

Fascist, and damned proud of it!

I read Brent X's Idiotorial, I think he's a commie. I read Biff's cutlines, and Muffy's News Stories. I think they're both queer. I looked at Big Al's layout. I think he's a Laplander.

After serious consideration of your paper's photos, I think both Gangly and Denverboot are obvious left-handers.

I don't even have to read Cheese Danish or Killer Blinston to know that both eat Quiche.

But then again I'm a generally incoherent bible thumping fascist fool, so what the hell do I know?

Ted Byfield
Alberta Report

###

Stuff...

Sir,
Whine rant scream. Whine whine whine. Complain complain complain. Condemn condemn. Waaaaaaaaaaaaa. Bitch bitch bitch.

Tony Brouwer
Students' Council

###

...More Stuff

I agree with Tony

Don Millar
Something VI

###

...Army Stuff

Aww, both yer mothers wears army boots.

Gilles Lamontange
Minister of Defence

###

...Tacky stuff

That's not true. You know damn well that Mummy was in the navy.

Tony Brouwer

###

...Enough Stuff

Sure she was with the Navy, Tony. Every Saturday night.

Tim Sayers
R-W Old Boy

###

Medical Wonder

Angry? Me, angry?
Hell, no! So what if that fat frog in Ottawa passes a socialistic piece of legislation that will probably cripple our medical system, drive us deeply into debt, and make all our doctors opt out of medicare. I'm not angry, see I'm smiling.

Dave Russell
Minister of Sickness and Death

###

Doc Talk

Look at the bright side, Dave, would you want to be in her shoes the next time she gets sick and has to see a doctor?

Dr. I.M. Greedy
Just one of the millions of Doctors that stand to lose big bucks

###

"I have a dream"

Dear Sirs,

I have this recurring dream. My friends won't talk to me about it. My psychiatrist said I'm nuts and my bill was six months over due. It isn't sexy enough for the *Penthouse Forum*. The *Gateway* is my last hope.

In my dream I get out of my bed and open the bedroom door. Though still dressed in my briefs and a "Groo the Wanderer" T-shirt I walk unnoticed into a cocktail party. A man in a tuxedo (Robert Greenhill) I think comes up to me and asks me if the third time is really a charm. Before I can speak, he walks away and asks a sphinx what one calls a man with no arms and no legs floating in the ocean.

"I say 'Bob'" and the woman beside me turns and says "yes?" It's Barb Donaldson. She asks me if it's OK for a woman to be on top. Again before I can answer she leaves. She dances away singing, "nuke the people, nuke the people."

Then an older man in a dirty sweat shirt that says "Coach" comes up to me. He makes me run wind sprints which he times on a stop watch. He scribbles unseen notes on a clipboard. As I drop in exhaustion I hear him say, "things are going to have to run a lot better than this boy."

Here I woke up sweaty and more tired than when I went to bed. What does it all mean?

Greg Mclean
Frat-boy-at-large

###

Letters

All letters just have to be less than 250 words long. If they're any longer I stick them on the wall and we all make cracks about your handwriting and your cheap stationery. Then again, even if they're shorter than 250 words, I still might not run it at all, and just run cartoons or a long Jean Cote Junction. Or I might change a few key words and make your whole long contorted letter that you wasted a whole evening on totally meaningless.

So, if you still want to send us a letter at least bring it in person. That way we can humiliate you to your face.

let-it-be left-lib and the right-to-life ultra-right over my killing an innocent fungus. "How can you," they plaintively, mindlessly wail, "kill an innocent fungus merely because it has not yet reached its full potential? Will it not evolve? Will it not, in some future generation, develop an intellect equal to our own? Would not that intellect, combined with the peaceful nature of fungus, be a great improvement over humanity's own violent nature?"

These upper-middle class addle-pated, dilettante extremists misunderstand the fundamental nature of fungi. Anyone who could see the way this blue peril expanded throughout the back of my cab, the way it devoured carpet, old sandwiches, unmentionable vomitations and my precious copy of Saul Alinsky's *Rules for Radicals* would recognize that fungi are as greedily imperialistic as our own kind.

Besides, murder is largely an imaginary crime. That fungus, just like you or I, will eventually die anyway. It is absurd to punish someone for killing a thirty year old, productive member of society the same as for killing a 75 year old retiree or a feminist of any age.

Of course, I found more than fungus in the back of my cab. Often I find passengers, or, as cabbies describe them, fares. There is a bit of proletarian cynicism I enjoy: the people who generally ride in cabs, particularly on the night shifts, are anything but fair. Fortunately, they do not stay long.

A dog once peed on H.L. Mencken's leg. He said it was a bad sign. How much worse a sign is it when a grown, if entirely intoxicated man, pees on your leg as you are trying to roll him out of your cab? When you go through his wallet to pay his fare do you take out extra for cleaning? I will try to deal with these and other pertinent questions next week.

MENTAL BLOCK

by the Cheese Danish

Having finally cleaned off my desk, in the process unearthing Soviet press releases, wimpy book reviews, CFS pamphlets and the other detritus of societal erosion, I decided to clean out my cab, the penultimate step towards cleaning up society.



The back seat of a taxi cab is a living microcosm of both everything that is right and everything that is wrong with our society. Living, that is, until I scraped the fungus out of the footwells.

With my super-sensitive, pre-cognitive hearing, I detect the usual niggling objections from both the

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