

King of **Regina**

“The King of Regina Archives” (1999-2004) was a project based on a man from Regina, Saskatchewan, often seen shouting nonsensical phrases, racial slurs and threatening comments. The dialogue gathered for this project was put together by interviews and eye witness encounters over a period of five years. The material represented in this project was not intended for harm or defamation, rather my intent was to study an individual whom I found to be a fascinating and complex, human being.



Posted by: Sellie
Wednesday, March 17, 2004

Today at lunch my friend and his female co-worker (who had never seen or heard of The King) came out of the McCallum Hill Tower 2 onto 12th Avenue and The King was across the street walking east on the south side of 12th, when he suddenly turned to my friend and yelled: "**Fuck you, you crazy half-breed bum-fucker!!!**" Over and over again, while he spit repeatedly on the ground. She thought it was hilarious!

Posted by: Sellie
Wednesday, March 17, 2004

He can be regularly seen in the vicinity of the Safeway on 13th, as he lives a block away. I believe that something happens to him when he crosses Albert Street, almost like something gets crossed in his brain. All the times I've seen him around Cathedral, he's been quietly going about his business. (Usually getting jugs of water from Safeway, must be very thirsty) I've never heard an outburst from him. He even passes by my apartment and gives me a "Hey" to my "How's it going". Course; on the other side of Albert, I'm a yellow Cheshire cat.

Posted by: Anonymous
Thursday, March 11, 2004

I have had several encounters with The King, as I work downtown Monday to Friday. Recently, I have heard him muttering something about "**Ontario faggots, Chinks and Cherokees.**" I don't get close enough to hear the specifics. He also "shot" my vehicle with his fingers not too long ago on Sask Drive.

Posted by: Anonymous
Thursday, March 04, 2004

A few months ago I was walking on Hamilton Street when I saw The King. He pointed his finger at me and yelled "**Yer nuthin' but an Irish bum-fucker! That's what you are! You Irish bum-fucker!**"It was my first brush with royalty. Though his Majesty was mistaken about me being Irish I didn't correct him. I will always remember the day I met The King!

Posted by: Stiffie
Wednesday, February 11, 2004

The King of Regina has appeared to a number of my friends. I was a little jealous that I did not have a run in with the man. Then one day it happened. While shooting a youth series for Access Communications the King of Regina volunteered his services as an extra (unwanted by us). It all happened too fast. Right in the middle of a take he walks right through the scene screaming and ranting about the "**Yellow Cherokees**". We were all confused, looking at each other with mouths wide open. A few people yelled at him but he just kept on walking. I was so happy to experience The King of Regina. Somewhere someone has this footage.



Posted by: Mike Patten
Monday, January 26, 2004

Hi there my name is Aaron Walker brother of Nathan who has posted here. I saw the Broad Street Brawler the other day walking by 13th and Albert Macs store. He threw an empty Slurpee cup at a bus and then called me a "Happy half breed bastard" although I'm happily all white and usually when I see the brawler he greets me with a smile and a clap on the back saying I'm the only sane person in town who REALLY knows what's going on. Thanks a lot and great site.

From: D.T.
December 5, 2003

One day he came up to me at the YMCA and began screaming and ranting about "Fucking Pollack natives and Indians"... "watch out for those fuckers they cut you when you sleep" "there names end with the word ski... fuckers" he continued to sway back and forth and began to mumble, than we bid our farewell.

From: C.R.
November 13, 2003

I saw him the other day. I think he's suddenly decided that I'm an Indian. "I don't care how long your hair is, Indian; the fact is that you'll never be white!" He yelled something about yellow half-breeds as well.

Of course, he might have been talking about my girlfriend, who is a "half-breed" and doesn't have the traditional long hair of an Indian. He was in rare form. He didn't start shouting until he saw me, looked right at me as he began ranting, and he kept shouting long after I was out of sight. It's good to see him back in action; I was worried that he might have quit his crusade.

From: C.W. Registered Psychologist, NWT/Nunavut
November 12, 2003

If you're seriously interested in research on schizophrenia, may I suggest you contact the Friends of Schizophrenia for accurate and helpful information about this terrible illness.

You may also be interested in the following web pages:

<http://www.schizophrenia.com/family/family.html>
http://dir.yahoo.com/Health/Diseases_and_Conditions/Schizophrenia/

FYI -- I have forwarded your web address to the National Office of the Canadian Mental Health Association, in hopes that they can intervene to stop the web being used for this kind of cruelty. I have also drawn it the attention of other mental health professionals to see what can be done.

From: The Radfords
October 11, 2003



In my recent sightings, he has definitely found himself a female companion and seems to have found his inner peace. Best of luck to him. I'm sure he really just needs someone around to make sure he takes his meds. However, I do have a few encounters to report on.

I am an IT geek and go for coffee with the rest of my company's IT team. On our way over to the Robins at the bus depot, we frequently see The King, but manage to avoid his wrath. One day, he came around the corner and ran right into a group of 5-6 of us. He was clearly startled and seemed at a loss for words, though he desperately had to say something. So, he screamed "GEEKS!!!" as loud as he could and then ran like hell.

Several times, he is hanging out in Robins, or sitting on the bus depot benches just minding his own business or having a conversation with a drifter or street person. But one day, we were having coffee and The King storms into Robins and grabbed a Leader post (they are not free). He stands at the counter and reads the paper for about 10 minutes, flipping through it quite violently. When he finished reading, he went apeshit and crumpled and tore the newspaper to bits before storming out.

But the best encounter was last Xmas. The same group of IT folks were heading over to our staff Xmas party. Our group at the time consisted of males only. Of course, we see The King heading towards us on the sidewalk. I start to grin because I can tell he's in one of his moods. He did not disappoint:

"Yeah, keep smiling, you god damn homosexual! You're all a bunch of homosexuals! (I start laughing at this point) A great big group of laughing homosexuals! Yeah! Keep laughing it up! Real funny! YOU ALL TAKE IT UP THE ASS, JUST LIKE GEORGE BUSH!!!"

And with that, I wished him a merry Xmas and he headed on his way. Again, I found this encounter fascinating because I've never heard him get mad about homosexuals; he usually doesn't stray from his comfort zone of yellow cars, yellow Indians, yellow whores and Saskatoon.

From: N.W.
September 11, 2003

I just saw the BRAWLER not 3 minutes ago I work at Absolute Cash on Broad Street across from the mission and my friend who I work with who also has had a few run ins with our king spotted him and called me I got outside just in time to see him saying something to a women's baby who was in the carriage I didn't hear what he said but I'm sure it was great words of wisdom that the kid will use for the rest of his life. Anyway just thought I'd let you know that our KING is alive and well, and for all those out there that disagree with this site, all I know is that if I ever lose my marbles I hope people give a enough of a shit about me to talk to me talk and think about me and hell to put up a fucking web site about me wow no one cares that much about me right now.

From: J.R.
September 10, 2003

Hi there!

Quite a funny site. I think I know this man as the Broad street Brawler anyway most of my encounters have been homicidal racial rants but, my brother said that he has regular talks with him on a regular basis. I don't if this is true or not because my brother is a little different too



anyway keep up the good work I'm glad to know KING BRAWLER is getting the respect he deserves.

Sincerely, lowly peasant

From: N. W.
September 9, 2003
This site is fantastic!

First off let me applaud you for the great work you're doing here. I have known about the Brawler since I was 16; this is the first place I've ever heard him referred to as Babylon, or The King of Regina although I thoroughly enjoy the latter. Everyone I know refers to him as the Broad Street Brawler because the majority of our sittings have been on Broad Street and he was brawling with all he sees. Thanks for all the great stories hope you enjoy these.

1. I was 16 just got my license I was driving down Albert Street and as I was stopped at the light when I heard "fucking Indians that what the problem is" We being young punks were wide eyed like a virgin seeing her first BIG dick. I couldn't believe that a middle aged white guy was yelling about "Dirty yellow fucks" and "Indian whores" in the middle of Regina of all places; we gave him an hour to live and drove off.

2. So I was naturally amazed when I saw the same guy a few month's later yelling about the same kind of thing. Now this time I was with my mom and the minute she saw him she was nervous. When I heard him yell "Dead Indians are good Indians" now I was young and hadn't experienced the joys of downtown Regina I leaned out the window and to my mom's horror yelled "you racist bastard" this sent the brawler into a rage and he started towards us frantically screaming. My mom put the pedal to the metal and we were outta there.

3. Over the next few years I had many Brawler encounters and naturally as I got older and more brazen I wanted to talk to the Brawler and to really make the best of my youth. So every time I'd see him the brakes would be slammed on and whatever I could think of would spill out of my mouth like "What about the Indians" or "What's really going on?" naturally this was just gas on the fire and the Brawler would explode into a pissed off rant and really give it to my "Yellow dead Jap" ass or "Fucking Nazi bastard" this amused me for many years.

4. As I'm getting older though I've been thinking of what I used to do and how some might think of it as mean so I've found that "Hi how are ya" and "Have a nice day" usually have the same effect I've also not wanted to get him too excited because he has no regard for traffic as he is invincible and most motorist would rather hit a tree then their KING. I bough myself an extremely large 1979 Lincoln Continental with a large stereo in it and have found that I need not say anything as the sight and sound of my car alone tend to aggravate him. He has even given me the nickname of "the American who is fucking everything up" whenever he sees me he screams and really lets me have it and I smile and wave I truly feel that we have a close bond...LONG LIVE KING BRAWLER.

From: R. W.
September 7, 2003

I'd just like to say that I love your site and nice work in documenting the living hell that the "Broad street brawler" lives every day. Regarding that story that "THE JAW" sent in I was the man riding



shotgun in the van when the brawler tasted his first Slurpee. I made the most impossible hook shot over the van that Kareen Adule Jabar would have been jealous of. That first encounter with the man you call The King of Regina would not be my last.

During the summer of 2001 after high school I got this really shitty job with this company called guardian traffic services. Basically what I did was drive around in a one ton GMC and set up road blocks for construction contractors so they could fix the streets ECT... One infamous august afternoon I was closing off Broad street right near that over pass by that country style doughnuts or whatever the fuck it is. All of a sudden I see a familiar and very menacing figure appear out from underneath the shadowy underpass. This time I wasn't in a car, suddenly my spine felt like a cold water pipe. He was very displeased with what I was doing. He walked right up to me and didn't say anything "HI Babylon how's it going" I said I knew that's what other people called him and I had heard of that other web site with the cartoon brawlers on it. He told me in a very angry manner that "If your white they don't want you, go back to your Saskatoon whore house" he then pointed north down Broad street "what are you talking about Babylon" I said. Then he got real mad and yelled: "Babylon is a whore" he then proceeded into that country style place.

A few months later I observed him down town at about 21 block Osler yelling at this Chinese guy and his girlfriend in a green Honda civic. I couldn't really hear what he was saying but I did make out the words "COCKSUCKERS", the chick in the car looked really scared.

This past summer I was sitting at a red light on Albert Street and 11th avenue I just happened to glance over to my left and bang. The door to the mental health clinic looked like it was gonna come off its hinges the brawler had kicked open and emerged from the building in a furious rage. Again I couldn't really hear what he was saying but it had something to do with dead yellow Indians. I then observed as he walked over to that burger king, again pretty much attacking the door and entering the restaurant like gang busters. If you have any questions you can email me. I live in Edmonton now but I haven't forgotten about the brawler I hope to see him some time soon.

Posted by: Anonymous
July 22, 2003

Artist Intellectual? Has this guy even read my page? Over 90% of my information comes from other people. I tried to reply to this guy, but he closed his hotmail account. Pretty lame. I put my name on everything I do, but maybe that's just my huge ego.

Posted by: Anonymous
July 22, 2002

I have a new subject for you to follow. It is an ignorant guy who follows/stalks innocent people around who have a very real a debilitating illness. This 'idiot' thinks it is okay to record another human being on their very worst days (i.e. when medication is not helping). I wonder how this 'artist-intellectual' would feel if someone followed him around when he felt like shit and took photos and wrote down everything he said and then posted it on the net. Must be nice to have such a surface level understanding of a very complicated subject, and then exploit another human being in the name of 'intellectual pursuits'. I would say the ego of this guy could be seen from Vancouver, so you will have know trouble spotting him for your new stalking victim.

Happy Hunting.



From: J. S.
May 26, 2003

So, have you stopped taking reports on this guy? He's got himself a woman now, and from what I've heard, calmed down quite a bit. Must be getting it regular. Let me know if your interested, even know when one or both of them live.

From: The Member Show (Guest Book) - The Fifth Parallel Art Gallery
May 10, 2003

I recall The King of Regina when I worked at a grocery store; he shouted at passerby "**never so far from grace & never so close to the grave**"- June/July 2001

Sitting at a red light in my car by Lang's he was yelling: "**dirty Cherokee fuckers, everyone will die!**" he then noticed me looking at him, he ran in front of several cars, placed his face against my passenger window, looked me in the eyes and said: "**You're going to die too.**"

I was parking my car once for work and he was walking by me and called me a "**yellow Nazi bitch.**" - July/Aug 2000

I was driving down Albert Street North, when he yelled at me: "**They're coming...there're coming to take us!**" He seemed very strange.

I work at the library, Central branch. I'm told when he takes his meds, he's O.K. Tyler's even had conversations with him.

He called me and my friends "**Fucking half breeds**" he's not that bad if you get to talking to him. ***** is quite comical.

I had a run in with The King of Regina about 4 years ago; I believe it was spring or early summer. I was crossing 11th Avenue in front of Newtown Cuisine, The King was also crossing, and he began swearing and yelling about "**Those fucking immigrants**" and how they were taking over. I laughed a sort of terrified please don't eat me laugh, and he came at me. I ran, and he ran after me, a car almost hit him; it saved me because he stopped to kick the tail light out of the car, that's all I saw, I kept on running - Meathead.

I recall him shouting obscenities about me being an Indian. I am not (not that it matters)

I encountered this individual while walking the bike path, he came right for me swearing "fucking whore" he is a large strong guy & I was terrified...he is delusional & needs help.

From: A.W. Regina
February18, 2003

"I'm not a tree hugging human rights activist I just can't help thinking what I would do if somebody made a web page about me, without my approval, and I didn't want it on the internet."



The person who wrote that (below) is as stupid, insulting, and ignorant as they imply you are. What in the fucking hell is a "tree hugging human rights activist"? Someone that likes clean air, pretty landscapes, and protecting peoples' rights not to be discriminated against and oppressed? I guess that would be a horrible thing, wouldn't it. Too bad they cared enough to guilt you into removing your hilarious page on The King. Please give me their address, or forward this to them so that I can tell them how fucking stupid they are. Respectfully,

Posted by: Anonymous
September 22, 2003

Hi there. ***** told me about your page over coffee one day and expressed considerable anger towards the person who made it.

I admit I would have found it hilarious some time ago, before I knew *****. Yes it's entertaining to watch someone with a mental illness create disturbances in public, and then laugh about it later.

But this summer, for some reason, I wanted to get to know him a bit better, so I would say hi now and then, and we'd end up chatting. Here are a few things I can say about *****:

- 1) He's not retarded.
- 2) He knows what's going on in the world.
- 3) He knows he has a mental illness.

You put a disclaimer at the top of the intro page, stating that it is not intended for harm or defamation. Why then did you put his address on the page, and what good could possibly result from doing so?

I'm not suffering from any mental or emotional anguish over the matter... I just figured I should let you know that ***** thinks you're a dick for making this page, and I agree with him.

I'm not a tree hugging human rights activist I just can't help thinking what I would do if somebody made a web page about me, without my approval, and I didn't want it on the internet.

Next time I see ***** I'll tell him I saw the webpage, and I'll ask him what he'd like to do about it. If he says he wants it removed, then I will help him in getting it removed. If not, that's his choice.

-BR

From: K. A.
September 13, 2002

His name is Carson... I knew him as "Crazy Carson" ... self proclaimed. I don't remember his last name but he lives in Saskatoon (downtown area somewhere) and trust me he gets around ... at least he used too ... everyone knows "Crazy Carson". If you ask around in Stoon someone will be able to get you better info on him.

The reason I mention him ... he and The King should really have a "face to face" meeting ... they are identical in behavior. Who knows these types of people may really be onto something! "Crazy



Carson" had very eccentric opinions on everything. The one that comes to mind is his plan to build a dome over Saskatoon ... to start ... then eventually work towards Regina slowly but eventually he wanted Sask. to be covered. He had many details all worked out and I was told by others who were daring enough to visit his "Crash" pad he had drawn blueprints all over his walls.

He kinda scared me ... if he caught wind of even a hint of you mocking him he would really lose it! Not violent but keep getting louder and louder ... yelling stuff like "You! ... You think your so smart Eh!" ... he'd follow you around then ... the Mall was the only safe place when he was pissed at you as the Security guards knew him and would not let him in any more ... even though he said his lawyer would get them. Like I said everyone knew of him in Stoon ... he could clear a packed street corner downtown if people saw him freaking out.

Good site by the way.

From: Murray W.
August 25, 2002

You don't know me, but I was shown your site and also can add to your list of stories. My name is Murray and I used to work in a paint store. When I first saw this guy, it was around 1983 or 1984. He was not nearly as far out of it as he appears to be now (2002). He used to come into the store with another guy named Darcy. He was always argumentative, but never as bad as he is now. If you want more info on which he is, I can put you in touch with Darcy.

Thanks, Murray

From: Mike Patten
July 24, 2002

I saw ***** downtown on Scarth street as I was walking to work. He was sitting down on one of the benches watching all the lunchtime commotion. He was facing 11th avenue, and I was heading in that direction.

My heart raced as I approached him, and said enthusiastically "Hey ****!" He was not amused. Right away he explained that a friend of his told him there was a web site about him. He asked me if I was involved with it. I said yes, it's my web site. He was very upset; he asked "**Why would you do such a thing?**" "**You must be fucked in the head? Well are you? Fucked in the head?**" He also mentioned the nickname "**King of Regina**"

I was stunned, I wasn't sure what to say, he wasn't letting me talk much, so I decide just to let him vent. He got up, and continued to get louder and louder so everyone was able to hear. He called me a loser and that all my friends are losers. He said he should call the cops

I eventually shrugged my shoulders and started to walk to work. He went the other direction still ranting and raving. I can understand his distress; finding out someone is keeping track of his eccentric public life since 1991. But I am a reporter, and I understand that part of my job is to be a target of criticism. If you have any comments on this situation please feel free to voice your concerns.

From: T. W.

King of Regina

May 23, 2002.

***** enters the Central Library while I am working at the checkout counter. He approaches me, picks up an RPL Film Theatre schedule, and asks, "Any good movies coming up?" Without skipping a beat, and not awaiting a response from me, he remarks that the colour of the schedule reminds him of his birthday - it is after all his colour!

After mumbling a few indistinguishable phrases, He refers to his former residence as "the gravel pit of Saskatoon!" He says matter-of-factly, "the only good thing about Saskatoon is the university, but whatever you do, stay away from the book drops and elevators, they put people in there and kill them."

Never do I get the opportunity to retort. "My nephew is going to the U of S," says The King, "he is either going to be a social worker or a librarian, but, considering events of late; it is hard to know which job is more stressful." ***** looks at me and says, "you know what I'm talking about you've been through some stress yourself lately!"

The King peruses the film theatre schedule for a few quiet moments and then looks up at me and bellows, "I'm glad I left Saskatoon, people are crazy there." Of course this brings a smile to my face - I love irony!

***** makes his way toward the exit, but before he leaves, he reveals to me a plan for his future: "I am going to start making movies about the dreams I have about Saskatoon. It will be a kaleidoscope of horrific images...ooh...scary!" Then he walks away, laughing maniacally!

From: S. G.
July 3, 2002

I was quite surprised to stumble on to your website today. I've been observing The King for 4 or 5 years. I refer to him as the swearing guy (not too original I know), but I do find him to be of great interest

My first encounter was when I followed him into the Mac's store at the corner of 13th and Albert (approximately 5 years ago). He turned to me and made a comment about the guy working there. Something along the line of, "a paki should be working at this store; it's just the way it should be". A few minutes later I happened to follow him down 13th and observed him throw some garbage on the ground. I didn't think much of this until we went off on a tirade about some garbage someone had left on the ground. He let loose with some of his now famous profanity.

He's also swore at my dog. I was trying to avoid him one evening, but his swearing caught my dogs interest, and the dog kept turning back to look at The King. My dog seemed quite fascinated by The King.

Usually my encounters with The King revolve around observing the reactions of people when they come upon him. I'm usually in my car, so I cannot usually hear what he's saying.

From: B. R.
May 17, 2002



***** (The King of Regina) is a good man trapped within an insane mind. While working at one of his frequent hangouts, I encountered his ranting on a daily basis. Whether it was the problem of **Cherokee Witches** in the parking lot, or Saskatoon's strong evil presence, *****'s delusions are at the very least entertaining. On this note, I must send out a plea to the people of Regina to leave the poor man be. One of my biggest concerns is that ***** will one day cross the wrong person unwilling to take his conjectures with the grain of salt they merit. Despite his statement that I was in fact a **Russian Witch** who was sending the KGB after him, when on his medication, ***** has always apologized for his comments. He is a delicate man, and should be treated as such. LONG LIVE The King.

From: S.A.
March 21, 2002

I think that's bullshit that you have to take anything to do with The King of Regina off your website. He can threaten and verbally abuse people, but you can't document it. There's something wrong here.

My history with The King:

I have lived downtown for about 3 years, and I have seen him constantly over the past 3 years. My wife thought it was weird, b/c whenever I went out I'd see him yelling at me or a car or a building. And now I know it is not just me, it puts my mind at ease. Even though I only got one chance to pursue your archives, I thought it was good.

Allen.

From: T.W
March 6, 2002

The following information has been verified, although I cannot publish the source

His full name is ***** **** *. He was born in the 1950's, and he lives at apt # * **** * street.

From: Mike Patten
March 4, 2002

I saw The King at the intersection of 11th avenue, and the Canadian Legion hall. I was walking south with my wife, and my mother in-law. The King was heading north while saying: "**Fish food but not Christian....**" He was also saying something about **Torano Indians**. My mother in-law was frightened.

From: Mike Patten
Sunday March 3, 2002

I received a phone call from the Regina Public Library this morning at 11:00 am. They asked for me by name, and asked if I had a website. I said yes, somewhat confused on the reason they called, and how they contacted me, since I do not have my phone number on my site nor in the phone book. They wanted me to remove a private internal e-mail off my site concerning The King



of Regina, a Library patron. They said the computer guy at the Library came across this information and was concerned that I had access to their files. I explained someone just sent me the information, but they kept grilling me about who sent it. I am not going to get anyone in trouble, so I refused to give a name. They left a number for me to contact them, if I decided to remember who sent me the e-mail. Shortly after I removed the e-mail, and all of the information posted about ***** on my site I received several angry and disappointed e-mails concerning The King of Regina information being removed.

I kept checking my web tracker for the next couple of days, and the weirdest hit came up...the Regina Health District. In three years they have never come to my site, and then all of a sudden two days after the Library called, the hospital is on my site. I went to their site, and found a section called mental health in the community section. Could this be related to The King? Were they following up on information given by the library?

From: D.E.
January 28, 2002

D.E. was riding the number 7 bus down Albert street, all of a sudden the bus was slowing down in the middle of the block, no where near a stop. Then D.E. looked up, and there he was, right in front of the bus. **** went out of his way to walk in front of the bus to stop it, and then continued to yell. Eventually The King let the bus by, (but not without warning)

From: T.A.
January 24, 2002

T.W saw The King on the corner of Winnipeg, and Victoria Avenue at the Petro Canada gas station. Apparently T.W asked **** if he wanted a ride, and he accepted. The funny thing is T.W. already knew where he lived. The King was talking about "companies that wrap themselves in the flag to sell their product" "patriotic marketing"

From: C.R.
January 17, 2002

The King of Regina said something to me today about "No more crappy videos or books...the time is coming...." He had this look about him that said he was telling me inside information on a big conspiracy. Then he disappeared.

From: Taron.
Wed, 19 Dec 2001

Today, while driving by our local Victoria Avenue A&W Eatery...I stumbled right into the "King's Court". I had seen him exit (in quite a hurry) the A& W yelling like they had given him some stale root beer. Truth be told-that was NOT the case...in fact, to quote him-what was on his mind, were the "BC Indians because they are "too rich"...funny enough, he ends off the discussion with a sound comment- "I LIKE FRENCH WHORES" Who else but The King himself would like a piece of that French poontang pie-my hats off to him.



From: G. S.
Thu, 29 Nov 2001

Little do we all know this man actually has a psychological disorder. He however neglects to take his medication which causes him to say crude, racial and obscene things. I have encountered him several times, as I work at a grocery store where he wanders in several times a week and the most memorable incident was the Wayne Gretzky on the cereal boxes.....as he walked into the cereal aisle he suddenly stops turns in a complete circle and screams out: "WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT ASSHOLE DOING HERE?!" Now I say he is not a king when he is running around the city jumping in front of cars yelling racial slangs or approaching people on the streets and insulting them. However I assure you when he is on his medication he is charming and well mannered.

From: M. H.
Wed, 10 Oct 2001

Here's my experience that I wanted to share. I have come across The King on several occasions, but the last time I saw him, he spoke directly to me. I have been living in Calgary for the past six months, but I lived in Regina all of my life prior to this move. The week before I moved to Calgary (this would have been late May); I was walking through the Shopper's parking lot on Broad and 14th. Keep in mind; I was just about to move to Calgary, Alberta. The King appears out of nowhere (we were in an empty parking lot), and he starts shouting at me repeatedly, "Go back to Alberta you commie bastard!"

I found this interesting because although I've heard him yell about Alberta before, he has never mentioned Commies. Even more disturbing was the fact that he knew I was moving to Alberta. BUT, I am even more freaked out after reading your webpage on The King, because it appears that The King is able to see evil. He saw the evil in me, that I was moving to Alberta!

And he was right! Alberta sucks, it is pure evil. Everything went to shit since I got here, and I could not understand why. It all makes perfect sense now. About 1 month ago, I decided to return to Regina (which I will be doing in November). I am now even more excited about coming back.

From: R.C.
Tue, 9 Oct 2001

Hey. I just had my first encounter with The King. I was heading south bound under the broad street bridge while The King was heading north. I didn't realize it was him at first, until he started yelling about 'Indians on the left side'. As our paths crossed, I told him that I was on the right side. I don't think he found that impressive at all because he raised his voice a bit higher and started clapping his hands. I just kept walking and let his crazy hand-clapping affect the people walking behind me.

From: S.T.
Sat, 15 Sep 2001

I was checking out your site and I was very impressed, you've certainly put a lot of work into this. After reading all of these stories my memory was jogged and I remembered that I myself have had a King of Regina experience it was in the spring of 1997. I was working for a fire extinguisher



company called Prairie Fire, I was driving South on Albert Street and was stopped at the intersection of Albert and Dewdney. Out of nowhere this guy starts screaming at my van and throws garbage at me. Unfortunately I never heard a word he said and I have never seen him since.

From: Mike Patten
Friday, 7 Sept 2001

I was walking home, heading east on Victoria Avenue, and Winnipeg Street. That's when I saw him. You can never prepare enough to what you're going to say, but he made the first move, he was saying something about "Ratznburger better start making bad books". He was tearing up a handful of cardboard, looking for a garbage can at the new Petro Canada gas station. He lights up when he sees me, he gets a chance to unload what he's thinking about.

I said "what?" walking towards him. He continued talking about "Ratznburger"; I think it was a reference to Steven Spielberg from a previous conversation. He went on to discuss the Emmy that the Partners in Motion Film Company won this past Wednesday. He was happy that they were making quality films; he just hopes they don't lose it. I agreed, and said it was a defiantly good thing for Regina.

As we were discussing film, I noticed the gas attendants getting very nervous, we were standing pretty much right in front of the pumps, it seems he must have made a previous encounter. He also mentioned the sound stage construction, saying it was half new, half old. He doesn't know what to think about Regina, nothing much has happened here in this mud hole.

He asked if I was still going to school, and of course I said yes. He says "What are you taking?" "Visual arts" I reply. He mentioned the rising costs of textbooks, and I explained how they 'milk you' every semester by changing the edition, with an extra paragraph. So you have to buy a whole new book. I pulled out the current book I have been reading..."The plainsman" written by Ken Mitchell It's about the events leading up to the battle of Batoche. I said it was interesting to read about.

He talked about all of the facts in the book, but the conversation went to a dead stop. He then mentioned that he had a mouse in his apartment, but he says it didn't find any cheese though. He would never kill it, he just hopes that it leaves, but he hopes he doesn't gnaw him self out, cause that would take a really long time, he then let out a large chuckle. "I hope it's not a rat!!...well I guess I would smell it if it was"

He looks over and notices a purple car, he mentions that it's the colours fault, and something about excessive drinking, he then begins to laugh....but then quickly confessed that he does not drink anymore. Which leads me to believe he must have at one time he did. He then pointed to a garbage truck, and said they have to do overtime if Ratznburger does another film. He then asked if I was going home, I said yes, and asked if he wanted to walk with me. He agreed, saying he was bored, he was going to Saskatoon. I asked if he was going to see family, and he said yes, it's the only thing up there.

We talked mainly about the way people treat him in Regina compared to Saskatoon. "In Saskatoon you could walk down the street in a dress". He says if you're different here, people are in your face, but Saskatoon couldn't care less. He takes these little incidents personally, and he doesn't like it. As we walked he picked up loose stones, from the sidewalk, and tossed them into the grass, out of harm's way. I was just imagining how funny it is to be having a quite normal



conversation with him, everyone else gets the now infamous racial catch phrases, usually in a three word combo. This means he can control himself depending on the person. It was a great walk, I told him about my trip to the west coast, and he walked with me all the way to the A&W. He said it was nice talking with you, take care. I said my farewells, and he went for a coffee.

From: black Prussian
Wed, 22 Aug 2001

"Yo my dad and I have seen this dude lots of times. every time he yells at us...one time he yelled "look out for those fucking Indians behind the trees"just recently in the Gladmer park complex he yelled at us while we drove by..."god damn Alberta Indians...im not paying taxes for you....go back to Alberta....god damn Alberta Indians." This guy is rank...very cool dude.....I hope he doesn't get messed up by someone who takes him the wrong way. We have seen him in the south end, downtown and north central areas.....he really gets around."

From: Mike Patten
20 Aug 01

I crossed the street towards the entrance of the Cornwall mall, and when I reached the other side, I heard a familiar sound...yes it was The King. I smiled and waved, acknowledging his existence, which made him pause for a second, smile, and then wave back. He continued to yell at the other people, and we went our separate ways. It must have looked priceless for a stranger to witness this encounter.

From: J. P.
Aug 01

Yesterday staff at the Central Library dealt with an incident involving a "regular" client, ****on *****. Mr. ***** was involved in an altercation with another client, which involved racial slurs and threatening comments. The Library will be contacting Mr. ***** in writing to inform him that, should there be another disturbance or situation where unacceptable behavior is observed by (or reported to) library staff, the police will be called and he will be banned from the library.

Should Mr. ***** come into the library and demonstrate any unacceptable or disturbing behavior, please contact the security guard on duty, or call the police and ask them to remove him from the building.

For background regarding Mr. ***** , including a description, please see the email entitled "**** ***** and ****on *****" from January 31. (If you or your supervisor don't have this, please let me know and I will make a copy for you.)

Any questions please let me know.

[Well there you go, I guess his name is now officially ****on ***** , not Watham!!-MP]

From: Mike Patten
Sunday July 8, 2001 4:45pm-5:30pm



I saw ****on today at the Student Union, I was passing through, and I stopped at a drinking fountain, as I looked up from the fountain, guess who was standing beside me!! "Yes!! It's ****on", I thought. I stood by him, waiting for him to finish when he said this to me.....

The King: "There's lots of victims out today, yup lots of victims"

M: "There are lots of victims?"

The King: "yup, lots of victims just waiting for Dracula"

M: I laughed, and agreed

We stood silent for a while, and ****on was scanning his surroundings....

The King: "Just look at all of these colours, these neon colours" (He was pointing to the decorative neon bars on the ceiling of the food court.)

He went on to explain the "evil colours", the colours that represented evil. He was mentioning colours other than yellow, which shocked me, since so many of his past rants exclusively focused on the colour yellow.

M: "What about the colour yellow?"

The King: "What about it?"

M: "Well doesn't yellow have significance?"

By now, a few people have walked by, and have taken note of our conversation of "evil colours"

M: "Well I heard, a lot of people are disturbed by the colour yellow, Van Gogh for instance, He painted in Yellow all the time, and they say he was expressing how he felt about life. He was a manic depressive.

The King of Regina mentioned something about Van Gogh being evil.

M: "Although it could have just been the Absinth".

The King looked into my eyes, and repeated what I said: "...Ab...Sin...th?"

M: "Oh yeah, you have never heard of Absinth?"

The King: "No, but it sounds familiar"

M: "Well people believe it made several artists of that time go crazy"

The King: "Why, what's in it?"

M: "Well there is a recipe on the net, all I know is that the active ingredient comes from "Worm Wood", and in strong concentration, the drink glows green"

M: "You can still get it in parts of the world, but it is not the same concentration"

King of Regina

He seemed very interested in Absinth, and he told me he would learn more about it. He seems to enjoy studying the effects of illness in people.

The University was deserted, just a few pigeons walked by, and there was a girl sitting near by, listening to our conversation.

The King went on to talk about the mess our current state of society is in, and he blames it on Movies.

The King: "Movies are corrupting our youth, Like Spielberg, and that guy who made Star Wars....who was that..."

M: "George Lucas."

The King: "Yeah he's a Jew you know, the same with Spielberg"

M: "Oh yeah? Lucas is a Jew?"

The King: "Yeah, but there is good Jews, and bad Jews, but he's a bad one"

The King: "You know what stars is spelt backwards?"

M: "ummm, Rats?"

The King: "Yes, exactly!"

The King: "Star wars is full of bad messages..."

M: "Do you have an example?"

He could not think of an example.

M: "Well what do you think of the new Star Wars movie...The Phantom Menace?"

The King: "It's the same thing, as the old ones, I still remember going to see Star Wars in 1977"

M: "Oh yeah?"

The King: "Yeah that's the same year I became a Christian."

M: "What happened? Was there a major event in your life that made you a Christian?"

The King: "Well I used to be an Atheist, up until then, and I was sick of it" He did not really explain.

M: "So do you go to church?"

The King: "No, but my sister goes to church in Saskatoon"

This was a previous fact he revealed before, I was wondering what he remembers, and what he doesn't, He is really a nice guy, but he does so many fucked up things!!, this is amazing that I am able to speak with him so casually.



M: "I was confronted the other day by some religious people...they were holding up signs of dead babies, in test tubes, and some other graphic imagery, They were on the corner of Park, and Victoria Avenue. They wouldn't leave me alone; all I wanted to do is go home after work. They made me feel very uncomfortable, and they had spaced-out zombie eyes. They asked if I had let Jesus into my heart."

The King: "Yeah, there are groups like that, I'm against abortion but, I don't follow those groups, they are not true Christians" He went on to say that he obeys god in his own way, and that he doesn't need any other group to tell him what to do.

M: "Yeah I'm not really religious, but then again I got married"

The King: "Oh yeah, for how long?"

M: "About a year, I actually checked out the Knox Metropolitan, to see how much it would cost to get married there....it was 500 bucks that was way too much.

The King said: "the Knox", and shook his head

The King: "You didn't get married there did you?"

M: "No, it was too expensive; I got married in a park."

The King: "Well one of the masons used to be on the board of the Knox, but he's dead now."

The King: "What park did you get married in?"

M: "Kiwanis"

The King: "Oh yeah, where is that?" I gave him directions.

The King: "Oh well that place is really nice, except that sign, but it's facing the wrong way anyway, and it's only at the entrance and it's really small."

He went on to explain that he noticed that cats can see the "other side"

Because they don't know the difference between good, and Evil, whereas we block out the evil.

M: "Break on through to the other side, I sang"

The King: "Well that's funny you mention that"

He kept saying that Jesus was using me to remind him of issues he was thinking about earlier, I was delivering ****on messages from Jesus. This is truly amazing, the last encounter he was yelling at a dog, telling him he was an Iranian terrorist, and today we are have a theological discussion.

The King asked me if I heard about that concord that crashed into a building in Paris. I said yes, but I did not remember when that happened. He said that was significant to Jim Morrison's lyric in a song. He explained that when you hear it within context of the Concord crash, it makes sense. I



am not familiar with the lyric but it was something like "Tail, burning, crash, or something". The King said it never made sense until that crash.

M: "Well he was buried in Paris"

The King: "Yeah and I know he went there a lot, and you know no major war has involved Paris in a long time." He cited a war that involved Paris, but I cannot recall the reference."

The King: "Yeah that Jim Morrison was involved in the occult; I was in a cult once in Saskatoon."

He said once you give in to evil, there is no turning back, he said a few people have, but it takes a lot of faith.

Yet another reference to past information, this has been the third time he has mentioned this, on three different occasions. The King: "The devil has one more card to play" He pointed at the automated calling card vending machine; it was displaying four red zeros. He then pointed to the advertisement displayed on the top of the machine. They were all neon bright images.

The King: "When I was younger I really liked Neon colours, as a kid I used to build those glow in the dark models....you know the ones that glow green?" The King: "Yeah I used to be dazzled and amazed by them"

Just then a friend of mine walked by and gave me a neon tennis ball! "Here Mike", ****on Looked at the ball, and said "See!" I was playing with the ball as he talked on. He then mentioned on how the Human race has fallen.

M: "Well who is winning? Good or evil?"

I waved my arms in the air, like a scale

The King: "Well right now, it's evil"

I think he mentioned movies again.

The King: "Why are you here today?"

M: "Well I'm a recreational monitor for social activities, with some students from Korea, Mexico, and Quebec."

The King: "Oh yeah?"

M: "Yup, it's a lot of fun, I get to do a lot of stuff, like just today we went to the Museum, and the Legislative"

The King: "Oh really where else?"

M: "Well we went to the football game, the other day, and we play soccer, together, and Frisbee, you name it"

The King: "How was the Football game?"

M: "Really good, I usually never watch football, but I really enjoyed it"



The King asked if I felt any evil there, I said no, not really, I think he then made a reference to the Roman coliseum days. He said to keep an eye out for the University for him, he knows I notice things.

I said, I had to go, and I shook his hand, and said it was nice talking to him, he wished me luck with my job, and as I was walking away, he shouted...hey! What your name again? I shouted back Mike! And I said and yours? He shouted "*****".

Wednesday June 6, 2001 6:00pm

(T.W saw The King today carrying a plastic bag, while throwing away garbage in the garbage can behind the 7-11 on 14th avenue and Broad street; as The King, was throwing in garbage he started to yell at a dog that was tied up to one of the poles beside him; while pointing right at the dog, inches from it's face.)

"You're a fucking Iranian Terrorist. I know it!!!"

Just then two native girls were walking up the street towards 7-11 heading West one of the girls had a baby.....

"Yellow fucking Jap Whores! Why aren't you in school? The little one is going to turn out just like you....Yellow fucking Jap Whore!"

The girls yelled back: "Fuck-you!!!"

The King continued to pick up garbage, then continued to shout at them; then took a few more steps; and let them have it again; he then continued to the front of the 7-11, and threw away what garbage he had with him into the front garbage container.

From: J. P.
Jul 01 2001 12:42:34

So I'm walking back from Don's photo and around the corner I hear someone yelling something unintelligible. Then The King of Regina comes storming around the corner and I figure that he's just off on another one of his tirades but he was actually yelling at someone real this time. Around the corner comes a man trying to catch up with him. I hear the man say "Listen buddy" The King of Regina then cuts him off by saying "I'm telling you for the last time, shut your mouth you fucking faggot." He seemed really angry. Then they were past me and I wasn't about to follow so I don't know how the altercation ended but I could hear The King of Regina yelling down the street. Ah downtown you gotta love it!

From: J. B.
Monday May 28, 2001 mid-afternoon

J.B. was walking from the Shell gas station behind the McDonalds on Angus; he noticed The King walking through the drive thru lane; he also noticed a native couple with a child approaching. J.B.



thought this would definitely provoke a reaction so he rolled down his window, but the traffic was too intense, and all he heard was The King yell:

"Shut Up!!"

The couple did not respond; The King continued to walk through the parking lot.

From: J. B.
Within the last week of May

The King was walking towards the McDonalds heading North on Albert street; he kept changing his mind on what way do go in the Dewdney intersection; doubling back south, when he saw a large garbage truck heading east, turning left; The King became enraged!; yelling at the top of his lungs; J.B. commented that he "tore them a new asshole". J.B. could not hear specific quotes, but rather a list of key terms:

"Fucking god damn....""Indian...""whore...""garbage..."

The King ran after the truck yelling; the drivers were apparently laughing.

Posted by: J. S.
Fri, 27 Apr 2001

I love your website on The King of Regina! I too have had many encounters with the man. I work at a gas station and at the station we have a wand wash and touch less wash. For people who have a lot of dead bugs on their car we have these bug sprayers that are concentrated with a chemical that helps take off these bugs when they go through the touch less wash. Well as I was spraying this car down with this stuff, The King walked up from behind me and told me in a friendly manner that the same kind of bug spray that we use was also used in Vietnam to spray down the dead bodies. He was really friendly to me. About a month later though, he was not so nice. I made the mistake of staring at him for a second; you do not eyeball this guy because it seriously pisses him off!

He walked up to me and started yelling at me to "go inside and tell that yellow haired witch that the end is near! God damn American!" That freaked me out and that when I realized he is a little violent sometimes. Since then I have seen him walk by booting a bus stop seat with a picture of a real estate agent's face or just sometimes yelling at someone or to himself. The King of Regina is a very interesting man but I fear someday that someone will be driving and not paying attention and will run over this modern day messiah and put him out of his misery.

From: Mike Patten
Thursday March 29, 2001 1:30-2:30pm

So I was driving down Albert street heading north, when I noticed ****on at the Museum of natural History, it took me 15 minutes to turn around due to the heavy traffic, so I had no idea where he could be in that time, I drove up and down Albert street, I went to the Mackenzie Art Gallery, I even went through the park, and I was about to give up when I saw him in front of the gallery. I was so excited, I was full of nervous energy, for quite sometime I have carried a photo of my drawing of him, hoping to see him, and give it to him. So I drove three blocks ahead of him, and parked at the Golden Mile Shopping Center. I walked in his direction, I saw him 2 blocks ahead of



me, and I was getting nervous, this would be an imminent encounter. He was stopping every six feet or so, picking up garbage on the street, tearing it up, and throwing it at cars, they were mostly cigarette packages, and he had a hand full when I finally met up with him. I had an 8 by 10 print-out of the large drawing I did of him, including a 4 by 6 photograph. I was carrying my 50mm camera.

We were standing in front of a house across the street from the retirement village. The Safeway was in full view, and the mid-day cars were rushing past us.

M: Hi I'm a University student, and I did this drawing of you, what do you think?

The King: (he grabs the pictures, and studies it) ...Well what's this The King of Regina? Why do you call me The King of Regina? The King of Regina is a whore, and what's this King of Regina?

M: Well someone told me you wrote the Legislative a letter, and signed it The King of Regina, and the letter stated that you resigned from health care.

(At this time we are standing toe to toe, and he is less than a foot away from me)

The King: Well that's not true, I don't write letters to anyone, and I certainly don't sign The King of Regina, and what about The King of Regina? Why do you call me that?

(I was not expecting his disapproval, I must admit I didn't know what to expect, he has always been a mystery. I felt kind of on the spot, and at that moment, I was wondering how I got there, It all happened so fast)

M: The name was taken from what you said once, well a lot of people see you around, and when I did this artwork, people tell me things about you, The King of Regina was just a reference you said once.

The King: Well The King of Regina is a whore, I'm not The King of Regina, and I don't like this, why are you trying to cause me trouble?

M: I am not trying to cause trouble, I just think what you say is fascinating.

The King: I don't want the focus on me, I don't want to be the Mad Prophet of Regina, there are enough crazies around, and I don't want to be a prophet.

The King: Can I keep this? (He folds it up, and puts it in his hand)

M: Yes.

The King: Well I'm sorry for what I have done in the past, I don't want people to focus on me, and they should be focusing on Jesus. The King: I don't want to get in trouble over this (pointing to the print-out); please don't do any more drawings on me, how many others are there? Someone told me there is a photo of me on the internet, someone who hates me; this isn't on the internet is it?

The King: When I said Dead Yellow American Cherokee, it was an insult on America, and I'm sorry for passing judgment.

Just hearing him say Dead Yellow American Cherokee, like we were discussing the weather was strange.



The King:And yellow is the devil, it represents evil, and you can see it manifesting all around us, it's worse here than it is in Saskatoon. People here love the Americans, and there right in your face, I had two guys on the same day say they wanted to put a bullet in my head.

Sometimes I don't realize what I say, I get caught up in the moment, I get carried away with emotions, and I shouldn't do that, I shouldn't pass judgment. I don't want to be the mad prophet of Regina; I don't want people to focus on me.

The King: Babylon is more like Saddam Hussein, he is the anti-Christ, they say he looks like Nebuchadnezzar; I don't want to be associated with him.

M: Well I'm sorry I missed represented you, I didn't want to offend you, but I needed to ask your permission, because of privacy laws.

The King: How did you take a picture of me?

M: Well I took an Image capture off a video camera.

The King: Oh. Where was this?

M: Right by the Value Village.

The King kept referring to the drawing, and kept repeating his dislike of the name given to him, he made several biblical references against the name "Babylon". He then went on to discuss his feelings about society, it was extremely difficult to remember in exact detail, but I have done my best to use his actual words.

The conversation broke for a while, I saw him studying the flight of a crow, and he mentioned that he never once saw a crow in Saskatoon, never, he said their like vultures. Suddenly the conversation leads to the Masons

The King: Just look at the symbols car companies use, lots of crescent moons; you know what those represent don't you? The masons. I could point them out, but the cars around here are going to fast. Gm, and Ford used to hide pentagrams in the hubcap design, but they stopped doing that because the wheels kept falling off. You see when they try to hide evil, it manifests into something else, there just more subtle now, and you have to be aware to notice it.

The King: Well speak of the devil, and he appears... (He was pointing at a white 1988 Corsica.)

(When he mentioned hubcaps, I almost cracked a smile, but I tried to be as sincere as possible, and I confirmed what he was saying with "uh huh.", "yeah!", "interesting")

The King: the symbol of the triangle, and the eye, it's a classic Masonic symbol.

M: Well that's a strange coincidence, because my latest drawing involves that image, it's an anti-corporation piece that refers to commerce.

The King: Well that's alright to do but, if you follow Jesus he will led you to the truth behind things.

The King: You could expose the masons that would be alright, have you looked at your toothpaste? Yeah, it's Proctor and Gamble; there is a Masonic symbol right on it! The King: The



Masons killed JFK, it wasn't the mafia, and if they wanted him dead they would have done it sooner.

The King: Did you ever notice the building on your campus? The French institute faces east, towards the rising sun, that's a reference to the devil, that's a Masonic building. There are so many symbols around town.

M: No, I didn't know that, that's interesting.

M: So do you remember me giving you the stink mart picture?

The King: Yeah, Wal-Mart uses grey bags, not white, because white is purity, it's the same thing with Safeway.

The King: When I go into Wal-Mart I can smell a real bad smell, I have an extra sense, I can smell evil, but I'm not schizophrenic, I know schizophrenics can smell things, it's just a manifestation of Evil, But there not as bad as that store in Arkansas, called Dillard's, they killed a Black man just because he complained, and they strong held a Mexican till he died, so it's not as bad as that. It's like Wal-Mart killing Indians here, you just don't do it.

The King: Nabisco uses the red triangle, which represents the devil, the trinity is for god, but it is also for the Devil, The devil, the goat and the false prophet The King: Schizophrenics see the other side, the spiritual side, things that were not supposed to see, they have a chemical in balance, that's what makes them see demons.

The King: Reveen is a warlock, he practices witchcraft, I was at a show in Saskatoon a few years back, and I was sitting next to a woman with a high I Q, but she was weak minded. He uses the spirit world, like a schizophrenic. There's going to be a lot of evil around when he comes

M: Yeah, April 11

The King: I look like Charles Manson in this. Back then people were on so much drugs they didn't notice him, I just don't want people to see this and want to follow me, and get the wrong idea; I don't want to get in trouble.

The King: I was in a cult in Saskatoon, you know

The King: When is Easter?

The King: It's worse here than in Saskatoon, My sister has a church, the kids around their spray painted 666 on the side of the building; there is a real problem with the police in that city, there like Americans. (He mentioned the incident of the Indian people forced to walk barefoot in the snow)

The King: The police here are pretty good though. I have Mohammed's book, and I would like to learn more about Hebrew

M: I'm taking a religious studies course right now

The King: How much does it cost for a class?

M: approximately 300 dollars



The King: Yeah, well it's a lot better at the University than the Canadian Bible College, well there moving to Calgary anyway.

M: Yeah Calgary is another American town

The King: Yeah exactly! But it's not as bad as here.

(The conversation again shifted towards the placement of Regina, and he was explaining that the Masons were behind the origins of Regina. He also said it was the masons who wanted the capital here, and they got it, then they wanted a University, he said Saskatoon was supposed to be the capital.)

Walter Scott wanted the capital to be in Regina, it was supposed to be Saskatoon, but the Masons wanted it here, so they got it. It wasn't because of Dewdney.

Posted by: M.N.
March 3, 2001

The Normanview Zellers

M: "Can I help you?"

The King: "Those damn Cherokees are on edge just like you are buddy those Cherokees are standing on the edge ready to fall in the ditch, those assholes."

[M.N got the overtone that he was just called an asshole, it still bothers him, and it's funny how all of us, in some way, are seeking approval from this man.]

The King: "Tell the IRA to stop whistling, you remind them they aren't Spanish"

From: D. C.
March 22 2001

D.C. used to work with The King in a survey crew for the city, but D.C is pretty sure his name is ****on Watham, I have cross checked this name with several city directories, but nothing came up. Dave is going to contact a co-worker by the name of Garth for his actual name.

D.C worked with The King of Regina a few times, and he remembers him saying this:

The King: "...working on the Indian trail, eh?"

The King: "Fuckin Torana faggots, go back to Torana! -- sometimes you just have to let it out"

(This was at the Wascana pool, where homosexuals tend to migrate, especially in the washrooms. Dave was surprised that The King of Regina could "turn it off, and on at will")

The King: "it's not natural, you don't see gay fish! Or gay birds!!"

D: "well actually there are gay animals, such as goats, or sheep"



The King: "well, I guess that makes sense.... (Starts quoting biblical reference to goats) Goats are evil, they represent the devil! No wonder they're gay"

March 2001

(J.B saw The King of Regina at B-sharp music again; he was in the back alley while J.B was getting out of his car. J.B was locking his club (Big f'n stick) to his steering wheel.)

The King: Do you think those Indians are stupid enough to steal your car?

J: Well they did.

The King: Thank you for confirming that.

The King: Well I don't know what's better...half Indian, or half dead. Wait till we get half American, half stupid up here.

From: C.R.
Saturday March 4, 2001

C. R. saw The King of Regina at the Shoppers drug mart, (located across the street from the 7-11.)

The King of Regina was seen yelling at two Indian women:

"...SKWAS! Shove it up your hole, yeah the big one, it's the big one isn't it? Lousy Dead Yellow American Dogs!"

[The King of Regina continued to rant, while walking into Just Been Brewed (the coffee shop south of 7-11). C.R. went to 7-11, and came out just when our majesty was coming out of the coffee place, and he was still livid. Now by this time both C.R. and The King of Regina are in the same back alley, C.R. was heading home. The King of Regina kept mumbling, but slowing down, while kicking something. At this time The King was speaking directly to C.R.]

The King: .."Yeah, I mentioned the yellow dog's part..."They were really upset with me, they were carrying on...But I don't talk to them!

C: "You don't talk to them?"

The King: "Well what do you think? [The King of Regina then raises both arms up and gives the dual middle fingers up while laughing. Then they both went there separate paths.

C.R. left this message at The King of Regina headquarters minutes after the encounter (6:15), he was out of breath and laughing, he said it was the funniest encounter in a long time.]

From: T.W.
Saturday February 24, 2001

T.W saw The King of Regina and said this: "Koo Koo Ka Choo"



The King of Regina did not respond he was having a quiet day.

From: J
Saturday February 10, 2001 (approximately. late afternoon)

(J spotted The King of Regina at the University)

He was tearing posters off posts. He was apparently very aggressive. This is now the second sighting of The King ripping posters off sign posts.

From: (T.W, and his cousin Mike)
Saturday January 13, 2001 3:30

Located at the Broad street Sears. (Broad and 4th avenue) The King of Regina was seen crossing at the pedestrian lights heading east towards the parking lot.

T.W instructs Mike to roll his window down, T.W yells: "...Dead Yellow American Cherokee Brother!"

The King of Regina turns to make eye contact and retorts: "Those fucking dead yellow American Cherokee's Brother.... I know where it's at; you know where it's at."

This was Mike's first encounter, and T.W explained the King of Regina phenomenon: once you see him, you will start to see him everywhere!

From: T.W cousin Mike
Sunday January 14, 2001 1:05

T.W's cousin Mike encountered The King of Regina at the Normanview Mall!

The King of Regina noticed his car and yells: "Dead Yellow American Cherokee!!!"

From: T.W
Sunday January 14, 2001 4:07

Just Been Brewed, outside phone booth T.W saw The King of Regina talking to a guy using the phone, and he overheard this:

"SaskTel, AT&T, SPRINT, there all the same god damned thing, they would all just be happy to bend you over a table and shove a quarter up your ass"

From: D.E. and Mike Patten
January 6, 2001 4:16pm

King of Regina

We were at the University of Regina, Common Ground coffee shop. We were headed to my studio, when D.E saw him; I didn't have time to think of something good to say of the top of my head, so I just said loudly "Happy New Year!!" He replied:

"...yeah...I hope it's a better year for movies, you know those rats who make movies, but it doesn't matter because I don't have any money to see them anyway"

He merrily storms off heading towards the Education Building. We continued on to my Studio, and I grabbed my "stink mart" artwork (based on an earlier rant of his). I was hoping to maybe run into him, while he was there again.

5:03pm

The King of Regina was outside of the doors between College West, and the Dr. William Riddle Center. The King of Regina was digging through the garbage.

I go outside on my way by, and give him a print out of the stink mart artwork. As I hand him the paper I say "here you go Mr. Hawthorne!!" He was completely shocked I even approached him; he smiled and took the paper. He stepped back with amusement and said this:

"...you remember, you remember what I said! You're a smart guy, you did this? I still call it that you know, I'm on my way there right now, to get a sale on some cheezies or something, it still stinks there, just like the one in Saskatoon....your a good guy, see ya."

It was really funny watching his eyes light up, and he was surprised when I said Mr. Hawthorne. This was the first time he has been addressed by his real name. Of course his real name is still under debate.

From: M.N.
December 29, 2000

M.N. saw him at the Normanview Mall again, and he overheard this: ".....The Ira is not part Spanish, that's for sure....."

From: J.S.
December 27-28 2000

I can't remember the date, but it was in the last week of December (around the 27th or 28th?), and I was walking through that fucking blizzard around 7 P.M. on Scarth and 14th, and in the distance were two people. On the opposite side of the road, walking towards me was some middle-aged woman. She was walking fast on MY side, also ambling towards me, was a man who was talking loudly, but I couldn't make out the words. Until I got within a few feet of him. He looked crazy, all tinted lenses and beard. He was covered in snow, as were we all.

"It's not those goddamn Indians you have to worry about," he growled to no-one, "it's that Yellow Irish Dog Shit." Perhaps it was a mistake to make eye contact as I walked by, because he started screaming it, louder and louder as we both went our separate ways:

"YELLOW IRISH DOG SHIT!" "YELLOW IRISH DOG SHIT!!" "**YELLOW* *IRISH* *DOG* *SHIIIT!!!" I was kind of scared, really. How did he know I was a quarter Mick?



From: J.B.
Thursday 21, 2000 10:35pm

J.B. saw The King behind the Orb, heading home on a path between two houses.

".....the evil in those Christmas lights...YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT'S REALLY UNDER THOSE LIGHTS?" (Just then the lamp in the alley burned out with a pop!)

"....oh well I guess I don't have to look at that light anymore.....", "I wonder what God thinks of that? But it doesn't matter what I think, it only matters what God thinks"

From: Mike Patten
Wednesday 20, 2000 1:18pm

11th avenue, and Scarth Street, in the Bus stop booth while waiting for the University Bus. I was standing there when all of a sudden this head pops around the corner; it was "The King of Regina"! Wearing a toque. He defiantly recognized me, but spoke with some guy in a red coat, but kept shifting his eyes looking at me. Again it was very hard to decipher his teachings, but a remembered a few key words "...hey George, you're lost like Custard was.....when they freed Pelletier..."

He then threw a handful of little torn up pieces of a Du maurier cigarette package in front of a truck. The people in the truck started to laugh and point with recognition. He then merrily stormed off down the street headed west through the entire incident I remained calm, and gave him a little smile of appreciation.

From: Tyler
December 11, 2000

Tyler saw The King of Regina at the Mackenzie art gallery and he had this to say "...Talk is cheap, like an Austrian whore standing on the corner" The King of Regina also gave his critique of the current exhibit "...there all going to hell, Jesus died on the cross for them, and there going to hell."

From: Fabian
December 2, 2000

Fabian saw The King this Saturday night yelling at a hockey team on a bus.... "...ALL ALBERTA SKWAS SHOULD STAY on THEIR SIDE OF THE BORDER!!!"

From: T. B.
November 22, 2000



Tyler saw The King of Regina at the Mackenzie Art Gallery this fall, and The King of Regina had this to say: "...your a friendly Indian.....a great fire will come, and burn all the old wood away, but not you, I like you, your a friendly Indian." The King of Regina was referring to a "wood" exhibit.

From: T.W., J.B., and G.B.
November 14th

T.W. and C.R. came across him and he said: "I'm gonna paint the IRA part black!"

He said this over and over, at least twice in a row, then trailed off. He started laughing at T.W. and C.R. as if they were to understand it. He then proceeded to go over to a car accident.

From: J
Monday November 13, 2000

J saw The King of Regina storming downtown shouting "Stupid", with each step, getting louder and louder as he passed.

From: Uncle Randy
Sometime during the week of November 13, 2000

R.R.'s Uncle Randy encountered The King of Regina early in the week during his mail route, The King of Regina had this to say: "...fucking god damn liberal faggots!!!"

From: Carolyn
November 13, 2000 6:25pm

Carolyn's first sighting was at the Army and Navy store today. She was walking out of the Army and Navy when he was walking in. He was talking to himself and was saying something about an "American Witch" in the store buying something.

She didn't catch everything because she was rushing to catch her bus. (She thinks he grew his beard back)

From: R. R.
November 10, 2000

Ron saw The King of Regina downtown, and over heard a few words. "...Red army...Red army...half dead...half Indian..."

From: J.B
Wed, October 25

J.B., T.W., and C.R. are sitting in the living room, watching the Fiasco (civic election) results on Access 7. We are noticing Gursh doing her best to get on camera as much as possible. She is



making a great effort to be distracting and draw attention to herself as she wanders through the background. Every time a different camera comes on, she moves to where it can see her.

Suddenly, we hear this huge commotion outside. T.W. goes to the window, and shouts "It's The King of Regina!" The King of Regina is running South, on the boulevard, chasing a van, shouting the usual The King of Reginaisms (**Jap whores, yellow Cherokees, faggots**). T.W. rushes to open the door. At this point, The King of Regina has already taken off from the boulevard and is in the parking lot of Just Bean Brewed, near the door of the coffee shop.

T.W. (shouts), "What's all the commotion out here?"

The King of Regina (shouts back), "**What the commotion is, is those yellow Cherokee whores who live next door to the whorehouse you live in!**"

T.W. (yells), "That's not what the Japanese would do!" (Referring to The King of Regina running down the street)

The King of Regina (shouts back), "**No, the Japanese would just bomb them Right out of that house, like they should! But we're not in Japan, are we?**"

T.W. (yells), "Well, what would Dairy Queen do?"

The King of Regina shouts a bunch of nonsense (random The King of Reginaisms) And heads into Just Bean Brewed. - CR

From: Mike Patten
Friday October 20, 2000

The unknown person that left the mysterious note yesterday is Mr. Ron Rocky. He has some very exciting news; he is doing a character study of a man named Jesse. This is the same Jesse that hangs around The King of Regina, the one that was spotted at Value village earlier this summer. Ron knows Jesse through his roommate, and has several meetings with him, his project is to study him, and then perform like him. Anyway, His roommate knows The King of Regina, and has given him a ride in his car! This is what happened.

(The King of Regina standing on the side of the road, notices Ron's roommate, and waves him down) The King of Regina says with extreme frustration; **...My bank card won't work!!!** Ron's friend then invites The King of Regina into his car, and proceeds to drive him to the 7-11 on Broad Street. The King of Regina says empathetically: **...You're such a good Christian, (and he began weeping)"**

Then Ron's friend said that it was time to go, and try the 7-11 bank machines. The King of Regina refuses to go, Ron's friend explains that he has to go home and get ready for work....but The King of Regina insists The King of Regina finally erupts out of the car and begins to yell.....**You Faggot Cunt!!** And he storms off, so it is factual that his name is either Ed or Gord!!!

From: C.R.
10:42 AM, Thursday, 10/19/2000



Spotted walking down my back alley (2200 block Broad Street) from Just Bean Brewed, with coffee in hand, heading back toward his house. Still no beard; however there is plenty of stubble. The moustache is so bushy, though, that he really doesn't look much different. His glasses were the same ones as from the "Dead Yellow American Cherokee" video. He was wearing a beige, soft leather jacket. The man is still alive and still in my neighborhood! Yes! Our King is still with us! All hail King David, The King of Regina!

From: Mike Patten, M.N.
Subject: More background
Tuesday September 26, 2000

(Mike, M.N., and the King of Regina)

We were heading to my house, turning east on Victoria avenue We spot the King coming across the crosswalk in front of us, we were still waiting at the light, and he was on the north side of the street heading west There was a car in front of us, so I only had a few moments to say something...as he came into sight, I pulled myself partway out of the car window.

Mike to The King of Regina, loudly; "The Porkalypse is coming!!!"

The King of Regina replies: "What?" he has a huge grin on his face, and doubles back, coming right through traffic, and up to the car window.

Mike says; "The Porkalypse is coming! Were all going to be eaten alive by yellow faggot pigs!!"

The King of Regina, somewhat shocked by my words, but quickly comes back with... "You got yourself a nice yellow dodge shadow spook there, America doesn't make good Indians, but they make good cars, my dad has a Dodge spirit, but it isn't as good as your Dodge spook...."

We laugh, and record said events. He spoke quite fast so it was hard to transcribe today's encounter, somewhere in his speech he also mentioned something about Charlie.

From: R.R., Mike Patten
Monday September 25, 2000

We were driving West in Yellow 1/2 ton ford...The "Weed man" truck. Were at the intersection of Victoria Avenue and Broad Street. The King of Regina was talking through a security officer at the corner.

The King of Regina spots the truck, and says: "...buddy....yellow ford....." Just then the light changes, and we have to go, he didn't have a chance to speak.

From: R.R.
Sunday September 24, 2000 @ 11:45am

Spotted at the infamous 7-11 corner of Broad, and 13th avenue

From: M.N.

King of Regina

Saturday September 23, 2000 3:20pm

This just in!!! The King of Regina seen at the Normanview mall. He had shaven! The first time in at least 4 years, He has a new pair of gold frame glasses, still tinted, but frames are a little smaller. M.N. remarked "he looked younger and a little less menacing visually, until you hear him speak." (The King of Regina in front of Zellers)

The King of Regina: "...I hate the smell of Cherokee! That's all these places are...Cherokee stink Marts..."

From: Mike Patten
Monday September 18, 2000

So it's decided, in my directive studies portion in my art 431 class will fully concentrate on the study of The King of Regina. I have purchased one hundred dollars for art supplies thus far.

From: T.W.
Sunday September 3, 2000

The King of Regina once again seen by T.W. He was inside the infamous Broad street 7-11. King David was standing outside watching T.W. from Southside of the store. (T.W. leaves the store)

The King of Regina: "hey...those Manitoba Pigs should be heading out of town about now..."

T.W.: "Ya figger?"

The King of Regina: "what do you figger?"

T.W.: "You're the expert; I'll take your word for it...."

The King of Regina: "ya....those Manitoba pigs will be heading out of town about now..." (Then he begins snorting like a pig)

From: T.W.
Saturday September 2, 2000

The King of Regina was reported to be at 'The Regina Inn' at the corner of Broad Street, and Victoria Avenue

The King of Regina: (directly yelling at T.W.) "Hey #&^\$%#?!...Toronto...&*%^\$^\$!"

(Yelling while pumping both fists in the air) "This means war! This means war! This means war!!!

T.W. :(pumps one fist back at him!)



From: Mike Patten
September 2000

Unknown person left me a message during the "It hurts to be awake" gallery
Show 11/21/00.

The last time I saw him was a couple of months ago in the Golden Mile parking lot. I had explained to my girl friend about him before, but that day she got the full experience. He walked up to us and said... "Fucking whore, ____" I can't remember exactly what he said, but it was an interesting arrangement of the English language. Next time I see him I will make sure to note what he says. He seems like a character out of a Kurt Vonnegut novel or something. Very interesting.

From: Mike Patten
Fri. Aug 27, 2000

Seen across from the downtown Cineplex on the bus bench on the west side. He was wearing a white golf shirt with different coloured stripes, and jeans.

From: Mike Patten
08/18/2000

I saw him on the corner of Broad and 12th in front of the liquor store, shouting at a family of three. The street noise was too overwhelming to understand, I tried my hardest to hear...but nothing. He was wearing his grey t-shirt.

From: J.B
08/17/2000

T.W. A. Ward reported yesterday; The King of Regina sighting, at 7:30 on Thursday, August 17, at the 7-11 on Broad and 14th. The King of Regina was wearing green army shorts with pockets down the side, a grey t-shirt, backpack w/runners. He was eating a burrito purchased from 7-11....what is happening. Beware.

From: Mike Patten
08/05/2000.

I spot The King of Regina crossing at the intersection north of the Regina Inn, as I screamed in excitement, and eventually caught my breath and told everyone else in the car. We all got carried away with smiles and laughter; it was truly a beautiful moment. I can still imagine the earnest smiles from ear to ear in a frozen still of the moment. Can you imagine a brand new Protégé decked out with wedding decorations with car full of groomsmen, including me screaming with delight pointing at The King of Regina!

We took haste and took the very next left to greet The King of Regina, and try to invite him into the car. I wanted The King of Regina at my wedding, which was in one half hour. The traffic condensed around us, the tension was gripping my stomach, and we had to find The King of

King of Regina

Regina! We only had 10 minutes to find him. We combed the streets from north to south to east then west but no luck, he has eluded us once again. Did he try to avoid us? Where o where did The King of Regina go? I was so ready to be as diplomatic as possible, pleading with him to share with me my special day. As we drove away I kept playing the scenario over and over in my head, and the 'what it's' got a hold of me. What if he got in the car? What if he came to the wedding? What if he made a speech at the reception? What if I got some photos with him?

I'm sorry The King of Regina I guess it was not meant to be.

From: C.R.
07/12/2000

I spot The King of Regina attempting to tear a sticker off a street light post while muttering to himself.

C.R. says: "I don't think it's coming off."

The King of Regina says: **Oh, it's coming. Eclipse. Eclipse of the sun. It's halfway there already. heh heh heh**

From: G.B., J.B., and T.W.
Tuesday July 11, 2000

(G.B., J.B., T.W., and the King of Regina)

Leaving the Orb in G.B.'s car The King of Regina spots us and stands his ground by the kitty pizza grease bin. We roll down the windows and stop beside The King of Regina-he is on the driver's side. The King of Regina turns his head sideways stares at us silently for about 10 seconds!

T.W. to The King of Regina: "What's the good word?"

The King of Regina replies: "**what happened to your car?**"

T.W. says;" It got hit by a cat." to that

The King of Regina asserts: "**It looks more like a yellow tractor dog to me; Yellow tractor dog will need more than 2 friendly Indians to keep him safe from old Charlie.**"

After seeing the Nintendo and Mario stickers on G.B.'s car, The King of Regina says: "**Mario is now in space. Nintendo is already there, that's the good word! See you guys!**"

We all laugh and know the fact that they had no means to record said events!

From: Mike Patten
07/17/2000



The King of Regina was spotted at the Quance Street and University Park drive 7-11, he walked right past me. I was awe stricken, I had no idea I would see him there all of a sudden. This has been the first East side sightings. Shortly after seeing him, he vanished into thin air.

From: Mike Patten, R.R.
June 29, 2000

Wascana Energy building on Broad Street.

He was in the parking lot entrance, in flavor country, that's right having a cigarette! He was casual, laid back, real peaceful today.

R.R.: "Hey there buddy...."

The King of Regina: No reply.

From: S.
July 2000

Shawna has seen The King on a number of occasion's downtown; this is what he calls her every time he sees her: "...fucking cherry coke...."

From: B.F.
July 2000

Blair (an intermedia major from the University of Regina) saw The King of Regina around town and he said directed at her: ".....happy smiling retard..."

From: R.R.
June 16, 2000

The bus bench facing Broad Street in front of the 7-11 (by the Orb).

Attempted to communicate...

R.R.: Hey Man, wassup?

The King of Regina had no verbal Response. He tried to look away but realized there was no getting around it, so then started looking in a bunch of directions in a similar fashion to the way birds tilt their head, looking around.)

I regret not having my video camera, because I saw Alvin Law heading in his direction about a minute after the confrontation... I really wanted to turn back and follow him over to The King of Regina to hear what was going to be said, but I felt that it would just be a really bad situation. GO WITH YOUR GUT!!!

King of Regina

From: J.B
Sunday June 11, 2000 7:00 pm

(C.R., and R.R. and I encountered our fearless leader @ "Just bean brewed".

I decided that night that we will get some new footage of The King of Regina, and show him the American Swastika flag. So we searched the downtown area, and ended up at the coffee shop. As we were leaving...C.R. spotted him...We all tensed up in excitement, as the car rocked to a dead stop. All three doors sprung open in a flash, the camera was rolling.

In hindsight we should have not startled him. As he recognized our faces, you could see the expression on his face...Oh no, not these guys. He lowered his head and tried to rush pass. We greeted him.)

Me: Here, I have something for you... (Handing him the flag)

The King of Regina replies: "No you take it, buddy"

(Hands the flag back, and continues into the coffee shop) I feel bad about this transaction of words; he seemed distant, and quiet. We have not seen him since. I think the American flag upset him; he didn't take a close enough look.

From: B.H.
Sunday June 11, 2000 3:00 pm

(B.H. encountered The King of Regina @ the "Bookend" located in the Scarth street mall) (The King of Regina is reading magazines of model airplanes, as Brett walks in wearing his Devil's jersey on.)

The King of Regina says with out looking up: "Yep, they put up a good fight, but in the end, the whores were no match for the devil. The devil won, and the whores have to go back to work in Texas, because they are all whores down in Texas, those Texas whores will have to go back to work cause the devil won."

From: T.W., C.R.
Sunday June 11, 2000 early afternoon

(T.W. A. Ward and the Reverend spotted The King of Regina on Sunday heading Towards the 7-11 via the back alley.)

C.R. says: "The sky is falling" (No initial reaction from The King of Regina, he was in a quiet normal mood, trudging along, kicking a cup)

T.W. says: "Hey! That's an innocent plastic cup! Man."

The King of Regina replies: "Not exactly, it's Dairy Queen, there is nothing innocent about Dairy Queen"

King of Regina

The Guys say: "...yeah man I hear ya, McDonalds is even worse."

The King of Regina replies: "Yeah somebody else said that today, yer probably right".

From: R.R.
June 2000

R.R.: "Hey the King of Regina! There are not enough cockroaches in this town!!

The King of Regina: (replies with great enthusiasm, and a grin from ear to ear) "that's because of all the American garbage we have next door..."

R.R.: I hear you man.

The King of Regina: "Yeah those Americans have bigger garbage cans."

From: J.B
June 2000

J.B. saw The King of Regina behind "B-sharp" (music store) in the loading bay area

The King of Regina: "American garbage! Just like that Alanis Morissette, the yellow dog from Toronto. Can't sing wortha shit! American garbage; brings out the yellow dog in me."

From: C.R.
June 2000

Directed at stranger of African American decent, reported by C.R. The King of Regina: "Were not slaves anymore...this aint Alabama, no sir were not slaves anymore..."

From: J.B
December 13, 2000

M.N. was terrified by The King of Regina as he came up inches away from his face and said loudly: "Dead red eye, right now!"

From: Unknown
Fall 2000

Directed at art student At the University of Regina. The King of Regina: "It reeks of Nazi yellow in here..."

From: unknown
2000

According to him, "the Red Army is coming" so I thank him for the fair warning. Pack your bags!



From R.R.
2000

He called me an "Ontario Indian bastard" as well as my dog....well I'll have you know my dog may be a son of a bitch but he's no Ontario Indian bastard!

Jeremy, (J.P's friend)
2000

I was walking alongside Vic Park one day when this guy comes out of it taking exaggerated cartoon steps. He was holding a rock in his fist and saying "Watch out when they come for you, watch out for them," Then he chucked the rock at someone across the street and started towards me and said "Watch out when they come for you Sharky!"

I was standing at a Bus stop outside of "Bart's" and he walked by mumbling over and over." those pimps, queers & junkies from that garbage can Torona," over and over again. It is rumored he has two black belts in the martial arts. Description:

His hair was disheveled, he was wearing a dirty jean jacket and had a scruffy beard and tinted glasses. He was hunched over and scowling. He also sits at the Marion center across from the glue sniffers and talks about "dirty glue sniffers."

From: Becky

It was reported by our sources at the Legislative building. The King walked into the Legislative and handed the front desk a letter. The letter stated that he was resigning from Saskatchewan; he signed the letter 'The King of Regina' with his health card broken in two.

From: unknown

Unknown person left me a message during the "It hurts to be awake" gallery show 11/21/00.

At the strip mall on Kramer Blvd., by the Triffons Pizza. There was a Jeep Cherokee parked, I saw him in front of the stones throw. He was talking about the Japanese, it went something like this:"Okinawa, the Fucking Cherokee yellow! Do you know why the FUCK... at Pearl Harbor...the fucking yellow?" "The bloody Fuckin Japs, who owns the Jeep Cherokee, it was like it was....Pearl Harbor at night". I said "yeah, whoa" he said:

"Fucking pearl Harbor, the Japs In Hawaii... Okinawa Hiroshima Fuckin Cherokee American, they say it's American! but it's the Japs...."

From: J.S.

My ex-girlfriend used to live across from him on Osler Street He used to call her a yellow Irishman. She told me that his name was George. One day when I was walking through the park he called me a "yellow bellied Cheshire cat."



From: T.W 1999
Broad Street and 14th

"What are we going to do with all of these faggots, all of these homosexuals....a hurricane will have to do for now"

From: T.W 1999

"Old Charlie will find out, but by the time he does it will be too late"

From: T.W 1999

The King of Regina: "Hey you blue jacket wear'n faggot from Toronto..."

T.W: (right up in his face, spoken very loudly) "Earth to Babylon, earth to Babylon!!"

From: Unknown
September 1999

The King of Regina made a gesture of a gun, with his hand, and was shooting at a particular individual from outside his vehicle at the University last year. (The student never recovered from the emotional damage)

From: Mike Patten
September 1999
Sighted near Value Village on a cool calm day.

The King of Regina: "Hey there buddy, your so buddy, why don't you get a shot of this, better to remember the neighborhood by. You get a shot of me here with your camera...Dead yellow American Cherokee!! Dead yellow American Cherokee! Ya Jap whore..."

At first I thought it was a reference of everything in the area, for example we were across the street from a gravestone supplier, hence "dead". The car we were beside was "yellow". And finally I could easily look like an "American Cherokee". But after analyzing the video, he was clearly pointing at the car.

From: J.P September 1999

J.P. saw The King of Regina on two occasions in Victoria Park, he had this to say: "....Cherokee witches....Torano full of pig shit...them fuckin injuns..."

From: S. S.September 1999
Sandra, (art student at the University of Regina)



I have had several unpleasant encounters. The first time he came up to me shaking his fist, and banging on the hood of my car. (At the corner of 14th and Broad street) He came up to me another time yelling at me that I am a "Dirty Rotten Indian Fucker" over and over again. My daughter and her friend were in the car, they locked the doors and he followed me into the store. Every time he sees me he becomes very angry. Every time I see him he says the same thing "Dirty Rotten Indian Fucker". I have worked with the mentally ill, but he scares me.

(Notice the way he walks: quickly, chaotically, with purpose, without care)

From: Unknown Summer 1998

One time I ran into him, it was at an underpass at Winnipeg, around CMS. He was crossing the street, yelling at every driver he passed by, and continued on to Eastview.

I do see The King of Regina a lot around my area of Regina. I have seen him recently this fall roaming around Victoria Park. To me The King of Regina will always be the "Madmad of Regina"

From: M. B. May 1, 1998

M.B saw "The King" at the Southland Mall Cineplex, muddering as he walked by: "...Yellow dog whore!!"

From: "It Hurts to be awake" gallery show @ the Fifth Parallel 11/21/00

I was walking down Albert Street, under the underpass by Superstore February 1998. I had seen him other times since the first time he addressed me, personally. I was wearing my army surplus winter coat and sunglasses and as he walked by, on the opposite side of the street, he said "...Fucking Nazi, fucking wars over, fucking Nazi..." I was thinking of stopping and doing some kind of military salute to him to see what he would do, but instead continued on.

1997

I think the first time I saw Babylon was in the spring of 1997. I was in the back alley of Albert Street and 15th. He walked by spouting words. I was thinking...who the FUCK is this guy? There were four native city workers, and he starts saying

"...Fucking Indians, fucking get the FUCK out of here." There were not too many people around, so I sensed something was going to happen. But I think his boldness and uninhibited language gave him an aura that said..."I am one fucked up crazy Mother Fucker, no matter what you do, or say to me, I'm not going to change." I think the city workers sensed this too and laughed it off nervously, to each other as he walked by spouting more racist remarks.

1996

Myself, I call him the "Madman of Regina". I ran into him twice.

King of Regina

The first time at a bus stop. He was walking by, he turned to me and said "...If I was an Indian, I would blow my fucking brains out." then walked off. Seriously, my first thought was this guy looks like Weird Al Yankovick. This happened in the summer of 1996.

1991

Victoria Park, Downtown Regina

The King of Regina called C.H. (curator of the Fifth Parallel Art Gallery) ".....white trash". White trash"