded with a moldy and fungus-friendly allure.

In a period of rapid growth and industrialization Lester Pearson led the way. Pearson had the erotic versatility of a vending machine with Kraft processed cheese food sandwiches in each window. What more can be said. A lull in Canuck fuckery.

Pierre Trudeau pulled the pants down on Canada... A blast of hot air and hot breath down the necks of Canadians. He pioneered sophisticated sexual maneuvers with a melange of imported European and Asian techniques. He played hard to get until he became a nuisance.

Joe Clark fumbled and groped his way across the Canadian body politic. He forgot what he was doing and his partners left.

The real John turner works in Madame Tussaud's wax museum in Niagara Falls while a slightly imperfect wax version of the man travels the country inspiring Canadian fantasies. As Prime Minister, the rigid, plodding Turner was a clarion call to masturbation for all Canadians.

Mulroney changed everthing with his slogan "let's do it together" bringing in a "hands-off" policy implementing instead the private sector's "invisible hand" which now fondles Canadian privates. But Mulroney himself remains a sexual mystery, a question mark snaking across the erogenous zones of the country. He has captured the imagination of the nation, tied it up with chains and leather thongs and left only his chin to bite down on. Is Mila the only one who knows his secret? Is Brian the inflatable love doll of Bay St.? Or just a molester of young social programmes. What are the hormones behind the image?

## SECOND WHINE

I.M. Notparanoid

The world is in a terrible state these days. I, for one, refuse to leave my house for fear that I'll be gunned down by maurauding hordes of Mongolians. They ruled the world once, who's to say they won't try for a second time? They're communists, you know. What's worse, they're nomadic communists! And they wear skirts; need I say more?

Anyway, like I was saying, the world has totally gone to pot. What the hell happened to the all white, heterosexual world of our forefathers? Last night I was watching *Solid Gold* and this woman singer came on and (this is the disgrace) she called herself Boy George! She wore so much make-up I was embarrassed for her! Her husband should be shot for letting her out of the kitchen.

But back to my topic, the world is sick and demented and just plain icky. I just cannot believe the cruel manner in which we treat our animals. Take those cute little furballs of love, the Koala Bears, for example. Oh, the horror, the horror! Would you believe that these poor little creatures have nothing to eat except eucalyptus leaves? For God's sake,

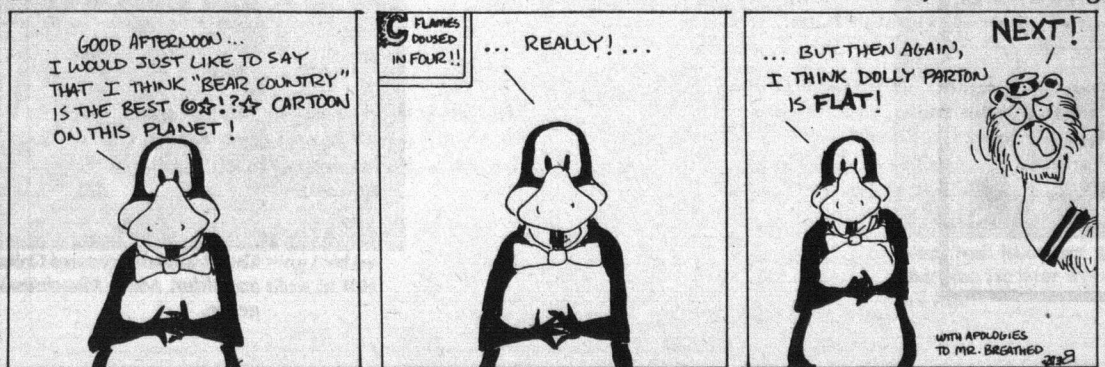
somebody give them some good red meat! Are we really so heartless that we are willing to allow one of the cutest things on Earth to starve to death while we gorge ourselves on anything edible that isn't nailed down? Why look at Pavarotti! So what, the man can sing, but I'm willing to bet his bulk could feed at least ten Koala Bears! Feed Pavarotti to the Koalas! Feed Pavarotti to the Koalas!

To repeat myself, the world today is in total disrepair. I'm sick to death of hearing about nuclear war. So we have a nuclear war-so what? It'll make *men* out of us. I'd like to see some homo pansy survive a nuclear war. As a matter of fact, I'm looking forward to a nuclear war as I've always wanted to see a mutant (besides Chuck Barris) and this would be a golden opportunity.

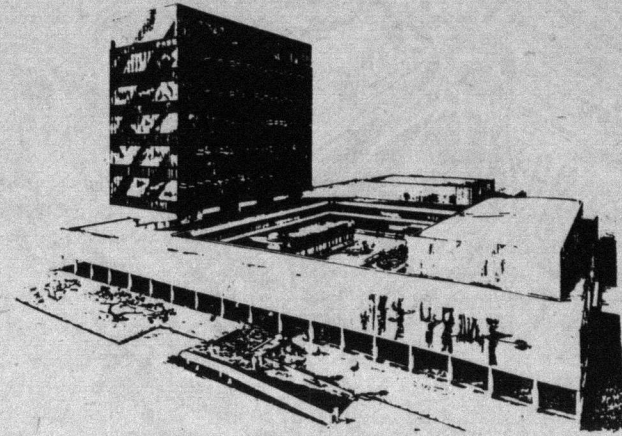
Well, Mr Clock is a-binging and a-bonging and it's time for me to go. Incidentally if the Getaway doesn't publish these prophetic and insightful musings of mine I'll just give this column to the other U of A newspaper. Like I always say, give it to Mickie, he'll print anything.

BRRR COUNTY

by Chained Berg



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