ANGST

OUR MATTY-LAD TAKES ON THE RESPONSIBILITY OF CHRONICLING THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF OUR FAIR CITY. ENTERTAINMEAT GIVES HIM FREE REIN. GO FOR IT KIDDO.

Walking through Desolation Row (Queen past witching hour) I notice special events posters slathered everywhere. Mindless assholes who tear them down should be shot and pissed on. Jocks most likely.

A drunk driver almost wipes me off the (official) crossing at Barkinghouse and King. Drunk drivers should be executed upon first offence - it is no wonder I choose to jay-walk - an offence in Fredericton with a fine of \$25.00 (another unbelievable by-law).

This city is like no other, it thrives on being the stupidesr. Stupid mindless city council with their stupid mindless by-laws that are to blame for banning snakes and having sidewalks unskate-board-able, not to mention the damned progressive conservatives roaming the streets after dark.

Back to some honest bitching (observation number one) I keep hearing the never ending string of complaints against not having the maritime country music festival here. Well idiots, open up your eyes and look around, there is no music (with the exception of DTK)

It pisses me off to no end hearing those narrow complaints. I mean we have so much talent here... but it is a waste of time unless you have a never ending supply of energy "cause it takes a lot, take for instance the fact that there is no place for a local band to play. There are over thirty bands in this town, of almost every musical style imaginable. Open up your eyes. What we need is a city run music bank (others would call it a dream come true) where bands could show the city its stuff. BITCHIN DREAM the council would probably ban rock music (I should not give them ideas). The city could easily make money off the plan but it doesn't matter cause they never really listen anyway. While reading this finale PLEASE FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR OWN FREE MIND, and because you have kept with me thus far (or maybe found it interesting, god forbid). Why not check out another much more serious, thought pro-vomiting topic that is BILL C-54, guarenteed to take the art world by storm or at least the Canadian sector, (and in your already insecure world) REALIZE just how FAR government MINDLESSNESS can go.

IN MY OPINION, I REMAIN **MATTHEW SMITH**

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SCUM CHEWING SLIMEBAGS OF FIFTH THE **DIMENSION!**



Helpful home-hints for the handy-person. In part one, Jack and Bob make some shelving units. (THAT'S ENOUGH COMICS — ED.)

COMING SOON TO ENTERTAINMEAT!

COMICS YOU WANT TO SEE!





Killer Mutant **Boneheads from Hell**

(Entertainment/Spamo Products Inc.)

The year is o&£. Fredericton is razed to the ground by the machines of a vile Administration. Survivors huddle around meagre fires under the ruined arches of the Westmorland bridge.

General Kronos, first in command of the New Brunswick Bonehead corps is in a quandry. Would the Chrysanthemums look more appropriate with lilies of the valley or should he go for a simple frond of fern arrangement. It's vicious flower arranging mayhem at its worst, in a cursed land where the concept of firm sponge support is spat upon.

AND FOR OUR YOUNGER READERS. . .

LITTLE KITTY FRAIDY—CAT

(Entertainment/Schlocko **Enterprises**)

Schookie Fraidy-Cat loves life in the forest, gaily skipping amongst the stately elms and spruces, chatting with the little animals at Uncle Fluffy's Squishy Fruit Shop. One day, Schnookie is threatened with gang-rape by the evil motor bike gang from across the border and the worm turns.

Gasp! As Schnookie feeds squirming entrails through a meat grinder! Feel vindicated! As the sexist slimebag oppressive scum are staked out over hot coals and sprayed with sulphuric acid. It's morals and small-town pride realised. A new hero is



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