THE HORRID LIMITED

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The Chronically-Horrid stands in the way of the Atlantic Provinces' progress and develop-

ment and is dedicated to the maintenance of the ignorance of the people that no good cause

Thursday, January 28, 1982

shall thrive unopposed and that wrong shall not lack a champion.

Well, smartypants, things sure are different now, aren't they? Just yesterday, us nice simple Maritime folk didn't have any power at all, and now, because of a MARITIME-ORIGINATING earthquake, we've got it drifting around all over the place! Only good homegrown MARITIME design could build a nuclear station that breaks apart in teeny little pieces so big chunks don't go flying through the air, hurting some pretty little Irving Girl, or Car Wash or something. And instead of keeping all that power inside, where it just turns gears, it's out, and whuh! You should see the way the sky looks - like the Northern lights ('cept they're western from here and on all day). I tell you, Pee-yare, that Anne Murray, famous songbirdstress of ours, shoulda waited until now for that T.V. special of hers. The air

Anyhow, the fat and the skinny of it is that now we've got way more nuclear energy than all you dirty frog Frenchies and Upper Canadian Horses' nether parts, and you're going to have to ask us real nice if you want to get any of it. We've got all we can do to scrape that reprocessed 'ranium off our roofs as it is right now (by the way, I've got a great idea for new local industry - that glowing yellow stuff makes great lava lamps). So I think what we need is some of that great government subsidy money to teach OUR people how to harvest the stuff, without having to ship in rich bums and vagrants from the West to take over our money, jobs, and

might have helped her singing, too.

But before you and I get down to the nittygritty of this deal, since WE are the people sitting pretty right now in our U-42 enriched air, I've got a few suggestions to make to you. Like, for instance, I think you should drop that 'French' bit. Let's face it, that cosmopolitan monkey merangue just doesn't impress anybody here anymore, not since "Last Tango in Paris" got banned. (By the way, how come you are French anyway? Huh? Your parents slow, or

While we're on the subject, Pee-yare, why don't you drop that middle name schtick, too? Only a true man like George John the Chief could get away with that, and you can't even suggest that your manhood stacks up to the late great Diefie's in ANY way. Besides, 'Elliot' is just too 'faggy', you know what I mean? (Nothing personal.)

Those're all things you could do to make yourself more presentable to us, but there's still plenty to do, since we're talking about changes A good example is that John Chretien character. So where did you dig him up, could you tell me that? I know he's been getting better, but he still looks like one side of his face is trying to swal-

Why not somebody good (and English) to replace him like Donald McDonald, for example? Or maybe Juliette? I saw her Super Special last month, and it seems to me that she's ready for that step up to Justice minister, or at the very least Sports & Recreation. That other chick. Iona Campagnola, could handle it, and now Regan's doing it, so I figure Juliette's at least as smart as the first and as pretty as the latter. She should get it just as soon as you can axe of slope-nose and send him back here where we know how to deal with his sort. But those are all just suggestions.

I also want you to know that just because we're going to be rich and powerful because of this 'accident', it doesn't mean that you and I can't write these personal letters to each other every once in a while. I know you never wrote one to me, but...you could start, you know. I-I don't really dislike you, really I don't. Hey, hold on, what am I doing this for? I don't need you at all - I'm young, active, have political ties of my own, and my skin's turning the colour of a moldy sheep (must be that plutonium). Hell, Howard Crosby even lets me fondle his moustache! So bugger off, you fake-Fidel speaker of a Romance language, you! Stick this in your Red Rose Tea!

(P.S. I didn't really mean that last bit, really.) (P.P.S. That last bit about the Red Rose Tea wasn't mine, either. My mother forced me to

while Morris is busy at Government House I'll

be campaigning behind his back; I'll win for

sure. I want you, "my" constituents, to know

that I'm not being selfish. Once in the Legisla-

ture I can better represent you. From there it is

on to the House of Commons and from there

who knows where! Once again I ask you to be

patient, you understand. If you have any ques-

tions (but keep in mind though before I can get

back to you I first have to call back all the oth-

ers which date back to my first day as alderman)

# Vice of the people

## Fluffy animals ignored

Sir, - I am writing to complain about the lack of animal interest. I am not talking about the ugly uninteresting animals (the hunters can shoot them), but the beautiful fluffy ones which help decorate our decaying society. Why, yesterday, I saved a beautiful kitten which I named Oedipus (for its social behaviour). This is news, but did anyone care? I'll tell you, no. Ever since I lost my Alderman's job and the Chebucto riding, the Horrid has shown me no attention. What is

Yours Conservatively Margret Cranberry

## **Budworms** nasty

to our society and must be stopped at all costs. Does anybody really believe rabble-rousing environmentalists who claim sprays like 2,4,-D are unhealthy? They just want to close down our forest industries, which are the backbone of the forest industry in our province. Besides, if these sprays were so harmful, would the Premier of New Brunswick allow them to be sprayed all

Yours sincerely. Casey Jones Irvine III Public Relations Officer

## Dan not selfish

To the Editor:

Yours insincerely. Dan (in the) Dark Alderman Ward 3 or 4 (1 think) Doggie-do don't Sir - With the arrival of snow and winter

weather, an alarming situation has developed: the depostition of Doggie-do on the snowbanks and sidewalks of our fair city. The extent of the problem is shocking. One cannot venture outside of one's door without the risk of stepping on the frozen souvenirs of our four-legged friends. Some locations sport a "number two" only, but what is most revolting is the "one-two" combination. This problem really makes me feel like

Mrs. U. Rhea Stone

## ents. I want "my" constituents to know I have not forgotten about you. Since I have become alderman I have run in two provincial byelections successfully and I know if I can just get that pansy Morris in another election I'll win for sure. I ask my constituents to be patient with me for just four more years. The way I figure it

Sir, - The Spruce Budworm is a menace

Irvine Forest Products Ltd

## Sir. - I am writing to protest the accusation that I, Dan (in the) Dark, neglect my constitu-

Devo is wholesome

about fornication, either.

The album coroner

Staff Reporter

The first thing that struck me about this · young group Devo was the album cover itself. From their picture it is obvious that the members of Devo are all nice, clean-cut polite young men. They all wear neat blue uniforms, freshly-pressed pants, and sensible shoes, in sharp contrast to the despicable dress of many of today's heroin-smoking hippie bands such as Abba. Even their hair is neatly combed, and not over their ears, either. It's good to see young people starting to take pride in their appearance again, and not just wearing dirty blue jeans and headbands. The uniforms are a nice touch. Very few bands today wear matching uniforms. Remember the dapper uniforms of Cab Calloway's Big Band? Or the matching suits of the Ink Spots? I guess maybe Devo shows us that the old style's really coming back.

Just look at that title! "New Traditionalists" .Devo exemplifies a new breed of teenagers realizing that the old morals really are the best. The song titles show it; for example, "Through Being Cool". These boys don't waste their time hanging around the corner malt shop! Another song is "It's A Beautiful World". It's nice to hear songs about the good things in the world. instead of horrible noises complaining about the

WHERE THE LEADERS ARE: Premier Buchanan, leading our province of course in a good decent way, hobknobbing with Olands and Schaefers at a reception open only to rich contributors to political campaigns.

Liberal Leader Sandy Cameron: Sulking in Guysborough after his humiliating defeat in the last election

NDP Leader Alexa McDonough: Probably talking subversively to working people about their rights again. Women have no place in the legislature anyway.

government and the church. No smutty songs

Although I haven't actually played this album yet, I'm sure it is of the highest quality. For those who appreciate wholesome family fun, I strongly recommend "New Traditionalists"

# **ASSO** holds back

Staff Reporter

Last night the Atlantic Simple Symphony Orchestra opened its season of textural delicacies with Wictor Vampolsky, the well-known defect from the Soviet Union, filling the podium. The first movement from the ASSO began with an impertinent flavour of timbres, only to continue into a lethargic contrasting brio interspersed with stimulating tone clusters of stabbing nuance. A sudden musical vicissitude of rhythmic restlessness, a pretissimo, followed, with Vampolsky beating wilding to bring his piece to a climax of emotional and rubatic simultaneity.

Present and obvious in the intermission throng were His Wordship and Mrs. Ron Police, wearing the latest in styles from Merrytime Flurriers. The turn to knickers by the fashion conscious has also found its place with the Hickafax concertgoer, and the pleasant dominance of pastel colours which came to the forefront in the spring has not died, with pleasant pinks and purples stretched tightly over luscious buttocks. The rest of the concert was good.

## THE CHICKS



# Assy Logical Forecast

SYDNEY O'STARR Aries (March 21-April 19) Accent on creativity, ability to hold back and precise tim- development and ing. Someone close

could beg for more. Taurus (April 20-May 20) Apply for admission to N.S. You won't make it through the day. Believe me, you're a bunch of borderline psychotics. Gemini (May 21-June 20) Opposite member has prominent sex figures. Find out where you stand by asking someone who walks

Cancer (June 21-July 22) You read People magazine, watch Fantasy Island and have about one-quarter of a brain. You voted Liberal at the fast election. Try becoming human.

Leo (July 23-Aug 22) All Leos are wimps. No Leo has ever done anything worthwhile. Better find another Leo for a mate, because nobody else wants you. Reject.

Virgo (Aug 23-Sept 22) Virgos are quiet, reflective, and inclined

they get cold.

Libra (Sept 23-Oct 22) Emphasis on social activity, spiritual penicillin shots.

Scorpio (Oct 23-Nov 21) Scorpios always take off before paying for their taxis. They are made of congealed camels' hair-balls.

Sagittarius (Nov 22-Dec 21) You are God's gift to the opposite sex. You are intelligent, creative, and lucky to have the same sign as me.

Capricorn (Dec 22-Jan 19) You will be impaled by Zulus while searching for your pencil. Acquarius (Jan 20-

Feb 18) There is a song about this sign. Have you heard it? Never mind, it's a stupid song from a stupid musical anyway. Pisces (Feb 19-March 20) You go through life under the stupidest sign there is. Pisces! Ha! Ha!

If today is your birthday: you probably don't emigrate to Chile on alternate

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer mourn the passing of Joey, their prize stud from the worm farm in the basement.

No more to ooze in slimy ground, No more to munch on grit.

Since naughty Suzie took it out, \* And calmly stepped

- In loving memory from the family.

Mildred Necrophile Dr. P. Necrophile sadly announces the entering of immortality of his wife

Mildred. She lies abed in grimaced pain, No food or water seeks.

He gives his wife a loving glance,

He noticed only yesterday -She may've been dead for weeks. - Love and Kissies.

Hart Problem

Mr. and Mrs. Casev Irvin morosely dispatch the sad news of Mrs. Irvin's brother going away to other pastures, Mr. Hart Problem.

His body found abandoned, cold, Red light above, aglow.

His doctor warned him many times. But what a way to

The Irvins announce a renaming of an oil well due to the bereavement.

STUDENTS! CASH GALORE! Work for a rep-

utable company that has

nothing to do with door-

to-door sales of vacuum

Need \$90,000.00 CASH?

Just tell us where twenty

dead kids are. Call RCMP

Sinners Dating Club - be

computer to some married

individual who is just as

lacking in the morals

department as you are Privacy extra. 555-9999.

Misfits Club - Are you a

social reject? - or maybe

just paranoid? We have a

headquarters, 555-6666

7 DATING CLUBS

555-3333.

4 HELP WANTED

cleaners. Call Electnoluck

# Classified

1 ARTICLES FOR SALE

One of we're not quite sure what it is but it's round and metallic and demands incessantly, "Take me to your editor" Call Chronically-Horrid 555-4444

Pimple-away face masks. Reduced to clear 555-2222

2 PERSONALS

Old man, 97, wishes to correspond in a meaningful relationship with younger woman, 16-89, must be attractive, patient, and blind. 555-7777.

Come home sweetie coochie pie I was only kidding. I really love your nose, legs and mother Come and do a widdie bit of cooking for your hubby wubby?

**OPPORTUNITIES** 

loser waiting for you to bore. 555-1111. 8 BUSINESS 3 EMPLOYMENT

YOU CAN'T DANCE? NEITHER CAN I

Reduce Inches and Tone Muscles while you clean your car with "Secret ormula Voodoo Auto

Secretary needed. Must be sexy, a good sport and have a vocabulary which does not contain any tasteless words such as "No. Call taxdodge enterprises.

## attention that a passing of an era has just passed. This, similiar to the equine abilities of our maned friends, leads me to water, but can't make me think. I sometimes say: what of the golden years of our sunset days? What happened to the times which were worse times than the now-better times that the youth of these times have no time for? And who swiped my cerebellum last

To answer these I cannot hope. However, to these youth of my reference in the first part of my story, I have some of the wisdom of my yearrs to give away to them. One of these words is: respect the flag and remember that it is the same one that ordinary people such as me fought under and incurred serious brain brain brain damage for. I also know that you can't fool me, that was twenty-seven words, you young

By DAZZLE PEAKING

awesome little son-of-a-bitch of a play, etched as

It can be said, and often has been said -

Life's Real Good

Recently I have been brought to my (Sorry girls). Another thing to remember is that no I pose as many rhetorical questions.

pactor, it probably means something youth-type object you? Ha. Caught the bastard with his thinking pants down.

matter how badly you feel, tomorrow will bring storm clouds with silver linings somewhere over the rainbow, in the colour of your choice. I picked avacado green myself. My grandson Billy said it was easier to throw an avacado out of a car window than to eat ham while standing on your head. Being one of the generation belonging to the times which were then, I don't understand this too much, but since he said it after his accident with the trashcom-

Where were we? Oh yes, I was talking about the little things which we should not let us down, regardless of their height. (Ha! I made that one up myself, you know) Anyhow, life is very good - I have gradually gotten used to it, anyway. The main thing is, you should always stay dry. When you're wet, it's hard to hold onto the nozzle.

-173 Third person triplicate was probably why he never appeared in them.

He chose instead to appear via videotape on a

chorus by having a net full of dead carp swing

though not by me; by others whom I deem not giant 6' colour T.V. screen placed centrestage. wholly significant enough to refer to as me - that The screen, naturally, accepted the effervescent there are few things in this brief, though short, Crandall's curtain calls abstraction that the simple-minded refer to as "life" that are worth sticking around for, and And of the musical numbers, oh, not enough can be said! With such stirring titles as that all of them are tied, lumped, and otherwise corralled into the strappng figure and/or pres-"Fish", "Fish II", "Etude for Fish with Modificaence of Don Seville, godfather of the arts and tions", and "I'm a right real Nova Scotian I am I am (and so there too)", the audience were on demigod-in-residence at Retchsoon Theatre. The occasion for this, the latest in a series their feet throughout, especially when the man of self-debasing "homages", is the premiere of with the cattle prod came around. Notalent and the new "Seville" production at Retchsoon, an Seville also revitalised the tradition of the Greek

if in marble (but he actually used paper), by across the stage at various strategic points, symbolizing the eternal struggle of man's attempt to your favourite son and mine, genius and partcommunicate with himself and get a cheap seatime rustic object, Gum (Gummie to me) Notalent. Its title, name, moniker, or general nom de food dinner in the bargain. As for its narrative and plot, again, not plume suggests the seamless marriage of styles that it consists of, between the blunt honesty of enough can be said. That's mainly because I Nova Scotian folk tales and the subtle deceit of wasn't paying attention, and any the play might have had was lost on me. However, my wife said Greek Tragedy: it is called, simply, AY'S THE BY EURIPIDES. that they mostly kept talking and moving about the stage, so it was probably just as incredible as Yea, once again I must descend into that the rest of the show was. Perhaps the last words here should go to Notalent, who truly deserves the break that Seville is giving him, if it can be

vast abyss of mediocrity that some off-handedly term the so-called "English language" in order to attempt to find meaning and mortal verbiage to attach to the unearthly, almost grotesquely perfect doings of the man humans know as "Seville". This production is much more than a mere Triumph; should Ezekiel have had a choice between his fiery wheel and this performance, he probably would have said, "Oh Lord, you are good and merciful to this pathetic servant, but I'd rather see this play, so take off!" This production, however, was not some-

thing to avert one's eyes from (although they recommended that at the door). As Angus, the god of Vacuity who rules over the simple fisherfolk of Hickafax, Seville was awesome; his diction was almost always correct (except when he slipped into meditative chants during a monologue), his clothes were neat, his hair was tidy, and his spirit, indominable. I can recall the way that he uttered the phrase, "Jeez, b'y, them gods are givin' you some tough luck, eh?", causing ripplingly orgasmic waves to crawl all over me, resulting in an almost animal yelp of bliss issuing from my lips, stifled only by my wife placing her

large handbag into the opened aperture. Bony Crandall made an interesting cameo appearance as well, playing "Bony Crandall", the out-of-work, out-of-town God of Celebrity. He seemed oddly lost, though, amid the swirl and pageantry of the show's musical numbers, which



# Don Seville, God and Man I've been around

By ELLIE SHRILL

Social Butterfly Last week, Mr. and Mrs. Beresford-Arbuckle hosted Mr. and Mrs. P.J. Hubley at a soiree before their departure south for the winter. Like so many Haligonians this season, the couple has foregone the usual Florida winter residence and instead is travelling to that new hideout of haute societe: Bangor, Maine. As Mrs. Hubley so poignantly noted, "Florida is so depressing. The only things left there are crime, old people and Haitians. Besides, just everyone is going to Bangor." For the soiree, Mrs. Beresford-Arbuckle served a selection of

cheese, sliced cold meats and a chip-dip she prepared herself, Last Saturday Mary-Jo Cave, 16, was selected the winner in the annual Daughters of the British Umpire (Local 1394) essay competition. Miss Cave's winning essay was entitled "Faith, Hope and Charity - The Three Cornerstones of our Society" and was selected from over 30 contestants. At present, Miss Cave is a student at the Upper La Havre Finishing School for Young Ladies. Miss Cave hopes to attend King's College University next year where she will

Finally, last Friday night the Halifax chapter of the National Gun Association held its annual dinner in the Moose Lodge on Lower Water Street. This year's guest speaker was Percival Hammer, vice-president of the NGA, who gave a fifteen-minute oratory entitled "Guns is Fun". The event was well-attended with several notables present, including the president of Nova Scotia's NGA, Irving Duckblack. Mr. Duckblack pointed to the growing use of guns in our society both for sports and personal weapons as a "reassuring trend in these troubled times"