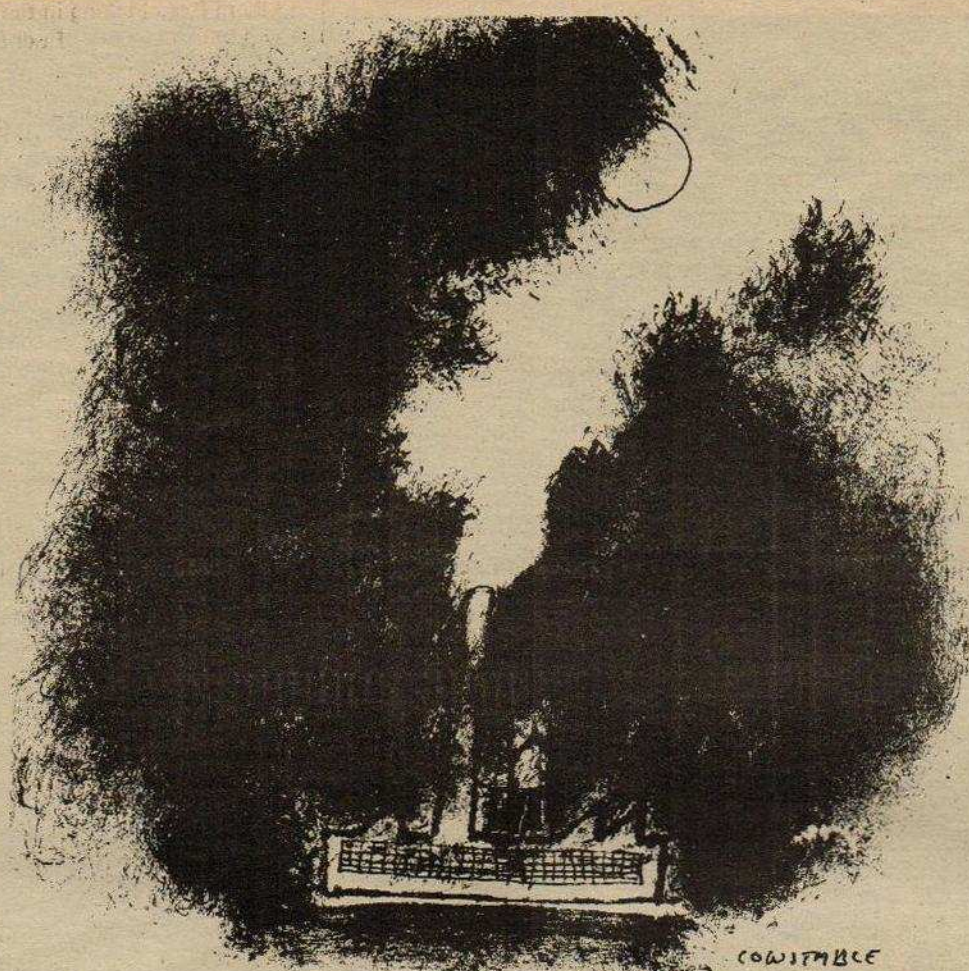


August 31, 1970

number 7 · 25 cents





guerilla

Number 7, Aug. 28, 1970

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Dear John,

I just finished reading your article about the need for elementary school teachers in order to unfuck kid's heads. Since I just recently made the decision to become a teacher for the reasons you cited, your article gave much needed reassurance. Many of my more stereotypically "revolutionary" friends react to my decision with cries of "cop-out" and maintain that I am merely being sucked back into the middle-class culture with which I have been so thoroughly indoctrinated. However, I have to prove them wrong: I've tried the way of protest, pamphletting and rhetoric. And it doesn't seem to work - at least not in my head. It only alienates the very people you are often trying to reach. Left wing bullshit is just as fucked as right wing bullshit.

On thing you didn't mention is the practical methods of getting into teaching. Many, having read your article, will think "Wow - fantastic - I will go and be the hip guru of the young set and turn them on to all those beautiful things like love and Peace. BUT - they will 90 percent of the time have no degress or ones in something like Sociology or English or Psychology, etc. Now there are thousands of graduates in these fields! The school boards are saturated. What is needed is people to teach the sciences and maths. If more aware people went into these fields we might be able to have a grass roots radicalisation of the Technology, something DESPERATELY needed. Our widest gaps exist not between generations but between the disciplines.

I would urge people then that are seriously considering to teach not to take arts, no matter how enjoyable this may be. Go through what you may regard as shit in your subject matter, but do so with the knowledge that your chances of being hired are far greater. And after all, to get to the kids you DO have to be hired. As well, it must be realized that getting hired is only the beginning of the struggle. Afterward come all the hassles with fellow staff members, school boards, parents - all trying to act in "the best interests of our children" and MANY trying to stamp out your radicalism.

Admittedly I have a bias for this method of "making the revolution" since this is what I'm attempting to do at present. Having had two years of Sociology and Philosophy at university, being the subject but getting totally fucked by interdepartmental political hassles, I'm switching into a math and computer science course. I hope this works. If not, then yet another alternative must be attempted.

with hope
Marissa Freyshinger

Dear John,

First of all, you're wrong to say there ain't gonna be no fuckin' revolution. There is too much exploita-

tion and bullshit (if I can put the myriad ways capitalism maims life into two words) in this system for it to go on very much longer without radical change.

But you have said what needs to be said again and again: unlike Russia, China and Cuba before their revolutions (the directions they took is beside the point), North America does not have a majority of consciously oppressed people. We are, for the most part, unaware of oppression and exploitation, and aware only of their effects: poverty (to some), frustration, and alienation. This point was well discussed during the famous SDS split in the United States.

So at present, the only prospects for immediate "revolutionary" work lie with those sections of society that do experience oppression in a direct way: the Indians (Canadians), the poor, the blacks, the Quebecois. Accordingly, persons with immediate revolutionary needs should consider working with these groups in some way. But even here the tasks are difficult and the goals distant. For unless you believe that getting heads busted in a demonstration is a sign that the revolution is here, you must engage in mutual education, social action and organizing, the fruits of which take a long time to mature.

Otherwise, we must tread that difficult path of long-range projects such as you describe. Education is of course what revolution is all about. When you get a kid who has had fifteen years of capitalist education in the school to become aware of the terrible lies he lives with, he will as likely as not become a speed freak. I mean, it's difficult to cope with. So of course we need free schools, good schools, and free, human teachers in the public schools. And the universities must some day become places where radical, important learning can go on.

However, I doubt if the confrontation can be avoided. Twenty years of new education will not remove the military and industrial capitalists from our midst; it will at best make people aware of what is possible and what they are preventing. What happens then I don't know.

Until then, the task is to support the progressive forces among us, keep up the footwork, and resist as much as possible getting hyped.

The power is finally with the people.

Len Choptiany

Guerilla:

Recently I had the misfortune to talk to a straight about the festival at Mosport. It seems that this straight bases his knowledge entirely and solely on what he reads in the Toronto Daily Star. Since the Star reporters are all a bunch of sensationalists, those there wrote about the open dope peddling, and the nudity but never mentioned a word about the beautiful vibrations and just put in a few words about

FEEDBACK



the music. Naturally this straight took the Bible at its literal meaning and believed every word it said. He now thinks something should be done about pop festivals.

The capitalist newspapers are ripping off our culture, with deliberate exaggerations, in order to increase circulation! We are not a hockey game to be broadcast across the country. We are the people! Down with sensationalist newspapers!

Gilbert Kezwer

Dear Sirs:

It's about all the well-meaning liberals and CO's from the states who flocked to Canada in droves when the uniformed red-faced pigs were knocking at the door wanting them to go off to war for tin and investments, who, for all their lip service to Freedom and Justice, fail to see a causal relationship between the straight Establishment's system of pressure (the old nudge in the spine) and the current imperialistic adventures abroad. And who, fleeing from the Land of the Free and the Brave to the North Country Fair, instill themselves in positions in the Canadian Establishment commencing with their 'education' and influence, and proceed to perpetuate a system here that produced the Monster to the South. Who proceed to use prestige and influence to gain power, who continue to kiss ass to get ahead, and who can't be intimidated into closing their mouths and losing all political consciousness, and who refuse to admit injustice when they find it, who look the other way and don't 'make waves' and who shortly thereafter, become the instruments of these petty and usury injustices to their 'brothers'. They are Quisling Shitheads and they ought to know it.

Sue Taylor



ROCHDALE BUST

by Jan Reid

One thing has become apparent in the past two weeks to the residents of Rochdale College. Somebody not only doesn't like them, but wants to bust them out of existence.

The first part of the never ending war between the Toronto Police Department and Rochdale College occurred two weeks ago. Serve and protect members from I4th Division conducted a raid on the building. Two people were busted, one for possession of Marijuana and one for possession of MDA. Some of the residents of Rochdale responded to this invasion by slitting the tires of the cop car.

This action causes a confrontation between about thirty cops and 50 residents of the building. The spokesman for the Division I4 boys charged 'you slit our tires'.

'Well in the last one and a half years you've busted 2000 kids on pot charges. Four tires don't stack up as much against 2000 fucked-over lives.

'We're just doing our job'.

'Well it looks like someone else is doing theirs too'.

After insulting everybody in the building, the cops promptly left.

The powers that be in Toronto were obviously not satisfied with the first bust and prepared themselves for a second assault on the building. On Sat-

urday August 22, eight RCMP agents came into the building with a writ of assistance. They managed to shove their way past two Rochdale Security people before being forced to produce a writ of assistance by a third security guard, Mike Eleser.

Mike insisted upon going with them

while they made the search. Mike's insistence upon doing his job was met with threats of 'we'll remember you', by the RCMP agents.

The RCMP went up to the 15th floor with Mike and suddenly converged upon room I509. The security guard prevent-

ed them from kicking in the door by knocking and yelling 'Rochdale security with the police'. He then opened the door.

The RCMP found the room totally devoid of people and immediately ordered Mike to leave. When he demanded the right to be in the room during the search, he was thrown out.

A few minutes later the Rolling Canadian Mounted Gestapo came out of the room without finding any incriminating evidence. The agents suddenly became very paranoid that someone would cut off the power to the elevators (wonder why?) and walked down fifteen flights of stairs. On the way down they did manage to bust two people for obstructing police.

The RCMP was met in front of the building by 500 angry residents yelling 'off the pig', throwing bricks, bottles, and anything that they could get their hands on. During the scuffle one of the people previously busted was liberated by his companions. The RCMP called in cops from precinct 52 and managed to escape with their one victim.

The last raid occurred last Friday morning at 2am. This time the cops seemed dead serious about making a mass bust on the college; sixty cops came into the building in military formation. Police cars were lined up on the north side of Bloor Street backed up by cops with shotguns. All entrances and exits from the building were quickly blocked by the people who were 'just doing their job'. No writ of assistance or warrant was produced by the police. The police quickly made it up to the fifth floor and took a sledgehammer to room 508. It was a tremendous victory (?) for the police. Six people were busted for possession and two security guards were given flashlights (on the top of the head).

The working agreement between Rochdale College and the Toronto Police Department is now non-existent. The Toronto Police Department obviously considers marijuana users dangerous, subversive people. They also obviously do not want to bust dealers of hard drugs. Perhaps now all the bullsh*t about the role of the police in this city is gone. Everything is out in the open. And something is most definitely happening here.



Meridian

Meridian Building Group Ltd., is evicting 17 of its tenants because as Philip Roth said, 'they were evicted because they were making a fuss and get-

ting in the paper'. All 17 were evicted as of August 31st. They had only one month to leave, in a city which already has 20,000 people on the O.H.C.'s waiting list. These people aren't the smart young set with apartments on the 17th floor of ST. James Town. These people are surviving. They have families, responsibilities and jobs which were uprooted in one short month.

When John Sewell attacked this cynical business action, Roth retorted that he would let John manage houses and see if he could do a better job of it. John Sewell jumped at the opportunity but Roth thought better of it and graciously reneged on his offer.

Meridian has been buying land south of its St. James Town complex for the past three years. People have been forced out of homes they have lived in for years. The houses are re-rented or boarded up, the community is destroyed. You have only to walk along Bleeker St., (ironic name?) to realize what is happening. The poor people are being alienated from each other. Whereas the comfortable apartment dwellers are buying their alienation, the opposite is true for the poor.

The City Planning Board has a rather comic part to play in the drama. They rush around trying to find out what the big developers are doing so as to re-zone

the areas in accordance with what the developers want. So that there are no PLANS in the City Planning Board, rather it is an ad hoc committee for Meridian, Cadillac and Belmont to decide how they want the city to develop.

There is some 'board room incest' with Cadillac Development Corporation granting low interest loans to Meridian while buying its shares. These two child companies are brooded over and supplied with funds from Montreal Trust, Canada Trust and Guarantee Trust.

Rent Strike

The rent strike at St. Charles St., continues. The tenants are deducting \$20.00 from their required rent cheques. The \$20.00 reduction brings the tenants down to the rent level they would be paying if the residence were truly non-profit.

The residence is a joint project of the University of Toronto and O.H.C. U. of T. handles the tenants admitted while O.H.C. collects the money. The U. of T. has stated that it is quite willing to negotiate, however, O.H.C. refuses to even speak to the tenants.

The grievances of the tenants are many. Already in this 'new' residence

they will have to pay over \$35,000 for plumbing and new door locks. The bad planning is on O.H.C.'s part therefore by some odd twist the tenants must pay. The cheap construction of the buildings is becoming apparent with each new flaw in the floor tiles or ceiling lamps.

The O.H.C. has earned its stripes exploiting the housing situation in Toronto. It has over 20,000 people on its waiting list, so I suppose it has a false feeling of popularity and social crusading. Actually O.H.C. will not relieve the housing situation in Toronto. There will always be that large market of homeless to keep land developers in money. What would become of property values if O.H.C. really combatted housing shortage? With no real demand people like Cadillac Development Corporation couldn't make all that lovely money.

The tenants on St. Charles St. are planning a conference on September 19th with all the metro Toronto tenants associations in attendance to improve communications and map strategy. For more information call Gordon Martel; 923-8280.

photo by Al Darlington

photo by Pat McKeough

THE GINGER SHUCK

By MOREY FRY

Recent outbreaks of plagues — good old time plagues — have been hitting European, African and Asian countries lately. Cholera has been reported in twenty-seven Asian and African countries; a "freak" measles epidemic in London, and infectious hepatitis is polluting the already polluted rivers of France and Italy. The beaches of Italy offer an even more interesting stew of diphtheria, hepatitis, and floating shit.

One of the most exciting things that Dr. Paul Erlich, an ecologist, has to say is that we stand in danger of 'pandemics' — not just epidemics — in this century. With the breakdown of the natural forces of ecology everywhere, pandemics pose an interesting and, I should say, thought-provoking subject.

The black (bubonic) plague at one time destroyed about a third of the population of Europe. These were people whose rivers were still clean and ate food without glue and plastic in it. But bubonic is 100% fatal — there were perhaps other kinds of plagues which they resisted better.

Oh, yes, I forgot to include in the above list two cases of bubonic plague that were reported in New Mexico (remember the cases reported in Vietnam?) and the concerned governor is asking that people de-flea their pets. He is de-fleaing his pet poodle. Trouble is that bubonic plague is carried by rodents not poodles. Rats, gophers, fieldmice, rock-chucks, prairie dogs and those little critters called picket-pins also carry the flea.

I'd like to see the Governor out defleaing the entire rodent population of the vast New Mexico desert.

Black, or bubonic plague has the tendency to incubate somehow, they're not quite sure how, in large

steppe or semi-desert areas and then burst out periodically withou killing off the rodents — just the people.

The last two great Black Plagues to sweep Europe were carried out of the rodent populated steppes of central Asia by the camel caravans, to the sea-ports, into the bales of ivory and spices, and to Europe.

But this time we have airplanes going all over the world, people mixing by the thousands at major airports and zooming off in all directions. This is much more efficient than those slow moving caravans, and lots more exciting too.

The second factor is: which countries would it hit. After what Dr. Erlich has to say on the subject, I thought about heading for Saturna Island in the Georgia Straits at the first outbreak of bubonic, which I could see coming at any moment. Then I read that the cholera epidemic has hit the "arab, asian and african nations". Of course, why didn't I think! These are the third-world countries, full of starving beggars, underfed women and children, polluted rivers and street-sewage. If they are hit, the World Health Organization will have to rush in vaccines and relief. It's obvious they can't take care of themselves, the poor beggars. Their once agricultural economies have succumbed to Imperialism. At one time they could have taken care of themselves. Remember the glory of India, the temples of Cambodia, the Kingdoms of Africa? You can kiss that goodbye. When and if these pandemics hit, they will hit there first..

Third, can we handle our own epidemics/pollution? After spending a year as a lab technician in a large clinic hospital, seeing hundreds of cases of t.b., gonorrhoea, etc, and the flushing of samples down the drain, in the sewers, and into the rivers, I wonder. Of course, these samples were stuck in the autoclave, but the damn thing was so old the dials were unsteady and we never knew the exact temperature — if the viruses were getting killed off. The machine was older

than I was and had a tendency to attack technicians with periodic explosions. The little epidemic of Asian flu in 1968 strained our facilities to the utmost. There was not enough vaccine to go around for something as simple as that.

Capitalist medicine is geared to profit and can really take care of only a few. It is for the rich and there aren't that many rich people. Simple as that.

Facilities for mass general health care do not exist, much less emergency care in the case of a pandemic or epidemic. Hospitals are overcrowded now, and could not handle many abortions even if all legal strictures against it were stripped away. Witness New York, charging high prices for a simple abortion and restricting this privilege to a few. Facilities are small.

So far the epidemics in the affluent countries have been few and of fairly innocuous diseases. Measles in England (10,000) cases a week) and the Asian flu here in '68. But even these can become killers when the health level is low, pollution carries diseases into the rivers and the drinking water, and when have not got good food. Cholera, bubonic, diphtheria and yellow fever can get you down even if you're King Kong.

Last April, visiting Chicago, I heard that there had been a minor epidemic of diphtheria in the Lincoln Park area — a poor neighbourhood of brown white and black. They said that the news had suppressed it: that 200 hundred cases had shown up. Right now, epidemics are in the headlines, because they're sudden, new, and they're coming in with strangers from foreign countries. But when and if they keep on and on, the media will turn to something less frightening. And what if they hit here?

Bubonic plague vaccination is a long and very unpleasant process. The vaccine itself is not too common. Cholera and the rest aren't too bad. Get'em while they're hot, folks, before the rush is on.

THE GEEBEEES

DEEP IN DA DEEPEST PART OF AFRIKA IS DA LAND OF DA HEE BEE GEE BEES...DEY IS UNCIVILIZED GORILLAS. DEY GOTS NO MUNY. DEY GOTS NO CLOTHES. DEY GOTS NO TROUBLES...DEY IS POIFECTLY HAPPY!

...BUT DA KING-OF DA HEE BEE GEE BEES, OL' KING-ZUZ HE GOTS DA TROUBLES. HE SAY....

HE SAY.... DA WOILD IS FUCT-UP !!

HE SAY.... ITS UP TU DA HEE BEE-GEE BEES TU RIGHT DA WRONG-S, AN' SAVE DA WOILD. HE SAY....

I GOTS DA TROUBLES

DA WOILD IS FUCT-UP!

IT'S UP TU US ... BUT HOW?

SO KING ZUZ CALLED HIS WISE MAN TU ASK HIM HOW TU SAVE DA WOILD.

DA WISE MAN HE SAY.... KING, BABY, YOU GOTS TA SEND SOMEONE TA SAVE DA WOILD. DIG?

SO KING ZUZ, HE CALL ALL HIS PEEPLES TOGETHER AN' HE SAY....

FOLKS, I GOTS TA SEND SOMEONE TA SAVE DA WOILD!

ANYBODY WANTS DA JOB, STEP FORWARD

YA GOTS A NAME KID?

HELLO

YAS YER KING-SHIP I IS YER ONLY BEGOTTON SON - "GEE".

DA KING DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A FAMBY LIFE BEIN' KING AN' ALL SO HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HIS OWN SON....

SO YOU IS LIL' "GEE ZUZ". HOW YA BIN KID?

NOT BAD

WELL, GEE ZUZ LOOKS LIKE ITS UP TA YOU TA SAVE DA WOILD.

HMMM.... SOUNDS LIKE A BUM TRIP!

NEXT GEE ZUZ HITS THE ROAD

GREASY SPOON GRAPHIX

TO BE CONT'D

The Hall: 19 Huron Street

By Dan Merkur

"A movement without an organization is nothing more than a bowel movement."

- Saul Alinsky

"They paved Paradise, and put up a parking lot."

- Joni Mitchell

Once upon a time there was a street community, and the name of the street was Gerrard. But the rip-off stores and the real estate developers moved in, and all the street people had to move north to another street named Yorkville. We all know what happened there.

Today there is an area centred around Spadina, whose inhabitants claim that it is a community, but it is rapidly dissolving. Grossman's Tavern is becoming a weekend hippie haven. Ontario Hydro took McCaul Street. The threat of high rise development is acute, and we have come to live in the ever-constant shadow of a godforsaken plan to build an expressway down our backbone.

Over the years there has come a realization that what was loosely termed a street community and was in reality only a social gathering of the clans, is now on the verge of truly becoming a community, or dying altogether. We stand at the point where we may yet become a social unity, no longer an aggregate of individuals, but a community in the truest sense. Failing that, there is unity only in common defeat to high rises and parking lots.

This, our community, is yet a loose assembly — federation — of individuals: political activists, passivists, students, working people, filmmakers, actors, poets, musicians, artists, writers, journalists, craftsmen, aesthetes, epicureans, stoics, mystics, evangelists et al. What we have in common is primarily youth, alienation and dope. Does this constitute a community? Hardly.

A few organizations have sprung up of late with the intention of binding the Spadina community together in reality as well as in name. Guerrilla is one. The Hall is another.

The Hall is 19 Huron Street, a fine old building with a large auditorium cum stage (that will serve as a dance hall, meeting hall or gym), a sizeable coffee house downstairs, as well as office space for the necessary activities. The people who are "running" it, primarily the residents of six nearby co-ops, hope that in making use of The Hall's facilities, the community will begin to get its collective head together, and begin to exist as a unity.

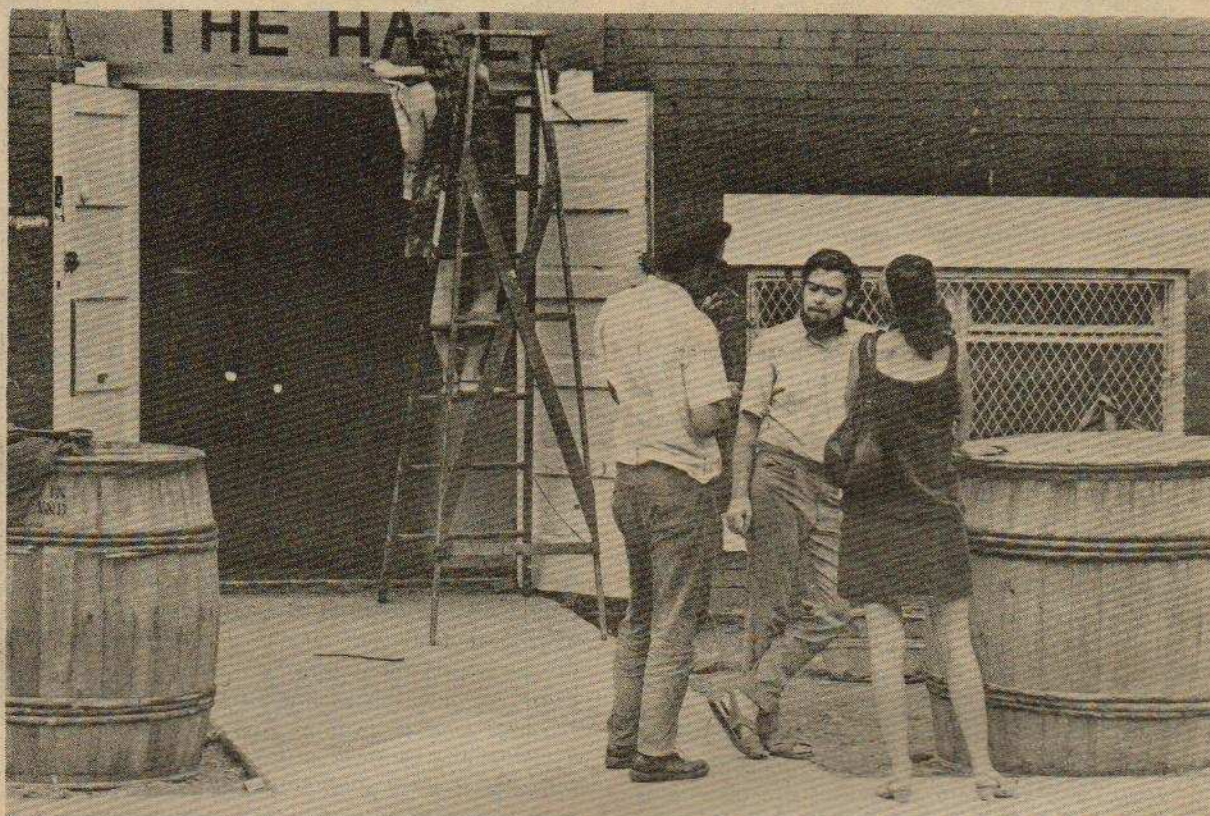
The Hall grew out of Red, White and Black's proposal to establish a service for American exiles, and has expanded to include any expatriate in Toronto. The services offered are a 24 hour-a-day switchboard, that will be able to put people in touch with places to stay and eat, with jobs, people, and music, that will teach classes (Tuesday nights) in Canadian politics, history and culture (yes, French classes as well) — in short, to help assimilate the immigrant, to end the "Oh, so you're from the States, huh?" variety of chauvinism. The address is 19 Huron Street; the telephone number is 863-1275 and 863-1276.

But the American exile service was only the beginning. John Anderson, of the Whole Earth Family, has been involved since The Hall's inception. The coffee house offers the same sort of unprocessed, unadulterated natural food products his McCaul Street store carries. A coffee house is meaningless without people, though, and the clientele has to come from the community — not that the coffee house is the crux of the matter. Prices cover the cost of refreshments, but don't make a serious dent into paying for The Hall or the switchboard.

To continue, someone calling herself "Lovely Anna" leads dance classes daily, except Saturdays and Sundays, at 12:30 and 5:30 p.m. The sessions last about an hour and a half. Classes courtesy Anna, and The Hall.

At 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. Sundays, one can attend art classes in figure drawing. Classes are again free. Donations to help pay for the models are appreciated.

Sewing machines and leather working tools are available for use every day. Cooking classes are underway. Hopefully, political and social groups will avail themselves of the auditorium for a place to meet; theatre companies and rock (blues, folk, jazz, jug . . .) bands will rehearse there. There are plans to



organize a blues band and to promote high spirits, goodwill and unity — to be a community centre.

The Hall is also undertaking a program of film exhibitions, partially to show the films inexpensively, and partially to raise funds, though again the films are only expected to pay for themselves and the rent of The Hall for the time they occupy. The Hall gets free films for Monday and Wednesday evenings, rents them for Thursdays, and shows children's stuff on Saturday afternoons.

The question of funds is a serious hassle, though you're not likely to get the people to talk about it much. Unless groups do meet in The Hall, and pass around the hat for the privilege of its use; unless a band comes out of The Hall that the Ontario Arts Council will give a grant to; unless some unforeseen miraculous source of money turns up, The Hall is going to have a rough time. They hope to operate strictly by donations. "We're social, residential. We can't go commercial. We don't want to go commercial." Which leaves the onus of the success of The Hall on the community. Which means us, all of us, every last mother's son and daughter of us.

On the bulletin board is a notice for a sewing co-op at 23 Huron Street, two doors north. I suppose the sewing group is precisely what The Hall counts as a step in the right direction. I certainly do.

Where do we go from here? The Hall is not a "drop-in centre, an entertainment circus, a club, a

cliche or hostel." It is, perhaps, a community centre. With luck, and a little help from our friends.

Yet help is not quite the right word, because The Hall is not after charity and not after patrons. It is more a matter of coming together, a drawing together of the community. Consequently the money hassle is not a real worry. If the money runs out, it will only be because The Hall is not wanted by the community it hopes to serve, and so is fittingly neglected.

If the group running The Hall can be faulted on any level, it is only that through apprehension or fatigue they are sometimes less open, warm, hospitable than they might otherwise be. If you walk in on that sort of a day, don't let it throw you. Do them a service and make their job easier. It's a hell of an undertaking, and a very important one.

There is, sadly, a widespread mistaken belief that good things can just happen, that if we want a true community, it will evolve without the kind of leadership that we are so busy trying to avoid/evade. Order and structure become confused, and leadership is resisted though it is only autocracy we cannot abide. Anyone who presumes to tell us how it is going to be gets put down pretty fast these days. Unfortunately, the man who suggests a direction is stomped on as well. OK. End of sermon. Sorry, but this is a life and death matter, a question of survival — not physical, but cultural, ideological. The Hall is only a part, but it might just be an important part.

There are men in this city with plans to raze the Spadina community, to erect steel, glass and cement monstrosities, to build new Towers of Babel dedicated to commerce and industry where people once dwelled. Whether we truly lived here is yet to be decided.

The Hall. Be it.



FILMS AT THE HALL

Aug 29- The Sorcerer's Apprentice; The Clown : Mike Mulligna and his Steam Shovel

Aug 31- Buster Keton Rides Again; The Pharmacist (W.C. Fields) ; Buddhism, Man and Nature set

Sept.3- Metropolis, (Fritz Lang's nightmare vision of the hyper-technologized city of the future.)
Sept 5- The Gingerbread Kingdom; Windy Day ; The Thieving Magpie.

Sept 7- The Great Director (D.W. Griffith) ; Night and Fog; The Moods of Surfing

Sept 12 - The Gold Rush (Charlie Chaplin)

Sept 14- Leonardo Da Vinci ; The Kibbutz

Sept. 17- The Invisible Ray (Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi)

Sept 19- The Golden Age of Comedy

Check the Hall for times

Revolution If You Want It

By JAN REID

This article is in response to John the Bear's article entitled "Ain't Gonna Be No Fucking Revolution". There is going to be a revolution; not just a rebellion but a revolution. A rebellion implies mere seizing of power. A revolution means total change in a society.

It is irrelevant how many guns, tanks and other weapons of destruction the man has. We will win. The state cannot defeat us. Only our pessimism can defeat us. We are like rays of sunshine. You can't stop sunshine; it just keeps coming back. This is all another way of saying the spirit of the people will defeat the man's technology.

A lot of people in Toronto seem to be into a pseudo peace and love trip. To these people peace and love means flashing the peace sign when things are groovy and being down on people who they term "violence freaks".

This is not what I call peace and love. There are three types of peace and only one type of love. There is the peace of submission, the peace of the grave, and the peace of revolution. The first two types of peace are plastic peace. Revolution is peace and love.

There is an alternative culture developing in Toronto. That is to say people are beginning to find an alternative way to live. The alternative culture is a precious thing. It must be a real alternative, not a pseudo-alternative. It must not be chauvinistic, racist, or profit oriented. We must not let this developing culture get offed by the forces of the state. We must love. We must protect it. We must have a revolutionary culture.

There has been only one revolution in the history of the world. That was in Cuba. That revolution is still growing getting better every day. There have been many rebellions — United States, France, Russia, Latin America, South America. They failed because of bourgeois, bureaucratic leadership. They failed because the people did not think for themselves. The rebellion succeeded; the revolution failed. The people involved in the seizing of power failed to deal with contradictions in their own lives. The revolution is continuing to grow in Cuba because the leaders of the rebellion did deal with contradictions in their own lives. In 1959 Che Guevara stated that one of the greatest problems the Cuban Revolution faced was male chauvinism. You can't be a revolutionary if you relate to women as property. You are not a revolutionary if you defend organized religion, or the work ethic. You can't be a racist revolutionary. There is only one type of revolutionary — one who seeks a better way of life for all. One who is determined to end exploitation.

Many types of organizing need to be done. If there is not a union where you work organize one. Only 43 per cent of the workers in Toronto are unionized. If you do not work, get into organizing tenant's unions in the community where you live. Attempt to set up free food programs for brothers and sisters who do not have money to eat in this profit oriented society. Set up clinics to discourage people from using speed, smack, opium and cocaine. Don't buy scab products. Start organizing poor people to fight back against their enemy. Capitalism! Stop the ripoffs of the alternative culture. Refuse to get hustled into buying

peace and love at a rock festival. If you want a rock festival, get together with your brothers and sisters and organize one. Set up free medical clinics. Set up free legal services. Support the working class. Organize media to give people an alternative to reading the pig press. Live your life in a revolutionary way. As Daniel Cohn-Bendit said the best reason for being a revolutionary is that it is the best way to live. Your daily life should be an extension of your politics. When you organize people you should remember that you are not superior to them; you are merely at a higher stage of political development. Resist all forms of illegitimate authority. The largest criminal organization in Toronto is the Toronto Police Department. Set up grievance committees in your community to deal with disputes between residents.

In your local organizing do not isolate yourself from the rest of the world. Support those who are oppressed by bureaucratic systems. Set up pollution control agencies to deal with the polluters. Educate people as to who the real polluters are. Set up drug control agencies to deal with people who bring hard drugs into your communities. Reject liberal bullshit such as the Ledain Report. Spread the alternative culture. If your school does not serve the people seize it and make sure it serves the people. Make every school a free school.

We will win because we must win. We will have a revolution not just a rebellion. A rebellion stops, a revolution keeps growing.

"One of these days I'm going to fight so that I won't have to fight any more." —James Kunen author of the *Strawberry Statement*.



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I don't really want to talk about Mosport. They called it Strawberry Fields, but that's just Madison Avenue hype. Did anybody see any strawberries? And anyway, I'm writing this in the wee hours of the morning of Tuesday the 11th of August and the whole thing is ancient history and by the time this gets to press — if it gets past the editor — it'll be unbelievable and irrelevant nonsense. Who'll care, by then?

But there are a couple of things about that weekend that I need to say, that somebody needs to say, and there won't be another chance, so I'll take mine now.

First of all, would you believe PR-2? which is Powder Ridge Two which is a bunch of people who were at Powder Ridge in Connecticut where a big festival didn't happen but where a whole lot of people showed up because a festival was supposed to happen and they had medical problems just like people who go to festivals that do happen and there was nobody around to meet the need so this group put itself together and met the need — they say — and then decided they had a good thing going so they piled into cars and drove up to Mosport, where they heard there was another festival supposed to happen, and they got there and they found mass confusion and no medical services so they moved in. Problem being, they didn't have the smarts to do the job. There were three cats who called themselves doctors, but only one of them was and he said he wasn't licensed and didn't have a practice and was just there

to help, and the other two mostly ran around bossing people while some of their buddies were out in the trip-tent playing games with people's minds and bodies. One girl came in freaking out on a combination of drugs and a big fight with her old man, so the Powder Ridge boys decided what she needed was a good old-fashioned gang-bang, and another girl came in out of her mind happy on some kind of drug and rubbing herself and smiling and so the boys in the back room drew straws to see which one would take care of her need.

On Saturday, having already received \$1,200 from the promoters to buy medical supplies, and having already had one boy's muffler replaced on his car at the expense of the promoters as a gesture of confidence in PR-2, these great guys went out into the crowd passing the hat "to meet expenses," and collected \$300 cold cash from the citizens before they were stopped, and they weren't really stopped because that night I had to talk some girl out of going around taking up a collection which consisted in asking people to donate cigarettes for the noble fellows of Powder Ridge who were working so desperately hard to meet the medical need.

I was in the main medical tent for 33 of the 72 hours of the festival and I didn't see a single individual under-treated for any problem but I saw a hell of a lot of people over-treated by so-called medics on non-stops hero trips. They'd bring in some poor bastard freaking out on bad dope and there'd be 12 people — 12 people! — holding him down, pumping Valium into his viens. That happened three different times.

Back in the trip tent there was a kid named Columbo lying all curled up in a ball naked on the ground and pure agony on his face and someone would touch him and he'd scream, "Fuck off," and the Powder Ridge people decided that meant he was still dangerous so five of them held him down while someone else pumped some more Valium into him.

What I'm saying is, there was a lot of anger in those Powder Ridge people, a lot of hostility, a lot of ego pushing them to exploit and mistreat the people who came to them for help. Why do we all talk about medical care? Isn't it because medicine is supposed to be when you care for people?

And what about all the strychnine out there at Mosport? That's what all the dope was being cut with. We saw people dangerously poisoned — strychnine is a central nervous system stimulant and it doesn't take much to cause irreversible brain-damage. You make rat poison out of it, just by putting a lot of it in a little pellet, and letting the rats find and eat it. So if you have a little dope and a big taste for dollars, you make big dope with lots of

strychnine and you sell it to people for a buck or a buck-and-a-half and then you split so you don't have to watch them go into convulsions. People die of strychnine poisoning, just like rats do. Think about that, all you nice compassionate honest friendly dealers making a little money off your friends.

But there's another side to the story which bugs me even more than the strychnine and it's the side that came into my head at 5 o'clock on Sunday morning when I was sick at my stomach with tiredness and there were all these bodies around that were intoxicated with the dope they'd bought at carnie prices and what I saw was the indifference of society which seems to be prepared not to notice while a whole generation agonizes in its loneliness.

Even so, there were good things — great things — at Mosport, and somebody ought to say so in the public press. There was lots of peace out there, lots of community. Lots of people being people, instead of being IBM cards. Lots of people on good trips, for that matter, having beautiful feelings and thinking beautiful thoughts. Somebody, I think it was the rock music critic for one of the Metro papers, was saying last night on the radio that rock festivals won't last. "You get the feeling they won't be around next summer." But then he said, "Even so, you go there, and you spend the weekend, and you come away being glad you went."

I talked to one guy, he name was Bill, he had a moustache and shaggy hair and shaggy blue-jeans and he was from Philadelphia or St. Louis or California or somewhere down there below the 49th and by now it was 6:30 Sunday morning and somehow The fatigue I'd been feeling had passed and he and I were leaning against the hood of a car listening to the sun coming up and he was feeling good because he'd done one of everything that night and now he was going to do speed and he asked me what I thought of it meaning the festival and not the speed and I said, "The crazy thing is, it works. We're a community. We're together." And he said, "Yeah, that's right." And we talked about straight society and what it doesn't understand about the kids because it's too busy taking baths and going to the barber shop and buying whiskey and Bill said, "What they don't realize is, we ARE children. We're children each of us inside himself, looking for the way home." And we both thought about that for a minute, and I thought what a beautiful man Bill is, to think a thing like that, and he said, "And with just a few more people, we'll find the way home."

And if there's anything like hope left in the world, isn't that it?

David M. Collins
Toronto Free Youth Clinic

Free the Lake Erie Beaches



by Bob Wright

Supposing you wanted to go swimming in Lake Erie. Well, of course, none of us in our right minds would want to go swimming in Lake Erie. (Lake Erie has gained international fame — Prince Philip has referred to it as a prime example of pollution.)

There is a film called *Erie Report* — it really is *erie*. It takes you around Lake Erie, and shows you all the pollution. Ugh! Lake Erie is dirty, slimy, poisonous, vile, disease-ridden. It is unbelievable.

But supposing you did want to go swimming in Lake Erie. Or rather, supposing by some miracle, the pollution were cleaned up. You would still have one hell of a time finding a place to go swimming.

For example, between Fort Erie and Port Wilborne, a distance of approximately 23 miles, there are about 330 feet of available beach — half an inch per resident of the Niagara peninsula.

You would have to go down a narrow 66' road allowance to the water. High fences and no trespassing signs would line either side. There is also a place like Nickel Beach — a sewer where Inco dumps garbage — block off from natural currents because Algoma Steel's Canada Furnace Plant has cut off the flow by pumping slag into "the gap" and closing it off.

Then there is the highly profitable Sherston Beaches Ltd., where you pay \$1.25 per person to get to the beach. On either side of the road allowances stretch miles of open beach, claimed by owners of private property adjacent to the beaches. The simple fact is that no one can own a beach. Our tradition is that certain common areas — parks, roadways, the shore — are public.

No one, no matter how poor, can be prohibited from using them. In Britain, this right is jealously guarded. Canadians have permitted it to be eroded. This is partly because the United Empire Loyalists were given deeds (when they fled to Canada from the U.S. at the time of the Revolutionary War) which in some cases stated they owned "to the water's edge" or "to Lake Erie."

We believe these deeds to be of no more value than a deed — no matter how old — saying I own the sidewalk running past my house. However, the government has refused to state this clearly, and has in fact stayed back, while a few private property owners (almost all American) ride roughshod over the human rights of the people. A good book that has more detailed information on this subject is *Recreational Development and the Erie East Lakeshore* by John N. Jackson of Brock University.

What can we do?

In 1963, an organization was formed called the Association for the Preservation of Erie East Lakeshore. It is called APEEL for short. APEEL has officially:

1. Held walks, demonstrations, protest rallies.
2. Presented talks, slide demonstrations
3. Prepared an elaborate illustrated brief
4. Attended meetings of municipal governments and received some of their endorsement)
5. Met representatives of municipal, regional, provincial and Federal governments.
6. Sponsored a booth at the Welland County Fair
7. Collected signatures on petitions
8. Held seminars
9. Sponsored letter writing campaigns to various government officials, editors, etc.
10. Appointed spokesmen to open line radio shows
11. Received support from political candidates
12. Received wide radio, TV, and newspaper publicity.

Some Apeel members have torn out fences and have been charged and convicted of things like creating a disturbance. Some open beach militants last year stormed the gates of Sherston Beaches and

a near riot resulted when hired thugs began swinging clubs. The fences remain, but the situation is worse.

The simple fact is, that those who hold power are dedicated to defend the interests of private property. They control the police who may support us with their minds, but always side with private property owners rather than protesters.

Some people say we should work through the courts. I believe that is hopeless. It is very expensive, and court decisions are tied to the whole system of precedents and most recent precedents in court favour private owners, not the public. Judges hold the common culture and prejudices of the ruling class. Others urge us to work politically. Certainly with a new democratic government the present ruling class would not have the same power, and basic changes would be made, both in opening up the beaches, and in working to control pollution. But in the meantime . . . ?

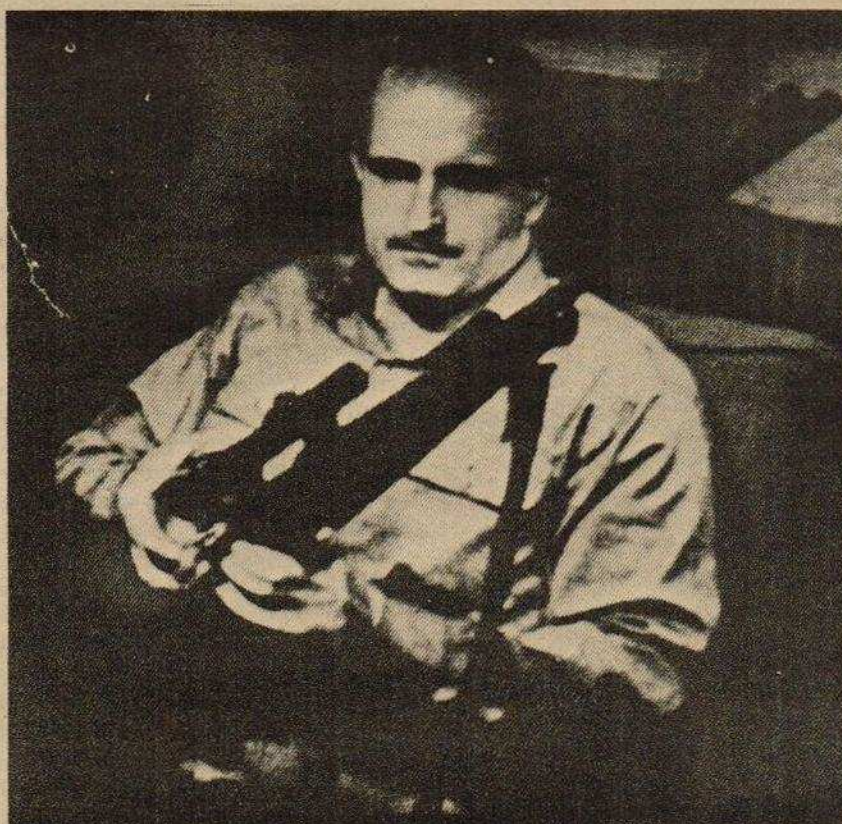
What is needed is a very basic, grass roots, populist movement — and education/action program on the beaches. First listening to the people who use the beaches, then formulation of an action policy. If small groups of people would spend some time to prepare a carefully worded, factual leaflet and spend every warm day on the beach — a real base for people power — something would be built.

Whatever approach is made must be carefully in tune with the people: non-violent — both as a strategy and philosophically — and imaginatively dramatic and attention getting.

The problem is becoming critical. Prince Edward Island — Kingston, Ontario — Cape Breton — Vancouver Island — Northern Ontario — wealthy Americans are buying up land. They in some cases see this as an escape area from their own strife-ridden problems. They are joined by wealthy Canadians and some would-be wealthy Canadians.

They all lay claim to what is rightfully the domain of the people. The small portion of the land to which we do have right of access and use is being threatened. We must preserve it as a foothold, a base from which to assert people-power, people-control, people-ownership.

In fact, beyond that is acknowledgement of the fact that no one owns anything. We just live here — along with other living things. Our job is to preserve the earth for us and for them.



Canadian National Rip-off



Take any grimy, chintzy, conning country fair you've ever known; any travelling midway with freak shows, cheap-thrill rides, bad food, con games, gambling garbage, military parades, ladies home auxiliary — take the East Jesus Fall Fair and multiply a factor of one hundred and what have you got?

The Canadian National Rip-off.

The Ex, as it is affectionately known to thousands of Legionaires, beauty contest losers, and Red Skelton fans, is with us once again. This year it runs almost a full month, but promotional material notwithstanding, it's the same old curious combination of victorian gentility and circumspect easy virtue that it was back before the Sunnyside roller coaster was condemned. With a few minor exceptions, my visit to the Ex this year was as depressing as the first visit, some sixteen years ago.

It's depressing because it is so obviously a red herring for the masses... and because they swallow it with such obvious relish, the way a hungry catfish gulps a big, juicy angleworm — with total disregard for the hook. It's depressing because it plays to the baser human instincts, greed and ambition, and the play succeeds. It is a shining example of what is wrong with capitalism and yet it is prostylized as a showcase of western progress — and is accepted as such.

The Ex is money — big money, if you happen to own a piece of the action. I counted some fifty-odd food concessions but the actual number is probably over a hundred. According to my sources, confirmed several times over by convenience food executives, one of those little twenty-by-twenty hamburger stands can gross \$25,000 a day while the Ex is on. Labour costs are nothing (the highschool girls who manfully attempt to deal with ten-deep crowds all day long average \$1.10 an hour). The Product is cheap because of the cut-rate deals with corporate giants like Coca-Cola, who are only too happy to get the exposure. Overhead and depreciation are no more, if not less, than usual. Voila, instant money.

Food prices at the Ex, of course, are a bad joke. The outstanding example is probably the Prettyman concessions: 40¢ for french fries; 75¢ for a cheechee-burger; \$1.50 for ham and eggs. Bear in mind that this is an open-air concession I'm talking about; not the downstairs of the Royal York. The prices throughout the grounds are just slightly lower than those quoted above and the food is generally terrible. Beefburgers, for instance, supply neither ketchup for the burgers (mustard is cheaper than ketchup, right?) nor vinegar for the french fries. None of the concessions I visited had steam bins, so your hamburger and hot-dog buns are always dry. There are no vegetarian stands at the Ex.

With all the fast money to be made it's not too surprising that a goodly amount of corporate wheeling and dealing takes place. The Ex itself is directed by a board of business executives headed by O. K. (Okie) Jones, who happens to be the president of Consumer's Gas (all those grills in the burger joints are fueled by Consumer's Gas, right?). It is all within the jurisdiction of this board to grant monopolies on the sale of various products, which they do. For instance, Imperial Tobacco (Players, Peter Jackson, etc.) has the mopopoly on

the sale of tobacco at the Ex this year. They do sell other brands at their booths, but they're hidden under the counter and you have to ask for them. It's difficult to get away from the oligopolies at the Ex. If you go to a Pepsi stand and order an orange you get orange crush, which has been bought out by Pepsi. If you go to a Coke stand and order a ginger-ale you'll get Sprite. There is no room for small business at the Ex.

Unless you want to talk about con games, which are something else again, Okie and his friends have officially endorsed gambling this year. Although to me "gambling" implies some sort of reasonable chance of the customer winning occasionally, the chance is bloody scarce in the two types of operation I saw. One was the old numbers game: you put your coin on a number and hope, but instead of the normal nine-to-one odds you're up against a nineteen-to-one probability. At a quarter a shot, rotsa ruck. The other game is that familiar old Legion stand-by, crown and anchor, a game in which your chances against getting a winning return on your money are even higher.

Those are the new additions to the CNE's array of con games; the tried-and-true are still with us. I noticed that the throw-the-ball-in-the-bowl has been updated by the progress of technology. They now use polyethylene balls that bounce out even if they just graze the lip of the bowl. The rifles in the shooting gallery are sighted in for one-inch off centre but now you get as much as eighty shots for your quarter. Every time you squeeze the trigger, the rifle fires five times.

Oh yeah. There is a trailer not far from the ferris wheel which contains, according to the signs, an \$84,000 "Zis" limousine which once belonged to Joseph Stalin but was presented to Mao and subsequently captured in Korea in 1951. My mind boggles at this happy sequence of events but it is obvious that the exhibitors know their audience well. I mean, there it is, a luxury car that costs at least ten times as much as anything any American bureaucrat might drive, proof positive that those commie rats are every bit as luxury loving and money grubbing as the rest of us. Yah!

Then there's the con games that appeal to the customer's morbidity. The woman who changes into a gorilla before your very eyes, for instance. It's done with mirrors and a gorilla costume, and done obviously. There's one booth that promises the whole truth about premarital sex and other nineteenth century concepts, which displays inside bottled foetae in various stages of arrested development.

These events are supported by the usual quotient of fat ladies, midgets, miniature horses, Siamese twins, etc. I really don't enjoy writing about these things any more than I enjoy seeing them. The whole thing is operated on the Al Capp dictum that if you can show a sucker someone who is obviously worse off than he is, you'll always make money. And, boy, do they eat it up. You see them lined up, acne, beer bellies, grotesque shorts, yellow teeth masticating their gum, vacantly eyeing the barker and feeling that old tingle of excitement. They're going to see a **FREAK!!** Ye-e-e-a-ah!!!

Excuse me.

There are other things to see and do at the Ex, of course. Most fathers will tell you that they take their children to the Ex so that they can go on the rides. According to my rough estimate, if your kid goes on half the rides available it will cost you \$15.50. If you have six kids, you're in bad shape. In one of their rare community-minded efforts, Okie and his friends decided to lower the prices of the rides from 50¢ to 25¢ for children. They immediately ran up against Paddy Conklin, the millionaire who owns the bulk of the rides at the Ex, and who rides around the grounds prior to opening day in a chauffeur-driven Continental. Paddy threatened to pull out everything — rides, installations, operators — everything unless the admission tickets stayed the same price. Paddy's been around a long time; so long in fact, that not one of his competitors was big enough to step in and fill the gap. The price is still 50¢.

Not everything in the Ex costs money...directly. Most of the buildings have free exhibits. The bulk of these exhibits are consumer products. Buy, you son-of-bitches, buy. In the Better Living building I saw yet another note taken from the pages of the Woodstock generation: a two storey house with all the modern conveniences in the shape of a wig-wam. It's called Doma Teepee and it costs only \$4,900. All you have to do is find a zoning by-law that will permit it. In the Food Building I saw two statues of Red Skelton modeled in butter. Red Skelton is good for you and so is cholesterol. Or maybe you'd like to plunk down ten thousand on a super-car, something that makes the Boss 302 look like a pacifist. It is all there, fellow, everything your little heart desires, along with the pretty models in mini-skirts to ogle and friendly salesmen to take your name and number so you can chat about it later.

Is there anything I like about this year's Ex? Well, yah, sure, there was bound to be something. Up on the second floor of the food building there is a quiet little corner called the Pollution Probe, which gives you the quiet little facts on mercury poisoning, cyclamates and stuff like that. There is also, surprise, surprise, a booth dispensing information on the North American Marxist movement and American ownership of our country. There is a stage on which I heard a pretty little girl by the name of Ingrid Grant do a beautiful rendition of "Woodstock". She told me that no-body seemed to know that they were there and, indeed, the entire floor held about twenty people. Downstairs there were at least twice that number watching a demonstration of a food blender. I think it might be safer to say that very few of the well-conditioned Exhibition crowd really wants to know that displays such as pollution probe are there.

Everybody likes the livestock barns, though, and so do I. Somehow, though, I get the definite impression that my reasons for looking at the farm animals are different from most of my fellow viewers. I dig animals because I prefer them to most humans — they're a lot more natural for one thing. And I can't help feeling that most of the people looking at the animals were doing so for the same reason — that they go to see the freaks on the midway: animals and freaks are both so obviously, certifiably *inferior* to humans. For instance, the most popular exhibit in the Old MacDonald's barn was that which contained a big sow heavily nursing a litter of squealing piglets...this evoked no end of hearty laughter.

Come to think of it, I may have stumbled on the over-all theme of the Ex. Everything: the games, the freak shows, the rides, even the computers that certify you as a genius if you happen to know that dueterium is made from hydrogen: everything offers you a chance to bolster your ego.

Yah, the Ex is the national ego trip. As well as a national rip-off.

It certainly is a rip-off. Just ask one of the fathers wearily shepherding his flock toward the street-car. Pardon me, sir, but do you have a rough idea of how much the day cost you? (Perplexed frown) Oh, I dunno, quite a bit I guess, but it's worth it, once a year. Yes, but how much? Oh, I dunno, I don't keep track, lemme see (checks wallet) ummnn...hmn! (Look of Wonderment) About forty dollars, I guess. (Reassuring grin) But it's worth it, for the kids...

By DOUG AUSTEN

you me and liberation

notes from conversations
bob mcArthur, jim brophy, ray james

What we want to talk about here is our confusion, weakness and fears as growing people and the self-destructive agony of trying to be a MAN.

The system we want to change bred all of us, and even as we are breaking free of it, I think many of us are still living the roles we were conditioned to in our relationships with lovers, friends, and others.

While women are coming to see the inferior status given to them in this society little has been said about men. Men are in the position of having to be superior to struggle to be successful, to gain status, to perform. The Competitive Male Ego has been driven into our heads and bodies and mirrors the impersonal rat race we were trained for.

When we started talking together we found so much common experience in our pasts.

The need to constantly prove yourself. In our youth it was in sports, marks, fighting and/or 'making it with some chick!' You've got to WIN, to CONQUER.

This aggressive role is based on a raw fear of FAILURE, of not being a somebody. We need to not just learn to accept failure but to free ourselves of thinking in terms of that success/failure duality. I am who I am.

The most threatening jokes were (and still are) always those about being gay.

We are so intent on trying to become a man THAT WE HAVE CEASED TO BE REAL PERSONS!

What has evolved between a man and a woman is a series of pasteboard faces through which they must relate to one another, one SUCCESS, the other BEAUTY. We can spend the rest of our lives trying to remember the details of the plastic dream we were supposed to live.

'In the competition-in a fight-the physical pain is nothing compared to the psychic hurt of being defeated, humiliated and conquered. And you can never show that you have been hurt enough to cry, to admit your weakness.'

'Looking back, I know that when I met my girlfriend I wanted her to be weak, to not know as much as me, to need my protection-in order to guarantee her love for me. When she started to feel stronger, to be more independent, I felt threatened-'she won't need me-she won't want me'. So, I would withdraw my support-hoping, I guess to put her back down where I was in control of the relationship. She continued to grow and I had a lot of doubt about myself and my self-image. She could still cry when she felt weak, and I

resented that because although I could express my confusion about my work to her, I was never courageous enough to be honest and tell her about my fears of losing her.

I was trying to be a MAN-which for me has been a combination of John Wayne, my father and Mick Jagger-strong, self-sufficient, self-controlled. And somehow those qualities added up to the perfection of sexuality.

As she lived her new found strength, I started feeling weak and guilty for not being more adventurous, more revolutionary, more mystical etc.'

COMPETITION BREEDS FEAR AND MISTRUST

'How could I open up about my insecurity when it might mean losing the love I needed so badly?

LEARNING TO CRY; LEARNING TO TOUCH, TO HUG MY FRIENDS'

'When I started to go out with girls there was such a big distance between my emotional needs and sexual desire. It was more pleasurable to imagine the girl and masturbate to her image than to actually be with the same girl.'

We are a generation of romantics-unable to really touch one another, only dream about it.

Making love becomes not a sharing together but ego masturbation.

DIDN'T SHE COME? THAT STEADY EVEN THRUST? WHAT IF I DON'T GET AN ERECTION?

The terrible thing about romanticism is that you can see through your own image when others cannot. Every guy is aware of the discrepancy between the MAN people think him to be and the person he really is. At the same time the image that others promote is not as easily seen through as our own. What results is feelings of inferiority and doubts about our own masculinity. MAN is Clint Eastwood gunning down our aspirations. All that's left is to savour the vicarious thrill of seeing a real MAN on the screen.

'Because women were status symbols and sex objects from which you obtained sexual satisfaction (if you can relax enough) I now find it difficult to accept a relationship with a woman-always playing the clown rather than really being serious about it.

'Many men have told me, and I've felt it myself-that they just can't have an intellectual conversation with a woman-especially the woman they live with. Is this just another part of our self-limiting chauvinism?'

In this society we exist in such a complex web of relat-

ionships, that often reinforce each other. Like if a man can only love a woman, what is the content of his relationships with other men? If a woman is just a plastic bunny-what kind of relationship can a man have to his own body?

Are women complicit in the crime? It seems like they want only MAN, they don't want me. They want that MAN in the sweating rock band, that MAN in the hip clothes and all the right words who succeeds in business, MAN-cool and tough? What if I am none of these?

The roles men and women play complement each other so completely and so destructively for all of us as persons.
OUR EXPECTATIONS REINFORCE EACH OTHER'S INSECURITY'

A woman is so often much more than her image, knows it but men just don't respond to her as a full human being. A man, often less than his ego-tripping image knows it, but is caught in the aggressive male role.

Women trying to please man trying to impress.

Often two people can't ball unless it occurs through the MAN and WOMAN ritualized roles. Man taking and Woman giving. Each watching his cardboard image and trying to savour his or her reflections. Love-making ceases to be an estatic experience.

THE CONSUMMATION OF LOVE BECOMES THE ABILITY TO DO IT WELL!!

1. Some interesting extensions of MANHOOD are Western's man's rape of the earth, racism, and imperialism.

Watching Nixon on T.V. I really get the feeling that his personal potency is being threatened by failure in Vietnam.

2. The revolution is both inside and outside. It's so easy to talk about 'them' changing, and power to 'us' the people. To change a system that's based on competition and aggression against others, we really need to confront these things in ourselves. It isn't just the cop on the beat or at the demonstration but also the cop inside our own heads-who serve and protect.

3. When I was in school I was just paralyzed when it came to writing, to expressing myself, because THEY said it so much better, THEY were saying more important things.

In the counter culture we mock the straight men who sit in front of their television watching the football game- the spectator identifying the players, acting out his feelings.

But Abbie Hoffman, Jimi Hendrix etc. - the youth superstars are being created all the time, a lot of what they do is really beautiful, but we only know an image, not real people. I think these images and our admiration for them can become a bad thing when they serve to intimidate our own efforts and self-respect.

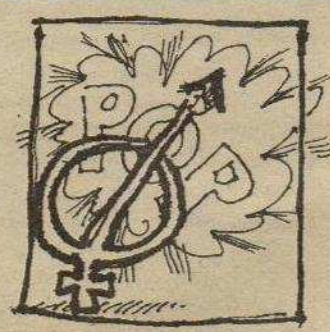
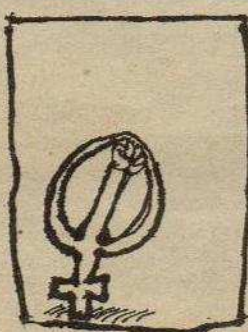
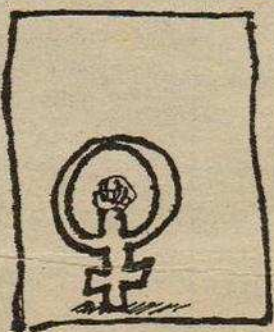
I've often got into thinking like-that's the real world- they're the real struggle.

Let's hope the growing comes out of our own experience, the here and now of our own lives.

We have got a lot out of sharing these things in our conversations. We hope to keep talking about it and hope that others will explore being a man too. If we live together and struggle

we hope that others will explore being a man too. If we live TOGETHER and struggle TOGETHER, we will grow.

THIS IS NOT THE END' THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING'



QUEBEC; DARE TO ST

Quebec, both above and underground, is a ticking grenade rolling in the streets. Guerilla, being unaware of the significance of event within Quebec, could not dispassionately 'analyse' the situation, and so has reprinted, from the French student magazine 'Le Quartier Latin', the following two views on the state of the revolution and the revolution of the state.

THE CONSPIRACY TAKES SHAPE

BY By Romeo Bouchard

Since October '68, when thousands of students closed down most of Quebec's junior colleges for a two week period, there has been all sorts of discussion about spontaneity and organization. Since the October occupation movement, which hastened the demise of the traditional forms of student organization (the present, Quebec-wide student union and student council), there have been a series of events which have mobilized an ever larger proportion of Quebec students—such as Operation McGill (March '69), the Fall '69 movement for French Unilingualism, the mass walkouts from high schools in Spring '70 and most recently, the Parti Quebecois election campaign in April. None of these upheavals produced new forms of permanent organization; instead they overproduced increasing dissatisfaction with the traditional means of organization and socialization. After each wave of mobilization, people's disaffection from these contexts increased.

At first, this attitude seemed to reflect people's powerlessness, disgust and resignation. There seemed to be a resistance to any kind of organization in favour of spontaneity at the base—a kind of idealism and revolutionary dreaming that left the present system of exploitation untouched. There was talk of youth's messianism, it's fear of struggle, it's naivete, and its absence of a theoretical base.

But all these complaints by people who court the youth and try to 'organize' them changed nothing in reality; student councils have been dissolved one after another; radical student group could not get off the ground; the Front de Liberation Populaire (the organization of militants which had done so much in the McGill and unilingual mobilizations) has had its most difficult moments in the past several months trying to develop new strategies; political action in the working class milieu and in community organizations has not attracted large numbers of youth. The only organized groups to appear so far have been action committees aiming at specific campaigns; cells of independent students which participated tactically in the April election, and a few newspaper collectives and artistic groups. (e.g. guerilla theatre.)

These current interpretations of the youth scene in Quebec are unsatisfactory: what is happening is neither a rejection of organization nor an empty disgust, but rather the emergence of a new current, a new attitude which can no longer be identified with the goals and forms of organization and struggle of existing groups. What is emerging is a new type of political, economic and cultural struggle based less on a systematic confrontation with the present system than on the beginning of a parallel life and society—a sort of political desertion, a conspiracy of freedom, a cultural revolution in the most political sense of the word.

Recent Developments confirms this interpretation. The majority of politicized youth will not take part in the traditional political struggle. At the same time, a conspiracy which poses a grave threat to the present system is rapidly becoming a part of the Quebec situation. And since this conspiracy is rapidly becoming one of the major factors in the present political situation, I am going to try to describe it as accurately as possible.

1 THE SIGNS ON A NEW CONSPIRACY

First Sign: The Occupations.

The explosion of the October '68 movement announced the arrival of a new youth on the Quebec scene. Traditional revolutionaries hoped to see these events as a classic example of political uprisings and a traditional stage in the class struggle. Students occupied their colleges less to protest the capitalist exploitation of the working class than to express their rejection of school and of the progress-orientated

technocratic society for which they were being regimented in school. They were affirming and creating their own world, based on individuality, and collective self-determination, and on values and relations based on something other than efficiency. At the same time, the students broke away from the pattern and types of action common to both the right and the left, and wanted to initiate a new way of living and being together, new forms of political protest, new goals and new forms of organization. Attempts to organize the occupiers into traditional political struggles (whether left, right, or centre) failed in the following months, with the notable exceptions of mobilizations with an obvious national content, such as McGill or unilingualism.

Second Sign: Desertion from School

As soon as the October occupations ended, a hitherto unknown phenomenon began to spread in Quebec; the total alienation from school on a large scale, leading a growing number of students at all levels to abandon school. As someone said recently, there are churches for sale all over the place now—in the next few years the same is going to happen to schools. Probably more than 20,000 students have dropped out of high school, community college and university in the last year. At the beginning of last year, there were fewer registrations than expected almost everywhere. At one Montreal high school, 203 students—10% of the student population—dropped out after the walkout last year to join the demonstrations on unilingualism. Recent statistics indicated that there were 75,000 unemployed youth between the ages of 14 and 25 in Quebec—42% of all the unemployed in Quebec.

These dropouts are familiar to us all; they have deserted school, exist as best they can, take odd jobs, steal here and there for their subsistence, often live in very loose groups, travel, take off for VAN or S.F., look for some way to escape the school market and the job market. Still more familiar are the ones still at school, but who don't believe in it any more, wait for the chance to get out of it, and who think openly of leaving school when they're there—when they don't simply come to class stoned.

In high school, where the atmosphere is often that of a military armoury, and where thousands of students endure a situation that most adults would define as intolerable, the idea is gaining ground that the schools should be burned down, the principals smashed and the schools deserted en masse.

Quebec is not the only place to experience the dropout phenomenon; it has already been going on for several years in the US, and it is beginning to happen in Europe too. This whole world of deserters does not aspire to get organized into a party or movement, but wants to organize itself into a parallel society in which they can subsist, and which would finally allow them the space to create a world on their own terms.

Third Sign: Language

This new generation of youth is in the process of creating its own language. This language is not joul (the mixed form of French and English which developed as a consequence of English domination in Quebec), or at least it's a new joul; a new vocabulary, deliberate use of certain English terms, invention of new terms as parodies of advertising slogans, and a tendency to write in a spoken form of French. A new French language is being developed, people are affirming themselves in it, and a new culture is being born in the language. Humour plays an important part in this process. For most adults, this new language is incorrect grammatically, and too full of vulgar terms. This phenomenon in itself is a break with the present society in Quebec, and even with traditional activism. Youth's forms of expression also manifest new processes of analysis; free-form drawing, photography, parody, poetry have, in many places, replaced the serious and systematic discussions of activist publications. Charlebois' success sums up this phenomenon well.

Fourth Sign: New Style of Life and Feeling

In general, it is remarkable how important daily life has become for youth. They want to organize neither politically nor corporately. They tend to think outside the official networks they reject as

being repressive; family, school, job, and even political collectives. They want to control their lives in the most basic details of daily life; housing, clothing, food, leisure, environment. They seek to do this with imagination, colour, poetry, fantasy. Different forms of collectives are being tried all over the place; collective farms, liberated areas in cities, (such as Carre St. Louis in Montreal), parallel networks of communication, of artists, co-op distribution, etc. This refusal to function in a compartmentalized and rationalized society is manifested also in a whole series of new realities; new attitudes towards sex, drugs, music and travel. McLuhan was right to talk of a new tribalism, where feeling is more important than rational discussion, where a unified life is more important than a compartmentalized life, and where a global way of perceiving is more important than linear perception.

Fifth Sign: A New Form of Politicization

A few years ago, the politicization of militants began with the discovery of the colonized situation of Quebec and of the economic exploitation of the working class. Part of this process included the development of a socialist analysis, which provided a scientific pattern for understanding class struggle and revolutionary strategy. Revolution was serious, rational, scientific, - a dangerous and demanding mission. A working class mysticism and the felling of being the apostles and martyrs of the worker's and poor people's cause usually went along with this form of politicization. A leftist wouldn't be seen at a discotheque—he probably didn't know how to dance anyway.

Increasingly, the politicization of youth today begins with a radical break with authority in all its forms—family, school, society, political movements. Although the most important ideas and events are absorbed through modern media, youth has to begin no longer with an ideological schema; they feel they no longer have anything in common with those in authority, and they seek to live according to their own values even if that means breaking up official contexts violently. There's nothing peaceful about them; they are ready to risk everything and to smash everything that is in the way to create and protect their world—they see no more sense in arguing the point. They leave their families, boycotts their schools, ridicule leaders of all kinds and throw eggs at politicians. High school students are a case in point; although they aren't politicized in the usual way, they are more revolutionary than yesterday's militants, because they want to live their new values now. So if they often fight about rules, about long hair, or about dull teachers and fascist principals, it's because they are symbols of their ideas of freedom and life. They aren't mistaken—in many places, it's more dangerous to have long hair than to talk about socialism. The present system is increasingly uptight about the freedoms they are taking.

At the time of the demonstrations for unilingualism last fall, the behavior of these youth was completely different from that of the traditional militants; many militants were scandalized by the lack of theoretical basis of thousands of high school students, and by their tendency to confuse a demonstration with a carnival. Youth are no longer missionaries or martyrs. They are not being organized into revolutionary cells. They don't hold long discussions in taverns anymore; they smoke a joint and live things. They are less concerned about organizing for a revolution than in making their own revolution and in beginning to live their dreams.

Sixth Sign: A Conspiracy which Overflows the Youth Scene

This conspiracy for a parallel world is not confined to the youth scene in Quebec. Most interpreters of the student movement, especially those of the May movement in France, have pointed out that it has given new life to the anarchist and libertarian idea of the nineteenth century in reaction to an increasingly technocratic and rationalized society. Various American movements (the Yippies in particular, and the whole dropout phenomenon, together with the parallel society they have generated in the very heart of the American empire) have preceded similar developments.



STRUGGLE, DARE TO WIN

TO DREAM OF REVOLUTION IS ONE THING
—BUT TO MAKE IT IS ANOTHER

Pierre Valleres and
Charles Gagnon

Since the occupation of the community colleges (CEGEPs) in October 1968, ideas of revolution and liberation have been spreading throughout Quebec in an unprecedented way, both in the street and in print, especially in the student publications (such as Quartier Latin). The ideal of a really free, equal and fraternal society is shared by a continually growing number of youth and workers. The 'white riggers' of Quebec are no longer afraid. They dare to dream, they dare to act, they dare to contest. Everything becomes possible. This is why you are perfectly justified, in your article, to talk about what Quebec could become—a real democracy, self-determining, controlled from the base and for the base, that is, essentially by and for the workers, craftsmen, farmers, students, youth, artists, who all are in solidarity in the struggle for liberation. But this solidarity must be expressed in new social relationships, which means, not a sum of individual 'solidarities', but a social organization based on collective solidarity that will allow the full development of each member of the collectivity by the economic, technical, scientific, intellectual and cultural progress of the entire collectivity. That means the destruction of the present system based on an elite minority living off the sweat, hunger, poverty, ignorance, fear and powerlessness of the masses in all sectors of society—school, university, factory, farm, office and even in their leisure.

The ideal of Quebec youth in 1970 is ours. And in fact, it is for this ideal that we've been languishing in prison since September 1966. But our agreement with you on the goal doesn't prevent us from questioning the libertarian idealism of a large portion of Quebec youth which seemingly imagines that the goal is within ready reach, or, worse still, is going to drop out of the sky. It isn't enough to dream, to imagine, to affirm and even to describe something on paper for it to appear. Historical reality smashed idealist philosophies long ago—including ones which called themselves 'socialist'.

It's encouraging that our ideal is being shared by a growing number of Quebecois. But it would be tragic for the Quebec people as a whole if this dream of what is possible, this beautiful dream that can be made reality, were to remain too long just that—a dream. Dreams, even the most beautiful ones, are forgotten. Often bitterness and cynicism follow when people have believed in them. Acts, and acts alone, make dreams reality. Not isolated acts, but great collective actions, such as revolutions. Our ideal will not be realized without a revolution, and a revolution is a long term collective process. A revolution isn't made in one night or one season. The overthrow on the existing system that characterizes all revolutions is the climax of irreconcilable social conflicts that take years to develop and then explode violently around many different problems: industrialization, uncontrolled urban development, underemployment, unemployment, education, mass information, parliamentary and extra-parliamentary opposition activity, the race for profits, inflation, this eventually will lead to the formation—at first underground—then increasingly in the open—of a people's power—student, worker etc. etc.

There are always, from the beginning to the end of the process, economic, political, and social forces which oppose each other on the basis of material conditions and collective existence. Men's dreams, such as that of what Quebec could be, originate in the process of real life, because it isn't the consciousness of people that determined their life, but their real life that determines their consciousness. And the essence of man, the great concern of the libertarian individual, is not, as Marx said so well 'an abstraction inherent in each individual', but in reality, it is the totality of social relationships.

So it's not enough just to dream and to print up posters to the glory of Che. Rather, we have to radically change social relationships, and this involves a long revolutionary process which has a material basis in conflict, war, and violence. There's nothing magical or surreal about that. On the contrary, it's going to be tough, painful, and bloody. While dreams can be and die painfully, an abortive revolution involves the massacre of many people. It isn't a mind game. If

one really believes that it is necessary, we must be organized concretely (materially) for the struggle. The masses are always on the side of revolutionaries, because they have nothing to lose but their chains and their slavery, but even so they've got to have arms to struggle and not just wishful thinking and torchlight parades. In order to win, the exploited masses (and the Quebec people are exploited) must be ideologically as well as technically armed. They must have not only a political programme but also a politico-military strategy that is rooted in present power relationships, on the REAL power relationships in Quebec and in the world, and not on dreams of freedom, magnificent as they may be... in theory. The revolution is both a theoretical and PRACTICAL problem. And a theory, no matter what you call it, is not a revolutionary theory unless it is accompanied by PRACTICAL revolutionary activity.

It's above all in regard to this vital question that we decided to write to you. Since we're all in this together, this is a good chance to explain our convictions on the 'dream' that we all have for Quebec, our country and for the world. And our conviction can be summed up in one statement: it is useless to dream if you don't act, and you can't act if you ignore the material conditions in which our action must be rooted. First priority, then: organizing a real people's power of workers and students. That won't happen without struggle, as recent events have shown: among others the famous anti-demonstration by-law and the witchhunt in the CYC in Quebec. We're only beginning. The struggle will be heavy and very long, as it is everywhere where a similar struggle is being waged against capitalism, colonialism and imperialism. To make the revolution means to dig in for a very long way. Those who believe in the new society must understand that from the start, and act accordingly, if they aren't pseudos or just blind.

To understand and fight that obstacle, we can't start with what's in people's heads, but rather with the mode of production that determines present social relationships and, consequently, what's in individual heads—prejudices, fears, frustrations etc. Nowhere in the world will there be a true 'cultural revolution' while the present mode of production dominates. We must once and for all radically change the economic base of social relationships at the international level so that our dreams of freedom and social equality will become the reality of daily life. It is the totality of social relationships that must be changed. Otherwise, each and every one of us will remain in our dreams, our poetry, or in the artificial paradise of pot.

That's why a Michele Firk chose to join the Revolutionary Armed Forces in Guatemala rather than remain at the level of 'power to the imagination' of the Sorbonne in May 1968. Because the duty of all revolutionaries is to MAKE the revolution and not to wait for it or imagine it. And to make the revolution means, among other things, to organize for it, and to engage oneself totally, even to sacrifice one's life if it is necessary—like Michele Firk, Che Guevara...

Conclusion

This said, comrades of the Q.L., we would now like to say why we think your magazine is in fact an action, and a NECESSARY action. Didn't Marx, Engels, Lenin write for many years? Yes, the Q.L. is presently a necessary form of action that demands that people work on it full time just as others work full time in other forms of revolutionary activity. What's important is that Q.L. continues to develop revolutionary thinking, and that it continually clarifies this thinking.

There are four areas in particular that should be emphasized:

- 1) the meaning of collective struggle and solidarity on the national level and the international;
- 2) revolutionary comradeship, not only as rejoicing in a revolution that is already accomplished (which is far from being the case) but most important, at this state of the struggle in the form of assistance, support, mutual help, everyday collaboration in all the obscure and arduous tasks of propaganda, organization and revolutionary action;
- 3) the possibility that world revolution will mean a decline in the level of consumption in the industrialized countries if this revolution is going to succeed in liberating 80% of the world from famine and hunger.

This could mean a voluntary refusal of various useless gadgets by revolutionaries in the industrialized countries—consumption goods that add to the pillage of the natural resources of poor countries and contribute to the profits of Big Business millionaires, of their army of technicians, technocrats, and soldiers.

4) finally, the meaning of practical organization, always in relation to the immediate problems that face the ongoing revolution in Quebec and the world. Historians will remember not our dreams of the future ideal society, but the concrete accomplishments in the direction of the common good and goal that we have set ourselves; the establishment of new social relationships (economic, political, cultural) that will allow the development of Quebec as of all the world in social equality, direct democracy, living fraternity and solidarity in freedom.

We're thinking now of Michele Firk, French revolutionary, who died on September 8, 1968 in Guatemala city. She was 31 years old. Occupation: film producer-journalist, but above all, revolutionary. She wouldn't admit that one doesn't live what one believes in. It was this that led her to join the ranks of the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Guatemala in May 1968—in the revolutionary Paris spring. In May 1968, Michele Firk didn't hesitate to leave Paris for Guatemala. She opted for organized action aimed at smashing imperialism instead of staying in a spontaneous libertarian euphoria that lacks and organized people's power that's been organized both militarily and ideologically. Of course, we're not denying that the spontaneous uprising in France was AN IMPORTANT STEP in the development of a revolutionary class consciousness. But libertarian dreams don't often last longer than a season (France's spring, Quebec's October). As we've seen, a true revolution is a much longer process, infinitely longer. In fact, in 1970, any revolution can only be a very long war, because it can't be only a national revolution, but inevitably a world revolution, due to the global nature of the capitalist economy and the social relationships that the world capitalist system determines. In order to destroy this system, we must destroy it around the world. The cultural or libertarian struggle hasn't a chance of succeeding in Quebec if it doesn't succeed at the same time on a global scale. As long as national revolutions (China, North Vietnam, Cuba) remain encircled and strangled by imperialist forces (be they American or Russian), these revolutions will never reach their socio-cultural objectives. They could be devoured by the imperialist monster. These revolutions, up to this point, have been only the first hard blows against the world capitalist system. The revolution which we dream about can be achieved only on a global scale or else it will remain a beautiful dream, like our fathers' belief in heaven.

That's why we must not only create many Vietnams but also coordinate them in the context of an international war of liberation. A war that is inevitably long, difficult, and personally costly. And it is a war that must be fought—the 'alternative' is—smothering to death from alienation in the present system.

There are two alternatives: condemn ourselves to live without joy and without hope in this world poisoned with exploitation, famine, napalm, alienation, pollution etc., or commit ourselves consciously and TOTALLY in the revolution, the revolution being fought in Quebec (because we are Quebecois) and being fought AT THE SAME TIME in the world (because Quebec is an integral part of the world and because this world which we are part of continues to be dominated by imperialism—economic, political, military and cultural. That's why a French woman can fight in Guatemala, an Argentinian in Cuba, an Algerian in Quebec...). The entire world is our battleground. And the problem which confronts us isn't that the struggle is so immense but that it is only struggle possible.

The libertarian, socialist, communist dream is already hundreds of years old. Marx wasn't the first to dream this dream, but he was the first to demonstrate its possibility scientifically. Then Lenin was the first to organize a revolutionary party committed to the practical accomplishment of what Marx had shown to be scientifically possible. Then came, among others, Mao Tse Tung, Ho Chi Minh, Giap, Castro Guevara. The goal defined so clearly by Marx more than a century ago has not changed. But the means of attaining it have changed with the conditions of life in the different countries of the world. Armed struggle has

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in Quebec, and have had a considerable influence here. Music is only the most obvious example. Some even talk of the Quebec youth scene and part of an American Subculture.

Signs in other sections of Quebec society are connected to developments in the youth scene, although less dynamic and even more ambiguous. I refer particularly to the white collar world, where the first generation of the Quiet Revolution ended up. Many believed that they could work together to build the vast projection of development in Quebec. Now, many are completely frustrated, have lost their motivation for work, and keep jobs just to be able to buy leisure. In their own way, they have broken with the project of a technological society, although they are not a subversive force.

The union movement is increasingly interested in developing a second front, beyond collective bargaining, which mean new methods of political and economic struggle.

In the face of the technocratic and consumption machine which is developing today, those who want to live have no choice but to desert and to struggle to create a parallel world. This is not to escape struggle, because confrontations between the two worlds will be increasingly violent; but the battleground of the struggle has been shifted.

2. WHAT'S HAPPENING ?

The phenomenon I have just described is interpreted in many ways. Older militants generally see this youth scene as a passing and ambiguous phenomenon which will become political only if it is integrated into a serious revolutionary theory and organization. 'fun is fun; revolution is serious work', says the FLP. This interpretation assumes that the libertarian phenomenon has no roots in real historical changes in the socio-economic situation.

I believe this phenomenon is rooted in irreversible historical changes. Two changes are essential in this respect; the growing Dissatisfaction which is developing towards the 'success' of a society of development, and the change in modes of perception brought on by modern communications.

TO DREAM IN REVOLUTION

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taken different forms from one country to another, but none of them have succeeded in achieving the socio-cultural objectives of the revolution on a national scale. What still prevents the total and lasting accomplishment of these fundamental objectives is not the human limitations of the leaders of these countries, but the brutal MATERIAL fact that the entire world, including the revolutionary countries, is still dominated by the social relationships (exploiter/exploited, master/slave, rich/poor) created by the capitalist mode of production. That's the obstacle that must be defeated. Michele Firk was right

Our 'idealism' will be remembered perhaps by academics, like the philosophy of the surrealists. Only our present action will hold water with the historians, because only our actions will or will not make possible a better future, a free future, a fulfilling future that we are all hoping so deeply to know and live together.

Your comrades,
Charles Gagnon
Pierre Vallieres

Pierre Vallieres and Charles Gagnon were both early drop-outs from the 'Quiet Revolution' in Quebec. Vallieres grew up in the slums of Montreal, dropped out of college, lived in France and became a successful young journalist in Quebec. Gagnon was a small town boy who was radicalized as a student and young teacher at the University of Montreal. Both were active members of the Front de liberation du Quebec (FLQ) when they were busted during a wave of police and political repression in 1966. They were held without bail and went through a series of trials for three and a half years before their release a few months ago. This letter was written from jail earlier this year, and originally appeared in Quartier Latin.

Refusal of the Technocratic Society

In both socialist and capitalist countries, collective hopes and energies have been mobilized for several years for the building of a society of planned development. This project took the form of the 'Quiet Revolution' in Quebec. At the heart on this project were educational reform and mass schooling to prepare the necessary skilled personnel for this development. The left, despite its recent appearance in Quebec, situated itself within this project, demanding a more just distribution of the fruits of development by replacing the capitalist system, which generates inequality, by a system of socialist ownership. The goal of the left, in this context, was the seizure of power and the building of a socialist society of development. People have made the frightening discovery that development does not make people happy, and that the system of rationality, specialization, and compartmentalization it produces, radically destroys any possibility of living, any interest in existence. People who are earning their 10,000 a year are just as trapped as anyone by a boring life. There's no real motivation to work. The development of the most promising technical means has not led to the solution of human problems-- as it might have. And this will go on as long as the goals, values and consciousness of people remain unchanged. The same goes for the 'socialist' countries, A change in power without any real change.

People are coming to define the real problem as less immediately that of inequalities in the social distribution of the Gross National Product than of its utilization; less directly that of structures than of culture-- but culture in all its political and economic dimensions: what Marx called ideology. People's consciousness in this sense prevents economic liberation, and misuses all the means of liberation. By deserting this society, and by dropping out of a form of political struggle which aims only at power and the redistribution of wealth, youth is perhaps acting like a spoiled child, but at the same time they are trying to build a parallel world on the basis on a new culture-- a project which will increasingly provoke confrontations with fundamental problems.

A New Process for Perception

While rationality and modern specialization have made the experience of daily life much poorer, the electronic era has developed a type of global perception which has produced people at the polar opposite of rational perception. Today's youth were born politically after the Quiet Revolution, and have nothing in common with its aspirations. They were also psychologically born in the era of television, and the formation of large collectives of information that electronic media have made possible. They tend to feel by global vibration rather than by the linear logic of discussion. This type of global perception has opened the way to the realm of instinct, affectivity, imagination, an integrated way of living, a new tribalism-- which makes even more intolerable the essence of modern development; rationalization, compartmentalization of life, etc. In this context, modern work is meaningless. So it's really not surprising that so many students have broken the connection with a certain type of political struggle, and have begun the phenomenon of desertion and parallel societies. In effect, they are at one and the same time the first specimens of this neo-tribalism and the first victims of 'productive' schooling and mass mobilization for the society of development. They know too well that by staying in school they can eventually make good incomes, but they already see how absurd such work would be. They also see that the goal of redistributing consumer goods is insufficient: only a cultural revolution will make a real society of participation possible. And they don't feel anything in common with the project of a society of development. They want to start living now another kind of life.

3. A NEW REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE

The project of a parallel society which undermines the present system and engages in increasingly violent confrontations with it is no more utopian than the project of the seizure of power by an armed revolutionary socialist party. In any case, left groups are making less and less impact on the deserters.

But we shouldn't confuse these deserters with apolitical hippies and flower people. This is a shift in focus

rather than an abandonment of the struggle. Nor is it simply replacing political and economic struggle with cultural struggle. What's at stake is a new form of political and economic struggle which takes into account the need for radical changes of consciousness in the direction of seeing that social inequalities are part of a larger system--a bit like left militants insisting that the national struggle is part of a larger socio-economic system. In other words, the speeches of FLP people are as ambiguous to the deserters as the speeches of traditional nationalists are ambiguous to FLP people.

These thousands of deserters are a group with no clear definition and no myth for public consumption. There is no counterpart to the Yippie myth or to Jerry Rubin in Quebec--but perhaps that's not so far off. The revolutionary project of these living groups will probably become clearer in the coming year or two. It already seems clear that these people will never have a formal political programme. Organization will not be in the line of a movement or a party with local cells, but more in the line of a vast network made up of various sub-networks: networks of artists, communes, communications, food distribution, free studies, mutual services, hostels.

There will also be networks for political intervention, such as the one created for the April election campaign, which intends to continue and intervene in the Montreal municipal elections this fall. The deserters need to get together and do things together without becoming conscious of themselves and of the political force they represent, the more their presence and their interventions will affect the present system and provoke violent confrontations. Already there is a growing irritation in some places towards the deserters, seen, for example, in the insults they face in looking for places to live.

All this represents the elements of a more total challenge than ever to the society of development--capitalist or 'socialist'. In this sense, it is increasingly illusory to try to organize workers and youth in the same revolutionary struggle. Different kinds of employees are in the process of developing an original method of political action together with union political action, particularly at the level of municipal power.

But the kind of conspiracy we have been describing poses a more radical threat to the present society than all the left groups together. The desertion of patterns of sexual life, family life, culture, school, and of political and economic patterns probably adds up to the political threat par excellence.

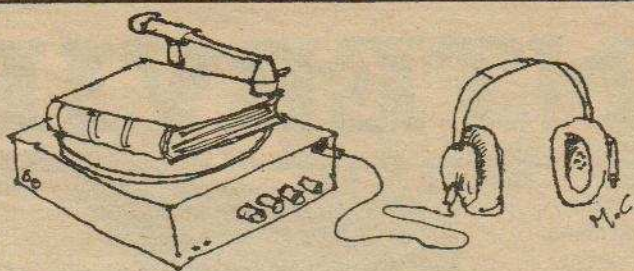
(Romeo Bouchard is a former editor of the Quebec student magazine QUARTIER LATIN, in which this article originally appeared.)

MONEY

The monied classes are feeling the pressure; the people are feeling the pressure. One of the greatest powers we possess is our economic power. Anyone who has even a few cents pass through their hand, and that is anyone who has to pay for a bed, or pay for food, anyone who sells Guerilla, can exert this power. I feel terribly possessive about this power (power hungry). Thus, I cannot give freely to panhandlers. I suspect panhandlers of buying cigarettes, wines, movies tickets, records, and fried potatoes and Coca Cola with the money they receive. That puts one in a difficult situation; you do have money that, if you didn't have it you would manage anyway (What a wonderful expression 'Spare Change') but the purifying yourself of money is not enough. All our money must be honestly received, respectfully held, and wearily spent. We must make sure it avoids evil hands for as long as we can. That explains the desire to hold on to one's ruples until you can give them to someone you trust. Met a couple of hippies (dopeys) the other day and in an effort to relieve them of the embarrassment of begging on the streets turned them on to a no-questions-asked half-hour job worth \$1.25. They weren't interested and two days later I saw them in the same spot. When a Muslim asks for alms, he does so in the name of God and does not thank his benefactor but says 'Allah be praised'. Count your blessings.

— BEMBO

BOOKS



PENGUIN MODERN POETS 12:

ALAN JACKSON,
JEFF NUTTALL,
WILLIAM WANTLING

The passionate rush into the Sublime Force continues and its most comfortable vehicle is poetry. The Western artist in sympathy with, or part of the Counter Culture of western youth must either help to chisel out an escape route, try to construct an alternative society, or surrender to the masochism and self-parody of this age.

Alan Jackson, 32: ex-psychiatric nurse, now labourer; veteran of the 1962 sit-down against the Polaris base at Holy Loch; Scottish; married, 2 children; Poetic weapon acute irony: "What a shame for my mum that to make me well

I had to give her bloody hell." His dry flat lines spare no one, criticize, then criticize their own criticism: "... friend I'm no Christian fool. I firmly believe you've got to be cruel to be cruel."

and:
"By Christ I kicked her where it hurt most. The noise of her screams is still my boast."

(Was a shame)

On second thoughts Jackson seems to have settled for self-parody: reverse the pogrom let the amachabites murder the jews let the jews murder the christians let the christians murder the CP-ites and let them finish the job and then like a little lamb buried in mud let me rise from the rubble looking lovely in hides.

I don't know, that poem has a tempting Instant Absurdity Solution that perhaps we turn over a lot in our minds. Jackson keeps laying his "rubble" and "buried" images on continually, Jackson controls his language skilfully and his well-chosen images with their accessories are beautifully sustained to the end of each poem. "Digging" to me shows Jackson at his best; the poem itself given the simplest interpretation seems to signify the plight of western man and his civilization. It begins "fallen in a heap/again/ why do I keep/falling in a heap?" and then he lays it on:

i got plaster
i got bricks
i got a boxful
of tradesman's tricks
i got cement
well it's still in the bag
there isn't a tap
here that's the drag
i got sand
i got trowels
i got my dad's
good set of rules . . .

to quote any more from this poem would spoil it if you haven't read it, so I'm going to move on and let Jackson throw the whole exciting works at you as in "The Worstest Beast" which is man:

he's the worstest beast because he's won
it's a master race and it's almost run.
So much for self-parody perhaps.

Jeff Nuttall: English; Artist; ex trumpeter and pianist for his own jazz band for 5 years; works with the London Underground; author of "Bomb Culture".

I dig reading Nuttall anytime, but I find that only when I'm stoned can I get between the lines and fuck his language; if you're horny or erotic enough, his poetry can make you come:

I could shriek you and weep you I fuck you love
All tears turn firecracker thunderstorm
Flash up your ridgeway and burn down the frail black
fronds of your fuckhole hair
Black wet black green nightbreath rustle
garden-cunt black
And the morning the morning the slow pearl
poised on the world's fat gland and the peace.

(Lightening Sequence)

You might find Dylan Thomas jacking off blatantly on Nuttall's page but don't get carried away with any irrelevant comparison between the two beautiful lunatics, or you'll miss that special swift moment when Jeff allows the wet tear to illuminate, not smudge, the disciplined poetic process. "For my son" is such a poem:

Please don't
Glut your sore-pink self to show
Your flesh past dimmer glow
To edgy glister; don't let
Juices wet you like a blister running
—
Like a sticky bud let lose you.
Know
the knives are out.

That's beautiful man, really! For some time now I have not read a poet with such a gift for balancing driving harshness with courageous and unembarrassing sympathy and love.

They come forward like a wall, stalk forward gravely,
Stalk on tall stilts, no sound, no expression,
Still advancing (though no nearer yet)
Always coming (never getting close
For some good reason) So there's
No excuse for me to lose
A tiniest part of all their sense of menace
Even for a minute.

"THEY" is never interpreted. Nuttall knows, you know, I know "THEY". But to define is to succumb, to lose. Nuttall is on the other side of despair, masochism, and self-parody; he is aware and confident of how not to be crushed by "THEY"

Difficulty's not to overcome them (for we never meet . . .)
Nor to see it through with clenched teeth
(How? it's never over.)
What I must address myself to now is how to live alongside the perpetual menace,
face the stationary advance.
Not fight, nor yet defy, seek no relief
But smile towards those dolphin lips of bone
And meet those clustered berry eyes that squeak."

It seems to me that there is a lot of R. D. Laing in Nuttall's verse, the same passionate anger that develops the beauty and horror of "The Bird Of Paradise" is very much apparent in a particular poem of Nuttall's called "The Twin". I'll let you look into that yourself.

William Wantling: American; ex marine in Korea; totally disenchanted with war; married; author of "The Awakening", a volume of poetry.

A lot of this is junkie poetry. A lot of this is very moving, highly emotional poetry. I don't know — all I can say is I feel as if this guy has become my brother through his poetry. His language seems to have that power that understanding of you, the anonymous reader, to transform you into Wantling for the duration of the poem. "The Awakening" is definitely an experience:

I found the bee as it fumbled about the ground
Its leg mangled, its wing torn, its sting
gone
I picked it up, marvelled at its insistence
to continue on, despite the dumb brute
thing that had occurred
I considered, remembered the fatal struggle
the agony on the face of wounded friends
And the same dumb drive to continue . . .

The world of agony epitomized in a bee struggling against death. And it is for those dying and dead that Wantling releases all his grief, sympathy, and understanding; it is they — the imprisoned forgotten outcasts of society — that Wantling canonizes in his memorable lines;

The world soon kills
what it cannot suffer
you went the way of
all shining thing . . .
(for Lenny Bruce, for us)

Unforgettable, unforgettable — "The Death of Caryl Chessman."

Little did I know, then
The price of my revenge
If someone had foretold
Those long years of quiet
terror and grey steel . . .

Then the long years began
And setting aside my hot
Dreams of glory
I came to understand . . .

So they bathed my body with
gas.

But the agony Wantling delivers is none of that sobbing self-indulgent shit, no "agony for agony's sake" or romanticized introspection! What is poetic is the anger and sincerity of his lines:

All the fucking time
I was in San Quentin
I kept remembering my
Stinking bitch of an
Old lady and how I'd
rode the beef for her
and how she's stopped
writing in 9 months
and served papers and
shacked up with some

Chicano from East L.A.

So we have the agony of mutilation and love; now for the agony of war and the junkie's heaven. "Pusan Liberty" is a poem I find remarkable for its calm and confident control throughout. The scene Korea:

I am meeting the SEAL as he
sits on his roller-skate cart
minus arms & legs but beneath
his ass a million \$'s worth
of Heroin . . .

2 chinese agents come around
to make their buy, 2 young
boys, they're hooked bad & I

charge them too much — we sit
there and fix, I fix again, the

so-called Enemy & I, but just
3 angry boys lost in the immense

absurdity of War & State sudden
friends who has decided that

our hatred of government exceeds
the furthest imaginable limits

of human calculation.

Even before reading "Just Lately" the sensitive reader could probably tell that Wantling has been There; "just lately/i've seen through it/i've seen through it all/once, you know/i was quite religious/but now/there is nothing, nothing/yet still i pray." Maybe Jackson, Nuttall, and Wantling can have relevance and meaning to those of you who still pray and value listening to the prayers of others. I hope you survive man — amen.

Last issue we suffered last-minute and left out the title of a book we reviewed: here it is — read this book.

The Master Game
beyond the drug experience
by Robert S. DeRoop
Delta: \$2.35 (in Canada)

LOVEOLUTION

And Mister border Man said
"What you got?"
And I said
I got drugs
To solve the sad situation
And I got desires
To solve the boredom situation
And I got a media smile bomb
To solve the policial situation
And I got food
To solve the crime situation
And I got me
To solve the Sex situation
And Mister Border Man said:
"STOP."
And I said, I got a gun
To solve the border situation.

Scott Wurtele
130 Rosedale Valley Rd. Apt. 204
Toronto 5 — 964-0679

INTERVIEW WITH

The following is the published text of a letter written in fulfillment of a promise made to Big Mama Thornton.

I am going to write some nice things about you, Mama, I said, as Willy May Thornton approached our table following the completion of the third and most moving set of her Monday night show at the Colonial Tavern, I'm sure you would agree that at bottom the blues are nothing more than feeling it and saying it just like it is, and I'm going to tell it just like it happened, Mama.

"Some folks know but they don't talk and a lot of folks talk but they don't know so just you tell the truth". Yes, that's what I'm going to try to do.

You recall that I told you about Mance Lipscomb. Well, I think that he is one of the greatest living poets of our age, and this is probably why he is, along with others like yourself, mostly ignored by scholars. He once told me Mama that a man's word is his worth and I hope that you'll be as glad to talk to me after this article, as I was to talk to you before writing it.

"I'm just here to give you what you want and if it makes you happy, then it makes me happy." These are the words with which you introduced your last set, but we are getting a little bit ahead of ourselves so let's go back to where it all started.

You had agreed to give an interview before your last set ended, we made our way to the bar where you were already talking to one of the Hound Dogs. We stood for sometime without speaking until it suddenly occurred to me that we were approaching a real live person and not one of those frilly laced balloons with a hole in it. You know the kind, Mama; the living embodiment of our cultural expectancies of a woman. What about the interview, Mama? Should we get a table and sit down?

"If you want to interview me, you'll have to come on our side because Mama's going out in the air."

You led the way down a twisting, tunnel-like corridor that took us out to the back of the Colonial Tavern. You were already beginning the interview as you softly sang, "Blues and trouble, I've had them all my life." Yes, you had the blues and you were about to get the trouble.

"Hello world", you cried into the emptiness as you stepped outside in exactly the same way that I'm sure you have so many times before in the last thirty-one years. "I'm gonna see about my thing", you said, as you went to the trunk of your car. I felt nervous but started the conversation as you rummaged about in the back.

GUERILLA: I should first like to apologize that I had given you so little notice that you were going to be interviewed.

And you replied sensing my uncertainty,

MAMA: That's alright, I'm with you, just you ask me anything you want.

GUERILLA: Well, how long have you been singing blues for a living?

MAMA: Thirty-one years and I'm celebrating my thirty-first anniversary here at the Colonial.

GUERILLA: Where are you from, Mama?

MAMA: I'm from everywhere (- a response that would do credit to Allan Watts)

GUERILLA: Yes, I know, but where did you originate?

MAMA: I originated from everywhere.

GUERILLA: At the same time, Mama?

There's a thing being talked about a lot know, Mama, called Women's Liberation. I'm sure you know all about it. Women are discriminated against in most professions in our society. Have you ever been treated differently as a blues singer because you are a woman?

MAMA: No, not by the older people who really sing blues, but something happens with the younger people.

GUERILLA: You mentioned the hard times you had when you were getting started. Would you tell us a little bit about that?

MAMA: Well, it was like tonight. Two of my people didn't show up on time and I had to play anyway. In the old days, people were always getting lost. Big Mama is always there, right on time, and I just go out and do my thing for the people.

GUERILLA: You must have many of the greats in blues. Do you know Memphis Minnie?



MAMA: Yes, I listened to her and I did her Black-rat Swing on my latest album.

GUERILLA: What did you think of the Ann Arbor Blues Festival? Did you know that it lost money?

MAMA: I didn't know that. There were a lot of people there when I arrived and it was beautiful. You should have been there.

GUERILLA: I was there and you were great! What does the blues mean to you, Mama? I know what they mean to me. Let me tell you about Mance Lipscomb. Do you know him, Mama?

MAMA: No, I don't know him.

GUERILLA: Well he was one of the early bluesmen from Texas—Navasota, Texas. He's seventy-five years old and he sang at Ann Arbor just before you did and really brought the crowd to their feet. I asked him to play in my class and he graciously agreed. It made my soul sick, Mama, what happened when he tried to enter Canada. With the exception of the last few years, he has rarely left his farm in Navasota, and this is pleasantly apparent when you meet him, and yet the customs officer asked him in front of a number of people if he had ever been in trouble with the police or had been in jail. Can you dig that, Mama? An old gentleman like him, being asked for his police record. And when he politely replied 'No', the officer quipped, seeing that he had an audience, 'That's unique'. To me Mama, that's what the blues mean.

MAMA: I understand you. I know what you're trying to say and I believe it; it happens every day.

At this point, Del Riene joins the conversation. 'I've been listening to you and maybe I shouldn't say anything but I'm going to anyway. This woman is wonderful and she's overdue, and its time she made it big. B.B. King, James Brown, and a lot of others have made it big but she's overdue. She never does anything but help others; lots of people put their foot on others so that they can get ahead themselves, but Big Mama never does that. I was down and out when I joined her and I've been with her for seven years and I'm staying with her. do you understand that - whether she makes it big or not and even if I was with another band I'd still say the same thing about Big Mama. She has her own material and we're cutting another album soon. You know, they've been trying to get her to do a gospel album, but she won't do it because she doesn't feel it and that's the kind of person she is. She's too good to others and that's why she doesn't get ahead.'

GUERILLA: Getting ahead is not getting ahead if it's gotten that way. That is, Mama knows, you don't go anywhere by holding anyone else down.

DEL: Elvis Presley got rich on Hounddog and Mama is still out here working but she's never done anything bad to anyone and you can say that I said that.

MAMA: Tell me why this is you asked. 'Someone can start unknown and in less than 2 years, they're a hit. But me. I've been scuffling for three years and I'm still scuffling-- now, why is that?'

That's a good question and I had an answer although I didn't give it to you then. It's cultural racism, Mama, of the short- and long-haired variety that has kept you scuffling while many far less talented have become famous.

It's not enough that we young people merely nod our heads in passive approval and say, 'Too much, that Mama Thornton's really cool,' just as though it doesn't concern us. It does concern us, it is us. And the young people ought to be confronting the producer's of the Goose Lake Goof-Off and other weekend extravaganzas that cater to the compulsive conformists of the new fraternity. You scuffle seven days a week, Mama, and it's just too much of a hassle if we have to cut the lawn if the suburbs. We ought to be asking ourselves why we are not disturbed by the fact that our festival line-ups read as lily-white as any suburb in Mama's native Montgomery, Alabama. Can it be that the emotional cancer of cultural racism runs as ramped in the self-centered ranks of freak-dom as it does in straight society?

GUERILLA: I understand you were accused of having a gun.

MAMA: 'No, not having a gun, stealing a gun. In 1965, during the Watts riots, I was accused of stealing a gun and I was in Europe at the time. HOW could they see me stealing a gun in Los Angeles all the way from Europe- that's what made me wonder'

GUERILLA: That's not's a bad grab, Mama. You must have quite a reach.'

MAMA: 'I know I'm Big Mama but I'm not that big.'

GUERILLA: 'If you were to give any advice to young developing blues singers, what would it be?'

This question was never answered as you were interrupted before you could answer it and yet I hope you will give me an answer sometime.

POLICE: 'Toronto Police' Badges are shown. 'what are you selling from that car?'

MAMA: 'I'm not selling anything, I'm Big Mama Thornton and I'm not selling anything.'

POLICE: 'You fellows?'

GUERILLA: 'We're with the press- Guerrilla, an underground paper and we're doing an interview with Mama Thornton, and she isn't selling anything.'

POLICE: 'Yes, where are you from?'

MAMA: Mississippi

POLICE: 'Yes, where

POLICE: 'Yes, well, you're in Canada now'.

I felt the same way Mance Lipscomb was in Canada.

POLICE: 'Yes, well, we don't like someone just taking a snap tight in the middle of the street.'

MAMA: 'It's mine and I didn't give none to nobody but me.'

POLICE: 'Did she sell you a firearm?'

GUERILLA: 'no'

Big Mama laughed

POLICE: 'Well, just you keep it straight'.

And they leave.

BIG MAMA THORNTON



You kept saying 'you can't see anything in that trunk, what was I selling?'

It happens all the time, doesn't it Mama? But you don't need to have three hundred thousand people with you to convince you of your innocence. I said I'd tell it the way it happens, and that's what I've tried to do. It's just another chapter of Canadian history that won't be in the revised edition of the Kingdom of Canada. —

It's all too easy Mama, for some of us young people to just write off the cops as racist pigs and

leave it at that. Too many of us are constantly finding cool new ways to leave things just the ways we found them, and still ritually condemn the conservatism of our parents. As any singer knows, Mama, the two policemen involved are not pigs, they are human beings with lots of reasons why. Just like you and me. The two policemen are no more responsible for the insults to you than are say the young people who financially support the very festivals which sky rocket to stardom third-rate imitations of Mama Thornton.

Well what can one say about a moral and musical giant as big as Mama Thornton. It is not possible to describe on paper the expressive power of your presence on stage and I'm not going to even try. You play the harp the way you live, with a firm gentleness. And you sing that honesty possessed only by those who can look into an empty mirror and thus see real reflection of themselves and not an alienated consensus of what is locally held to be cool. The men in your band respect you Mama. And well they might. They would never play for you the way that they did during the first set Monday night if they didn't have a great love for you off as well as on the stage. Only your saxophone player and drummer were there for the first set and yet you did your thing and they did it with you.

I was moved almost to the point of embarrassed tears when you came over to shake hands after your last number, and this was a compliment I shall not quickly forget.

A word should be said in thanks to the management and staff of the Colonial Tavern, for they make such interviews possible by providing an intimate platform for Big Mama Thornton, Muddy Waters, and the other greats of the Blues. It is my firm hope that the readers of Guerilla who love the blues will frequent the Colonial and keep these men and women going.

The mythical core of North American culture can permit a network TV show to begin with the words "Hello, I'm Johnny Cash". But our Cultural myths concerning race, sex, competition, and what constitutes human success can never allow a weekly introduction that plainly said, "I'm Big Mama Thornton and I'm goin' to do my thing". Think about it people! So long as Big Mama Thornton really did her thing the myth simply couldn't survive, for although you're stronger than dirt you're softer than velvet.

RECORDS

It's Saturday and time to clear the shelves of all the LP's piled their. Waiting again to the last moment for fear that what would appear on paper would be infinitely discouraging. It hasn't happened yet but there's always a first time.

On top of the heap is **HOT TUNA** (RCA), a joint effort of Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady from the Jefferson Airplane.

The one and only time I saw the Airplane was at their afternoon concert at O'Keefe on their last tour. The crowd was desultory; Grace was disappointed, Marty appeared apathetic, Casady was absorbed in his bass and Kantner's comments were terse. Spencer Dryden had married a groupie queen and moved in to the plum raving sugar life and his replacement was grooving on the fact of the crowd.

And then Jorma, like an Aztec high priest—high cheekbones, silver arm bracelet, purple leather diamondback pants. Saying little, he played with an intensity which tolerated broken guitar strings and half-hearted efforts from others in the band. Periodically, a mysterious smile would cross his face; he was responsible for the encore.

Jorma sounds like an unforgotten chocolate bar. He and Casady played together before the Airplane began and they still can flash off one another. Their album is a look back to early and obscure blues. Jorma always played folk style, preferring fingerpicks to the flat pick. On the album, his singing is too dispassionate to qualify as anything moving but his work on the guitar is the focal delight on the sides. Staying mostly inside the basic three chord structure of the blues in the live set, Jorma shows how a practiced inventiveness can freshen this traditional form. Without a drummer, Jorma and Jack play freely with the rhythm, halving it at will. Will Scarlett (a Robin Hood Harp player?) provides some soothing background.

Two songs to note are 'Morning Song' and 'Mann's Fate'. Both are written by Kaukonen in the Airplane style—chunky chord changes connected by subtle guitar runs. The former has a lyric which is quite compelling even though somewhat awkward. Mann's Fate is an instrumental which gives Casady an opportunity to stretch some long bass solos behind Jorma. Using the multitude of tone controls he has, Jack can make his bass sound like a piano, among other things. This album is a folk guitarist's technical delight.

And now a word about equipment. I'm listening to these records on a G'E portable transistor stereo with the right channel blown out and two additional Japanese mini radio

speakers hooked in. Thus no comments on production are included

BUSH (RCA DS-50086) is the Mandala transported from Toronto to the West Coast and renamed. However, their problems remain the same. This new album, like the pseudo-Soul Crusade lacks credibility. Soul Crusade failed to adequately cover the Mo-Town sound originating barely 250 miles away and Bush has much the same shortcomings. Country and Blues are in—so this is what Bush does. Their use of 3 vocalists and some scat phrases is effective but a fresh direction is urgently required.

Eric Burdon—a man who changes personnel like most performers change clothes—has a new band. (Eric Burdon declares War MGM SE-4663). Eric is now into a fusion of Jazz and Blues—songs with titles like Roll On Kirk and Blues for Memphis Slim.

His band is tight and effective. Inventive solos—like the flute in 'Spill the Wine'—add a lustre to Burdon's good vocals and talking blues styles. Charles Miller—on flute and tenor sax—is a standout on a number of cuts. It is to Burdon's credit that he gives his sidemen plenty of room to stretch out. The album is a good attempt to integrate diverse musical influences past and present and deserves close attention.

WEIGHIN' HEAVY (TUESDAY GHL-1000) is a first album by a Canadian group called Steel River. They explore the contemporary rock standards with just enough vinegar to make it interesting. On the blues tunes, the vocalist sounds like early Eric Burdon and the heavy emphasis on organ is reminiscent on the original Animals. Not a bad place to begin. Their work on 'Ten Pound Note' shows promise if they can avoid some of the pedantic excesses on the second side.

Four albums in one day—you folks must be getting bored with one person doing these reviews—I am. Thus, is it possible that some of you could do a review or five. If so, walk, crawl, limp and call the Guerilla office and ask for Groaner—alias John McDonald. Who knows—if you like the album you may get to keep it!

john macdonald

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the Oasis

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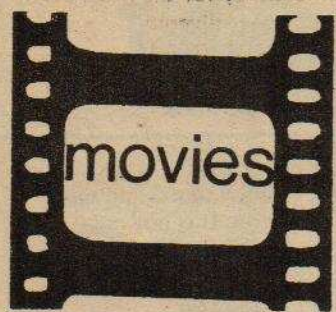
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State of the Industry: Turmoil

By DAN MERKUR

It is an awfully easy thing for the casual, and ignorant, film-goer to label the Hollywood film industry as a total rip-off; yet the films are, after music, the greatest single external influence on our culture, and merit something more than a cursory glance.

If any single word can be applied to the U.S. film industry, it is turmoil. The film community is no longer a single community. There is a wide-spread dichotomy even within individual production companies. There can be no aye-or-nay labelling. The industry is too complex and too large.

The first major area of conflict is the traditional Hollywood understanding of movies as entertainment; the European consideration of film as art; and the British view of cinema as drama. The phenomenal success of the better foreign directors in the U.S. has led a lot of people to take a more intellectual approach to film-making; but even a cerebral director like Mike Nichols was weaned on westerns and raised on Bogart. How can he throw off his film education?

The result is films that don't quite know whether they are trying to entertain, to moralize, or to be art. Most of these indecisions are deathly boring — Medium cool, for example. Some are confused, like *Catch 22*. And some are brilliant, because they achieve both ends, like *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*

Added confusion was provided by the discovery that 80 per cent of the North American movie-going public was under 25, and 40 per cent of that in university (30 per cent are graduates.) Which meant that Sam Goldwyn's legendary audience of 12-year-old intellectuals was non-existent, and something more than *Going My Way* was required to sell tickets.

So what did Hollywood do? It smiled and started churning out garbage.

Throughout the 60s, the sexploitation material was gung-ho, based on the success of foreign skin flicks. That foreign skin flicks sell to the same group of fortyish office-workers who buy skin magazines mattered not at all to Hollywood — until skin wore off as a novelty, and stopped selling movies.

Meanwhile Hollywood was doing big business with the super musicals, but around 1968-69 these and the skin flicks stopped selling at about the same time.

So Hollywood dug out the acid trip movies — *The Trip*, *Skidoo*, et al. Horrible films that belied an ignorance of the culture depicted.

Then *2001: A Space Odyssey* came out, and Hollywood took note. Increasing attention was paid to visuals. Cameramen like Conrad Hall and Haskell Wexler became box-office. So Hollywood went arty.

Only to fall on its collective face. Pretty and art do not equate. Nor do tastelessness and purposelessness help the situation.

Now we get into the revolutionary movies. *Last Summer* did okay; Hollywood didn't react, though. But *Easy Rider* knocked them flat on their

asses. A crazy film, badly mounted, only adequately photographed, with a fair sound track and mediocre camera direction, shot on a shoestring budget; yet it had rebellious youths persecuted and martyred by the Establishment, and was the biggest sleeper since *Bonnie and Clyde*. (I refuse to argue with *Easy Rider* fanatics: for the record, it is a poor, Grade B film with no particularly insightful image that hit a sympathetic nerve in our culture. It is a most important movie — sociologically and within the industry — but it is not a particularly good one.)

Easy Rider said nothing special. Hell, the actor who played the disposed farmer in *Bonnie and Clyde* drove onto the set in that beat up truck in the film. Arthur Penn spotted three large bore rifles in the truck and inquired as to their purpose. Said the actor/farmer: "You never know who you're going to run into." The filming of *Bonnie and Clyde* predates *Easy Rider* by 2-1/2 years, and the Civil rights workers' murders took place back in 1963. What was special about *Easy Rider* was the temperament of the public — not the movie itself. (Further, for true revolutionary films, you might try Herbert Biberman's brilliant *Salt of the Earth*, about the organization of a Mexican-American union in the mining industry, made in 1954; or his most recent analysis of the slave/owner relationship in the pre-civil war south, called *Slaves*, a brilliant film that played black ghettos and almost nowhere else because in 1968 you had to be awfully liberal to accept the message of that film.)

However, Hollywood jumped on the *Easy Rider* bandwagon. MGM was recently bought by a Las Vegas gambler, who scrapped 14 films in progress, allowed *Marlow and Goodbye, Mr. Chips* to be completed and then instituted a youth movie policy. The lure of the under-25 ticket produced, in rapid succession, *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart*, *The Strawberry Statement*, and many others. *Strawberry Statement* is the only one with redeeming values, and even then it is a travesty on the true revolutionary effort that the book is. To pass off the MGM product as a cultural rip-off is probably quite accurate. These films are the result of wealthy, middle-aged businessmen and hip, young capitalists who haven't a fucking clue as to what engrosses, what motivates, and what concerns our generation. As a rule, I avoid MGM products these days. If they lose money, maybe they'll stop making them.

Catch 22 was the hottest book on campus in 1968-69, so Paramount put it into production. Twentieth Century-Fox lept right in with *MASH*, and due to trouble on the *Catch 22* set, beat it to the box-office. The pair stand up nicely as good films, but with the anti-war message of another generation (like Mailer's *Naked and the Dead*, maybe?). But so long as the message is anti-war (and not John Wayne-Jimmy Stewart flagwaving), the films have done well.

Next on the list is *Getting Straight*, which Columbia turned out. Remember Columbia? They made *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, cop-out in suburbia,



THE MAGIC GARDEN OF STANLEY SWEETHEART

the film to make your folks feel comfortable in their conservatism because it proves that openness and liberalism are fraught with difficulties. Well, *Getting Straight* is a funny movie that was made in considerable ignorance of campus situations. Its hero, Harry Bailey, is awfully middle-class, rather materialistic, sort of a later Holden Caulfield, and if he was indeed at *Selma* in 62, he must surely regard that episode as a boyish fling that he could not bring himself to duplicate today. You see, Harry is ready to get hitched, and his girlfriend is the kind of person who needs security and a comfortable existence. At the movie's end Harry has flunked and so gained a stay of commitment, but you know, you just know he'll be a prof and get involved in academic politicking and go straight.

So far the picture looks pretty black. The film-goers are waiting to cut their teeth on some meaty material, and all Hollywood will feed them is pap. To boot, Truffaut, Bergman and Goddard slowed down their pace; Polanski lost his wife; Antonioni made a dud; and nobody can understand Fellini.

So what is there? *Cotton Comes to Harlem* is a pile of bullshit. So long as Harlem blacks call each other "niggers," it must be a liberal movie, right? Bullshit.

Putney Swope, with a black running an ad agency? No.

They Call Me Mister Tibbs? With *Uncle Tom Poirier?* Good Lord.

I gave up for a while. *Alice's Restaurant* was kind of nice, but it had the sugar-coated niceness of *Doris Day*. It was unreal somehow, and felt contrived.

Recently though, there are two films I recommend, not because they are great films. They are not. Bue because there are elements of honesty and truth in them, and such films should be seen, both for the experience, and because in supporting them we encourage more of the same. *The Landlord* is one; *Joe* is the other.

The Landlord stars Beau Bridges as the upper-class kid who buys a Harlem tenement with the intentions of dis-

possessing the tenants and building himself an outsize town house. He quickly develops a severe guilt complex over his race's treatment of the black man, falls in love with a very light-skinned black, and has an affair with another black (married) woman. The film has many faults, I will admit — you just don't find Pearl Bailey playing a Yiddish mama in the first tenement you buy; the concession of a light-skinned romantic interest is a certain cop-out. BUT the film is sincere, real and touching on many levels. The woman Bridges has an affair with is particularly negroid — as distinguished from the usual token black with classic white features, this woman has high, wide cheekbones, a broad nose and very full lips — and only slightly pretty, yet she is photographed to such advantage that she is absolutely lovely. I think the selection and the care of photographing of this woman is worth noting. I've seen enough token blacks with button noses and blue eyes to make me sick — even in all black productions like *Cotton Comes to Harlem*. *The Landlord* shows clearly that black is beautiful by black standards of feminine beauty, and not Anglo-Saxon-Nordic-Teutonic standards.

The guilt complex gets a bit hard to take, yet it is real. The fights between Bridges and his parent are real (though the actress who plays his mother completely outacts the father character so as to make him appear slightly unreal.) As an analysis of a class — segregated wealthy whites whose world is shaken by grass and poverty — *The Landlord* is very fine indeed.

The conclusion of the film is unsatisfying, yet realistic. Bridges has a child by the woman, which she cannot keep because her husband would be unable to live with another man's child, so Bridges takes the infant to his girlfriend, who is furious, but whose heart melts at the sight of the kid. It is an unsatisfying ending, not because it is implausible. To the contrary, it is unsatisfying because it is precisely the type of cop-out (from making a decision based on principles) that we manage to make every day. Bridges is unable to face the full dilemma of his

son, and goes to his girl for emotional support. Realistic, yet unfulfilling.

Joe is a gutsy film that in the first two minutes has a pusher and his speed-freak chick take a bath together, followed by a pusher shooting some heroin. Exploitation, right? Wrong. Joe is that peculiarity, the film that has a real message that could never be sold unless some exploitive elements were included to beguile Middle America to see the film in the first place. So bear with it, even though heroin addicts avoid water like cats.

Joe counterpoints Joe Curran (Peter Bole) a New York \$160-a-week welder with Bill Compton, a \$60,00 a year ad man, their philosophies, their lifestyles, and their temperaments in relation to the world of the East Village. Compton's daughter is the speed freak, who lands in a hospital. Compton goes to clean out her room and end up beating the pusher-boyfriend to death. Minutes later in a bar he confesses to Joe, and a strange kinship is born. Joe idolized the man who has done what he only talked about. Compton is horrified by Joe and the murder, yet feels strangely elated as well.

The film counterpoints as well the compromises and dishonesty of the Establishment and of the freak culture, and ruthlessly tears into both sides with a savage wit, showing no favoritism. The message is not that one side is right and the other wrong; both are right, both are wrong, yet those



facts are incidental — this is reality, a ghastly reality called life, and all the righteousness and wrongness in the world cannot make the horror of our

situation any the less.

I saw Joe with about 1000 people. Some 75 per cent laughed uproariously all the way through: Joe is a very

funny black comedy for the most part. But the message is delivered with an O. Henry (Ambrose Bierce, H. P. Lovecraft?) twist in the last 30 seconds, and during those 30 seconds the theatre was ghostly quiet, as quiet as a tomb. I began to applaud when it was over; perhaps 60 people joined in. A lot of people went home thinking, re-evaluating how they feel about people on the other side of the generation gap.

People who didn't like MASH because they don't need moralizing and horror for entertainment won't like Joe, but they are precisely the people who ought to be made to see it.

I don't want to give away the ending, yet Joe deserves a lengthier essay than this. Like Easy Rider it is not a great movie, except for the script and Peter Boyle. It is however, the most important picture of the last five (ten? fifteen?) years, and so far, THE revolutionary film. There are box-office cop-outs, it is true, but the film maintains its integrity.

In view of The Landlord and Joe (setting aside Salt of the Earth and Slaves), I cannot absolutely condemn Hollywood for ten years of revolutionary sophistry and bullshit. Yet two films don't redeem all the rest either. Hollywood is in a tremendous state of turmoil, and the pendulum is still swinging back and forth. We shall have to wait until it comes to rest before we can cast our ballots.

MISSISSIPPI MASTERPIECE

BY Lloyd Chesley

If you follow my film buff column at all, you may have noticed that I, how should I put it, kind of like the films of Francois Truffaut. As a matter of fact, I think he's about the best director at work today (that is to say, he is not better than Hitchcock or Hawks, who are still making movies, in terms of whole careers—I would doubt whether he will ever match their best works—however the films he now makes are better than the films they now make as they approach the necessary hassles that old age brings to the hardest job in any art form, the job of director). Anyway, I use this lengthy preamble to explain why I love Mississippi Mermaid, a film that most critics have seen fit to treat as mediocre.

I could start off with a discussion of most critics, about how all they really want to do is to find a genius that no one else has ever found and to tear apart real talent, mostly out of a simple catty jealousy (favourite quotes come to mind from this: like Shaw saying 'Those who can, do; those who can't, teach.' And Mike Nichols who described critics as being 'like eunics at a gangbang'). But why bother to attack emotions beneath contempt?

However, Truffaut has indeed raised some real problems with this film.

These are certainly not performances. Ever since I heard of the film in production, I have been panting to see a film starring Belmondo and Catherine Deneuve. Many people are down on the old Hollywood star vehicles, but there is fantastic pleasure in watching masterful actors who are also stars. George Cukor, one of the Great directors, probably knows more about

stars than anyone. In films and interviews he has described star quality as a sense of something mysterious, of holding something back. I see it as having so much to give that in a properly controlled performance we sense worlds behind what the star gives us. It comes in the eyes. In the huge orbs of a Montgomery Clift or the shifting slits of flashing fire of a Bogart. The greatest eyes belonged to the most fantastic star: Garbo. Everything is in those eyes. An Deneuve has the Garbo eyes.

One of the problems is certainly not the visuals. Truffaut is one of the only present-day practitioners of a simplicity that can be beautiful. While many American directors flash all over the screen with zippy flip-focuses and stupid angles and aggravating cutting, he sticks to composition, the art of using each shot as a canvas, highly expressive of the action taking place in it, yet pleasing to look at. As with Cukor, he refuses to let the camera intrude. It must have its own eloquence, it must merge in purpose with the sense of the action. At the same time, Truffaut does like to play at times. When he does, he does so when it cannot obliterate the action, and he is further excused because when he plays, he is inventive, charming and fun. Playing includes long, intricate shots in place of shorter shots, montages (catch The Roaring Twenties, a 1939 Raoul Walsh gangster film, some time to learn the meaning of that word, I mean the real meaning of what a montage can do) and trick moments like in the Bride Wore Black where he shows a suicide attempt by zooming in from the same angle three times in rapid succession. Anyway, the camera is the pen of the film author (I think it was Bazin who coined the term camera-stylo) and if he can't use it the film is bound to be a loss. So the

'stylo' is not one of the problems.

Some of the trickier moments in this film may bother some people. I was surprised at his courage in using some techniques that many people are sure to attack as too old-fashioned to believe. But what is newest is in fact that which was used last longest ago. In Mississippi Mermaid, he twice uses maps, something I haven't seen much since To Have and Have Not. Not only does he use maps, but to describe a voyage he uses a map double-exposed with a montage of travelling, last remembered in Red River (it is significant that I chose two Howard Hawks films for comparisons). To describe one incident, he films the sequence in a Walt Disney comic-strip. At this point it is a matter of taste. To me, these visual descriptions are the essence of cinema, and I love it. Some may prefer some dialogue instead of these 'cute' devices. If you do, read a book.

So the techniques have bothered some, but it is in fact the story itself that has caused the most bother. Its greatest defects seem to be a sufeit of sentiment and cheap psychology. The psychology is used as a background and to explain the character of Catherine Deneuve. Tied in with this are the thriller elements of the film. Both of these are found to be simple and innocuous. Actually, Truffaut explains all this in a short scene. The stars leave a theatre where they have been watching a Western, and she says that it was more than a film about horses. If Truffaut were Hitchcock he could combine his elements better. As it is, he is content to sacrifice psychology and thriller in favour of creating an interesting and moving relationship between the characters. He also creates in Deneuve his most fantastic femme fatale since Mor-

eau in Jules et Jim. So we too should content ourselves with his success and not worry so much about his failure.

I spoke of George Cukor. He is about the foremost romantic director of cinema with successes like Camille with Garbo and The Philadelphia Story to his credit. I therefore found it fascinating that he should, in a recent interview, cite as modern romance Truffaut's Stolen Kisses. If he liked that film, he must have loved Mississippi Mermaid. He called Truffaut's work romance in a modern idiom. Actually, Mermaid is not as modern as Kisses. To me, that makes it a greater success on many levels. It may be more sentimental, but what is wrong with sentiment when it can be as moving as an honest director can make it?

In a prologue, Truffaut announces that the film is a tribute to Jean Renoir (The Grand Illusion, The Golden Coach). This is a return to the past for Truffaut; not to his own past, but to the classic era of movie-making, as he works in the framework of one of his favourite directors. He does manage to maintain that idiom Cukor spoke of, yet at the same time he captures some of the maturity of the past, an element seriously lacking in almost all contemporary expression.

Mississippi Mermaid is a charming, moving film told eloquently and showing the talent of today's most interesting stars. It is, in fact, what we expected when its production was first announced. Perhaps that is what bothers most people. They expected too much. But I love the film, and I am tired of apologizing for or even explaining a work far beyond the abilities of anyone else working today. Thank-you, Truffaut.

FILM BUFFoonery

-LLOYD GHESLEY

You can meet some folk, catch something you like and shouldn't miss or stay sure with some classics at revival cinema over the next two weeks.

CINEMALUMIERE

College and Spadina, 920-9817; one film, \$1.50, ten for \$10.

Aug. 29-30: America, America, Elia Kazan's personal portrait of an immigrant landing in 'the greatest nation in the world'.

Aug. 30-Sept. 1: Kazan's 'The Arrangement' about what a man has to do to survive in the society of that nation, one of the best and most underrated films of last year with an amazing performance by Kirk Douglas.

Aug 31-Sept. 1: 'The Illustrated Man' which most people thought neither Ray Bradbury nor Rod Steiger could help.

Sept 2-3: 'Sebastian' shown to exhibit Susannah York, but no doubt more interesting for Dirk Bogarde.

Sept. 2-6: 'La Chamade' shown to illustrate the talents of Catherine Deneuve, probably the most interesting sex star-actress since Dietrich moved into middle age.

Sept. 4-5: Auther Penn's 'The Chase' boasts many strong performances and good gut entertainment and involvement in its attack on the bigotry and blood-lusts of the U.S. of A.

Sept. 6-8: 'More Dead than Alive', a B-western recommended by Andrew Sarris; so if you agree with him about people like Boetticher, Siegal, and Fuller, you might find this interesting.

Sept. 7-10: 'Two Gentlemen Sharing', about a middle-class white man who wants out and a black man who wants in with the comparison in with the comparison taking place in the London flat they share.

Sept. 9-13: Luis Bunuel's 'Diary of a Chambermaid' with Jeanne Moreauneed I say more?

Sept. 11-15: Black photographer Gordon Parks' 'The Learning Tree'400 Blows in Black America?

perhaps pretty close in many ways.

CINEMATHEQUE

559 Avenue Rd. and St. Clair; shows at 7:15 and 9:30; membership 50¢, admission \$1.50

Sept. 4: 'We're Not Dressing', a Bing Crosby musical partially redeemed by Charlie Chaplin, one of Hollywood's best commediennes, and by some Burns and Allen routines funnier than any others they did in the movies but not as good as their TV work. Of real interest is the second feature of the double-bill, a one hour compilation of Charlie Chaplin's earliest shorts which will give an idea of how he developed his comic style and the character of the tramp.

Sept. 11: 'I am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang', a 1932 film interesting for many reasons; first, for the star, Paul Muni, one of the absolute best actors ever; second, for the director, Mervyn LeRoy, considered a genius and a 'boy wonder' at the time, but barely living up to that promise in all but this

and a couple of other films; and thirdly, because this is said to be a tough social drama that launched a whole genre of such films in the Thirties.

ONTARIO FILM THEATRE

Ontario Science Centre Don Mills and Eglinton; shows at 8:30; membership \$1, admission \$1
Sept 1: 'The Musi Room' by Indian director Satyagit Ray, best known for the Apu trilogy. It is hoped Mr. Ray will be in town later this month, so this film is presented in his honour, being one of his most recent, and one of his best.

Sept. 8; with 'The Night They Raised Raided Miñskies' and 'The Boys in the Band', director William Friedkin has shown himself to be one of most interesting new directors in the land; he will be a guest this evening and they will be showing his film of Pinter's 'The Birthday Party', starring Robert Shaw, before a guest question period.

TRIBAL THEATRE

Getting It All Together Toronto Style

When it clicks, it's the most incredible feeling. You start to work and everything expands..... the group grows around you and envelops you. One day we worked on a chant from the Bible, praising the righteous man. We began, sitting together, on the floor of the Sanctuary. The words came very slowly, softly at first, swelling up to the ceiling, subsided. An overwhelming wave of energy hit the group. The chant had become a Gospel song. The sound of thirty voices, the joy of praising, the excitement of working spontaneously and naturally together raised us to our feet. The floor shook, feet stomped, hands clapped. The air was filled with waving arms and flying hair. The energy kept circulating, the song kept bouncing back, going higher and higher. Total involvement, total happiness. Completely exhausted, we let it come down, very gently, back to earth.

The group ranges in age from about sixteen to Thirty. Some have a little theatre experience, some a lot, and others have never set foot on a stage. It's impossible to categorize them. Straights, freaks, revolutionaries, others don't even read the news. Everyone tries to accept everyone else and respect the individual. The workshop isn't political in the obvious sense of the word. It wasn't set up as a platform for propaganda. They want to explore life. They want to show a lot of the good side of it; there's a feeling that the bad side has been given too much attention. Just the same, you can't escape pollution, or war, or crime, or racial injustice. So these fit in.

'The Temporary House of God' is an old church on the corner of Bathurst and Lennox. Work sessions happen here. The group doesn't even have a name, but they've been working on it. Suggestions; 'The Temporary House of God', 'Mericanthro' meaning people. The name-meeting turned into theatre- kids were running right and left, trying to cajole others over to their side. End result; Next week we'll decide.

The workshop began with some of the kids who didn't get into Hair. There were thirty-five or so, and they decided that there was no reason why they couldn't make it in the theatre. American George, a musical director from New York, started it and later Canadian Richard, the Artistic Director for Hair, American Jim and American Steven, both of whom had worked for George Luscombe, joined George. Nobody wants to call them leaders, but what could they be called? Organizers?Cajolers?Shit raisers?The group settled on 'non-leaders'. I 'Dlike you to meet my non-leader

Steven.....Richard and Steven are directors, Jim is an actor, and George runs a kind of 'group Therapy' session and handles the music. At first everybody worked together. Now the workshop is divided into groups and each week you can work individually with all the 'non-leaders'. Trying to get a tribe together, no games, no stars, everything and everybody out front. They're having a hard time all the time. But if it works.....

Organizational meetings...there are so many plans floating around, when in the hell is it all going to happen?George wants to cut a record of the chant. There's a show planned tentatively for mid-October. Maybe there will be some money coming in soon. Everybody seems to be broke and getting broke. A lot of the kids thought that they'd be getting money soon after they joined the workshop so most of them didn't work this summer. Some did get parts in Hair after all, but the majority is beginning to feel the pinch. People are quitting every week and soon school will start and even more people will leave. They set up a 'survival' fund but there's no money to put into it. Every Friday and Saturday, in the Markham Street village, booths are set up and kids can bring their paintings and crafts around to sell. That's been going ok, but they don't sell enough to be able to take a percentage of the fund. In three weeks, George says, The studio will be ready and the record in the can. Salvation!

Sometimes it is unbelievably dull. When it's so fucking hot that you can't seem to get the energy together to raise your cigarette to your mouth, it's almost impossible to even consider getting into acting exercises. Then it's hell to work. Sometimes your 'non-leader' doesn't know where he's going that day. You feel like walking out. If you read a script, it seems like a useless piece of shit. No, it's not Canadian, no, it's been done already. No, no, no! You look forward to the next time. You come back because the times that work outnumber the times that don't. Steven will bring in a new script. An improvisation leads to a scene that can be used in the show. THE SHOW - the end goal of everything. The closer to a solid idea, the more work the group does. If you can see the point of working, you work. If you can't see it the nothing happens spontaneously and the entire work period seems like a waste of your good time.

PUB BUH! PUH BUH! TE DAH! TE DAH! M,M,N,N, lah,hal,lah. Jim works with your voice, trying to loosen up your throat so you can get the sounds out. Thirty prune faces, stretching every facial muscle possible. Then an 'om' sitting on the floor, holding hands, breathing together. The vibrations rise up to the gym ceiling and bounce back into the spinal column of the group. Everybody stands and stretches; it's relaxing and sets you up to work. One game starts with 'look at me' and 'what do you see'. At some point, unknown to you, the actors begin to respond to your question as character types. One guy starts talking like a red-necked Southerner, hassling you about your jeans.

When you respond, you respond to the strict literal truth of the questioner. What do you mean, my jeans?What are you wearing if they aren't jeans?It's like a truth circle. In the end, hopefully, you'll be able to handle an audience, or the man on the street, without getting uptight.

Who knows what's going to happen tomorrow? Nothing is settled yet, nothing is definite. Every day there are so many changes happening. Some people are leaving, others are settling down to do honest, hard, theatre work. Five more weeks and the workshop will either make it or fade out of existence. The first break is the most important. Maybe it will be with one of George's songs, or a spot in a TV show. maybe it will be the show in the end. With the energy they've pulled together, with the new discoveries, the excitement, even the hassles, they've been cementing a group together. It may be idealistic, but it would be great if they could make it.

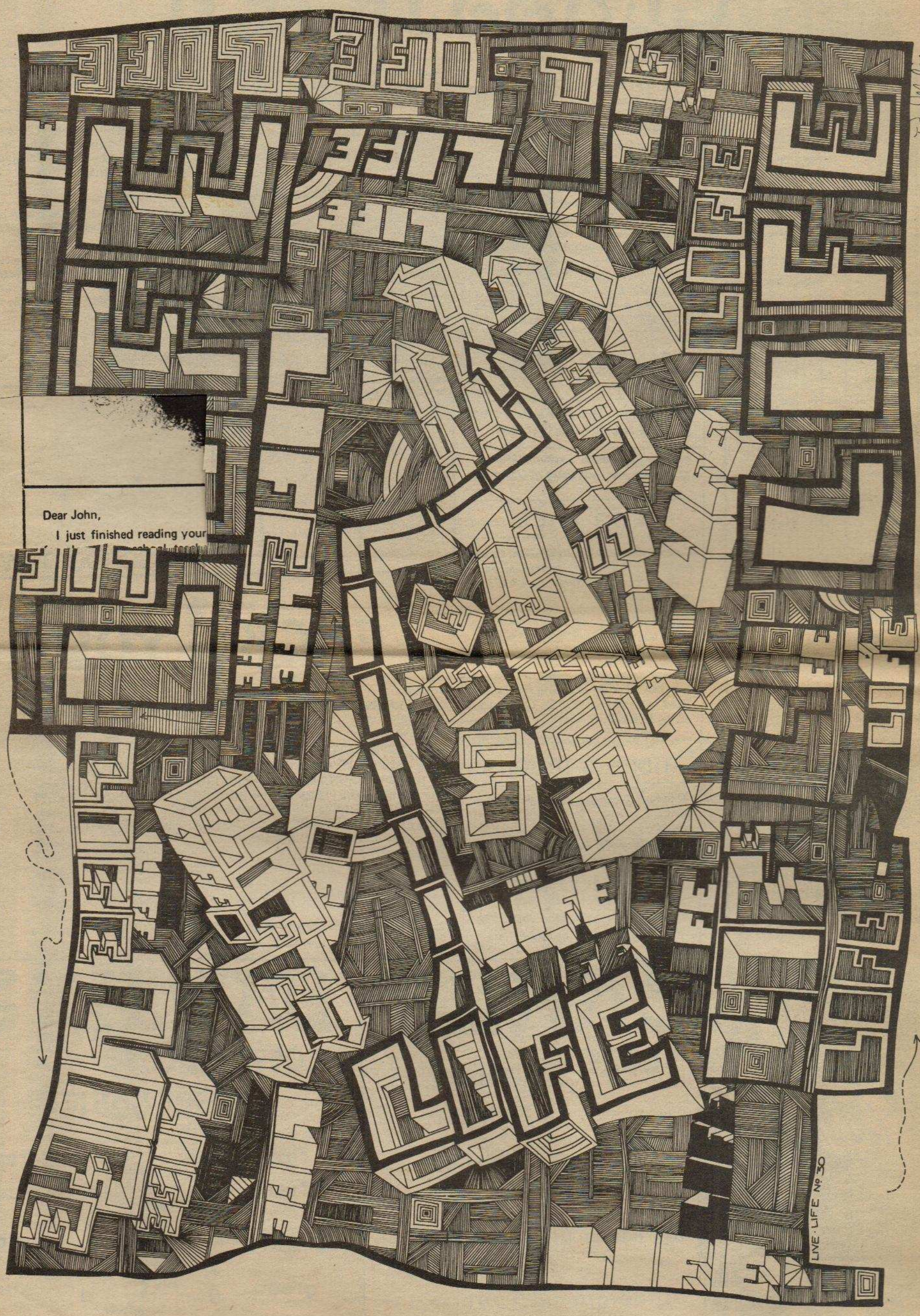
'we're all Canadians here' George said, 'even those of us who came from the States. This is it, Canada, the place where we want to be. We want to do a kind of theatre that hasn't been done here before. We want to make our work relevant for us and for this country. Maybe we can shake some people up.....

Richard is working with a script. 'Richard is fantastic' said one to the actores. Things happen when you work with Richard, he's an up, and continually positive, smiling, energetic person. Everybody gets to take part, everybody gets a chance to see how the others work. The play has two characters, a man and a woman. You sit with your partner and you get the feeling of closeness that you usually only get after three weeks of rehearsal in a regular theatre. It's physical, it feels nice. Right away, you know you're somewhere with the play.

Tribal theatre...what does it mean, exactly?To the kids it seems to mean learning to be 'out front' with the others. It's hard to be honest about yourself, to be able to open up; you have to lose your fear of showing who you really are. A group like this is dangerous because everyone wants to be idealistic about it. We're going to be a family, everybody loving everybody else. But it just doesn't work that way. You can't be yourself if you always have to show a smiling face. If something is bugging you, you can get it out in George's session. There's nothing you can hide when you get up to work. 'look at me, what do you see?' you ask each person around in a circle. They look at you and try to tell the literal truth about what they do see. If your shoulders are tense because you're angry about something, they'll tell you that it's there. Then you have to work that tension out...and the means letting go. 'I'm angry, I'm angry, I'm angry' over and over again, shaking your hands and stamping your feet, hair flying, you keep moving, screaming to get the emotion out. When it's all over, you stop, and spontaneously the others will envelop you. It's very warm and secure being locked in a hug with ten living, caring human beings. You've given of yourself and it hasn't been for nothing.

John Malby 1970

Dear John,
I just finished reading your



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