

NATIONAL PEST



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\$50 (plus taxes)

ASHLEY
Southern belle hits theatres
this summer Page A6

MICHEAL
Fraser Institute commissions
new Walker statue Page D7



Klein and Black complete biggest merger of all



Ralph Klein and blushing bride Conrad Black at their recent wedding. The festivities were dampened by an outburst from an irate Barbara Amiel, however this did not seem to phase the lovely couple.

SECRET LOVE BLOOMS IN WILD ROSE COUNTRY

Amiel ambushes proceedings; honeymoon set for South Pacific

BY MILKE STEVEN

EDMONTON • As merger-mania sweeps the globe, the biggest merger of all took place in Edmonton, Alberta this week as media Mogul/Emperor Conrad Black and Ralph Klein, the Premier of Alberta, were married in a lavish ceremony at the Alberta Rocky Mountain Church and Steakhouse (Kids eat free!).

"Our love had always been forbidden, and from afar," said a rosy-cheeked Black, resplendent in a sleeveless white gown. "But one day at the sauna Ralph and I just got to talking, and the chemistry was there from the outset. And from a business perspective, it's a merger that just plain makes sense. Also, he's just a beautiful man."

The festivities included a parade led by 100 half-naked, oiled stockbrokers who twirled batons and cracked whips at unsuspecting bystanders.

Klein, who laughingly called the wedding "the real united alternative lifestyle," talked about the merger as seven oil-wells shot black-gold hundreds of feet into the air, over the church, and onto the welfare centre out back.

"We'll be keeping our maiden names," he said, his cruel yet handsome eyes gazing wistfully into the Alberta sunset. "The need to stay competitive in a global marketplace was definitely a factor. Also, Conrad and I agree that bigger is better, and we do weigh in at a combined five hundred and thirty-eight pounds. Oh, baby."

The ceremonies were only mildly interrupted by Black's soon-to-be ex-wife, Barbara Amiel, who launched herself flying squirrel-like from the balcony as the happy couple exchanged their vows.

"I'll kill you, you fat fuck!" she reportedly screamed as she hurtled towards the altar. However, Amiel was subdued by Black's crack team of eunuchs before she could complete her revenge. Amiel commented to the *Post* that she had given the best years of her life to his "fat ass," and that she'd "model swimsuits against that man-stealer Klein any day of the week."

The merger was made possible by

Klein's repealing of Alberta's ban on same-sex marriages, which attracted some negative attention from the Alberta Coalition of Homophobes! (ACH!). Group spokesman Heiler Woofenburgh deplored the wedding as "probably against something in the Bible, man. I haven't found it yet, but I'm pretty sure it's in there. Just you wait."

The wedding reception was held at the West Edmonton Mall water-slides, where 40 prime cows were sent down the Cannonball slide in honour of the occasion.

Klein and Black plan to spend a month honeymooning on an isolated radioactive atoll in the south Pacific, where they will be waited on by desperate native welfare recipients.

"It'll be great," enthused Black. "I'll be wearing sunscreen, a gold medallion, a cowboy hat, and a smile."

National Pest

Federal budget will cost us billions

The federal budget is still in effect, as far as we know, here at the *National Pest*. But enough about that. You're not even reading this far, are you? Look, we know how much of these dadburned words we cram onto each page, you know. And you know what? We don't expect you to read the whole thing. After all, this is the age of "cyberspace" and "web-surfing" and "television" and "radio" and all those fancy multimedia-CD-ROM-internet-porn-babes-software-pirating types of things. Well, we here at the *National Pest* don't see why we should waste money on reporters and such things when it's obvious that you're only reading the headline and first paragraph and then skipping on to the gigantic pinup-style pictures in *Arts & Life*. We've had enough of slaving away on stories that everybody should read, and then you turning around and flipping channels between *Good Morning America* and *Sailor Moon*. So from now on, we're just going to fill these columns with whatever the hell we please. Got it, freaks? We're the ones telling you how it is, and we're the ones telling you exactly what you should and should not think, read, or care about.

(pause)

Sorry. We're a bit stressed. You see, Conrad has started hanging around the office proofreading. So, uh, just keep reading the *Pest*, and enjoy the rest of the issue.

National Pest

UBC students join United Alternative

AMS EXECUTIVE NATHAN ALLEN FOUND DEAD

by Edward Stevens

VANCOUVER • Students at the University of British Columbia stepped onto the national stage on Tuesday when the Alma Mater Society (AMS), the UBC student government, announced that it would become the first student society to join the new United Alternative coalition.

Ryan Marshall, the AMS President, said he hoped joining the United Alternative would spur other student societies and "unions" to join in the battle against the federal Liberals.

"We're just being realists here," said Marshall. "The political climate is changing and the AMS will be on the leading edge of the new movement. The United Alternative is the future for the Canadian political spectrum and, hey, I'm going to get to meet Ralph Klein, which is reason enough to join."

The announcement came on the heels of the death of Nathan Allen, the AMS Coordinator of External Affairs and resident lefty. Allen, who was found dead in his office last week, was apparently killed by a self-inflicted gunshot wound from a deer rifle. The coroner estimated that the shot was fired from a distance of about 50 feet, but the exact range is not known as the campus RCMP have not yet found the

rifle.

Even though Allen had close ties to the left-leaning Canadian Federation of Students, Marshall insisted yesterday that Allen fully supported the AMS joining the United Alternative. "The timing of this was very, well, unfortunate," said Marshall.

Despite the tragedy, the mood at the press conference could only be described as jubilant as Preston Manning, the leader of the Reform Party, was all smiles and handshakes. "I'm just thrilled with the bold new step that the AMS is taking," said Manning. "Soon, student unions—er, I mean societies—from across the country will be joining up as well." Manning then proceeded to give Marshall a "nuggie." No reason was given.

Following the "nuggie" Marshall laid out the upcoming steps the AMS must still go through to finalize the new union, er partnership.

"Now that the decision has been made it will be put to referendum so that students can have a voice in the process," stated Marshall. Voting will take place between 2:00 and 2:15 am on Sunday, April 4 at an as yet undisclosed location.

Political minds from all over the political spectrum, from the BC Liberals to the Alberta and Ontario Conservatives, have hailed the AMS for taking the first step in the Canadian student movement.

The Canadian student movement has traditionally been focused on issues of accessibility and affordability so, in joining the United Alternative, the AMS



Former AMS Coordinator of External Affairs Nathan Allen, seen here dead at his desk, was not killed by Ryan Marshall

is taking a bold new shift politically.

"I've always liked the way those guys worked," said Ralph Klein, the Alberta Premier. "It's about time students got their heads out of the clouds and took a good hard look at reality."

Mike Harris, the Ontario Premier, agreed. "I wish we had more student societies like this in Ontario. It would make my job a hell of a lot easier."

Marshall told the *Pest* that he first considered joining the coalition after he got a taste of how the Canadian Alliance of Student Associations did its lobbying. "They were just a little too outside the establishment for my tastes."

Michael Walker, the head of the Fraser Institute, also supported the move.

National Pest

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desperate

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b

BEATON'S
perversity whatevs

1776 Adam Smith's *The Wealth of Nations* is first published. Elmore Black, Conrad's Great-great-great-great-great-granpappy, squeals with delight. 1799 We think that Sir John A. MacDonald, Canada's first Prime Minister, was born. Apparently, he was already hung over. If we charged more 50 cents a paper, we could afford a god-damned fact-checker. 1848 Frederick Engels and Karl Marx publish a half-assed diatribe, *The Communist Manifesto*. Reginald Black, Conrad's Great-great-great-great-granpappy, has massive coronary. 1897 New York Yankees open first-ever spring training camp in Fort

THIS DAY IN HISTORY

Wayne, Fla. The city is overwhelmed by demand for chewing tobacco and prostitutes. Weren't those the days. 1901 World War II declared as Delaware militia launches cyanide attacks upon France. Hey, Harry, are you sure this is right? Ah, what the hell. 1918 Saddam Hussein seizes the Kremlin and rules the newly formed USSR for the next 37 years. What the HELL are you talking about, Harry? No, I

won't shut up and chew my gum! 1939 Virgin Mary's face seen in a cinnamon bun by woman from Boise, Idaho. Thousands descend upon Tucker's Pastries in hope of an escape from their miserable lives. 1955 U.S. President Dwight Eisenhower kills an unarmed monkey on the White House lawn. He claims the use of a whaling harpoon was "necessary force." 1999 Harry Davids, a staff writer with *The National Pest*, is tragically killed when a computer monitor falls from the heavens—or perhaps just five feet above his head—and crushes him. Police consider it an act of God and close the case immediately.

SUMMARY
3.31.99

CANADA

Pesky Eskimos turn the North pink
As of today, Canada is a whole lot smaller thanks to the creation of Nunavut, an alleged communist stronghold. **Page A4**

Western Canada is still there

A special report from the *National Pest's* western correspondent confirms that Canada does indeed extend beyond Guelph. Angus Reid polls suggest that Eastern Canada doesn't care. **Page A8**

WORLD

Healing maggots

Maggot therapy is slowly becoming a more accepted alternative treatment when traditional antibiotics fail, according to some doctors. **Page A7**

Healing Maggots!

Did you read that? HEALING MAGGOTS! Ain't science great! And in other news, some minor country is being bombed. But hey, how 'bout those healing maggots... **Page B7**

The End of the World!

The *National Pest* commemorates the passing of the class system. Oh wait—it's not dead yet...right on! **Page A16**

An American hero leaves us

The passing of icon and baseball great Joe DiMaggio lets us run glossy pictures of Marilyn Monroe, cleavage and all. Thanks, Joltin' Joe! **Page B9**

BUSINESS

Cheap gas

Gas prices drop to 34.9! Go now! Fill up your SUV while you still can! Consume! Consume! **Page B8**

Soft stories and white space sell papers

The *National Pest* discovers winning formula with its heady mix of banal layout and right-wing pouting. **Page A17**

ARTS & LIFE

Celebrities still sell copies

The *National Pest* gawks at Hollywood's most overrated, overexposed, and overendowed, for 12 glossy pages! **Page B3**

A new lifestyle

The Conrad plan: This lightweight, no substance diet gives you the confidence you need to be a major media mogul. **Page B5**

SPORTS

Figure skaters bare all

Well, almost. The *National Pest* sneaks a peak at the skimpy costumes of the Russian ladies at the world championships. And in men's competition, well, they're all gay. **Page B12**

Gay!

ALL of them!
Page B12

FINANCIAL POST

Maggots the new hot stock

The *Financial Post* rates the biggest-earning investments in the burgeoning sector of medical-grade maggots. **Page C3**

HOW TO REACH US

National Post Editorial

Telephone: Look it up, bozo
Fax: See above suggestion, bozo
E-mail: lookitup@bozo.ca, bozo

Or just draw a pentagram on the floor and say the Lord's prayer backwards.

OBITUARIES

WILLIAM P.
STINKENGRUBERGroundbreaking
strikebreaker set
today's standardDidn't take any of that
hippie shit

One of Canada's most influential strikebreakers, William P. Stinkengruber, the factory owner who once busted more heads in a single hour than Harley Davidson has managed in the last 45 years, has died at the age of 89.

Born in Berlin, Germany in 1910, Mr. Stinkengruber learned the business of factory management from his father—the famous Hans Stinkengruber. He took control of the factory at the tender age of 32, following the death of his father, and led his nation in munitions production during the war. Of this time, Stinkengruber is fiercely proud. "Look at Oskar Schindler. He has been lionized these past few years. We both made munitions for the Nazis, but damn it, mine worked!"

Following some work in East Germany for a friendly superpower, Mr. Stinkengruber was relocated to Halifax, Nova Scotia, by the Canadian government. He soon rose to prominence in the Maritimes, when he took over an aluminum plant in Halifax.

Following widespread layoffs in 1957, when the union began to demand job security and survivable working conditions, Mr. Stinkengruber took some of the most brilliantly innovative steps

ever by a factory owner. Under Stinkengruber, strikebreakers would crush not only the heads of the workers running away from the batons and dogs, but those crying for mercy and writhing with pain on the ground as well. After that, they would then burn the striking workers' houses.

F. Henry Miller, a fellow factory owner and close friend of Mr. Stinkengruber, remembers the many fond memories he shared with the dearly departed.

"Aw, we did some good hippie-kicking back then. Of course, we didn't call it hippie-kicking—no, back then they were called socialist beatdowns. Those were the times. Nowadays we just gain public support through control of the media and rely on current widespread apathy. It's much more of a hands-off process."

Mr. Miller remembers Stinkengruber as a friend on whom he could rely: "He didn't take any of that workers-of-the-world-unite shit. If he wanted to lower wages you could count on him to crack some skulls."

Stinkengruber was awarded the Order of Canada in 1984 by then-Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, who declared himself "a big fan" and said "William, could you bust John Turner's head wide open for me, buddy?"



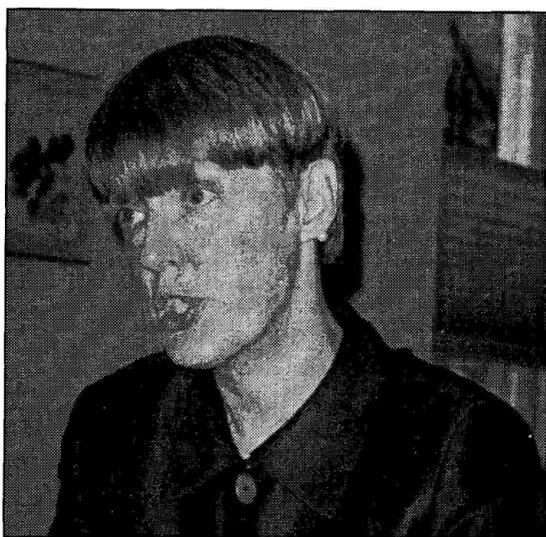
Stinkengruber, in a photo taken by an Allied spy, at his home in Berlin, 1942.

DEATH NOTICE

Dutch MacGraph. Former factory worker inspirational to all—survived to age 94 with head injuries. Former labour leader Dutch MacGraph finally succumbed to his head injuries last Tuesday bringing to an end a coma that lasted 42 years. The poor bastard didn't have any friends or relatives to remember him, as he has been a vegetable for the past four decades. Poor bastard.

This is the space where we put the people who don't make the cut for the big obituaries. You know, those who just don't quite

make the cut—to warrant a *National Pest* obituary, you'd better be a player in this town (Toronto), or else have had at least one six-martini lunch with Conrad. Ex-husbands of Barbara Amiel need not apply. But we at the *Pest* are, quite frankly tired of recording the deaths of the great unwashed, especially since there are so many damn poor people dying all the time—sometimes, we step right over them on the way to work. So from now on, if you want to be included in the Obituary section, please send completed Revenue Canada forms for the last ten years along with your submission. Also a picture of a babe you know, and a crate of champagne. In lieu of champagne, brandy will be reluctantly accepted.



Piper, last week, during one of her more lucid moments

Piper's sanity in
doubt, to be tested
by UBC

Hid under cars, alarming students, will be checked for craziness today

BY ROBERT "BOB" FIFER

VANCOUVER • Last week, a coalition of students met with University of British Columbia administrators to voice concerns they had regarding "unusual" behaviour on the part of the university's president, Martha Piper. "First I got invited to breakfast at her house," said one of the students, Miriam Fraser. "And then, when I asked her about some issues I had with my faculty, Martha said she would look into

them. I didn't know whether or not to believe her. I mean it was such a strange thing to say, and at such a time! I mean, I was eating, right?"

In what appeared, to students, to be a further misguided effort on the part of Piper to get "down to students' level," the university president was discovered hiding underneath a student's car in one of the university parking lots. "She was just lying under there," said the car's owner, Paul Du Bois. "I could have just started

my car and run her over. When I asked her what the hell she was doing, she screamed, 'Boo!', really loudly at me. It wasn't like I was scared by her, but then she told me to be quiet. She said that 'Bort' was coming, and that she didn't want him to find her. What a freak."

As well, documents recently made public recount how Piper has caused widespread confusion among students by asking them to, among other things, "think about it." When asked to comment on these demands, which outraged students have called "outlandish," all Piper said was, "Well, I stand by my demands. I mean, of course, that I think students should be made to think."

In the *Trek 2000* brochure, which Piper is using to promote her controversial campaign to reshape the campus community, she states that, "The University of British Columbia recognizes that people are its most important resource, and places the highest value on its students, faculty and staff." Former president David Strangway, when asked to comment on these claims, seemed quite puzzled. "Yes, that is quite a departure," he noted. "I always thought that it was about who had the biggest buildings."

The school is now awaiting an assessment from the administrators as to whether or not the president is fit to complete her term of office.

National Pest

NEWS

Left-leaning province liberated,
saved from itself

INVASION KICKS ASS

Albertan
Provincial troops
occupy B.C.—
"The rest of
Canada should
consider this a
warning," says
Klein

BY PAUL GOLIGHTLY

EDMONTON, AB • As members of Alberta's provincial militia poured across the border into B.C., Alberta premier Ralph Klein called for the immediate resignation of the Glen Clark government, and promised a state of renewed hope for the people of the beleaguered province.

Bolstered by polls showing mas-

sive distrust in Mr. Clark's leadership, Mr. Klein ordered the invasion himself, deeming the move a humanitarian effort. Mr. Klein said that his neighbouring province is gripped by a mood of pessimism unprecedented in recent history, and that his annexation of B.C. will greatly increase the confidence of both B.C. residents and foreign investors.

"I like to think of this as more of a corporate takeover than a military action," said Mr. Klein. "We are simply restructuring the 'office hierarchy,' if you will." The leader of the Alberta forces was later overheard discussing his plans to downsized the renegade province's treehuggers and pinkos.

The takeover thus far, has been fast and efficient. Since the air strikes against Clark's socialist régime began last week, Alberta cabinet members have repeatedly declared that the purpose of the bombings are to hit strategic targets such as schools and hospitals, rather than vital services such as downtown office space. Alberta military strategists have

told the *National Pest* that Vancouver, considered by many British Columbians to be the economic and cultural centre of their province, but in reality a damp backwater compared to Toronto, has been surrounded. Mr. Klein added that he expects the city to fall quickly. "All the drugs have sapped this city's will to live," he expounded. "And all those Hondurans, they won't be hard to get rid of," added Mr. Klein, referring to the legions of illegal Latino immigrants involved in a highly-organized ring of illegal drugs, prostitution, and election fraud, according to the Alberta premier. "They're the main reason the NDP are still in office."

Following the expulsion of all independent journalists and human rights monitors from the province, Klein admits that he has been successful in imposing order on the utter chaos that reigned in the area.

Mr. Clark has been unavailable for comment since his Victoria office was seized last week by a crack team of neo-conservatives.

National Pest

NEWS



"Everything is going to be alright!" assures Glen Clark as he watches a second wave of NATO fighters bomb his eastside residence.

NATO launches air strikes against BC Premier

CLARK CLAIMS GOVERNMENT STILL ON TRACK

BY EDWARD STEVENS

VANCOUVER • In a surprise move NATO jets bombed the home of Glen Clark, the BC Premier, in retaliation for his alleged involvement in the disappearance of the Canadian Taxpayer's Federation executive board as well as prominent members of the CD Howe Institute. The F-16 Tomcat Fighters and British Harrier jets flew north from the Boeing plant in Seattle, avoiding Canadian radar, as there is none, and fired upon the east side home with a barrage of sidewinder missiles. While Clark's house is still standing the homes immediately to the left and right of Clark's were completely destroyed. NATO spokeswoman Sally Sunshine gave only a brief statement to the press. "The decision to bomb the Clark compound was based on the testimonies of vari-

ous anonymous individuals who reportedly appeared on a local news broadcast." BCTV, the broadcast referred to by Sunshine, aired a report on the disappearances as well as footage of the bombing two hours before it occurred. They deny having been briefed before the bombing. Tony Parsons, BCTV anchor and strikebreaker, had firsthand knowledge of the disappearances through his ties with the local patriarchy. "There were horrific reports of investment bankers disappearing after leaving their estates and CEO's being separated from their stogies and woolen suit vests. There was a case of a young brokerage worker being plucked right off the street while rollerblading near his Kitsilano home." Clark, meanwhile, did not seem fazed by the air attacks. He addressed the media immediately following the attack wearing only a bathrobe and with his dead kitten, Misty, slung over his shoulder. "This attack will not

alter the course of the NDP government, but rather strengthen our resolve to complete the mandate given to us by the people of British Columbia." He denies allegations that he is responsible for the kidnappings. In her statement to the press Sunshine stated that NATO gave Clark ample warning to return his social betters to their rightful place at the head of society. "The UN, and then later NATO, tried to find a diplomatic solution to this situation, but Clark staunchly refused any of the options that we provided." In his defense, Clark told reporters that any such diplomacy was vague at best. "All I got was a message on my machine from a strange voice, asking me who my daddy is." The various governments of NATO refused to comment on the attack as any such statements could prove dangerous to those who are still under enemy control. But Michael Walker, the head of the Fraser Institute, was all for the attacks. "I would not

have piloted one of the planes if I did not think the cause was a just one," he said.

National Pest

Jesus sighted after Immigration Canada opens doors

BELIEVED TO BE AN IMMIGRANT

"Possibly an alien," says witness

BY THEODORE MUCKRACKER

Sudbury Doris Whitehall says she is looking forward to the day when the pilgrims leave her front lawn and she can return to her normal life of lawn bowling and dinners with Cleo, her cat. She says she misses the time when her biggest concern was whether her beloved

Harris heals lepers, hailed as Messiah

BY GLORIOUS GALLOWAY

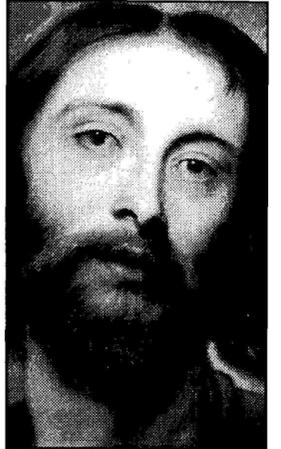
GEORGETOWN • Religious leaders are shaking their heads and lepers everywhere are jumping for joy after Mike Harris, the Ontario Premier, completed his visit of a leper colony in the north of the province.

Harris, who was touring the Leapin' Lepers! colony in Georgetown, Ontario, healed several of the colony's inhabitants during his half-hour tour. Harris, who has been widely criticized for being "too tough on poor people," said afterwards that the leper-healing was only one more example of his love for the people of Ontario.

"You know, lepers are taxpayers, too—especially now that we've added the provincial surtax on lost or missing body parts," said Harris philosophically. "I love lepers as much as the next premier."

The next premier, Manitoba's Gary Filmon, declined to comment on lepers, other than to say, "Harris is such an asshole. I wish he'd quit saying 'as the next premier' all the fucking time."

There was some confusion as to how exactly Harris healed the lepers in question. While Harris said that he touched the forehead of each leper and their disease miraculously vanished, sources inside Leapin' Lepers! say that Harris in fact "beat the shit out of those poor bastards," and that Harris had mistakenly thought that the colony was a vacation resort. Harris denied the accusation, and reportedly asked his personal secretary, Eddie "Cement Mixer" Vitone to "look into the incident" and "kill someone, will



Mike Harris, our Lord and savior—he is also the current Premier of Ontario and all around good guy

ya?" A visit by the Pest to the colony found no healed lepers, only ones with leprosy, and the Pest reporter was really, really grossed out.

When asked about the lack of actual healed lepers, Harris said, "Of course there aren't any healed lepers still there. What would you do, if you weren't a leper anymore? Hang around just so when they have their Leper Olympics, you'd clean up? Of course not. Geez."

The incident comes hard on the heels of Harris' visit to the Lake Erie Fisherman's Association annual convention last week, where it was reported that the premier turned water into wine and fed the entire convention with only one fish. It was later revealed that Harris, in fact, ordered wine from a local distributor and had the fish shipped in from Japan. Nevertheless, National Pest thinks that this time, it's the real thing.

National Pest

grand-daughter would arrive home from school without being accosted by legions of penitents.

Yesterday, in her first interview since she saw an image of Jesus Christ earlier in the week, Mrs. Whitehall talked about the sighting. She had been spending a quiet Monday evening at home with Cleo, watching professional wrestling on television, when she saw what she believes was a sign from God.

"It was clear as day. Then, right there on Stone Cold's left pec, was the good angel Gabriel, telling me to go look outside. So I went out onto the porch to see what the Lord wanted me to see," said Mrs. Whitehall.

The elderly Mrs. Whitehall, retired for the past seventeen years after a career with the Canadian Forces, then saw a naked male figure streaking across her front lawn. She claims that the man was very thin and had long, dark hair. And, she said giggling, he was very well endowed. Mrs. Whitehall, an avid reader of the Bible, is confident that this man was Jesus. "He looked just like he does in the Good Book, right down to his, well, you know. It was just like I've always dreamt about, you know, late at night and all."

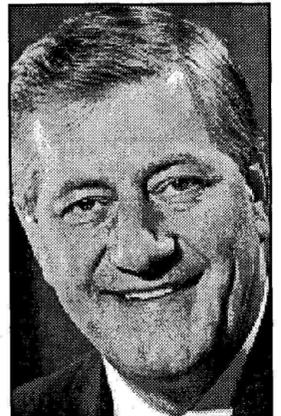
But critics aren't so sure. Mrs. Whitehall's neighbour, Reform MP John Ruskin, a former mine worker, believes that the sighting is no miracle but a result of the federal government's recent changes to immigration policies. "This is no coincidence. Those socialists in Ottawa are letting anyone in the country nowadays," said Mr. Ruskin. "They're all either hippies or perverts or both," he added, noting that the alleged Christ figure had no clothes and long hair, just like most immigrants to Canada.

"He probably didn't speak English either. I don't care if he is the Son of God, if I can't understand him, he doesn't belong here," spouted Mr. Ruskin, a self-proclaimed fan of the Weather Channel.

When contacted by National Pest, federal Citizenship and Immigration minister Lucienne Robillard denied all knowledge of the Christ sighting, but said that she doubted that it was an immigrant. "No one new to the country would go to Sudbury," she said. She then speculated that the sighting would easily be explained by science. Mrs. Whitehall responded by calling the Hon. Robillard "a pinko frog."

Mrs. Whitehall then wandered back inside her house to wait out another day of pilgrims and prayers with her cat Cleo.

National Pest



Jesus Christ, our Lord and savior

PLEASE

ADVERTISE IN THE NATIONAL PEST

For the love of God. Conrad is hemorrhaging money.

He knew it would cost a little money, but right now we're getting fewer ads than Weasel magazine. We figured that a crazy right-wing homophobic anti-women/gay/other style of newspaper would rake in the advertisers. God, we were wrong! We might as well set fire to hundred dollar bills and sell them for 50 cents.

To subscribe, or advertise, or just to talk, call 1-800-668-PEST



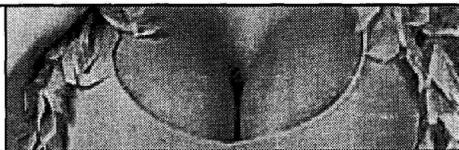
ARTS & LIFE

A4

NATIONAL PEST, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1999

AVENUE

Discarded implants are a cheap, clean alternative fuel source. Page Y2K



BOOKS

Andrew Morton's new tell-all biography exposes Martha Piper. Page A5

The Ways Jerry Sees Tings

JERRY FALWELL TO BUILD A MULTI-MEDIA EMPIRE

BY CHESTER C. GARFIELD

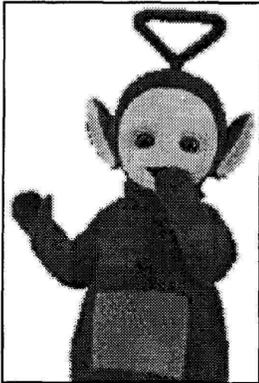
A tubby knight climbs a ragged slope stepping around the battered corpses of environmentalists, socialists and single mothers strewn upon the blood soaked ground. The portly warrior reaches the summit amid a flurry of lightning and rain and thrusts his sword into the air to signal his victory to his disciples below. Then, with the crowds frenzied screams overpowering the claps of thunder the knight removes his helmet to reveal the regal face of the world's next media baron—Jerry Falwell.

This is the closing scene of Falwell's new interactive CD-ROM *Cold Brutal Death to Heathens—Christianity for the new Millennium*, a tool which he hopes will help today's children grow up to more fully appreciate traditional family values.

"I hope, pray, that my efforts, to more fully immerse our children into the pool of traditional family values that we all hold so dear, will be successful," he told the *National Pest* in an exclusive interview.

We are sitting in a Toronto hotel room. Falwell is sitting at his desk, quietly pondering his answers while his disciples flail around the room in their all too familiar white robes screaming to God and flagellating themselves with rusted iron plates and empty beer bottles.

Falwell is intense when he answers questions. "You see,



Tinky Winky, part of a dangerous "homosexual power struggle."

what I am doing is necessary for the sake of our children! If we let the female homosexual power structure dominate the media indefinitely—well I don't have to tell you what happened in the bible when the Yalidites began to 'party down' in the City of Marmiduke."

No, he doesn't.

Books, movies, TV shows, those t-shirts with your photo on them—all will fall under the new Falwell Media Empire. "Right now, we are working on a new movie. It's a cop buddy movie—but instead of tracking down some crime lord or other such nonsense, they drive around New York throwing bibles and anti-Tinky Winky comic books out of the back of their squad car. So it's also a bit of a road movie. I'm extremely proud of it."

As well he should be. Falwell, wearing a striking blue cotton suit, knows what he's talking about. He is also writing a book, *The Ways I sees Tings*, intended to appeal to more rural Americans.

"With *Ways*, I hope that those rednecks, er, I mean traditional folk, who are exposed to a whole lot of different denominations, some almost liberal, or who don't even go to church, will again see the light of truth."

It looks like he'll succeed. The book is a collection of short stories dealing with everything from praying in the back of a pick-up, singing hymns without any teeth, and of course, hippie beating. But Falwell won't just stop there. He also plans to hit the internet. His shoes were nice.

"I think getting my message across can most easily be done on the net. Kids are watching less TV now to surf the web, so there is no better place to start. Mind you, there is a lot of competition out there. We have to grab their attention somehow, which brings us to the porn. Pornography is the most common type of web site out there, so we're going with it."

The web site will have nude photos of some of the most popular actors and actresses from both TV and movies. While the kids are downloading the photos, biblical quizzes and riddles scroll across the bottom of the screen.

I get up to leave. He stands and walks me out the door. His hair is parted to the left. I say good-bye and walk down the hotel hallway.

National Pest



Sarah Michelle Geller looks like the luscious little tart she is in her latest film, "Teen Bonkfest 2000", in which she plays an evil, wealthy, nymphomaniacal schoolgirl. Wouldn't you love to have a piece of that, eh?

Gorgeous Gwyneth bids farewell to feminism

Starlet thrilled by recent announcement from REAL women



HANNAH BARBARA AMIEL on Chick Stuff

Belle Behatch, spokesperson for REAL Women, announced at

a post-post-Oscar bash on Tuesday that after years of effort, feminism may now be pronounced dead. Saying that the women's movement is "obsolete for today's modern woman," she reiterated the sentiment of many of the silver screen's most glamorous leading ladies. Nonetheless, Hollywood's film community is reeling from the news.

According to Miss Behatch, it will no longer be necessary to "give up those cute little shoes with the feathers on them" in order to be accepted as part of the women's movement. "Since there is no longer a need to prove our competence and independence, we can go back to stilletos," said Missy Behatch.

"Thank-goodness, that's one less thing I have to worry about!" gushed Oscar-winner Gwyneth

Paltrow, clutching her statuette in her lithe fingers. Clad in a stunning off the shoulder pink sateen sweater set and silk brocade pedal pushers, Gwyneth is currently sporting a controversial haircut. Coupled with a profusion of sparkly barettes, her mane is causing quite a sensation.

Dame Judi Dench, Oscar-winning actress from across the pond, commented on the now-dead feminist idea that there are no good roles for older actresses in Hollywood. "Frankly, I'm glad feminism is over with. I find that there are plenty of dead English queens to play, and I was sick of paying the union dues anyway." Looking years younger than expected and showing off a shockingly short cropped 'do with silver highlights and pixie bangs, this gal knows what she's talking about.

Monica Lewinsky, also present at the Oscar bash, concurred with wee Missy Behatch's analysis. "My success and fame just goes to show that a woman is not judged on anything other than her ability anymore," she commented.

Feminism began in a basement during the 1963 Democratic Party convention, as part of a Weight Watchers meeting. It grew to include women who wear glasses, female construction workers, and women who wanted to drive cars of their own. Now, thanks to modern technology, these age-old problems have been solved. This, combined with fashions which accentuate the bust while reducing the waistline, left feminism without a platform, a relic of the past.

Billy Williams, editor of the men's rights magazine, "Men's

Rights Magazine," believes that the death of feminism will "free up public consciousness for the important issues of the new millennium, like men's rights. Topics like male menopause and a man's right to cry have been shoved onto the back burner for too long."

But will the public be ready to accept another movement so soon after the death of feminism? Wee itsy bitsy Missy Behatch says no. She believes that "we need to take a break from all this activism, maybe go to Hawaii for a couple weeks or something." Gwyneth Paltrow, who was rushing to catch a plane to Hawaii, was unavailable for comment, though she did look fetching in a white marmoset fur car coat with matching luggage.

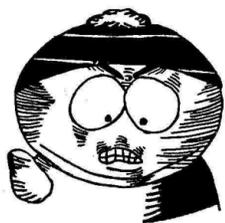
National Pest



Gwyneth Paltrow, shown here accepting Best Actress Oscar, gives gracious good-bye to girls rights movement

The next big thing: yogic flying

A crowded warehouse. Blasting music. Hundreds of moving bodies. No, it's not a rave but the latest, greatest trend among the young people. It's yogic flying. And the *National Pest* says it's huge.



DAN FROWN
on *What's Hot*

"Something is happening here/But you don't know what it is/Do you, Mr Jones?" As I wait outside an unnamed warehouse in the frigid cold, these lines of Bob Dylan's come back to me time and again. I've always considered myself a lover of music, and through the years I've found something to embrace in every new genre of the music. I've never had to *Call the Doctor* to love Sleater-Kinney, I can dig RZA, GZA, and the rest of the Wu-Tang Clan, and, if you catch me at the right time, I'm even a loyal 'firestarter' for the Prodigy. If something is happening, I've said, I'll know what it is.

So, it comes as a fright to be in the position I now find myself in. I'm sitting in my car in an industrial section of Toronto, watching a steady stream of kids fill up a warehouse, and waiting for my guide. My *guide*. I've never needed a guide before. He goes by the handle of Chris, but I'm quite sure that's not his real name. Still, when you're involved in this sort of thing, it's best not to ask too many questions.

There's a knock on the window. "You Bob?" the boy asks, with a lilt of suspicion. Remembering that I am, indeed, 'Bob' (at least for the night), I answer in the affirmative and step out of the car. "Well, I'm Chris," he says, "Let's get going, grasshopper." Standing up outside the car, I realise the full extent of Chris's dress. It's much more than I'd ever imagined. Ensnared in my own, brand new wardrobe, we both head for the door. Inside, the lights are bright, the temperature high and the excitement palpable. Chris tells me that drugs and alcohol aren't allowed ("Sometimes though, we find horse tranquilizers," he reveals), and that violence is a rarity.

I'm the oldest in the room by a couple of a decades. The crowd is so young. In fact, I



Three yogic flyers do the "freak" maneuver—among the most popular at the yogic raves. From left: Ed "Hopper" Hopper, Frankie "Beard-o" McIlvian, Ed "Huh" Jones.

think I even spy a couple of my children's classmates. When Chris said that these events attracted an eager young audience, I didn't think he was referring to twelve-year-olds.

And then, the music begins. The crowd thins immediately as everyone takes their places. I stand at the side, ready to observe the action. The DJ is seated high, and people look to him for the cue. The light show starts. The chatting ceases. There's a low rumble as the first song hits the turntable. The ground seems to shake as everyone begins to move at once.

THE CHATTING CEASES. THERE'S A LOW RUMBLE AS THE FIRST SONG HITS THE TURNTABLE. THE GROUND SEEMS TO SHAKE AS EVERYONE BEGINS TO MOVE AT ONCE. AND ALL ONCE, THEY ARE YOGIC FLY DANCING. AND IT IS BEAUTIFUL.

And all once, they are yogic fly dancing. And it is beautiful.

If you ask George Levington about yogic fly dancing, he gets poetic. It is movement in form, he proclaims, a music unto itself. "Ever seen a flock of geese move in formation?" he asks. "Well, it's like that, times a thousand." The discipline is George's life, and as head of the Canadian Organization of Flying Yogicians (COFY), George is yogic fly dancing.

"It all started about fifty years ago," he says, lost in reminiscence. "I was at the local dance, and it was the first one that Mom and Dad had let me go to alone. I had a crush on some girl, and so when she pulled me in to go dancing with her, I relented. I mean, at the time,

dancing seemed kinda . . . effeminate. But I went, and it pretty much changed my life. We won the competition and about six years later, we were wed."

Yogic fly dancing has gone through some rough patches over the years, as well as some upheavals. ("There was a bit of a ruckus about whether the Natural Law Party was in line with our by-laws," George admits.) But there's never been as controversial an issue as what has come up as of late.

Some call them "YF-dances," some call them "Yogourts," but all George will say of the underground, warehouse-bound uspringings of yogic fly dancing is that "they're a complete disgrace." The happenings, which mirror previous movements in punk, electronica and swing, seem to pop up over a couple of days, but still attract hundreds, sometimes thousand of young, sandal-wearing youngsters.

It's 'perversions of tradition' such as elaborate light shows, skimpy revealing outfits and a heavy bass addition to yogic fly dancing classics that has landed the movement in hot water with George and the rest of COFY. While George will admit to being "a bit out of touch" with the younger generation, he's still quite adamant in his opposition. "It's one thing to organize illegal yogic flying get-togethers within COFY's jurisdiction," he says. "It's quite another to have a 'Wear-Nothing-But-Your-Beads' night."

But here on the dance floor, all that is forgotten. They dance and they dance and they dance. The atmosphere is light, though the condensation is heavy, and when the DJ finally ends the night with a souped-up version of Tibetan Monks singing "Freebird," all is well at the warehouse.

As everyone files out into the bright early morning of Sunday, Chris ambles up to me and asks if it was what I expected. No, I say, not exactly. Chris grins. "That good, huh?" I laugh. So, if you find your teenager sneaking out, decked out in full Buddhist regalia, don't be too shocked. Perhaps, if you're adventurous enough, you might want to ask to come along.

National Pest

Martha's story

REVIEW

Martha: My story

By Andrew Morton
W.W.Norton, 253 pages
\$36.99

By JACK DAWSON

Ever since tell-all biographer Andrew Morton signed on to tell Martha Piper's story to the world, the world has bene breathless with anticipation. And it is worth it.

Following the success of his blockbuster biographies of Princess Diana and Monica Lewinsky, advance orders for his latest exposé have reached 400,000. Of course, Martha's name alone guarantees mammoth sales, and word of mouth on this rollercoaster thrill-a-thon 10 of a book should only boost sales further.

While some critics have slammed Morton's tabloid-style writing, his fortune has been made riding the on tails of celebrity appeal. It may not be pretty, but Morton delivers the goods. Following his colour-by-numbers writing formula to a tee, Morton serves up enough juicy bits to keep the pages turning but sticks close to Piper's version of what happened. But from her time in the Merchant Marines to her freedom fighting in Borneo, it's all here.

The cover photo of Piper embracing Suharto is sure to provoke a reaction in Vancouver, where the APEC summit last year left a wake of controversy at UBC. The details of Martha's affair with RCMP Staff Sergeant Floyd Flante, are (surprise, surprise) the meat of the book. The two met during a late night visit to the Pit—she was "hanging out with the kids" and he was "busting the kids for underage drinking and

gratuitous vomiting." Morton sheds more light on the alleged incident concerning a can of pepper spray in the President's office. Martha confirmed allegations that she had begged the constable to spray her with the now famous line, "c'mon Floyd baby, make me sneeze."

The book was reportedly written in less than a week, after Morton spent some time with Martha at her Bowen Island retreat. Morton gathered details about Martha's personal life and her children Pied, Crack and Rowdy-Roddy. The most startling quote regarding the children involves her describing them as "just as freaking annoying as those students."

Another surprising revelation concerns the attempted acquisition of the rights to John Lennon's "Imagine" just after her installation as UBC President. In one heartwrenching transcript of a conversation between Julian Lennon and Martha, she tells him "Please Julian, I know your father would approve. This is exactly the kind of inspiration our university needs." Julian then responded, heartwrenchingly, "Just who the hell are you, love?"

But Morton gives us Martha's version and it comes down to this: "Think Around It." Martha reveals that she came to UBC from Alberta with the intention to avoid any controversial decisions which she says she has done with her Trek 2000 plan. "Some things are just too difficult to think about, so encouraging people to Think About just anything, you dilute their ability to actually think!"

My Story is hardly imaginative but if you're willing to lay down the money for this gossip-fest, Morton's formula will not disappoint. Like a McDonald's of biographers, he's fast, reliable and on nearly every corner, including the UBC bookstore. Imagine that.

National Pest

7 highly defective hippie habits

REVIEW

The Seven Habits of Highly Defective People

by Stephan Covee
Earthenwood Press, 209 pages,
\$29.99

By FINBARRE U' RILLY

So, you want to improve your life in seven easy steps. You probably picked up the latest self-help guide, *The Seven Habits of Highly Defective People*. I did. And boy, do I ever regret that decision.

I used to be a president of a small software design company. It doesn't matter what it's called, you won't even remember the name. But anyhow, I followed the seven steps as prescribed in Covee's self-help book for businesses.

In a nutshell, the groundbreaking seven-step program involves taking it one day at a time, taking the time to relax as well as work, loving your friends and family, being environmentally and socially responsible, giving to charity, being responsible for your actions,

and standing up for what you believe in.

Well, that kind of crazy talk never did anyone any good. Me, I made a plan to put out some of the best software. We developed it, and we were poised to take the market by force. But I decided to put my "friends and family first," to be "socially responsible"—all that crap. Look what I'm doing now. I took responsibility for my last product, and now I live in a refrigerator carton whose only defence against the windchill is this damned newspaper.

The only place this got me was getting my company bought out by a conglomerate, where I was promptly fired. Now I have to work for this shitty newspaper and put out lousy reviews for books that everybody's already read.

In the end, *The Seven Habits of Highly Defective People* is not a book to be read if you value your level of financial stability. I was just fine before I picked up the book, and now I receive a mere hundredth of what I used to earn when I was making it big. Burn this damned book. Please.

National Pest

FROM THE INTERNET

Percentage of Americans without internet access: 13
Actual number: 42.5

People we didn't know were gay:

- Svend Robinson
- Your grade 8 math teacher
- My aunt's second cousin, Emily
- Bill Clinton
- The Buffalo Bills
- Nova Scotia
- The Tragically Hip
- Richard Nixon
- Mercedes-Benz

Top five beverages in Saudi Arabia:

- Lemonade
- Evian water
- Orange juice
- Tang
- Bourbon

Percentage of Canadians with their own live-feed porn sites: 67

Percentage of these Canadians over the age of 65: 87

Politicians who have recently undergone penile enhancement surgery:

- Ralph Klein
- François Mitterrand
- Gordon Campbell
- Sheila Copps
- Lucien Bouchard
- Preston Manning
- Barbara Amiel

Percentage of internet facts left unchecked by editors: 100

Maggots used annually by US hospitals: 26, 983, 002

Locations of recent Elvis sightings:

- The Kinko's on Broadway
- Your upstairs bathroom
- The Oval Office
- Graceland
- SUB 241k
- The Kinko's in Richmond
- Behind you!

Overweight celebrities in jail and their crimes:

- Dom Deluise, distribution of pornographic materials
- Oprah Winfrey, arson
- Rosie O'Donnell, solicitation
- Rita McNeil, administration of a stupefying substance
- John Goodman, trafficking crack
- Roseanne, harbouring illegal aliens

Foods for longer, healthier living:

- Pickles
- Ground beef
- Rice wine
- Mayonnaise
- Seal blubber
- Grasshoppers
- Cement

More things you didn't know about your grade 8 math teacher:

- Raises and races rabid carrier pigeons
- Married your long-lost half-sister, Julie
- Spends three weeks each year in St-Tropez
- Spends three hours each day in the bath
- Didn't get the nickname "Ham Bone" for nothing

National Pest

One Group for all our profit-making needs.

When you want something other than bankruptcy protection...

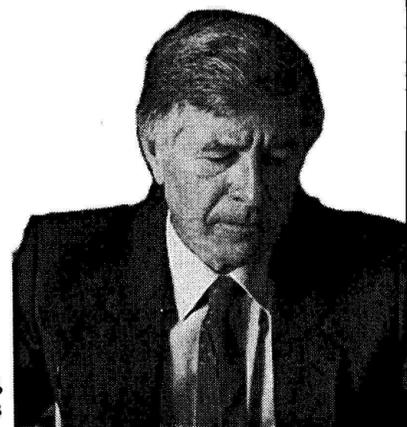
Gloria and F. Everett are just two of the employees that the Royal Rank has dedicated to serving our customers. They'll turn down your loan application, they'll send collection agencies after you, and they'll kick you in the balls when they're done. Eventually, of course, we hope to traffic in human souls, but Ed has to get the computers worked out before than can happen



Gloria Everett,
RRC Mafia



ROYAL RANK
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EDITORIALS

These kids are OK

If there was ever a time for tuition at our nation's universities to be increased, then that time is now. Fortunately, there are some among students who realize the value of money. They realize that they must spend money now, if they hope to make any later. They are visionaries. Commerce students at the University of British Columbia are breaking new ground in this respect, and we should praise their worthy efforts, for they are very worthy.

Of course, we hold it to be a self-evident truth that "Time is Money," and that, therefore "Money is Time." Such wisdom points clearly to the fact that those with money have the time to educate themselves, and those who don't simply can't, and perhaps should not, take the time. Their efforts are ill-placed, and are, to put it frankly, a waste of time and tax dollars. As students move up in the world, they are forced to realize that the less Time one spends on idle chatter, the more Money one would surely make. The talk surrounding student loans, tuition, and affordable student housing is eating into vital resources of Time, during which money should be, and could certainly, quite easily, be made to pay for these things.

Students should essentially begin to think of themselves as entrepreneurs. They should follow the lead of those wise UBC Commerce students. Invest, if

you can, in your future, and if you can't, or are afraid, or lack faith in your own questionable abilities, or access to your parent's accounts, then get the bloody hell out of the way, because there's a lot more where you came from. In a world where people seem to be forgetting the value of honest hard work, and the value of money in avoiding this, there are far too many students. If you want smaller classes, then be the first to leave. Chances are no one will miss you too much, and besides, have you heard about the new trend towards home schooling? Ask your Dad—maybe he'll show how to collect a welfare check, you lazy student bastards!

Being a student is a privilege, but it's not being treated as such. If you are in school, then you are lucky to be there, so keep your mouth shut and get on with it. If you're not in school, then too bad and keep shining our shoes. But get used to it. There's a predestined spot for you to fill. Those who wish to cry about the burden of debt which they have to bear should learn to suppress their tears. They're wasting our time, and the attention of important media like the <<ital>> National Pest. Life presents many challenges, and as a student, sometimes it is overwhelming, but as a grunt at this newspaper they're not any better. Life's tough, so deal with it. We don't have the Time.

Still Pestering you

When the first issue of the *National Pest* hit the stands October 27, 1998, it marked an auspicious beginning for a new age of Canadian journalism. Gone were the days when the entire country, from Toronto to Kingston, read the *Globe and Mail* and had nasty black ink on its hands afterwards. The launch of the *National Pest* saw the nation united and marvelling at its clean hands. Yes—Clean Hands.

But clean hands are only the beginning of what Conrad Black has brought to this country: Conrad Black has brought us freedom—freedom from the tyranny of the left. And Conrad Black has brought us jobs—jobs to rebuild the Tennessee Valley and drag this great country out from the depths of Depression. Well, okay, that was FDR, but Conrad Black has brought us...well, at least his wife isn't a raving socialist like Eleanor Roosevelt.

Since the *Pest* was anointed last fall, we have rid Hollywood of

communist traitors, we have bombed Cambodia into submission, and we have shown Grenada just who's boss. If Krushchev were still alive, Conrad would make him eat his damn shoe. No thumpin' it on the table for that babushka's boy. And let's just say that Boris isn't drinking away his day's because he likes the taste: nope, that is one scared puppy.

And, closer to home, we've been laying down the the plans for the coming revolution. Little did you know, unsuspecting reader, that we've lulled you into a complacent stupor with our, ahem, journalism. After making your way through one of our sickly-sweet issues, you'll be too ill to move, let alone raise a voice in protest. We're like treacle. Or smack.

But let it never be said that we wanted our readers to be bored while they're slowly drifting away. That's why we have pictures. Big, shiny pictures. The *National Pest*: a Brave New World in Canadian journalism. Get used to it.

NATIONAL PEST

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LETTERS

Go get 'em Teddy!

I was walking my little poodle in the park—or rather I was walking with my poodle, since he is quite the little presence!—the other day when I noticed something that I think should be brought to the attention of all Canadians at this time. Henceforth, I am writing to you this particular letter, on the particular subject, which I noticed to be something that is quite universally and particularly relevant. The issue is regarding the smells of spring that have begun to waft through our nation of late. It is in my humble opinion that the smells of spring are becoming particularly pungent and somewhat off-putting in recent years, and I think this is largely due, in my, of course most modest inferences, to the dietary substances being ingested by our beloved canine companions of late.

In spring their "little messes" make their presences known to us in earnest, having been hidden under a clean, fresh, blanket of snow for many months. Unfortunately their "little doo-dooos" don't lose any of their ripeness during their hibernation, and thus, come spring we are bombarded with their olfactory unpleasanties.

I always buy Pookie's food at the veterinarian. And I have found that when my little "poopie poops" eat this food and maintain an all-round healthy diet, their after products are much less offensive in odour (after much experimentation, cross referencing, sticking my nose in little baggies etc).

So please, for the benefit of the rest of the park users in areas where you don't have to carry a little baggy all the time, or a fire-place shovel or whatever, please stop feeding your mutts grocery

store kibbles. Their shit stinks. I think this is very annoying, and I am lodging a heartfelt plea on behalf of those who remain silent.

Paula Turd

Go get 'em Teddy!

I have a problem. It has to do with this wimpy society in general. HELLO, PEOPLE! GEEZ! ARE YOU SLEEPING! COME ON! For crying out loud! The time to fight is now! The call to battle has been made in your name! We must pick an issue and work together to stop the things that are happening in it. Because, if we fight the mass destruction of it all, IT WILL WORK. We just have to raise our voices (and then maybe make some threats and hit some little things, just little things) in unison, then we can overcome the things and the problems that make it (and you know what I'm talking about, you just don't care) stop happening. I mean there are problems in this country, problems that we, as one, can defeat, if we are fighters.

There are the whales that are just swimming in the oceans, there are Indians and the other people all just standing off in British Columbia, Frenchies in Quebec, and girls riding bicycles naked in Winnipeg. We can fight about these things. FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! We must continue the battle for our individuality in this great country. We must come together as one, and eliminate everything before it is too late. Because, if we wait too long, then we will miss our chance to do anything about the elimination (you know what I'm talking about). Is it because we don't care? Is it because we are oblivious to all that is going on around us? People, come on! Is it because we have lost our own

will to choose what we usually know to be right? HELLO, PEOPLE. I'M KNOCKING ON YOUR THICK SKULLS. IS THERE ANYBODY HOME IN THERE? We have to conquer our apathetic attitudes and rise up in defense of what we choose, that is our destination to be conquered. Now is the time. YES! NOW IS THE TIME! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! If you are a fighter, and want to fight for your rights, whatever they are, call 1-800-kik-butt (ask for Rodney, that's me)

Rodney Gopp, Big Bear Lake, Manitoba

Go get 'em Teddy!

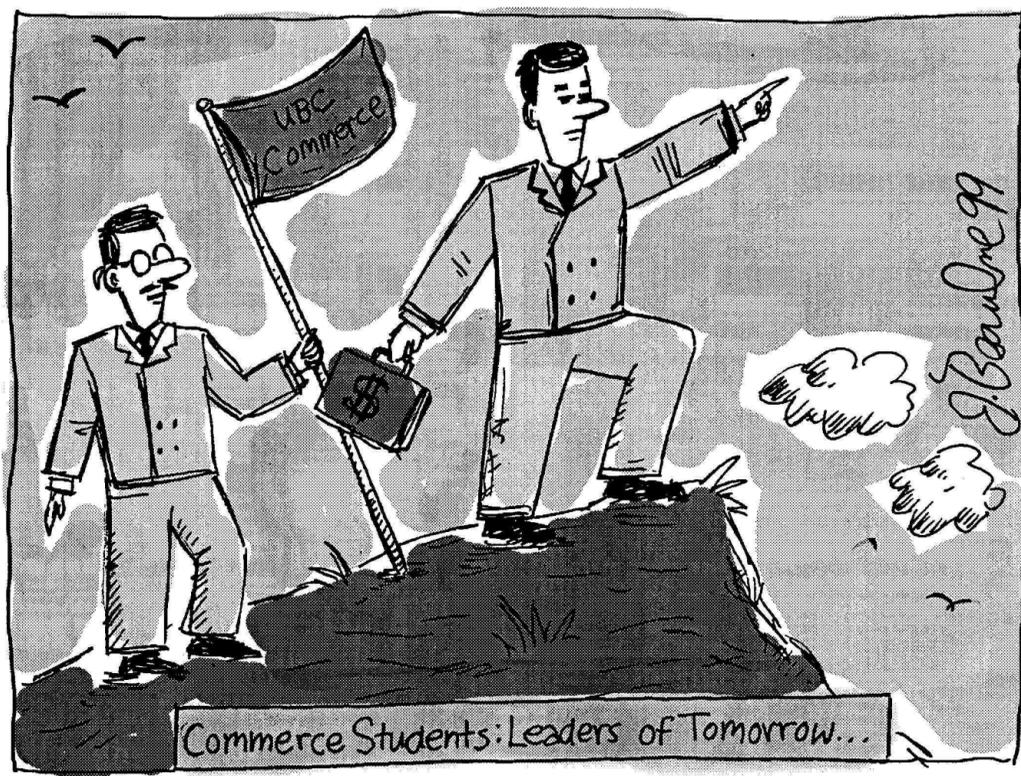
I would like to be the one to buck the trend of writing pessimistic letters to the editor. I'm not writing to bitch or whine; I just want to take this opportunity to raise my glass of expensive cognac as I sit in my mansion in Texas to the man I call my hero...Mr. Ted Turner.

Mr. Turner, with the help of his lovely wife Jane "Fonda" when she takes time out of her busy schedule of making exercise videos, brought me the joy of CNN. I turn it on every chance I get, and am continually in awe of their talented and informative reporting. For instance, thanks the recent coverage of "Operation-Bomb-The-Poor Peasants-In-Iraq-And-Surrounding-Countries-(By-Accident)-Cuz-Oops-We-Did-The-Wrong-Calculations-And-While-We're-There-We-Might-As-Well-Overthrow-Another-Government-Just-Cuz-We're-Americans-And-That's-What-We-Really-Like-To-Do-"Cuz-We're-Americans," (Later renamed Operation Desert Muskrat) I have felt completely up-to-date.

Where else would I be able to get live coverage of every single tiny, minute, miniscule step in the process of Americans taking over the world? Thanks to CNN, us Americans can teach the world the never-ending joys of democracy and capitalism. And if they don't buy it, fuck 'em, we'll shove it down their throats eventually. We'll keep forcing them to watch CNN, cuz Teddy makes sure that even if you turn on your TV in Harare or Lima, you'll be getting the same perspective from Atlanta. Geez, I love you Ted Turner. Keep up the good work! D. Edward Hollesworp

Letters to the editor

PLEASE SEND YOUR LETTERS TO THE NATIONAL POST. ANY SORT OF RAVING, RIGHT-WING RANT WILL BE GREATLY APPRECIATED. PLEASE SEND ALL BOMBS TO THE GLOBE AND MAIL, 445 FRONT STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO. LETTERS TO THE NATIONAL PEST WILL BE EDITED FOR BREVITY AND LEFT-WING CONTENT, AS WELL AS WE MIGHT JUST MAKE SOME STUFF UP.



What's ripe is ripe and ripe is good!!



BY DAVID FRUM

It's not easy writing a column for the *National Pest* day in and other days, too. Sure, I make it look easy to spit

out 800 words like so much baby milk, but believe me, it's hard to be David Frum.

The editors are always cutting me off, censoring me, stopping me from telling it like it is. "You can't call single mothers 'leeches, sucking at the teat of society,' David," they say impatiently. But it's the truth—the truth I say! And David Frum won't be quelled by those leftist, Woodstock-sandal-Sarah McLachlan-loving editors one moment longer.

But this issue was so late that my column is going through unscathed. So there!

Issue number 1: Fidel Castro.

Everyone thinks that Castro is just some cigar-smoking, grandfatherly guy. Well, maybe he is all of those things, but no one ever said grandfathers couldn't be evil communist agitators, too. And I'll wager that he's smoking something else besides cigars. Damn hippies. But at least we showed them who really knows how to play baseball, right America...er, Canada? Nothing shows how great a country is better than beating a team of hardworking, underpaid players with a bunch of America's finest multimillionaires. So what if some of them were Cuban—they're all Yankees at heart. Just like me.

Issue number 2: The war in Kosovo.

First of all, I had to go look on the map to find Kosovo. And I'm pretty sure that any country I have to look up on the map is either full of communists or foreigners or both. I bet that's where all those hippie Vietnam vets are hiding out these days. So I say go ahead and bomb those peaceniks. Peaceniks are like puppies. Sooner or later they grow up and then they're just not cute anymore. And then they go on welfare and need to be taken for walks and then they lose control of their bladders and need to be house-trained all over again.

Issue number 3: The United Alternative

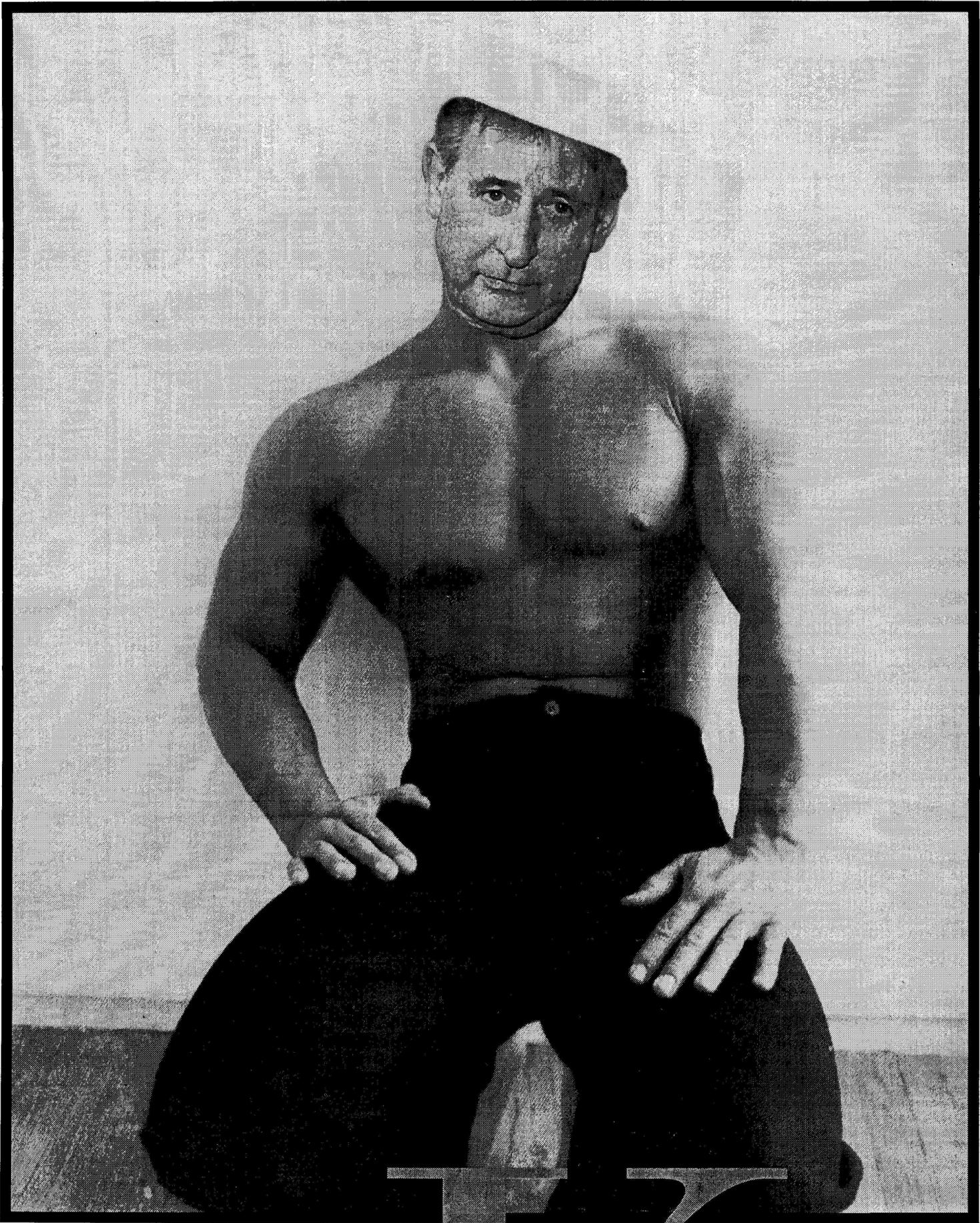
The prospect of a united right-wing political movement in Canada is one that, to put it bluntly, excites me. No, more than that—it turns me on. The thought of Preston Manning (oh, baby) working closely (if you know what I mean) with Joe "Hot Pants" Clark, well, that just sends a shiver down my back. Just picturing them discussing tax hikes and cutting health care and—oh my, it's getting hot in here—and then the two of them together all the time, in the House of Commons and sharing an office and an apartment and together in the shower and Preston, Preston baby just do it to me slowly and...oh yeah, that's much better. Just like high school all over again. But this cigarette would taste much

better if I didn't have to pay so much damn tax on it.

Issue number 4: Cigarette taxes. Times like this, when you really want a nice, relaxing smoke, you don't want be distracted by thinking about how much of your hard-earned cash those liberals stole from you. I mean, if you're weak enough to get cancer, you damn well deserve to pay for your own health care. And it's not like anyone's ever proved any link between smoking and lung cancer. You can make statistics say anything you like—it's all just a conspiracy between the left-wing radicals running this country and the media they've got under their thumbs. At least I'm here to give you some real opinion. Every day. For the rest of your life. Such as it is.

National Pest

OPPRESSION



Ralph Klein

for men, women, gays, minorities,
and anyone else not quite "right"