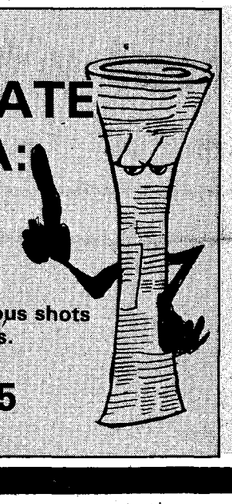
CORPORATE MEDIA:



Or, we take gratuitous shots at our bosses.

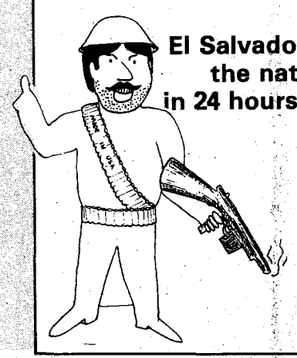
Page A5

Sex and the Single Puppy:

An exclusive behind the kennels report

Page B17

TRAVEL:



El Salvador and back: all the national sites, in 24 hours — guaranteed

Page F2

The Rose Bushes:

Exciting new sequel to The Thorn Birds, shot in George Pedersen's garden.

Page C6

The Ubyssey:

Everyone's favorite newspaper west of 6th and Granville gets sold after bloody battle between Southam, Thompson and CUP. "I loved it till the end," laments Cuppie.

Page B1

See inside: SELF INDULGENCE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Weakened Scum

WRECK BEACH, NEAR SUNNY UBC FRIDAY, APRIL 1

Today's weather: ACID RAIN Stay indoors

No sense

$500 outside Pacific Press

WEATHERMAN SEES SUNNY SKIES

Latremouille to grab premier's seat

—Steve Bosch photo

"ONLY CANADER EH?" whisper conspiring refugees beginning to catch local lingo, as they lament the nuclear holocaust which has destroyed Europe. Fortunately, cameras were rolling as intelligent life, as we know it, on the planet expires and refugees can watch instant playback preserved for all eternity on convenient video cassette.

'I didn't do those gov't ads for nothing,' he says, 'or did I?'

By BRAWN KEENER
Weakened Kamloops Bureau

In a surprise move, BCTV weatherman Fred Latremouille has taken the Social Credit party by storm and will lead it into the next provincial election, replacing premier Bill Bennett.

"The premier has been in a high pressure area for some time now," said a sunny Latremouille, "and he's feeling under the weather. Consequently the party decided it would be best for Bill and for the investment climate in B.C. if a new front moved in. That front is me."

Latremouille, the controversial freelance weatherman who faced a hail of criticism for hosting a thinly disguised series of Socred political TV ads paid for with government flush funds, has had a meteorological rise within the Social Credit party. He attributes his success to Bennett's indecisiveness about calling a provincial election.

"Bennett just couldn't decide whether to call the vote or whether to wait," Latremouille said. "So leading party members figured if they were going to have a whetherman lead the party, why not at least get a professional one."

A despondent Bill Bennett claimed the overthrow was plotted by Surrey gardener and former cabinet minister Bill Vander Zalm, but admitted his political future appeared cloudy.

"It was a snow job," said the testy premier, his temperature rising. "I've been frozen out of my dad's party. My career's on ice. But I'll tell you one thing — Latremouille's rain in this party won't last long!"

Meanwhile, Latremouille breezed through his election platform. The new Socred boss said that based on the success of B.C.'s new covered stadium his party was planning to put all of Vancouver under the dome. The money for the enormous project will come from a special government fund put aside for rainy days.

NDP opposition leader Dave Barrett, calling it a dark day for the province, promised to turn up the heat in the legislature. "Latremouille and his fair weather friends in Social Credit are full of hot air," a beaming Barrett told reporters. "When the election is called the people will shower the New Liberal . . . er . . . New Democratic Party with votes," he predicted.

Latremouille's stunning move sent shivers down the spines of Conservative party members currently searching for a new knifeholder, also sometimes called Tory leader. Inside informants at the CBC claim that newsreader Knowlton Nash is pondering a stab at the job.

"After all," Nash reportedly said, "the Tories agree on one thing, surprisingly enough, and that's the need for a national candidate. So who could be a better National candidate than me?"

Observers feel that if Nash were to throw his hat in the ring the only man capable of stopping him is Lloyd Robertson of CTV. When contacted Robertson said of the rumours, "It's news to me." He added that Harvey Kirck was still on vacation.

Although the full effects of the Latremouille coup are yet to be determined, political storm warnings are in effect for all parties. The most alarming possibility yet was voiced by political analyst Dalton Camp, who claims that the Liberal party, ever alert to new trends, plans to draft one of Canada's most loved broadcasters as its next leader.

"I have it on good sources," said Camp, "that the next Liberal leader will be none other than the Friendly Giant! The Giant has been told that a little chair has been set up for him in the Liberal parliamentary benches, right there beside the fire."

Camp said the Giant would be extremely popular with big business and have a stranglehold on the votes of young people.

Friendly's key political advisor, Jerome Giraffe, said if elected the big man would have a strong cabinet. "Rusty the Rooster will take over the ministry of agriculture and the egg marketing board, and I don't think I'd be sticking my neck out too far to say I hope to get an appointment to the upper house," he confided.

Camp said the Friendly Giant's only potential difficulty was in his close business relationship with Mr. Dressup, the TV mystery man noted for his bizarre wardrobe.

"I'm just not convinced Ontario is willing to take a man like Mr. Dressup seriously in a post such as minister of external affairs," Camp noted, though he agreed that a Dressup appointment to the B.C. Supreme Court would be acceptable and not surprising.

SPECIOUS REPORT

Joe's dull, so are we

By DUG SOGGY,
SILLY FROLIC and
Silly's trendy little poodle MUFFY

Joe, a quiet soft-spoken man in his early 30's, nervously brushes a lock of unruly blonde hair from his forehead as he begins to talk about his singularly interesting lifestyle.

Spending his days as a chartered accountant and his nights watching video tapes of the 1982 Stanley Cup final, Joe seems, at first, to be living a life of utterly unremarkable boredom.

His unprepossessing Kits walk-up is uncluttered by mementos of past glamour, he has no exotic pets, no interesting personal mannerisms, and does nothing to distinguish himself from anyone of a thousand people one might encounter on any Vancouver street.

In short, Joe is not the sort of person one would ever pick out as the leader of a cult of transsexual accupuncturists.

Which isn't surprising, because he isn't. Joe, like dozens of other people interviewed by the Specious Report team during the past several months, is typical of most people out there in storyland — he is dull, he has done nothing of note, and he isn't newsworthy.

In a daily scramble to fill a gaping hole in The Weekened Scum's front page, we of the Specious Report team have been knocking our fucking brains out trying to find interesting, trendy, human-interest, featurey stuff padded out to fill our allotted 30 inches of space per day and now — after months of tearing our hair out to please those assholes in management who thought up this plan — we're sick of it.

You hear us, GS, sick!

It sounded like such a plum assignment when we got it.

"Hey team," they told us, "how would you like to have a lock on front page — everything you write planted in an attention-grabbing page one box?"

Who could refuse an offer like that? Hell, they even ran pictures of us next to our by-lines.

See our mug shots, A5

We didn't even mind when the company didn't pay us any more for doing this shit. Those guys know how to kiss ass when they want something out of you. They promised us a section of the parking lot would be marked off: "For exclusive use of the Specious Report team."

But after a while, when the ideas weren't coming so easily anymore, the nice promises kind of fell by the wayside.

The word was out. We'd blown it. We just weren't interesting enough. People stopped laughing at our jokes in the press club. Invitations for lunch were usually declined with averted eyes, a mumble, and a cough behind a fist.

We were yesterday's newswriters.

Instability hits Europe

Weakened news services

A ceasefire has been reached in this morning's limited nuclear war that destroyed Europe. The agreement came after American and Soviet officials declared the conflict a stalemate, a White House spokesman said earlier this afternoon.

"This is it. This is what New York was all about," said an ecstatic American freeze movement spokesperson in reference to last June's massive rally in New York City.

The limited nuclear exchange began at 7:30 a.m. when the U.S. fired a "warning shot" at Leningrad. The U.S.S.R. returned the fire, and the continent was destroyed as most Europeans were on their way to work. Preliminary counts put the number of dead at 200 million, almost half of Europe's pre-exchange population.

"By 7:45 it became obvious that neither side was going to capitulate or back down," said the White House spokesman. "We played our ace and destroyed Czechoslovakia, but they simply wiped out Italy. That told both sides it would be best for everyone to de-esculate."

But in Geneva, which was untouched by the conflict, military observers said the conflict took at least 30 minutes to slow down, instead of the planned 10-12 minutes. "As a result, all of Europe was decimated, as opposed to the handful that would have been hit if it could have been brought under control as quickly as the regulations dictate," said one official, who was in Geneva for arms control talks.

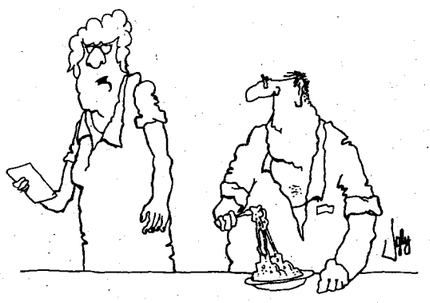
By 8:00 a.m. the exchange had become a m.a.d. free-for-all, survivors reported.

"If it had been Kieve or Odessa, maybe we could have understood. By why Lenigrad?" a bewildered Soviet president Yuri Andropov told Pravda.

U.S. president Ronald Reagan explained in a press conference that the Free World could no longer tolerate Soviet expansionism. "To save Europe, we had to destroy it," he said.

BLURRY

VERMIN



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"It's linguini sauce — the cook has a cold."

649 lottery losers

Wednesday's winning 6/49 combination was not 12, 34, 41, 12 and 56. Keep on guessing and buying those tickets, Bill needs the money for Expo '86. Details, Z6.

No love found here

If Peter Lougheed does not get his way, then Bill Davis will enter the Tory leadership race and Peter Pocklington will meet with Joe Clark to form an Alberta caucus if and only if David Crombie and Michael Wilson form a united Toronto front. But what about John Crosbie in Newfoundland? A6.

INDEX

Applause	everywhere	Letters	probably fake
Business	B2	Sports	B2
Classified	throw away section	Theatres	B2
Editorials	no one reads	TV	B2

Classified: 228-3977 Circulation: needed

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THE TWO FACES OF NANAIMO BARS

SUSAN, BEFORE AND AFTER: Can you tell the difference? We can't

By NASTY BOXERSHORTS and LIZZY GODSHE

It's usually one thing to run a famous catering service and quite another to be a woman's libber. But Susan has found a way to combine both and be a more creative person and loving being for it, although she has an ambivalent attitude towards the term "Superwoman."

In her comfortable, co-op house, where strings of garlic cloves easily mesh with large ferns, Susan sits back on a pink velvet couch, takes a choking drag from her low-tar cigarette, and admits what she's known for years: "Yes, nanaimo bars lead to liberation."

"They certainly led to mine," she stresses, afraid that the person with whom she is trying to communicate won't understand and will prematurely judge her. She is all the more apprehensive because it's only been five hours since she discovered that she didn't need a man to be a whole person.

As an affirmation of her realization, Susan went to court today to legally remove her last name that made her famous — Meddlesoon — to prove she can stand on her own.

"Patriarchy and male domination suck," she quietly says, pushing last month's copy of Cosmopolitan under the coach and revealing Ms. magazine under a cushion nearby. She reflects on her years as Vancouver's top gourmet — she cites appearing on the Vancouver Show with Pia Shandel as a crowning achivement to a successful career — and quiche-maker. Her own business, The Hazy Gourmet, continues to thrive despite recent personal turmoil.

She says she feels uncomfortable about owning a business that brings in more than $200,000 a year; "Most of my customers are men anyway," she remembers and spits in disgust. Fortunately, there is a spitoon nearby.

Susan, who started the Hazy Gourmet restaurant and catering service five years ago, says food was crucial to her journey to enlightenment. "You cook, and you cook, and you cook, and one day you realize you don't have to cook."

Most Vancouver feminists have accepted Susan's transformation, although most will not go on the record. Debbie Dallas, of Vancouver's Progressive Women's Progressive Health, Counselling and Support Services and Spa, says: "I embrace her. She's a woman, a sister, a friend, there is a natural bond between us that springs from men's oppression of us. They'll never take that away from us. They'll never know what it's like for me and Susan to share a nanaimo bar together."

The subject of nanaimo bars comes up frequently during one's conversation with Susan, who describes them as "the perfect food: "Throughout North American kitchens, housewives knew about its nurturing qualities before apes with human faces found out about it and made it commercial. The loving mix of homogenized — not two per cent — milk with pure chocolate and freshly grated coconut, well, you can't beat it.

"Although you have to be careful about men who tend to overfill it with nuts, in keeping with their character."

Susan has been a loving mother to two androgynous children — "I had them operated on" — for more than two years. In addition, she has ventured into theatre; she became one of the directors of Tieanoose theatre in 1979, the same year she gave birth. She is currently one of two and a half women on the board.

Susan isn't the only upper-middle class personality to discover feminism. Only recently, she and women's rights champion, model agency head Blanc MacDonald got together for edible nanaimo bar private-wear.

"Those disgusting stores that cater to men's fantasies only offer the usual Lifesaver flavors," says Blanc. "We want to prove that they can be as healthy and fulfilling in the kitchen as in the bedroom."

The pair decided to put famous axioms on the new fashion line, starting with Susan's personal favorite: "You've Come a Long Way."

"It's so perfect," she reflects, adding that it's one saying that has had the most influence on her life. As she realizes the meaning of the words, and the promise they continue to hold for the future, she weeps and looks down on the bright, clean Afghan carpet, only recently smuggled out. Susan, or Susan Meddlesoon as she was known just yesterday, is exactly where she belongs.

El cheapo finds new ways to save reputation

YOUR MONEY
BIKE GRUBBY

OAKALLA — The 1983 income tax form is a complex, intellectually overpowering set of documents numbering more than 473 pages. They could have kept the cost and the bulk of the form down by not double-spacing, but that's government for you. Those spendthrifts probably don't even know the recipe for the old-ketchup-bottle bloody Mary.

So why the new dateline on my column? Well, keeping costs down, managing money and running a tight household does take its toll, even when you're sharing that burden with a patient, unstinting tax-deduction like the one I'm married to.

I guess it all started with the provincial government's abolition of the renter's tax credit. I know you're probably thinking "renter's tax credit? But this guy owns his own house."

Right you are, but as I pointed out in an earlier column, a handy but often overlooked tax dodge is to register your house to a dummy corporation in Singapore and, while still living in the house yourself, list a set of fictitious relatives as the tenants.

This device also has the beneficial side-effect of making it hard for out-of-province creditors to track you down.

I found an economical way of venting my pique at the government's move, however. An effective molotov cocktail can be cobbled together using basic ingredients found in any well-managed household, and thus armed I attended Bennett's extravagant, uneconomical opening of the B.C. Place stadium.

Unfortunately, I was nabbed as I tried to sneak in with that choir of school kids, and a security guard stole my bomb and told me to stay out of trouble.

I went home for a parsimonious brood.

Then there were the banks. Another little-known but useful fact of money management is that loan rates of as low as 9.3 per cent are available to borrowers who list a minor diety as the co-signer. Given this provision, I'd gotten the money for the Vega by forging the signature of Vishnu on the loan form. This was two years ago, and just a couple of days ago, the bank finally got wise.

They didn't notice the forged signature — oh, no, they went for one of their usual, petty loopholes. They told me this particular diety didn't have signing authority except on the Indian subcontinent.

I threw my youngest born through the manager's door. The little tyke's medical expenses can be written off against the additional interest on the loan — this through an obscure clause in the Bank Act — so I was able to make my point to the bank with a minimum of personal financial disruption.

But, back to the point of this column. Yes, the 1983 income tax form is a bitch. For years I've been deciphering these things, for my thousands of skinflint readers, and more importantly for myself.

But this year! More than 473 pages of numbers, provisions, exclusions, qualifications. And the whole thing capped at the back page with a picture of Marc Lalonde and the caption "Eat this, motherfuckers!"

So I did the only sensible thing. I got the whole family and the dog together, we urinated on the form and sent it back without further comment.

Actually, this Oakalla thing is working out quite well. I'm developing metalworking skills at the prison shop that should save me time and money when I get out in 10 years. (Five for good behaviour, but I'm having too much tax-free fun here to behave.)

Of course, my family is a problem. They're still out there, generating bills, paying taxes, and spending money I don't have.

But we do have a shop bakery here. And my latest cake (ingredients paid for by you tax-paying saps) went out with the little woman last night.

If she tries at about 2 a.m., I figure she and the kids can break in and stay unnoticed.

And that's today's tax tips.

Yesterday in The Weakened Scum

● If you'd bothered to pick this paper up yesterday — and we would've been surprised if you had — you would've discovered the details behind the publications war to control The Ubyssey. You would have learnt about media politics and corporate negotiations to make the student newspaper Vancouver's third daily paper. But you didn't pick us up, did you? You missed out on all the important news, Not to mention that you failed to make us richer. Shame on you. You deserve to be stuck with The Province.

CONGRATULATIONS

The 1983 award for sensationalist journalism has already been won by the staff of the Ubyssey student newspaper at the University of British Columbia for its coverage of an alleged Herpes outbreak. Although normally we usually hire from Eastern Canadian journalism schools, The Weakened Scum applaudes the accomplishments of the following reporters, artists and editors:

Peter Berlin
Robert Beynon
Craig Brooks
Patti Flather
Doug Fraser
Arnold Hedstrom
Brian Jones
Lisa Morry
Robby Robertson
Shaffin Shariff
Len Whitehead
Charles Campbell
Chris Wong
Victor Wong
Glen Shaeffer

Al Banham
Sensationalist

The Weakened Scum
Founded in 1983

CLARK W. DAVEY *God*
FRANK RUTTER *Senior letter cutter*
BRUCE LARSONY *Managing Dipstock*
BRUCE HUTCHINSON *Retired-has-been*
GORDON SOUTHAM *Editor-in-chief*
IAN HASSAM *The boss*

Being right

The past four years of Vancouver Civic administration has taught Vancouver voters that the "left" is not all that bad. Under Michael Harcourt, a person with political views not that far left of centre, the city has done its best in these tough economic and social times.

We have seen controlled growth, management of Socred megaprojects in the interests of the people, and budgets reflecting the needs of Vancouver's population, not that of fanatics and developers who want to remove barriers for the sake of political gain. Or rather, we would have liked to have seen such changes.

When one drives home after work, usually about 6:15 p.m. or so (why not 4:30, we still don't know), the advantages of having Michael Harcourt in office become obvious. Whether it be a West End for people, not prostitutes, or building developers with plans for people, not profits, Harcourt's presence is felt.

When the Scum supported Michael in 1980 it wasn't without hassles. People in the business community who have too often dictated the editorial stance of this paper were not amused. They said the Scum was "commie," "pinko," "leftist," and yes, even "radical." (Sounds like The Ubyssey, actually.)

But the Scum's choice was for the better. Can you imagine what it would be like today, with expensive wrist watches on all civic employees, skyscrapers outside Stanley Park, Mein Kampf readings in council meetings, and the selling of our valuable park land for developers.

We at the Scum editorial department knew what would happen if Jack Volrich and his cohorts got returned to office. That is why, against the desire of our publisher, the true blue Tory that he is, and that of the Southam mega-empire, we, the all-knowing, all-seeing editorial writers, supported Brother Mike.

The province is in a similar circumstance now. Faced with a corrupt government, which has an atrocity list longer than Attila the Hun, one may cautiously conclude that the Socreds are a party of the past. They have brought (or is it bought?) more dirty tricks than even tricky dicky Nixon could have thought of.

Gracie's finger, northeast coal, B.C. Hydro, B.C. Place and its roads, rapid transit, letter writing, and more. We are facing education cuts, a worsening state of health care, and a massive deficit, while the provincial government builds visible mega-projects to help get re-elected.

It is time the people of B.C. stand up and be counted in something other than a census. It is high time Bill Bennet stopped hiding in a corner and ruling by decree. It is time we had a change in the government.

But Dave Barrett and the N.D.P.? We've been more of an opposition than they have.

That is why we think anarchy is the better alternative. Let the revolution start now.

We apologize if anyone out there really believes we took a real stance.

"My dear, despite what you say about voodoo, I doubt that stabbing junior's doll will make Mr. Clark drop out of the race . . ."

Sex positions

Ever walk down Davie Street? Or Georgia Street? We haven't, but we'd like to comment on a matter that greatly concerns us. And the only reason it concerns us is that our Surrey and Burquitlam readers (the majority of our circulation) have expressed concern about it.

We refer to an ugly topic, one that has been a source of sorry state since the beginning of time. We refer, of course, to a matter so controversial, even Pat Carney (PC-Vancouver Centre) brought it up in the house of commons.

Vancouver cannot tolerate the situation any longer. Citizens are continually harrassed by this menace that prevents children from walking to the corner grocery to pick up 1 litre cartons of two per cent milk, going to the nearest video arcade in the local 7-11 store, or even doing something mundane as going to schools that are full of dope pushers.

But we aren't worried about schools with dope pushers or the proliferation of video arcades (incidentally, Clark Davey's son has six Atari games, two Intellevision sets, and is clamouring for a Commodore 64). Our intelligence, or lack thereof, prevents us from tackling those subjects. (Editorial writers who work 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. shouldn't have to deal with such things anyway.)

Little old men may not agree with our stance. What they do in early afternoons in Stanley Park or near Denman street makes their day worthwhile. And we applaud house of common's justice committee's suggestion that the activity under discussion here be undermined by the government's definition of a public place.

Such activities should not be taking place in a public place. If beings of the streets begin to disregard appropriate health standards and precautionary measures, a large segment of our respectable citizenry will be affected. We would not like to see a tragedy on the scale of recent outbreak of an incurable, infectious disease among Australian Lippizan stallions.

We have considered the matter long and hard, weighed both sides of the issue, and taken six months to come up with our stance.

Ours is an imminently fair position: Squirrels in the West End must go. There are no two ways about it. For too long, taxpaying citizens have had to deal with rude little creatures who continuously interrupt a good night's sleep and other important activities.

While we're at it, we think Pigeons also must go. It seems those pesky birds have been flying south to Surrey after leaving the downtown area.

A real enhancement

The informal ceremony earlier this week in which Lieutenant-Governor Henry Bell-Irving officially opened the min-hatchery on Kanaka Creek that will bear his family's name was but another grace note in the service he and his wife have given this province in the nearly five years he has been the Queen's representative in this most favored corner of her Canadian realm.

The hatchery will be not only one of the focal points in the new regional district park along the creek but an important educational resource for students in the area. It was built with donations by the public to The Scum's Save the Salmon Society but most significantly with the financial support of the Bell-Irving family.

At a time when they were winding up a family business that had been their direct association with the west coast fishery they acknowledged their obligation to the future of that fishery with their support for salmonid enhancement.

It's an example we can only hope other companies and families whose futures are still inextricably linked with that resource will be impelled to follow.

Remember

Canadians should feel a certain sense of loss at the recent destruction of the cultural centres of Europe. It is truly a pity that today's nuclear war brought and unheralded rain of destruction upon Europe, the like of which the arts have never seen.

The Mona Lisa, the architecture of the Vatican, the castles of Germany, the fish and chips of England.

All gone. To say nothing of all those people.

We have our roots in Europe. That is something we should never forget, as we forge ahead without that spot of land across the water.

It's a bloody crying shame.

Is anyone out there reading this?

"Who the hell am I" — unknown iconoclast.

My name is Jam Lame.

I'm a journalist.

My job is to expose evil and corruption in our society.

That's why I am in Ottawa, and that's why I am a journalist.

Watching movies in Vancouver just wasn't the same.

And last week intrigue came to the world of Ottawa, just my kind of stuff. When a Grope and Flail reporter was barred by security officers from following Pierre Trudeau up a flight of stairs, I reacted. It's my job. I'm a journalist.

Accounts of the dastardly incident made the CTV national news, my column, and provoked numerous other newspaper and radio reports. Although we aren't supposed to talk about the fact that journalism is one of the major drinking professions, at the Ottawa press club the matter was yelled about long and loud over sundry fermented concoctions (saying beer is not permitted by power-that-be).

He was not exactly manhandled, but he was physically prevented from asking the prime minister a question in a place where the prime minister is fair game for questioning. Hence the media outburst in favor of freedom of the press, and denigration of Mr. Trudeau and his security team for denying the media the opportunity to quiz the country's leader on matters of important policy.

I happen to agree with that view. But I also think I know why the incident occurred when it did, and what was behind it.

Before the vice-president's wife went on a CBC radio show, six U.S. agents entered the studio — which was flashing a red light, indicating a recording was in progress — and began knocking on walls, inspecting electronic hardware, and generally making a psychic shambles of the place.

What makes this security show really amazing is the knowledge that it was staged by what was only the 'B' team. The 'A' team, bigger and better yet, travels only with President Ronald Reagan.

No doubt there is legitimate concern for the life of the vice-president. Sad though it may be, he must have security. We should not forget that Artie Bremmer stalked Richard Nixon here in the '70s before choosing George Wallace as a suitable target for his gun. But sometimes the security treatment is taken to absurd lengths.

JAM LAME
IN OTTAWA

You see we wanted to ask Pierre something. And he didn't want to tell us. Mystery, intrigue. And why not? Simply put, Mr. Trudeau is jealous of us. He has all those Canadians hating him, particularly those in the West.

People read and listen to us. Most Canadians gave up on Trudeau a while ago. A while ago Mr. Trudeau decided not to have any more regular press conferences. All part of his grand plan. Since then he and his ministers have issued conflicting statements on everything from the Cruise missile to testing potential nuclear weapons on Canadian soil. He told United States vice president George Bush last week he supported Cruise testing, but later he told the House of Commons something else. I'm still trying to find out what.

Confusing.

You're telling me.

Mr. Trudeau is trying to make us look bad, so he will look good, in comparison to us, the media.

Either that or he has finally gone off his rocker. I think it was something I'll call the Grecian Factor.

The incident occurred the day after Mr. Bush was here. During his brief stay he was never without a bottle of the Grecian Factor. That popular substance has been used in abundance around 24 Sussex drive recently, my informed inside sources told me Tuesday. Despite his receding hairline, Trudeau is actively using the stuff, our source says.

It must be soaking through the bald spots right to his brain.

And then there was the Bush incident, not unrelated to Grecian. During the vice president's recent visit to Ottawa, professional secret service people showed their stuff. The glamor of the machine, the precision pacing, the brutish behavior, jeez — big league stuff. Just adding to the intrigue nature of Ottawa. And you are reading about it here, since it's my job. I'm a journalist.

And we journalists stick together.

The reporter who got accosted, a certain Mr. Walkom, is a friend of mine (although we are still not on a first name basis). After the incident when Canadian security guards imitated their U.S. counterparts, Mr. Walkom was taken to the commons basement for a dose of Canadian torture. I sought him out after he returned from the dark, deep, mysterious depths of the central block, because I wanted to know what was down there, but because I gave a damn about the Toronto competition (although he is, still, a friend, like all us true Ottawa journalists are).

So what was Canadian torture like? I asked him. He was forced to watch the beachcomers, the ACTRA awards, and Nowlton Nash (a fine dedicated journalist).

Doing movie reviews in Vancouver just wasn't the same.

Is anybody reading this? Does anyone care?

MARGINAL NICKELS
IN VICTORIA
UNDER TABLE

The Weakened Scum is a politically naive newspaper. It is published daily except Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday and holidays by Vancouver Newspapers Unlimited (owned by Southam for the proprietor, Pacific Press Ltd. (also owned, coincidentaly by Southam).

What have they against my mother?

It has always been patently obvious that the leftist/liberals have been unable, in their noble fairytale existence, to get at the heart of the real issue.

They use classy, loaded, perjorative phrases in support of objectives that will plunge the community into anarchy, ruin or worse. Take the inflammatory word bashing, as in union bashing or East Indian bashing. Their use of the word simply serves to detract attention from their own moral turpitude.

Then there is that moral vaguary — just. They cavort around proselytizing about this or that just cause. "Just wait until we're elected," they say.

The simple fact is that their language is without content — a perfect reflection of the fact that their beliefs are without substance.

I should make it clear that this is a subject around which things have not been honestly discussed or debated. And it is because those progressives, rendered comfortable and often arrogant by their own rhetoric, have too much pride in their rosy earnest beliefs to be crusty buggers and mess up a news page with gray, disconcerting and unpalatable facts.

Those lawyers have a cute way with words. And unless you step back and measure their anguished phrases you may not realize that they are closet advocates, that they are defending a propagandistic point of view, as opposed to myself, whose reasoned diction and judicial wisdom benefit the critically objective role of the passive newspaper scribe.

Those teary eyed sophomores even dare to suggest that the intentions of those who would return to 19th century England or to the Italy of the late 1930's are not noble, good-intentioned but bad, unsavory, unprofessorial political ones. It is all part of their quasi fascist suppression of honest truth.

The woolly, uncritical, milquetoast, permissive, liberal intellectuals promoting green light parenthood will only promote homicide, homosexuality, assault and rape, which, as we all know, go hand in hand. Or would at least like to.

And the politicians will be criminally negligent if they supinely go along with their do nothing advice amid the liberal groans of horror at the thought of a hard, penetrating truth.

Morality is angry and nasty. Nature is mean and old. Mean and old is angry and nasty. It is a reality that the nice, kind loving progressives will rend the heavens in order to deny.

They will eagerly seize on the idea that convention, the strap and sexual repression were the enemies of my normal development.

But where are the facts? What has the left got against my mother? What in fact is the crux of their

jist? The uncomfortable truth is that the left wishes to think itself right. But the logical fallacy of that statement is patently obvious. Still they use the word right as though it were their private purvey, as though they could assume the right of the right.

As though the libertarians think they can forge anything except Lenin-like chains of steel. As though those who would reward the thugs and shoplifters with a suspended sentence deserve anything less than a cold, damp cell in Siberia. As though freedom isn't the worst form of imprisonment.

And those misguided political scientist, those dowdy, effiminate sociologists, the veritable toast of the evangelistic progressives, what have they done for their country? For whom will they go to war with their pithy ideas about nuclear disarmament and pefect equality? To which ideology do they owe their abortions?

They will be cowering in their little, blood stained, pink booties when we return to the good old days of capital punishment and the English squirearchy. We'll give them brickbats, not laurel wreaths.

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It is always nice to come back to the typewriter after a snooze. I've often wondered after my little nap where those stars come from, those tiny asterisks . . . But there they are, crying out for an addendum — the content at the end of the column.

Regarding a letter from a certain J. Swift who objects to my suggestion that the marketing of Nestles infant formula — which results in one million deaths per year through starvation and disease — is not an appropriate method of population control.

"Why not," proposed Mr. Swift, "feed the infants twice as much infant formula as they need rather than half as much." ((This would be easily accomplished as none of those impoverished third world idiots can read and probably feed their kids twice as much as they need anyway.)

"The resulting fat and healthy babies could be harvested to feed the starving adult population," Swift continues. "There are several advantages to this. In the long run less infant formula would be consumed as the children would have a fixed lifespan. As well, the need for abortion would cease and the tragedy of death through starvation and disease would be eliminated."

But I won't place a premium on Swift's fuzzy leftist thinking. Why create a stable of healthy third world adults and preclude the acceptability of large scale population control through war?

Certainly war is a more intelligent method of control than this tawdry socialistic idea of Swift. After all, what do healthy, unrepressed unrepentant adults do? They propagate. And they would quickly have more babies than they could eat!

Then the doctrinaire intellectuals would be dancing around saying "We can't make war on these people, they're just like us."

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A word to the young thug who refused to give me a seat on the bus because I was "senile."

To paraphrase Winston Churchill, if you're not witty when you're 17, snide when you're 30 and senile after 20 years on the bench you're not an asshole.

Sports, Entertainment

The Weakened Scum

CLASSIFIED (TWIT ZONE)/Z **C**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ FRIDAY, APRIL 1

FLAMES BOREDOM

Friday is normally the day for my self-righteous indignation column. But today is special. Our much loved sports editor, Duncan Stewart has just been sacked and by way of celebration he bought everybody here drinks. I am now the only person left in the office who is both sober and awake and as a whole bunch of reports just came in over the wire, I'll just cobble them together, stick my name on the top and hand them in to the soon to be ex-editor.

* * *

In my time as a sports writer I've been lucky enough to meet many larger than life characters, but none more so than Moose Laizly. Moose promotes concerts for the student All My Mother Society out at UBC and has his eyes set on the Guiness Book of Records and talks about having UBC students set a world chair sitting record next fall, but already this year he's come close to breaking the record for the least number of people to buy tickets for a rock concert. He sold two for David Craven and then went all the way for the big ZERO with the Ploughboys from Seattle.

Says Laizly: "Any fool can fail to sell a ticket if they fail to advertise and put the gig on at 7 a.m. on Sunday morning. But I've shown that I can put on a decent band at a good time with promotion and still fail to sell. And it wasn't just a one off or a fluke. I can lose money on anybody, The Cowboys, DOA, Daniel Ellsberg, The Beatles, you name it." Laizly is a man who takes pride in his work. "I'm really into messages," said the rippling Laizly. "And remember, I'm a rock n' roller, no-one's tougher than me. And if you write anything bad about me, Boredom, I'll sit on you." I hear you Moose, I hear you.

You may wonder why this column is concentrating on our local university rather than on our local sports. Well, as my old friend, future England soccer team coach Brian Clough used to say when he picked up in his Merc' when I was teaching him how to play squash "You show me a stupid athlete and I'll show you an athlete with problems." And that's why the university athletics program is so important. Athlete's get first rate coaching and an education which teaches them not to be stupid. And I'm all for it.

Talking of UBC. Wreck beach reminds me of the sunny strand at Rhyl, that North Wales paradise where I used to meet my mate Bill Shankly, then Liverpool Football Club manager, in the days when I was his script writer. I still remember the dog like devotion with which he used to trot behind me as I read him his lines and the pure admiration with which he greeted the pithy epigrams I used to toss out. "Some people act as if soccer is a matter of life and death, but it's more important than that." was one of my better efforts. (Mostly I just pinched sayings from Yogi Berra and Vince Lombardi, Bill had never heard of baseball, he knew no better).

* * *

Some people say the fight game's tough, but it's nothing to journalism. Sure Muhammadi Ali's lost more brain cells than any of us ever had to start with. Sure Duk Koo Kim was killed in the ring and sure there isn't a professional pugilist around that hasn't a nose broken more times than I've had sex and with ears bigger than the best B.C. cauliflower but that's nothing compared to the awful damage their careers have wrought on the men who make up the scum sports team. There isn't a clean liver or a pleasant thought in the place. But on occassion it's worth it all. The spectacle of two talented men at the height of their powers slugging it out is still a spectacle of terrible beauty.

And we at the Scum have been privileged to witness just such a spectacle. Not for just fifteen three-minute rounds but over two years our noble combatants have gone at it toe to toe whenever one of them turned his back.

The two demonstrators of the noble art (office back stabbing) were much loved sports editor Dunc 'Sailing-run it' Stewart and (in the black corner-boo hiss) assistant managing editor Geoff Stevenson.

And the bout ended last week when Stephenson landed a clean left knuckle duster to the back of Stewart's head. Naturally enough we here at the sports desk want a rematch and are busy trying to rig the fight in favor of our man. If we don't get it we'll all sulk (well we all sulk anyways but now we'll have an excuse) and run endless sailing stories.

Moose gets critic noosed in pas 17

• Lloyd Dynk, Weakened dance critic and non pareil, visited a cultural extravaganza and inflicts us with a report.

We had occasion last night to take note of the latest offering from the Royal Moose Jaw Ballet. Stunning? Suffice it to say that we presque soiled our seats in untrammelled critical ecstacy.

This daring company's latest force de frappe, an original pas de vingt-sept entitled Whither the Hastings 14, tells the tragic saga of Alfonso, a bus driver, and his star-crossed love for the bag-lady Eloisa.

Elroy Fosdick was passable in the role of Alfonso, but the real stand-out was plucky Sydney Fuzzbox, affectingly dancing the role of the GMC diesel bus. Convincing? We could smell the fumes in the 12th row.

Intermission came. We strolled out to the lobby. Our Courvoisier was watered. No matter.

Rapture was ours as the second act began with a masterful bit of Fuzzbox improvisation. An ability to rise above minor setbacks marks the truly accomplished dancer and Fuzzbox placed himself solidly in that stratum hier soir.

His faultless stop in mid-leap and his subsequent walk to the side of the stage, from whence his shouts of "That was a-one and-a-two, right?" echoed through glittering east-side venue, bespeak a creative daring too seldom seen in the stilted, formalized structure of classical dance.

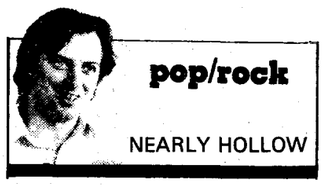
But even such a magical night as this was not without its minor flaws. Principal female dancer Elvira Perspira could be seen from where we sat to have a striking five-o'clock shadow under each of her armpits, a significant disadvantage to one who so often dances with her arms up in the air.

Still, it is to nit-pick. Such quibbling cannot blunt our enthusiastic enjoinder to, as the vernacular has it, cut loose with the Moose.

JOYS OF TRANSPORTATION: it's the Dink-y things that count

TALENTLESS FILE

Incompetents end up hollow after wimpdom



pop/rock

NEARLY HOLLOW

"No one can accuse us of being wimps. We play music that kicks you right in the b---," says Duane Insane, lead singer and guitarist of the up and coming punk/new wave band, The Incompetents.

From the looks of Insane, he's probably right. The man is huge. His massive muscular build is topped off by locks of bleachy blond hair cut in a Mohawk swath. Euro-discoites probably bow meekly in his overbearing presence. (I should know.)

But I manage to get on his good side as he graciously gives me an interview over Big Macs and McChicken at the golden arches near the East Vancouver cave where Insane and his fellow band members dwell.

"Do they have milk here?" asks Insane in a sandpaper voice. "My mother always said, 'drink lots of milk.' "

I offer to buy him a glass of white stuff while I quietly muse to myself about the dichotomy of this punk rocker who drinks milk and still remembers his mother's wise sayings.

Indeed, dichotomies surround The Incompetents who are quickly making a name for themselves in the burgeoning Vancouver music scene.

The band manages to balance opposing elements in their music. Their sound is awesome — one of raw, unabashed power. But their jackhammer-like music is given a light, breezy touch with quasi/soul-reggae, verging on ska stylings.

•

I caught a recent performance of The Incompetents at The Smilin' Buddha where the band wasted no time kicking into first gear with a rousing and riveting sound on the very first tune I heard.

Unfortunately, I could only stay for one tune since I was covering talent night at Richards' (on Richard's) the same night. But it was obvious from my brief listen to the group that they are a competent bunch of incompetents.

More dichotomies were revealed from their performance. Despite their reputation as a gang of degenerate, greasy-haired scums, their tunes reek of intelligence and sensitivity.

The intelligence comes from former Rhodes scholar and current bongo and drums player of the band, Geek Miller. The sensitivity comes from the bassist, xylophone player, and rap master, Burping Roger. They definitely balance the dunce-like aura of The Insane.

Take the lyrics of the single, Nothing Below My Neck, off their debut album on Junk Records, Wimps of the World Beware. Definitely thinking man's music. It won't insult the intelligence of any of the voids and trendy punks who flock to their gigs, no matter how illiterate they are:

Chest hairs, I gotta grow chest hairs.

Give me some chest hairs, I gotta grow some chest hairs.

Can't get no chest hairs, I gotta get some chest hairs.

Don't wanna have less hairs, I gotta get more chest hairs.

Originality and talent are the only words which can be used to describe such musical poetry. Use those words all the time.

As Insane puts it, "We try to address the issues which are of supreme importance for today's youth.

"In Chest Hairs, we talk about a crisis for young studs like ourselves which is equivalent to an old fart's battle with menopause: deficient chest hair growth."

He speaks with vitality and determination. Insane knows it is a long hard road ahead to making CFUN's top 40 charts with such sincere and revealing music.

But the band's manager, Malcolm "I'm a capitalist pig" Mush, is not worried about The Incompent's desire to achieve improved commercial success. (Their album has only sold four copies to date, which according to Mush were bought by three groupies and Insane's mother.)

"People aren't total imbeciles and morons," admits Mush. "They know good music when they hear it and The Incompetents are about the best musical group to emerge since the Partridge Family, or even The Monkees."

Can The Incompetents live up to such high expectations? If classic tunes like Chest Hairs are any indication, I would say yes.

But for now they are desperately trying to avoid the nasty clutches of a horrible phenomenon: wimpdom.

CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

The UBC faculty of commerce and business administration invites nominations and applications for the position of

DEAN

Due to the imminent departure of the present dean for that scummy SFU, where he will assume the position of chief executive officer July 1, we need a dean, like fast.

The appointment, which will take effect as soon as that Lusztig fellow clears out his desk is for a term of five years, with the possibility of renewal if the successful applicant can talk like the incumbent arts dean.

Applications should be accompanied by a detailed curriculum vitae, the names of references and a $10 non-refundable deposit.

This advertisement is directed to Canadian citizens and permanent residents, but foreigners are really encouraged to apply.

Applications, nominations and enquiries should be addressed to:

The Commerce Undergraduate Society
Henry Angus Building 302
University of British Columbia
Vancouver, B.C. V6T 2W5

LEADER [redacted] **P♦C**

Are you bored with your present lack of employment? Has the prospect of sitting on the beach all summer got you down? Cheer up. You can change all that and get a chance to control the lives of millions of other people at the same time. For qualifications and details on this unique opportunity keep reading.

- Is your last name Who?
- Do you own a NHL team?
- Can you confidently fuck up this country's budget?
- Do you have any inclinations to wear feathers or collect dead penguins?
- Would you like an opportunity to learn two officious languages?
- Can you refrain from violent illness at the mention of the federal Conservative party?
- Are your middle fingers in good working order and do you have contempt for the average person?
- Do you have absolutely no sense of reality?
- Need a few bucks?

If so, you too can join the latest trend and run for Conservative leadership. There's only one position, so hurry because there are already too many candidates for the job.

Benefits include a ticket on the Canadian Prime Ministership Lottery, which offers better odds than winning a prize from Loto Canada or dropping dead in a Flamingo suit while riding a cruise missile.

To take advantage of this exciting opportunity to lead this country to oblivion send your resume with explanations of why you desire power and the best ways to fuck up this country to: Armour Securities, 24 Sexist Drive, Ottumwa, Canada. F0A 1D1.

ARE YOU A REGISTERED VOTER?

Well bully for you. It's too late. We've decided there's nothing left worth bothering to vote for. *From now on anarchy rules,* anyone can do anything she or he desires. An existential bent is encouraged but of course not mandatory (black tie and tails are required).
Anarchy is easy. Let the id roam with wild abandon, become a citizen of the world, if you like.
Vive la bagatelle!

If you choose not to decide you still have made a choice

REVOLT

Province of British Columbia Chief Electoral Office

Keep Building with Bill

Catch the B.C. Spirit

During the past few years, we have:

- Taken credit numerous times for federal programs;
- Opened thousands, er, hundreds, er, tens of daycare centers, while closing many others;
- Developed North East coal, while laying off people in the South East coal fields;
- Revised electoral boundaries twice, to provide a more equitable distribution of correct voters;
- Created harmony between the government and B.C. teachers;
- Built a domed stadium to hold politicians' hot air;
- Channelled federal money to mega-projects, helping to create construction jobs, while we import professionals since our universities are funded too little, and
- Had the queen visit, so you could all listen to the Premier Bill make a political speech.

This ad paid for by government (your) money, not by the Social Credit party.