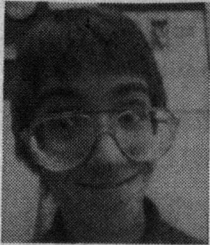


Your Two Bits



Olive Idiot

In Edmonton, there is a shocking lack of color and excitement in the streets, specifically in the downtown area.

The city's Planning Department is well aware that the downtown is not excessively lively, but its "street furniture" and bus shelter solutions simply aren't enough.

By now, drastic measures are becoming necessary to save our dying downtown culture. What we need is some exciting big city flavor. Toronto, New York, San Francisco and Detroit all have character and there should be no reason why Edmonton can't have some of its own.

Toronto has sidewalk cafes and gay street riots. You can bet tourists don't get bored strolling down the Yonge Street strip on a hot summer afternoon when the real action is in full swing. San Francisco has a charmingly colorful array of homosexuals who decorate its streets and that city certainly doesn't suffer from a lack of tourism. Nobody has ever accused either New York or Detroit of being a dull place to visit. Why, even permanent residents find it an unending challenge to stroll their own streets.

We probably wouldn't even have to import many of the truly flowery objects of fancy Frisco is famous for as it is generally understood that Edmonton has its own flourishing gay population shamefully being kept under wraps. When last did you spot a truly original gay strolling the empty streets of our downtown?

Antique lamp posts could be erected in the more heavily populated stretches of Jasper Avenue where the brightly decorated young men and women could display their wares to residents and visitors alike.

If we could just get crime to come out of the closet, think of the lively rallies and riots we could stage right in front of the Hudson's Bay building. There could even be occasional marches scheduled from the legislative buildings to protest Edmonton's shocking lack of fair legislation for gay and criminal rights.

Even a handful of ragged looking adults in black leather jackets with chains and, perhaps the odd tattoo just for show, could cause tourists to believe their downtown excursions to be adventures in themselves, not mere shopping sprees in a city that essentially has no real shopping flavor of its own. Running from intersection to intersection to avoid the stylish vagrants and hoodlums would give these visitors something really exciting to record in their travel journals. Edmonton's entire image problem could be virtually wiped out at a very marginal cost to the city. Why, used biker's outfits could probably be bought or leased at terrific bargain prices. This addition could also provide excellent employment opportunities for the unemployed. Out with the grey throwaways from the Goodwill and in with the sabres and dog collars famous in crime ridden cities of the world.

It is encouraging to see the small but enthusiastic punk population already doing what little they can in their limited numbers to spice up our town.

Hopefully, the city's Planning Department will catch on before it's too late and Edmonton's dull image becomes permanently etched in the minds of our residents and potential tourists.

This dunderhead here never reads Journal

Eh! I got a complaint to pick wit chew guys. I even got a few more 'n one if you really wanna know. First, I think you guys put out a lousy rag I wouldn't use fer my kid's toilet paper an I can say this fer sure cause I never ever read the thing myself. If you wanna know da truth, I'd probably pick one up at a newstand ever once in while if I saw some of what I liked on the front page. You know, meat...it makes you wanna see what's inside.

But color pitchers of crime and politicians I never even met just don't, ya know, turn my crank, like.

But here's like, even another beef I got wit chew. I never read you; I don't even like yer color (I

gotta harvest gold fridge that's easier to look at then the color of yer "flag"), and here I am lookin' at the ugly sight a you ever mornin anyways. I refuse to pay fer it an you can tell yer canvassers ta quit callin' my trailer at dinner time, and keep yer snot nosed little yellow paper boy the hell away from me before I swat him hard enough so's he can get to Hawaii by air without airfare fer the trip. I never ordered no perscription an I never wanna see yer pukey yellow head again.

Sir Aubrey Buchanen Esq. P.S.: Don't dare use my address in yer bogey circulation numbers either cause I'll know an I'll get real mad an I'm real big an ornery.



It is our considered opinion that the writer of this letter is a goat-kissing schmuck like the one in this photo.

A curious propensity for overblown run-on sentences

Dear Editor,

It has recently come disturbingly to my personal attention you accept nothing more and only Letters to the Editor if they are written in truly ingenious mannerisms like utilizing orange paper with blue ink which sounds great on paper but suffers from regional disparities of the central Canadian nevous system because as the revamped version of the *Big Green Bore* you realize that I realize that you realize the nature of the problems caused by the lack of oil and gas revenues from our vast

tar sands although it is still your understood responsibility to the people of this great province which may soon be a have-not again to present them with the right ideological framework during provincial elections in this province by subverting the sabotization of the political cultural system we live under and work toward uplifting to its greatest glory to the best of your and our ability with regard to the demoralization of our opponents and in this vein and with high regard to your competence in yellow jour-

nalism I am calling on you to expose the socialistic cartel that has monopolized the supply of all the world's orange paper and blue ink and is working around the clock to rock the free world by undermining the free enterprise system which we hold so dear to our hearts and that our ancestors

fought and died for and over since without them who fought and died we could not uphold the free and democratic traditions of pork-barrelling and gerrymandering and featherbedding and so it is your turn to wipe out this socialist menace by supporting the annihilation and destruction

of the orange paper cartel which is causing a disturbing backfiring of the intended silencing if the anti-capitalist hordes for this is my last page of orange paper so you must stop them now!!!

E. Peter Lowheat
Prime Mire of Alberta

Marty and Davy were lovers...

Like, us queens are like really discriminated against. The men won't let us play with them, and the women won't let us join their associations. Actually some of the men are different. Take for example Martin "below the buckle" Schug. He likes to play with us. The rest of them politicians are just too damn conservative to let us have our fun. Like the lousy Students' Union is just too, you know, anti-sexist, they ripped down our posters of our Flashback queen Headwind (isn't he a beaut) and like they're just really square, not tubular like us. Those Greenhill cronies and Therrienites may reign in SUB, but we rule the HUB. This year we've had one long, hard grind fighting for equal rights and are finally coming to the climactic end of our struggle. Our heads are in the

right place unlike the rest of the students. Come with us, and join our club "The Faery Queen Assn." in the Fine Arts Building, or sign up on Trendy Bench.

Yours forever, Darlings
Queen Johnny II

It has been discovered through confidential sources that Dave "Queen Johnny II" Koch thinks that winning a prestigious seat in the Students' Council by acclamation is a feat unsurpassed by any student of science before him, (including Isacc Newton, Einstein & Galileo). With this in mind, it is clearly demonstrable that the competence of Queen Johnny II, science students rep should be questioned. I guess his scientific background will prove to be valuable in

future times when he considers developing his synthetic two-way dildo to accompany his waterbed made for three. Not only that, but he is deluded about the existence of the proposed science students' association (of which he wishes to declare himself president without the consent of the science student body in general). I strongly recommend that the science students of this university extradite this commiefaggot back to his "Red homeland."

Martin "the heterosexual Redneck" Schug P.S. He should also be strung up by his 2-inch jelly bean.

Editor's note: Look, as far as I'm concerned, you're both stinking, coprophagous weasels. So bugger off.

Killer drugs!



And what sort of chemicals do you suppose this fellow is flying on?

Dear Sir,

In light of the recent tragic death of young Bobby "Bonzo" Rodriguez by drug overdose, I am submitting this poem dedicated to the memory of Bobby and all the other kids just like him in the world.

needles and razors
a bunch of pricks
tracking your life
rushing from place to place
trips that never end
fight to breathe see the Buddha
kill the Buddha
white lines red lines
twisting upwards in the table
things really are better with
Coke

Stewart Rodd

BOOMSBURY

