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Fear and Loathing in Dinwoodie

BY HUNTED S. THOMPSON

This one would be a snap. My surly editor was on the line giving me the details on a fresh story assignment which seemed uncommonly simple — in fact, it almost *reeked* of "Easy Money" and "Good Times."

"You're going to a place called Edmonton, Alberta," he informed me, "to find out what Canadian University students are like." Ah, wonder of wonders. The old fart must have finally decided I needed a holiday — what could be simpler than cavorting around with college types; staying up all night cranked up on whatever chemical was making the rounds; impressing nubile young co-eds with my credentials as a famous writer from an important magazine; indulging in drugs and booze and sex and drugs. It was tailor-made for me.

And best of all, I could look forward to all this without fear of any bad craziness ruining the fun. There'd be no paranoid, middle-American complacents to contend with, no sleazy politicians, and no rat-brained sherrifs. Nothing but fresh-faced, open-minded, enthusiastic youth. This old dog would have to teach them a few new tricks.

"And just one more thing, Hunted, see if you can, for a change, get through this one without destroying our reputation. Even if *you* have no self-respect, try and keep in mind that the *Rotting Stone* is a vaunted publication."

Vaunted? Fuck him, I thought. I'll take your expense money and let you use my writing to add a little class to the rag, but I'm sure as hell not going to worry about reputation.

Visions of living it fast and loose with the student set raced through my head as I set about packing. I've never been eager about smuggling illegal substances into foreign countries but I figured for the sake of cracking the campus circuit a few mind-bending goodies would be helpful in breaking the ice. Besides, the passport says *Doctor Hunted S. Thompson*. Any overly inquisitive customs agents would surely understand that the array of brightly-coloured pharmaceuticals in my black kitbag were purely for business and medicinal purposes.

The medicine chest, unhappily, wasn't very well-stocked. I left the listerine and Q-tips and emptied the rest into my travelling dispensary: four grams of uncut cocaine, two quarts of ether, 244

hits of high-powered blotter acid, five quarter-ounce bags of sinsemilla, 50 units of MDA, 250 Quaaludes, three grams of black hash, five 20-gram bags of magic mushrooms, 50 caps of Ibobain, 25 vials of nitrous oxide, half a pint of bovine adrenal gland extract, 5 grams of morphine, six grams of angel dust, a kilo of opium, half a kilo of yojimbe extract, 150 yellow coloured uppers, 200 purple and red coloured downers, a gram and a half of heroin, a handful of orange and green capsules of some sort, and a bottle of extra-strength Tylenol. I also threw in a quart of Wild Turkey for the ride to the airport.

This small arsenal would be enough to get me started, but I'd obviously have to make some connections once on campus.

The Friday of my arrival was grey and overcast, or maybe it only seemed that way after a particularly murderous plane trip which saw me stuck sitting next to an orthopedic shoe salesman from Burbank. He was an obnoxious looking fellow who would stop his ceaseless babble only to ask me what it was I suffered from and why did I have to take so many strange-looking pills for it. After the acid and cocaine dug in I turned and screamed at him: "WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN FUCKING BUSINESS YOU MORON." Maybe my somewhat twisted senses fooled me into thinking I was speaking in a normal tone of voice, but the Captain and two stewardesses were immediately at my side asking if I wanted a sedative. I thanked them and put it in my satchel with the rest.

What I needed were a lot more chemicals in my system and a chance to enjoy them away from strange-oids like this guy. The University of Alberta campus looked deserted at 7 p.m. when I got there, but I soon discovered there was a campus cabaret scheduled to start in an hour. This would be a good introduction, I thought, and was pleased to find out there was a bar in the same building where I could spend an hour in pre-party preparation.

The bar was called RATT, which stood for Room at the Top, which I assume was so-named since it was at the top of the Students' Union Building. I hoped it would be a decent place to drink in spite of its stupid sounding and unimaginative name. I entered one of the

con't on page 18

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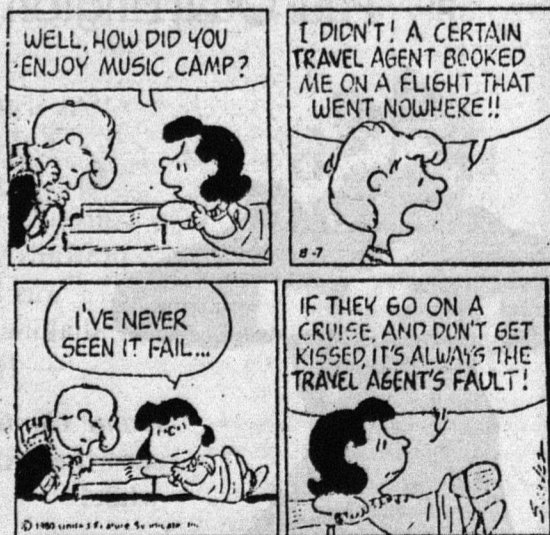
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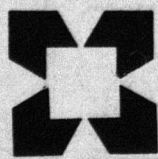
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summer and fall!

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