



Premier of Alberta Jason Kenney (Feb 2020)

THE ABLegGiftShop

A one-year retrospective

The ABLegGiftShop chronicles the surreal cast of characters and state of affairs in contemporary Alberta politics.

Kijiji, the last bastion of civil discourse of the Web 2.0 is the primary platform for the work. It comes with vivid, poetic, and incredibly juvenile artist's statements which are on the following pages.

The project began after my locally beloved and institutionally reviled Edmonton Journal column "Old Man Mikula's Controversial Opinions" was rightfully cancelled for saying deplorable and libelous things.

A full archive of work can be found at ABLegGiftShop.com

READER DISCRETION IS ADVISED (23 pages of sexual content, cuss words, unbearable truths, baseless allegations, free verse poetry)

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MINISTER OF HEALTH TYLER SHANDRO

March 3, 2020

This painting is a depiction of the time I went to a closed door meeting the UCP held in order to justify their inhumane cuts to healthcare. Among the cuts was the possibility of privatizing “limited value” procedures. Ever savvy with public relations, the party had a slam dunk response to the legions of doctors, patients, and other humans with “empathy” (whatever that is) that have taken umbrage to their ridiculous bullsh*t.

Of course, there were no doctors present. Instead, the room was packed to a shuffling horizon with lopsided ham faces and the gummy smirks only Young Conservatives are capable of producing. A disembodied voice announced to the hushed crowd: “to prove the limited value of services are being cut, Tyler Shandro has willingly subjected himself to each accordant malady.”

From stage left two knobby kneed vassals drag Tyler Shandro out on a rug into the hot white spotlight.

“And as you can see, even without procedures addressing these so called ‘health issues’, he is thrifty, flirty & thriving.”

Tyler Shandro is gurgling atop a crop of hemorrhoids blossoming in loose ringlets around his anus. His mangy hands are gnarled by carpal tunnel, digits frozen into inelastic crooks via trigger finger. Unable to get breast reduction surgery, he has back problems and six filthy unkempt titties. Without tubal ligation and impregnated by Kenney’s vile seed, he has birthed a mewling spawn of teacup Jeff Callaways. Little pink meatballs wandering around wrinkled and blind. They were born starving from the windswept inhospitability of Shandro’s craven womb and adorably begin suckling up the pockets of Cheeto dust in his benign skin lesions. Awwwww.

One by one the pasty faces and ill-fitting suits rise in applause. They gather in momentum, “Shandro! Shandro!” the walls quake and the lights flicker. In raucous monochromatic strobe he is hoisted into the air on his pus stained rug. Li'l Callaways toss about like popcorn kernels as Tyler Shando is heaved upwards once, twice, thrice. His eyes glaze over and his nose falls off. It’s f*cking disgusting.

I tried to take some pictures, but Jason Nixon slapped my LG Chocolate out of my hands with his meaty hooves. Luckily, I have a flawless memory and photorealistic painting skills. Own a piece of Albertan history. It’s 4ft x 5ft and will look great above the futon you’ll have to convert into a moldering multi-person sick bed for your elderly family, Charlie and the Chocolate Factory style, yeehaw.

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Jason Kenney, Lubed up Cherub of Austerity

March 6, 2020

This is a painting of Jason Kenney in the form he takes during his nightly rounds to the homes of us severely normal Albertans.

That he manages to stay aloft on those obviously ineffective yellow stained wings is a clear oversight of the natural world. The tuft is gallingly adorable, like mismanufactured doll factory castaways or the hideous dogs that are so inbred they can't naturally breed. His gnarly blanched snow pea fingers clutch the base and shaft of a disconnected petroleum noozle, and he's wearing one of the weird hats the flying monkeys have in *The Wizard of Oz*. Kenney is very interested in what the flying monkeys in the *Wizard of Oz* represent, specifically, the political concept of "jabbering fealty".

When he visits a home, he starts in the grainy bedroom shadows of the child's room so he may consume their dreams, aspirations, and future. It is a custom amongst Albertan children to leave a coin under their pillow before a visit from Premier Kenney. Imagine their squealing surprise and abject horror in the morning when they discover he has taken that coin and given it to an oil company. Also, he has pissed on the carpet and eaten their pet snake like a chicken wing.

After he grifts the chill'ns, he bumps his way out of the room in search of more lives to ruin with a directionless airborne malice.

Not only has Kenney attacked the pleasure of visiting provincial parks, affording insurance, having a job, or living, he will also float into your room and infect your psychosexual id such that the primal joy of f*cking will no longer be unavailable. (I am speaking from personal experience. I haven't gotten a boner since Kenney paid that muffin faced carbuncle Jeff Callaway to kamikaze Brian Jean's campaign so he could steal the leadership of Alberta's nazi party). And if you're lucky enough to have a job with a pension, he will suck it right out of your asshole while you sleep and momma bird it into the trembling mouths of an insolvent nest of energy sector executives.

Once he has wantonly sewn discord like a Johnny Appleseed of bad times, Kenney does not leave. No, that would be too easy. He sits on your couch clutching an 8x10 glossy headshot of Justin Trudeau and rage weeps in sputtering fits. It would be pathetic, even pity-inducing, if he wasn't such a pile of garbage. Oh well, I guess that's his lot in life.

I was hoping this painting would help ward off my unwelcome visitor, conservatives are a territorial bunch. But alas it has had the opposite effect and they've gone and opened a War Room in my living room. Now it's filled with a bunch of overpaid goons that just sit around all day watching the milkshake scene from *There Will Be Blood* and giving each other handjobs. Jeeeeest givin'r.

I am at my wits end. Scared, bonerless. Please take this thing away from me.

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Jason Kenney and Tyler Shandro Eating Orange Slices While the Grown Ups Talk

April 27, 2020

This is a painting of Jason Kenney and Tyler Shandro enjoying a snack while the grown ups talk. The boys sure are tuckered out. And who can blame them? They've had a tough week, and the leather faced oil baron tracksuit daddies clutching clipboards that have been hollering instructions at them from the sidelines have awarded them with a mid-size Tupperware of orange slices.

Jason is brooding from a press conference on Friday when a reporter had the audacity to ask about a transition from the province's oil dependency. Steam visibly pouring from his ears, Kenney said through clenched jaw "that kind of question, in the middle of an economic crisis, from a Calgary-based media outlet — really frankly throws me for a loop". Then he mumbled through the tired script about oil and gas known to all Albertans, provided to him by the aforementioned tracksuit daddies. After all, we had to get it tattooed to our lower backs as stipulation for receiving our 400 Ralph Bucks fifteen years ago. Kenney left before the inevitable follow up question "it seems like an economic crisis is exactly the time to be asking this question you fucking moron...(?)"

It's an unfair situation for Jason. The only reason he left his plum gig out east to begin with was for the opportunity to hold us by our ankles and shake the pennies from our pants for four years. After that he was destined to lead the pasty cavalcade of irrelevance that is the federal conservative party. I mean, just a few months ago, all you had to do was swagger up to a microphone and say "oil oil oil oil" and the whole of Alberta would be whipped into a cummy frenzy of delusional grandeur. And now suddenly, people expect governance? Leadership? Decision making? Such lofty expectations have never been imposed upon Albertan politicians. Anyhow, Kenney's cooling his jets with his buddy Tyler and a tasty snack. But he'll be back with all manner of impassioned elegies as his beloved industry rages against the dying of the light in no time.

Meanwhile, Shandro's been on the orange slice diet ever since he personally confronted a doctor in a crimson faced tizzy about a meme he'd found on the internet. While the vitamin C heavy orange

slices have done nothing to curb his petulance, he's been making major gains in the pulpy diarrhea department. It would be prudent to recommend a more diverse diet to shore up the fecal hemorrhaging, but asking such questions in the midst of bum crisis might really throw him for a loop, or get his goat, or whatever.

Shandro is in a state of constant, incompetent desperation because Covid-19 proved that a global dystopia can come earlier than the 10 years allowed by runaway climate change, and he has to rush his attempts to kneecap public healthcare for personal profit. Otherwise he would have more time to string together a better justification for his heinous cuts than "Whoopsie doodle!"

This is not to demonize the gingery real boy. In these unprecedented times empathy must be our fuel, drawn from the silty sands of understanding, transported through the pan-national pipeline of graciousness to tankers of kindness, and ultimately the highly profitable international markets of compassion. This is all to say Tyler Shandro clearly hates doctors, nurses, support workers, and probably veterinarians. Suddenly he's the Minister of Health? How does that make any sense? What a cruel hand to be dealt. The same goes for Kenney, stuck leading Alberta when he would love nothing more to slouch back to Ottawa where he could defraud Canadian taxpayers unscrutinized. Now it looks like we're stuck with each other, haha!

Not to mix sports metaphors here, but it feels like 1992 hit film *The Mighty Ducks* except it doesn't progress past the first act. Coach Bombay never realizes he's a washed up piece of sh*t and he blames the players for all his failures. Then kills them and harvests their world class internal organs which turn out to be literally worthless. It's a sad and disgusting movie.

But excuse me. What about the painting? It's 2.5 ft x 2.5ft in a nice ass frame, acrylic and oil pastel on paper. This ensures that whenever you mention Alberta's theoretical capacity to produce wealth outside the oil and gas industry, a middle aged man will scream "but your painting is made with oil! Aha! Gotcha!", then they will smirk with such smugness their face implodes. The shards along the upper left and right edges of the are representative of the fact that this actually used to be a nice glass framed print that I smashed with a hammer in a dumpster to access the sweet sweet paper beneath.

Legend has it that if you hang this in your house a Shandro will crawl out of an oil stain on your driveway and holler at your teenage'd children. \$1.7 billion dollars OBO for the original, prints available.



TYLER SHANDRO'S BACK TATTOO

May 11, 2020

The following is work of fiction, which makes it all the more unbelievable.

I've spent much of the pandemic honing my skills as an underground tattoo artist. I've had dreams of opening a boutique studio in my mom's basement (so I can expense Canadian taxpayers) that would specialize in the kind of tattoos mainstream artists aren't edgy enough to do. This includes such pieces as "No Ragrets" written in kanji, truly disrespectful portraits of deceased loved ones, and that little Lacoste Alligator on the left pectoral so even in the nude like a wee babe people will know you're a douchebag.

Imagine my surprise when Tyler Shandro blustered into my studio. "Shan-shan!" I protested (in reality nobody calls him Shan-shan, only his friends call him that) "this is exactly the kind close quarters workplace that shouldn't be allowed to operate in these times!" Tyler Shandro winked at me in rebut and we chuckled ironically for a minute, then stood in heavy silence for ten.

Anyhow, Shandro was interested in getting a full back tattoo to commemorate all the hard work he's done. He clutched my shoulders and dictated his vision directly into my mouth.

"I see an expanse of unpredictable colouration fractured like the top of a crème brulee tapped with a lacquered pinky nail. Rural outskirts are poorly drawn and confused, beholden to the chaotic whims of ineptitude. And doctors' faces grimacing with vicarious humiliation must be pushing through so I can spiral myself backwards like a snake eating its own poo and shout at them. And most of all, I want bleakness to hang heavily over the piece. Like asbestos. Like hot mayonnaise on a wedding cake. Like a prairie mist in blue pre-morning. Desolate. Empty. Sad. Like me."

Tyler Shandro sits down in my egg chair.

"Doctors hate me, Ablegiftshop. I found out one weird trick, and now doctors hate me."

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“What was the weird trick, Shan-shan?”

“I terminated the province’s contract with doctors before it was set to expire. Then I stripped 141 rural communities of their rural status, but I walked back on that by blaming my shitty incompetent staff. Oh also I implemented the Physician Funding Framework, which doesn’t take into account the wide range of work done by rural doctors and amounts to cuts of such severity doctors are fleeing the province. I even tried to replace them with a foreign app that collects medical information for third parties that will tell you you have lupus no matter what symptoms because it was designed by the writing staff of NBC’s smash hit House MD. Wait hold on I also personally screamed at a doctor from his driveway because of a very mean meme I saw. I brought my wife too, so she could watch my big swinging dick totally pwn that egghead. He probably definitely hates me. And then after that I”

“Hold on, that sounds like more than one weird trick, Tyler. But I am a simple basement dwelling tattoo artist, I cannot help you. I hear the Alberta health minister is in town, perhaps he can help with your problems!”

“But Ablegiftshop!” Tyler Shandro cries, “I am the Alberta health minister!”

“Haha oh fuck, nasty, sick, ew.”

Anyway, he didn’t stay for the tattoo, but I still have the mock-up. It’s a neat slice of provincial history. If your back happens to be 4ftx5ft, you might be able to get the tattoo yourself. Otherwise, in six months when your wise-beyond-their-years children ask why there aren’t any doctors left in Alberta, you can simply gesture to towards this deeply affecting work of acrylic and pastel on canvas and howl with sadness.

I’m hoping to get \$1 billion for this piece because despite using OIL pastels, I’m yet to receive my industry bailout.



The Inconsolable Torment of Being Andrew Scheer

May 18, 2020

This is a large portrait of Andrew Scheer, leader of the Conservative Party of Canada, leader of the Official Opposition, and a liminal flesh pile who lives in the space between spaces. To look into his dull gaze is to know the soul of a caged animal who has given up on a world outside its confines.

Andrew Scheer was never meant to be in the spotlight so long. His days were numbered after he lost to Justin Trudeau, the boy king who would show up in blackface to any gathering of fifty or more between the years 1975 and 2010. After his defeat in October Scheer continued to diligently pillage party coffers to secretly send his children to private school. In December, after the fall semester, he announced he would resign when a new leader was chosen. He intended to fade into the background while starry eyed leadership candidates took the limelight, arguing about their unique approach to ruinous environmental policy and corporate welfare based off obscure bible passages. When the circus was over, Scheer would return to America where he could run happy and free comfortably enjoying his past times: homophobia, opposing abortion, and fraudulently selling insurance.

But that was the before times. Nowadays googly eyed protesters driven mad by rancid bread demand their right to make everyone sick. Ungulates collect government stipends. Children toil in lobster slaughterhouses. Jim Carrey's *The Mask* is no longer just a masterwork in comedic hijinks but also a prescient commentary on mid-pandemic cultural politics. And most importantly the leadership race for the Conservative Party has been postponed. This means unexpected more months of enduring Scheer's beige parade. Canada's most cruel and inept political party gnaws their upper lips in envy as the second most cruel and inept party in the country governs the nation unchallenged, enjoying sky high approval ratings.

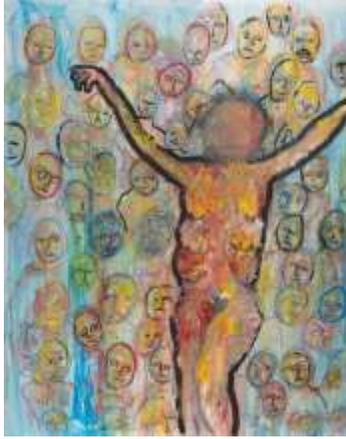
As the leader of the Official Opposition, Scheer can only manage is to shyly mumble through a vague menu of conservative platitudes (I'm paraphrasing here) "if we give everyone \$2000 a month for food and housing, then how do we force them into dangerous and underpaying jobs? It's as if poor Canadians aren't even serfs anymore." All the while knowing that at \$260 000 a year, Andrew Scheer is 130 times more of a useless leech than that horse that got CERB.

To exist as Andrew Scheer is to be loathed as Andrew Scheer. Either the abject rage that comes when (*contd.*) someone who's never had a job lectures you on the value of hard work, or the more existential sadness of being a conservative voter and knowing that this is your avatar: A pink cheeked boy caught in a decades long charade that is too big to fail.

After December, we all believed Andrew Scheer would melt away like a loose pile of ground beef in early summer's prairie storm, but instead he lingers like a maggoty rump in still August. And the greatest victim is Andrew Scheer.

This is your chance to own the despondent visage of a child at the grown-ups table. Confused. Scared. Alone. Always alone. 4ft x 5ft, acrylic and oil pastel on canvas

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Jason Kenney's Happy Place

May 25, 2020

Jason Kenney's Happy Place, a work of lo-fi impressionism, is evocative of the gardens of Giverny, the modern Eden in which Claude Monet created some of his most enduring work. They crystallize calm and reflection into a startling vibrance. During this turbulent time, I thought Kenney could use his own reminder of peaceful solitude. He is depicted doing the catwalk before a slobbering cadre of millions of dollars worth of UCP staffers with glitzy titles like "talent manager" "tour manager", and "twitter guy". Knees akimbo to conceal flush genitals, Kenney is screaming the Buffalo Declaration at the enraptured onlookers: "would you f*ck me? I'd f*ck me hard. I'd f*ck me so hard"

I'm hoping this reminder of a simpler past will serve as something of a mental sanctuary during this moment of historic uncertainty. In a matter of mere months, the UCP has transitioned from their typical malicious flailing into the more garden variety desperate and confused flailing that we see today.

As Kenney reopens the economy, he's weirdly left the hard-working job creators that fuel Alberta's world class energy sector in the dark by suspending all environmental reporting requirements. This effectively gives the province a worse environmental monitoring system than the smokers in Waterworld. (They had that frail old guy high as balls on oil fumes in the rusted hull of the Exxon Valdez). Oh hell haha christ yeah we're screwed

Anyhow, how come I'm allowed to go to Hudson's to drink my Molson Canadian 67 Session Hop IPA and tell my mask wearing server that she should smize more, but the provincial government won't do everything it can to protect the world class reputation and viability of Alberta's most important industry? Is he a stupid piece of sh*t? Or are we, the voters, the stupid pieces of sh*t? Or more aporpotately, it probabl't both!

It is my hope that this painting will remind Jason that he's supposed to be making decisions in the interests of the greedy cabal of oil and gas CEOs that have governed this province for decades, not literally nobody. (*contd.*)

I procured this masterwork of virtuosic subtlety on the news that the UCP has hired Dustin Van Vugt (pronounced "Dustin Van F*ckhead") as their executive director. He's the guy that helped Andrew

Scheer secretly steal from the CPC to send his kids to private school. As a Clooney-esque playboy with no brood to speak of, Kenney will need an outlet to spend his own secret slush fund of pilfered bills. Given that the UCP had gone broke even before the 'vid-19 with nothing to show for it, it's clear that all they know how to do is waste money on ridiculous bullsh*t. I haven't heard from them yet, so this is your chance to get in on the ground floor of a huge investment opportunity. It's only a matter of time

Jason Kenney's Happy Place is 4ft x 5ft, acrylic and oil pastel on canvas. You might be leery about the prospects of the provincial government spending money on a painting that represents an abstract and impossible idea, but remember they already spent 1.5 billion on the imaginary Keystone XL pipeline and they didn't even get a f*cking painting! Haha yeehaw yeehaw! You can have it for One War Room or best offer.



Energy Minister Sonya Savage Fantasizes About Spewing Covid-19 on Protesters

June 1, 2020

I obtained this painting two weeks ago, right around the time Savage humourlessly mused about how it is an excellent time to be building pipelines. The pandemic has limited gathering sizes to under fifteen people, peaceful protest is much more difficult, and if you're not willing to exploit a global tragedy for corporate interests can you really call yourself a conservative?

Sonya likely got the idea of using deadly biological agents to achieve imperialist aims from Canada's vibrant history of ongoing genocide. As we all know, history forms the character of a nation. Bring up the 1972 Summit Series with anyone over 60 years old and watch their eyes roll back in their head as they jizz all over the inside of their pants.

There is a fear in Sonya's eyes. Her dream will shatter if, despite Tyler Shandro's attempts to kneecap the healthcare system, Alberta becomes safe enough to share a box of chicken nuggets with fifteen of your best lads. Luckily there's a newly robust system of unconstitutional provincial law to quell free speech. On May 29th, just as America began redrawing itself along the odious fault lines of whether or not human life is more valuable than the windows of a Target, Alberta legislature passed Bill 1. Bill 1 is vague enough that legally you could be fined \$25 000 and go to jail for six months for peacefully protesting the dearth of sour in the sweet and sour sauce from a McDonalds parking lot.

If this seems like a massive waste of resources, take solace in the fact that as always the law will be inconsistently applied so as to suit the murky needs and explicit prejudices of politicians, judges, and the police (the gang, not the band). That's why it takes nearly 35 weeks to become a cop, almost nine months longer than it takes to become a certified auctioneer.

To paint all this as a harbinger of an oppressive dystopia might be to unfairly conflate the newly minted American police state to the south with cozy old Canada. Prime Minister Trudeau has acknowledged systemic racism as an ongoing issue south of the border and in Canada. After all, he has felt the plight of Black Canadians on at least three documented occasions. And yet he backtracked on a commitment release the action plan on missing and murdered indigenous women and girls report this month. I suppose Canada may not disagree with deep, unreconciled white supremacy in practice, but at least we do in principle. And if that's not enough, well, what's the worst that could happen?



MR ALBERTA; PIPELINE INCARNATE; FINAL FORM

June 8, 2020

MR ALBERTA ASSUMES FINAL FORM BLESSED BEAST ROTUND TESTICLES TEETERING ATOP HOLLOW SPIDER LEGS OMNIPRESENT ROADSIDE DISTRACTION NATURAL ASPECT OF FADING INDUSTRY SLOUCHES ALONG ASPHALT SHOULDER DECREPIT LIMBS WHEEZING RUST RED PLUMES WILDROSE STRAIGHTJACKETS TURN HIGHWAY DITCHES TO WITHERED BUFFETS WINKING GRIMACE CARVING FIREFLY FLIGHT PATTERNS FOR CHILDREN NOW AGOG ONCE BLEARY AND BORED IN BACKSEAT TRANSIT MR ALBERTA SHUCKS HIS HUMANITY AND LIVES AND DIES BY THE PIPE THE PIPE IS MOTHER'S MILK MR ALBERTA BUOYED BY BILL ONE UNCONSTITUTIONAL LONG ARMS WITH DARNED BARBED WIRE MITTENS MR ALBERTA POLICE STATE MONOLOGUE MR ALBERTA TAKES A KNEE TO HOBBLE YOU MR ALBERTA PROPHET FOR FEW MR ALBERTA GLORIOUS SERVITUDE OPAQUE HANDS AND PSYCHIC DAYCARE MR ALBERTA IRON LUNG OF INVESTMENT EXHAUSTED BUSINESS CAPITALIST ABERRATION GOVERNMENT INTERVENTION ENDLESS REHABILITATION MR ALBERTA'S BLANK STARE THE CONSTELLATION OF DOOMED FUTURES AND SLOUGHED PROFITS WORTHLESS CRUDE RORSCHACH SPLATTERS ROADMAP TO MASOCHISTIC RUIN HARD AND DELIRIOUS MR ALBERTA CURSED BEAST MR ALBERTA VAMPIRE'S CHARM MR ALBERTA WHO VISITS YOU AT NIGHT MR ALBERTA WHO SOAKS IN YOUR POOL WHILE YOU'RE ON VACATION MR ALBERTA BRAZEN DEFECAATION IN THE CORNER OF YOUR EYE MR ALBERTA GIVES YOU PINK EYE MR ALBERTA FRENCH KISSES THE PUBLIC SPIGOT MR ALBERTA RUFFLES CHILDREN'S HAIR AND GIFTS ROILING CLUMPS OF LICE MR ALBERTA SUCK THE BLOOD FROM BRAINS MR ALBERTA TIPS 10% MR ALBERTA PICKS THE OATS FROM HORSE FECES AND UPSELLS THEM AT FARMER'S MARKETS MR ALBERTA IS INCONTESTABLE MR ALBERTA IS CRITICAL INFRASTRUCTURE NAKED SKELETON BLEACHED MESQUITE SUN AND SMOKE MR ALBERTA LOW LYING MIST PERV ROW STRIPEASE PUBLIC LAND COAL FOR CHRISTMAS MR ALBERTA DEMANDS TO BE PRESENT AT YOUR HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION MR ALBERTA THE ID'S DARK REFLECTION THE LIFELESS SULFUR BOG WATER'S SIMULATION OF A SHATTERED MIRROR REASSEMBLED BY PILFERED GUM MR ALBERTA PARODY OF A PARODY GODLESS CONSERVATISM MR ALBERTA VIRILE MISMANAGEMENT UNABATED INTRINSIC SICKNESS TRUMPS GLOBAL FADS MR ALBERTA SPITEFUL MR ALBERTA VENGEFUL MR ALBERTA PRIDEFUL MR ALBERTA RAINBOW FLAG THAT DISSIPATES IN BEIGE SANDSTORM YEAR LONG MANMADE DROUGHT MR ALBERTA PERFORMER MR ALBERTA DANCER MR ALBERTA GROANING SIX LEG FANDANGO AT HIS OWN ENDLESS FUNERAL MR ALBERTA SENTIENT NUTSACK BRAINDEAD AND IMPOTENT MR ALBERTA UNDULATES IN FLOODWATERS LIKE WATERLOGGED DINNER ROLLS MR ALBERTA THANKLESS DAMSEL MR ALBERTA SLINGS MEDICAL SUPPLIES FROM DRIVE THRU WINDOWS MR ALBERTA HOME HEALTH REPELLENT RURAL CLINICS EMPTIED LIKE UPENDED POCKETS SHAKEN FOR WORTHLESS CHANGE FRIGHTENED AND CONFUSED MR ALBERTA MR ALBERTA OF MENTAL AUSTERITY MR ALBERTA RARE MEAT MR ALBERTA IMPOSED ENDANGERMENT MR ALBERTA LAST OF ITS KIND MR ALBERTA OBSOLESCE MR ALBERTA TOXIC RELIC MR ALBERTA LEAD PAINT MR ALBERTA ASBESTOS MR ALBERTA MR ALBERTA MR ALBERTA



The United Conservative Party

June 22, 2020

Jason Kenney, having heard of my UCP fan art, commissioned me to make a painting that evokes the values of the party. As the province hurtles toward a future of being the crappiest country in North America, he felt some proto-nationalist mythmaking was in order. Kenney imbedded me with his Trudeau funded team of million dollar sycophants and fellow MLAs for a week to help me capture “the true spirit of the UCP”

The governing process is a lot more dynamic than I expected. As a far-left Albertan (I would sacrifice my firstborn to get a pipeline built, but would sacrifice my subsequent children on a case by case basis) the womb of my echo chamber led me to smugly expect a mockable cavalcade of buffoonery. I was instead treated to an impressive discipline that ran from Kenney all the way down to the lowliest staffer (an unpaid leather gimp intern named Estragon). There was zero deviation from their vigorous weekly schedule, which was as follows:

Mon-Fri

8:00AM-12:00PM Stand in a circle and jack each other off while waiting for the economy to come back

12:00PM-12:30PM Lunch

12:30PM-4:30PM Resume standing in a circle and jacking each other off while waiting for the economy to come back

As a lazy insolent artist I was unused to such hard work. I must admit that before I even made it through the first day, I wanted to quit. “I don’t think standing in a circle and jacking each other off is working, just now Ovintiv cut 650 jobs. Maybe we should think about-”

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“SHUT UP AND KEEP JACKING ME OFF” screamed Kenney. His lips were glistening, cherub cheeks a frustrated crimson. In this moment I truly saw Kenney for the first time. I imbibed that tangy waft of brilliance and work ethic he possesses that allows him to do the impossible, such as win a conservative majority in Alberta. Kenney the perfectionist, the strategist, the big tent conservative. Impressed, I got a grip and got right back to work.

On the fourth day of endless fapping I developed a painful case of carpal tunnel syndrome. Luckily Tyler Shandro was able to connect me with a special someone who could arrange some treatment for a super reasonable fee.

“It happens, sport” finance minister Travis Toews assured me “it took me years of jacking off and waiting for the economy to come back to achieve the calloused, jizzy mitts that I now call my hands.”

His hands, they were so worn. Dick veins had carved plunging fault lines into his palms. “It’s not even the jacking off, the hardest part is the waiting.” There was a quiver in his voice, a rare peep from the hopelessness we endlessly try to jack away. His eyes were shimmering with unwelcome tears

It was the hardest week of my life. I think if doctors, nurses, students, teachers, campers, college athletes, professors, energy sector workers, children, farmers, the employed, the unemployed, rural Albertans, urban Albertans, parents, or the foothills knew how much work the UCP put into standing in a circle jacking each other off and waiting for the economy to come back, they wouldn’t be so quick to judge.

That weekend, I finished the painting. I was equal parts exhausted and proud. When I showed it to Kenney he was overjoyed. “I love how the howling grimaces spiral from an unblinking locus of incompetence!” he gushed. “And there I am at the top, like a cherry on a sundae, or a thick layer of poo smeared across a slice of different, other poo!”

You can see Shandro’s li’l face, like a tiny smirk carved into a peanut shell by a witch’s finger. There’s Doug Schweitzer to the left hanging like a rotten apple off of Kenney’s booby. Adriana LaGrange is clutching the collective frown of the provincial children. The horse Jason Nixon allegedly murdered is splayed across the top as a warning to other horses that ever might thinking about giving him the side-eye.

The only reason Kenney never actually purchased this painting is because none of the above ever happened, which makes it all the more unbelievable. That being said, it’s only a matter of time before he wants it, and this is YOUR chance to profit off of the legendary bad investments the province is famous for.



**PORTRAIT OF NHL COMMISSIONER GARY BETTMAN,
MAYOR OF HUB CITY**
August 3, 2020

This is a portrait of GARY BETTMAN, commissioner of the NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE and newly minted mayor of HUB CITY. HUB CITY is a DYSTOPIAN WONDERLAND, A CITY INSIDE A CITY of LANYARDS, SECURITY CHECKPOINTS, and FOURTEEN RESTAURANTS. Where CO-OPTED INFRASTRUCTURE GUARANTEES the SAFETY AND WELL BEING of the MOST IMPORTANT members of SOCIETY. Teachers? NO. Frontline workers? NO. Foreign millionaires and the people that serve them? YOU FUCKIN' BET.

Maybe you live OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE but would LOVE TO GET IN, if only to FEEL MCDAVID'S STEELY GAZE WASH OVER YOU and feel that RARE WOBBLE IN YOUR COCKLES you haven't felt since SEVENTH GRADE. Maybe you're thinking about sending your kids to a private school because YOU'RE A RICH PIECE OF SHIT and feel UNSURE about VOLUNTEERING YOUR SPAWN to the UCP's RECKLESS and DANGEROUS back to school non-plan that's sole purpose is to create jobs in the province's CHILD COFFIN MANUFACTURING SECTOR? Why not have it all? Sell your house! Buy this painting! Barter your way into Hub City and a better tomorrow! Get an inside look at a FUNCTIONAL SOCIETY guided by SOUND MEDICAL REGULATION and GOVERNMENT SUPPORT. Then, look out over the OPAQUE WALL THAT SEPARATES US and PUKE IN DISGUST at the COVID RIDDEN MASSES that gather in a gravel parking lot to GET DRUNK, BREATHE ON EACH OTHER, and WATCH THE OILERS LOSE.

Maybe you're a PLAYER IN THE LEAGUE and you want to SPRUCE UP the SECOND RATE HOTEL ROOM in which you've been FORCIBLY INTERRED. Purchase this STERN REMINDER to keep you motivated while you perform FEATS OF DEFT ATHLETICISM in a HOLLOWED MAUSOLEUM that was PAID FOR by HUB CITY'S OUTER RIM SERFS (don't worry, they're not allowed in, yuck, oh ew).

Maybe you're BETTMAN himself! What an honour to meet you liege! This painting would look great above your head as you BULLY GUTLESS POLITICIANS into SURRENDERING MORE RESOURCES to your MID PANDEMIC CORPORATE CITY STATE. Plus, look at the size of your dick! What a cannon! Very impressive! Thankfully, you have access to a MASSIVE RESERVOIR of OUT OF WORK CITIZENS with ZERO SUPPORT that you can EMPLOY TO WASH YOUR SUBSTANTIAL GLANS when it GRAZES THE FOAMY OUTER LAYER OF A URINAL CAKE. BUY THIS PAINTING.

30"x40", acrylic on canvas



Adriana LaGrange Presents the New Curriculum **August 10, 2020**

This is a portrait of Minister of Education Adriana LaGrange. She is holding the steaming pile of nonsensical bullshit that will be Alberta's new K-12 curriculum. At the heart of the odourous mound is the wavering outline of the head of the curriculum review, Angus MacBeath. It is Angus' job to undo the years of work began by those lefty eco-polycommuno-radicals, the PC government, and replace it with something that honours Alberta's new reality as a province of hucksters, con-artists, and braindead swine licking the blank walls of the rusted out trough of broken ideology.

Angus brings decades of experience and a visionary dream of Albertan students (those that survive the 2020 Plague Culling) as the kind of person you'd want to buy a used car from. A pragmatic uninspiring future, but maybe Angus has a point. You can see the flop sweat glistening on LaGrange like the Adriatic in a spring morn as she tries to get through this four year grift without being outed as a dangerous fraud. If the UCP get their way, the next generation of politicians, all pockmarked and wheezing from Covid, will not show such a naked degree of non-confidence in their wretched ideas.

Minister LaGrange is also wearing a pile of tiny skulls like a tiara. The skull tiara is a symbolic representation of child skulls, which LaGrange plans to wear as a tiara at a November press conference when she declares the reopening of schools as an unmitigated success given that only 0.5% of schoolgoing children perished from Covid-19.

"Well below the expected death rate, considering our government's stance on reopening schools was 'haha, fuck you, you're on your own!'" she will perkily point out, skull tiara jiggling, worms and flies pouring from the glaring, sad, eye sockets.

Buying this painting is literally the only stable investment an Albertan can make. It is 3ftx3ft, mixed media on canvas.



MR ALBERTA WEEPS FOR THE UCP

September 14, 2020

Who weeps for the mewling antagonists to circumstance? Who weeps for the captains of titanic debt? Who weeps for the sinking? Who weeps for the flailing? For the incompetent? For the aggravated?

Who weeps for the cavalcade of kamikaze patsies and back room petrosexual bimbos and himbos who spoke lusty orphan sonnets in their crusted moral folds? Who weeps for the breathy zealots with uncalloused hands? Who weeps for the overpaid twitterati's public rumbles gone googly eyed by blue light?

Who weeps for bronze colonizer likenesses? Who weeps for soapbox eulogies on metal mannequins during the autumn of mass death?

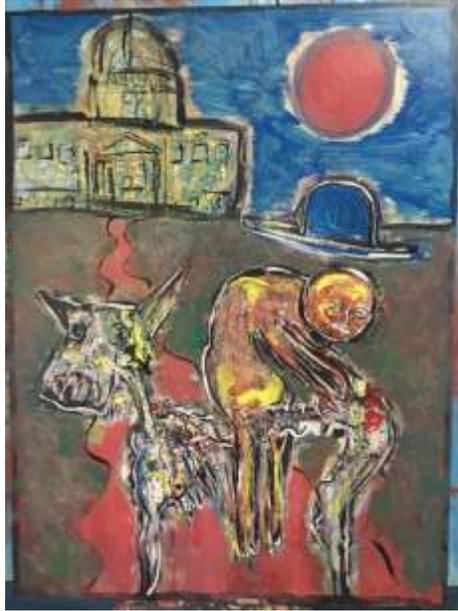
Who weeps for private practice? Who weeps for the grumpy boy, shoulder chipped at birth, unforgiving of his own delivery? Who weeps for the hidden troll's hidey hole and her libertarian pandemic experiments? Who weeps for the fiscal mismanagers and their moony-eyed grift?

Who weeps for the saviour from the old eastern hand of Harper to deliver a province from unrepentant centrism? Who weeps for the harbinger of lopsided austerity? Who weeps for the pinkish cherub with mutton jowls rolling in gasoline gutter run off in unfeathered wings? Who weeps for Jason Kenney?

Why, Mr. Alberta. Mr. Alberta weeps.

So come, child, baptize yourself in the salty tears of Mr. Alberta and may the future drain from your ass like after-coffee diarrhea. Put your ear to ground and let the sobs of Mr. Alberta slough your dead dusty skin about in retrograde shake and bake. Suck the wet air from Mr. Alberta's hummingbird breath and let your heart moan and mumble. Mr. Alberta weeping aspect, unconvincing prairie scarecrow, rancid hay torso topped with an October grimace. Give Mr. Alberta a kiss in the rattling wind and know passion's inconsequence. Watch Mr. Alberta shuffle for soil shotgun flocks sullyng the horizon like locusts. Watch Mr. Alberta draw blackened blood through a curly straw. Look at Mr. Alberta's hat and matching belt buckle. Wake up in the morning and look long into mirrored canvas eyes, you are Mr. Alberta. On the couch a family of Mr. Albertas' lounges' languid stretches crest stained couch cushions. Floral patterns are on the wall. Wilting petals and brittle twigs in a clenched fist. Egg yolk sunset bubbles about the perimeter, curdled breakfast for faded champions. Fin.

30'x40', acrylic on canvas



JASON KENNEY GOES EAST AT THE SPEED OF BUSINESS

September 21, 2020

This is a depiction of Kenney's departure last week to Ottawa, in the midst of a worsening pandemic to demand \$6.5 billion from the federal government. He left in a pugilistic flurry of entitlement and nonsense. Albertans gathered from far and wide to cough and cheer as our nude leader mounted a buffalo reverse cowgirl for the long trek east.

Despite being the only province with no sales tax, one of the lowest corporate tax rates on the continent, and a focus on the fading oil and gas sector so single minded it can only be attributed to a deeply lodged psychosexual fetish, Alberta now has the largest deficit in its history and this is frankly unacceptable to we Albertans, who have grown accustomed to the good life: spending \$500 on Jagerbombs every Friday and Saturday at Fuel by Earl's.

Anyhow, the crowd slowly dispersed while Kenney plodded forth at the speed of business, the sun rising and setting in time lapse while the buffalo rotted away into a mangy skeleton.

The Speed of Business is a term coined by now Minister of Jobs, Economy, and Innovation Doug Schweitzer while talking about the province's tech sector his own government deliberately hobbled during The Before Times. He literally said that. It's unclear if it's the result of his speechwriter making a bet on how much ridiculous bullshit he can get his boss to say, or if the term was birthed from the fountainhead of unmolested inspiration in Doug's beautiful mind. In any case what I can tell you is that the most accurate infographic you can get of the speed of business in Alberta is a rubbery and jaundiced cherub wearing a pristine \$700 cowboy hat unmoving atop a rotting buffalo while the slingshotting sun shows the cruel and relentless passage of time.

And what if the impossible happens? What If Kenney's whining pays off and we get the money? What will it be spent on? Certainly not doctors, teachers, daycare, or people with disabilities, those

selfish freeloaders. It won't go even towards a pipeline, because the feds already bought us one of those and if we tried to do another one ourselves we'd probably just ask Tim Horton's to build it.

What's even left in the twisted recesses of the UCP playbook. There are several possibilities, each worse than the last:

1. 6.5 billion dollar commission to discover which came first, the Vegreville or the Egg
2. Get 1000 staffers 1000 typewriters to write for 1000 years to possibly and accidentally maybe, I don't know, do something that helps anybody that makes less than 600k/year.
3. A pair of truck nuts so large they block out the sun, created unprecedented and endless demand in the resource sector. It will also finally allow ancient vampire Steve Allen, head of the million dollar bogus journey into foreign funded smear campaigns against Alberta oil, to leave his castle overlooking Calgary before sundown and get a mango hurricane from the Booster Juice.

Anyhow, own this stirring paean to the slow existential death of Canada's most hated province. It's 30'x40', acrylic and oil pastel on canvas, and will look nightmarish wherever you put it.



RACHEL NOTLEY, LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION

October 5, 2020

This is a portrait of the Leader of the Opposition, Rachel Notley. Rachel Notley had the unfortunate fate of being the Premier of Alberta from 2015 to 2019 with the Alberta New Democrat Party. As the UCP continues to admirably execute their breezy plan of shaking the grubby nickels from our worn-out pants despite a worsening pandemic, we Albertans look to the right, then to the slight left of that right and say “who else?”

Thankfully, Alberta’s robust two-party system of petrocrats has a perfectly viable alternative in Rachel Notley’s Alberta NDP. If Kenney’s bungling continues, and the newly formed separatist Nazi party splits the vote, the Alberta NDP will make history by being the first party in the province’s history to ever come back into power after losing an election (the fact this hasn’t happened in 115 years is proof on its own we’re not a democracy. More like some kind of weird, oily, sex harem like Xerxes has in Zack Snyder’s hit autobiography “300”)

The NDP will cruise to victory running a campaign that beats the UCP at their own game: gumming the limp gristle of insolvent oil ventures under the nihilistic impression that the citizens of the province cannot comprehend existence beyond the diluted gasoline rainbow of diminishing returns. Are they working behind the scenes to wean the province from the proverbial stone as the world leaves the stone age? They’ll never show their hand, because we’re too fucking stupid to be trusted, apparently.

Anyhow, they will continue to astutely highlight the inept hypocrisy of the UCP until they themselves can return to jabbing at the hull of this great provincial ghost ship with the limp noodle of compromise.

12x20, acrylic on wood.



COVID! ACTION! PLAN!

November 16, 2020

This is the UCP's plan for Covid-19. It's a total fucking mess. You can make out a bar, something about an exercise bike, and a skeleton serving Jason Kenney a juicy human lung on a platter.

This piece was likely made by Minister of Health Tyler Shandro in the foggy midst of one of his classic rages. Most recently, everytime Shandro encounters feedback or criticism, his army of overpaid handlers plop him in front of a canvas and some paints. This facilitates a response from our minister that is still hands on, but less assault-y. Tyler then hands the painting off to Dr. Hinshaw, who pats him on the head and says "good job buddy" while he gurgles happily. It is Dr. Hinshaw's job to interpret Shandro's childlike smears into as cohesive policy as possible. She must never deviate from the wishes of the elected officials and their donors, they are the experts after all.

The UCP's plan is to keep Alberta's economy afloat by lining its rusted-out hull with the precious pink buoyant lungs (for now) of human capital. Forcing people and their sweet lungs to work under such stressful and dangerous circumstance is naturally taxing, but what alternatives are there? All the economists, nurses, teachers, and doctors calling for more stringent measures have to understand that keeping people home from working can have even more dire consequences on public health and the economy. Just ask the 26,000 education staff laid off by the UCP in April, or the 11,000 healthcare workers to be laid off in the coming months.

There's more to managing a pandemic than "preventable deaths". (Whatever that means, corporations are legally people and they never die. They'll even get hooked up to the ventilator of corporate welfare and be trapped in a purgatory of insolvency until the end of days so long as they have an oil derrick replacing at least one of the letters in their logo). Once the virus sees how sexy and strong our economy is, how high the bodies are piled, it will leave the Alberta faster than Encana. it will leave the province faster than the Governor of Michigan rescinded Enbridge's permission to move oil through the state after Kenney called her brain dead on a fucking podcast. The virus will leave the province faster than its own doctors.

This might seem overly optimistic, but remember who we voted for. Pre-pandemic, the UCP tabled a budget based off a projected oil price of \$60/barrel. A straight-faced prediction so firmly on the magical side of magical realism it made Gabriel Garcia Marquez shit his wings in envy. If nothing else, the UCP is the party of deadly fantasy.

The painting is a searing 3ft x 4ft of confusion and terror, acrylic and canvas. It will look great wherever you go to weep

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World Juniors Championship 2021! Edmonton Hub City 2: 2 Hub 2 Furious: Back in the Habit, the Wrath Khan December 7, 2020

The winters of my childhood were long, long seasons. I lived in three places - the school, the church, and the skating-rink

-Coronavirus 19

Welcome to Edmonton, caged teens! May your artful dance of finesse and grit adorn the dripping mausoleum of Roger's Place excellently. May unmarred virgin ice be painted with the butterfly swirls of sick dangles. We, the sickened and risky will wheeze from homes to gather in packed plexiglass pubs, impromptu churches, and ogle the illegal intimacy of passionate brawl and desperate scrum. Your perfect pink lungs, hinterland incarcerated, buoyant in the second wave's turgid toss! May nations breathe the psychic breath of triumph! The victors' dedication and toil a guiding constellation in the solstice brain's barely-day. May the losers' heads hold high nevertheless, your sacrifice just as real, all the more Promethean. Give us the fire of your passion. Give us the chains of your safety. Give us your lungs, your delicious sweet healthy lungs. Nyeeergh! Nyarg (Bilbo growling) Your lungs! Your lungs! Give us your juicy lungs! Gyurrrgh! Freg! *saliva leaking through mask* Urghhughwuh guhhhh let us feast on your perfect breath! Eeeuuughh, weeeuuughh, eeeuuuggghh, weeeuuughh. 3ft x4ft acrylic on canvas



**The Sun Kissed Visages of Tracy Allard and Jeremy Nixon
Dangling from a Palm Tree while a Silhouetted Jason Kenney
Blindly Swings a Limp Wet Shaft of Driftwood at a Pinata
Stuffed with WestJet Gift Certificates *or*, Entitled Fuckos
January 4, 2020**

The dreamlike surrealism of this work evokes the technicolour fog marinating the brains of the staffers and MLAs that travelled internationally during a global pandemic: a state of bleary selfishness that was previously assumed to be the domain of toddlers who've just learned how to lie and possibly Gollum.

Allard is the poster child for this scandal, one that will be remembered as probably to be honest one of the less dangerous and reprehensible actions the UCP have crammed into the moldy canvas sack that is 2020. She decided the best way to honour the sacrifice of the thousands of Albertans that have died alone in a hospital was to keep her 17-year streak of going to Hawaii for Christmas intact.

For his part, Jeremy Nixon went on the trip because it was 'pre-planned', not one of those unplanned, spur of the moment tropical vacations we severely normal Albertans are always taking. He actually literally bought the tickets ahead of time.

If we expect our leaders to adjust their actions based on changing circumstance, what's next? Making companies pay the taxes they owe to rural municipalities? Not laying off 11000 healthcare workers in the middle of a pandemic? Tabling a budget that isn't based on an oil price so firmly in the realm of high fantasy it would make Tolkien shit his coffin? Get real, snowflake. This is the real world. And here in the real world, it's the year 2007, with a bit of dark ages Christianity thrown in for good measure.

Jason Kenney took full responsibility for the regrettable lapses in judgement on Friday and accordingly bore the consequences of their actions this Monday. He promptly removed all offending members from cabinet positions and committees. If it sounds to you like he's in fact offloading the responsibility onto everyone but him, my rebuttal to you is fuck Trudeau.

Anyhow, this painting is 3ft x 3ft, mixed media on canvas. It's painted directly over a previous piece "Jason Kenney Riding a Dead Horse like a Surfboard on the 2nd Wave into a Beach Made of Skeletons" because I'm afraid the UCP was taking my surfing imagery too seriously. I take full responsibility for this error and in penance will go yell at my neighbour's driveway. Fuckin' driveway.