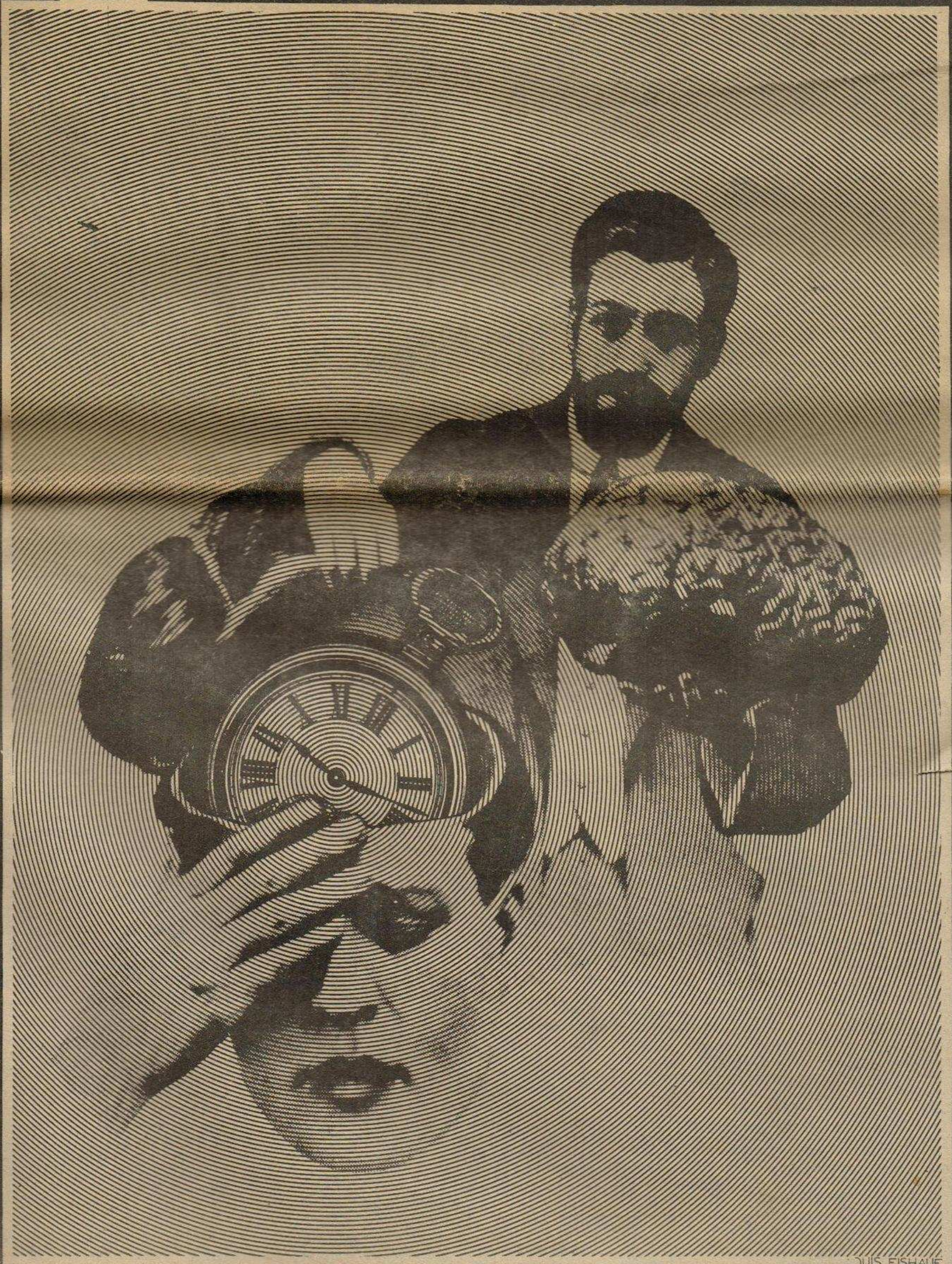


guerrilla

toronto feb 71 no 18 25 cents



JUIS FISHAUF

guerilla

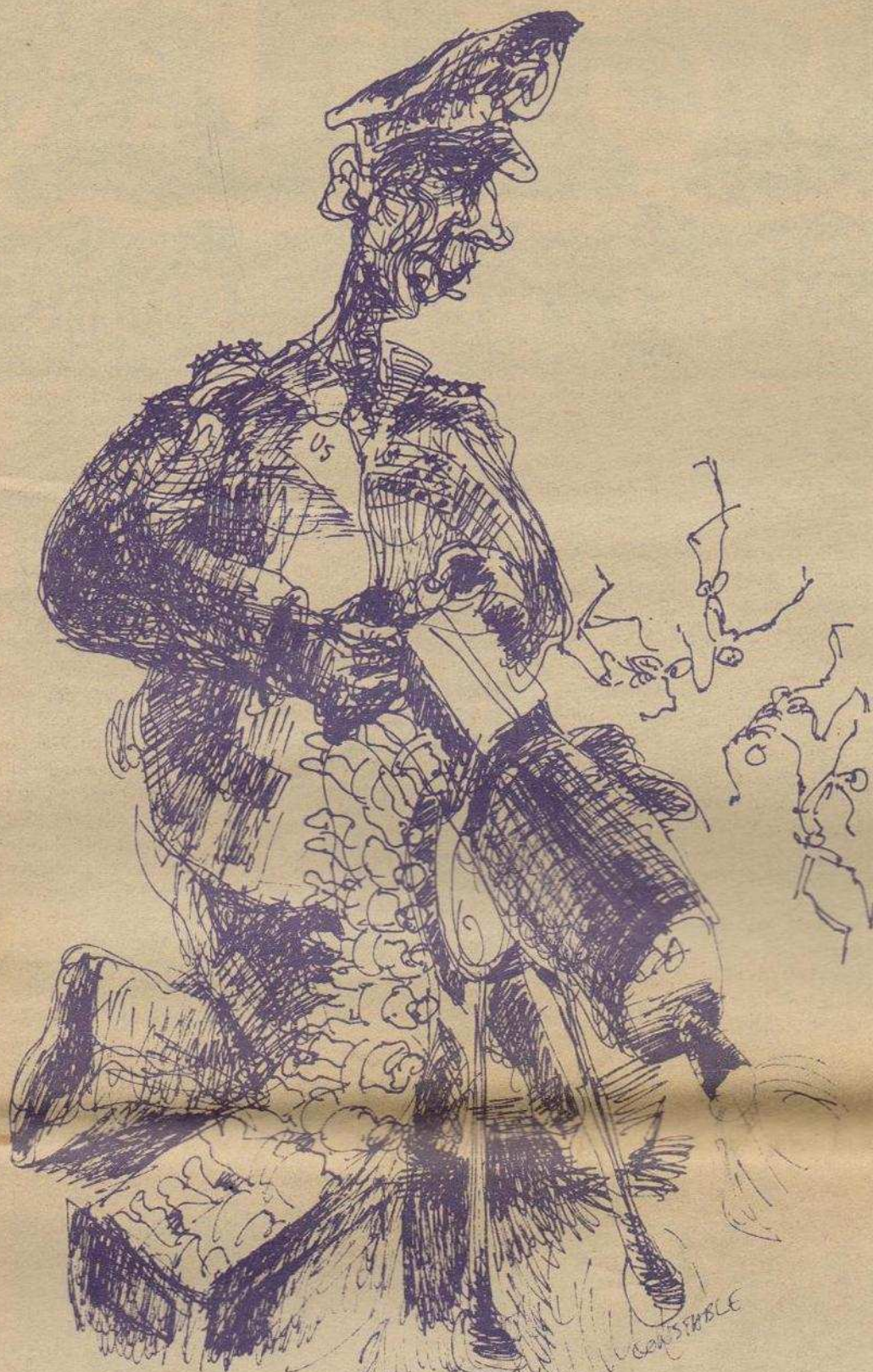
201 Queen St. E

Phone 864-1902

GUERILLA has landed! Meaning we've finally found a bombed-out shell to set up shop and call home for the next little while (being optimist we have a five year lease, but we're expecting the revolution before then anyway, so what does it matter?) The new address is 201 Queen St. E. (near Jarvis) and our telephone is 864-1902. We're sorry for the vendors who got jacked around by our move. From now on you can pick up your papers here or at Robin Hood's Records at Wellesley just W. of Yonge, Yossarian Books & Records at Rochdale, and Crazy David's on Yorkville Ave.

We could use people into carpentry or plastering to help us fix up our new office. If you'd like to lend a hand call us at 864-1902. Also does anyone out there have any filing cabinets or a Gestetner they could give us or sell reasonably. We'd sure dig it.

Revolutionary Love
the GUERILLA STAFF



feedback
qp

Dear Guerilla,

I'd like to take exception to some statements made by Steve Bush in his review on "Little Big Man". For one, he refers to the "rape of a spiritually superior people by a race of degraded imperialist pirates". Contrary to his historical misconceptions, imperialism wasn't the sole birthright of the carpet-bagger and the cattle baron. In particular, such tribes as the Cheyenne, Sioux and Arapaho, after their adoption of the horse in the middle 17th century, expanded west in search of buffalo, plundering every

Along with this letter was another letter with the address of someone who might have some stories for us. Due to the fact that these past two weeks have been terribly fucked up due to our moving, we lost the letter otherwise it would have been answered a long time ago. Please, whoever wrote the other letter, get in touch with us again.

tribe of peaceful corn farmers they could lay their hands on, subjugating such tribes as the Suhtai, Dakota, Oglala, Mandan, Hidatsa and others. Isn't this a prime example of imperialistic piracy by these so-called "spiritually superior peoples"?

The critic also claims that Indians were nomadic, never setting up cities or despoiling the land as their white counterparts did. This is nonsense as almost all tribes were never nomadic, living in permanent settlements, subsisting mainly on their vegetable gardens, and whatever fish and game they could kill. In fact the Cree, Iroquois, Aztec and others lived in cities and towns containing many thousands of inhabitants each. It is, for instance, well documented that garbage removal and the reduction of arable land due to overfarming were major problems to the Cree confederacy system.

The noble, but erroneous, assumption is made by Mr. Bush that Indians in general were free of the vices of slavery and oppression of others. However, the example of the Aztec empire's dependence on the institution of slave labour, and the Domination of the Creek confederacy over what is now the states of Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee and their subjugation of over fifty peoples, including among others, the Cherokees, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Seminole, Alabamas, and Natchez tribes, can be cited as a clear rebuttal to this naive but rampant belief.

In conclusion, I feel that the Indians of North America have been treated inhumanely as a con-

quered people since Columbus, but it serves no particular purpose to distort the problem with a reliance on historical inaccuracies and romantic delusions. Such naive generalizations only inhibit the achievement of real revolutionary change. Sloppy sentimentality isn't going to liberate anyone.

Paul Stacey
Kitchener, Ontario.

Dear Sir;

In Saturday's Toronto Daily Star (Jan 30/71), on the front page under the heading "NOT AS BAD AS IT LOOKS SHARP SAYS" the Hon. Mitchell Sharp and the Hon. Bryce Mackasey insisted that the fact 756,000 Canadians are receiving Unemployment Benefits does not give a true picture of the unemployment situation.

I am on Unemployment Benefits myself and can agree with the acting Prime Minister and the Minister Against Labour because the figure 756,000 certainly does not include the tens of thousands of employable people who, because they no longer are eligible for Unemployment Insurance, are on the Welfare Rolls of this country.

In Metro Toronto alone the number of people on welfare, for the month of December 1970, was 52,632 (official figures) and nearly 50% of these people were considered employable.

One must also add to the 756,000 figure the number of students who have not worked long enough to become eligible for Unemployment Insurance and are living at home with their parents so as to escape the degrading and disillusioning welfare system. Also I wonder if Mr. Mitchell Sharp and Mr. Bryce Mackasey considered the effects of unemployment on the seven odd million Canadians who make up the families of the unemployed bread winner, or the effects on business caused through the absence of buying power to these families, when they said that "the total number of those receiving benefits includes many who would be back at work and still more who are claiming seasonal benefits" and that "the unemployment figure is always higher than the actual number of unemployed."

It may seem strange but I have the audacity to think that the statements made by the two, perhaps now not so honourable, Cabinet Ministers is a deliberate attempt to white wash the true picture of the unemployment situation in Canada.

Yours truly,
John G. Rouble
Member of The Committee on Unemployment
of the Militant Co-op.

short bursts

(Montreal)-On February 5th, The Afro-Asian People's Solidarity Movement held a rally in Montreal to condemn the United States government for launching aggression in Laos and escalating the war in Indo-China. The rally was attended by over 100 people including several members of Asian, African, and Latin American nations.

BLACK GI SPEAKS FROM VIETNAM

"I have nothing against that man out there. They're fighting for what they believe in, and you can't knock that. I lie on my mattress at night and I say what am I doing here? I can imagine a war back in the world that I'd fight and wouldn't mind dying - to keep your people free."

quoted in LIFE magazine

TURKS PROTEST SIXTH FLEET

Izmir, Turkey(LNS)-Hundreds of young Turks battled police outside the Turkish-American Friendship Association in Izmir (Smyrna) Jan. 29, in a protest against the presence of three U.S. sixth Fleet ships in the harbor. Chanting anti-imperialist slogans, the demonstrators broke windows in the building. All police leaves in Izmir were cancelled until the fleet pulls out of Izmir.

In Ankara, the Turkish capital, a group of young people stoned a U.S. military logistics group headquarters and then blew up a U.S. Air Force Truck.

IMPERIALISM IN NO PICNIC

Kinshasa, Congo (LNS)-Major Hugh Bauer of the U.S. Military Mission to the Congo (Kinshasa) was killed by a crocodile while taking a dip in the Congo River during a Sunday picnic with friends.

VENDOR CHARGED

On February 9, 1971, Judge S. Tupper Bigelow sentenced Jamie Reid, a member of the Internationalists, to 30 days for causing a disturbance and another 30 days for assaulting police. The sentences are to run concurrently.

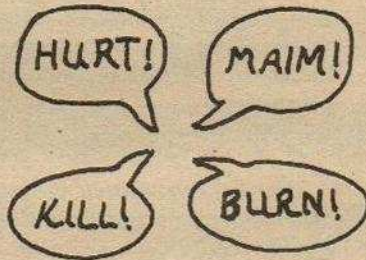
Jamie was arrested on the corner of Bathurst and Bloor, November 14 when he refused to stop selling People's Canada Daily News. He replied to the police's order to move on by saying: "If anyone is causing a disturbance, it is you. We have a democratic right to sell this paper here."

Throughout the trial Jamie Reid persisted in denouncing the court as a lackey of U.S. imperialism. Just before being sentenced Mr. Reid issued a stern warning to the court...

"We now issue this warning. This is just the beginning of this business! The people are not afraid of your guns, jails and courts. Reactionary violence of the police will be met with the revolutionary violence of the people, and in the final analysis, there will be armed violence to defeat U.S. imperialism in this country."

Jan Reid

REINER UP FRONT



In the past, CHUM FM has not always lived up to its hype as a 'progressive' rock radio station. To me, 'progressive' meant that the station and its announcers would take a leading role in serving the community of their listeners, with not only good solid music but also documentaries, interviews, and community announcements. In the U.S. and even in Vancouver, F.M. stations exist which seem to be totally run by freaks. The programming is always first class and the listeners tune in faithfully.

Here in Toronto, CHUM FM is the only station which comes even close to that 'underground' format, but they never really seem to have the guts that is the essence of that style of radio. Music programming often only boils down to top 50 albums cuts, community announcements are mostly restricted to such cop-out street service organizations such as 'Odyssey' and the politics of the announcers never progress above the Trudeau liberal bullshit, as

well as having to put up with all those god-awful 'Groovy' commercials.

Lately however, CHUM FM and in particular certain of their announcers (Reiner and Tim Thomas are good examples) have been trying to overcome the big business attitudes of the CHUM management and the station is really sounding the better for it.

Reiner took the big leap last Thursday night when he went out on a limb over supposed obscenities which by C.R.T.C. regulations are not allowed to be broadcast.

The case in point was the cancellation of the Frank Zappa and the Mothers concert at Albert Hall in London, England last week because the performance would contain alleged obscenities.

Commenting on the situation, Reiner played a tape interview he did last year with Zappa who defended his use of four letter words. The interview itself however had Zappa repeating the word 'fuck' which Reiner allowed to go out over the air. Following the interview, Reiner did a very good personal editorial on this situation with regards to regulations restricting broadcasting and again a number of 'fucks' went out over the air. Then to emphasize what these restrictions meant to good music programming, Reiner played two album cuts which are restricted from the air. (We've reviewed some more albums you'll never hear on CHUM in our record section.) John Lennon's "Working Class Hero" containing a few 'fucks' and the Jefferson Airplane's "We Can Be Together" which has very revolutionary lyrics and also some more language unsuitable for the commercial air.

It was a good show, the best hour of radio I'd heard in a long time because finally something was happening. Finally rather than indulging himself in meaningless cliches and middle of the road comment, Reiner was finally saying where he was at and it was all the more electric for that.

Reiner followed his editorial by asking people to write to C.R.T.C. c/o Government Buildings, Ottawa and forward a copy to him. I intend to do it to show him that that is the kind of radio I would like to hear but I sincerely hope he doesn't stop there.

There still remains the very important question of political censorship on radio and particularly CHUM FM. I've never heard the Last Poets (a revolutionary group from Harlem) on CHUM or even a really good discussion or comment on all the political vibes which have been coming down steadily for the last few years. The CHUM FM news absolutely reeks. There's almost a full blown revolution in the U.S. and yet hardly a word ever gets out over CHUM, not to mention local political occurrences. What about announcement for some truly non-rip off community groups? I've heard a few lately for THOG and The Hall but there should be a whole lot more. And while they're at it why not a solid policy on not advertising rip-offs. The ads on CHUM at present just about make me barf. I know that's a whole lot for an essentially commercial enterprise like CHUM to swallow, but to my mind that's the very minimum for a radio station to earn itself the status as 'progressive'. Reiner, you've come a long way but for our sakes, don't stop now.

Bill



Members of Rising Up Angry held a demonstration on City Hall steps last Thursday to protest the trial of some of their members on trumped-up charges.

Photo by Scott MacDonald

MORE ON THE R.U.A. TRIALS

Devoted readers of our serialized tale of the Trials of Rising Up Angry will recall that in our last installment Charlie Drukarsh, the Sleeping Judge, stayed awake all day. You thrilled to the dramatic moment when he found Nick Decarlo, Dennis Corcoran and Susan Weinrib guilty of being where they had a right to be. You heard Clay Riby, Champion of the People, make an undying vow to appeal. You were there when the brothers and sisters announced that they were undefeated, that the fight would go on.

You will recall that the baddies, raiding an RUA house busted Jim McKibbon, Dorothy McIntosh and Ted Richmond for joint possession of dope and of a weapon dangerous to the public peace.

In our current installment, the action shifts to 25 court, where the bad guys, realizing the weakness of

their position, make a deal to buy off our stalwarts. Grown battle weary from the recent spate of political trials, the villains of the piece failed to press home their attack, offering to drop the rest of the charges if one of our heroes would plead guilty on the dope charge. Seizing the time, Jim McKibbon sacrificed himself to the tune of a \$200 fine, and the forces of law and order backed off, bloodlust satiated.

Meanwhile, back at the collective, an internal split has taken place, and RUA has announced to whom it may concern that Jim McKibbon, Dorothy McIntosh and seven others have been purged.

In our next episode, we will tell of the adventures of Susan Colley in 33 court as she returns on Thursday the 18th to face her dastardly accusers on the remaining obstruction charge. Watch this space for news of the

events as they happen. Leaving aside the irreverent attitude and mock-heroic style for a moment, we remind our readers that just because the rash of political busts has died down and RUA has been doing fairly well in court, there is no ground for complacency. As the contradictions in the capitalist state become deeper, both revolutionary and counter-revolutionary actions will escalate in intensity and ferocity. If the left is to survive and ultimately prevail, each grouping and splinter must show solidarity and support for the others in need, regardless of how distasteful we may find the specifics of their theory or practice.

Like the man said, If we do not hang together, we shall most certainly be hanged separately.

John Panter

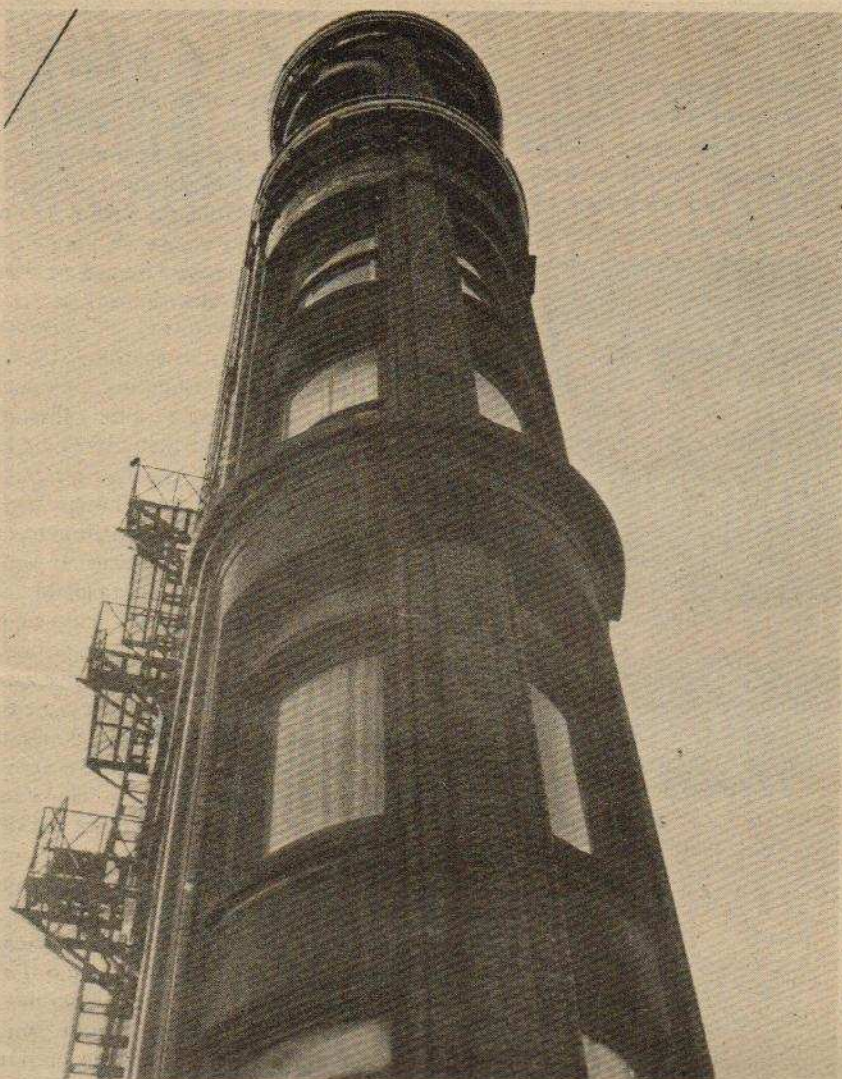


Photo by Charlie Dobie

NORTH YORK BANS CO-OPS

It appears inevitable that the Housing Standards by-law will be passed, first in North York, and later throughout all Toronto. The by-law is the actualization of the Lawson Report on Housing presented not long ago to the Ontario Government. The by-law sets standards of maintenance and occupancy for every conceivable aspect of housing.

In spite of the high standards and good intentions of the North York councillors, there are parts of the by-law that would appear to have grave implications outside the field of housing.

First of all, Article 31.2, concerning the classification of dwelling units, may be roughly translated as: nowhere in the Borough of North York shall there be a whole bunch of people living in a house sharing the hassles and the creations; cause we don't want people like that in our town.

No more communes, North York's Fire, Traffic and Licensing Committee is now pursuing the by-law for minor adjustments, after which it goes before Council where it is either passed or sent back for more adjustments. eventually it will be passed.

Article 31.2 stipulates: the maximum number of occupants in a dwelling unit shall not exceed one person for each 100 square feet of habitable floor area.

The minimum floor area of a room used by only one person for sleeping shall be sixty square feet; that area used by two person's shall be forty square feet for each person; the minimum height of a habitable room shall be seven feet or, at least one-half the floor area; in computing the minimum floor area of a room the floor area under a ceiling that is less than five feet shall not be counted. A habitable area excludes bathroom, laundry, pantry, lobby, corridor, stairway, closet, boiler room.

Out the window go all the attic garrets of the past generations. No more the young struggling writer will be seen at the window, his thin pensive face framed by the sloping eaves, as he stares out to the street below; awful pen in awful hand.

Needing more information and a viewpoint from the other side of the circle I went and talked to the chairman of the committee. Alderman Rogers said the inspectors would not be told to look for narcotics. I'd just like to point out here that as far as I know, under Canadian Law, failure to report knowledge of a committed crime makes one an accessory. Alderman Rogers said when asked for something a little more pertinent, that yes, Article 31.2 did seem to exclude large communes as he understood them. (Long badly communicated explanation of my definition of a commune.)

Howsoever, the methods of enforcement are laid down as according to the Planning Act which has been around for awhile and is acceptable procedure. There is little dispute that the enforcement methods are entirely fair; it is the broad expanse left to interpretation of the inspectors, whose role has been defined only in a very nebulous way. In a job where enforcing a standard of living on others is the criterion, absolutely no standards have been set to qualify for this job. For this fulltime salaried position, the only requirement is that one be a resident of the borough of North York. They will be appointed by Council for three year terms. No authorisation aside from the position of Inspector is needed to gain legal entry into a dwelling and no notification that an inspection has been made to the Council of the police force is required. All the by-law asks is that the Inspector keeps a record of his actions and is prepared to present a report to Council if they ask him for one. If they ask him for one.

So, now we have our Inspectors of Social Lifestyle, appointed by those who speak for the people, responsible in theory to those people only every three years. The people, of course having had their one chance to voice their feelings, by the vote, are not, as it stands, to be in the running now. There has been no provisions made for individuals or groups of citizens who may oppose the appointment of any inspector, perhaps on grounds of incompetence, or maybe prejudice to a segment of the society.

And dig this. Alderman Rogers said that it was expected that brave citizens would report any violation of the by-law that they noticed in their neighbours' homes. That to me, stinks of the governmental condonation and support of the type of spying that George Orwell wrote of in 1984. (what, you haven't read it.)

We had an opportunity to see what the potential uses of this by-law could be on December 30, when a commune in Kitchener was raided by local police and RCMP narcotics squad under the personal supervision of the Chief of Police, W.J. Henrich and the mayor, Sid McLennan, subsequent to the passing of the Housing Standards Act. The local by-law was enforced so that two of the eight inhabitants had to move out, while another was charged with possession of and trafficking in narcotics. Kill a whole bunch of birds with one stone.

The only hope I can see is that if enough people are aware of it and involve themselves in the time honoured tradition for these circumstances (raising hell) we might be able to prevent open harrasment from the city. Remember children, the more power they have, the less freedom you have.

HORSBURGH

REDEEMED

Seven years ago Russell Horsburgh was making the front pages of the straight press daily... the national scandal of the decade... "a United Church Minister who let the kids use the church parlour for sex... Wow! A groovy cat, eh?"

A couple of weeks ago he was back on the front pages but this time it was only that the United Church, years after the courts had acquitted him, had finally got around to reinstating Russell Horsburgh.

Russell has been running Youth Anonymous for three years now at 80 Yorkville so I thought I'd drop by and see how he felt about the whole thing. He met me at the door, a tall good looking man on crutches, saying that his cobalt treatment that day had left him feeling weaker than usual. Before we had a chance to talk the phone rang and a red headed kid came in saying, "Hey Rev, I got something I wanna talk over with you." While Russell talked on the phone, I talked to the red head, whose name is Pepper. Pepper didn't know Russell had been reinstated.

"Yeah? That's great. Too bad it took them so long to come to their senses though."

Pepper said Youth Anonymous was home to him. He comes regularly to the weekly meetings because he likes the grown ups there. Everybody needs somebody to look up to," he said, "I can relate to the adults here. They are a challenge because they've got wits but they don't force their advice on you." His analysis of the drug 'problem' would have made a good title for the Le Dain Commission Report. "Kids drive parents to drink and parents drive kids to dope."

Russell, now off the phone, apologized again for not being his usual energetic self, explaining that he will soon be going into the hospital for drug treatments for cancer. I asked him if congratulations were in order on his reinstatement. He made a kind of wry face and intimated it was not an unmixed blessing. "But it's important to me because its a vindication by the church." It seems odd that Russell met the General Council of the United Church for the first time only two weeks ago. "They were fine men - men of stature," he said.

It seems that Russell's real crime was not just the 700 kids who got the congregation up-tight but that he was

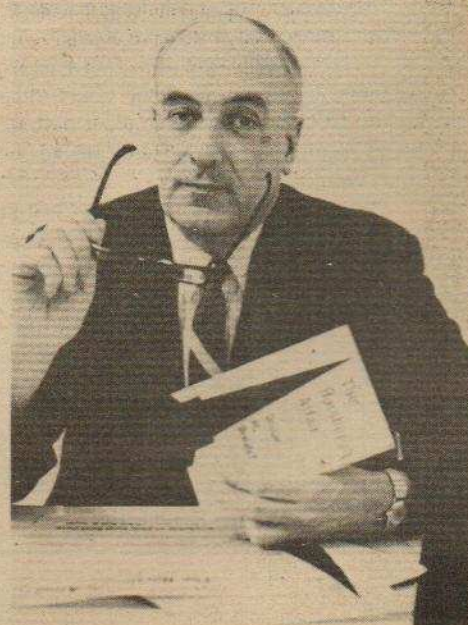
also interested in prison reform and his inquiries got the governor of the prison, a friend of John Bassett and other notables and dignitaries, fired. (Although The Telegram advertises how much they care about kids they would never give Youth Anonymous any publicity.) On top of all that Russell had the strange idea that since his church faced the black section it would be nice to have some black faces in the congregation, choir and activities of the church. The upright pillars of society in his congregation thought decidedly otherwise.

Russell tells the whole bullshit story in his book "From Pulpit to Prison", a copy of which didn't arrive in time for me to review it.

It tells how they nailed him, using false witnesses and jailed him for three months for contributing to juvenile delinquency. The kids who lied at the trial were influenced by the cops (who were influenced by?) and later revoked their testimony in sworn affidavits. He won the appeal.

Russell has no plans for working within the church. He plans to continue working with Youth Anonymous as long as his health permits. There is some fine poetic irony in the fact that at the 3 day benefit for Russell's Youth Anonymous in the liberated Bathurst St. United Church, Thog's Adam and Eve were naked in the sanctuary and that Russell will preach there soon, not from the pulpit, but in the church parlour.

Sonny Cook



THE ITALIAN WOMAN AS NIGGER

This is a reprint of an actual advertisement by a men's clothing store and factory owner that appeared in the Toronto Globe and Mail on January 26, 1971.

DORA'S GONE TO HAVE HER BABY

She was only seventeen when she applied for job as tailoress. There, all dressed in black her face unadorned with paint, her dress well below the knees. Shy-timid, unable to speak English, accompanied by male members of her family. After deciding I was to be trusted she got their permission to work on the quality tailoring your suit demands. Everyday on the job her needle flying, every stitch perfect, singing her Italian songs, smiling her sweet smile.

Then marriage to a boy from Calabria, marriage and honeymoon worked into the annual holidays. So no time lost. A house bought, then a baby coming, Dora every day on the job, her fingers never stopping their fast accurate pace. After a long day's toil, housework; waiting on her husband in that old fashioned Italian way.

One baby, two, third now expected the 23rd of February. We miss Dora, her sweet singing, her back arched on the chair for comfort, your suit resting on her stomach, fingers flying fast as ever.

Now the farewell party, Pizza, cakes, drinks, Presents for the new baby, Dora her eyes swimming with tears kissing us all. Her promise to be back as soon as Mamma can take over again. We have many Italian girls devoted to their art and families just like Dora. What a comparison to those liberated abortionists, pitiful, unfruitful, unnatural in mind and body. Dora's gone to have her baby and she wants six more.

WONDERFUL DORA



Photo by Militant Co-Op

JOHN BULLOCH
734 Bay Street,
3417 Yonge Street,
2221 Bloor West

Hours nine to six daily

Good old Dora. I wonder how she's going to feed those 9 kids? I don't know how much her "boy from Calabria" makes but it can't be much or his wife wouldn't be working but would be staying at home "in that old-fashioned Italian way".

And good old John Bulloch, he wasn't satisfied with portraying Dora, type of the many immigrant Italian girls he employs, as a docile combination workhorse and broodmare but he had to top off his ad with a gratuitous insult to those "liberated abortionists, pitiful, unfruitful, unnatural in mind and body". (Anything else, Mr. Bulloch?)

Consequently, the Militant Co-op sponsored a demonstration, including the Italo-Canadian Democratic Associ-

ation and the Working Women's Collective of Toronto Women's Lib to picket one of John Bulloch's stores on Saturday, Feb. 6, at 1:30. Unfortunately the Italo-Canadian Democratic association was held up at some other demonstration and the Militant Co-Op didn't show up. They'll hold another demonstration when they can get their people together. Thus it was only Women's Lib and some other grossed-out people that picketed and handed out leaflets at John Bulloch's store at 734 Bay St. The leaflet reprinted the "WONDERFUL DORA" ad with the comments: JOHN BULLOCH MAY THINK THAT THE EXPLOITATION OF IMMIGRANT WOMEN IN HIS SWEATSHOP IS SOMETHING TO PROUD OF. WE THINK IT'S AN INSULT TO THE WORKING PEOPLE OF THIS CITY - WOMEN AND MEN, IMMIGRANT AND NON-IMMIGRANT ALIKE. And it urged the people, as we are urging you, to boycott John Bulloch's men's clothing stores.

One white haired man opened the door of the establishment to say to a demonstrator "Young man, you don't know what you're talking about." "Oh, but I do, sir." replied the 'young man'. "I've done some research into your firm."

And he had, disclosing that John Bulloch's factories are generally reputed to hire mainly new immigrants and to rule them with an iron hand in sweatshop conditions as gross as his ad. But the information he had was mainly heresay and he's now trying to get more reliable evidence. If he does, we'll run a follow-up article.

The man who had addressed the demonstrator I imagined to be Mr. John Bulloch, white-haired, dignified, secure in his belief in the right to exploit workers in that good old-fashioned capitalistic way. So I entered the store to speak to the man, saying (wonderingly) "I noticed those demonstrators outside." and (sympathetically) "My father, is himself, an employer in the garment trade." and (worriedly) "There are reporters and photographers out there and I think they're going to paint a very one-sided picture - perhaps I could write an article defending..." He patted my arm, saying "Pay no attention, my dear; they're scum out there, only scum. Mr. Bulloch is a fine Christian gentleman."

So this was not Mr. Bulloch. Back outside, I was accosted by a lady running a nearby store: "I don't know what you've got to say but I do know Mr. Bulloch is a true Christian."

Who is Mr. Bulloch - "a fine Christian gentleman" or, as one of the demonstrators' placards read, "an Enemy of the People"? As Christianity of some dubious sort and crass Capitalism have not previously been incompatible, he may be both. But one thing is certain: he's the perpetrator of one of the grossest ads of the year.

LUCY

RESERVE FORCES NIGHT FEATURES TOP-RANKING U.S. OFFICER ON CIVIL DISTURBANCE CONTROL

The theme of our Speaker's Dinner on Tuesday, March 30 will be of special appeal to all members who have a strong concern for the role of the Reserves. On this occasion, we'll have the rare privilege of hearing a top ranking officer from the United States who is responsible for all activities of the Directorate of Civil Disturbance Planning and Operations. That title incidently was recently changed to Directorate of Military Support.

Our Speaker, Lieutenant General Hugh M. Exton, is the officer who heads that division of the U.S. Department of the Army and consequently he'll be addressing us from a position of great authority and knowledge. General Exton's remarks will deal principally with the role of the National Guard in the area of Civil Disturbance and he'll be telling us how its work is effectively integrated with the other major enforcement agencies in the United States the Regular Force, the Police and the Community.

We feel that the topic is particularly appropriate at this time of growing uneasiness in Canada. We feel, too, that the subject may possibly help us to crystallize our own views on the constructive employment of Reserve Forces in Canada.

The time is 6:30 p.m. for 7:30 p.m.; the dress is business suit; the price is \$6.50 per person. In order that the best possible service may be provided, we're asking that attendance be by reservation and are enclosing a handy return card for the purpose.

General Exton has asked that there be no press coverage at this meeting as it is his wish to speak bluntly and to-the-point. Because of the nature of this evening, we think that serving officers in the Garrison will find considerable merit in attending. As a consequence, we're billing it as Reserve Forces Night with special invitations being extended to all local military elements.

HELP STOP

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Lieutenant General Hugh M. Exton

M
A
N
!

ROYAL CANADIAN MILITARY
INSTITUTE
426 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

March 30th 6:30p.m.

DEMONSTRATE!

THE TORIES' POWER CIRCUS

In two and a half days of wandering around the Conservative Convention last week I encountered only a half a dozen delegates or dignitaries who had even heard of Guerrilla and exactly two (both teenage girls) who read it. Since they know nothing of us or "our kind" I feel justified in describing what I found out about "them".

My first impression, naturally, was that of entering a foreign country. A world of suits. Blue, grey, brown, black, light green and then a whole lot more blue. All with little vertical pattern stripes on them, to make the fabric seem deeper. Everyone had suits. Eatons', Tip Top Tailors', private brands. A street person, a jean wearer, is seldom immersed in a world of suits, and it can be daunting. You don't dare comment to them on their suits. Suits versus jeans is the first explicit item that you both will ignore, because you both know it's silly to disagree or become hostile over mere differences in dress. Still, we each feel that we are a chic suburban housewife having a conversation with a Italian mother dressed from head to foot in peasant black.

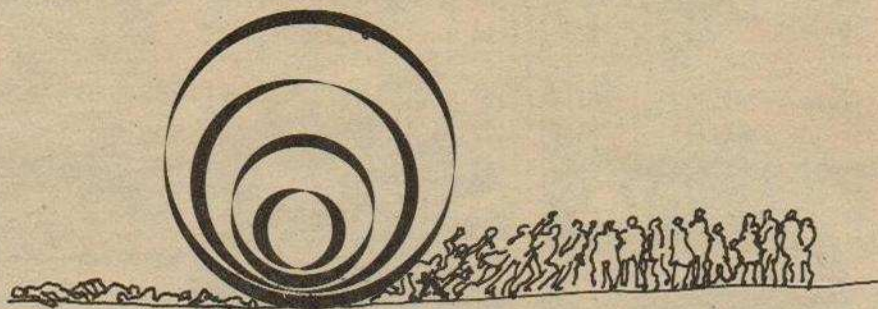
The second disconcerting thing is the friendliness. We all expect that at conventions everybody is going to want to be good natured, but at this convention people are genuinely having a good time. They are all important to the process, the media is studying them, they are at the middle, they have some power. This the indispensable ingredient in making conventions successes to the participants, because, while the proceedings are ludicrously dull, people can still enjoy themselves.

Of course, it's easy to treat the whole thing as a good party when it doesn't matter immensely which man wins. Quick now. I've got 5 guys here you don't know and can't tell apart. They are all high executives in a quiet firm and real nice guys and we vote tomorrow. Whose badge do you want?

So I went to Maple Leaf Gardens to the convention floor to see the five accept both their nominations and the accompanying demonstrations of support from their followers, following which they made fiery speeches.

Bill Davis is up first. I stand and watch my first convention demonstration. A brass band plays Bobby Gimby's CA-NA-DA while loads of people file around in front of the platform waving placards. 50 of these demonstrators are just off the bus from Mohawk College, the Communications Arts course. The Russell T. Kelly Advertising Agency (Davis' agency), asked the head of the Comm. Arts department to suggest the students come. The agency employs a number of students in summer as part of their education. The students mill around on the floor, a little caught up in the excitement, making nervous jokes to each other and gazing up at the crowd in the stands. 20 teenage girls, all blondes, in cheerleader outfits from the Bette Milne Model Agency, earn \$25 each by holding up cardboard signs spelling out DAVIS and by singing along with the Davis Song. The education minister accepts the cheering a little stiffly, I thought.

The lawyer and inheritor of much wealth from his family's land holdings in Brampton, the man who found a



backward, repressive educational system in Ontario in 1962 and improved it to what it is today wore a blue suit and talked phlegmatically in shockingly specious terms and then left.

Allan Lawrence, the man who has done so much for the miners of Ontario, bounced up next, an incredible laughing smile over his defiantly jutting jaw. He conducted his band with his fists and mouthed the corporation lawyer equivalent of "golly" at all the praise and cheers coming his way. Balloons dropped from the ceiling, which had a very uplifting effect on his marchers. They, like Al himself, were prepared to look a little asinine if they had to get the idea of total confidence and zest over. A fighting speech followed, different only in pitch from Davis'.

The excitement took on a brainier tone with Bert Lawrence, intellectual candidate. He had a rock band, Heaven (\$300) playing the chorus of "Let the Sunshine In". Bert looks like Ed Wynn and didn't sound impossibly bright. He took the opportunity to show playfulness, so important in a candidate, by batting one of his balloons.

Next came Darcy McKeough, who bears a certain resemblance to Mike Connors portraying Mannix, a fighting private eye on TV. As Al was exuberant, Darcy is touch-minded, very down on socialism. Dislikes politicians who are union puppets.

Next came the forgotten man, Robert Pharand. His ego told him to "dramatize" the student and French minority situations and to raise ignored issues. All the most important people in the Tory party listened while he mentioned these issues and applauded his ability to speak both French and English. Robert got to be on TV, shook the hands of the bigwigs, and was interviewed by the press.

Last of all came the Niagara Peninsula's Robert Welch. He had bagpipers and Lithuanian folk dancers in his parade. He is his only supporter who is not sensitive about his lack of height. He got hoarse crying out his fighting speech and tended to jab his finger at his listeners, Kennedy-style. He promised that if he became premier

he wouldn't become remote and set himself on Olympian Heights. I believed him. All the candidates paid extravagant praise to John Robarst for his canny and excellent leadership. Everybody mentioned in the next breath that henceforth government policy would be a little better, more in touch with the people and all. But mostly it was praise for the glorious work of Mr. Robarst. Not for keeping back the new landlord-tenant regulations asked for by tenants in the '50s and '60s until 1970, and then still not giving tenants adequate protection or equal rights. Not for refusing to countenance sane liquor regulations for his entire term of office, parsimoniously dealing out a minor improvement every 3 or 4 years. Not for his inability to do a single thing to retard pollution or American economic penetration. Not for his refusal to lower the legal age for drinking or voting age below 21, even though a number of allegedly more Tory governments in other provinces already have.

Instead John Robarst won laurels for keeping investors confident in Ontario. Somehow the contention was made that if the Conservatives and men like John Robarst had not been in power since the middle of the Second World War, Ontario would have the economic position and health of Prince Edward Island.

Indeed, in talking to delegates I invariably would be reminded of the economic factors. The Tory party is full of real estate men, lawyers, many of them getting rich in corporation law, small and large entrepreneurs, business executives, insurance men, and loads of municipal government officials. Some are fiercely independent and proudly self-reliant, others the most solid organization men you will ever meet. Good talkers and in a sense progressives. They will agree with much of the left's policies in theoretical form, but their first priority is in safeguarding the economy. They would allow many reforms if you could show them where the money could be found without hurting their prosperity. They foresee social reforms as virtually inevitable, but only in the distant future, usually in 20 or 30 years.

And, oh yes. They are a little worried that youth isn't with them solidly enough. So they went to a fair bit of trouble courting the group of delegates that commanded my most fascinated attention—the Young Conservatives. Who they? Well, the majority of them are the sons and daughters of regular party members. They repeated their parents' votes and still gave the party hope that the young generation was having its say. Those who weren't there as second votes for their fathers and mothers were the opportunists, those hoping to speed their way to power and importance by simply joining the ruling power, and finding a quick place in the status quo. YPC membership has nearly doubled in the last few years. The primary reason is summer jobs with the government or the party organizations. The vast majority of YPC delegates I questioned had either cynical or comical reasons for their presence. The remainder had frighteningly right wing opinions on most of mankind, which they earnestly presented and obviously believed deeply.

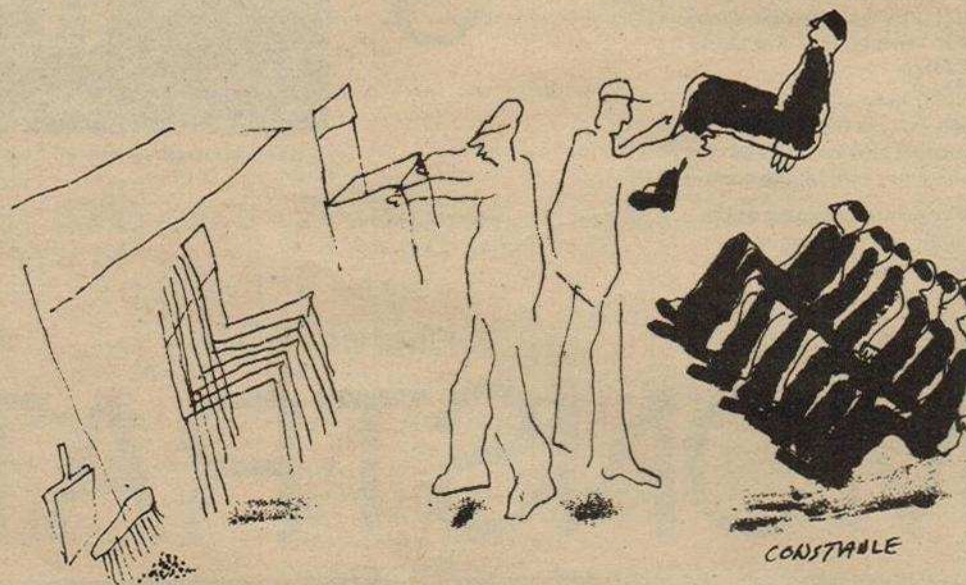
The Conservative Party is generally full of nice, if unduly self-centered, people who are led a little farther down the right wing road by the convinced and intractable minority.

I retreated to the stands to examine the common supporters and found—students. It would have been a rather lonesome convention but for the fact that dozens of high school history classes had come down with their teachers to participate in live history. They were the absolute majority of the crowd. Many had volunteered to hand out stickers and wave banners, although there was a general absence of reasons for supporting any one candidate. Blind and uncaring participants in a process they didn't understand, they invariably were bored but thrilled. They had come, the older students, "to observe the political animal" and most were going to write essays and project reports about it afterwards. Early teenagers are politically pre-natal but are excellent crowd fodder, and extremely co-operative and energetic if you can convince them it's educational.

In the hospitality suites each night, the delegates drank too much free booze and some of them started calling the handful of longhairs (mostly thrillseeking crashers) names like "queer" and "sweeties". I left shortly after one of the delegates started shoving me, making a vow never to shop in his hardware store again. The forced smiles on both sides turned with the gin to genuine laughter at us and we retreated to the streets and the alternate society we exist in.

Do you have an old friend you knew in public school or high school who has now become a conservative? It's a strange way to have to part with them, to notice that they've swerved in a different direction, full of life-and-death determination to "make it". It's a wearying and unpleasant feeling to have to leave a huge guilding full of prosperous, hard-working happy people and decide on the sidewalk outside that checking their ambitions must become your first priority.

Doug Goodeve





JAPAN IS REARMING

SAN FRANCISCO(LNS)-Last month Japan issued an official white paper mapping out the country's future military plans—Japan is rearming. In Asia, Japan's navy and air force is already second only to those of the U.S. and the Soviet Union. The Japanese army, though numerically small and has a high percentage of officers, can be rapidly expanded. Although the Japanese do not now possess nuclear warheads, they have refused to sign the non-proliferation treaty and are capable of developing their own nuclear weapons within six months to two years.

The architect behind the new commitment to military strength is the defence chief, Yasuhiro Nakasone. In the recent white paper, the first such government military pronouncement since World War II, Nakasone revealed his plans for the future. In the next five-year plan, to begin in 1972, defence spending will be increased by 250% over the current program with technologically advanced aerospace hardware getting the largest share. Besides the missile programs, ranking air-force officers are speaking openly of a vast expansion, upwards to 4,000 or 5,000 aircraft.

Our "free world allies" in Asia, particularly the Philippines, Malaysia, Singapore, Thailand, and Indonesia are extremely concerned over the expansion of the Japanese military. The communist nations, the Soviet Union, North Korea, North Vietnam, and par-

ticularly Communist China are also deeply afraid of a rearmed Japan. This year the Chinese refused to trade with any Japanese companies which were joint ventures with U.S. firms, or which aided or invested in the anti-communist bastions of South Korea.

The United States is directly responsible for this new Japanese military initiative, and in fact has been instrumental in the gradual rearmament of Japan since 1949. During the Korean War, the American occupation administration scrapped the post-war prohibition on Japanese military forces, and pushed the reluctant Japanese into setting up an army, navy, and air force under the rubric of Self-Defense forces, which currently total some 250,000.

The Nixon administration is supporting Japanese rearmament in the hopes of getting Japan to share significantly in the "policing of Asia." The U.S. is encouraging Japan to develop the offensive fighter-bomber capability and Nike-Hercules missiles through licensing agreements with McDonnell-Douglas, an American defence firm.

Meanwhile, Nixon hopes to prevent Japan's nuclear development by maintaining its dependence on the American nuclear umbrella.

Nakasone is not simply an isolated personality, but leads a significant faction within the ruling conservative Liberal-Democratic Party and represents a growing swing towards

Japanese nationalism. The publically proclaimed intent of his recent tour of Japan was to get "defence problems introduced into a public forum for discussion and understanding," and to get defence efforts "to be supported by the people as a whole." In the white paper, he alleges the need for "upholding the pioneering spirit" and maintaining "patriotism" to "defend one's own country at the cost of his life."

Nakasone served as a lieutenant in the navy during the war, and was an early advocate of post-war rearmament at a time when Japan was still repenting her militarist past. In recent years he has been an advocate of nuclear rearmament. An example of this was his warm relationship with the right-wing novelist, Yukio Mishima, who in modern adaption of the old class ethic, retained a personal army of 100 men. On November 26, Mishima committed suicide by hari-kari inside a Self Defence Force compound after haranguing the officer corps for being weak-kneed and unpatriotic.

Nakasone has spoken of his ambitions to become Premier. As the leader of a political grouping called the New Right, Nakasone commands 30 of the 302 seats controlled by Premier Sato's conservative Liberal-Democratic Party. But he has too many enemies within the party at this time to get himself nominated to the premiership, since, under the present political system the premier is elected not by popular vote,

but by the members of the parliament (or Diet). Nakasone, however, is now pushing to have the electoral system changed. Nakasone does not go along with Nixon's plans for a docile dependent Japan. In contrast to the present president of Japan, Sato, who rigidly supports close cooperation with the U.S., Nakasone feels that "we and the Americans have been too close, too long." The defence chief's security plans call for control over U.S. bases by 1975.

Conflict between the two countries has already surfaced in economic competition, due to the remarkable growth of the Japanese economy. The Nixon administration has been in favor of strong restrictions on Japanese trade. The contradiction inherent between this economic competition and the continuation of an American-Japanese military alliance suggests the shakiness of the alliance.

At age 51 (the other major party leaders are in their 60's), Nakasone has an advantage over older statesmen and their dated manners in a changing nation. Nakasone's drive for national defence appeals to a public which has become conscious of Japan's new economic power, and which is seeking a new international role in which to apply that power.

JONATHON GRANT(LNS)

WHO KNOWS

WHAT
LURKS



EVIL
IN THE

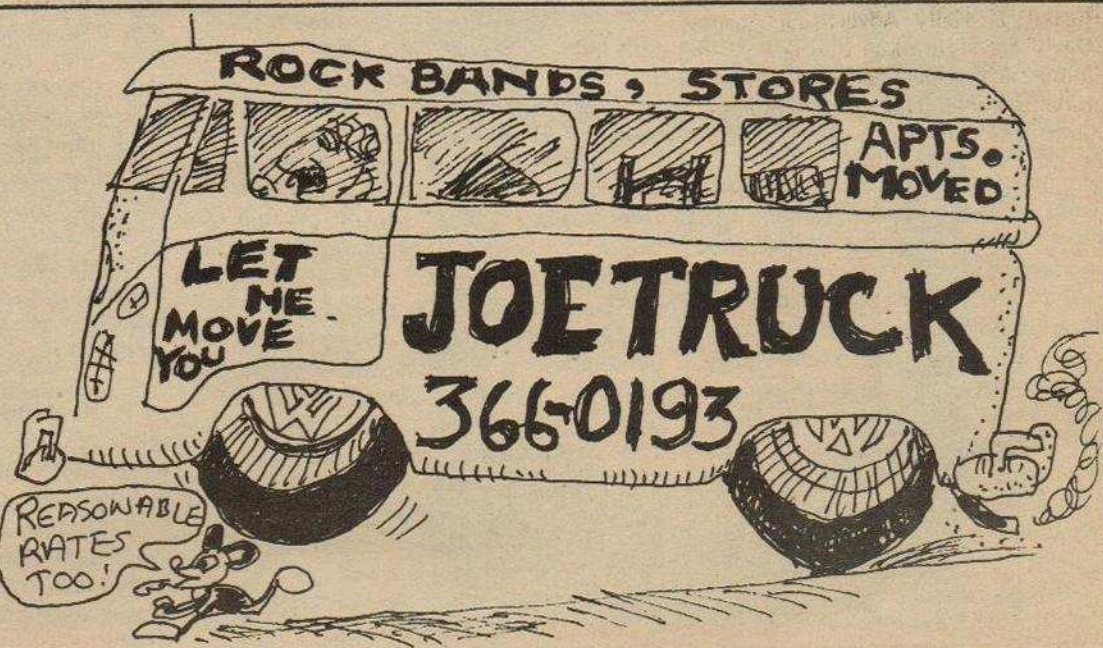
HEART OF THIS MAN

He'll let some of it hang out at a Liberal Party Dinner — Royal York
WED. MARCH 3 8P.M.

forewarned is
forearmed

louis fishauf

designer illustrator
922 0419



U.S. INVADES LAOS

The United States military climaxed 21 years of intervention in Laos by sending 10,000 American troops and an indeterminate number of South Vietnamese troops across the Vietnamese-Laotian border during the first week of February. The excuse for the invasion was the same as for the invasion of Cambodia on May of last year — to cut supply lines used by the National Liberation Front of Vietnam.

During the course of the 21 year old war the United States has waged against Laos, over half of the male and one quarter of the female population of Laos have been murdered. From 1947 to 1950 the United States financially supported France in their war against Laos, and by 1950 was paying four fifths of the cost of the war.

In 1952 the French pulled out of Laos leaving a puppet government headed by Souvanna Phouma in their place. Resistance to this regime, led by the Pathet Lao (the national liberation army of Laos), continued to be just as tenacious as before.

By 1957 the United States realized that the regime they supported in Laos had no chance of smashing the Pathet Lao and let the Laotians have free elections. Despite bribes and intimidation of voters by the CIA, the Pathet Lao won a majority of the seats in the National Assembly. The CIA reacted to this victory by killing hundreds of unarmed Pathet Lao and jailing Prince Souphanouvong, leader of the Pathet Lao and half brother of Souvanna Phouma.

In May of 1961 the Prince, 15 other prisoners, and nine of their jailers escaped, eventually travelling three hundred miles on foot to reach the safety of the Laotian jungle. Within a few short months the Pathet Lao had control of 70 per cent of the territory of Laos.

In 1962 the United States once again offered a democratically elected government to the people of Laos. Once again the Pathet Lao put down their arms to take part in what they thought would be the rebuilding of their country and once again the Americans murdered them and attempted to jail Souphanouvong. By this time the United States had 2000 troops in Laos and the support of a well paid Laotian army.

In 1964 the United States started saturation bombing of Laos. Hundreds of villages were burnt, crops were destroyed, and people were herded into concentration camps. The Pathet Lao responded to these inhuman attacks by digging out mountains and moving factories, villages and schools underground.

And now after eight years of saturation bombings the United States military is ready to take on the Pathet Lao. The Pathet Lao, however, are not alone. They have allies. The NLF, North Vietnam, North Korea. The latest press release from the New China News Agency stated that the Chinese will come to the aid of their allies in Indo China. Perhaps the Indochinese people even have friends in North America. JAN REID

CONSPIRACY CHARGES DROPPED

The seditious conspiracy charges against Robert LeMieux, Michel Chartrand, Jacques Larue-Langlois, Pierre Vallieres, and Charles Gagnon who comprise the Montreal Five have been dropped. Judge Ouimet, in handing down the decision last Friday, cited insufficient details, vagueness in the wording and the fact that the charges covered too long a period of time as his reasons for squashing them.

In a 17 page written judgement which he read to a small crowd of about 40, the judge said there were "not sufficient details to inform the accused reasonably" of their alleged offense.

Lawyer Robert LeMieux, one of the five defendants, who had prepared the defense presentation, had challenged the charges on the basis that the War Measures Act was illegal, consequently their detention under it was illegal. Their second argument was that the charge against them was too vague since it covered a period of three years.

It was on the basis of the last argument alone that the charges were dismissed, however, since the judge ruled that their arrest under the War Measures was "perfectly legal".

All five, however, still face additional charges.

Each is charged with being a member of the outlawed FLQ. Vallieres faces a separate sedition charge in connection with a student rally he addressed the night before the War Measures Act was declared. In addition, he and Larue-Langlois face assault charges laid after a U.S. reporter was ejected from one of LeMieux's press conferences.

Larue-Langlois is currently the only person free on bail, but, the other four are expected to make bail applications very soon.

Chartrand, appearing before Judge Ouimet, a former friend, asked when they would be allowed to go home since they had already served 4½ months for a charge which had not been found valid.

"That doesn't count" replied the judge. Chartrand's former friend the judge has already sentenced Chartrand to 1 year in jail for contempt. Vallieres and Gagnon also have contempt charges registered against them by another judge.

Ouimet is also the same judge who last year convicted Vallieres on contempt of court. BILL

U.S. Prisoners of War, State Dept. Hype



The Nixon Administration has been trying to get people all fired up over the issue of 500 U.S. prisoners of war being held in North Vietnam. These are pilots who were shot down while bombing the North.

Nixon wants them to be released. Failing that, he wants their names and the right to have representatives examine their living conditions.

On the surface, this seems to be reasonable humanitarianism. Closer examination shows it to be ridiculous hype.

Granted, everyone should have proper food, clothing, medical service and shelter, but what makes these 500 mass killers any more sacred than the political prisoners that the Sigon regime stores 60 to a cage? Even the U.S. propaganda assumes that their men are alive which is more than one can say for the man in this story from the New York Times Magazine:

ROUNDED

However, several villagers were rounded up and one man was brought before the company commander. The Vietnamese officer briefly questioned the suspect, then turned to his adviser... and said, "I think I shoot this man. Okay?"

"Go ahead," said the advisor.

The officer fired a carbine round point-blank, striking the villager below the chest. The man slumped and died. The patrol moved on. Later, a correspondent asked the advisor, who had seemed a decent enough fellow, why he had given his approval.

"These people could have moved to a Government area. In this war they are either on our side or they are not. There is no in-between."

The dead man was either a civilian or a prisoner of war — the same is true of all the dead at My Lai. The My Lai trial is proceeding on the assumption that it was O.K. to kill all those unarmed people if they were Viet Cong or Viet Cong sympathizers. In other words, it is cool to shoot prisoners of war.

Even the U.S. government with all of their detailed daily servile (remember, their cameras can detect the license number on a car from a satellite) have made no claim that prisoners in North Vietnam have been tortured.

Check this from the New York Herald Tribune, Sept. 29, 1965:

He kicked a small spool of wire out of the doorway and made room.

"We just rode Nuongs, you can tell that by the wire here," he said.

"Why?" he was asked. Nuongs are Chinese mercenaries from Formosa...

"They always want the wire for the prisoners", the kid said. "Don't you know that? They get a VC and make him hold his hands against his cheeks. Then they take this wire and run it right through the one hand and right through his cheek and into his mouth. Then they pull the wire out through the other cheek and stick it through the other hand. They knot both ends around sticks. You never seen them prisoners like that? Oh, you ought to see how quiet them gooks sit in a helicopter when we got them wrapped up like that."

It is probable that the American pilots will lose some weight while they are in North Vietnam. The Vietnamese are poor and cannot be expected to feed prisoners better than they feed themselves. However, they will fare better than the POW's that American congressmen found caged outside Saigon.

If the Americans really wanted information about POWs in North Vietnam they would not publicly abuse and misuse what bits of information they do get. The most recent example of this came in the aftermath of a trip to Hanoi by anti-war activist Sidney Peck.

Prof. Peck was asked to inquire specifically about 17 men believed shot down over North Vietnam. He learned that 1 was a POW, 6 had died and 10 were never seen by North Vietnamese authorities. No other information was given so a possible, even likely, assumption is that six died in plane crashes or as a direct result of wounds suffered while being shot down.

U.S. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird chose to publicly refer to this as showing that "some of our men are dying in prisoner of war camps." He used this to justify the unsuccessful land raid on a suspected POW camp in North Vietnam. If information is going to be distorted that way, the North Vietnamese would be stupid to give any more POW information to U.S. authorities.

Professor Peck also brought back 571 letters from POWs to their families. These were all seized by customs officials when he landed in the U.S. Hanoi had the right to expect first hand information from a man they trust (Prof. Peck) indicating that all those letters were properly delivered. U.S. Customs officials made that impossible and thus added to the mistrust surrounding the POW issue.

Laird's testimony to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee made only one specific charge of mistreatment and that was inadequate medical treatment. This is a very minor charge when one considers the general state of medicine in backward countries. A prisoner whose arm was badly shattered when he was shot down feared it would be amputated but it was saved by North Vietnamese surgeons. That the Mayo Clinic could do a better job is not the issue — mediocre medical treatment must rank well below torture and murder as a violation of the Geneva convention.

Compare the following Toronto Telegram coverage of the My Lai trial to the charge of inadequate medical treatment:

Kinch testified that Medina stood by after the My Lai operation and watched Capt. Eugene Kotouc, intelligence officer of task force Baker, the over-all commanding unit, interrogate a Viet Cong suspect.

"Capt. Koutoc... finally took a stick, put it under the man's hand, took a knife out of his pistol belt and threatened to cut the man's finger off. Finally he did cut it off," Kinch said.

Later, he said, police brought in a Vietnamese who may have been the same man, stood him in a ditch, and "emptied a magazine of rounds into him. Forty-five minutes later they brought in another man and did the same thing."

Being a prisoner of war is never like Hogan's Heroes on TV — French and German POW's starved to death in each others "civilized" World War II POW camps — but it seems that those captured by the North Vietnamese will be alive at the end of the war. When you consider the broad U.S. policy of killing all "Viet Cong and Viet Cong sympathizers," it seems the pilots are doing relatively well and Nixon should shut up quickly before people take a close look at what he is saying.

Bill King,



VIETNAMESE WOMEN

In Vietnam, the people have been oppressed for thousands of years by a whole series of colonisers — the Chinese, the French, and now the Americans. And in all this time, because of the nature of feudal societies, women have been especially oppressed. They have been bought and sold as slaves and wives, and generally treated like pieces of property. Female babies were not as important as male babies, and sometimes left to die if the parents could not afford another child. Women were totally at the mercy of their husbands and families. There was no escape, unless you became a prostitute or a nun.

Under the colonization of the United States, the oppression of women has taken on new and more horrifying dimensions. The war in Viet Nam is not just a military and political war. The aim of the U.S. is total physical, moral, and cultural destruction of the Vietnamese people. Women and children have been driven into lives of crime, simply for survival, causing them to forget their culture and struggle. There are 400,000 prostitutes in South Viet Nam — approximately one for every G.I.

A group of Saigon women formed the Committee to Defend the Virtue and Dignity of Vietnamese Women. For two years the Committee educated women, found them jobs, and taught Vietnamese culture and pride. It was dissolved by the government because it had too much popular support.

It is not unusual to see women on downtown streets stripped and raped. Saigon government figures for 1969 allow 36 incidents occurred, and one suspects that the actual number must be enormous, to force such an official admission. On January 31, 1969, two G.I.'s arrested and raped a waitress in a Saigon hotel, leaving a bottle of champagne rammed up her vagina. In April, 1970, twelve waitresses in that same hotel went on strike for protection of their dignity against G.I. rape. It is in the villages and prisons however, that women and children are maliciously brutalized in the most blatant sexist and degrading displays. Soldiers are always free to rape captured women, and there has never been a terrorist raid that didn't include rape. Girls of eleven, twelve and thirteen are ravaged just as are older women. Their brutality is unimaginable:

... An 18 year old woman had her legs broken by bullets, was raped to death by several soldiers and buried in a garbage dump,

... a young woman was blown up when three G.I.'s rammed a live grenade up her vagina because she wouldn't give them directions,

... women have been raped and left as landmarks in the centre of their villages with bamboo poles from their vaginas through their mouths.

It has become policy of the U.S. military to encourage and reward such behavior as part of the campaign to terrorize, demoralize, and ultimately defeat the resistance forces of the countryside.

Women are raped in front of their husbands; men are tortured in front of their wives; and children are slowly put to death in front of their parents. Women are exploited on every possible emotional and physi-

cal level, with special advantages being taken of their relationship to their children. When youngsters are arrested with their mothers, they are not officially registered in the prison and are thus not allotted food.

Pham Thi Yen, a female chemist of middle age, imprisoned for seven years in Puolo-Condore, told the chairman of the Committee for Denunciation of U.S. Crimes her story. Following are a few excerpts:

"... A woman was beaten into abortion. The 4 month old foetus gushed out into a pool of blood. These devils of men thrust broken beer bottles into the vulva of another woman. These are the methods we learned from the U.S., they said, guffawing, as the woman writhed in acute pain. We'll beat you into sterility and incapacity."

"... There is no end to their brutality. They buried me knee-deep near an ant hill, hands handcuffed round a tree trunk live with ants. Imagine how my body twisted with pain when the ants stung all over the body: eyes, nose, ears, mouth, even genitals and anus."

"... To us women prisoners, they show particular ferocity."

It is no accident that the gratuitous function of the United States Government to wipe out life, under the guise of "saving freedom for the South Vietnamese people", includes sexist brutality at its most blatant. When women are so systematically humiliated and degraded and stripped of their dignity, the fabric of life in their culture must be destroyed.

And what is in the minds and hearts of the millions of G.I.'s who have served in Viet Nam, when they return to the United States, knowing that, with the encouragement of their government, they carried out the most inhuman acts imaginable against good, innocent women? How does this sickness unconsciously affect their attitudes and behaviour towards the women they relate to and the children they raise at home?

Women in North Viet Nam have made tremendous strides in the last 40 years, since the formation in 1930 of the Communist Party. From the beginning, women's rights were included in the Party programme, and a Women's Union was established to involve women in the struggle for liberation. During the resistance and since the establishment of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam in 1954, the Party has sought to advance women's positions in five areas: fighting, labour, leadership and administration of the Party, management of society, and the family. The Women's Union is the primary organ responsible for defending these interests, for organising women, for raising their political consciousness, and for involving them in the revolution.

Women are very much involved in labour. They constitute 70% of the agricultural and over 50% of the industrial work force. In 1954, there were only 500 women workers, all unskilled, so the development of a work force where half are women is totally new. Laws have been passed to guarantee women equal pay, maternity benefits (full-paid leave for four

months), child-care facilities, and special health provisions. Women students are trained equally in technical schools and in all levels of education.

The Women's Union works to improve the position of women on the job and to meet particular needs that arise at work.

The Women's Union also helps women get over their inferiority complexes so that they can become active in the Party and take on leadership roles. In every village, it educates women about political struggles of the nation, about their equality in the new order, and about their need for their participation. Active women are held up as examples of what a woman can do. The spirit of this emulation is not one of competition but one of inspiring every woman to be the best revolutionary possible in her situation.

Women's equality in the family is perhaps the most difficult area to establish, given the long history of women's subordination. The first steps taken were to pass laws outlawing polygamy and giving women rights equal to men in the family, in divorce, and in property ownership. Industrialization of all housework and communal child-care are seen as the key to liberating women. Both are written into the Constitution. At this time, 50% of the children are in nurseries and kindergartens, and most of the others are taken care of by grandparents or other family members. Very little housework is industrialized, due to the conditions of war at this time.

The Women's Union of every village is responsible for training sessions to help women achieve equality. Cadres teach about health and birth control so women will limit the number of their children. Since access to mechanical methods of birth control is very limited, they must rely on voluntary methods like rhythm.

Discussions are also held on how to choose a husband and what rights one can demand in the new order. Women are encouraged to marry older than in the past so they can be active in the tasks of the revolution. When they have children, they are urged to put them in child-care centres.

When asked in what ways the women's revolution is not yet complete, they mention three areas: self-image (many still feel inferior to men), participation in politics (they still make up clearly less than 50% of the political bodies), and equality in the family. Since the small nuclear family has never existed in their agricultural society, they do not talk about smashing it. Instead, they hope to change lingering sex role attitudes through industrialization of housework and communal child-care.

Although women in Canada are not at war, and therefore not in as extreme a situation as the Vietnamese, we do share certain common problems. Women in Canada are seen as second-class citizens, and as sexual objects by most of the men in the country. Many women are trapped by the dehumanized roles they play in their families and with men.

Women are also exploited economically, earning, on the average, half of what men do. They are the last to be hired and the first to be fired, and are at the mercy of a fluctuating economy. During World War II, 90% of the workers at the steel plants in Sudbury were women. We are used in times of need, or when the economy is booming, but when its over, we're shunted back into the home. The reality of the economic situation today is that most families can't afford to live without the wife working — after which she usually comes home and does all the housework. The Chase-Manhattan Bank has estimated that a woman's work week is 99 hours long.

The important thing in understanding the struggles of women all over the world is to see how similar they all are, both in their causes and in their solutions. The really mind-blowing thing for me in meeting Vietnamese people is their great humanity and understanding. They have managed to stay very human, despite the brutalization they have been subjected to for so many years. This is a perspective that we often lose sight of, because we tend to forget what we are struggling for — our freedom and our humanity. And that is what the Vietnamese and other revolutionary peoples are doing.

Heather Ramsey
(With the help of my sisters in
Washington, D.C.)



The Moon and I

by: George Longley

Like all week its been with us, on the idiot box, in the press and on the radio — the saturation of all John Q. Citizens with the words, the deeds, the derring do simulations of the sauntless moon shot, Apollo 14.

And with it of course if the flag waving, the pompous, yankee doodle dandy, ya ta ta and hypocritical shit cemented in the phrases of the papers — self-glorification flip flopping across the T.V. screens, all packaged, neat and tidy for the ever gullible public to hear and to accept.

Me, I don't buy it . . . no part . . . nothing.

A world of hunger, of poverty, of deprivation and of hopelessness and fear and they spend millions upon millions of dollars on still another world to fuck up.

KIDS, belly up, distended, dying in gutter, in the fields . . . kids riddled with ringworm, small pox, scarred . . . kids, number even from tears . . . kids, a rack of bones waiting for death . . . kids, charred, burnt black from napalm in the mud and blood of Viet Nam . . . KIDS, hyped in, encircled . . . kids, with shattered eardrums, pounded by the wail and scream of bombs . . . kids, poor, bleeding, twisted, searching . . . kids, dying and not knowing it. Kids, some of them vegetables, jelly brained from too much of nothing — other, from too much of everything . . . kids, unloved, unwanted, uncared for . . . with burnt souls. Kids that don't even know how to weep and what's more important, that don't even know how to laugh. That's the legacy we have given our present generation. Polluted streams, land, air. Even the lowly sparrow buys it because of the greed and stupidity of man. And the dead fish are stinking up the shores and the trees are dying from the top and the air is poisonous, laden with sulphur and carbon dioxide. Fumes of death and disease spew

out their poisonous vapours from the monster stacks . . . a world even the baboon would disown as immoral.

A world of priorities that are, in all truth, all screwed up . . . a world where the muckety mucks, the material seekers, the gravy train-greedy-grasping power and prestige mothers' grind her out for the space program.

A world of war and hypocrisy and bigotry . . . a world of double standards . . . a world of disdain, misunderstanding and that greasy fingered, under the table, kind of moral corruption that reeks and stands up and is a part of life to Uncle Sam.

Millions upon millions, baby. And don't ever think that Canadians aren't picking up a sizeable portion of the tab. We cats are zeroed in there both ways. Our conquerors from the south own our factories, resources, our raw materials, our beaches, our lumber. They've got over ninety percent of our politicians sitting warm and secure in their pockets. And the tax slice that comes out stacked for the moon program, comes originally from our sweat and the raping of our country meanwhile leaving us with oil slicks, screwed up landscape and water sheds, dead birds, dirty air, depression, dirty pool politics crawling around in the sewers of power and of patronage, a sell out of canadian culture, canadian ideals, labour, industry, even what our kids read or eat or even think . . . Uncle Sam's NEWEST STATE OF THE UNION.

So when I see the huge, glorious pomp and pageantry of the newest "Moon Shot" and I read the glowing self-glorification in the press of this momentous, magnificent achievement, I can only think of the kids, the people, even the lowly, little sparrow and as a Canadian, and more important, as a human being connected with the dirty fingernail set, I have only this to say: "FUCK THE MOON".

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There was a conference in Montreal last week, called by the Canadian Hospital Association. It was called a "National Symposium on Hospital Responsibility Toward Drug Users."

What the Hospital people meant by "drug users," of course, was street people. They didn't mean the country's million or so alcoholics, and they didn't mean the uncountable numbers of people who are on Librium, Valium, and the other tranquilizers.

Out of 21 papers presented at the conference, there was one on Daytop Village and one on something called "Addiction Counselling." There were none on heroin PER SE, none on speed. So you couldn't even say, really, that the intent of the conference was to talk about those two very serious kinds of drug dependencies.

No, the conference was clearly about kids who smoke or do chemicals and show up in Emergency Departments and cause a "problem." The conference was really about that problem, and what the hell to do about it.

Or maybe it was only about public relations: about looking as though the hospitals were trying in some concerted and rational way to do something about the problem.

At any rate, ADARF showed its 15-minute film, "Freak Out," and people talked about the hospital role, the Provincial role, the Federal role. One man showed some absolutely hair-raising slides of deformed babies, all the while protesting that "we don't really know whether these were caused by LSD."

It was that kind of conference. Is there any other kind?

But the conference planners had asked Ray Chouinard from Kool-Aid to attend - sort of their token street person - and he said he wouldn't come unless they had a lot of street people there. So they ended up inviting 25 or 30 of us, from all over the country.

People I'd been hearing about for a year. There they were, in the flesh. Kool-Aid and Crypt and Trust and Merri-go-round and the drop-in centres, switchboards, crisis intervention centres and street clinics from Halifax to Vancouver, all sent people. I should say, of course, that the Federal government gave the Hospital Association a grant of, I think, \$14,000 for the conference, so that's how the street people got there. It didn't cost the hospital people a cent to talk to us.

But it was good to see our brothers and sisters, and talk to them, realize that we are together. We generated an immense feeling of solidarity, of sharing not only a life-style but a commitment to service and a sense of the grand adventure: the real changes our efforts are producing in our communities.

We could sit, all thirty of us in a room, and see that even by the hospitals' standards, we are together: we are a million-dollar network of primary contact health agencies, and we are getting bigger all the time. We deliver service ¾ we serve a community, the

nation's displaced young adults, of perhaps 100,000 people. And however big that community is, it's getting bigger.

And we could walk into Le Grand Salon of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel and take the microphone and say to the hospital people: "We are a system for the delivery of primary health care to our community. We are competent, we are effective, we are doing your Emergency Department job for you better than you ever did it or could do it for yourselves. Whether anybody - the hospitals, the doctors, the society at large - likes it or not, we are demonstrating that young people can take care of their own. We ARE the revolution."

None of the 500 or so hospital people in that room really wanted to hear about systems for the delivery of health care (even though they constitute the largest such system in the country, with the greatest concentration of money, personnel, and physical plant). None of them really wanted to negotiate with us. They did not want to legitimize us. Certainly, very few of them will go back to their home cities and towns newly prepared to deal in a reasonable and co-operative manner with the street clinic or crisis centre that is already functioning there. They didn't hear the gospel and get re-born.

But they understood when we talked about a million-dollar network, and they understood when we demonstrated to them that there are street people in every city of Canada who have organized and are delivering high-quality health care without formal training, and with only the most tentative kind of support from other segments of the community. In some places (anybody been to Vancouver, lately?), in the face of stone-walled opposition.

They know, in other words, that these are the elements of revolution: not guns, and fists, and rhetoric; but changes in the structure of society, radical changes in the way society operates. That's what we showed them, and that message they got.

It was for all of us from the street an altogether heartening three days. It even reminded some of us that we, too, are part of society, and that by changing society we are the lives of all the people more genuine and more humane.

WOMEN'S LIB

During the last two weeks, I have received four or five letters concerning Women's Lib. (Two of them from men.) I am taking this opportunity to answer them thru my column.

It is a profound fact that women have been exploited for years and years and years... and years, they have been manipulated by men to even manipulate other men in politics and business for personal, material gain and gratification and the pursuit of power.

Thousands and thousands of dollars have often changed hands for the sake of a bit of pussy, in many cases, a woman thru circumstances and the powers that be have turned into scheming opportunists because of the cynical pimpery of unscrupulous "big money" bastards.

It is equally apparent that women do have ability comparable to a man. Any male who denies this fact is either a fool, a phoney or one of those who seek to use the female sex for his own lack of security or ability.

Through the years, it has been women who have stood beside their men, that have given him the strength and the courage to conquer untold and unsurmountable deprivations to achieve some sort of justice. In many cases, it has been the women and not the men who have led a fight against social injustice and many a strike has been won because the women have gotten their feet wet and mucked right in. Without them it would of went down in defeat.

The Bear's Lair THE BEAR'S DICTIONARY: "C"

"C" is for the cunning conservatives, con men for the capitalists. Chroniclers of condensed crap and guile, they rule with velvet fists; the workers get screwed but never kissed.

JOHNSON, MATHEWSON and MALLORY:

Because of circumstances, perhaps the piece of business with "Goldrocks", Levy and Acme Screw and Gear and a few more incidental factors, this strike was no victory for the workers.

Bear's Lair



A and P

After two weeks on the street, the A and P strike was settled with a satisfactory settlement for the workers. The strikers were aided by the cooperation of the Bakeries Union, the Retail Union, the Teamsters, the Ford Workers and others. Three members of the Militant Co-op also gave much time and effort in this strike and are to be commended for their actions.

TRANE COMPANY

As of the early part of last week, Trane is out on the bricks. This plant, Local 512 of the U.E., is located in the Brown's Line and Horner area of the west end and any assistance would be deeply appreciated.

At the present time the company is trying to circumvent the strike by moving the "hot" cargo through other plants and warehouses. Any efforts to assist in the curtailment of these "hot" goods would be gratefully received - call 259-8433.

As of this writing, CHAPMAN CARTAGE, located on North Queen, are "scabbing"

DEMONSTRATIONS AT PC CONVENTION

At Maple Leaf Gardens, last Friday, members of The Militant Co-op came together with other members of M.A.C.E. (METRO ACTION CO-ORDINATING EXECUTIVE) and registered their displeasure on a picket line against the Tory Provincial Government during their convention:

Too long have we heard the same old razzle dazzle, the same old bullshit from the Tories: what they have done for Ontario, what Roberts has done for Ontario, when in reality the Tory regime has done: sweet fuck-all for the average worker, welfare recipient or member of the unemployed.

Sure, they have given us more restrictive labour legislation, which only castrates all forms of labour, be it union or non-union. They have allowed speculation to price every worker out of being able to purchase a home of his own. They have made us tenants to a veritable Yankee landlord. The minimum wage law, which is a crime before God, merely subsidizes sweat shops and forces people onto welfare. And Medicare, under their supervision is nothing more than a hideous joke.

Granted, they have done much for the affluent minority. THEY HAVE TO, for they are the political arm of big business, insurance companies and those that wallow in the long green. But for the little guy, the clock puncher, the one with the dirty fingernails, they do only what they're forced or pressured into doing.

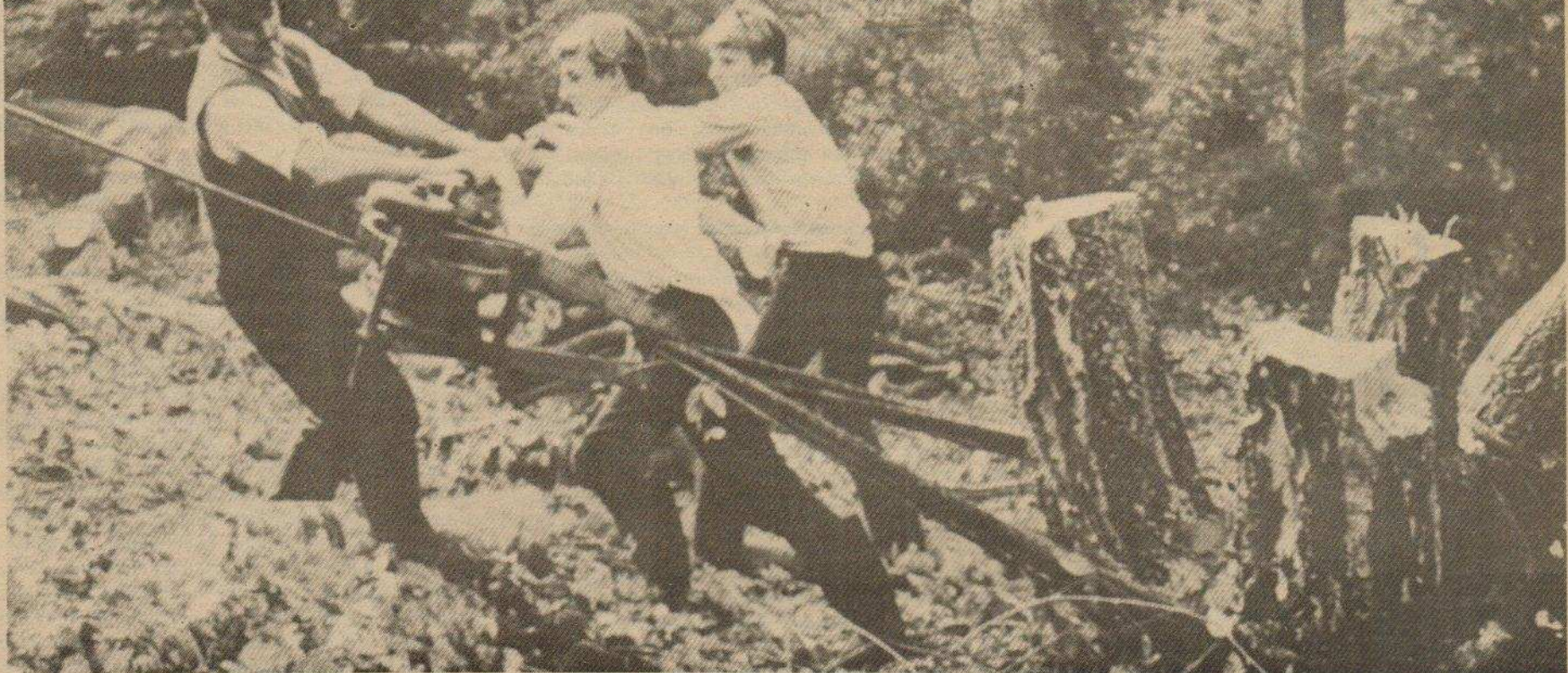
Remember that the forefathers of today's conservatives were the ones that fought against any kind of social justice, any improvement for the working man. Any picket line, to the conservative, is a crime.

And everytime a worker votes conservative, he votes against himself and for a policy that is committed to be detrimental to his own well-being.

"Show me a Conservative, and I'll show you a man that spells exploitation, 'free enterprise'."

George Longley
 Secretary-Treasurer
 Militant Co-Op

SCIENTOLOGY: THE BIG BRAINWASH



If you walk along Avenue Rd., past the 'Church of Scientology' (No. 116), a youth is likely to hand you a card offering free intelligence and personality tests. If you go in, as I did, you will be given a personality test, consisting of 200 questions (answer yes, no, or undecided).

You will be met at the front desk by a smiling receptionist, who will answer any questions about the test.

Soon I was seated with pencil and questionnaire. Along came the Receptionist a moment later with a form, asking "Please" (with a "pretty please" in her voice) would I fill it out (name, address, etc.) and return it to her desk? So I did and was thanked profusely. She didn't actually hug and kiss me but somehow I was left with the impression she had.

Then just as I was about to put pencil to paper, a young man kindly called me away from the questionnaire. He too was smiling, smiling: Hadn't we met somewhere before? Surely we'd met somewhere before? In any case, he'd like me to see this "Freedom" film which would explain what Scientology is and does.

The film was narrated by Stephen Boyd; it began with him gazing through a telescope at the stars. "Wasn't it amazing how far man had travelled through the technology of science?" "And yet, how little," he lamented, "science had progressed in understanding man and curing human misery." The camera zeroed in on images of poverty, illness, and finally on three kids smoking pot, lingering on one pretty girl's face, possibly as the epitomy of misery.

Here was where Scientology came in, the narrator explained, but none too clearly, to solve the problems of the world.

Scientology's treatment is to erase "engrams" — traces in the mind — produced by unhappy experiences in childhood that cause one to react irrationally. The novice in Scientology begins with a system of "processing" as specific as any program for learning shorthand or engineering. Each grade you pass through to reach total freedom from irrational behaviour has been firmly fixed in writing by Scientology's originator and head, L. Ron Hubbard. You go through all of the lower grades face to face with an

"auditor" who keeps his face an emotionless mask so as not to ruffle any of Hubbard's precepts. You hold on to an "E-Meter", a crude galvanometer or so-called "lie-detector", a device that measures electrical resistance or tension in your body which is supposed to tell the auditor when you have an emotional "withhold" from him. He keeps asking you rote questions (e.g. Is there anything in your mind you would prefer to forget?) or giving rote commands til you sweat your way back through your memory and finally expose some traumatic deposit (engram) which has supposedly blighted your life. When all these engrams are erased through processing, the person is said to be "clear" and will no longer feel or behave irrationally.

In the movie, a man faces his "auditor" and recounts a scene with his wife — she from her bed, screaming "You were supposed to CALL me." and he screaming back, "But I was late WORKING". He gets a tremendous headache and splits. Auditor: "Scan through again." The man says the same thing. Auditor: "Is the incident erasing or getting more solid?" He: "More solid; I still have a headache." Auditor: "Do you remember an earlier incident?" The man recalls how he wouldn't give this kid his baseball bat and the kid kept hitting him on the head and screaming. After the same rote questions the "patient" still has a headache. Now he is asked to recall an earlier incident and he remembers being 8 years old and running to catch up with his mother to get on a bus; suddenly his mother starts screaming, "Why are you always making such a mess!"

Suddenly the man laughs. "God, that sounds just like my wife screaming." He laughs and laughs; he's higher than a kite and the needle on the E-Meter is motionless. He is then said to be 'clear' for this matter, the engram presumably the source of his irrational behaviour with his wife is said to be erased forever.

"Now, do you have any questions?" This from the dapper young man who knew me from somewhere. Yes, I did but I soon discovered that trying to pin down a Scientologist on a point was, as one critic said, "like trying gift-wrap six slippery eels at once." I gave up and filled out the questionnaire, returning as asked, the next day for the results.

Among the 200 questions, 20 focused on a particular area of your personality. Your answers placed you on a continuum for 10 different qualities. eg. one of the continuums ranged from "happy" to "depressed". Thus, I was told, I had been "scientifically analyzed on a basis of optimal survival" and I was in poor shape indeed.

I didn't have much quarrel with the analysis except that I didn't think I was all that hungup. eg. I was in the extreme "depressed" range, in need of immediate, direct help. But look at some of the questions obviously aimed at testing "happyness":

"Does 'everything' seem glorious to you even though you are aware of some things that should be changed?"

continued next page

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Typical ad in a Scientology publication

"Are you constantly happy even when there is no real reason for it?"

"Are you so well pleased by life that you never considered committing suicide?"

I answered "no" to all of these and I'd be suspicious of anyone who wouldn't. And many of the rest of the questions were like that. If you gave what I consider fairly normal responses, you'd probably look worse off than you felt. But that goes along with L. Ron Hubbard's premise: the perfectability of man. He promises nothing less — complete freedom from your past hangups, the ability to conquer any new problems that arise. You are to become more and more able every day, better and better in every way.

I also disagreed with the finding that I was more than moderately critical rather than accepting of others. So did some friends I checked this out with. After looking over the questionnaire I realized what "critical" meant. It meant the opposite of gullible. To score in the optimal range on this critical-accepting continuum you had to accept blindly, without question, what most people said. One of our staff writers scored in the extreme critical range and was discouraged from entering into Scientology because extremely 'critical' people did not tend to benefit from Scientology, i.e. it helped to be rather gullible to be successfully sucked into this new "religion".

After going over the test results I questioned my interviewer — it was the dapper young man — about the basic tenets of Scientology. We talked for some time. I kept getting that slippery eel feeling but finally I had him backed against the wall. Whereupon he said, "Look, when you turn on a T.V. do you understand how it works?" "Yes," I said. "Well, most people don't" said he, "but that doesn't stop them from using it. So why worry about understanding Scientology as long as it works?"

At this point he was rescued by an older and wiser Scientologist. She seemed to scowl among all her smiling colleagues but really, her face was in neutral. She said, for people with many doubts, she recommended they read one of the basic books on Scientology and plunked it down in front of me. It was small; it was \$3.00. I said I'd try to get it at the library first. But it was only \$3.00, she said; surely I could afford . . . Then she saw that I had been writing — asked what had I been writing? I squeezed out of that and she switched on a smile with a "Do come again!"

I escaped.

I escaped with all the money I had come in with, which wasn't easy. When I first came back for the results of the test, I was greeted warmly, enthusiastically by a (need I say it?) SMILING Scientologist. He: Did I have my ticket for the "Crusade for Total Freedom"?

I: No, what was that?

He: 3 O.T.s would be here this Sunday at 2:00. The price of tickets was \$2.50.

He reached for the \$2.50. My hands remained in my pocket. "Excuse me," I said, "but what is an O.T.?"

"That is the highest level presently attainable through Scientology."

I begged off. I was a poor student on a small budget. I didn't want to buy a ticket until I knew a

bit more about Scientology.

"But how can you not afford \$2.50!" he said. "There'll be 3 O.T.s right HERE, right in front of you!" I felt as if I was refusing an invitation to meet God.

Others did not escape.

I heard one man saying he'd been unhappy for a long time — another girl, that she was always "searching". Both were promised relief. For a price.

The prices vary from time to time. Last September in Toronto, one could begin with "lessons" in Scientology, 10 for \$15.00. Then there was "dianetic processing" which they claimed cured aches, pains, and perhaps even cancer, five hours at \$150.00. And then there was a package deal for \$1,000 to become an "auditor" who in turn could charge others.

Brainwashing Anyone? or The Mind-Fuck

Scientologists estimate the cost of getting 'clear' at \$4,000 to \$5,000. 'Clear' used to be the top level of Scientological striving but Hubbard, employing the creativity he used as a former successful science-fiction writer, has invented six levels above 'clear', and is even doing "advanced research" on new levels.

A 'Clear', according to Scientology's administrator for the Western States is "one who has cause over all mental matter, energy, space, and time." What more could you want? Ah, but there are six O.T. ('Operating Thetan') levels above 'clear'. An O.T. speaks of himself as a spirit ('Thetan') who not only wafts in and out of his contemporary body but gets his mind back into vivid remembrances of past bodes. Scientology's "case Histories" about the reincarnation of thetans who lived eons ago are patently ridiculous, e.g., there's one about the man who fell out of a space ship 55,000,000,000,000,000,000 years ago, was killed by and became a Manta Ray.

Scientology's membership, church spokesmen claimed last Sept., included 15 million persons on four continents, 250,000 of them Americans. The weekly gross income was well above \$1.4 million.

Scientology guarantees freedom to its members but domination by the Ethics Officer is so rigid that an ex-scientologist called his experience "like Orwell's 1984 arriving 20 years ahead or time." Thought control during auditing with an E-Meter is total. He said, "They keep asking you the same question over and over again until you tell them what they want to hear."

Scientologists claim that "Never has one person been shown to have been injured by Scientology." But they include a waiver in their contract which completely releases them and any of their employees from any liability from consequences resulting from processing practices. Meanwhile, there's plenty of evidence: that Scientology can be a complete mind-bender. Alan Levy in a Life article (Nov. 15, 1968) thanks Hubbard for a "true-life nightmare that gnawed at my family relationships and saddled me with a burden of guilt I've not yet been able to shed." His most menacing moments came when, plugged into the E-Meter, "I explored nooks and crannies of my psyche which I wish to God I had never unearthed." A psychoanalyst he consulted later, in an attempt to understand what Scientology had done said, "You haven't been brainwashed or you wouldn't be here, talking to me. But they did a remarkable job of indoctrinating you and I hope you get your equilibrium back."

But if Scientology is a form of brainwashing, you do it to yourself and if it seems to work, as in many cases it does, it is because it is voluntary, self-induced brainwashing. Many disillusioned young people who refuse to accept the notion that life is an impossible struggle which cannot be made absolutely SIMPLE find solace and welcome within a totally forgiving system which promises spiritual perfectability, locates all guilt and trauma, and presto! — if you will only believe in your auditor — makes it all go away. And you are surrounded by all those glowing Scientologists making you feel that you BELONG.

But in what kind of system do you belong? There are aspects of Scientology that seem to parallel those of totalitarian movements from the medieval Catholic Church to fanatical leftist and rightist organizations of this century. One is trained or conditioned to command and be commanded. As for criticism of the movement, the general ground rules have been laid down by Hubbard:

"Every time we have investigated the background

of a critic of Scientology, we have found crimes for which the person or groups could be imprisoned under existing law."

In recent years church members were required to 'disconnect' from those who failed to live up to the standards of the Ethics Department. Such persons were declared "suppressive" and for months and years they received letters from former associates in the church who informed them coldly, "I hereby disconnect from you." This practice has now been dropped as a not "very popular solution to the problem."

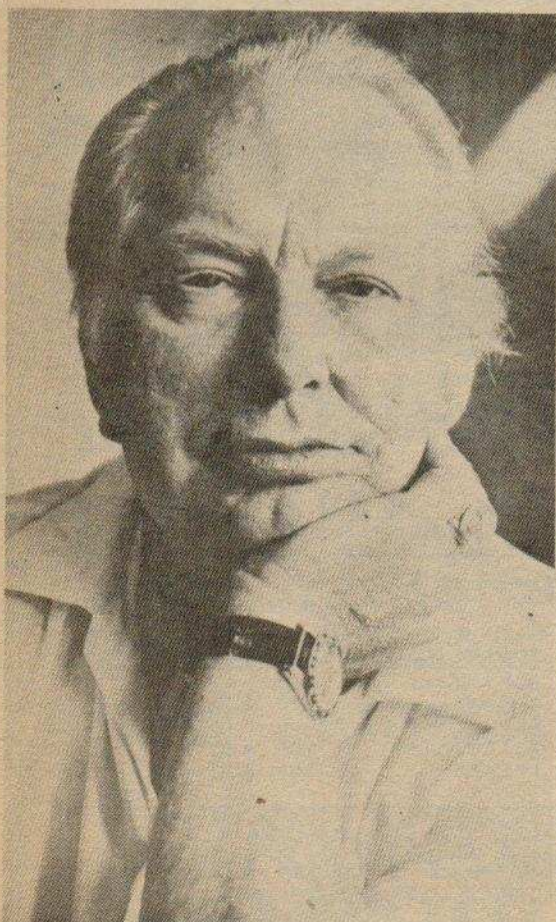
Hubbard and some 200 advanced disciples are now aboard three ships, docking in Greek harbours and mystifying the Greek authorities with their floating school. Hubbard is banned from several countries. The Greeks endure him because they need their trade, although they hear rumours of military activities aboard ship, of the uniforms his advanced students wear, or the iron discipline with which Hubbard runs his ships. He sounds like a would-be dictator: "Man is sick and nations have gone mad . . . We are the only group on earth that offers a workable solution. No threat of ridicule or punishment must stand in our way!"

In spite of the widespread criticism of his original (dianetics) theory, Hubbard goes on. In 1951, he overcame legal hassles by proceeding "to get religion" and the tax advantages inherent in church status. Which would be no surprise to someone who recalled his speech before the Eastern Science-Fiction Association in Newark, New Jersey 3 years earlier. In effect he said that writing s-f was no way to make a living. If you really wanted to make a million, he said, the quickest was to start your own religion.

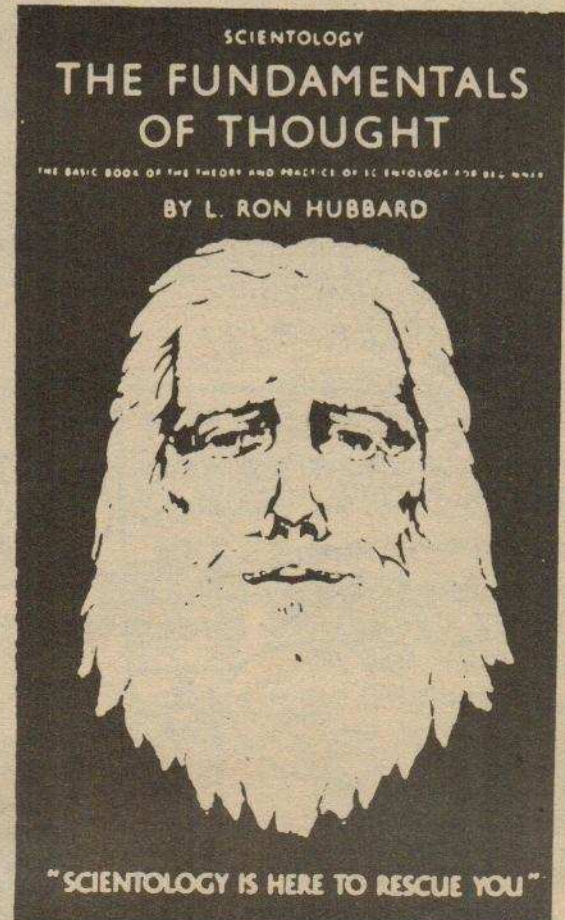
His new "religion" didn't impress the Food and Drug Administration who raided the Church's headquarters in '63, carting off books, pamphlets, and E-Meters. They charged the Church with misleading statements about the E-Meter's curative powers. However early in February 1969, that decision was reversed. The onus is on the government to disprove Scientology's claim to be a religion; until then the E-Meters and the accompanying literature is protected from seizure by the right of freedom of worship.

But later in 1969, the U.S. Justice Dept. on behalf of the Internal Revenue Service won a case against Scientology, which is of course appealing the decision in an effort to gain tax exemption. It was said that "by advertising and promoting the services in the same manner as a commercial enterprise . . . plaintiff derived over 90% of its income from the sale of his services." A star witness vs Scientology was Hubbard's son, who testified that Scientology was more interested in saving money than saving souls. It might be added that Hubbard's first, now ex-wife, said in 1951 that "competent medical advisors" have pronounced her husband "hopelessly insane."

Meanwhile that fanciful, possibly mad, man moves on. Whether his science-fiction dream becomes a world nightmare remains to be seen. But it is presently evident that scientology is not the world's greatest religion, nor the world's greatest science. It may just be the world's greatest put-on.



Founder, Ron Hubbard before Scientology



Founder, Ron Hubbard after Scientology



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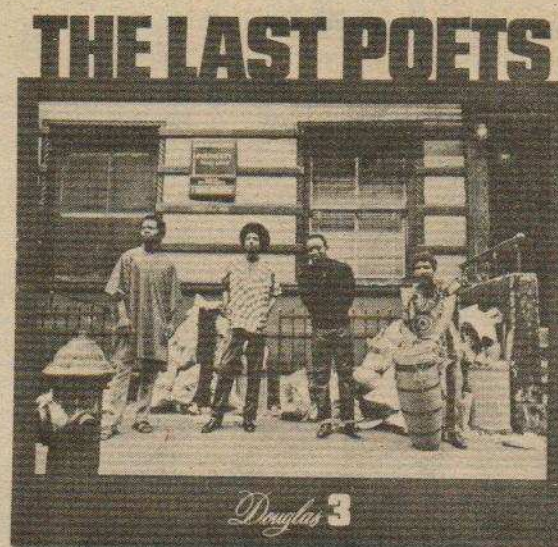
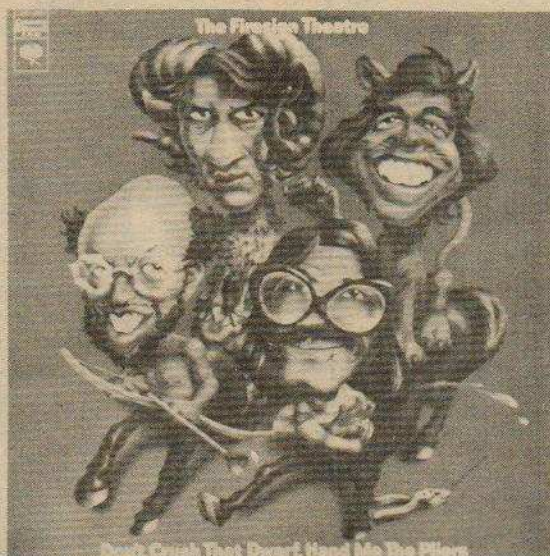
4.30 p.m. — 4 a.m.

COMBINATIONS	18" Slices (12)	16" (8)	14" (6)	11" (4)
Pepperoni — Mushrooms	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.25
Onions — Tomato — Salami	3.50	2.90	2.35	1.40
Bacon — Ham — Anchovies	4.00	3.30	2.70	1.60
Green Peppers — Ham	4.50	3.70	3.00	1.80
Sausage	5.00	4.00	3.35	2.00
BASIC CHEESE AND TOMATO SAUCE	5.50	4.50	3.50	2.25
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RECORDS

? ? ? ?
You'll Never Hear
On CHUM FM



JEFFERSON STARSHIP
 Blows Against The Empire
 RCA

SUNRISE
SURPRISE
CIVILIZED MAN
 YOU WERE KEEPER TO ME
 NOW YOUR ANIMAL IS FREE
 AND YOU'RE FREE TO DIE
 DIE

you're old & your hands are grey
 your old go home & stay
 we've all heard you dirty stories
 two thousand years
 two thousand years
two thousand years
of your
god damn
glory

Just words? Yes. And music and a message that says something so frighteningly new that you draw away; ESCAPE! Hold on to your lover. Forget... It is easier to die - die along with the monsters that are killing this world than to look to the future.

Future? What future? Look at the monster. He is killing the rest of the world so that he can go on being THE fat cat on this planet. Technology is running rampant, insane. "The major purpose of government is to preserve technology." - Trudeau. Listen to the siren's song of Amerikan Empire as the planet is ready to die. And nothing is being done about it. Well?

Well... by 1980, even Amerikan Empire will have given up on this planet and the construction of the Starship will be started. It will take 10 years to complete; room for 7000. Who will be on it? The military men who have flown space before? The same military men who have turned the Plain of Jars in Laos, which once supported 200,000 people into a desert that cannot support one human being? Or, the young in spirit, the culture of life, the people of the present and the future instead of the "glorious" death culture of the past.

HI-JACK THE STARSHIP!?

Fusion powered drive to be built into it, astro-navigators, telepaths, lazer technics, etc., etc., in twenty years? A plunge into reality!!! WHEEE!!! A freak elitist trip; 7000 of the most gifted children of this planet to leave for a new home somewhere else in the universe. Leave the rest to die since they were too goddamn dumb to realize in time. LET IT ALL DIE.

Reality: It will be harder, much harder to make this liveable in twenty years than to hi-jack the hypothetical starship of the Empire. But there is a

future to look forward to, a beautiful reality that will end the obscene reality we now live in. If we wake up and see what is happening and do what HAS to be done. We do not need to learn the death culture, we need to create and learn how to create new ways of doing things now or we all die. Revolution? It is such a tame, fucked over word that is beaten to death because we have yet to even create the language to express what has to be done.

Grace Slick writes and sings about what it is like to have a child and realize what the world is like now. "A Child Is Coming!... It's gettin' better/like a mornin' to be born."

I won't carry the government's child.
 I want to see his young head
 Rising from the water chamber warm with love,
 To the clear air

Light
 Bright
 And getting higher
 Rain forest born,
 Born desert warm -
 It's none of the government's
 Business who comes to or
 From by body.

G.S.

Paul Kantner, Grace Slick, and people from the Grateful Dead and Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young and others have come together to create an album, a message, an idea that will make you think, dream, and bring back the hope that has been buried and lost under all the shit. It calls people to rise up rather than bow down. That is obscene in our society. To say how things really is obscene and cannot be shown to the public. When a great work of art is obscene by a society's standards, that society is dying, if not already dead. Think about it. Try to listen to the album, libretto in hand so that they do not lose you in the beat and flow of the message. When they say: Well? What will you answer?

Chuck

FIRESIGN THEATRE
 Don't Smash That Dwarf,
 Hand Me The Pliers!
 Columbia

"What do you do with your time, George?" - "Why, I get up every morning and watch television ALL DAY."

Scenario: A radical young man, George LeRoy Tirebiter by name, gets up one morning on acid, and imagines himself on television (UTV, for you, the viewer), watching himself on television as the network runs through their daily round of shit, but calling it

what it is rather than the usual snow job that they throw on you every day? (I think) And, discovering when his answering service wakes him up in the morning, that he has turned into the old man he saw on T.V. in the morning (UTV time) until the ice cream man comes around and he leaves the television set and is a little boy running after the ice cream man as he makes one of his rare visits to his lonely suburban district in Sector R.

Whaaaa! Well, I listened to the album at least thirty times, each time seeing new relationships and new ways in which the whole insane thing holds together. T.V., the real world as we know it, for millions of people is a mind-boggling bag of "really great shit." The album makes comments on all kinds of things that we see on T.V.

"Where can I find a bargain in a good Christian atmosphere?" (channel changes) **RIGHT HERE! FRIENDS! I'M FULL OF IT!** And I'm going to let it go. Ahhhhhhhhhhh! **LOOK AT IT! Look at that hot steaming heap!**
 Mrs. Louise Murphy, You've **SOLD OUT!**

And it goes on, hitting commercials, travelogues, 30's movies (oh, how that hit thirties movies), World War II movies that are updated to cover Vietnam and the obscenity of the word "kill." What they're saying is that watching television all day is enough to make an old man out of your children. They say it comically, blowing your mind and making you laugh all at the same time. They say the things that are hinted at on the screen, which makes parts of it obscene under the law, so don't expect it to get past the censors at CHUM. It's up for grabs whether some DJ will think it's worth getting fired over. Try to hear it though, 'cause it's fun. T.V. is an artistic dwarf, so why just knock it, hand me the pliers and let me really take it apart.

Chuck

THE LAST POETS
 Douglas 3

"NIGGERS ARE SCARED OF REVOLUTION," "YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, just because you're black," "It's glorious to die for a cause, but not - because -" "... dreaming of boss black civilizations that once flourished and grew/WAKE UP NIGGERS OR WE ALL THROUGH!... ALL MASSES WILL BE HELD TOMORROW MORNING FOR THE LATE GREAT BLACK MAN/AMEN!"

Abiodun Oyewole, Alafia Pudim, Omar Ben Hassen are POETS. Nilaja is percussion; Nigerian drumming - sensual, driving sound to go with the

driving words. They are Harlem, Black Harlem where the bullshit art of escaping from reality has been carried almost as far as it has in Toronto. And they are honest. Brutally honest about their brothers and sisters, about themselves. They tell the reality of Harlem, which even it's residents are driven to being heroin addicts, bullshit black power advocates. Gash Men (ball-freaks in hip lingo), bourgeois Uncle Toms who think they have nothing to worry about because they've made it, and on and on and on and on...

You laugh at them as they laugh at themselves: "Niggers love the word FUCK/They think they're so FUCKING cute/They FUCK YOU AROUND/The first thing they say when they're mad - FUCK it!/You play a little too much with them/They FUCK over you!/When it's time to TCB/Niggers are somewhere FUCKING/Try and be nice to them/They FUCK over you/Niggers don't realize while they're doing all this fucking/ They're getting fucked around/And when they DO realize/It's too late/So niggers get FUCKED UP." You are horrified when they tell about the 9 year old boys who are already strung out on heroin. It seems to be directed at an about black people, right? Then why the hell do they take "Niggers Are Scared of Revolution," the longest cut on the album, to tell you what all the "jive" means? And then there's the last four lines of the album: "But the night still falls/And the sun still rises/ And the man the man the man/Is still full of tricky/SURPRISE NIGGERS!"

It's for whites, too. Why? Revolutionary rhetoric sells? No This album will never get air time. But, what is a nigger anyway? Is he black, brown, mullato, what? Niggers are down, held down half dead, dying in their own bullshit or the shit the Man has laid on them. Niggers (the African kind) are laid naked in this album. Their language is explained so that white people don't have to ask "What makes them niggers act like that" anymore. They open up communication by saying where they're at through a strange "poetry" where language IS the music, not lyrics and arrangements: Afrikan in conception rather than European. Maybe I sound rhetorical in describing them. After hearing this album, you don't have the excuse of "culture gap" to fall back on. I only lived in a house with 6 young black men in the same room for three years. The experience of the album touches me because of the many times I was hurt when they lashed out at me just because I was white. Listen to them, maybe it will help you to understand.

Chuck

THEATRE & MUSIC

THOG'S LOG

"Where does Thog get it's power and how do they keep putting it out?" I was asked after last week-end's benefit performances by the Perth County Conspiracy and Thog.

The power seems to come from the circle and from George Taros' ability to create the circle by helping people get in touch with themselves and each other... through the circle. At a rehearsal last week George said "Ensemble work doesn't happen by people selling to the circle... you've gotta feel it from yourself... send from your own space... open yourself up... the more you send... the more you feel. Send the circle up. It's like an outer space fantasy."

The next night was the last rehearsal before the weekend. The warm-up went like this. A circle of people lying on the floor, heads toward the center, eyes closed, George in the middle saying, "The sky is dark blue above you... there's a star... feel the star... feel its light... imagine a string to the star... make a sound like the string... float to the star." The star sound was and becomes powerful... a humming noise... that sends the circle up.

The power also comes from people loving and caring for each other.

There's no doubt that Thog is powerful. But it's nice to have it confirmed. Paul Almond, the director producer from Quebec told Jim that one of Thog's pieces was one of the most powerful things he'd ever seen done in theatre. This was Suzie's scene, named for the girl who wrote it, where all the joy and pain of life is expressed by humming, moaning and screaming on three notes.

"What's Thog doing next?" people keep asking.

One thing Thog will be doing is a performance for little kids in a city school as a prelude to a minimum of ten performances in the schools next year. (Get the kids early.)

Stephen E sh plans to open with a production of Hamlet at the Bathurst St. United Church in mid-April using Thog actors.

We have been asked to perform at the Conservative Party Convention, the Ontario Institute of Education and The Addiction Research Foundation.

On March 5, 6, 7, Thog and Conspiracy will play at McMaster University in Hamilton. The Conthogacy as we began to call ourselves last week-end will be glad to get together again. It will never lead to marriage (who wants marriage anyway) but it's a great love affair.

Another re-union back in Toronto... Conspiracy and Thog at the Bathurst St. United Church for three to four days in early April. Plan to be there! Last weekend our liberated church nearly levitated into George's dark blue sky with the powerful vibes generated between the audience, the Perth County Conspiracy and Thog.

Sonny Cook



At the start nothing was right for the Chicago concert. Maple Leaf Gardens is an awful place for concerts — much too big for the band and the audience to feel any kind of communication; terrible acoustics, just bad vibes in general. Originally scheduled for 8:00 the concert was switched to 9:00 at the last minute; so by 9:00, some people had already been there for one hour, looking at the stage for the equipment of Chicago, famous for the "big band" sound; one saw only a few puny amplifiers and speakers and by 9:30 still no band.

Finally, they came on, explained that their equipment hadn't come yet due to three different trucks breaking down, wrong directions, and customs

hassles and that they were trying to play on stuff borrowed from a local group. They tried three songs, but their sound was totally lost on the inadequate equipment, and when their own things finally arrived at 10:00 they and the audience were glad to wait for it to be set up.

After two more dragging hours, all their equipment: seven huge speakers, amplifiers, and their special sound mixing panel were all wired up. They announced that despite the late start, they would do a full two hour set. Looking tired but trying to force brightness, they began. At first nothing came off — Chicago was tired — the audience was restless from the wait — nothing was happening. Then slowly things started to get more together, building up to the last two numbers, which were among the best things I've ever seen happen at any concert.

Chicago proved themselves to be excellent musicians, separately and also a very tight group. Pianist Robert Lamm did some nice piano solos; Walt played a beautiful flute piece and lead guitarist, Terry Kath played amazing guitar alone and also created some very together music with drummer, Danny Seraphine. On the best songs, Chicago came through with excellent balance between the forms, piano, guitar and drums, each section blending to create a very original, alive sound. Sometimes, especially in the beginning, the horns played too much as a unit without varying to volume or tempo enough and the music came across only bland and loud. But usually something was really happening on stage, with Chicago playing their number expertly and smoothly.

The band really worked at overcoming the obstacles and saving the concert; by 1:15 the crowd was with them and even Maple Leaf Gardens was beginning to feel right at 1:30.

Terry Kath mentioned that perhaps they should stop because the last subway was leaving soon, but the crowd shouted "Fuck the subway!" and everyone stayed until 2:00. The last number "25 or 6 to 4" and the encore "I'm a man" were great, with the crowd rushing forward and everyone dancing and clapping and cheering to a dynamite ending.

Sybil Fagin



DELANEY, BONNIE & FRIENDS
EDWARD BEAR
MASSEY HALL SAT. MARCH 10th
7:00 & 9:30
\$3.50 \$4.50 \$5.50

FILM BUFFoonery

Lloyd Chesley

I was as sad as you were that MISSISSIPPI MERMAID had to be cancelled, but Bob assured me it will come up again and maybe he'll give us another crack at STOLEN KISSES, which should interest all of you running out and loving BED AND BOARD these days.

CINEMALUMIERE: 290 College at Spadina, 920-9817 Feb. 19-22: Every director has their won view of what is wrong with war (since everything is, that leaves a lot of territory to cover); to Bergman it is the lowering of a man from a social human being to a vicious animal, and that's how he tells it in SHAME, one of his best; 7 & 9:30; Sun. 4:30 & 7:30. Feb. 23-25: revolution got certain play recently in movies, rarely to any intelligent extent; here is a double feature by Paul Williams, OUT OF IT (at 7:40) and THE REVOLUTIONARY (at 9:30), who some feel came closest to an honest look, although I wouldn't hope for too much; both star Jon Voigt. Feb. 26-28: Fellini's 8½, from his autobiographical period between his period of straight dramatic films and his recent freak out; it is tighter than LA DOLCE VITA, perhaps his best of that phase; at 7 & 10, Sun. at 4:30 & 7:30.

INNIS COLLEGE FILM SOCIETY, University College, Rm. 104, at 8:00

Feb. 22: IF, which probably is the best film about revolu-

tion, if not the best political film every made; but it shows, in an exciting way, what goes on to start things and keep them going.

Mar. 1: Sam Peckinpah's RIDE THE HIGH COUNTRY, his best film still, and certainly one of the best westerns ever made; beautiful!

ONTARIO FILM THEATRE: Ontario Science Centre, Don Mills at Eglinton.

Feb. 23: two films honoring one of the great actors, Frederic March, when he was one of the wittiest leading men around, a style seemingly, and sadly, lost today; one film is LAUGHTER, by Harry D'Arrast, a director with short but very witty career in the early thirties.

PANDORA'S MOVIE BOX: 191 Lippincott (one block east of Bathurst, two north of college).

Feb. 24: Comedy is well served with Laurel and Hardy in a silent short and IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT as the feature; directed by the comic genius of Frank Capra in collaboration with his favorite screen-writer Robert Riskin it stars Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in brilliant performances; this one is so funny, so charming so delightful and so NICE that it is no surprise that it won all five of the major Oscars, the only film ever to do so: 7 & 9:15.

Mar. 3: A Hitchcock evening, which means lotsa fun; there will be an episode from his TV series (which he did not

direct) and his 1942 SABOTEUR, one of his lesser chase films, starring Bob Cummings in a performance better than most people give him credit for, but plenty exciting and good material for anyone who digs the work of the master.

First run theatres around town are still showing revivals. I fear the rather fantastic Sam Goldwyn festival at the Cinema is almost at an end. If THE HURRICANE is still playing, see it. Directed by John Ford, best of all time, it has silly stars but an incredible supporting cast of some of the greatest character actors there ever were. Now at the Silent Cinema is SALOME with the legendary sex queen Nazimova. Made in 1922 it is bound to be quite silly, but maybe some fun. Starting on the 22nd is a far more interesting film, TOLABLE DAVID, a very advanced film for 1922. A rural drama, it stars Richard Barthelmess, a fine silent actor, in a very charming story of a small farm community. It is famous for its final fight and the editing of the film much impressed the montage-orientated Russian directors like Eisenstein and Pudovkin.

A short word on Rochdale: yes, they show a lot of good movies, but the conditions are so poor that I myself would never go, so I can't recommend them. Sorry.

NOTE FROM THE TYPIST: The Hall is still showing some real good movies every Thursday and Monday evenings. LA CHINOIS is playing there this Thursday. Donations at the door please.

LLOYD CHESLEY

the REVOLUTION

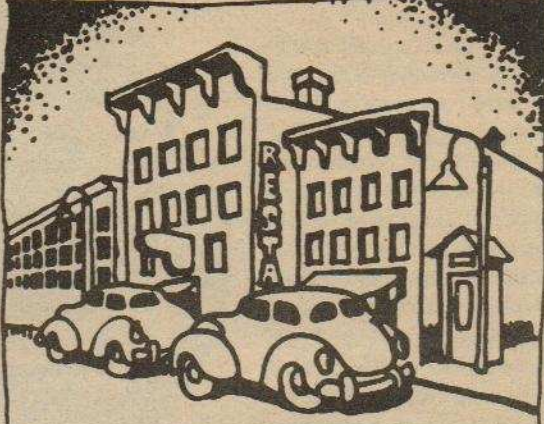
UNISEX HAIRSTYLING

get with it!

684 YONGE

920-6566

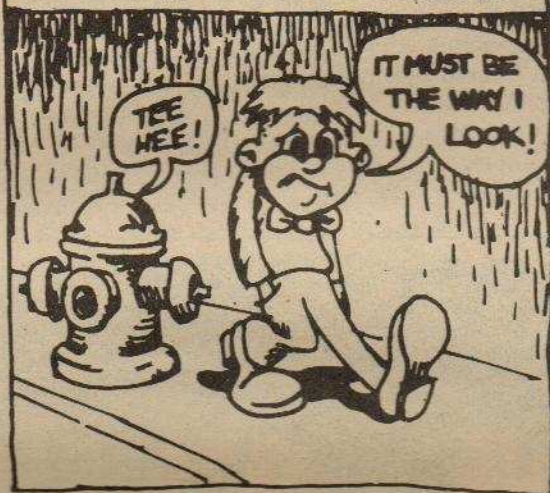
MY STORY IS TYPICAL!
IT COULD HAPPEN ANY-
WHERE...



I WAS LIKE A LOT OF
OTHER GUYS ON
THE STREET...



JUST NOT MAKING IT
ON THE SOCIAL SCENE



EVEN MY MOTHER SAID I
LOOKED LIKE...

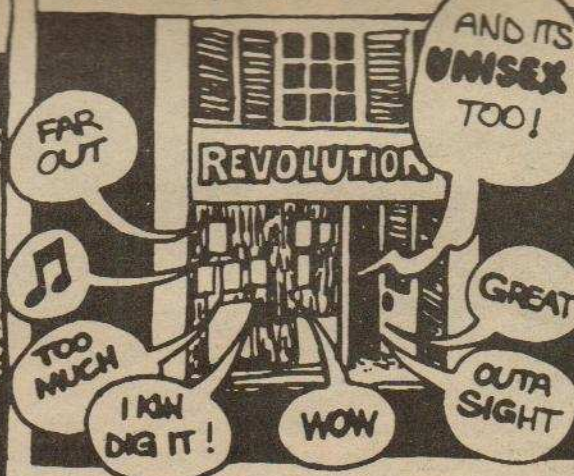


ART BY KEN HANCOCK

BUT ONE DAY ON MY
USUAL BEAT... I
SUDDENLY FOUND
MYSELF IN THE HANDS
OF SPECIALISTS



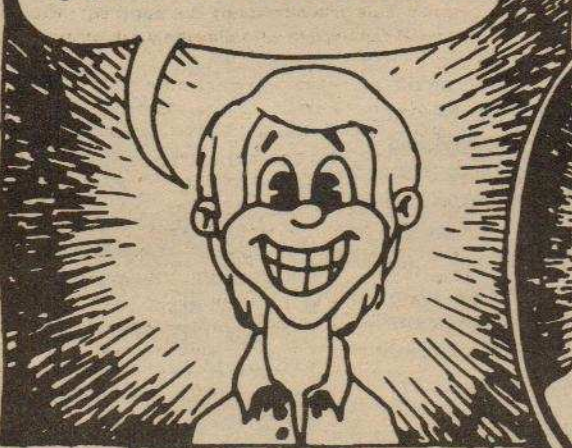
PEOPLE WHO KNEW HOW
TO HANDLE THE PROBLEMS
WITH MY HAIR...



ABOUT 20 MINUTES AND A
FEW BUCKS LATER...



THE NEW ME!



THINGS ARE REALLY
DIFFERENT NOW AND I OWE
IT ALL TO...



REVOLUTION

UNISEX HAIRSTYLING



684 YONGE

920-6566

FILM

PARTICIPATORY CINEMA

I drifted down to a "special screening" of *Husbands* the other night, preparing to be bored, as usual, with the great crowd before the giant T.V. screen again, while some director presented his profound, objectifying, definitive statement about life as the viewer sat and passively watched him do his thing. Having read the "in production" stories in "Life" and "Newsweek" magazine that raved mindlessly about the development of the picture, I expected a doubly obnoxious grind since the director, John Cassavetes, was starring in the film as well as writing the script and directing the screenplay. To my surprise, the Cassandra wailings at the back of my mind proved to all be wrong.

Cassavetes is a strange director. Rather than playing God as most directors do, he steps before the camera as an equal with the other players, letting the camera be an intimate viewer rather than an orchestrator of the action as so often is done. This tech-



nique, which Cassavetes proves himself a master, causes strange things to happen in the audience. I was clapping and laughing along with the actors, forgetting for a moment that I was in a movie theatre; Ben Gazzara, Peter Falk, and John Cassavetes were just a few feet away and I was afraid that I, too, would be called upon to sing in

their contest in a New York bar.

The three, who wonderously and impossibly are all on camera at the same time through most of the movie, become frightened and confused after attending their old friend's funeral. They were four, now they are three. Have they fallen totally into the rut of their suburban existences? Are they already as dead as their friend who lies in his grave? In desperation, they set out to relive all the things they did when they were young. Running and wrestling and bouncing off each other down the street, playing basketball in a deserted gym after everyone has gone home, picking up a girl for the night, cruising bars and making each one a party. They seem to flounder, like children, at each of their pursuits. They get incredibly tired after the game of basketball, retchingly sick after a night of drinking, pitifully awkward and stupid when they try to pick up a woman. But it is fun; the man-child is not dead yet; they can go on living with themselves.

In London, they discover why they had left and what they have to return

to. John, who drags the others along in the first place after a brawl with his wife, has no one to go home to. The other two have, at least, a house, a family, a car, and a job — security that awaits them. John is reborn, and does not want to return to death. The others, too, are reborn, but they have faith that they will not die inside, which gives them the courage to go home. Home? Yes, a home that is inside their hearts, the home of the rediscovered creativity that they feared was lost. Suburbia is a death-trap that kills those who don't have the strength and determination to rise above it. The establishment murders the souls of even its staunchest supporters unless they see it for what it really is.

Living in the system. It cheats you, lies to you, and fucks you around till it's too late to do anything about it but try to save what little humanity is left in you. "Husbands" is brutally real and sensitive. It makes a strong statement about the hell that being one of the "silent majority" is, and why their struggle is so quiet.

Chuck

FILM NOTES

THE CONFESSION

Directed by COSTA GRAVAS

Costa-Gravas' film *Z*, opened here about a year ago, and caused a great deal of noise, owing to its powerful political commitment. It was, however, put down rather hard by the unsympathetic, the righteous, and the whole critical camp devoted to irrelevance in the arts. Mostly, the criticisms were knit-picking attacks on the editing, the continuity, the lapses in the authenticity of the story, and the lousy ending. This time out, with *THE CONFESSION*, Costa-Gavras has left no room for these spurious attacks.

THE CONFESSION is an exceptional bit of film work, based on the autobiography of Artur London, once Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs for Czechoslovakia, a member of the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War, and a leader of the French Resistance in World War II. London was one of the three men who survived the 1952 Czech purge trials, and his film biography, like Woodrow Wilson said of *THE BIRTH OF A NATION*, is "history written with lightning."

There is no denying the authenticity of the events this time. Costa-Gavras worked closely with London in preparing the film from London's book, and the film was intended to be shot in Prague, where it is set. The book was released and immediately became a sensation, making it necessary to make the film in France.

As a director Costa-Gavras has improved steadily over the years, and *THE CONFESSION* manages to pack more information, more detail, more drama, and give a clearer understanding than most any dramatic film in years. Working in a definitely dramatic format, Costa-Gavras has given the film the mood of fiction, but the impact of documentary realism, resulting in a "sleepier" effect. The full enormity of the film does not hit until it is over, for which I am thankful. The images on the screen were shattering enough.

Working in colour and wide screen, Costa-Gavras put the film together in short sequences, like a newsreel biography, cramming it with detail, with



voice overlaps, and even with narration by Yves Montand, who plays Gerard in the film. There is no musical score, until the climatic final sequence, which I do not want to give away, and the music there, after so much silence, is powerfully eloquent alongside the incredible visual sequence.

Artistically, *THE CONFESSION*, is a very great success, a near perfect blending of newsreel and studio footage, a magnificent meshing of history and political drama. With the possible exception of *THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS*, *THE CONFESSION* may very well be the best political film ever made.

Yves Montand is brilliant in the lead role of Gerard, as Artur London was called in the Resistance. His performance is flawless, capturing the mood and the mind of an exceptional individual, capable of extreme self-sacrifice, but no longer knowing where his allegiance truly lies. His punishment in jail is convincingly handled, even to Montand losing vast amounts of weight to portray starvation. The range required of him — paranoia, fear, cynical unconcern, anger, frustration, fatigue, hopelessness, then hope, fatigue, resignation, anger, nervous hilar-

ity, and finally world-weary wisdom — takes an actor of rare talent. I kept thinking of Humphrey Bogart, chiefly because of the look about Montand's eyes and mouth, but the demands are not unlike those made on Bogart in *TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE*. I think Montand is better, though Bogart gave one of the finest performances in film history in that picture.

Simone Signoret is getting to be old and fat. She just doesn't look so good anymore, but she's tough as hell and if anything, even better as an actress. The screen play by Jorge Semprun is very, very sharp, catching the inflection and the connotation of each role. (Having seen so many foreign films lately, I am at last able to follow most dialogue in the French). The photography is by Raoul Coutard, an exceptional handling of low key lighting and colour photography, though credit is also due Art Director Bernard Evein for the sets. The editing was done by Francoise Bonnot, who, I believe, did the work on *Z*, but as I said before, the work in *THE CONFESSION* is better.

I suppose I am expected to launch into an analysis of the political state-

ment made, and I confess I feel rather stupid doing it. On the one hand, *THE CONFESSION* may be regarded as how corrupt the communist body politic is, and is therefore a defense of democracy. Yet *THE CONFESSION* may be viewed as saying effectively that even the communist states are forced to corruption. More than anything else, *THE CONFESSION* is a terrible argument for anarchy, and let us not forget that London fought in Spain, where the cause was officially communistic, but effectively anarchistic.

Everybody who will bother to read this piece in *Guerilla* will undoubtedly see the film anyway, and so perhaps it is best to draw your attention to the fact that *THE CONFESSION* is a very well made film, much superior to *Z* and therefore, all the more effective. It is not on as high an aesthetic level as Truffaut's latest works, *THE WILD CHILD* and *BED AND BOARD*. It is as good as anything else in town. It is also a good deal more significant than last week's moonflight. It is not a film to miss.

DAN MERKUR

THE FABULOUS FURRY



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I'VE QUIT CONTRIBUTING TO POLLUTION! I SOLD MY CAR AND BOUGHT MYSELF A BICYCLE!



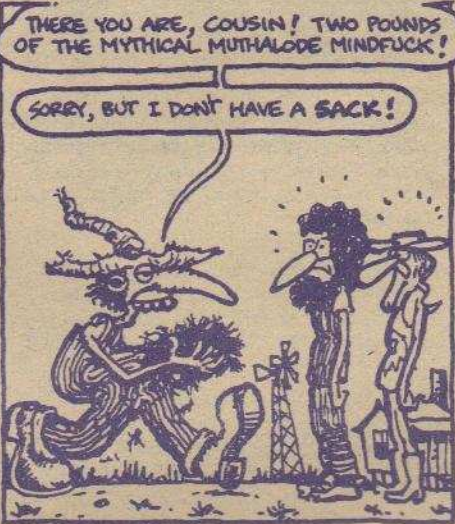
OH, GREAT! I WAS JUST GONNA USE YOUR CAR TO GO SCORE US A COUPLE POUNDS OF WEED!

TAKE IT EASY! I'LL RIDE YOU ON THE BICYCLE!



HOURS LATER:
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THE DOPE WAS ALL THE WAY OUT AT COUNTRY CONFEAK'S???

YOU DIDN'T ASK!



THERE YOU ARE, COUSIN! TWO POUNDS OF THE MYTHICAL MUTHALODE MINDFUCK!

SORRY, BUT I DON'T HAVE A SACK!



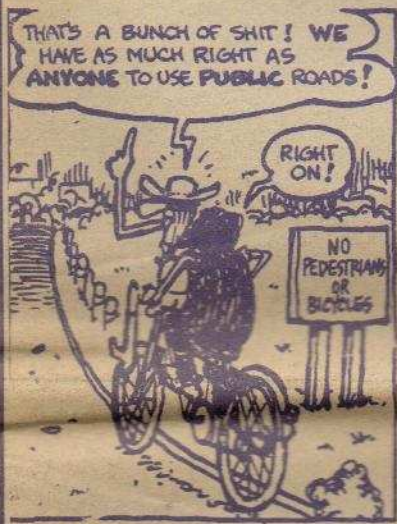
WOULDN'T IT BE SHORTER TO TAKE THE FREEWAY AND GO ACROSS THE BRIDGE?

YEAH, BUT THEY DON'T ALLOW BICYCLES ON THE FREEWAY.



WHY NOT?

BECAUSE WE CAN'T GO FAST ENOUGH, I GUESS.



THAT'S A BUNCH OF SHIT! WE HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT AS ANYONE TO USE PUBLIC ROADS!

RIGHT ON!



WE CAN GO FASTER THAN THE CARS DURING THIS RUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC!



UH-OH! A COP! AND HE'S COMING AFTER US!

WOOP WOOP WOOP



KEEP GOING! HE'S CAUGHT IN THE TRAFFIC!!

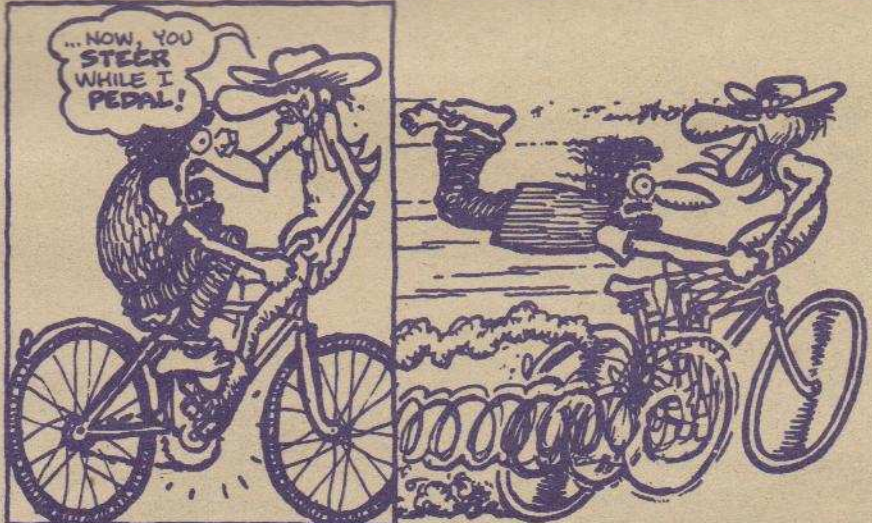
I'M EXHAUSTED! I CAN'T PEDAL ANY FURTHER!

WOOP WOOP WOOP



I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
FIRST, I'LL SNORT A WHOLE BUNCHA COCAINE...

SNORT

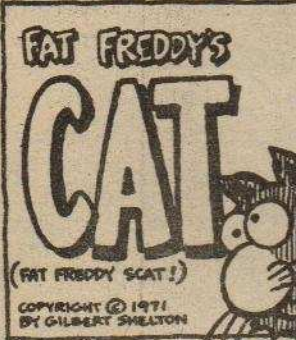


...NOW, YOU STEER WHILE I PEDAL!



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU GUYS?

TWO HIPPIES ON A BICYCLE PULLED AWAY FROM US SO FAST WE THOUGHT OUR CAR HAD STOPPED AND WE GOT OUT TO SEE WHAT WAS WRONG!



(FAT FREDDY SCAT!)
COPYRIGHT © 1971 BY GILBERT SHELTON



HAVEN'T SEEN A COCKROACH IN WEEDS!



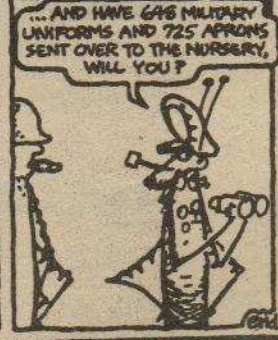
I CAN SEE THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL!



CONGRATULATIONS, FIELD MARSHAL! YOUR WIFE'S EGGS HAS HATCHED! YOU ARE THE FATHER OF 648 BOYS AND 725 GIRLS!



HA HA HA! HAVE A CIGAR!

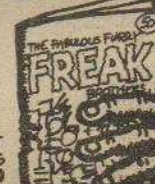


...AND HAVE 648 MILITARY UNIFORMS AND 725 APRONS SENT OVER TO THE NURSERY, WILL YOU?

KEEP THOSE PICTURES COMIN' IN, FELLOW FREAKS, FOR THE BIG BIG FREAK BROTHERS (AND FAT FREDDY'S CAT) **LOOK-ALIKE CONTEST!!!**
NO PRIZES. NO PROMISES. WE'LL KEEP THE PICTURES UNLESS YOU FORCE US TO SEND 'EM BACK. BUT AT LEAST WE PROMISE WE WON'T HAND 'EM OVER TO THE FUZZ.
SEND TO: FREAK BROTHERS
LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS
785 BEVERLY BLVD., L.A. 90036



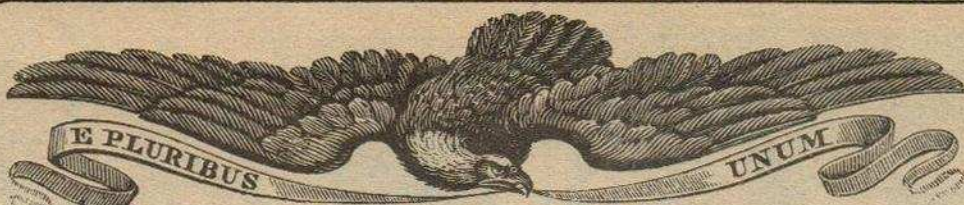
COMING SOON!
TO YOUR LOCAL HEAD SHOP AND/OR BOOKSTORE!!!
THE COLLECTED ADVENTURES OF THE FREAK BROTHERS!!
52 CHOICE PAGES FROM THE FREAK BROTHERS' FIRST THREE YEARS, COLLECTED FROM UNDERGROUND PAPERS ALL OVER THE PLACE. (PUBLISHED BY THE RIP OFF PRESS)



BUY &

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND!

SELL



FREE CLASSIFIED ADS IN GUERRILLA All Categories except "Business" and "For Sale". We reserve the right to refuse any ad.

Many of these ads originated on the bulletin boards of outfits such as the Whole Earth Foodstore, the Hall, etc. We're trying to help people find what they're looking for. These ads will be run twice in Guerilla unless we are asked to continue them.

Accommodation

Wanted a studio and/or apt. near downtown. Accommodation for potter, wife & baby & 2 burmese cats. If possible, reasonable rent required. Robert or Anne 282-2361. We'd appreciate any suggestions.

Instrument Builder needs a workshop. Basement, heated garage, etc. \$30 or less. Call Bob 925-2942.

Two rooms for rent. \$40 per month, \$7 per week. Food, co-operative living, communal meals. 20 Darcy. 368-9716.

Rooms partly furnished, organized low cost food co-op. Owner does main cleaning. 47 Kensington 863-9568.

In large house with use of Kitchen and all facilities in Kensington Mkt. \$70 month, 185 Augusta, 368-9557.

I have a farm. 7.38 acres, in Killaloe. The house is about \$100.00 from completion. I want to make this communally operable. If interested - Will c/o Morning glory farm R.R.1 Killaloe, Ont.

Loft wanted - Studio space with living quarters needed desparately by artist working with non-flamable materials. Call petunia 920-7676 morn & nite.

Needed: Studio space 15X20 for potter's wheels and kiln; must have running water. Lynn 368-4965

Room in co-op house \$65 big, bright, clean 536-4370

Meetings at the Hall (19 Huron St.) Wed. evenings for those interested in communal or coperative living

Warehouse and studio space available. Apply 40 D'arcy St. or 11 Baldwin St. rear (basement)

Helpful info on buying land, building cabins, raising food; visit Michael 2515 Dundas St. W.

People needed to share house near Kensington Market; Garth 925-6105

Large flat to sublet; Spring til Sept.; \$115 a month; David or Connie 534-9887

Room in co-op house \$50/month plus share of food and heat; Dufferin and College; 536-5975

Bachelor apt. in quiet house 964-1311 or 447-4884

Studio wanted 964-1769

House to share 137 Borden 925-9931

Space available March 1 for vegetarian; share bath; 198 Beverley St.

Rooms, low rent co-op kitchen 47 Kensington 366-4148

Needed: House (6 rooms or more) for Zen Meditation Centre Jack Canfield 531-4530 or Leon Holman 925-3131

Musicians Classified

Trumpet and sax players wanted. Into some old blues as well as new jazz-rock influence. Original, new, Butterfield, etc. Non-union. Right now. Jeff - 787-4309.

The Chromium Plated Lamb Chop is looking for a permanent gig in a quiet blues band playing Mouth harp, vocals, and percussion. Ask for Lance at Grossman's or check out apt. 11, 160 Huron St

Electric & acoustic bass player looking for work experienced in jazz, soul, rock, commercial. Any length of gig. 362-0236

Drummer needs work immediately. Jim 463-5045.

Flute Lessons - Claude Kennedy 391 Queen East, 2nd Floor.

Lead Guitarist wishes to join a steady group of good musicians. Vezl 924-4918

Rock recording group require Bass & Lead Guitar Piano or Organ Drummer Horns. Must have own equipment. No hangups. 929-9356

Bass player wants work Reinhart 694-1983

SHOP FOR RENT with carpet and wall graphic. 321 Queen St. W. 863-0444. Super-duper cheap.

Doing non-monetary re-search project on noise pollution. Persons believing to have hearing loss due to excessive noise send details to Ernest Hofmann 86 Fulton Ave., Tor.6, Ont.

Business

For sale: hide-a-bed couch, opens to double bed. Couch in good condition, upholstery fair. Asking \$30. Call 531-2834.

Light Hauling, Carpentry, electrical work, clean attic, cellars, handicrafts, music. Patchwork Colony, 368-1490 ask for Monty Sunshine or 3rd floor Market.

Artists workshop non-profit. We will sell your work at the price you request. Send to 4424 Inc., 4424 St. Catherines St. West, Montreal, Quebec

Run a high school paper? "Underground" or otherwise? Would like to share information with you! Drop us a line at GIBE, 350 Park Ave., Newmarket, Ont.

Classes in batik (12 for \$40) Tuesday nights; 49 Walker Ave. 921-3986

For good cheap electrical work contact Wes through the Hall or Whole Earth

Personal

Help! Going to Yukon. Need bus or half ton truck to get out of city. Trade sports car and motorcycle engine and/or cash. 536-0756.

Gays Dating Association. wide choice. fully confidential. Call 536-7529, 1 PM - 9PM or P.O. Box 1253 Station A, Toronto.

Basketball: Call Paul at 368-3209.

Happy Birthday Elaine Love, Max

I am looking for Susan Hansford from Whitby who disappeared Nov. 20, 1970. She's 13 yrs. old, 5 ft., 90 lbs., of fair complexion. She has blue eyes, blonde, shoulder length hair. phone Eugene Semeley 966-3094

Ride wanted to N.Y.C. Feb. 24-27; will share expenses; Bob 536-4370

Needed: Refrigerator, free or cheap; Linda and Jeff 769-8232

Ride wanted to Vancouver; Desmond 922-4515

Nursing mothers and babies get together 2nd Thurs. of each month 40 Hazelton No.7 924-1759; for help anytime 489-7071

Old furniture, beds wanted 536-6955 afternoons

Leftovers

Wanted a billboard for opinions at city hall square. Lobbyists write Box 261, Adelaide St. P.O. Toronto.

Vegetarian, starting a commune, would like to talk to any others interested in same. Aldona Pleta at 38 Earl St., 923-0845 after 9:30 p.m.

Welfare Rights Meetings; Wed. 8 p.m.; Woodgreen Community Centre 835 Queen St. E.

Free Store behind Free Clinic; 252 Dupont St. 3-6 p.m.

Information on Jamaica "It's Beautiful" Jim 223-1035; Dave 782-4205; Greg 221-1325

Drawing classes at University Settlement; Grange Rd.; Tues. 10 a.m.-12 noon, Fridays 1 p.m.-3p.m.; all adults and students welcome

Four burner electric stove for sale or trade; 112 Seaton St.

Movies at the Hall; Thurs. 7:30 & 10:30 p.m. Feb. 18 La Chinoise; Feb 25 Dr. Strangelove; March 4 Weekend

Day Care Centre needs volunteers; 12 Sussex Ave.; 925-7495

Buy Car & Truck Licence Plates at: Dept. of Transport office 383 Spadina Ave. 9-6; 9-8 Mon. Thurs. Pri.

Frame-It Services - custom picture framing, etc. 636-3121

Get high Kundalini Yoga classes; Rochdale 2nd floor lounge; Mon. Tues. Wed. Sat. 11:00 a.m.; also at the Hall, call for schedule

Vegetarian cooking class; 12th floor Rochdale Thurs. 8 p.m. FREE!

YOUNG WORKER

DANCE!

Sat. Feb. 27 1579 Dupont

Admission: Stag \$1.50 Couple \$2.50

includes buffet Bar

SUBSCRIBE

Table with 4 columns: Category, Duration, Price, and a circle icon. Rows: Individuals 1 Year \$ 6.00, Institutions 1 Year \$ 8.00, Sponsors 1 Year \$25.00

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ PROVINCE _____



201 QUEEN STREET EAST - NEAR JARVIS