

loose 1 turn

Just visiting for 30 days

St. Croix que.

CANCELLED

by order of the government

\$15.00

loose 1 turn

- loose 1 turn -

GREYPOUND

BUS LINES

Strawberry

CANCELLED

N.B. by order of the government

\$15.00

loose 1 turn

take 1 joint from each player

FREE!

Dope!

go back \$16.00 1 space

CALGARY VANCOUVER

?

Guerilla

Rip Offoly

no rules

POWDER RIDGE

"pass the strychnine" and

Loose 2 turns

go back \$16.00 to start

WINNIPEG

what if they held a festival & no one came?

ALTAMONT

loose 1 turn

Chew Chew

Railways

take a ride forward 15 spaces

Hijack Airlines

"A new high direct flights to anywhere (go forward 3)

TORONTO

FESTIVAL X-PRESS

get kicked in the head by a horse

Loose 1 turn

\$16.00

ATLANTA GA.

"no way my kid will sit up here with you"

hi dad! my bobby!

\$20.00

loose 1 turn

CANCELLED

by order of the government

\$16.00

loose 1 turn

MOSPORT

Help! the fuckin' bags out of my ass!

\$15.00

go forward 1 space

Start

if you pass 90, collect 2 joints from bank

WOODSTOCK

WARRIOR!

Tom Thumb
Joe Jams
or
Thumb & Bum

go back 2 spaces

goose lake

clear your lungs. drop a little "DRAINO" & blow your asshole out.

\$15.00

loose 2 turns

oink oink

off the pig

(to to for now)

& go to jail

guerilla

Number 6, Aug 14, 1970

463 Dundas Street West Phone: 364-1069

EDITORIAL COLLECTIVE

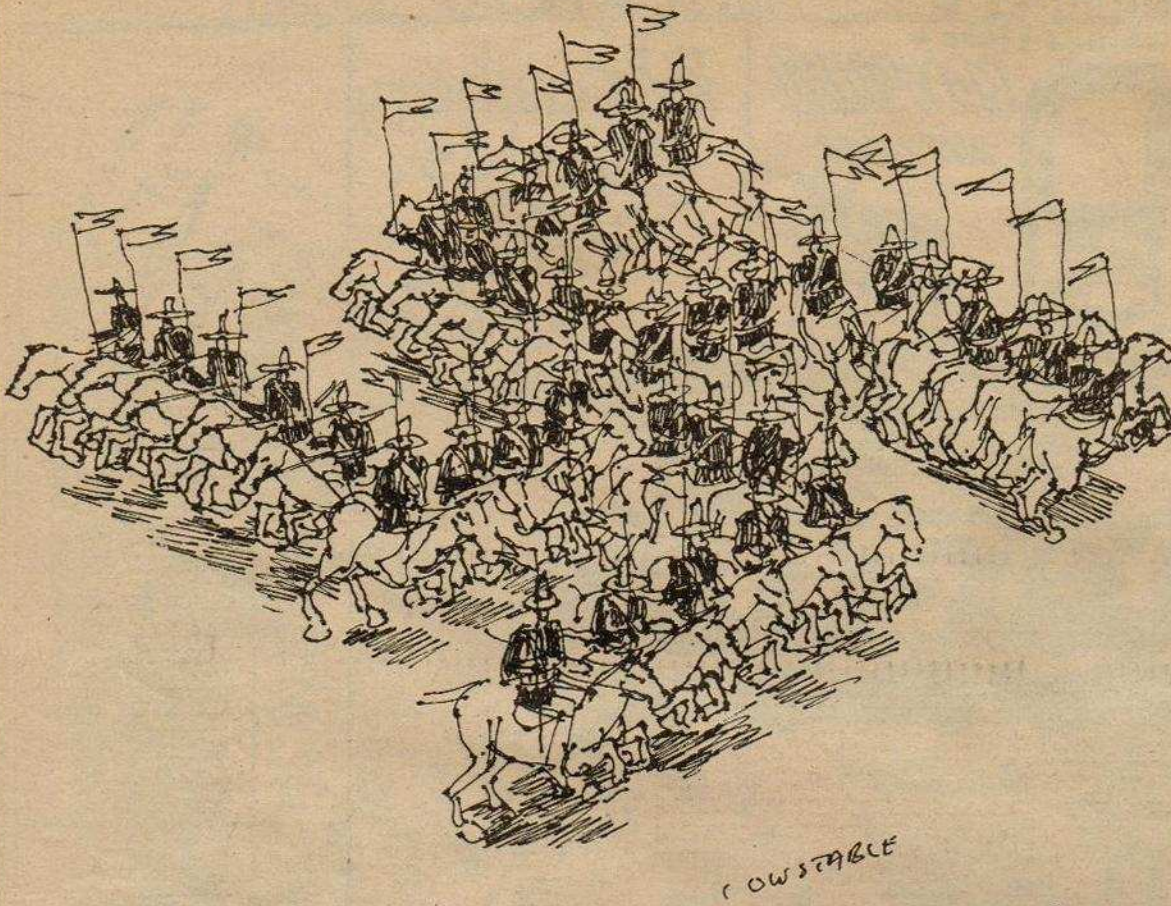
Jim Brophy, Sharon Fronczak, Bill Hogan, Reni Jackman, Ray James, Scott MacDonald, John MacDonald, Bill Saunders, Mike Smith.

STAFF

Doug Austen, Lloyd Chesley, Mike Constable, Charlie Dobie, Peter Kuiper, Jan Reid, Bill King, Harris Kirshenbaum, Dan Merkur, Gord Shannon, Errol Young, Ed Dale, Sharon Goodier, Walt Dmytrenko, Rich Mater, Thac Bui, Tom Needham, Mike Smith, Doug Moore, Richard Todd, Frank Greenway, Michael Hastings, Freddie Rotter

WITH THE HELP OF

Firth Bateman, Marty Balas, John Wilson, Pattie Saunders, Branch Greaves, Greasy Spoon Graphics, John the Bear, Marge Lawrence



Guerilla,

I believe the average enlightened person is unable mentally to look at any book or piece of written material in the same manner as any member of a police morality squad.

To the men of the morality squad 'dirt' and mind corrupting material can be found almost anywhere; if one proceeds to search for 'dirt' with any diligence.

I will attempt, as best such an attempt could be made by an outsider, to look at children's nursery rhymes and fairy tales in the manner of a morality squad officer.

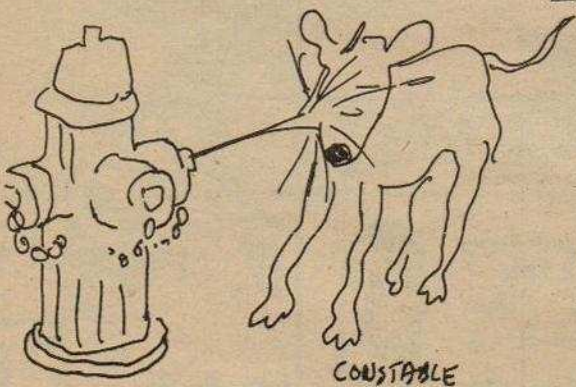
For an opener in our story review we shall look at 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs'. This horrid story should be banned for it tells of a young girl of remarkable beauty who shacks up with seven deformed men. Later in the story, as if this is not bad enough, she devours a drugged apple which sends her on a trip that is a real bummer. The girl eventually brought back to the straight world by a freak with leotards and a cape who travels by means of a low pollution quadruped.

The next work to be reviewed is the rhyme entitled 'Three Blind Mice'. Although this work does not show involvement with drugs or sex; it must be noted that violence is depicted in the form of cruelty to helpless dumb animals in the mention of the severance of the tails of said mice with a dangerous weapon. This type of reading cannot be passed off as proper material for young minds.

For the third and final work to be reviewed at this time I will take the story 'Alice in Wonderland'. Although there is no mention of the fact in the story, it is evident from further perusal of the text that the leading character of the book must have been under the influence of an hallucogenic compound.

The young lady has visions of talking animals and other animals that pop in and out of her visual spectrum like a flashing neon sign. The girl complains of aberrations in the fact that her visions did not have the proper relationship in height, width or perspective. Even the everyday appliance a mirror, did not for her have the normal reflective properties and in her mentally deranged conclusion the mirror entrapped her and brought on further visual horrors; or so she believed.

These stories must be removed from the hands of the easily misled preadolescents, at least this is the way the morality squad would see it.



WITNESSES NEEDED

McCaul Street Memorial Co - Op. Anyone present in front of 201 Beverly Street on the evening of Friday, July 11, when 11 people were busted (assault, creating disturbance, etc.) and who would be prepared to testify in court, are asked to attend an important meeting of defendants.

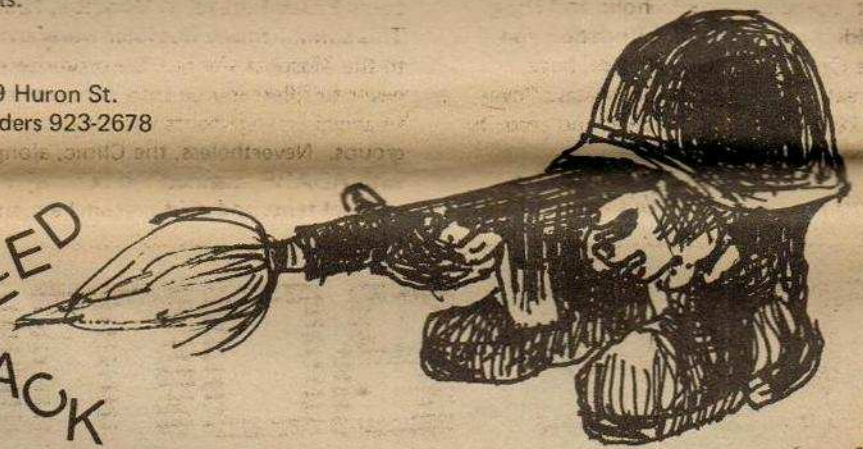
Date: Tuesday, Aug. 18

Time: 7:30 P.M.

Place: Red, White and Black, 19 Huron St.

For further info: call Larry Sanders 923-2678

**FEED
BACK**



To the editor:

Michael Hastings in his article "Science for the people" displays considerable insight in his description of the problems besetting our society, caused by the misapplication of technology on our environment for short term benefits. Indeed technology is neutral and the solution to our problems will come about by changing to long term social objectives. Our present society, a price system determines that only short term objectives may be our goals; the glowing quarterly financial reports may indicate a healthy return, but also disaster in the long run.

It is ironic however, that Mr. Hastings, like so many others, advocates rejection of the only means of solving our dilemma: Technocracy, the application of science to the social order. Technocracy is the design for the operation of a high energy society in continuous balance with the environment on a long term basis.

Technocracy, the organization, has been on the scene in North America since 1933, publishing magazines, pamphlets and articles and lecturing. Technocracy is on record as 'the' social innovator. It would be interesting to determine the source of Mr. Hastings attitude.

Ralph Rall

Technocracy Inc. Section 7943 - 1 Vulcan

An incredibly convoluted letter was delivered by hand to the Guerilla office this past weekend. The rough translation is as follows: "Tell the deadbeats in your window where to get soap and where the barber

shops are. Keep cool man keep cool!

H. For what.

I. You can see?

P. What a hippy is."

Obviously the Spadina-Dundas area harbours a poet with previously unclaimed talent.

Guerilla,

Both my wife and I, like other people, are against air, water and visual pollution. There is something as deadly which must be removed from our society, that is the forcing of one's opinions on another. This can be done by indoctrination of hatred or prejudice or by censorship. Censorship in any form is a knife which separates the peoples of the country as well as young and old by limiting transfer of ideas.

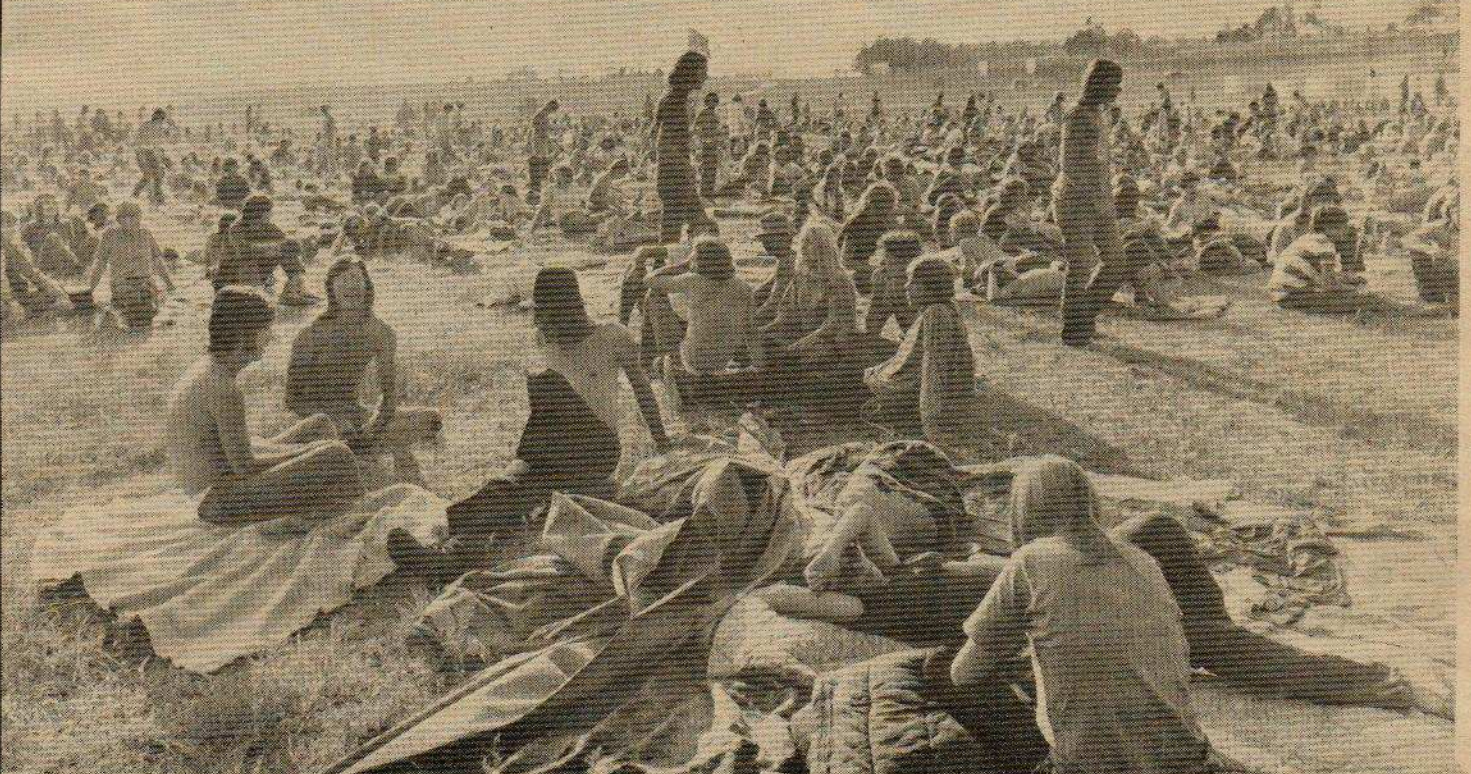
We feel that it is ridiculous for people of legal age, be it 18 or 21, to be able to select by vote a government representative; but the same people cannot select a book or a movie without others first deciding which words we may read or which scenes we may see, which speeches or music we may hear.

Why should other people make these choices for us in a democracy? These choices should be left to each and every individual, not to the police or a handful of people who could by their bias or prejudice limit other's knowledge in any field they desire or their personal enjoyment.

To do away with censorship would not oppress or suppress people but would allow a chance of personal enlightenment.

Mr. & Mrs. Jerome Paris
Fairport, Ontario

Mosport



The Mosport festival, after attracting over 50,000 rock fans, has sunk once more into a morass of charges and countercharges. A spokesman for the festival stated that at the moment they anticipated a loss of over \$200,000. In addition to this, two Ontario government agencies, the Alcoholic and Drug Addiction Research Foundation and the Ontario Provincial Police, have threatened to bill the promoters "over \$120,000" for the medical and security services they provided.

The question of adequate facilities loomed large even before the fes-

ivals commencement. Doctor David Collins of the Toronto Free Youth Clinic explained that the Clinic and similar Toronto community assistance projects had been contacted for the sum of \$20,000 by John Brower to handle medical facilities at the original Strawberry Fields Festival in Moncton, N.B.. This commitment was later transferred to the Mosport site but the promoters never fulfilled any of their contracted financial arrangements with the Toronto groups. Nevertheless, the Clinic, along with ADARF, manned the two major medical tents and paid personal expen-

ses 'out of their own pocket'. Dr. Collins revealed that the only medical service to obtain any funding from the promoters was a group, identified as from Powder Ridge, Conn., who received \$1,200. Of them, Dr. Collins said, "They were largely unqualified. Of the three in the group who were addressed as physicians, one admitted that he had lost his license to practice in the province of Ontario and the other two were unable to produce certification of any kind".

Commenting on the maintainence of the site, Dr. Collins said, "the sanitation was totally inadequate and garbage

pick up was non-existent". However, he found the crowd "Beautiful and loving" and expressed no dissatisfaction with their behavior.

In future, the doctor suggested the "the promoters should be requested to post an indemnity bond of 10% of the anticipated gate receipts with the province to guarantee any subsequent costs of medical services. He emphasized that this was not meant to imply that he felt provincial agencies should provide the actual services but only that these services made available should be adequately funded.

THE BOMB

tick tick tick tick tick



CONSTABLE

On August 6, 1945, the United States Government killed some 70,000 persons in Hiroshima. On August 10, 1945, the same government saw fit to murder another 30,000 persons at Nagasaki.

On August 8, 1970, some 500 persons gathered in Nathan Philips Square to remember those two days and to demonstrate against the injustice perpetrated today on the peoples of Indo-China.

Across the street, in a tight circle before the U.S. consulate, some 26 men and women, red flags and red-books held high, shouted "The atom bomb is a paper tiger!"

The City Hall event was sponsored by the Vietnam Mobilization Committee as part of their summer program of continuing demonstration against the war.

"You can't separate the bombing and the war today," said George Addison, executive secretary of the committee. "They're both part of a consistent U'S. drive to control the entire so-called 'Pacific rim' area by any means necessary - including the use of nuclear weapons."

The people heard Malvena Reynolds, U.S. folksonger, and several members of the cast of Hair. Among the speakers was Kay McPherson of the Voice of Women who reminded people again of the new terror in the

weapons of chemical biological warfare.

Mr. Addison said that he was satisfied with the rally in view of the low attendance brought on by events like the festival in Mosport and the Caribana festival which was winding up.

Commonly known as Maoists, the Afro-Asian Peoples' Solidarity Group marshalled at the consulate. Defiant, derisive and fanatically devoted, with cold, almost vacant eyes, they came to denounce fascism everywhere and to rejoice in Mao's "long, long, long life." Each member of the group demonstrated his solidarity by shouting death to fascists in Quebec, Canada and Toronto and denouncing the "racist immigration department", Trudeau, and lackeys everywhere.

At one point, the Maoists harassed Guerilla and Toronto Star photographers for taking pictures "too close". After a hurried conference, the demonstrators ceased interfering with the press.

Metro Police and many plainclothes officers were visibly present. Two requests by police that the demonstrators make way for passing pedestrians brought stony resistance or suggestions that the police move away. The officers chose to ignore the challenge and the demonstration closed without incident.



THE RIGHT

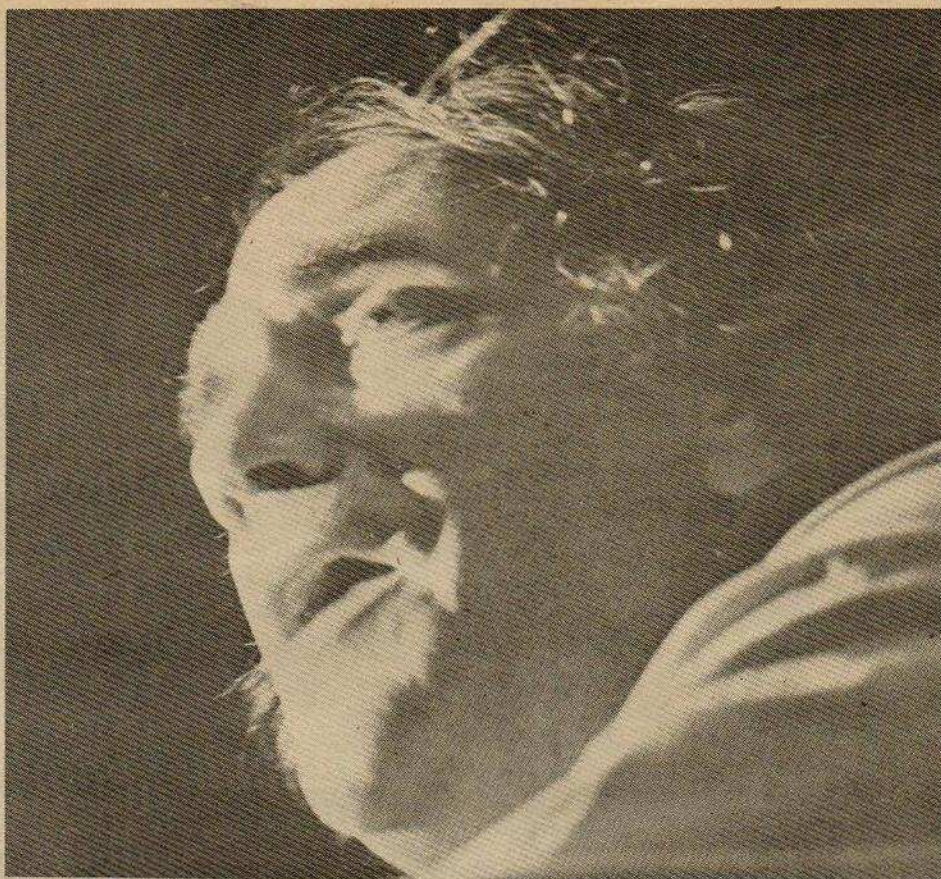
William Kunstler returned to Toronto August 8 at 8 P.M. at O.C.E Auditorium to face charges of assault and to deliver his message of get together or get smashed.

The crowd was a mixed group of freaks, students, workers, and anybody to the left of Chief Adamson.

"Across the border you have freedom of speech to talk about those things which are doomed to failure from the start. The words clear and present danger in the United States means speaking which works. Free speech is severely limited to innocuous speech."

After these opening remarks Kunstler went into a rap about the real Chicago conspiracy; the murder of Fred Hampton by the Chicago Police Department. Kunstler portrayed Hampton as an intelligent, sensitive black man who wanted to do something about the conditions of his brothers and sisters. Fred Hampton first became politically involved in 1967 with the NAACP at the age of 19. Later on he worked with SNCC and finally became chairman of the Illinois chapter of the Black Panther Party.

"Fred Hampton is a symbol of what can happen when speech can be an incitement to murder. Fred Hampton was shot lying on his back at four o'clock in the morning in his southside Chicago apartment."



Kunstler went on to relate how a federal grand jury found that fourteen Chicago policemen had murdered Fred Hampton and Mark Clark. This same federal grand jury said that they could not indict any of the policemen because other Black Panther members present at the apartment when the shooting took place did not answer their charges.

Kunstler talked briefly on the direction of the left. "There must come a time when people must react to something more than letters to congressmen and picket lines; resistance, not protest. Violence for violence' sake has no meaning for me. We must not find unity in some common grave."

TO SPEAK

After Kunstler concluded his speech the floor was left open for questions.

Q: What do you think of the mass media?"

A: The mass media is extremely dangerous for any social movement. Can you equate broken bodies with broken windows? The mass media can. Lately they seem more concerned with broken windows.

Q: I'm an American who has left the States. What can we do? Should we get ourselves together and go storm the border or what?"

A: For the benefit of the FBI and RCMP agents present here tonight, I don't want to see an idea to come across that I came up here to get a posse.

Besides Kunstler, the program included folksinger Malvina Reynolds and Aman Park, Assistant National Director of the United Steel Workers. The night's activities were sponsored by PLUS and co-sponsored by Red White and Black, Canadian Peace Congress, Social Action Committee of the Unitarian Church, U. of T. Faculty Committee on Vietnam, American Deserters Committee, Viet Veterans in Exile, Canadian Council of National Groups, M4M, Vietnam Mobilization Committee, Voice of Women and the Student Christian Movement.

- Jan Reid.

rent strike

The Ontario Housing Corporation is under fire again. Previously, the Just Society has been attacking the government as an accomplice for the land speculators in Ontario by keeping its "aid" to a minimum - it insures the private developers of a healthy market with high demands. At the same time this tactic enables the O.H.C. to keep a tight rein on its tenants by using the threat of eviction as a silent club to chastise any "trouble-makers".

The Graduate students of the U of T have come up against this unwieldy giant. Their graduate student residence is owned by the O.H.C. The financial plans for the residence complex will enable the O.H.C. to pay for the buildings in 20 years while the property value of the site sky-rocketed for a tidy little profit on the side. The graduate students although of middle class background have chosen to follow their brothers in the lower economic classes in fighting the organization. They have declared a rent strike.

Already 200 of the 700 tenants are withholding their rent until O.H.C. begins to provide adequate facilities. The buildings, which are only meant to last 20 years are already deteriorating and it is only a matter of time before This supposedly modern apartment building becomes a tenement.

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taxis

Driver Norman Trueur has charged the Co-op Cab Company with keeping him from employment by virtue of union activities. The charges come under Section 65 of the Labour Relations Act of Ontario.

At the August 5 "quasi-court", the board heard evidence from both sides and reserved its decision.

If the decision is in favour of Mr. Trueur, it will establish taxi drivers as "employees" with the same benefits as factory or construction workers. Should the action fail, other charges will be brought.

Taxi drivers are presently considered by law to be self-employed. The Taxi Workers' Committee (TWC) has set itself to change this law because it leaves drivers open to exploitation by the owners. At the moment drivers have secured support of Hugh Peacock, MPP Windsor, and Dalton Bales, Minister of Labour in Ontario.

About 15 drivers were present for the August 4 TWC meeting. The lack of attendance was accounted to the summer holidays. Most of the proceedings considered business details and pleas for membership. Some persons felt that the TWC is too hierarchically organized and spends too much time on bureaucratic details and not enough time discussing what drivers want.

Elliot Posen, counsel for the TWC will speak at their September 1 meeting, at Teamsters' Hall, 95 Trinity.

Taxi Workers' Committee

Taxi workers must wait one month or more before the Labour Relations Board decides whether or not they are "employees" under Ontario law.

reality ?

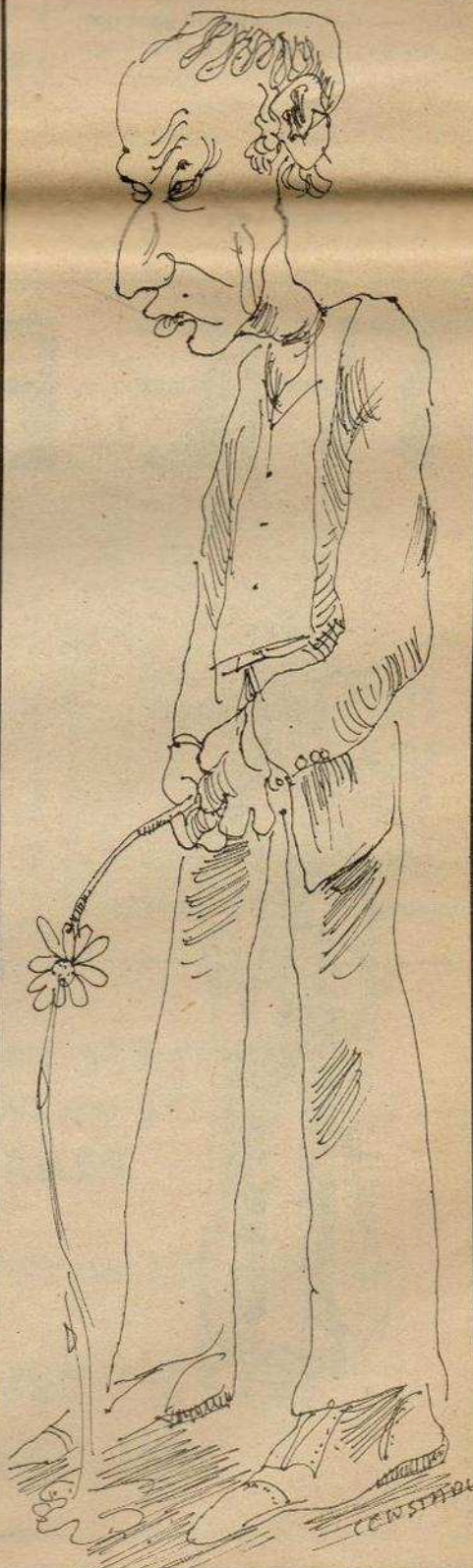
The great dream makers at Disneyland have finally come up against reality. After years of excluding street people from their funnyland about 200 yuppies occupied frontierland. In a scene out of Davey Crockett the police marched down the middle of the street at high noon demanding that the kids get out of town. The yuppies were laughing in front of the 'Golden Nugget Saloon' as the law men (dressed in black for the occasion) rustled the youngsters out of town in vans and other implements of destruction while taking glossy 5x12 pictures of everyone involved.

Few wholly Canadian plays have touring potential but after three successful months at the Global Village, Robert Swerdlow's contemporary musical, 'Justine' is going to New York.

For several weeks the original cast which is ninety percent Canadian will perform at the Wooster Street theater. The play opens on October 1, and will cost fifty thousand dollars to produce, one third of which has already been raised.

The players have hopes of a longer run in New York and eventually of introducing 'Justine' to England.

In the meantime, if you have not already seen 'Justine' it will be running for two more weeks; and on October 19, Richard Shekner, the author of Dionysius, brings The Performance Group to the Global Village.



rash kills family of 6 weekend toll 82

WORLD NEWS

REACH FOR A STAR, MOST PEOPLE

Cong infiltrators battle Cambodians 2 miles from capital

Cambodian defense

Company reports Acklands profit dip reflects slowdown

Acklands Ltd., Winnipeg-based distributor of a large number of a large number and reports a 31 per cent net profit of \$534,000 from six months ago.

road toll 62 as 82 killed in accidents

At least 82 accidents, women, said about \$1.9 billion of new cash through the refunding intermediate and 10 in-g...

Police shoot man in drug

Kidnapped American found shot to death

White House sounds inflation 'alert'

Car price rise defended

Maoists chant, w in front of U.S.



Professions and Careers

White House sounds inflation 'alert'

Car price rise defended

Maoists chant, w in front of U.S.

Police shoot man in drug

Kidnapped American found shot to death

White House sounds inflation 'alert'

Car price rise defended

Maoists chant, w in front of U.S.

We Must Build an AITERNATIVE

Big city nightmare.

!

HIGH FINANCE

Three thousand ducats, for three months and Antonio bound.

Act I Scene III
Merchant of Venice

Shylocking is still legal in Ontario! That is, a financial institution can charge just about any amount of interest it cares to. If you have ever bought on

credit, you know what I mean. Oh yes, there is the Small Loans Act but it only covers cash loans less than \$1500.00. I know of one small finance company that charges 26.95 per cent per annum.

However, the initial interest is just a beginning.

No doubt you have heard about "post-due interest." This is additional interest which can be charged to your account if a payment is late. It is supposed to be a percentage of the payment but is sometimes taken on the outstanding balance — a big difference.

Most companies set quotas for their managers. They must grant so many loans and collect so much post-due interest each month. If they fail to reach their quotas a couple of times, they are out of a job. Obviously, this induces unscrupulous managers to con people into taking larger loans than necessary and to charge excessive interest on late payments.

From my own experience, there is one Toronto company which charges two dollars late charges on every account opened. This nets them about eight thousand dollars a year. If a customer notices the difference and calls the office, he is simply told that the company's computer has made an error but would have corrected itself. Hell, the company doesn't even have a computer!

What makes this such an effective way to profit is that most of the customers are immigrants who don't speak English and are ignorant of our credit laws.

THE CONSOLIDATION LOAN

Now let's see how a manager can get you to take more credit than you need.

Say you go to the friendly finance to borrow enough to buy some really sharp clothes. You sit down with the loan manager and give him all the crap he wants to know. (By the way, if you're not working, forget it — no loan.) One question he will ask is if you have any other debts. When the application is complete, he will give you a big smile, a handshake and tell you to come back tomorrow for the money.

After you leave, he will verify the information you gave by telephone. He may or may not contact the local credit bureau. When he speaks to other creditors, he will endeavor to find out what it will cost to pay them off. He then makes cheques payable to you and your debtors.

The next day you come into the office expecting to receive the couple of hundred dollars you applied for. The manager then shows you what a true friend he is and explains how he intends to pay off all your creditors. This will seem attractive, for your total monthly payment will be lower. Unfortunately, you will have to pay for a longer period and of course more money in the long run.

If this "logic" approach doesn't work, the manager will tell you the "real reason" why he had to pay the others. That is, he will claim that all your security was "tied up" and this is the only way he can "help you out." If you are really hungry for the money you will accept his deal and he will be on his way to meeting his quota.

REPOSSESSIONS

One person you need never worry about is a boy in the credit department. He gets by just fine.

In 1967, I was a loan manager for a large finance company which mainly dealt with cars as security. One of the customers could not pay so we picked up his car. At the time, I was in the market for one. Therefore, I bought it through the office manager and with the blessings of my supervisor.

By law, three bids must be obtained before a repossession can be sold. These I easily received — one from a dealer I knew, one from my secretary and one from me. Naturally, my bid was the highest by a very small margin and I purchased an almost new Oldsmobile which I sold a year later at a profit.

This was a fairly common practice in the business. The only person to lose was the original owner. If the

car had been sold at a fair price, he would have received about a thousand dollars above the paying of his contract.

COMPETITION

When you sign a sales contract and note are you aware what happens?

Most of the smaller retailers do not do their own financing. They assign (sell) your contract to an acceptance company who give the store the full purchase price of the item plus a percentage of the interest charged. Obviously, the various finance companies compete for a retailer's contracts. Those who offer more to the merchant make it up by higher rates to the customer. In this triangle, the merchant doesn't care what is charged; the finance will make up what they must pay to get contracts and the purchaser pays them both.

COLLECTIONS

For one reason or another, you can't meet your "low monthly payment." If you are a week late, you will receive a gentle reminder in the mail. This is in the form of a humorous card which basically says — Pay now!

If you fail to pay in the next few days. You will receive a note asking what's wrong. Let's face it they don't give a damn what's wrong they just want their money or more. Thus the loan manager may call to offer a consolidation loan to "help you out". As mentioned previously this is pure bullshit.

Now your account is a month late — this means that they can collect the full balance if they choose as most contracts state that the balance becomes due on failure to meet any payment. Yet they won't. This is when they start charging post due interest.

It is now, that you meet the collector. It is his duty to collect late payments by exploiting the customer's ignorance of credit laws. He thrives on people's tempers and enjoys being the cause of a family's embarrassment. The collector will threaten to repossess, to sue, to garnishee etc. The only time he follows up on these is when an account is badly in arrears.

POINTS TO PONDER

There are two methods of repossession — voluntary and by writ of execution. The voluntary repossession is when you surrender the item to the company or to a commercial bailiff. The writ of execution is carried out by the county sheriff; backed by the police. If you are threatened with a repossession there are some things you should know. No item can be seized if it is two thirds paid for. If an item is taken, it must be held twenty-one days before sale. During this period, you can pay the account and recover the goods.

Unfortunately in Ontario, if a repossessed item is sold and the money does not cover the full balance, the company can still sue you for what is left. Ontario is one of the only provinces where this law exists.

If you have a problem in meeting your creditors' demands, there are two organizations that can help. One is the local Division Court. Through it, you can obtain a judge's order to pay, an amount you can afford, to the court who disburse the money to your creditors. As long as you stick to this arrangement, no garnishees can be issued.

In Toronto, the semi-public Credit Counselling Service will give advice on how to manage your debts. In some cases, arrange to have your payments lowered at no additional cost. The most important fact is that when you buy on credit, you pay in the long run more, and sometimes more than you thought you would. The retailer or loan manager must, by law, tell you what you will be charged in percentage and in dollars. As pointed out this may be just the beginning of your costs.

Believe it, some people pay cash — even at Eatons!

R.W. Constable



BY BILL KING

I've spoken at number of secondary schools in Metro this year and found that no one else seemed to be communicating with the kids. One teacher estimated that 50% of her student's talking for the year occurred on the day I was there-she had lectured to a blank wall for six months.

The two most interesting kids I met at all the schools, were suspended from school for "being discourteous to a guest", (namely me). I had some great talks with them and they came to visit me in Rochdale a few days later. No one was capable of seeing how we related to each other. Instead, they were suspended for failing to sit in straight rows, raise their hands, and carry on an unnatural conversation.

Your schools are gradually starting to change, but the kids are changing at a far greater rate. Even the quiet, well-behaved kids consider the whole system a farce. It is sad when the kids who don't drop out can defend their position only on the grounds of what society does to drop-outs.

The school system seems moribund and no one is even asking the right questions about saving it. Elimination of all coercive measures from grades to dress codes would be a good start. If the system relinquishes its power over the kids, they will save education by finding their own way.

I don't know for sure what that will involve. It won't involve classrooms. It may involve teachers, but then again, it may not. There will probably be no distinction between what the old system called disciplines or departments. (Knowledge is an organic whole.) New learning situations will probably include factories, farms, offices, parks, and restaurants.

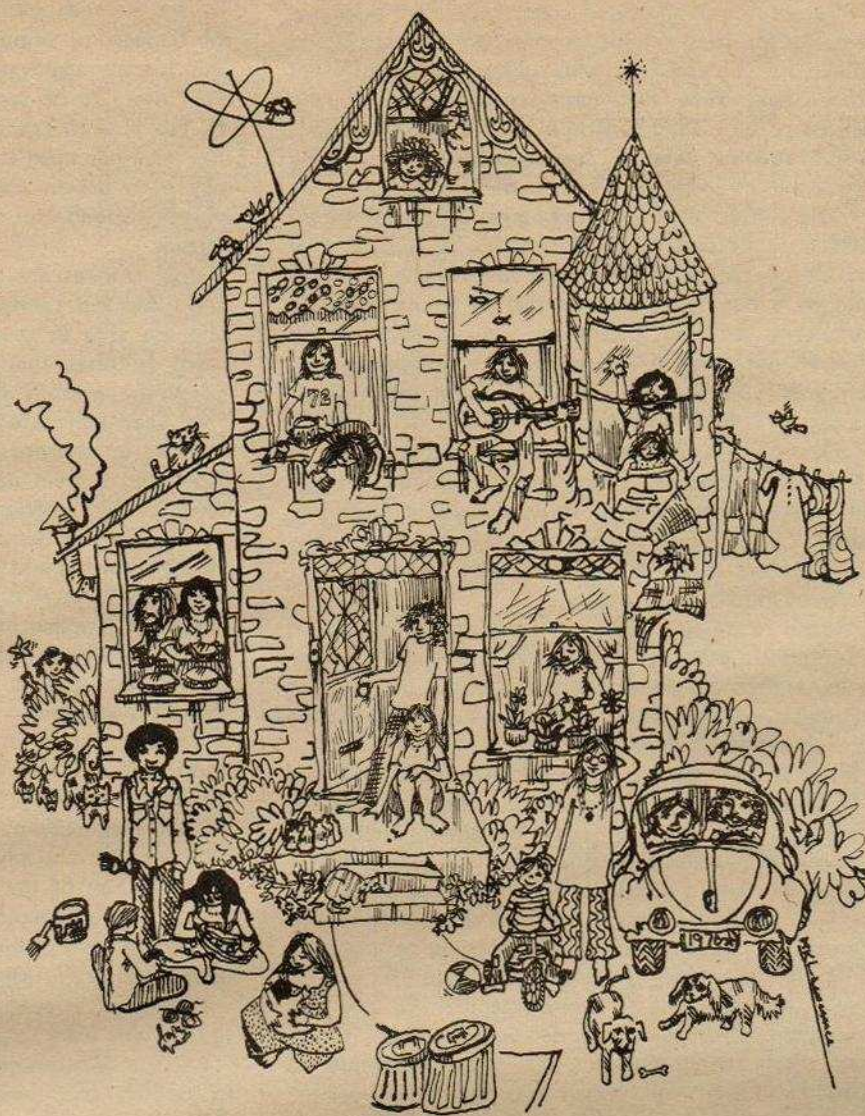
The key point is that all these things can best be decided by students. Margret Mead has accurately pointed out that adults are immigrants in terms of time. They have been removed from the age in which they developed their life-philosophies and dropped uncerimoniously in the age of cybernetics and instant communication.

Youth's assumptions about the nature of the world are based on today's realities. They have a pretty accurate view of what they need to survive the age of pollution, automation, petty wars, and circular rat-races. Much can be gained by allowing them to mold their own education.

I hope, for the sake of the society, they will be allowed to do so.

Anyone who wants a Rochdale speaker to come to their classroom may call 921-3168.

Living together



r. peachy

What Is Happening Here

They tell us that man has lived on the earth for a long time. Voices have drawn this to us, and we know faintly that kingdoms have fallen before, and with all due respect, we know that science is our mother and that John A. Macdonald was our father. Great numbers of people have died, we know that also. But we weren't born unfortunate, and we wonder how many people are now living.

Living means not leading a life, it means feeling alive. It means feeling the warmth of the sun on our arms, feeling the thoughts of the people around, feeling the responses to our own person.

Essentially, our lives are outward circles of feelings, friends, actions and conceptions. At the soft centre, we puddle through routines. The time spent in routines is not lost in it. The circumstances surrounding each morning's coffee, the responses demanded of us do shape our selves. If we want to live our lives, we should start at the centre, in our living situation. The lost string of time that we call routine ought to be tied into what we recognize as life. There is no waiting, there are no transitory moments, each second is now.

If this thought comes only at funerals and family reunions, then perhaps something is wrong. When life is remembered and planned and never felt, then something must be done. Co-operative living situations are one way of affecting this; other people can tell us how to live.

IN TORONTO

Many people have turned to living co-operatively, modes of living, some as a matter of expediency. In Toronto there is a wave of fledgling co-operatives. It is true that co-operatives and communes are not a new outgrowth, but there have never been such noticeable numbers, certainly not in Toronto. A census is not possible, but an estimate in the thousands would not be in error. Probably many of these people will not regard their situation as permanent. Perhaps some houses will destroy themselves abruptly, more will just dissolve through time. But the people are young and it is to be expected that permanency is not part of the growth. Other houses form and newcomers appear, but the experience is never lost.

The people living in co-operatives are tied closely into the downtown culture, and perhaps the survival of this culture will rest with the fate of co-operative living.

The word co-operative living is really a catch-all term which categorizes the endless shades of human interaction. Basically the only structural common denominator is that the expenses are shared. A commune is like a mature co-operative, where there is less private space, and more commitment. As one person put it, "To live in a commune you've got to like watching the corn grow." On the other hand, co-operative houses vary from the boarding-room style to the group therapy level, and usually in any one house thy intensity will vacillate from month to month.

One Toronto co-operative, a most casual collection of people, described their own situation to me this way. Sitting around with apparently very little acknowledgement of each other, they told me and showed me in different ways that they each held some ideal of living with others. The ideas weren't the same however, and the people were not hearing everything "the other" was saying. But at the same time it was obvious that they were sensitive to each others' outlines, some more, some less. They explained in spite of the diversity of their conceptions, all of them co-existed within a group dynamic which faltered and grew and faltered. One of the people expressed this quite poetically. It is like an artist, he explained, who gathers ideas from his contemporaries to develop a style, only to shed the entire development in a rebirth. This conclusion is an insight into the dynamic of living together.

The viability of a living situation is not a matter of equilibrium. One of the major conflicts of this search seems to arise over the amount of time and interest to be directed inside and outside the house. How much can a house demand of people without smothering them, how much can people move in the interior of the house and still avoid the possessive feeling of a group? It is clear that by entirely ignoring group considerations, the individuals will suffer, and by capitalizing on individual concerns, the group will die. Where should the emphasis be, outward or inward?

The Yellow Ford Truck, a living and working co-operative, with a shop in downtown, has found this issue particularly vital. Because the enterprise depends on independent contributions of its members, this is understandable. The operation is a fine line, and there is constant pressure on the people to contribute. There, a large number of people have not worked out because they haven't worked in. The

small number that remain are willing to sacrifice time towards the group endeavour. The realism of their co-operative effort demands a clear commitment from individuals; they have very strong feelings about hangers-on.

This idea of commitment seems to underlie the issue of the internal versus the external interest. If the members of any co-operative share some commitment, the conflict is lessened. The fact that people hold some ideal about living together is enough to tide the initial conflicts, but more is required. Later when the ease of grooving together has been dissipated through tensions, a kind of quiet understanding becomes necessary. This feeling can only be learned through appreciating the presence of others, although many people have it already. If complete dissension is to be avoided, and more important, if something positive is to happen, then some common feeling of devotion must develop. It must be common, since dissensions begin when people feel they are making unequal contributions, or receiving inequality.

Perhaps the offering of "commitment" as a solution to conflicts is superficial, in as much as it presumes that an ideal will override the feelings of the people in conflict. But it should be clear that a commitment is only valid if it is a conscious realization arrived at together; this demands some thorough atking. If people are incapable of talking thoroughly or not fully aware of the meaning of their words, then the commitment has no finality. How then will people who are completely at odds come together?

There is a grouping of co-operative houses in Toronto which seems to be providing an answer to this question. About three hundred people are involved, divided into smaller groups that live together. Each group meets once a week for a group analysis under the presence of an outside therapist. To enter requires a strong desire to get to know yourself and willingness to spend time at it. As a result, the feeling within the co-operative is intense. The lessons drawn from the group encounter methods can be applied effectively to any living situation. The members of this co-operative learn a great deal; for example, the person I spoke to was exceptionally knowledgeable about group processes. It is the weekly penetration of the incertitudes of interaction that renders them conscious of their own roles.

At the basis of this group analysis is the assumption that all feelings must be expressed openly. It seems that the low ebb of a group is usually marked by periods of suppressed antagonism, the quiet contempt that is more deadly than the most desperate scream; such concealed feelings must be worked out somehow or doom falls on the group. Whereas confrontation between individuals does nothing to break down defensive barriers, group discussions may be more successful. Since there is a danger that the group's focus might be overly aggressive, either an outside mediator or a spirit of mediation must prevail at such sessions.

Only by free exposure of fears and of warmth to each other will people be able to eliminate the destructive resentments that will occur. It is the only way to move away from private worlds.

Most answers to the problems of co-operative living are ambiguous. While you have to make commitments to a group for better interaction, good interaction is necessary to make the commitment a reality. In fact the process is not at all clear; just as in any learning situation, learning to live with others is basically a miraculous process.

PROCESS

Nevertheless there are things to be said about aspects of the living process. In the beginning, there is a period of excitement and high feelings that is referred to as the honeymoon. It is important since it establishes the first basis of relations and the mood. It is unreal in a way, being a kind of euphoria that can return when the group touches each other again. Laughter, absurdities, mock-roles and word games are like bonds that move people together. So can boy-girl contact introduce happy mediums.

When the emotional high drains away, people rub on irritable edges. In this condition words can become barriers, with intellectual diletantism and defensive conversation alienating people from each other. Sexual roles can be destructive when competition for recognition and for favours cause distrust and jealousy. This is the time when frankness and intelligence must come through.

Mediums such as language and sexual roles can work either for or against the feelings of people. The nice thing about living co-operatively is that the group dynamic has a tendency to eventually bring people together or rip them asunder. Somebody said to me that the meaning of co-operative living was neither winning nor losing, but taking chances. The chances mean something, for although roles will still face each member, the roles will be closer to what each person will regard as himself.

The point of living with other people is exactly a process of trying to find oneself. We can only see ourselves in others.

SQUARES: AN HONEST APPROVAL

This article was written in answer to an article written by McKenzie Porter in the July 11th issue of Weekend Magazine. Mr. Porter's article was entitled "Attack! - Hippies: A Final Solution".

by Norma West Linder

McKenzie Porter is undoubtedly our present day Dr. Kellog.

If his so-called "hippie" were to sit through any one of the many television shows designed to please the average square, he'd exclaim, "They must be nuts!" And he'd be right. Only an idiot conditioned by years of exposure to it could possibly watch such tripe. Yet watch it he does. The sponsors know exactly what they're doing. They know their average man.

UNCOMMON SENSE

I think it was Abbie Hoffman who pointed out that this revolution has no leaders because everyone in it is a leader. That fact is what makes this revolution different from all others in history for it would mean that it is the first time that the people are actually fighting for themselves. A revolution of leaders is the only way to obtain the socialism we want.

What differentiates a leader from a follower is simple: a leader thinks; a leader always considers what he does and does not let himself become part of a mindless mob. This has proved successful in many instances, for all the leaders of this revolution have ended up agreeing with each other, so we get ten thousand people on the consulate steps or twenty thousand crashing a rip-off festival together or a strong group to protect a speaker who is threatened by some neo-brown shirtists.

The point of this is that I've noted sad examples, two of importance of late, to point out to me that many so-called revolutionaries are becoming lazy: they're stopping their thinking and forming a new kind of mob-like movement that only knows how to act and bases all its actions on rhetoric that for them has only the most surface of meanings.

The first example came at the Kunstler meeting on August 9. After he spoke, the master of ceremonies was trying to introduce another speaker on the programme when he was interrupted by someone in the audience who demanded the right to ask a question. When the speaker asked him to wait a few minutes for the question period, the questioner cried, "Where is free speech now?" I don't know how he equated himself to Bobby Seale when all he was asked for was a little patience. His cry shows that all he was thinking of was the rhetoric. He hadn't stopped to think at all. And then he accused the people on stage of only putting on a show. What, in fact was he doing?

I've seen that type of thing many times but the other example I only had to see once. It shocked me that after all the fighting against rip-off festivals that has been going on in Toronto, there should have been so many would-be crashers at Mariposa, all of them, no doubt, out to bust another rip-off. None of these people understand Mariposa and what is worse, none tried to. They equated this festival with volunteer workers and entertainers earning Union Scale only (Joni Mitchell got \$150.) to Eaton-Walker get-rich-quick schemes where the groups got thousands of dollars. They didn't consider that Mariposa is the ultimate peace festival where that kind of violence, especially because it was so uncalled for, is only abhorrent. That whole group took no time to think. They saw a festival and decided to crash, proving Michael Cooney right when he said all they wanted was something for nothing.

It really makes me sad to see a revolution that was getting off so well start to fall to pieces because its group of leaders decided to turn into an unthinking mob. Kunstler advised us not to split on tactics, but lack of thought is not tactics, it is stupidity. So let's have everyone join equally. Let's have everyone think from now on.

- Lloyd Chesley

Symptoms of idiocy in such squares are palpable. First of all, they exhibit a compulsion to stare at and make fun of any one who appears to be different than they. They view with suspicion anyone who seems to be having a good time. In the final stages, some squares become dangerous—they have been known to go so far as to kill the non-conformist.

The average square's idea of great art is a landscape which looks pretty much the same as the pictorial result any grade-school child could achieve with the aid of a box camera and a roll of colour film. He wouldn't see any beauty in viewing part of the sunset—not unless he knew exactly which part it was. Originality is lost on him. "I may not know much about art," he announces, "but I know what I like."

Of course he does. He's been told what to like.

Squares habitually attend concerts, operas, and the ballet—not because they truly appreciate these cultural activities, but because they feel that they ought to be seen at them. They usually attend church services for the same reason.

Many of today's squares are thoroughly hooked on drugs. Diet pills, aspirin, alcohol, tobacco, barbiturates, and tranquilizers are among the favourites. Many of them will lie, cheat, and even steal to replenish their supply of one or all of these drugs.

The puritan ethic is largely responsible for fashioning some of our worst squares. These unfortunate throwbacks of the Victorian era are innately suspicious of anything which seem in any way to be connected with a celebration of life. Especially sex. If it feels good—it's got to be bad. When and if the female and male of this species ever do get together, the relationship will be consummated only at night—with the lights off, the nightclothes on, and the window shades drawn. The idea is, presumably, to get the whole messy business over with as quickly as possible. Then they can pretend it never happened. Unless of course a pregnancy results from their hasty union. Squares customarily breed at an alarming rate—in spite of expert opinion that our chances for

survival are slim unless people become more aware of the dangers of population explosion and pollution. The former aggravates the latter. But the squares don't seem to be worrying. Perhaps they think that it's not nice to talk about birth control. Or perhaps they feel the need to breed reinforcements. Or they may even believe that such talk is merely a communist inspired plot to undermine the morale of our citizens.

Most squares are lamentably ignorant of present day films and books. Except for those envied few who are able to secure a seat on some censorship board or other, they are forced to denounce nearly everything without any actual first-hand knowledge. They keep their bowels open and their minds closed.

Those on censorship committees usually find that they need a great deal of exposure to the work in question before coming to any decision.

I once heard a female square complain that she was on the receiving end of an obscene telephone call. "I thought he'd never stop talking!" she wailed.

Squares practice hypocrisy so often that it's little wonder they're so good at it.

Throughout their formative years, squares have generally managed to move along without causing any noticeable ripple in the stagnant pools of their traditional schools. They believe whatever they are required to believe.

They invariably manage to get an education without really learning anything.

At the end of the Academic Assembly Line, they roll off the belt, diplomas clutched for dear life. How else could they prove to any prospective employer their capability for doing the job?

Perhaps we should be kind, and try to help those squares who want to be helped.

For the hopeless cases, a feasible answer would be to sterilize them and send them, along with their leader, McKenzie Porter, to Greenland. Then, if not the topography, at least the people of that country will be aptly named.

in
K-to-work

VIEW

AIN'T GONNA BE NO REVOLUTION

For the last few years it has been quite fashionable and in to be part of and to talk about the Revolution, power to the people, up the revolution, etc. Or maybe, 'man, after the revolution we're gonna see an end to all this fucking capitalist bullshit!'

Well, I would hate to be remembered as the one who tried to dispel the now time honored myth (although I don't think I'm the first) but to paraphrase the Gaslight Cafe's famous comedian, Big Julie, "Ain't gonna be no fuckin' revolution!"

I'm not trying to be fatalistic (realistic is enough), but one needs only to look at the facts of who's got the power to come to the chilling realization that the ruling class has all the resources it needs to obliterate any sign of the romanticised blood-letting that the alternate culture has been waiting for. The Chicago 'police riots' and Kent State should be evidence enough of that. The bare fact is that homemade bombs won't stand up to a Sherman tank. And if it comes to a guerilla war, the army would sooner level a fuckin' building than clean out the snipers. Look what happened in Prague and those people were a helluva lot more prepared for a fight than today's average political revolutionary.

So, if you have followed me this far, let me advance an old theory that has been proven time and time again. The Catholic religion says: "Give us a kid until he's six years old and he'll be a catholic all his life." I personally would stretch that to maybe 10 or 12 but the idea is still the same. WHAT THIS REVOLUTION NEEDS IS MORE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHERS! After all, this is the heart of

the capitalist system - teach the young what capitalism is all about. We need to look back into our own childhoods and figure out why we think as we do and desire the life styles we do, and then instill these feelings in our children and their peers. It must be done at this age because even the youth of today - our generation - is too fucked up with capitalism to ever hope to get it together on the scale needed to change society. Oh sure, new heads are flocking to the left by the thousands every day - but by the time we get the numbers that we need, you and me and Abbie Hoffman are going to be sitting in Florida waiting to die! We're talking about millions of fucking people and you just don't recruit those kinds of numbers over night!

So rather than sitting around planning and waiting for a revolt that is doomed before it starts, why don't we start indoctrination of the young - the very young - toward a more just, free, and peaceful society? It would only take maybe twenty years. And if you read the history books you'll find that twenty years is an unbelievably short time for the realization of a mass movement. Besides, wouldn't that be better than many good lives being wasted on both sides of a civil war that would probably end up with more "Big Brotherism" than 1984?

John the Bear

If you have any constructive ideas along these lines please let me know about them through the written word. Anything but 'fuck off' will be greatly appreciated.

UNITY of the LEFT

Unity of the Left is not, contrary to the beliefs of many, a new concept. Nor will the question be quickly and easily resolved. The major obstacle to Left unity does not lie, despite the beliefs of many, in ideological differences. Such differences have been used as an EXCUSE for separation as opposed to the real REASONS for separation by those groups which have fractionalized and/or isolated themselves from other groups. Although unfortunate, the fractionalization and isolationist "policy" of the Left is understandable when placed in perspective to the development of the majority of leftist groups.

For the most part the leftist groups are either completely or partially campus based. The university world is an artificial world. The problems students face are not the same as the problems faced by the other members of the society. While student radicals concern themselves with the quality of their education, the other members of the society concern themselves with how to, and/or how not to be exploited. For the six or so million Canadian Poor, this concern is translated into a question of survival. The artificiality of campus world has naturally resulted in a directional misconception amongst campus based groups. This directional misconception has in turn resulted in two basic, inter-related political organizational problems which I view as being the major obstacles to Left unity and Movement development.

The first organizational problem has been the

inability of groups to properly educate their membership. Campus-based groups have contented themselves by studying ideology. The group is therefore held together or divided by the ability or inability of its membership to reach a consensus on the interpretation of a given theory. When splits occur at this level a group has successfully divided and conquered itself without even getting into battle. It is the over-emphasis of the study of theory which has perverted the Left movement on the campus. It is this "theory concern" which has prompted student "radicals" to direct their attacks against university operations when in reality such attacks, even when successful, do little if anything, to develop the class consciousness of the exploited and oppressed mass. If the campus is to be used as a base of revolutionary activity, student radicals must stop wasting their time and energy — the Movement's time and energy — on degree hunting and petty squabbling. They must start utilizing their position and its full equipment to (a) study revolutionary methodology as well as ideology and (b) develop an awareness of HOW the exploitive and oppressive structures operate. To know that such structures exist and operate is simply not enough. We must know our enemies inside-out and backwards if we are to defeat them. Degrees are not offered in Revolutionary activity.

Education in any political organization must consist of two levels: (1) Experience and (2) Other.

By other, I mean what we see, hear, and read. The Toronto Left seemingly has an over-abundance of this level, although in actuality we haven't seen, heard, or read enough about the right things — relating again to the campus ties.

The Left lacks experience. To date the struggles in which the Left has been involved can best be described as "semi-political", and have constituted no threat to the status quo. Although an improvement over earlier activities, the Left's more recent actions — the May 9th rally, the pop festival attack, the OHC

apartment and McCaul house occupations — have accomplished little, excluding costing the Left and the over-burdened tax payer a great deal of money, and to temporarily remove some of our more overly zealous members from our presence. Our Martyrs are many, but powerless. It is time that we quit kidding ourselves and realize that what we are involved in is not a social outing but a life or death struggle. Capitalism isn't going to be destroyed simply because we want it to be. The Capitalists control ALL the power: it is unlikely that they will give it up without first attempting to kill or imprison everyone who attempts to alleviate the power from them.

The second political organization obstacle to a united Left and Movement development, is inter-related with the first obstacle. Because the direction of the Left has been "misguided — consequently 'safe'" — the people who have been attracted to the Movement lack the perspective through which the struggle must be viewed (power - powerless relationship) and the dedication needed to develop a powerful Movement. I must admit that I wasn't fully aware of the Left personnel problems until I recently attended a meeting to discuss a defense fund proposal. With the exception of our own group and PLUS (the heavier groups were notably missing) what was agreed upon was nothing more than a baby-sitting fund to protect the Movement's children from spending one night to a few months in jail. The possibility of such long term sentences scared the hell out of our "revolutionaries". And rightly so: their heads weren't where their mouths were, nor did they appear to have an incling of how important, serious, or difficult to build a political movement is. As one chap so nicely put it, "two weeks in jail is a long time!"

What can you say to people with this type of attitude, excluding suggesting that they obtain a better understanding of what is involved before they get any deeper into the movement. No person should become involved in any political action which is above the level of their political consciousness. Anyone engaging in an action who does not fully understand why they are doing it and who is not fully aware of the possible repercussions of what they are doing, should not be doing what they are doing. When we take to the streets, we may die in the streets. Unless we are aware of, and can accept this fact, we had better stay out of the streets.

This lack of understanding and commitment to the Movement is due to the nature of the groups which the Left has developed. Our emphasis has been on the development of quantity groups rather than quality groups. We have held meeting, after meeting, after meeting, attempting to explain our position — in an attempt to convert on-lookers who weren't really interested in the Movement: in doing so, we have driven away many who were interested, willing to learn and work, but who weren't interested in being held back or lead by us — the talkers. This situation must be reversed. The "on-looker" group approach must be replaced by an "involvement" group approach. Every Movement member must become ACTIVE in the fullest sense. "Total involvement or no involvement" must become the new catch phrase. Then and only then will we be in a position to know those who are with us and those who are our enemies. Curiosity and "in" group seekers must be driven out of the Movement until such times as they are willing to immerse themselves in involvement. Only then can the Movement begin to function like the well-oiled weapon-machine necessary to combat the Capitalists. To fit into the weapon's mechanism, people must prove that they are truly interested in the Movement — "involvement immersion" can be the only test.

The Left political organizational cycle is simply: immersion means education; education means immersion.

Unity of the Left is essential if we are to survive and win our struggle against Capitalism. However, as Left groups presently exist in Toronto, such a unity would at best be weak. What is needed is a unity amongst those Movement members who view the struggle in its proper perspective, and who are fully committed to the Movement.

If we mean what we say as we raise our fist and chant "Power to the People" we will forget our petty and semantical differences and become a united body of servants to be used by the people as they see fit to use us, in their struggle to obtain power.

The real struggle will be long and hard. We must build in order to be ready for it.

UNITY TO MY TRUE BROTHERS AND SISTERS
and ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

Dave Maxwell



SURVIVAL of the INDIVIDUAL

From the confrontation between the morality squad of the Toronto police and the bookstores down the Yonge Street 'strip'; from the confrontation, on May 4, Between the cavalry division of the Toronto police and the individuals, groups, and mobs protesting the invasion into Cambodia by the United States Armed Forces; from the confrontation between the impoverished, frustrated freak and the Metropolitan Toronto policemen, during the rock festival at the CNE (June 28, 29); to now, right now. And right now, there is still confrontation between the police and the individual; his or her ideals that prophesize social change.

Yet the police are an organization that is under the authority of the law, the judicial system and the government. The functions of the police are to maintain order and enforce the law. The police then must follow the dictum of the law. But laws are rules laid down to control, to regulate and to organize the majority of the people.

Now who makes these laws? Well, people who were a recognized authority or now have the authority to prescribe certain rules to make up the law, that will certainly contain human action. In our democratic society, these people, or the idea they represent, make up the government that the masses elect; so therefore, the elected government is obligated to the needs of the majority. Now, isn't the argument, that in any government, whether it be communist or democratic, the needs of the individual are sacrificed

for the needs of the majority. After all, strict rules, regulations, are tangible laws that are usually generalized to structuralize a society. The only way an individual or a small group can break away from this conformity, is to rebel by indirect or direct confrontation. Thus, if he or she, is not conforming they have a good chance of being ostracized. Yet the governments, the laws, and even the judges proclaim equality for the people, for the individual.

Judges, like the law and the police are also tools. Judges have authority vested in them to be unbiased, impartial, objective and competent; but are subservient to the supreme court which is subservient to government bodies and government officials. But even when viewing a case and then administering justice, he must follow the rigid bias of law.

Justice is also a tool, as are judges, the law and the police. They are tools of an idea, an idea or concept that regarded control over large masses, a necessity. This concept, this system is called government. When the world, when civilization, when the individual was growing and developing, governments seemed necessary. But as the individual has matured, as has his society; as open, violent confrontation becomes more and more a daily occurrence in Toronto as well as in the rest of the world; perhaps democracy and communism aren't needed; perhaps wars aren't needed; perhaps new moral and material values are needed; perhaps then, man can survive.



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Besides cuts and normal wear and tear, are there any other dangers from walking around the city in your bare feet?

"Normal wear and tear" is one of those shopping-basket phrases that makes you wonder if we're all talking about the same thing. Lacerations, both deep and superficial; puncture wounds; bacterial and fungal infections of the skin; corns, warts, bunions and calluses; fractures and crush injuries: is the question meant to include all these possibilities?

There are probably only two things that happen because the walking is in the city rather than in the country. First, burns on the soles of the feet from asphalt and cigaret butts; second, the foot prints you leave behind on floors, rugs, sheets.

The whole question of whether shoes, in and of themselves harm or help the feet seems to me to be unanswerable except in specific situations. If the shoe fits wear it. If it doesn't, go barefoot.

Are there any bad effects from oral-genital contact?

Neither more nor less than from any other form of sexual behaviour. Disease, if present, can be transmitted; guilt if present can be activated.

Cunnilingus and felatio, both heterosexual and homosexual, and involving two or more than two have been part of the human experience for thousands of years. They extend the range and depth of human sexuality incalculably. They give pleasure. They reflect and communicate aspects of our experience to which we are otherwise without access.

We all know, of course, that sixty-nine is regarded by many people as perversion. But that's their problem, isn't it?

What are the symptoms of an ulcer? What positive steps can you take if you think you are getting one?

Nobody knows what causes a peptic ulcer (the term itself refers to the physiological cause, pepsin which is a digestive juice produced by the pancreas). So it's pretty hard to say how to prevent it. It is usual to say that an ulcer is psychosomatic, and that the way to head one off is to reduce stress. In other words, get out of the rat race.

But what is stress? The IBM types (both medical and otherwise) who talk about it use words like "Pressure" and "tension" and "competition", but obviously they have a vested interest in these words. They are in fact saying that the rat race is a good thing, an ulcer is a sign that you are competing. The more it hurts, the more precious the brass ring.

My own definition of stress is the refusal of an individual to acknowledge the difference between his goals and his values. It isn't necessarily the competitor who gets an ulcer; it's the competitor who believes, somewhere deep inside himself that competition is wrong. The man who knows the rat race is bullshit but can't bring himself to get out of it.

As to symptoms, they're variable; an ulcer in the stomach presents with pain before a meal; the pain is regularly relieved by eating, particularly milk and milk products. The more common ulcer occurs in the duodenum, which is the first portion of the gut beyond the stomach, and here the pain occurs both before and after a meal. There are changes in the intensity of the pain but the pattern is the same.

Positive steps: exclude spicy or greasy foods from your diet; cut out cigarets and alcoholic beverages; drink plenty of milk. If all else fails, see a doctor.

Are there any physical ailments which would limit one's smoking grass or hash?

Any disease of the lungs or bronchial tree would be grounds for not using cannabis. Emphysema, bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, respiratory allergies, etc.,

would all fall into this category. Diseases of the heart such as rheumatic fever, pericarditis, syphilis of the heart or aorta, etc.; high blood pressure; or a history of myocardial infection would also be an impediment.

The problem of giving an adequate answer, however, is that all of these diseases are complicated; they're just not the kind of thing one can describe easily. They're also dangerous.

On this account, I would advise against self-diagnosis. If you think you may have a disability involving the organs of the chest, get a medical opinion. And forget about the marijuana until you've got it.

What are the common symptoms of dietary deficiency?

First of all, dietary deficiency means different things, and has different manifestations in different age groups, in various races and for each of the sexes. In infants, the commonest sign is "failure to thrive." The baby just doesn't gain as it should.

In slightly older children, weight gain ceases to be the important consideration. One looks instead for easy fatigability, lassitude, shortening of attention span, etc. Paradoxically, the problem can manifest itself as restlessness and over-activity. The fidgety child may not be simply a pest; he may be undernourished.

In adults, in North America, most forms of long-term dietary deficiency are relatively rare. In the short term, just simply being hungry is the commonest symptom I know.

There are two situations, however, of which one ought to take special note, because they are so common. One is the milk-fed baby. The mother knows the hassles of trying to get her under-two-year-old to eat anything from the table, but reassures herself that since the child is getting 30 or 40 ounces of milk a day, and since he is big and seems to have normal growth and development, he's getting enough. He isn't. He's malnourished and probably anemic, and can be on the way to real trouble. The rule to follow is: no more than 24 ounces of milk in 24 hours. Any more than that is, in my opinion, dangerous.

The other situation is obesity. Most physicians agree that this is malnutrition, and by far the commonest form of dietary deficiency in North America. If you are significantly overweight, you are malnourished. And sooner or later, the malnutrition will create other more serious problems.

Skin, bone, and eye changes, which is what you read in most straight discussions of malnutrition, are in fact, late signs of deficiency. Their discussion does more for the vitamin manufacturers than it does for your rational consideration of your own health.

children ?

"You don't want to have any children? That's not the usual answer that women give when I ask that question."

Damn right, it's not. But then, I'm an unusual woman. Or am I?

A child is born, and is immediately classed as a boy or girl, in blue or pink. Of course, there's always white, since we wouldn't want to make the mistake of spending all those tedious hours knitting blues, which could end up on a girl-baby.

Beginning with the name (Clarabelle is such a cute name! Jeremiah sounds so masculine! Maybe your father would give us some money if we named the baby after him.), the child's future is set - even in "hip" communities.

Children are usually considered as legitimizing one's living situation. If two people are living together, unmarried, then the presence of a child is supposed to indicate that theirs is a "permanent relationship"! If a woman is unmarried, giving birth is a way of proving to the system that she is independent and doesn't need a husband anyway (a bag that some of women's lib fall into).

These are both reactions to approved motives for having children, and neither is an attempt to develop a creative and radical purpose for getting pregnant.

Adoption of a child is out of the question, since in both instances, the adoption agency would not approve the parent(s). Getting pregnant is out of the question. If we are concerned with radical politics, and new forms of living, then we should first deal with our situation without children.

Many communes exist solely for practical reasons. One can live much more cheaply than anywhere else; one has the support (at least in theory, if not in practice) of the other people in the communes; one is not isolated from other people. But structures between individuals are often reinforced, not broken down.

There are hundreds of up-tight freaks and street

people in communes, all living under the fantasy that they are being politically creative. They don't dare look at their own lives for fear of what they would find. They delude themselves by defining their politics as demonstrating against the rip-off culture, or the Vietnam war, and vehemently oppose the politics of liberation which, in Canada, deal not only with external political struggles, but also with the contradictions between individuals, and within an individual.

Because of this, most people's politics are very linearly defined. Political actions tend to be unimaginative and dogmatic. Strategy develops as a reflection of people's one-dimensional mentality.

To go beyond that is difficult, since Western society has not been exposed to the conceptual theories and politics for hundreds of years. The question "Well I, what kind of society do you want?" is hard to answer, because of our linearly structured education and socialization. Just as an alternative is impossible to present in a verbal way, since the English language is very linear, so is a radical politics difficult to verbalize, and just be linked to a radical methodology, perspective and life-style.

Most "political" couples are so unbelievably middle-class in their private lives, and refuse to recognize that the private selves must be changed also. Political women smile, and describe their activities, then end the conversation with "Jack's expecting me to cook dinner" or "Sam goes to meetings all the time, so I have to do the cleaning tonight", or variations on that theme.

Political men smile at the same time as saying, "Jane is so good for me. I can depend on her looking after all the details when I'm involved in reading, going on the picket line, or attending meetings."

One "political" group states openly that the role of the women is supportive - work, preferably in a factory, and bringing in the money, while the man demonstrates, sells newspapers, or goes to meetings.

The other role for her is to talk politically with children, since children can relate to women better.

People who have opted out of traditional institutions must become aware that they must also opt out of traditional, institutionalized life-styles and thought patterns. This must be done in a creative and non-linear way.

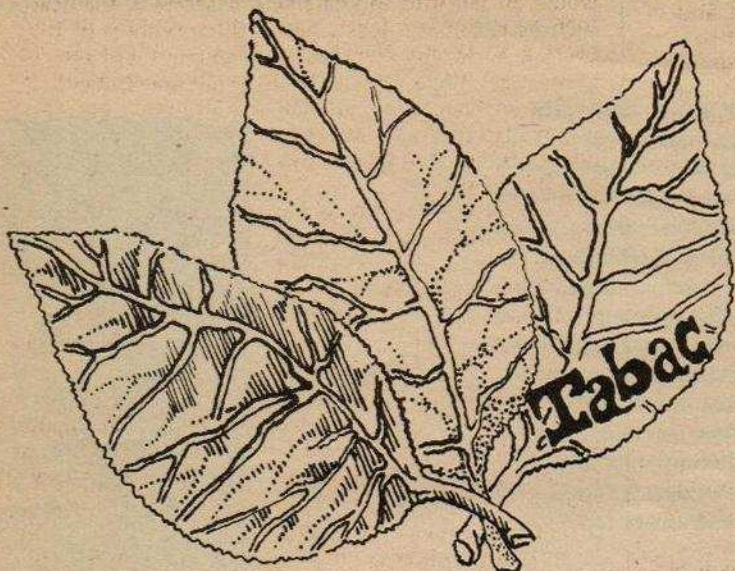
To say "screw the men" or "screw the system" only perpetuates a one-dimensional, reactionary, negative system, and flips the coin from one side over to the other. We must ignore the coin, and find a replacement for the coin, not just flip it to its other extreme.

Bringing more life into the privatized institutions existing between and within individuals is wrong, and merely a reaction which will lead to a totalitarian and fascist state. First bring new life into individual relationships!

Bessie McGee

a child
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the sun
is lost
quick
crys
the mother
a child
cannot
be
free
to
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dissolusioned
by
age
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SO, YOU WANT A JOB IN TOBACCO

doug austen

I just got laid off my regular job, so I suppose in about a week's time I'll be heading for Ontario's tobacco country ("We dont drink; we dont smoke: Norfolk! Norfolk!") This will be my seventh harvest and it occurred to me that perhaps some of you were pondering the possibilities of getting a job in tobacco and deriving the benefits of fresh air, good food, big wages, etc., but that perhaps also you were hesitating on account of inexperience, paranoia about hard work and stuff like that. Maybe I can give you a few helpful hints, using the tried-and-true straight man/wise man format.

Is tobacco work all that hard?

Yes. It is the hardest work I've ever done. However, it does not take great physical strength. What it does take is the mental ability to ignore pain — an art which heads develop as easily as most. Furthermore, if you go down to tobacco about the time that this issue comes out you will miss all or most of the sand leaves; the worst part of the harvest. Sand leaves are the bottom leaves of the plant and ripen first, necessitating your starting off the harvest walking about fifteen miles a day with your nose ploughing a furrow in the (hot) ground. If you head for tobacco in the next week you will miss that particular delight.

How do I get a job if I dont have experience?

Offer a little more than the next guy. For instance, rather than take the normal recourse of lying to the farmer about your (lack of) experience, tell him straight off that you've never "primed" (not "picked") tobacco before but you're keen to try, and, in order to demonstrate this, you are willing to work a day for free. I dont know of a farmer in Norfolk County who wont accept that kind of deal, unless it's one of those crazy Belgians. (Stay from mailboxes with names like Bezak or Bartzin — these cats are the greatest con artists around: they cheat you out of your harvest bonus and then spend all winter boasting to their neighbours about how much income tax they have to pay.)

Oh, if you dont have a car to get around to the farms find a friend who has one to put at your disposal.

Dont depend on the Manpower Centers in Simcoe, Delhi or Tillsonburg — they just get you jobs with Belgians anyway. There are plenty of single and double openings on good farms after the first two weeks — the dropout rate from sandleaves is high. A good farmer can always get by with pickup local help until somebody who wants permanent work comes along.

How do I keep the job once I get it?

The evening before you start, after you get settled into the bunkhouse, go out into the tobacco fields, out of sight of the house and barns. Whe you're sure nobody's looking, duck in about six rows, bend down, and attempt the following procedure:

- (a) reach behind the plant with you're forefinger and snap off the lowest hind leaf.
- (b) bring the forefinger on around the stem, taking the next low leaf.
- (c) continue sweeping around the stem, hooking off the third low leaf with your thumb.

It's all one motion. Practice it while taking one step to a plant. Walk in a semi-squat, dont keep your legs straight or you'll be a stretcher case by 10 o'clock the next morning.

Concentrate on the rythm and dont worry about the edurance; that will come with technique. With each step slap gently the three leaves from the previous plant under your non-priming arm. When there's a horse-drawn 'boat' in the field you will drop your armload ('bundle') into it but for this evening of practice just lay them in a row. When the gang goes through that field again the next morning, there will be a big hassle about which idiot primed ahead on his row and then forgot to put his bundles in, but since you weren't there, you wont be involved. The tobacco will probably still be curable.

Buy some wet gear (a heavy raincoat does nicely) before you go down (local harvest prices are a joke). Also, some linament. Your ass (not your back) will be sore for three or four days — after that it sort of goes numb...

Is the money that good?

Eighteen to twenty dollars a day, six to seven days a week, room and board free (dr in return for taking

out kiln and/or unloading wagons). You should gross six to seven hundred dollars on a normal six week harvest. Most farmers offer a dollar-a-day bonus plus a harvest party (deluxe eating and drinking) if you stay for the whole shebang. About one quarter of the farms have priming machines now, in which case you may be offered only thirteen to sixteen dollars a day. Personally, I prefer to walk for the extra bread.

Are the farm boys difficult to deal with?

No, you can usually outsmart them. They have a language all to themselves and once you learn the verbal cues you'll be okay. For instance it's good policy to say somewhere in the first few days, within earshot of all your fellow primers, something like:

"I never start it, y' know, but I never fuckin' well back off from it either."

This is analagous to a dog pissing on a fire hydrant and is expected of you — after that you're one of the boys, as long as you don't start using four-syllable words. If you do run across a bona-fide heavy, some one who wants to find out if you will back off, dont waste any time talking. Hit him as h rd as you can while he's still going through the pre-fight verbal ritual, preferably on the end of the nose. Nine times out of ten that will end hostilities and that tenth time you were probably going to get creamed anyways.

If on the other hand, you dont think you could bring yourself to do something as animalistic as all that, you can always try cultivating the friendship of the biggest guy in the gang.

Why would anybody put themselves through to that extent for \$110 a week?

I dunno, man. There are those who suscribe to hitting your-head-against-the-wall theory (it feels so good when you stop) but that's only part of it for me. You discover you have mental and physical musclature, for one thing. All that fresh air, hard work and good food. You meet lots of interesting people, too, but none of these things are the whole story. I suppose... because it's there.

So I'll see you all down in tobaccy, John Wayne fans.



CRAZY DAVID'S

STORE

posters
pipes
tie-dyes
jeans

full line of dirty

T-shirts
Underground Paper

Headquarters

COFFEE HOUSE

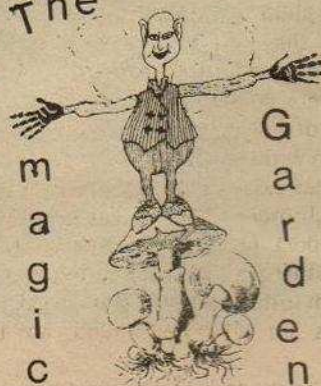
PEACE & QUIET

real trees

The

fresh air

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green grass

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sun deck

mosport

Put some bleachers out in the sun

The promise has been offered. To some at Mosport, it was fulfilled; to others it was shattered. Our concern is with the failing promise.

The first news of the festival was a rumour a week before the event about "heavy" music coming to Mosport. Next, ads over the radio for the Strawberry Cup motorcycle races (and contemporary music). In the underground, word from the street organizations such as the Toronto Free Youth Clinic was that John Brower was involved and actively screwing them. He had offered \$20,000 to various Toronto street organizations to organize the medical facilities at the original Strawberry Fields in Moncton. The offer was again extended at Mosport. However, as of the Wednesday before the festival, no money had been forwarded and it was clear that these groups would have to assist at the festival at their own expense. Nothing like creative capitalism to get something for nothing. Injunctions fail and the festival goes—we're off to listen to our music directed by John Brower.

Friday evening and we stack our nine selves like cordwood into a pickup truck. It feels like a pilgrimage to the last frontier. Would it be a Powder Ridge fiasco; promoters running every which way slicing the bread; zero bands and facilities; shit dope messing heads? Or could peace, love and music prevail in spite of John Brower?

The backroads communities flash by as we shiver silently in the truck. Our route effectively takes us to the knots of Ontario Provincial Police clustered around the site. It is 11:00 PM and the gates are closed. However, there is a PRESS gate. Anxiety - can two pieces of Guerilla cardboard get nine people through this gate. I've got to talk and anticipate a heavy I.D. bullshit hassle. But security is one of us and he waves us all in - another victory for the working press.

You've clearly got to make your own way in this scene. The situation is wide open - in fact as the weekend progresses it will be clear that no-one has an overview of all the simultaneous events - each person carries some splinter of the total picture with him. The infield concert area is a smoke filled chasm of darkness; meagrely lit by hundreds of small fires. The itinerant peddlars are everywhere - everything for your head can be bought for a price. Their hawking is heard clearly over a faceless and confused crowd.

The word is that Jethro Tull and Melanie have already performed excellent sets - could this be possible! We settle into a small clearing in the field near a line of outdoor toilets and the next act is announced. Bonnie and Delaney and Friends are out there in the flesh. The sound system is unkind but the crowd savours the appearance of a long promised big name act. Jose Feliciano is tonight's friend but it is hard to distinguish his contributions. Bonnie and Delaney punch out their southern harmonies but the audience remains unmoved.

I believe another band follows. It is clear that, musically at least, few groups at these concerts stink.

They all have their 'concepts' - some largely borrowed, others still embryonic - and the groups which at some moment capture the audience fancy will emerge from the festival.

The wailing electricity of Mountain is next and they work up quite a frenzy for 2:30 A.M. Much of the crowd is by now prone and their response can't move Mountain any higher. Scheduling problems will continually plague us in the coming days. Some of the finest bands are kept off the stage until both they and the crowd are physically and emotionally drained and thus both go largely unappreciated. Mountain quit around 4:00 A.M. and a clammy mist settles over the largely prone crowd. A heavy dew falls and those sleeping in the open will rise with scattered coughs.

There is no rest - the loudspeakers are cackling around 9:30. The people, after being requested to pay \$15 for admittance into this "free" zone must now pull together the pieces of a festival that the promoters bungled completely. "People for security" "You people must clear the track" "Help distribute food to your Brothers and Sisters", alternate commands and appeals squawk over the field. The heat is already oppressive in the infield bowl and the dust from the sandy loam parching many throats. The stench and sight of the johns is horrifying and an air sullen frustration soon follows the harassing announcements.

The promoters outline how imperative it is for them that we clear the track for the Canadian Motorcycle Association races. The two bodies are uncomfortable partners. The bike riders, well conciliatory toward the well mannered crowd, have visions of crunching through a track filled with dope freaked junebug kids.



The crowd, many of whom read the ads in their paper could not care less about the promoters harp, they respond. The unholy alliance M.A. has its insurance card steward says the crowd is "Players". After seemingly some maverick riders go to "race". The shaken promoted commitments are cancelled by the sham.

The sultry afternoon contradictions to the surf being "free" after we obey popsicles hit 25c/ and sold for \$25. Signs such as "free" appear as a girl reporter who button listens attentively to an honest bride of the Two police officers, on the they command the crowd about the drug situation. drug scene to a police officer than menacing. The storm media - only the wire service radio people have access to.

And the music continues the Shondells and minus country rock set. The head crowd is unable to respond; the P.A. plays Strawberry still the crowd is hushed vibrations.

'Cinera' is the only somewhat through their music. The female vocal work behind her effective sunshine.

'Fat' is next and his arouse much interest. He an hour and a half and pe to rest for the long evening



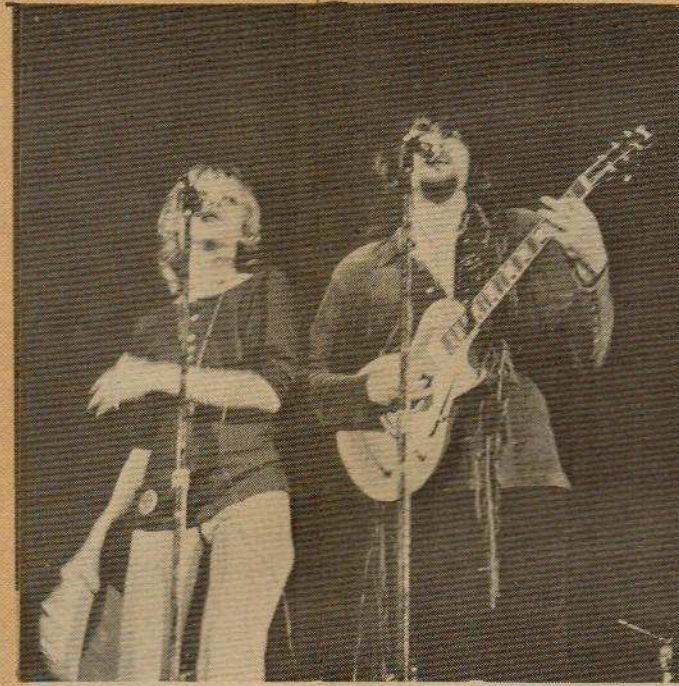
Put some bleachers out in the sun and set them up on Highway 401.
DYLAN?

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The crowd, many of whom are from the States, have read the ads in their papers for a music festival and could not care less about any "fucking bike race". The promoters harp, the fatigued crowd attempts to respond. The unholy alliance breaks down as the C. M.A. has its insurance cancelled although a track steward says the crowd is "more peaceful than at Players". After seemingly endless drival over the P.A. some maverick riders go through a five lap "practice race". The shaken promoters hope that their advertised commitments are covered but the heads are insulted by the sham.

The sultry afternoon continues to bring further contradictions to the surface. The P.A. speaks of being "free" after we obey their rules as the price of popsicles hit 25c/ and short ounces of grass are pushed for \$25. Signs such as "free acid for chicks who ball" appear as a girl reporter wearing a women's liberation button listens attentively to bands singing about making an honest bride of their favorite roll in the hay. Two police officers, on the outside, are bewildered-they command the crowd for its politeness and ask about the drug situation. A weird scene-explaining the drug scene to a police officer who is more inquisitive than menacing. The story is beyond the underground media-only the wire services and hard news T.V. and radio people have access to backstage.

And the music continues. Hog Haven-formerly the Shondells and minus Tommy James- do a good country rock set. The heat is too punishing and the crowd is unable to respond. Roses fall from helicopters; the P.A. plays Strawberry Fields Forever but still the crowd is hushed more fatigue than love vibrations.

'Cinera' is the only group able to stir people somewhat through their Jefferson Airplane style of music. The female vocalist is excellent and the group work behind her effectively. Too bad they sing in the sunshine.

'Fat' is next and his set is too repetitious to arouse much interest. He hangs out there for perhaps an hour and a half and people take this opportunity to rest for the long evening ahead.

In rock 'nighttime is the fires flicker and the coloured sp Fireworks blossom sporadically other chemicals charge the audi feature is the Youngbloods. Th working through quiet folk and crowd rouses itself for 'Hippe f excellent parody of Merle Hag Muskokie'. They catch the c for community and search f their irreverant approach to s sing-a-long follows and the Yo performance with 'Smile on Yo play with the melodic line-not exactly-and the unfamiliar sou to listening. A pretty daring ap hit.

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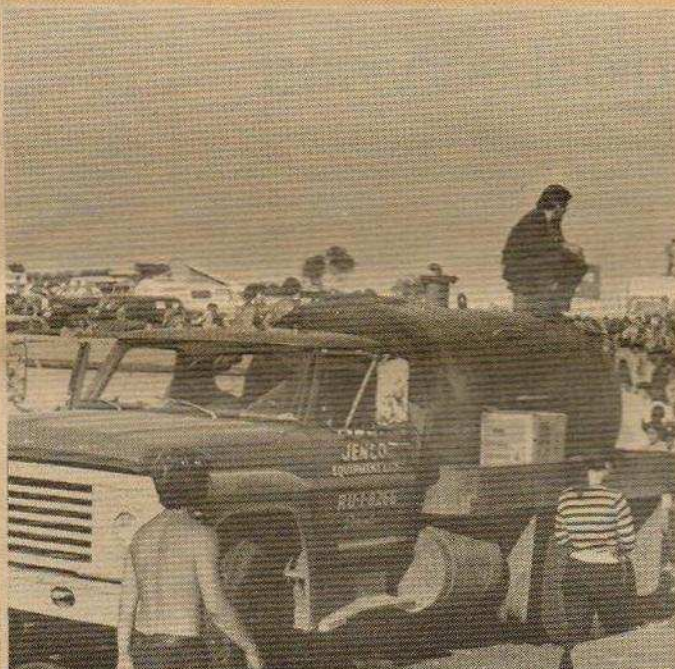
And set them up on Highway 401.
DYLAN?



In rock 'nighttime is the right time'. Again the fires flicker and the coloured spotlights fan the crowd. Fireworks blossom sporadically and adrenalin and other chemicals charge the audience. The first major feature is the Youngbloods. They are restrained, working through quiet folk and country lines. The crowd rouses itself for 'Hippe from Olinda', an excellent parody of Merle Haggard's 'Okie from Muskokie'. They catch the crowds mood; their desire for community and search for a common identity and their irreverant approach to staid America. A repeat sing-a-long follows and the Youngbloods then cap the performance with 'Smile on Your Brother'. They play with the melodic line-not duplicating their record exactly-and the unfamiliar sound hushes the crowd into listening. A pretty daring approach for a top 40 hit.

Jose Feliciano follows and his performance is right on. Guitar lines twinkle around his raspy voice or explode into statements on their own. The audience is enthralled and delighted as he goes through 'Light My Fire', 'Hey Jude' and his other unique interpretations of current music. With an easy understanding, Jo se leads us through a wry 'Don't Bogart That Joint' and then does his rarely heard 'Star Spangled Banner'. A great set.

It's now around 1:00 AM as the evening mist settles and the crowd feels the fatigue of a long day. Other acts follow - Luke and the Apostles do a largely electric set - but the crowd cannot be stirred. As dawn approaches, Crowbar takes the stage. Again, poor scheduling deprives the



audience of an excellent set. Crowbar shows the effect of their long wait; the sound man is too tired to mix them properly and the crowd is mostly asleep. Still Crowbar is very up and coming, doing excellent ensemble licks behind the unique harp of King Biscuitboy. Their performance peaks with a sly look back at 'Over the Mountain' and a fine version of 'Biscuit's Boogie'. Too bad we couldn't get together earlier in the day.

Sunday follows Saturday's pattern. Cackling reveille over the P.A. at 10:00. Hoarse coughs and unwashed bodies. Putrid johns. Brown bread and cheese for the third time. Shove it. Roll into town to slow down. The day passes in restful oblivion.

Music again at night. HOg Haven is up again and repeats Saturday's set. It's clean music, if somewhat limited, and the crowd goes with it through 'Willie Mae' and 'We All Go Down' and demands an encore. The band sheepishly confess that they have delightfully exhausted all their original material but they will do Neil Young's 'Cimmamon Girl'. The band is ecstatically vibrating and the crowd matches their energy and creates more. A very human experience.

Procul Harem's set is schizophrenic. They perform their older material but appear to shy from its preteniousness. The attempted mysticism is ineffective. They are more at home with their new blues material and do an excellent

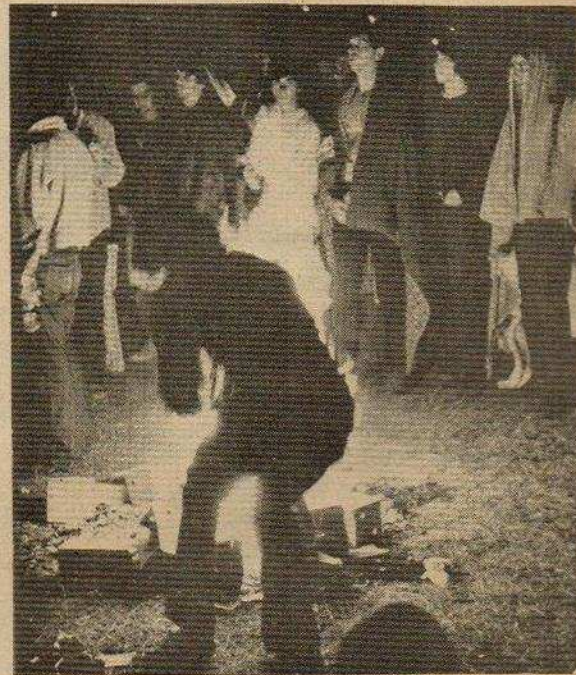
'Lucille' complete with pounding Jerry Lee Lewis Piano. A more concrete direction is needed to clarify their identity.

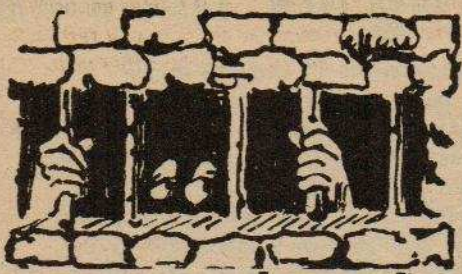
Out of Led Zepplin and the Pack is born a three headed brown turd called Grand Funk Railway. We are respectfully 'requested' for a standing ovation as it settles on the stage. Amplifiers soon are whining under the strain of repetitious feedback licks. The guitarist dances in a frenzy of hype 'creative intensity', the bass plods along as the jack hammer tempo drones on. The drummer unpacks a number of 'heavy' solos that a professional could cover in a week. Only the lead guitar salvages one or two pieces from the morass. It's hard to decide which is worse - their bullshit lyrics or choreography. The worst piece of hype ego tripping I've ever heard. And the crowd gets off.

Well, its 1:00 and we're too beat to endure much more. It's out to the car and collaps in the back seat. I miss Sly's show at 5:30 but I hear that even he couldn't buzz the crowd and finally does some uncharacteristically sedat material.

There is an impression of the long awaited three day pop festival. Perhaps it is too derogatory -if we have understood the game more throughly perhaps we might have successfully "adjusted". But when promoters who are essentially out of our culture attempt to shill us on a \$15 'ticket to freedom' and then define that freedom in raps on repressive responsibility, our outrage is justified. John Brower is a false profit. He would promise us the fields of waving grass but he lays us down in arid stubble.

John McDonald





survival places to crash

Project Ossington, (536-0244), Queen at Ossington... shower is available.

Central Y, (921-5171), 40 College St. E. 25¢ for a bed and 25¢ for breakfast if you have it. Shower is available.

free food

If you are working you can get a bagged lunch in the morning from the Scott Mission, 502 Spadina.

You can get free food at the Fred Victor Mission, 147 Queen Street East

At the Good Shephard Mission, 412 Queen Street E. the meals start at 3:30 pm, seven days a week.

The Grotto, (can't find the address), serves hot dogs etc. in the evening and has TV and ping pong facilities.

The Stepping Stone at Avenue Rd. and Davenport, serves free coffee and donuts in the evening.

cheap food

Vesta Lunch at Bathurst & Dupont is open all night and is cheap

Kum Ling Chop Suey on Dundas in Chinatown has good, cheap chinese food: bowl of rice-15¢ and pot of tea-12¢

Lakeview Fish & Chips, 1177 Dundas St., is a grocery store for food from India and it has very cheap spices.

Franklin's Cut Rate Cigar Store on Queen Between Soho and Spadina has the cheapest tobacco and cigarettes.

Two good but inexpensive restaurants are Peter Pan Restaurant at Soho and Queen and Golden Grill restaurant at 90 Queen Street East.

Two damaged goods stores that are open all day Thursday, Friday, and Saturday are: Usher's Surplus Food Ltd., 1267 Queen St. W., and Usher's Other Place, 169 Queen St.

The cheapest meat market in town is Sherbourne Meat Market, 228 Queen St. E. The meat is good and the prices are low.

If you are on your way to Ottawa, you will probably go through Smith Falls. Take five and find Main St. E and Bay St. There is a dairy bar there called Tye's Dairy & Milk Bar Ltd. and for 15¢ you can get a big double scoop ice cream cone. For a quarter you can get 3 big scoops. It's really good ice cream and they have about 25 flavors.

A sandwich for 25¢! No, I hadn't heard of that before either. But on the corner of Dundas and McCaul streets, there is a store called the Ilona Meat Market. When you walk in, you'll see a basket filled with Kaisers opposite the counter. Take one or two of whatever to the meat counter at the back. Don't hassle the man cause he's sometimes grumpy. (Hassling only worsens his day and spoils yours) He does one sandwich at a time and they consist of ham, salami or Italian sausage --- with or without cheese, lettuce or mustard. These sandwiches are very good for a quarter.

Try any supermarket on Monday morning as soon as it opens, since bake goods, bread etc. go very cheap.

The Sherbourne Meat Market has a friend; Popular Butchers and Meat Products has really good meat at cheap prices too. Their humble abode is at 871 Dundas St. W., and I would strongly suggest that you try them.

There is an Oriental Indian restaurant at Pape and Carlaw (north of Queen) where you can get vegetable curry for 35¢ and a full course meal for a dollar. This is one third the cost of this food at any other Indian restaurant.

The Parkside Grill, 695 Queen W., just west of Bathurst on the south side, has good food and is cheap.

You can get bread for 25¢ at Christie and Barton across from Christie Pits and at Victa variety (a white French Loaf for 25¢)

Right next to the Toronto Dominion Bank, 2 blocks north of the Rosedale Subway Stat. there is a store that sells rolls and sandwiches for 25¢ and potato salad for 15¢.

Near there is a place that sells coffee for 10¢.

'The Outside Inn' coffee house at Woodgreen United Church neighbourhood house, 875 Queen East, sells coffee for 5¢ a cup. (The admission is free and there is entertainment almost nightly). Also in the mornings from 9:30-11:30 there is a free play school Monday thru Friday

medical services

Two good free clinics are the Toronto Free Youth Clinic at 252 Dupont (near Spadina) open 24 hours and the Drug Clinic at 12 Madison.

Birth Control information can be obtained from the U of T Birth Control Clinic at Harbord and Spadina (above the Royal bank). Their hours are from 7 to 9 PM on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Similar information can be obtained at Planned Parenthood, 96 Eglinton East (birth control advice-- 698-7781).

The abortion referral number is 533-9006

Free dental work MAY be obtained at SHOUT (Student Health Organization, University of Toronto) at 64 Augusta st.

Free VD clinics are located at the following hospitals

TORONTO WESTERN Outpatients Bathurst st. entrance Rm. 27, North End Phone 369-5131

Monday-- female gonorrhea, 8:30-9:30 AM

Tuesday-- male and female syphilis, 5-6:30 PM
male gonorrhea, new cases, 5-6:30 PM

Wednesday-- female gonorrhea, 8:30-9:30 AM

Thursday-- male syphilis and gonorrhea, 5-6:30 PM
Female syphilis 5-6:30 PM

Friday -- female gonorrhea, 8:30-9:30 AM

HOSP: FOR SICK CHILDREN 555 University Ave. Phone 366-7242

WEDNESDAY--- male and female syphilis and gonorrhea, 9-10 AM

WOMEN'S COLLEGE HOSP: Outpatients, 76 Grenville st. Phone 966-7211

Monday -- male and female syphilis and gonorrhea 5:30-7 PM

Wednesday-- male and female syphilis and gonorrhea 5:30-7 PM

Friday-- male and female syphilis and gonorrhea, 5:30-7 PM

ST' MICHAEL'S HOSP: Outpatients Victoria ST. Rm. 21. first floor Phone 360-4935

Monday-- Syphilis and gonorrhea, 9-10 AM

Wednesday-- male syphilis follow-up, 9-10 AM
Mka

male gonorrhea, 9-10 AM

female syphilis follow-up, 9-10 AM

female gonorrhea, 5-5:30 PM
male syphilis and gon. 5-5:30 PM
female syphilis, 5:30-6 PM

free stores

Ward 5 and 6 Community Free Store is open Monday to Saturday, 2 PM to 5 PM at 252 Dupont, the rear of the Toronto Free Youth Clinic. This store has clothes and some household things, and it needs men's shoes, coat hangers, paint and a baby stroller.

summer non-cooking

Cooking when it's hot and sticky is a bummer, and it's also very unnecessary. Nutricious, tasty and interesting food can be prepared with no more hassle than boiling water. For instance;

SPICED SALMON

- prepare a small can of salmon by draining it, running hot water over it the fish to remove excess oil, and draining it again.

- bring the mixture of 1/2 cup of cider vinegar and 1/2 tsp. whole cloves, 1/2 tsp. whole allspice berries, 4 peppercorns, a pinch of salt, and a pinch of sugar (you can put the spices in a bit of cheesecloth or an empty teabag if you are fussy) to a boil

- pour the spice and vinegar mixture over the fish and let it sit, covered, for an hour or two. (chill it if you want)

You can also 'beat the heat' (sounds like kicking cops) by doing the hot work when it's cooler, like in:

BROWN RICE SALAD

- have on hand some cold cooked rice (I'm assuming brown rice, though you can use white rice if you're allergic to health)

- add to the rice some chopped vegetables, like maybe onions, and celery with some green pepper for colour.

- tie it all together with mayonnaise, sour cream, or yoghurt. Season with salt. (This is one recipe you can really take off on. Add anything you want to the rice; seeds, nuts, meat, other vegetables anything! And it doesn't have to be rice, either. It could be cooked macaroni, cold cooked potatoes, or bread crumbs if you're really flat. We've made it with cold cooked spaghetti tossed with oil, topped with tomatoes, onions, celery and green pepper, all chopped and tossed with vinegar, basil, and salt. And with some grated cheese on top it's a really freaky plate of cold spaghetti with tomato sauce.)

Now for something to drink. There's always iced tea, iced coffee (the gift of the gods), lemonade, and Uncle Ernie's Super Cheepy Guaranteed artificially sweetened, coloured and flavoured sody pop. There's also:

TEA PUNCH

- mix up a small can of frozen lemonade concentrate according to directions

- bring to a boil one cup of the lemonade and add 2 tsp. of loose tea (black is beautiful), and let it steep for 3 minutes

- strain it, and add to the rest of the lemonade.

- serve on ice

These three dishes (well, really two dishes and a pitcher) together make a great cold summer meal, maybe with some sesame seed bread wafers, or even some groovy Stoned Wheat Thins to round it off. Good eating!

- and remember healthy body, healthy mind (take your pick)

Peace thru Food
Connie and Bil Darfler

**LAW
LAW
LAW**

By Clayton Ruby
who carries on the practice
of law in the City of Toronto

Question 2: Next month it is doubtful that we will be able to pay our rent. What help can we get from the law?

Property is sacred. And it is therefore not surprising, since our legal system expresses this proposition with religious fervour, that the law is generally of no help. Nevertheless, new legislation in Ontario gives the beginnings of protection to the tenant, and requires at least the rudiments of fair dealing within the context of that reverence for property which so alters and disfigures our lives. Thanks for this legislation are due to the militancy of Tenants' Unions, especially those in Toronto.

The Landlord and Tenant Act provides that where you have no written lease, the landlord can require you to vacate the premises by giving you, where you pay your rent monthly, one month's notice. He need not specify any reason, or indeed have any reason whatsoever, so long as he does not discriminate on grounds of race or religion, etc. Long hair is unfortunately not included.

Where you are unable to pay the rent in any given month, the landlord can request you to vacate the premises immediately.

However, the landlord can no longer physically throw you out, or change the lock on the door just because he wishes to and because you haven't paid your rent. Under the new Landlord and Tenant Act, he's entitled to "evict" you only when he has a writ of possession that has been issued by the County Court. This takes some time, and it is not without difficulties for the landlord. He must apply to the Court, citing in his application the grounds upon which the tenancy agreement is alleged to be terminated (e.g. non-payment of rent). The Judge will then appoint a time and place for a hearing of the matter between you and the landlord, and the landlord must personally serve you with a copy of the application together with a notice of the appointment for the hearing.

That is, he must find you, and he or his agent must hand you a paper physically. This may have its own problems.

You are then entitled to attend at the hearing and to state the reasons for which you are disputing the landlord's right to take possession. If you have not paid your rent, you will almost certainly be evicted. However, the Court may make or deny the order for the writ of possession which the landlord seeks, and it may give other relief as it deems to be just and right in the circumstances. A lawyer must be consulted in any attempt to find out what the Court is likely to do in your particular case.

In sum, then, the law is not going to help you at all if you don't pay your rent. But the fact that the landlord has to go through considerable hassles in order to get you out of the apartment means that some reasonableness into the relationship between landlord and tenant.

the landlord might find that it makes economic sense to him to allow you some time to pay rather than to proceed to court as he must do otherwise. In other words, it gives you something to negotiate with provided you have reasonable prospects of being able to pay him. It may be that the law will thereby inject

Question 3: I am writing an article with the intent to expose some person and/or institution, and use such wording as "it appears to be" or "it seems that" or "I heard that". Does this phraseology prevent anyone from slapping me with a libel suit?

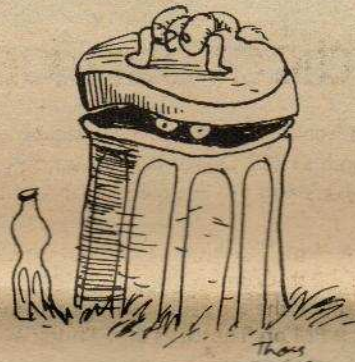
There are no neat tricks you can pull to avoid libel. First, one must ask if the words as used are defamatory. In order to be defamatory the words must tend to lower the person who you are writing about "in the estimation of right thinking members of society generally", "to cut him off from society", or "to expose him to hatred, contempt, or ridicule". Yes, they mean middle-class people.

The truth is in most cases a defence of libel, but the details of this defence are complex, and you should consult a lawyer if you have particular

But in any case, mere vagueness of phraseology will not be of any assistance.

- Clay Ruby

Whiter Than White



The other day when I came home from work, I found my wife in the living room of our apartment crying her eyes out. "What happened dear," I asked. "I was down in the laundry room today," she sobbed, "washing out some of your shirts and underthings and I forgot." "Forgot what?" I asked. "I forgot about the detergent I was using. It was awful." "What was awful? I asked patiently. "I used an old fashioned phosphate detergent and the clothes came out white!" "Oh no," I groaned. "Real white?" "Whiter than white," she blubbered. I was horror stricken. "How many people saw the clothes?" "Four women. But it's probably all over the building by now. They... they booed and hissed when I took the clothes out of the drier." "Oh boy," I moaned.

"And if they're that white I won't be able to wear any of them. I'd get the same treatment at the office."

A little later when we'd both calmed down a bit, I came up with an idea. "I don't see any vigilante groups forming so I think we'll be safe for a while yet. Later tonight," I told her, "I'll sneak the laundry out to a laundromat down the street and rewash it with something dark. Then it'll come out gray and nobody can prove a thing!"

My wife began smiling since the first time I got home. "By the way," I asked. "Did you have any of that old phosphate detergent left over?"

"Yes," she said laughing. "But don't worry. I flushed it all down the toilet..."

Comic as Thesis

That part of art, particularly the visual, that has been outside the pale of Establishment Art, has often been prophetic. Science-fiction (still out) is the obvious example.

Bubble-gum cards and "comic" - "books" of the 30's were even more accurately predictive. The reflective observer of comics collectors' displays might have noted as much, even if his memory did not extend so far back.

In 1937, for example, the bombing of the USS Panay at Shanghai, and the dive-bombing of Guernica (there were TWO wars going on then, children!) were celebrated in bloodthirsty and inaccurate detail several times over, in both comics and gum-cards.

Then, during World War II, the demands which had been made by the artisans of the cards and comics, for revenge in *Blut und Ehre* became, in hardly more restrained language, official government propaganda.

As aesthetic objects, comics and gum-cards are negative. How much attention most children paid to the contents, I don't know; I read with delicious horror because this was forbidden fruit, liable to

instant confiscation. The Baseball hero biographies, of course, were studied by the boys as they never studied texts.

Girls almost never bothered with gum cards, and seldom with comics. But the primary appeal of the gum cards and comics appeared to be their garishness and their consequent liability to forbiddance by Authority, on aesthetic grounds.

Should one wonder where the recent rage for Iron Crosses and *Wehrmacht* helmets came from, among motorcycle bums, he should look to the very unfunny "comics" of five to ten years ago, when World War II began to be fought all over again.

Maybe someone plugging for his PhD in sociology at a university could make a thesis out of the predictive values in comics. Trends in social attitudes are most clearly visible in "folk" art. The comics collectors would no doubt gladly collaborate, for the cachet of intellectualism!

George Norman



Children's Liberation Front

The children's liberation front, meeting in secret session recently, came out with a united stand strongly condemning the role of parents in today's modern society.

Summing up the feelings of the group, one 8 year old said, "We resent being brainwashed by our parents into accepting a cultural, educational and religious set up which we will only have to reject in later life. It's such a waste."

Another 7 year old added, "Our whole upbringing is at variance with the reality of life and only forces us to turn hippie as soon as we are old enough."

But the strongest condemnation came from an angry ten year old. "Children nowadays," he said, "are sick and tired of being the slaves of their parents and teachers. The 'free school' concept should be extended to take over the whole educational system. And why stop there?" he asked. "Why not a 'free home' concept whereby children pick their parents and dictate to them how they want to be brought up?"

After some discussion, the group decided to seek the services of a public spirited lawyer who could help them draw up a 'Children's Bill of Rights'. Another proposal was to ask the Company of Young Canadians to send in some organizers to help them broaden the base of the group.

However, complete unanimity did not prevail, and as the meeting broke up one 7 year old was heard to wail, "I want my mommy!"

Ann Arbor Blues: The Festival last weekend

Music festivals have become a new kind of spectator sport. The spectator's role is almost as important as the performer's. Half of the reason for being there is to interact in this unique social environment with fellow freaks. Far out! It can be a gas.

The weekend of August 7th, 8th & 9th seemed to be one big festival — Strawberry Fields, Beggars Banquet and Goose Lake. The Beggar's Banquet was a substitute for those who could not get to Mosport, and Mosport was a substitute for those who could not get to Goose Lake. Little did those attending those festivals know, but all of these were, at one time a substitute, and on the other hand no substitute at all for the Ann Arbor Blues Festival. For those people really into music, there was no question that the place to be on August 7th, 8th & 9th was on the Otis Spann Memorial Field in Ann Arbor, Michigan. The social scene was secondary, and consequently was beautiful, with no pretensions.

I could write a volume, and you would never fully understand the musical experience that went down, but I will try anyway.

The performers' list reads like a history of blues. If you're not familiar with some of the names, you should be because their musical licks are being copped by more rock artists than you realize. Friday night's five hour concert featured Roosevelt Sykes, Bukka White, Mighty Joe Young, Jimmy Dawkins, John Lee Hooker and Howlin' Wolf.

Saturday's concert went from about 1 o'clock in the afternoon to 11:30 at night and featured Howndog Taylor, Lazy Bill Lucas, Fred McDowell, Duke Boy Bonner, Luther Allison, Albert King, Robert Pete Williams, Johnny Shines with Sunland Slim, John Young, Dave Alexander, Joe Turner with Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, and Bobby Bland.

Sunday, blues filled the air from 12 noon until about one at night, featuring John Jackson, Papa Lightfoot, Little Brother Montgomery, Carey Bell, Buddy Guy, Otis Rush, Mance Liscomb, Little Joe Blue, Lowell Fulson, Mama Thornton, Junior Parker, and Son House. And this was just the official line-up.



There was more to come! I've simply listed the performers side by side for effect. Seeing all these names together at a blues concert is inconceivable unless you were there. It's like attending a combined Woodstock and Strawberry Fields with the Stones and Beatles thrown in. There was not one bad performance,



all were great, some were outasite. To do justice, I should write about them all, but to do that I'd have to relive the weekend and sadly that is impossible, for there will never be another one quite like it.

The music began with the influential blues piano stylings of Roosevelt Sykes and from that point on we never touched down. "All I've done all my life is picking a little cotton and picking a little piano." Among the songs he has written are "Night Time is the Right Time", and "Driving Wheel".

The unique, deep, rich voice of John Lee Hooker, with his roots in the Mississippi Delta still floating in my head

laughs at what he says and makes you want to love him. Seeing Howlin' Wolf kneeling and stalking around the stage, combining theatrics with blues was too much. The Wolf wrote "Back Door Man" and "I Aint Superstitious", later brought to the Rock masses by the Doors and Jeff Beck.

Fred McDowell's bottleneck guitar

was just fine?

There is nothing like a surprise. Dig this: Mighty Joe Young's band, Alexander on the piano, and the young Luther Allison and Johnny Winter trading guitar riffs in a twenty minute jam. A blues supergroup? They tore up! Ecstasy.

The list is never ending. The slick jazz blues of Bobby Bland, Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson's saxophone whose wailing tone greatly influenced electric guitar stylings of pioneers like T-Bone Walker and B.B. King, the soft subtle sounds of John Jackson, a one time grave-digger who

Then Buddy Guy's dynamic set is interrupted by a surprise visit from a friend — Junior Well! Clowning & chugging scotch & laying out music that was possibly the most energetic of the festival; the distinctive Otis Rush playing his right-handed guitar left-handed, with it backwards and upside down without reversing the strings.

Big Mama Thornton, whose appearance and vocals can knock you out, but let her near a set of drums and you won't believe it! Perfectly ending this incredible festival was Son House who provided at the same time the most touching, awesome and sad moment. Eddie "Son" House Jr. is around seventy years old, and he came out and began a long rap that made him seem lovable and maybe a bit senile. Then he began to play and sing. People listened with awe and reverence as he played riffs on his acoustic guitar that you hear every day by young rock guitarists. He played them like he owned them, and in a way he does. The beautiful finishing touch came when his "Churchy" wife joined him for three gospel numbers. The sadness came when one realized his age, and the fact that many of his blues brothers have passed away since last year's festival and that this great man of the blues will not be heard in person much longer. Thank god

that these people have been recorded! Nineteen sixty-nine claimed "T.V. Slim" Wills; Kokomo Arnold, J.T. Brown, Skip James, Magic Sam, Slim Harpo, Earl Hooker, Otis Spann and Lonnie Johnson. The great men of the blues are getting old, and that is why there will never be another festival quite like this one.

So in a way this festival was a memorial to these dead blues greats, and at the same time an indication that this great musical form lives on.

Being in Ann Arbor for this blues Weekend was an instant education in the form of music which has vastly influenced popular music today.

The festival was well attended, (I'm not good at estimating crowds so I can't say how many were there) but there were not enough people to make the festival break even. A lot of people, obviously, went to Goose Lake instead. Unfortunately. The Blues Festival is run by students at the University of Michigan who love blues, and a huge profit is not the main motive. A large percent of the people who worked as marshalls and on crews were unpaid volunteers. A weekend ticket cost only \$10. My only hope is that they made enough money to be able to have a Festival again next year. I had gotten my 10 dollars worth at the end of Friday night's concert, the rest was a bonus. If there is an Ann Arbor Blues Festival next year, I will be there. I love rock, but no rock festival I've attended can come close to the musical and spiritual experience of this festival.

Oh yes, it was beautiful and sunny each day, the food concessions (fruit, chicken, hot dogs etc.) were efficient, and reasonable, there were no hassles, no technical hold-ups, and sleeping under the stars is a gas isn't it?

Every performer at Ann Arbor received a well-deserved standing ovation, the majority were called back for encores.

Like anything beautiful, you just don't want to let it go.

As the late Otis Spann sang:
"We just can't let the blues die
Blues don't mean you no harm
People we can't let the blues die
Blues don't mean you no harm
I'm gonna move back in the lowlands
That's where the blues came from."

Meanwhile, back at the other festival... things wuz groovy. A full house, free fruit and vegetables, placid cops, lots of dope but an empty clinic, Melanie, Sha Na Na, and general good vibes... Reiner Schwartz paving the way.

Which is some sort of poetic justice as far as the promoters were concerned. When they scheduled their festival, the Mospport thing was just supposed to be a motorcycle race, not an international peace festival as was being claimed in the advertising in the states. Then, a week before their little event was to come off, Marshall Armstrong of FH breaks the story and zowie!... everybody's going to Mospport for a second Woodstock.

But not to worry. All the Saturday editions were carrying scare stories (*Nudes in the Mill Pond*) and talking about possible person-to-person drug searches and two hundred beefy OPP's, and a possible cancellation and stuff like that and ... well, ten thousand

people showed up at Stanley Park and had themselves a good time.

There were the usual fuck-ups, of course. Melanie arrived late and so did her guitar. Procul Harum had English wiring in their equipment and then blew a fuse. Actually all the equipment changes were a drag; a problem that the promoters could overcome if they were to adopt the American practice of having two stages: one for the performance and the other for setting up.

However, let's not quibble. Personally I had a great time. Smashed from start to finish. Lebanese blond. Hooey.

The music varied in intensity. Icarus was solid but unexciting. Melanie was great but I was sitting near the back at the time and there were a lot of folk back there into a socializing thing and I couldn't concentrate. Poco seemed to be a bit mechanical when they started - a Flying Burritos group without the

clarity, but then they finished off their set with what was for me the single best piece of music of the night. IT was one of those things where everybody takes a solo - usually too structured for me to get into - but this one developed naturally, with noticeable lack of ego, to a grand finale featuring the pedal steel operator. I would have to say that that fellow in a few years will be every bit as versatile as Sneaky Pete Kleinow of the Burritos.

Sha Na Na. Words cannot describe. What gets me the most is the obvious fact that they really like that stuff. I can understand that, I was a teenager in the fifties. Songs like *Teen Angel* and *Whole Lotta Shakin'* were the first indications to me that the social structure, thank God, was changing. Sure the lyrics were crap, but the emotion, man, that was something new. Emotion and physical excitement were No-no's back then, it signified that

you were an unfinished adult, yet here were all these Spade-derived songs making number one on WKBW and there was Allan Freed bringing us slinky cats like Chuck Berry in white suits and the Coasters... it spelled FREEDOM. It said there might be something more to life than getting a degree and a house in Scarborough. Yah. We're all going to the Hop.

Procul Harum. By the time they get on it's past one and the bulls are making noises to the promoters about the Sunday noise laws. They play a solid short set, solid, but they feel pressured and you can feel it too. During their last number somebody calls the fire department (there's no fire) and then we all file out under the watchful eye of officialdom.

Oh well, it was late and I was getting a mite sleepy anyways. Time to take my busy head home.

doug austen

ALBUMS

CLOSING THE GAP

by Michael Parks, MGM SE-4646

This is an album you'll either love or hate. I, for one, think it's a masterpiece. It's all country and that may divide outright away. But if you have preconceived ideas about country music based on the aborted attempts of some rock groups or the whinney hee-haw image of country, then you owe it to yourself to listen around and hear the real thing. You could start by getting hold of this album.

Michael Parks was a movie star and now has a popular television series so you may suspect this to be a hype job. Not true. In the notes Parks talks about the music and says: "I think it's authentic". It is. Parks was raised on country music and he KNOWS it.

The key to country music is empathy; you have to grasp the meaning of it intuitively. When Elvis Presley opened in Las Vegas last year some one from the press asked him why he was working with The Blossoms. Presley replied: "Cause they help me get mah feel." This "feel" is what country music is all about and unless you have it the music will remain hollow. Very few from outside the genre seem able to get it. Dylan does. Michael Parks does.

All the songs on the album are simple and unpretentious. They tell a story and they are meaningful. They're about love, the land, childhood, death, going back home.

The first cut is the Woodie Guthrie song "Oklahoma Hills" given a new arrangement by James Hendricks. It features some fine piano and dobro work by Mike Rubini and Jim Burton. Guthrie was down and out in Washington Square, New York when he wrote this and Parks does it justice as the lament of a man anxious to leave the city and get back to the home he knows.

"Won't You Ride In My Little Red Wagon" is another song with innocent imagery which Parks' again interprets with effective slyness. Hold tight when we cometo the hilltop Then We'll coast down that hill just you and me

The opening lines are the best however. They're reminiscent of Peggy Lee's "Is That All There Is". What Mick Jagger calls "marvellously perverse." "Won't you ride in my little red wagon 'Td love to pull you down the street.

He does something with the second line that's really a gas. The inflection is so subtly decadent. You can imagine him singing it with a leer.

There's alot more included: The Ted Wills standard "San Antonio Rose" and the Ernest Tubbs ballad "Soldier's last

Letter." A special delight is "Little Buckaroo" a duet Parks does with his mother who has an incredibly pure voice and sounds exactly like Almeda Riddle.

"Treasure Untold" and "Midnight Wind" are the numbers that are the most important and where the real strength of the album lies. The simple lyrics sung by someone without Parks' grasp of the material, would sound saccharine or banal. Park's sincerity and straightforward rendition captures all the gentle and honest emotion.

The first is about loving from a distance. All the poignancy of being in that situation another time:

I love your sweet face
and your soft smiling eyes

How often the story's been told
but if I could unlock your heart
then I would have treasures untold
"Midnight Wind" captures all the sad resignation of Dylan's "I threw it all away". It's about loving and letting

"Midnight Wind" captures all the sad resignation of Dylan's "I Threw it All Away". It's about loving and letting it slip away and the hope you have that it will all come together again sometime.

Since you've been gone
there's been no one dear
to whisper I love you

Alone with the midnight wind is the motif and to some that may seem cor-

ney; if so, it's too bad. Where is sophistication when your love has gone?

I know some day
we'll love again
so darling won't you try
until you do
I'll wait for you

This is an album for whatever you're feeling. If you're happy it will keep you up. If you're in the throes of a new love it will heighten your joy. But most important if you're down and everything seems shattered around you, there's something you can grab hold of, an intuition that things will get better. That's a hell of a lot to get from any album.

Jim Christy

Eric Clapton and the Yardbirds live with Sonny Boy Williamson

The late Sonny Boy Williamson (no. 2) was one of the oldtime bluesmen reviewers gave up inventing superlatives for. His songs, his singing, his lyrics and most all of his mouth harp were brilliant. I can't begin to describe the poignancy, the eloquence, the subtlety and the finesse that distinguished him.

Eric Clapton is well known as the leader of the cream. Earlier in the 60's, he was one of the Yardbirds, at a time when they were very much into the blues. Clapton's training is on the electric guitar - the city blues of the north, quite distinct from country blues.

Given the opportunity to play with Sonny Boy Williamson, one of the masters of the Delta blues, the Yardbirds accompanied him with awe, supplying background sounds only. However, Williamson clearly noticed their reticence to join in fully, and gave the Yardbirds - primarily Clapton on lead and Jim McCarthy on drums - many opportunities to let loose. Which they did, still with some reluctance, but with the talent the Yardbirds were later known for.

The album is a real treat, a wonderful blending of the old Delta blues with the electronic sound of the city. Williamson was truly the "Wizard of the harp". His music is magical. During the later part of his life, Williamson lived in Chicago, where he developed his country sound to merge with the urban flavor of people like Howlin' Wolf and Otis Spann, with whom he worked. This album was recorded during Williamson's 1963 tour, and consequently favours his earlier rural sound. It is a brilliant effort, truly brilliant.

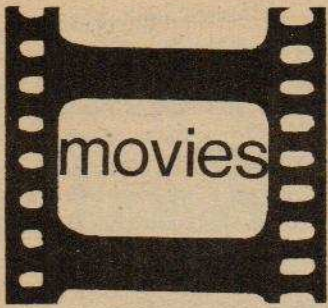
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State of the Industry: Chauvinism

Woodstock, Getting Straight, and Strawberry Statement are three of the worst films I've seen in a long time, each for its own special reason.

Strawberry Statement, and Getting Straight are for people who spend whole evenings identifying with some fifty-year old producer's idea of the Young Revolutionary Hero: Zorro takes up the Great Cause.

In **Strawberry Statement** (everybody's into statements now) Kim Darby and _____, as a couple of fresh young college kids do everything in general and nothing in particular. Since life doesn't seem too hard for either one (their money comes from Somewhere, they have swell clothes, they don't worry about jobs or birth control pills) I can't figure out why they went around perspiring about anything at all. Supposedly a political movie, it avoided politics altogether. That must have made some scriptwriter sweat. There was some mumbo-jumbo about a park for the "little black kids" (I didn't see but three little black kids and they weren't in a park). We have no idea how about ten radicals managed to scrape up four hundred people for the final scene, unless they were paying them scale.

We all know there is a final, apocalyptic scene coming — there's no other way they could get the movie to stop — but *why* people committed themselves and what they expected to get, I have no idea. Maybe it was because

Maybe it was because all the radical women seemed to put out a lot, and the kids wanted to keep this kind of thing going. Kim Darby mutters something heart-rending about "The Movement", but in the end she will put out too, we all know. This is Hollywood, after all. So much for her. **Getting Straight** is a little easier to watch. There are no lingering closeups for the pore inspection. Elliot Gould's problem is that he wants to be a teacher and he is frustrated in this goal by bureaucratic professors and bureaucratic radicals. Candice Bergman, looking like a refugee from Hyannisport, can't make up her mind whether to become a revolutionary or marry a gynecologist. I was hoping against hope she'd take the gynecologist, but no, she joins the movement. Her upper-class helplessness is an insult to every woman in the audience. Every time Gould gets a hard-on for her he pogos over to her lush bed. He grants these favours to many, many other lucky women including a black one. She asks him to name all his favorite books so she can read them and be intelligent (You big strong white man you). Inbetween fucks, Candice wails, "But I want to get married!" She doesn't understand. He has to go out and teach — him and Jesus — the youth of the world.

Getting back to politics, the radical women are portrayed as tough, ugly and shrieking. The black radical is a swaggering parody of the Panthers. The whit radicals are scrawny, hairy, and high on everything from nutmeg to coke. How this collection of reprobates manages to incite a whole campus to riot, and for what, is left to the imagination. But they do; they'll do it every time, seems like. And

stupid old Candice and the terrific old Elliot make it all up with an exciting background of tear gas and clubs. I have seen demonstrations filmed by cretins with hand-held cameras that have more interest than these two movies.

Woodstock is a film which pretends to be a documentary about a social event. But, like the previous two turkeys, the event itself is by the same people who made the festival, hoping to get as much money out of one as they did the other.

Woodstock is a film about money. Lots of money. The self-congratulatory mucus that drooled from the mouths of the promoters ("You're all great kids, just great") comes from the kind of self-confidence that only banking a million can bring. The sheer desperation to put across a certain, artificial, over-the-counter lifestyle (I always use Peace'n'Love, it makes my teeth so white!) makes the frantic and heavy. The music is almost beside the point. Joe Cocker, a fantastic singer, is given short shrift. He looks like he hasn't got a cent. But Tho Who is lingered over. They wear Beautiful Clothes. They smash their guitars in the best example of conspicuous consumption I've seen yet. We can hear the promoter's message behind the music - "See, he's so rich he can smash his guitar! Just look, kids!" If you don't like their atrocious music, then fuck off. Someone else will buy the hype.

It was a movie that was made quickly with poor colour film and the shaky style of a handheld documentary, just to give it that grassroots touch. I suppose the filmmakers-promoters thought anything would do, just as long as the superstars blazed across the silver screen; just as long as people would pay two dollars to see some people who had paid a lot more dollars to see people who were paid thousands of dollars.

Part of what the promoters were congratulating themselves about was that 300,000 people were in the same place for three days and there wasn't a riot. The stars cooperated. "We're a community", they said. I have yet to hear of a community that didn't take care of *itself*. The U. S. Army had to fly in medical relief. The Hog Farm had to feed people. Sanco had to clean out the johns. It is to those brave unsung souls that we owe the fact that there wasn't a riot. A lot of hungry people sliding around in their own shit can get fairly nasty.

But there is never any poverty or winter in the world of the hippie promoter. Everything *has* to be fine — it's *got* to be fine. Aren't things fine? And here's the real stuff, folks. Now it can be told! See, here are the happy, hippie people screwing in the grass. There they are swimming in the nude. The swimmers have to be pushed by the interviewer to the point of desperation before they give the desired answer: yes, we swim in the nude because we are hip. In the ever-consumer world of the commercial hippie-ism, everything is love. Nobody works at it. It just happens. (Forget about Charles Manson.) The stars emote. The audience writhes in adula-

tion.

Which brings me to another point. In all those 3000.000, I can't remember seeing one black, except some of the performers. Black performers are just where they have always been — selling their talents to white promoters for the benefit of white youth. After all, the genesis of rock was black, and the 'drug culture' is merely the discovery of drugs by the middle-class white kids. Grass was known and used by black youth before we were born.

And then on to the last point. Women don't exist for the **Woodstock** filmmaker. Thw bands have no women in them, with the notable exception of Gracie Slick, and she wasn't there. We saw Joan Baez and some black woman in the near foreground of one of the bands. Women are portrayed as the rapid followers of the first available man. They are used, as in the car commercials, to advertise Hippie life in the woods.

With women around to provide genital sex (erotic sex is provided by the male white superstars with their long hair and slinky costumes) and do the dishes, what young white male **wouldn't** want to become a hippie and buy a ticket to Woodstock, or the Festival Express, or an expensive pair of Bellbottoms, or a beaded leather

jacket, or a leather hat, or a sheepskin vest, or....

If we manage to get past the embarrassingly heavy hype of the film, the promoters leave us with a very middle-class lifestyle. The benefits accrue to the patriarchal white male. True love in the grass, glittering and expensive glamour-stars, stupid (but naked) women, an abjectly worshipping crowd that could have been applauding Frank Sinatra. They make it seem so simple.

No one had yet made a film about Altamonte. No one has made a film about Charles Manson, or the head who freaked out on acid in Colorado and ate one of his fellow human beings. No one has made a film about the groovy chicks who die of butcher abortions. **Woodstock** couldn't handle this — commercialism cannot handle human beings in any way. It offers us instant relief from alienation and violence, a way out of having to worry about social change. But then again, maybe they'll even catch on to that. Let's see, we could try this angle — "Come on baby! Make it to the Mordor Rock Festival! A Three-Day Riot! Starring the Pepper Gas Canister and the Mordor Police Force!" This is just a suggestion.

Morey Fry

IT'S NICE REVENGE IF YOU CAN GET IT!
 ...seducing the wife, daughter and mistress of the fink who saved your life.

(What a way to get even!!)

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NERO & SHIMKUS IN "VIRGIN"

Virgin & the Gypsy

I suppose there is a certain sense in which all art is mysterious, and therefore one ought not pry too deeply into its secrets. Perhaps one should just sit back and enjoy it.

In that case, *The Virgin and the Gypsy* is a movie to sit back and enjoy. There are so many nice things about it, it seems almost a shame to start nit-picking, worrying about why the director did this, what he meant by that.

On the other hand, when you start making movies from things written by the likes of D. H. Lawrence, you're obviously laying yourself wide open to that kind of question. First of all, because in the process of translating

from page into picture, you inevitably have to make choices, you're faced by these critical questions, and, willy-nilly, you have to provide an answer. And in this case, you have to be extra careful, because you're answerable not only to Lawrence, but also to the vast audience of Lawrence idolators out there in movie land.

People have been screaming for years that Lawrence is one of the Very Great Artists of the English language. He's been hailed as a prophet, a preacher, a radical revolutionary dedicated to some sort of apocalyptic resurrection of the flesh — by now his name is a cliché among *cause celebres*. It's taken us a little while longer to realize, however, that, histrionics apart, he's maybe our finest unread short-story writer.

The Virgin and the Gypsy is an incredibly delicate and perceptive little work, — handled with the restraint and sensitivity of a master miniaturist. Nobody is quite like Lawrence when it comes to writing about the English what it does to them, what they do to each other. In this story Lawrence, somehow, miraculously gets himself into the head of a young girl who is slowly and painfully waking up to the fact that she has been trapped by the world around her. Somehow her family, her physical and social environments have conspired to repress and kill the most vital and most elemental part of her being.

The movie has wonderfully managed to recreate the textures, the very flavours of the world Lawrence is writing about. The suffocating sameness, and propriety of family life, the ubiquitous box of chocolates, the endless squabbles, the dutiful pecks on the cheek before retiring — all of these things come alive, we can recognize them, they're the deadly bars of the prison. And the stark beauty of the English countryside — cold and rather terrible — is superbly photographed, and what's more, makes perfect sense as context. So far, so good: no one can find fault, Lawrence has been nobly done by.

The acting is also generally irreproachable. Lawrence's protagonists are typical aristocrats of the flesh — and that's a quality that takes some doing to portray. One step over the line and you simply become inoffensibly precious, or just plain gross. But Joanna Shimkus does a lovely job as Yvette, a tremulous mixture of naive and nobility, a sort of sleeping princess whose slumbers are being troubled. But see! She stirs! This must be the work of Franco Nero, a sultry, sexy devil if there ever was one: the outcast, the lone wolf, perfectly calculated to win the heart of any romantic English lady currently bored with the domestic breed of housedog. Nero doesn't say much, but then one picture is worth a thousand words.

So, what about all our agonizing questions? They simply resolve themselves into this: whatever happened to Lawrence's story and why? — and by story, I mean plot as opposed to character setting and the rest of it. Lawrence's story is a narrative about a young girl who acquiesces, who says yes to the system because it's too strong for her. She has been poured into a mold by the powers that be, and that's it, dead end. It's pathos, it's not tragedy, but it's genuine and it's moving.

And the story in the film? Well, superficially it's very similar, just a few little details rearranged here and there. Excuse me for having given away the ball game, but there's just one thing — it's not pathos anymore. It's the triumphant, the self-righteously revolutionary happy ending. You see, she finds the strength within herself to say no, to throw off the shackles of the rotting *ancien regime*, to up and leave it all. Surely that's what we all want for her, surely that's what Lawrence, the iconoclast *par excellence*, wanted for her. Except he just didn't write it that way.

But this is 1970. Perhaps we need a suitably inspirational revolutionary message — we need to be told that the structures are crumbling, that they're not relentlessly self-perpetuating —

we need to be patted on the back and told that we'll make it if we're only sweet and beautiful enough, the voice of the prophet is heard in our land.

Freddie Rotter

High School



High School is a real, honest film. Cameras follow students through their daily routine: classes, guidance, discipline, etc. It is a catalogue of mundane oppression, with each episode shifting our perceptions about the following. THE SYSTEM is personified in the nice old ENGLISH TEACHER reading "Casey at the Bat" in the constipated TYPING TEACHER, each grinding his piece of flesh. THE SYSTEM employs such wonderful incentives as humiliation, chauvinism, and outright intimidation. Humiliation is called maturity; chauvinism is humour at a sex class, and of course intimidation is wise guidance. Students become exasperated, bored, hostile, humiliated and finally, obedient. The culminating point is the final assembly when a motherly teacher reads a letter sent by a former student who is about to be dropped behind enemy lines in Viet Nam. He has willed his insurance money to the school. He assures them: "Don't worry about me. I'm not worth it." She reads this with proud tears brimming around her eyes about this perversion of integrity.

All this is unspoken condemnation, not even inferred. It is simply recorded. The subtlety simply escapes those who are involved in the drama. The educators themselves, when shown the film were extravagant in their praise. I saw the film with a large crowd of high school students. They grew bored with a film that was so much like school, and and began to — — — — — yes, fight. It makes *If* look preschool.

FILM BUFFoonery

—LLOYD GHESLEY

Oldies are not only goodies, but are often besties. Here are the film revivals at the amateur theatres for the next two weeks:

CINEMALUMIERE: College at Spadina, 920-9817
one film, \$1.50; ten for \$10; 20 for \$15.

Aug. 16-18: THE BRIDE WORE BLACK: This is Truffaut's worst film which still makes it better than anyone else's best, so run, do not walk.

Aug 16 & 17: MODESTY BLAISE: Joseph Losey's look at the pop-art sixties with Antonioni's Monica Vitti as a comic-strip heroine.

Aug 18 & 19: EYE OF THE CAT: A recently made American thriller with Michael Sarrazin, the Canadian actor who made good and was in *They Shoot Horses*.

Aug 19-21: JE T'AIME, JE T'AIME: A color film by Alain Resnais, dealing in a science-fiction setting with his favorite theme of memory.

Aug 20 & 21: THE SORCERERS: An exciting thriller made lots of fun by the performances of Boris Karloff and Catherine Lacey and directed by Michael Reeves who died after making three films that indicated an excellent career to come.

Aug 22 & 23: EYES WITHOUT A FACE: Directed by Georges Franju, this is a New Wave French film that works in the genre of fantastic adventure much after the style of the classic serials of *Judex*, *Les Vampires* and *Fritz Lang's Spiders*; should be very

freaky.

Aug 22 & 23: THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS: An hilarious living parody of the vampire films directed by and starring Roman Polanski.

The Fantasy Festival is over, and as regular programming resumes, the prices do not. (they are as above). Aug 24 & 25: JOY HOUSE by Rene Clement. This film proves a theory of mine: that beyond Godard, Truffaut and a couple of others, we here know nothing of the French cinema, for Clement is a prominent director that gets no notice on this continent.

Aug 24-27: VIRIDIANA, Luis Bunuel's beautifully perverse look at the dangers purity presents in a world of lusts and desires.

Aug 26-27: KALEIDOSCOPE: directed by Jack Smight and starring a pre-Bonnie and Clyde Warren Beatty but presented as a Susannah York film.

Aug 28-29: PLAY DIRTY by Andre de Toth and starring Michael Caine and known more for senseless violence than any statement about war.

CINEMATHEQUE: 559 Avenue Road at St. Clair; shows at 7:15 and 9:30. Membership 50 cents; admission \$1.50.

Aug 21: WONDER BAR stars Al Jolson and has its dances choreographed by Busby Berkeley, famous for the *Goldiggers*. In this one Berkeley has a field day with phallic symbols as assorted lovelies dance around very obvious pillars.



Aug 28: GRAND HOTEL: In these days of *Airport*, it is hard to believe there could ever be an art to that kind of thing. But this film shows how, as well as showing off a magnificent cast led by John Barrymore and the legendary Great Garbo. It is fantastic entertainment and a good indication of the skill Hollywood exhibited in her less pretentious films in the thirties.

THE ONTARIO FILM THEATRE: The Ontario Science Centre, Don Mills at Eglinton; membership \$1, admission \$1; shows at 8:30.

Aug 18: MONTE CARLO: This is an Ernst Lubitsch musical which is a type of its own devoted to fun and made, as he always did, with a great deal of wit from the staging of the sex farce to the staging of musical numbers. Few directors have been as witty as Lubitsch and this should be great fun.

Aug 25: THE LIGHT THAT FAILED: This is the Kipling tale of an artist who goes blind. It stars Ronald Colman and starts with action in India, so I really don't know what it is all about. It promises to be stylish but esoteric for all but the real buffs.

Open Letter to Nathan Cohen (Fighting Words)

Dear Mr. Cohen:

I suspect that your first response to this writing will be to think the author a complete fool, totally demented, crazy as a loon, etc. etc. or etc., all the usual reactions of complacent people to the passionate views of those who cannot bear to become fools of the powerful.

Nonetheless, in the interest of fair-play I felt that our great reviewer ought to have a review for his venture into the creative arena, a project that virtually cries out for criticism. (I do not refer to your playwrighting bomb of 1953, *Blue is For Mourning*; one of Canadian Theatre's historic failures and probably your strongest motivation for becoming a critic.)

I speak of your most recent fiasco, the untimely resurrection of the show 'Fighting Words'; an effort to resuscitate a corpse from the tomb of early television and radio, that has proved to be the best piece of evidence to support a belief in zombies since Richard Nixon made a comeback from his political grave to begin reversing the clock of civilisation at a speed which may jet us all backward to the days and ways of Hitler's Germany. All dictators retard human progress, it seems to me.

But back to your own sentimental journey into the dismal past; where do you find all those weary, self-conscious, pseudo-intellectuals and patent posers who love to pretend that they care about a subject under discussion on 'Fighting Words', while revealing on camera the most shocking lack of personal involvement in every expression of the face and each movement of the hands? There must be interesting young intellectuals somewhere in Canada who are a thousand times more articulate and who could help prevent Canadian TV from being such a crashing bore at 9:30 p.m. on Fridays.

Surely you have seen enough theatre by now to know that the only performer who can convince has learned to immerse himself to an extreme degree in the deepest regions of his role, whatever it be, and in the whys and wherefores that explain that role's existence within the theme and purpose of the play or project. There seems to be no justification for what you are doing on Channel Eleven in this day and age and year of 1970.

There is in fact, a dusty, musty, dogmatic air about the whole anachronism that hails back to those anaemic talking-heads of primitive television, before the medium began to discover it was a means of communication so intimate by nature that all the old methods of smugly manipulating an audience into interest, as used on radio, had to be discarded for a close-up look at people, demanding a performance more open and honest in quality. (Remember McLuhan? Our return to being an oral society?) Many people who had been very small potatoes on the stage became marvellous television persons (i.e. Dick Cavett) and politicians that had little chance of election, before, were swept to victory by public response to their television personalities. (i.e. John F. Kennedy)

How then, with all the obvious information that is available from all of television's history and all that has been said, written and discovered about its remarkable 'in-the-same-room' character, could you make the atrocious blunder of foisting a show of ponderous, pompous, pretentious mental-masturbation onto a modern TV audience as anything fitting for today's thinker? Have you not noticed that today's thinker participates and demands involvement of others in an active idea, pertinent to our time and place? What you are offering, so far this season, with our show 'Fighting Words' is the tiresome perusal of minds that collect trivia and borrow ideas and develop attitudes recalling the worst excesses of the inbred Victorian scholars.

Too, it does not help that you grimace, wave your hands without real impulse, roll your eyes skyward to demonstrate distress, smile to show forgiveness for someone's little folly, speak with a condescension that could not be tolerated in Zeus bending down from Olympus, and generally using mannerisms reminiscent of some Edwardian School for Elocutionists. The best acting is that which enables the performer to call upon the full-use of his mental, emotional and physical instruments in a free and truthful way. That kind of performing is the rarest to be found in

Canadian theatre or television because of the coldness of our natures; the other sort is most common and tolerated beyond any point that a country of real culture would condone. Such reticence delivered so noisily is tolerable on the stage, but it is a thousand times more tiresome and meaningless magnified for film or television screens.

I continue to offer acting lessons several evenings a week at the Forty-Eighth Highlanders' Club on Church Street, and my classes are growing larger since several of the artists with whom I have worked for a number of years are receiving acclaim for their work in the areas of professional stage and film. (Remember my Garret Theatre? You came once and wrote a killer-review after I refused your request that I work with Toronto Workshop Productions.) It is not an accident, of course, that you did not review the subsequent four shows. I make no bones of the fact that this is a most personal, subjective review as, so obviously, was your account of that sole visit to my theatre, but then I am not a professional critic and did I have any such aspiration, I would seek a greater and more noble objectivity than you or I seem capable of in that vocation.

But back to your problem as a performer, where my experience allows me a firmer platform; perhaps you would like to join our acting classes where I might help you to shed those awful, defensive mannerisms, such as the hands used constantly in front of the face and body, which gestures help diminish your hard-earned public image as a deadly aggressor.

Your nasal speaking voice holds no warmth or closeness and you need to develop a truer tone through the full use of your diaphragm, deep breathing, resonance in the mask of the face, and the strong projection of the voice, only possible when the mouth is used generously on all sounds. Then, the hands must not wave about, making no sharp points, but should be motivated by deep purpose and shaped by clear intent. The body must learn to move with genuine pride and acceptance of its total life or one substitutes silly vanity and artificial gesture to conceal his true feelings. Not least important, would be the time you might spend working to relate to other actors (human beings) so there might be honesty, respect, dignity, compassion, empathy and vitality in the exposure of yourself to others and real courage in your contacts. All these qualities are hard-earned and dearly paid for in life and in art where, ideally, the meanings of both will join to reveal something of human value and of vital importance to us all. No one can gain them without the respect or effort demanded by the long history of communication.

If you have watched my interviews on television you might have noted that I appear relaxed, simple in gesture, open to others and free in expression, unafraid to reveal my inner-self, allowing a vulnerability and yet saying what I think without pre-arranging it for effect or approval. If you think I came to a point of ease and willing exposure without long preparation and much effort to shed my defenses and to drop facades of false pride, then you understand little of the years of struggle and concentrated work necessary to gain freedom of expression. The true artist takes a position; he does not maintain a pose. There is all the difference in the world.

With this missile, I do not expect to penetrate the thick shell of self-righteous authority you so badly need to maintain, but I take the slim chance you may see some justice in the action of an artist reviewing a critic when the latter dares to cross over into the fields of producer, director and performer, as you seem to have done in making 'Fighting Words' your special baby. I feel that I have delved into the heart of the problems with that ugly child, where other critics will discuss your show in a cool, Canadian and fashionably detached manner, that must remain miles from the truth of its results as television fare.

If the show fails to get an audience, simply get on with your next available project as we all learn to do when we dare, or take enjoyment from our knack for attack on the sensitive talents of working artists and whatever strange satisfactions are possible from the incomprehensible emptiness of such a vocation when respect for its responsibilities is so clearly absent and the habit of negativism, over too many years, so badly manifest.

When I want to restore my faith in dramatic

criticism I read again 'Immortal Shadows', the collection over twenty-five years of Stark Young's dedicated, sensitive passionate and very responsible love-affair with American Theatre. Stanislavski would have given Stark Young, the critic, the same high accolade he offered to great actors: "He loves the art in himself better than himself in the art." Stanislavski knew that pompous jaybirds get busy destroying the sensitive areas in others because of the barren nature of their own sour spirits.

In my opinion, which is not at all humble, Mr. Cohen, you have been doing irreparable damage to local theatre artists for as long as you have been a paid critic. There are very civilized countries in Europe where an aspiring critic must work for at least five years within the field of art he wishes to discuss and to analyse, before he would be permitted to pen one line for publication that anyone would take seriously.

Oh, that we might become so wise-sensible and mature in Canadian theatre! sensible and mature in Canadian theatre!

John Herbert



IS
AT:

Book Cellar
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The Book Centre
657 Yonge Street

Book World
72 Gerrard Street West

Crazy David's
(Distributor)
85 Yorkville

5th Kingdom Book Store
171 Harbord

First Asylum
12 Wellesley Street West

Global Village
St. Nicholas Street

Meat & Potatoes
Huron Street near Harbord

167 Street General Store
Baldwin Street

People's House of Sound
Brunswick & Harbord

Reid Books
369 Yonge Street

The Renaissance
King & Jarvis

Ring Audio-Visual
Spadina & Harbord

SCM Book Store
Bloor Street beside Rochdale

Time Square Books
Dundas & Yonge

2 + 4 Books
Yonge Street

Univ. of Toronto Book Store

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Spadina Avenue

Yellow Ford Truck
Baldwin Street

Yossarian Records
Rochdale — ground floor

THEATRE & MOVIES

Jo hates niggers, draft dodgers, bums on welfare and loves Amerika. He is the Silent Majority given a Caliban taste for action. After Jo finds out about Crompton, a rich advertising executive, who kills a junkie involved with his daughter, Jo idolizes the man. While Jo has been talking about doing away with the scum that plague Amerika, Crompton has done something about it.

The drama from this point on pursues itself. With Crompton trying to cover up his tracks in the murder case and Jo forcing him to go even deeper in his crime. Within this framework there is no plot, rather it spirals downward into the desires of both men. Their actions take place on the borders between the Hip and straight cultures. There are no norms in this borderland. It is all uncharted. Jo hates it. Crompton is mildly curious. In this interaction of cultures, both sides are corrupted. Hippies steal and Straights have orgies, each abusing the other's ideals and translating it into vice. Crompton begins the evening looking for his runaway daughter and ends up balling an 18 year old. Each encounter leads to fewer options. It is incest between the two cultures. There is no sense of exploration in the intercourse, there is only probings in which each attempts to dupe the other.

The nearest I can come in describing it is to call it an American Macbeth. There are no witch's potions; the action is inspired in the brew of repressions. Crompton, the composed executive, turns into a madman raging at a boy, and murdering him. While Jo is literally simmering with hostility about anything that threatens him; anything that is new.

Both cultures are antagonistic. There is no sense of fructification in any of the encounters, there is only fearful suspicion. Each loses, and condemns himself in each encounter. It is a bitter prophetic silence that ends "Jo".

"Joe"

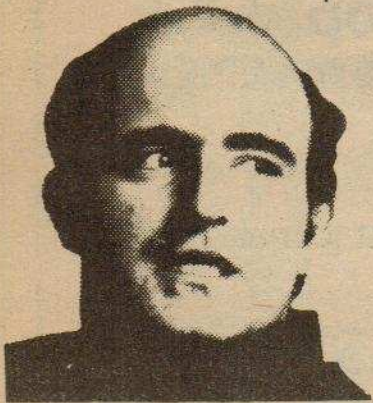
I'm the "Joe" everybody's talking about.

"MUST SURELY RANK IN IMPACT WITH 'BONNIE AND CLYDE!'" —TIME, JULY 27, 1970

"'JOE' MAY EASILY BE THE HIT OF 1970 ... MORE RELEVANT AND TERRIFYING THAN 'EASY RIDER!'" —MOTION PICTURE DAILY

"'JOE' PULLS NO PUNCHES ... HITS A DOUBLE BULLS-EYE. IT'S NEVER BEEN SERVED UP ON FILM THIS HOT!" —Archer Winston, N.Y. POST

"'JOE' IS INDEED THAT RARE MOVIE THAT YOU SIMPLY HAVE TO SEE!" —Judith Crist, TODAY SHOW



"Joe"

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TORONTO.
AUGUST 1970.

DEAR ANNA

TORONTO WILL BE HAVING ITS FIRST FESTIVAL OF UNDERGROUND THEATRE AUG 19 TO SEPT 6 THIS YEAR. IT IS CALLED FUT! EVENTS WILL BE ON EVERY EVENING AT THE TOWN HALL - THE PANIC CIRCUS FROM PARIS FRANCE - THE BREAD & PUFFET THEATRE FROM NEW YORK - THE THEATRE OF THE THIRD WORLD FROM CUBA - LE THEATRE DE MEME NOM FROM MONTREAL - THE SAVAGE GOD COMPANY FROM VANCOUVER - PLUS SIX NEW PLAYS BY MEMBERS OF ONTARIO'S "NEW DIRECTORS GROUP" INCLUDING KEN CASS OF THE FACTORY THEATRE - JIM GERRARD OF TORONTO PAUL THOMPSON OF PASSE MUEBELLE TORONTO - MARTIN BRENZELL OF HAMILTON - JOHN PALMER OF OTTAWA ETC. ALSO THE GLOBAL VILLAGE WILL BE USED AS EXHIBITION SPACE FOR 3 WEEKS OF NEW PLAYS BY LOCAL PEOPLE SUCH AS: DAVID MARTIN, LARRY MOLLIN - PHIL HORCRAFT - BOB HANDFORTH - FROM VANCOUVER IS JOHN MORLAND - FROM NEW YORK WILL COME "THE REVOLTING THEATRE" FROM HAMILTON - YALI INKENS AND "THE GIRLS". DANCE PROGRAMS WILL INCLUDE - RICARDO - BARRY SMITH - JANE STEPHANS & GARRET ROBERT'S EACH COREOGRAPHING FROM SCRATCH - NEW PIECES TO BE DANCED BY THEMSELVES AND MANY OTHERS - MUSIC WILL BE A PLENTY - FROM SOFT ROCK TO JAZZ - MOSTLY LOCAL MUSICIANS AT THE GLOBAL VILLAGE, IN THE PARKS/STREETS AND TORONTO DOMINION CENTRE. MARCEL HORNE WILL BE PERFORMING IN FIRE INFLAMED ENVIRONMENTAL EXPERIENCE ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. INNUMERABLE STREET EVENTS FROM PARADES TO MOON LAUNCHINGS TO GENERAL FREEK-OUTS TO PICNICS and COMMUNIAL MASS BREAKFASTS AND WHO KNOWS WHAT. AT 2:00 IN THE AFTERNOON EACH DAY WILL BE A WORKSHOP IN SOMETHING OR OTHER FROM DRAMATIC IMPROV TO MAKING BREAD. A WOMENS LIBERATION GROUP FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE WILL BE GIVING WORKSHOPS AS WELL AS PERFORMING IN A MORE DRAMATIC FASHION HERE AND THERE. FILMS, OF COURSE HAVE NOT BEEN NEGLECTED - ALSO T.V. BOTH A FILM AND A FEATURE T.V. SHOW ARE BEING SHOT OF VARIOUS FESTIVAL ACTIVITIES ON AND OFF STAGES. ONE FLOOR OF ROCSDALE COLLEGE WILL BE USED TO HOUSE ALL WHO ARE COMING FROM AFAR ALSO FREE BREAKFASTS OF ALL SORTS WILL BE SERVED TO ALL FESTIVAL PARTICIPANTS. OTHER FESTIVAL TYPE EVENTS INCLUDING A SCIENCE FICTION CONFERENCE FOOD & MUSIC IN THE PARKS AND THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION ARE SCHEDULED FOR AUGUST-SEPTEMBER SO ALL IN ALL TORONTO IS BECOMING RIDICULOUSLY BUSY - I SEEM TO BE CAUGHT UP IN ALL OF THE ORGANIZATION AND CO-ORDINATION OF ALL THIS - WISH YOU COULD BE HERE.

LOVE JIM.

Festival of Underground Theatre

Organization and the arts. The actor and the producer. The joy of living, of celebrating the earth, the sun. We are we. Miracle of miracles. Rising like a roar from the earthquakes of the earth. FUT, FUT, FUT.

There are tpp ,amu rotuals that are dead, over - used without awareness and meaningful application. An example: pop festivals. With the festivals in th control of the capitalists they strive to be a certain percentage version of Woodstock. There is little creative exploration of what can be done by large crowds of people. The Ontario Science Center is a cleaner CNE. Guerrilla has trouble with newspaper rituals and hippie paper rituals; we are trying to overcome this.

A great band of conceptual thinkers have brought together a festival so loaded with potential catalism we all will be shaking for weeks. Brought together in direct conflict to the CNE comes the Festival of the Underground Theater. Brought together because no one had ever done it before, the first annual. A festival of underground theater natually implies the gathering of various theater groups and the presentation of various plays. Also it

implies these people must eat, sleep, bathe, and walk. By housing all the visiting companies on two floors of Rochdale, the organizers have set the stage for explosions. Local groups who tend to have a somewhat limited interaction will also get together through a series of workshops, improvisations, and dance classes, through the start - it - all - off parade. Please permit yourself to wander to parades; what a wonderful, theatrical, organic, healthy thing to wander to parades; what a wonderful, theatrical, organic, healthy thing a parade festival. Through the events in the parks, through the end it party post mortem. Through the entire FUT, the best of medicines will come, good will.

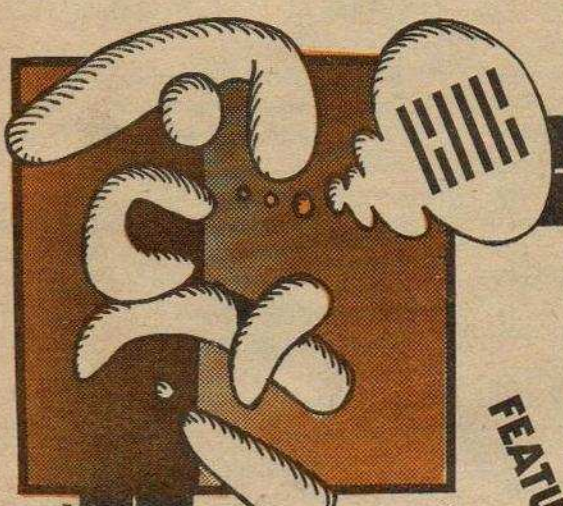
The beauty of it all is that it's so helplessly out of control. The organizers have brought the physical groups with their things together but what goes on is beyond comprehension, into miracles. The programming of the ritual, the creation of the confrontation will so intensely propagate the natural glows of theater that the heat will be inspiration for years and years. God bless FUT.

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TOWN HALL - ST LAWRENCE CENTRE and ALL AROUND TORONTO...

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