

Guerrilla

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Toronto March 1971 Number 19



Photo by Charlie Dobie

guerilla

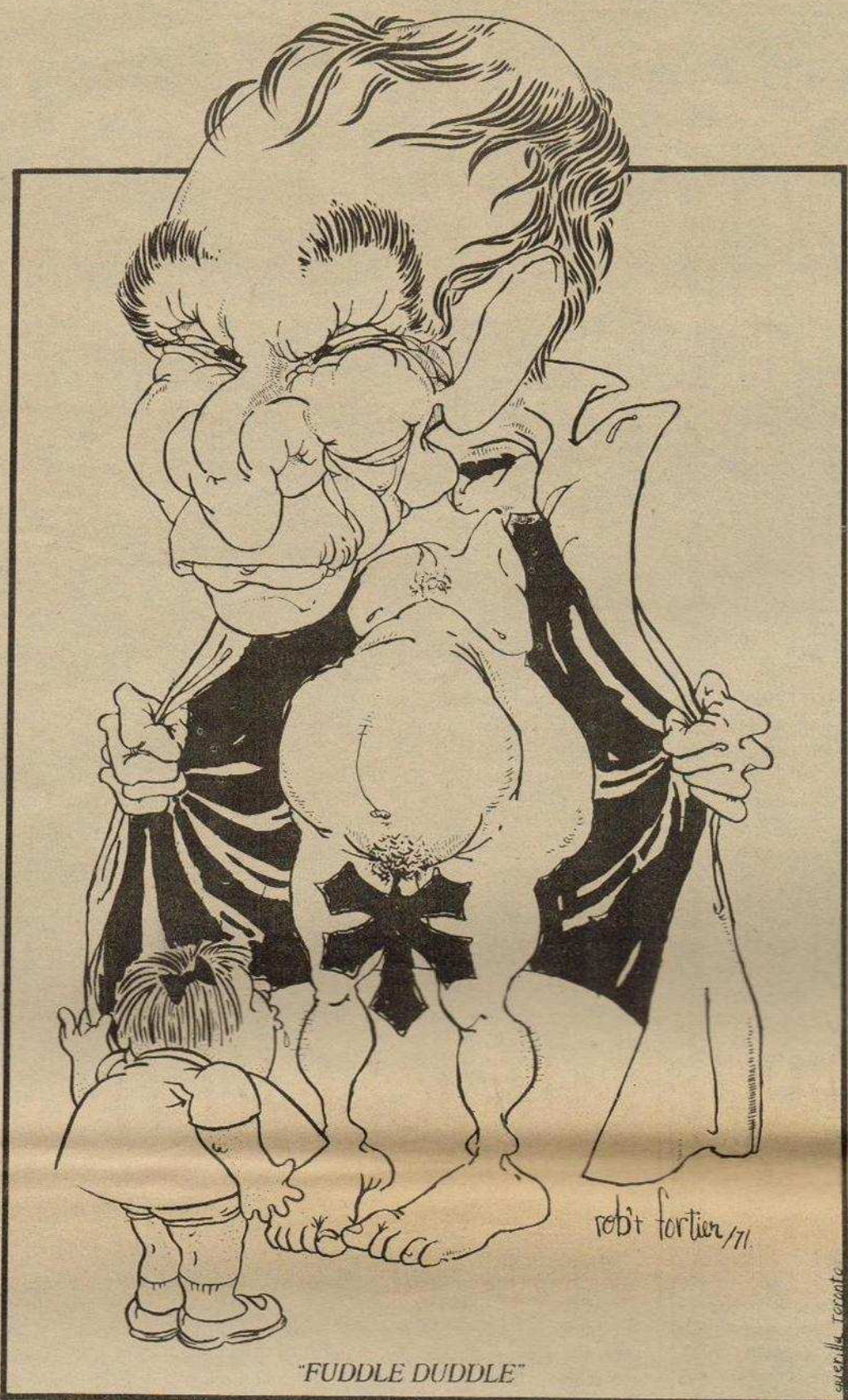
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Every since Guerilla began there has been a hassle with the fact that women have had a hard time on the paper. The atmosphere hasn't been good for them. Women's Liberation as a movement has been looked upon as silly and not part of our mutual struggles toward a better society. The disorganization in the office has made the paper upsetting to work on for organizationally minded women. Our cover for issue number 17 ended up with "Women's Issue" across Eve's cunt, etc. etc. Bit of a bad scene. Well, the only way this is going to change is for more women to get on the paper so that the men will have to start listening to more than one or two voices of protest. We're now hassling out the use of words such as groupie and chick to describe the type of women we would like to see work on the paper— I think intelligent, imaginative, warm, sincere, friendly, fun is a better way to describe the women we now have working with us and the kind we'd like to see more of. Women, please come around and give us a badly needed hand.

FROM A WOMAN ON THIS PAPER



"FUDDLE DUDDLE"

feedback
qp

An open letter to John Phillips and new and prospective parents everywhere —

Dear John,

I just reread your article in Guerilla on "Childbirth As Ceremony" — beautiful. Only I think it's important to develop one specific point with you. You said, "It turns out that the actual amount of PAIN in childbirth is relatively small . . ." Come now; did any woman ever tell you that it doesn't hurt to get kicked in the balls; A woman's "testicles" are logically every bit as sensitive as a man's, be they inside the body rather than outside. And it takes a good bit more force to get a baby to the outside than a good kick. Wait — before you accuse me of being a teller of "horror birth" tales — Birth, after all, is an intense experience of LIFE, which involves pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow, tears and laughter. As long as we are dispelling myths, let us remember that we are not gods.

I will explain why I consider this point important. Any time I mention that I did experience pain in childbirth, the attitude of everyone seems to be — "Boo, bummer, where's your head?" For a long time this made me feel very messed up and paranoid — until I realized that none of these people had babies. During my second childbirth experience, I used what I knew of the Lamage method, although I had practiced very little, and — you're right — it works. However, this is a method of both physiological and

psychological control. Women in all societies who do not have the benefit of knowledge of this incredible method would probably feel much the same as I did when people start telling them that their pain was due to their messed-up heads.

Anyway, I'd like to make a few more small points before I close. In thoroughly recommending the Lamage method — do remember that it's probably going to be more exhausting than anything you've ever done before, be prepared to work really hard right until the end. (I wasn't) Secondly, the two things I found to be good for pregnancy nausea are fresh air and marijuana. Also, a friend of mine read somewhere that it's due to a Vitamin B deficiency; another friend was taking B during her pregnancy and had very little nausea.

Although I had both of my babies in hospitals, I agree (especially after reading Laura's article — incredibly beautiful pictures, beautiful woman, baby looks just like John) that a home delivery would be much more rewarding.

And I will close by warning anyone against going to Toronto East General Medieval Institution, where I had my second baby. Determined to keep my head and maintain my Beautiful Experience while I was there, I succeeded until the last night, when I began hallucinating on their bad drugs and drab setting and hostile staff.

That's all. Congratulations and best wishes. Babies are Right On!

Peace and love,
Karen Sheehan

It might be a good idea at this point, after eight months of trucking along, to talk about the Hall as a mythology, Socratic school, continuous rap, and idea peddler. Basically, The Hall is a bunch of friends who keep each other going on the community idea thing, and just keep going and going. No discussion is ever

over. Money for the community, for example. Some ideas on the subject. Who wants government money? If some get paid, how do the others feel? The community hasn't got the bread to support us. How can we possibly keep on with all this money hassle? And so it goes. Nobody has a title after their name. Nobody gets paid by The Hall, although some people at The Hall get paid by the churches or CYC. So when it comes to the discussion about who gets money or who is going to do anything about anything or take on a project, it has to be worked all the way through. And nobody really speaks for The Hall. That's why there's always about fifteen different stories on every topic. There are some things everybody agrees about. Nothing is ever supposed to be done by The Hall without everyone's consent, even though a few things slip by every now and then. We spend most of our time rapping, putting out ideas we would like to see made into reality. It seems that things only get done when there are people to do them. So if you keep talking long enough to enough community people, you hit a spark or else the fore was never meant to start in the first place. Timing is important.

Last Fall, just after the deluge of transients last summer was a good time to start talking about a hostel. And now six months and a helluva a lot of man hours later we have one. It must have been a good idea. Right now we're looking for space next summer. Maybe a park. People are also spreading possibilities like a free furniture store or trademens guilds based on the co-op idea. But every idea represents a whole lot of commitment by people. Transportation. Rent. Maintenance. You need a whole network for any one of these things. So we just keep rapping. To anyone who might be able to help. It might look a little strange (it feels strange too) to be standing in front of a church congregation peddling the community idea, but resources always come in unexpected packages, and so we keep reaching for contact. A lot is in the air right now. And out of all those ideas, many have the potential to become reality. It's an open discussion.

short bursts

LIBERATION TELEPHONE SERVICE (How to get AROUND Uncle Bell)

In an effort to end the massive amount of phony long-distance credit card phone calls, Uncle Bell has devised a new system to beat those who are inclined to make such calls. The new system works like this:

In 1971, credit card numbers consist first of any given phone number, (of a large "respectable.. corporation, for example), then a city code, then a letter to match the sixth digit of the original phone number.

Some of the city codes, same as last year's, are: Detroit - 083, Washington - 032, Milwaukee - 088, Boston - 001, San Francisco - 158, Chicago - 097, Philadelphia - 041, and New York - 021. The letters that match up with the sixth digit in the phone number are: Q with 1, A with 2, E with 3, H with 4, J with 5, N with 6, R with 7, U with 8, W with 9, and Z with 0.

Thus, the President of the United States has the credit card number 465-1414-032-Q. (info from Liberation News Service which reaches over 6 MILLION readers across the continent!)

CENSORSHIP-The editor of Withrow public school's Home and School Association newspaper recently reprinted an article from the underground newspaper Guerrilla advocating community control of schools.

The school added a disclaimer which said "This article... is not the philosophy of the Withrow School." The disclaimer didn't really matter; it was typed on a wide piece of paper and glued across the face of the article so it couldn't be read anyway.

Toronto Star
Feb.25, 1971
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MERKY TOMBS-In Laos, some of the main growers of illegal opium are tough mountain tribesmen upon whom the American Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) relies heavily in the campaign the communists. Opium is the PRINCIPAL cash crop in the non-communist parts of the country...

The CIA has developed this into a very interesting educational project. It seems that, historically, most Laotians have absolutely no concept of private property or possessions. Since the mountain tribesmen consider gold a religious object, however, and opium addicts NEED money or property to support their habit, both groups get a real FEEL for the tenets of capitalism.

The CIA gives special clearance to "friendly" opium shipments, the U.S. created Laotian Air Force flies most of the shipments, and more and more opium smokers become staunch supporters of American Imperialism throughout South East Asia. Isn't it strange that supporting the drug trade is the major action of the CIA (and official U.S. government policy) when they are so down on it at home.

Chuck



Photo by Scott MacDonald

C.P.L.

The Canadian Party of Labour, one of the fastest growing of the Marxist Leninist groups in the Toronto area, held a March on the Canada Manpower Centre on Saturday, described as 'the opening shot in the counter attack against the unemployed'. Leaving Bathurst and College in a flurry of red flags, the protesters, nearly 150 strong, proceeded across the City to the Manpower Centre on Jarvis at Dundas, chanting, distributing leaflets and urging onlookers to join in.

The fact that the Manpower offices were closed for the weekend did not dampen the enthusiasm of the crowd, by this time swelled to over 200, who sang, chanted and listened to their spokesmen. Rob Farly explained that unemployment was planned in Canada by the Trudeau government as a tactic to beat inflation (caused by capitalist greed). The only alternative open to the working class is for the workers to organize resistance and counter-attack the bosses and the capitalist system. The bosses are on the offensive everywhere to protect their profits and the

working class must be equally organized and international.

The CPL is focusing on the unemployment situation, selling papers and discussing the Trudeau government's lies daily at the Dundas Manpower Centre. It is also encouraging and helping to build the formation of a mass organization of the unemployed to join with the employed in "the overall fight for Socialism and control of society by the working class". For information on the new unemployed movement, phone 787-6452.

warning

At the present time the police are busting people.

Beware! The washrooms in The Parkside Tavern, the Eglinton and Bloor subway stops, the Honeydew Coffeeshop, and Fran's Restaurant are dangerous police traps. The police watch through air vent grills above the doors and near the toilet cubicles. If they see two persons exposing themselves or touching each other they arrest them and anyone else in the washroom for gross indecency. (An indictable offense punishable by up to five years in prison.)

If you or anyone you know is busted for this crime, do not sign a confession. This only assures your conviction when you go to court.

straight trial

Charges of obscenity against the Georgia Straight, Vancouver's peoples paper, have been dropped.

On July 10, 1970, police in Edmonton, Alberta seized 307 copies of the July 8 Straight from the Soft Machine House - a street service organization.

The material in question was a picture of a cop beating up a gate crasher run with the caption "gate crashed fucked over by cops". They also objected to the word "motherfucker" in the accompanying story.

When the case finally came to court last week the persecution promptly withdrew the charge. Barry Chivers, counsel for the Straight, objected to the charges being withdrawn which he claimed amounted to informal censorship since the papers had been seized and held since last July. He claimed that under the Bill of Rights the newspaper had a right to be heard in court.

Judge Lezz ruled that only people have rights not newspapers.

The Straight is considering an appeal to recover the \$2,000 already spent in defense.

B.C. high school manifesto

VANCOUVER (Georgia Straight)-Lucky students in King George and several other Vancouver high schools last Tuesday received a free marijuana cigarette, says the Vancouver High School Underground, an organization of revolutionary high school students.

One was even mailed to the Vancouver Sun, taped to a copy of their program and plans for future actions. Their statement read as follows:

Taped to this sheet of paper is a joint of marijuana. The Vancouver High School Underground is placing ten letters, containing ten joints, in this prison today.

The jailers who run this school (prison) say that grass is dangerous and leads to heroin, etc. They are lying. Grass is a harmless herb. It is not habit forming, it's less dangerous than aspirin, and it makes you feel good. Try it. You'll like it.

We are revolutionary High School students (prisoners) who believe that the time has come for a jail break. We are going to break free. We're going to

take up in the halls, we're going to dance in the classrooms, we're going to neck or make love wherever we please.

We're going to start turning our schools, which parents and principals and pigs make us go to, into OUR SCHOOLS. Places where we can laugh. Places where we can live. Places where we can learn. Places where we have a say in what goes on.

We are giving you this joint to turn you on to yourself, to conditions in this prison, and to a revolutionary five point program for making this school a place where we decide what happens to us - instead of being herded into classes every day and having stuff crammed down our throats whether we like it or not. Here is the five point program of the Vancouver High School Underground.

1. Freedom to smoke grass in school. No narks in the schools. No lies about grass being bad for you.

2. Freedom of appearance. Whatever clothes we want. Whatever hair length we want. Whatever make up or face paint we want.

3. Freedom to plan our own courses. We demand the right for each class to decide what it will do, how it will learn, and what teachers it will work with. We are forced to attend this school whether we like it or not. We have every right and more to decide what we will do here. You can't learn very much in a prison.

4. Freedom to skip classes, for any reason, at any time. If all you're getting out of a class is boredom, why the hell should you go there? There are some pretty boring classes in this school. Maybe some of the teachers would smarten up and maybe we'd learn a bit more if we didn't have to be there.

5. Freedom from grades. The whole idea of grades is sick. It makes us compete against each other. It makes us go after grades instead of knowledge. Down with grades, up with learning.

Giving away grass is the first action of the Vancouver High School Underground. It won't be the last!

short bursts

CONT'D
UNIONS MURDERED

Victoria, B.C.-Feb.26-The Social Credit administration has moved the compulsory arbitration act from the books to the streets in ordering 3,500 Teamsters back to work. The government argument is that the strike by 80% of B.C.'s truckers endangers the economy of the province. The "Mediation Act" carries a \$10,000 fine for each union or company that does not comply with its rulings and a \$1,000 fine for each striker or company official who does not comply. \$1000 isn't much for a major company official, but the working man really gets fucked in the ass with that economic death knell, eh?

Thunder Bay-The Thunder Bay Press Club voted unanimously to admit women journalists as members. How strange . . .

Parliament Hill "Farm"-With a \$78 million surplus in revenues for the month of January, 1971 alone, inmates at the Ottawa farm for the mentally retarded cannot seem to afford to give additional help to cities to support the burgeoning unemployment and welfare roles that were their official policy to create in the first place.

Toronto-Abraham Rotstein, a University of Toronto economist, reports that the United States removed \$1.6 billion a year out of Canada in profits. In 1969, Rotstein estimates 60% of U.S. expansion in Canada was paid in Canadian money.

"In other words, we are financing our own takeover," he said.

Premier Bourassa recently received a communique from L'Armee de Liberation du Quebec, who claim to have members being trained in Angola, Algeria, and the Middle East. Along with the communique there was a picture of a Quebecer in training with Arab commandoes in Jordan.

Fascist Labs, USA-If you grind up an ounce of hash and blend it with your crunchy granola EVERY morning, you will develop a marked tolerance to the active constituent of marijuana - thus goes the gist of a government research report on drugs in SCIENCE magazine.

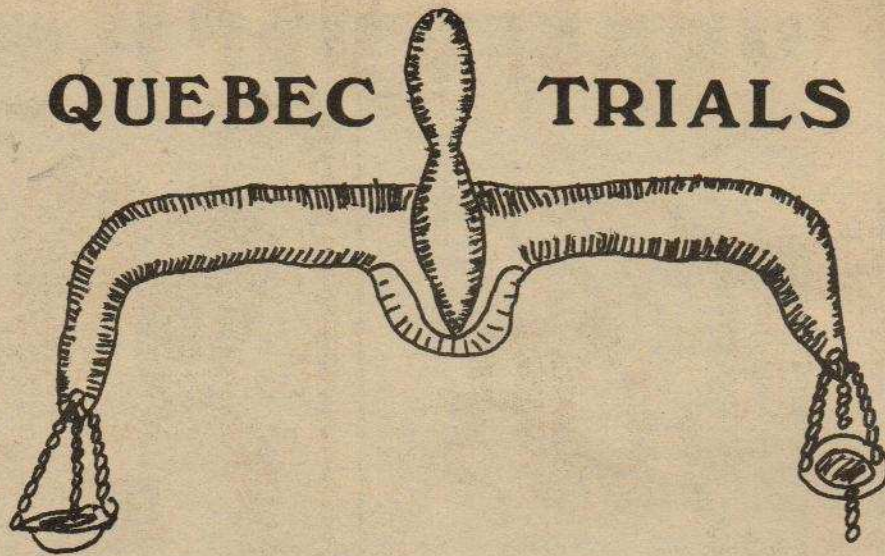
For example, in trying to determine the effects of cannabis, they injected PIGEONS with 18 to 56 times the usual HUMAN dosage. (figures based on the McGlothlin Report). Nicotine or alcohol in equitable dosages would have been LETHAL.

Dig this: in a report of experiments which found chromosomal aberrations induced in barley by LSD, the barley was treated with an aqueous solution of LSD - 25 micrograms/ml. This corresponds to a person taking a dose of 1.25 full GRAMS of LSD - only about 10,000 times the normal dose!

What such grossly idiotic "research" really does is blur what distinctions are left in the public mind between psychedelics - such as grass, acid, peyote, and hash - and narcotics such as heroin, the other opiates, and the amphetamines. Isn't the scientific method in Government sponsored labs TOO MUCH, FRIENDS?

Chuck
(info UPS)

QUEBEC TRIALS



(LE DEVOIR)-"There is no doubt that the trial for seditious conspiracy of Chartrand, Vallieres, Gagnon, Lemieux and Larue-Langlois is a political trial by the very nature of the charges brought against them and by the political context in which these accusations are given."

This is one of the first comments made by Nicole Dreyfus whom the International Association of Democratic Jurists (AIJD) delegated to Montreal for the trial. She gave her first impressions at a press conference in Montreal.

Invited by "le Comite Quebecois de la defense des liberties", by "le Mouvement de defense des prisonniers politiques quebecois" and by "le Conseil central de Montreal" (CSN), Nicole Dreyfus, a lawyer, has been present at the trial proceedings since their beginning.

"The most vivid impression that I felt, was largely due to the personalities of the accused who, since the start have been on the offensive, and who, by demanding the reclusion of judge Roger Ouimet, have rapidly put into question the judicial system", continued Madame Dreyfus.

The AIJD, which has members in 55 countries including Canada, groups jurists and lawyers adherent to the same ideals of democracy expressed in the UN declaration of Human Rights. One of the objectives of this international association is solidarity with peoples victim of repression; it is thus that they have delegated observers to many political trials as that of Burgos which recently had to take into account world public opinion. The organization also intervened with the Soviet authorities in the Leningrad trials.

Madame Dreyfus added that the War Measures Act followed by the Turner Amendment of the Canadian Government attracted the attention of the AIJD to what was happening in Quebec. There is no doubt, she believes, that such laws present grave dangers to the maintenance of fundamental liberties.

She noted in particular the retroactive clause of the Turner Law, otherwise known as bill C-181, concerning the illegality of the Front de Liberation du Quebec (FLQ). This measure, she claims, is completely contrary to traditional penal law. "It is a question of simple common sense that we cannot charge someone of breaking a law at a time when it did not exist," said Madame Dreyfus.

"What is really dangerous is that this law, Bill C-181 accepts that the accused is guilty when normally the Canadian Judicial System presumes the accused to be innocent until proven otherwise."

The representatives of the AIJD also noted the facility with which the penalties for contempt of court are distributed and how extremely severely they are inflicted as in the case of Michel Chartrand, the labor leader.

As for the complaint against Robert Lemieux, now under study by the Bar, Madame Dreyfus stated that she only learned of this by the newspapers, but she also found it extremely surprising that the Bar waited for Lemieux to be tried before investigating these charges which date back several months.

Madame Dreyfus will report to the AIJD which will make it known to the 55 countries participating. It will then be made public. "It is impossible," she made clear, "for the International Association of Democratic Jurists to pressure the Canadian or the Quebec authorities."

Finally, Madame Dreyfus stated that she was well received by the judicial authorities and that she was permitted to meet the accused in the Parthenais Centre.

The same movement that invited Nicole Dreyfus have also asked Roger Lallemand of the International Federation of the Human Rights League to the Montreal political trials. Mr. Lallemand is to arrive shortly.

Translated by:
Guy Thibert-Pelletier

WOMEN'S PAPER

PEDASTAL is an underground women's newspaper coming out of Vancouver, with the emphasis on news and discussion. It is refreshingly calm and bright, with little of the induced hysteria common to left wing papers copying the American political rhetoric.

Published by the Vancouver Women's Caucus, the twelve page tabloid is in its second, going on third, year of survival and seems to be well integrated into the organizing activities of

Conference of the Women's Liberation Movement, held in Regina, vie with being attacked by the mania for splits and inter-movement dissent that has swept the country, it is hard to say how long PEDASTOL will survive.

The paper is a well-balanced collection of articles, reports of theoretical discussions from the National local news of boycotts, Post Office discrimination against women, and articles on Quebec, unions etc., all with an emphasis on women and their roles.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE QUEBECOIS POLITICAL TRIALS

Courtroom observers at the bail application proceedings of the Montreal Five are searched twice for weapons - once on entering the building and once before entering the courtroom . . . both times by very apologetic Quebecois . . . "I am very sorry, madam, very sorry" . . .

Another day: observers at the trial of Paul Rose must show identification twice - once on entering the building and once on entering the courtroom . . . duplicate records of name, address, and signature are made . . . another search for weapons . . .

Long delay in the start of proceedings . . . young court secretaries in colourful feminine clothing, waiting . . . older khaki-uniformed security guards scrutinizing the rows of observers . . . male court clerks in black robes scurrying about with pitchers of water and sheaves of notes . . . the jury enters, all middle-aged men in dark business suits (the Quebec law does not allow women jurors; male jurors must be 21 and own \$4000 real property or pay a respectable rent) . . . next come the barristers and prosecutors, males in black robes with white collars . . . shuffling in the courtroom . . . enter the judge - male, black robe, white collar, red sash and THREE-CORNERED HAT!!!

Three young Quebecois waiting in the lobby . . . the accused is not there . . . court adjourns.

Three young Quebecois waiting in the lobby . . . red, white and green touques . . . they are friends of the prisoner . . . they will be called as Crown witnesses . . . the woman will refuse to testify . . . they have just been out of jail for one week . . . she will have to go back for six months, a year maybe . . .

The three friends of Paul Rose explained his courtroom strategy: the law in Quebec excludes about 90% of the people from jury duty. The remaining 10% are a fairly homogeneous lot and likely to be prejudiced against left wing politics. Rose wanted Lemieux, and only Lemieux, to defend him. The state was not anxious to have Lemieux act for Rose during the selection of the jury, since at a previous jury trial defended by Lemieux it took over two months to choose the jury. Therefore, special permission to allow Lemieux, while in jail, to act for Rose was not granted. With Rose out of the courtroom, the final selection of jurors took place quickly. Ironically, Lemieux was granted bail about two hours after the selection of the last juror. A defence conducted before such a jury would be a mere formality. Rose would allow Lemieux to represent him only for a motion for mistrial due to unfair jury selection, a motion which was refused. There is an advantage in having the rest of the trial conducted without defence in that the court of appeal may declare a mistrial. A new trial would then have to take place.

Donny Taynen

At times the paper seems to be a little too feminist, i.e., in reaction against men, but this is difficult to avoid when dealing solely with women's issues and perspectives. This is well compensated for by the personal accounts and humour with which most of the articles are presented.

PEDASTAL is a cheerful glimpse of the strength of women engaged in multi-level organizing, and well worth reading for that alone, not to mention the presentation of theoretical developments. It is available at the Women's Lib office, 323 Church St.

DEE BROTEN

INTERNATIONAL GUERRILLA ACTION



UPs...

THE CLEAR HEAD. "It was awkward and emotional and hard. But as we met every week we discovered why. Trust was built slowly. Our anger was redirected. Instead of guilt and self-blame, our anger became constructive. We could change a structure that kept us apart and competitive.

We as women began a fuller participation in the structure that existed but had never worked to our advantage. We pushed the rotation system. Every three months all the big shitwork jobs (circulation-ugh, keeping the books, opening the mail, typing, layout, managing editor) are rotated. We are all learning to do everything. It is inefficient. But it gives us strength as a cooperative, and it allows us to GROW AS INDIVIDUALS within the cooperative."

M.Ghandi

Skies-If God were to appear to starving people, he would not dare to appear in any other form than food.

TUPES

Uruguay-(From an interview with a Tupamero spokesman) How do you choose your actions?—"We try to choose actions which speak for themselves. We have attacked supermarkets, mostly American ones and distributed the food, inviting the people from the favelas (slums) to help themselves, and they do... We follow one basic rule: Do not use violence that is not understood by the people. If the people don't understand it, the government can use it against us. That is why we must be gradual... It is very wrong to imagine that we are highly trained agents, able to do things very well. We are simply people who are very determined in what we do, so the police and army are very afraid of us...

Tactically, we always characterize the bank robberies as 'taking the money back.'"

MONTEVIDEO (LNS) The Tupamaros have released the Brazilian ambassador, Alosio Dias Gomide, whom they captured last August, upon the meeting of their demands, and the payment of \$215,000 by Gomide's wife.

The crucial demand was the lifting of restrictions on constitutional rights imposed in January during a house-to-house search for the Tupes and their captives. The Uruguayan Congress overruled restrictions past Feb. 20. Gomide was released on Feb. 21.

Tupamaros still hold Claude Fly, an American agricultural expert and Geoffre Jackson, the British ambassador.

-1st Women's Issue
Great Speckled Bird



Okinawa-The Zen Gunro, the union of workers on U.S. bases, went out on strike Feb. 10, protesting the firing of 3,000 workers in December and an American plan to dismiss 10,000 more in the near future.

Also, they fear that the money waved as a result of these firings will be used to buy additional automated weapons to be used against Asians in Japan, Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos. The U.S. military pull-out also signals the resurgence of Japan as THE Military power in the Far East. (see last issue)

For the first time, American GIs are actively supporting the Okinawans in their labour struggle. The GIs have informed military dependents of the aims and fears of the strikers, since dependents are the primary source of scab labour.

By encouraging military dependents not to scab, by giving speeches to Okinawans explaining their support, and by collecting food and money for the strikers, the GIs have forged an alliance between the oppressed people in the U.S. military and the oppressed people in Okinawa.

Chuck

WASHINGTON D.C. (LNS)—Fourteen anti-war activists from the Philadelphia resistance, occupied the South Vietnamese embassy in Washington for 25 minutes, disrupting preparations for a diplomatic luncheon. The embassy has been the focus of several anti-war activities, but has never before been successfully occupied.

The occupiers chained shut the gates of the high wrought iron fence surrounding the embassy, behind them and then unfurled banners, distributed leaflets, and brought food to the embassy staff, telling them not to panic.

When an embassy official told them they would have to leave, as the embassy was foreign soil, the activists replied "What about Laos? What are your troops doing there? Isn't that foreign soil?"

Police finally broke through the chains on the gate with a hammer provided by the embassy staff and arrested the fourteen on charges of illegal entry and demonstrating within 500 feet of the embassy.

Fresno, Cal.-Golden Eagle (or Lee Roy Austine) filed a \$1.5 million damage suit because he was illegally held in jail for 31 days after peyote was found in his car. He is a member of the Native American Church, whose members have the right to use peyote for religious purposes under a 1964 California Supreme Court ruling.

Saigon (LNS)—Thousands of highschool and college students were beaten back by combat police clubs and tear gas as they attempted to march from Saigon University to the grave of Tran Van On, a student killed in a demonstration by the French 21 years ago.

The rally in commemoration of Tran VAN On's death, was held on "All Vietnam Students' Day", a holiday of the National Liberation Front and North Vietnamese. High School Students in South Vietnam are not permitted to learn about the struggle against the French; and all writings about the struggle are banned because the struggle was led by communists.

The High School Student Union and the Saigon Student Union have joined in an Anti-American coalition in the last year. One of their leaders was jailed as an NLF sympathizer and released only after a widespread hunger strike.

Ann Arbor, Mich. Feb. 7. "Alert you Laos invasion by tens of thousands. U.S.—Saigon—Thai troops. Action intense U.S. Air Force. Earnestly call you mobilize peace forces you country. Check U.S. dangerous ventures Indochina."

Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh
Paris Peace Talks



KKK Attacks Church SO POLICE MURDER UNARMED STUDENT

Wilmington N.C. (LNS)—Black students shot it out with the Klan in Wilmington while defending Gregory Church, which serves as a community centre in Wilmington.

On Feb. 4., 2000 students and supporters marched on city hall to present demands concerning public and high school administration in Wilmington. Finding the building locked, they returned to Gregory Church to find that bomb threats preceded them. The people in the church began to build barricades and arm themselves in preparation for an attack.

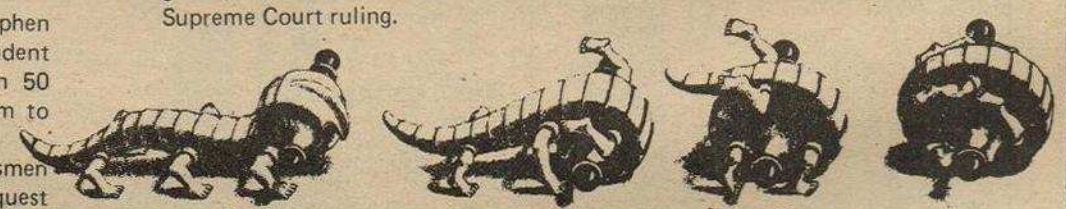
That evening, bands of armed Klansmen drove through the police lines set up several blocks from the church and opened fire. The black people inside returned the fire and one of the Klansmen was fatally injured.

The next day a fire broke out a

block from the church, believed to have been set by arsonists. Firemen at first refused to enter the area, finally showing up an hour late. Meanwhile, unarmed black people from the church had come to fight the fire. When firemen arrived, they were accompanied by the police, who opened fire on the people near the fire.

The police repeatedly shot Stephen Mitchell, a member of the student steering committee, dragged him 50 feet to a squad car and beat him to death.

On Feb. 7, 600 National Guardsmen arrived in Wilmington. Upon request from the church trustees, who were being pressured by the city government, the students returned to their homes in the community. When the Guardsmen and police charged the church with tanks, only the janitor was there.



Abstracting An Argument Is...

Trudeau's Political Economy

It should be apparent to any half wit that unemployment has reached almost depression levels. Yet the only response from Trudeau is a promise to study the problem a bit more, which is no response at all. Trudeau is deliberately dragging his feet on unemployment.

This lack of response by Trudeau can only be viewed in respect to Trudeau's relationship to big business. Trudeau wanted to make at least a moderate showing on his campaign against inflation. So, he went to the capitalist with his price and income review board. Now everyone knows in a capitalist system one pays dearly for everything. The price the capitalists wanted was large scale unemployment and an attack on the working class. Oh yes, everyone gets ripped off in a capitalistic country, even the prime minister, inflation continues today.

Besides high unemployment, Trudeau's anti-inflation drive is driving the Canadian economy even further into American hands. Faced with keeping prices down and paying higher taxes, Canadian firms are forced to lay off more workers than foreign based firms which have more capital to weather the storm. The resultant lower production of small Canadian firms means they cannot meet payments and must sell out. Guess who has the money to buy?

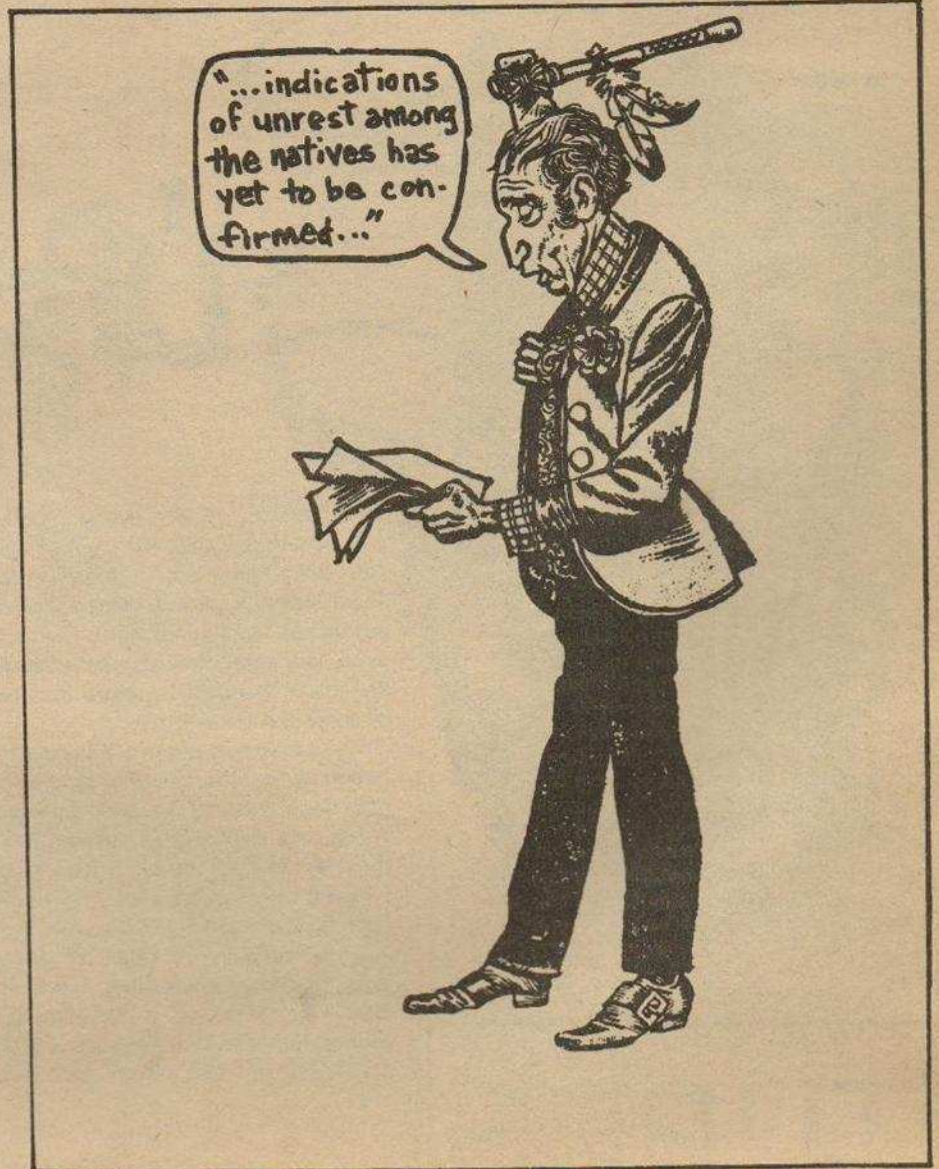
If Canada wants to develop its own natural resources instead of selling them, then the Canadian government should facilitate the development of manufacturing in Canada. This requires capital investment and higher

production of capital goods which means more jobs in construction and heavy industry. Trudeau's anti-inflation policies severely cut back construction, which he neatly blames on the Canadian winter.

Besides the elements Trudeau points to high unit cost of production of Canadian firms as one difficulty in economic development. Who wouldn't have a high unit cost of production with obsolete equipment that breaks down and stops production every two weeks, and can't raise the bread for new modern machinery. Also, Trudeau's economic policy has severely handicapped Canadian technological research which is ten years behind (except maybe for all the Canadians working for NASA).

Who does benefit from Trudeau's economic policies if it isn't the Canadian people? Who finances the Liberal party? What kind of people lead life styles like Trudeau's? What does the FLQ think of Trudeau and his government? The Answer: Capitalistic Pigs! Trudeau's economic policies have pushed Canadian capital into foreign or international control. Millions of Canadians are working on jobs that are not related to their skills. Many highly trained people will be out of work this year, and American and Japanese expertise are fighting for Canadian natural resources. What is Economic imperialism anyway except exploitation of a people by the ruling class. Just look at Quebec now and you may see what English Canada will be in five years via Trudeau's economic policies.

Paul McKibben



As we all know, the major U.S. tobacco firms have been eyeing the illicit grass market fondly for some years now, looking forward to the inevitable day when grass will be legalized as it was last week in Mexico (oh, those lucky tourists). One tobacco company has already registered the name 'Acapulco Gold' as a brand name and it is well known that U.S. tobacco companies are the major landowners of already existing marijuana fields in Mexico.

It is currently speculated that following legalization in the U.S. (or more probably Canada first) the big manufacturers would begin immediately marketing their joints at about 25 cents each — well under current black market rates. In the U.S. business sources predict the end of the marijuana ban will follow the close the Nixon era, for the soundly good all-American reason that the swollen costs of the 'new prohibition' exceed any good it may do. Enforcement costs in California alone are now running at 32



million a year and courts are clogged with untried cases.

Plans for legalization probably would stipulate a Government mono-

poly with no advertising. Packets of the weed, graded by strength and heavily taxed, would possibly be sold in government outlets such as a Cannabis Control Board of Ontario.

The question now remaining is will the underground yield its rich quasi-sacred grass market to the big money men?

A Washington D.C. street sheet recently quoted Blair Fraser of San Francisco as saying, "It's the economic basis of the counter-culture. We have to keep it out of the hands of the Tobacco tycoons."

The street sheet went on to report more confidently the case of a San Francisco consortium of dealers known collectively as 'Felix the Cat'. "Marijuana is legal!", they say in the promo for their new venture — a packaged, filter-tipped brand of joint named "Grassmasters".

One 'Felix' spokesman told a radio station interviewer that 320 dealers in the Bay area are handling his first consignment of 5,000 cartons.

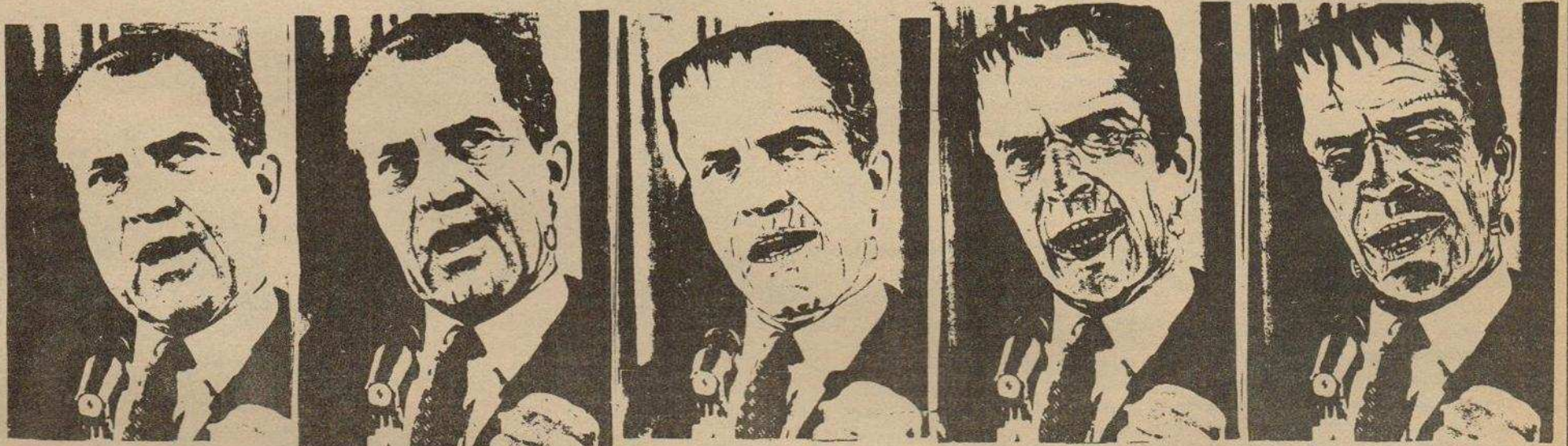
A packet of 18 joints now sells at \$7.50, but he hopes to pass on savings to the smoker as business grows. By early spring they plan to have a automatic rolling factory in Mexico and two more underground in San Francisco and Berkeley, with distribution centres from coast to coast.

Would the police object? "Oh sure. But the government just isn't willing to push the thing. It's like the last days of prohibition when beer trucks drove around openly. I hope to have some trucks painted with our Felix symbol soon".

Felix claims to have a bail fund reserve of \$125,000 and is prepared for two Supreme Court appeals in the next couple of years.

I don't know though, most of the big dealers I've ever met were the biggest shit shooters in the world and this smells like just another load.

Ken Nabis



MARIJUANA CHANGED MY LIFE ?

RADIO FREE ROCHDALE



news relevant to Rochdadians to the studio with a walkie-talkie, and Dave Erikson, the public relations manager, began spreading the idea to other people in the building and soon came up with free space for the studio and living quarters for the staff, which now consists of 12, as well as donations of about \$6,000 in equipment and cash. That was October 1970, and today Rochdale Free Radio is on its way to becoming that vision that Ron Lyman saw in the Summer of 1970.

To one who didn't know any better, Rochdale Free Radio might look like any other Radio Station except that all the D.J.s have long hair and the equipment is not all that standard. But take a look at the people themselves and their ideas and it is very different. Operating with a staff of 12 - six D.J.s., three technicians, one public relations manager, one news reporter and one secretary, all of whom are very together people, we find a pirate station which is non-profit and working for the people. None of the staff draw a salary, all subsidize themselves some way (none of them deal) and still manage to make the station their way of life. According to Dave Erikson "Our main objective is to build and create good relations within the building and to bring the building together as a community by doing so."

There are lots of good vibes at Rochdale Free Radio, but there are lots of hassles, too. The biggest hassle is money just like any other street organization. The people there say that they estimate that only 50% of the occupants listen to or have listened to the station, so I'm hoping that this article will reach a lot of the people who don't listen. If these people can be reached - MAN, WOW, - Rochdale is on its way. Dig this, if everyone listened, especially the dealers, there could never be a successful raid on the building. "We interrupt this broadcast to inform you that Police are in the lobby, keep it cool and we will keep you informed as to where they are going". Really, the people could get together. Rochdale has got more potential than anything else in this city. WE just got to get it together. They play really good music, too.

For the future, Rochdale is planning on going FM, and may be getting a license to broadcast to the city. It has the equipment to do so.

Why don't you drop by Radio Free Rochdale and rap to the people, and, if you live there, why don't you tune in to 1300 on your AM dial? Let's get it together.

Chris Ewing

ROCHDALE FREE RADIO It's finally happened to Rochdale. The 18 story apartment building at 341 Bloor Street West, known to many people as many things, but to its occupants as a self-contained City which has very little to do with the outside world has added a radio station to its culture. At 1300 AM on your dial Rochdale Free Radio broadcasts to the entire building and about a quarter mile square area outside.

With a \$1.50 he borrowed from a friend Ron Lyman bought the vital capacitors he needed for a transmitter he picked up in a junk pile and the station was on its way.

Ron, who is from Youngstowne Ohio, and a fourth generation radio technician, had a vision one day of a radio station in Rochdale which would act as both a communication centre and entertainment for the 650 plus occupants of the building. Wandering around the city collecting junk radios and TVs he found if he was to get it together he needed a little help from his friends. His help soon came. His friends, Cpl. Cannabis, another technician, Peyote Paul, who runs the mobile unit; Dynamic News Figurehead who acts as a roving reporter relaying

Photos by Scott MacDonald



Repression at the Globe

On February 19 at 11 p.m., Tony Seed, a reporter fired from the Globe and Mail on Feb. 9, was physically evicted from the sixth floor cafeteria at the Globe by two security officer while talking to workers about his firing. Twenty five of the workers followed them to the freight elevators denouncing the security officers. . .

"He has a right. What are you so

afraid of. You cowards."

From February 12-19, Seed, a member of the Communist Party of Canada (Marxist-Leninist), had picketed the Globe and Mail in protest of the firing and against the type of propaganda that is promoted by the Globe. The official reason for the firing was that Seed was lazy, and a poor worker. In fact only two weeks before it had

been suggested to Seed that he apply for the National Newspaper Award for some articles he had written.

The real reason for the firing of Tony Seed was his political activities when he was not working for the Globe and Mail. On January 27 the Globe and Mail published an editorial calling Robert Cruise, another member of the Communist party of Canada (Marxist-Leninist), a petty criminal and attacking communists as "political psychos". On February 1, Barbara Biley, chairman of the Canadian Student Movement, held a press conference on the topic "Is Robert A. Cruise a petty criminal?" At this press conference she charged that the editorial of the 27th

was a slander published to camouflage political repression, protect the courts, and discredit the communists.

On February 5 the Shpikula-Biley-Cruise Defence Committee (formed on February 2) held a press conference on the topic "The Globe and Mail is a Fascist Newspaper", which attempted to show that the January 27 editorial is part of an anti-communist campaign by the Globe to justify political repression and prepare public opinion for a fascist dictatorship. Both press conferences were attended by Tony Seed. Four days after the second conference the Globe decided they no longer wanted him in their employ.

JAN REID

NIGGER, WHERE YOU GONNA RUN TO ?

A question if Canadians or Torontonians were less racist, per capita, than other peoples brought a unanimous howl of laughter from the blacks. Yes, we are more subtle than other people but racist we are. Even on the international level. E.G. Canada's role in the Commonwealth was reputedly that of a liberal white group and arbitrator. Yet, said George Archer of the South African Liberation Committee, when it came to getting Ian Smith's white regime out of Rhodesia Canada organized a committee that was totally impotent. He gave other examples of Canada's support of the status quo in the West Indies, all as part of the white imperialist machine to grind down blacks everywhere.



ROCKY JONES
Developing a Black political ideology

Were all whites racists then?
The answer to that was: we are all products of our society. That society was racist to its core and we whites were inevitably, like it or not, consciously or not, racist.

Every last one of us? O.K., maybe a black knew one of two "good whites" but inevitably they worked for racist institutions. In the black revolution, they were powerless. And to get back to the reality of the black revolution, blacks had to organize now to fight oppression—they didn't have time to pick about to find the few "good whites" here and there.

The time was getting short so I threw in a question. After (if) all blacks returned to an independent Africa, would not blacks of future generations, if they were proud and free, also want the freedom to travel where they wished?

The definitive answer to that came from Howard Fuller, founder and principal of Malcolm X University: Whenever black meets white, the black man is brought to his knees. Therefore blacks must return to Africa, never to leave again.

The conference was over. Reporters were scooting behind the conference table to speak to the delegates. I did likewise. Throughout the conference, the speakers had kept their cool. Although not very warm, neither were they very cold and they were always rational sounding in their arguments. So it came as rather a surprise when one of them addressed me, saying angrily that one thing that should be done for the blacks should be to destroy Israel. I can't remember his exact words—I was caught off balance not by his statement but by his manner—he was shaking.

I said, "would you care to elaborate on that?" He just shook his head and backed away from me. I said, "that statement by itself doesn't mean anything to me. If you don't tell me why or what purpose that would serve"

But he just kept on shaking his head and backing away from me. I said, "look, are you scared of me or are you just in a hurry?"

Then he pointed at me, saying I didn't belong on this side of the conference table; I should get over there (pointing to where the reporters had faced the delegates during the conference). So I gave a mock salute, saying "yes sir; I know my place, boss." And scurried over to delegate Rocky Jones (of Halifax, speaker on drugs and health). I won't mention the name of the "destroy Israel" man. He looked so obviously unstrung; maybe it was one of his "off days". But I told Rocky about him and asked him to fill me in.

Rocky said "oh, he couldn't have said that!" But we got into a discussion about Israel anyway—he thought if the Jews wanted a homeland it should have been in Europe but that's a topic for a long debate and I knew we didn't have the time to even agree to disagree so we cut it short and let a newswoman who was into Women's Lib have her say. ("Why wasn't there one woman speaker on the panel?") I left them talking but not communicating.

Outside the air was cool and refreshing. In the quiet I thought through some of the ideas that had bothered me at the conference. I finally realized they

had been talking black racism. If whitey was "by nature" the oppressor, wasn't blacky, by nature the oppressed? Fuller had said that every time white man met black, black was brought to his knees. Didn't that mean blacks had a natural tendency to be victims? And if that wasn't black racism . . . !

Was that a correct conclusion or had my logic led me astray? They had claimed a greater degree of oppression than other groups. But nigger—excuse me—black man, it isn't the colour of your skin that makes you a nigger. It's the shit they, we, throw at you, such deep shit we can't even see you. A nigger is someone who has been shat upon. Who hasn't been fucked around, screwed up, shat upon? We're all niggers, baby. Or do you still want to claim special status? That's black racism again.

And nigger, where you gonna run to? Africa isn't far enough. Like you said at the press conference, Rudy Grant: "racism and imperialism are two sides of the same coin." What if it ends us up in a third World War? Are you going to sit under your umbrellas in Africa, waiting for the fallout? As long as imperialism is in this country and that country, it's our job to conquer it here and everywhere. Or else you're still in danger, nigger. Do you really think Africa is far enough?

So ran my thoughts. Suddenly I had a vision of all the blacks lining up before this huge space ship, ready to take off for a distant but habitable planet. And in another spaceport I could see Women's Lib readying for the ride to their planet, holding packages of frozen spermatazoa (picked to produce only girl babies of course). And the Homophile Society would be lining up in front of their spaceship, carrying frozen ova and man—made wombs to make men only. And somewhere else, the jews would be lining up; elsewhere the disfigured or crippled or dwarfed—the undersized, the oversized, etc.

Which ship would I go on? I sympathize with Women's Lib. I'm also Jewish. And if I looked far enough up my family tree, I'd probably discover I'm technically negro. How would I ever come to a decision? Meanwhile everybody would be taking off on this or that trip.

I looked up at the stars. Suddenly I felt very alone.

LUCY KATZBERG



Toronto Free Youth Clinic
Toronto
925-6223
252 Dupont Street
David M. Collins, M.D., M.A., D.P.H.

I have real problems with the picture story on natural childbirth and home delivery in Guerilla no.17.

On the one hand, I believe everything Laura Jones said about her delivery -- and everything the pictures say about it. There were no drugs, no strangers, no uniforms. No cold surgical rooms. No isolation from her husband and the comfort of her own home.

From the look on her face, that absolutely seraphic smile, there were no pains, only contractions. The doctor looks like a man who believes in what he's doing and is good at it.

But, on the other hand, I also believe everything I ever read about the accidents of child-birth; premature separation of the placenta, prolapse of the cord, rupture of the uterus, laceration of a uterine artery, et cetera.

These and other accidents do happen. Every one of them is a surgical emergency requiring immediate Caesarian section. The baby's life is at risk, with only moments to spare. The mother's life is at risk, with maybe 20 minutes to get the job done.

If all babies were delivered at home, then for 19

Laura Joneses who had their babies with happy smiles and no problems, there would be one other Laura Jones who would die or would see her baby die in the course of delivery.

Careful counselling and selection of patients by the attending physician can reduce but not entirely eliminate these risks. It seems to me that natural childbirth, insofar as it means no drugs during labour and no anaesthetic during delivery, is an altogether good thing. Insofar as it means education of the mother concerning the physiology of delivery, it is altogether a good thing. Insofar as it involves the father, educating him and helping him to share with his wife in this strange and wonderful experience, it is a good thing.

But insofar as natural childbirth means refusing to have one's baby in a hospital, where the facilities and manpower are available to deal with any emergency -- where the risks of obstetrical delivery can be reduced to the absolute minimum -- then I think it's well intentioned foolishness.

It also seems to me that the interest in home deliveries is a political interest. It represents an effort by non-professionals to acquire control over an event which at the present time is almost entirely controlled by professionals. Home delivery is a political statement about the quality of care given in hospital labour and delivery rooms.

I think the statement is a legitimate one. I think most big city hospital labour and delivery rooms are insane places. They are for the most part utterly depersonalized assembly lines, staffed by women who are as much victims of professional discrimination as are the patients. I never met an experienced obstetrical nurse who couldn't deliver a baby as well as any doctor, and with a lot more sympathy for and interest in both mother and baby.

England's midwives do a great job. So do the women in every other part of the world who bear the

responsibility for routine obstetrical care. It's true that in England most deliveries are carried out at home. But this is in the context of a health care system that is designed to support home delivery. The nation's ambulance service, and it's hospitals, recognize their support role and perform it well.

In North America, on the other hand, home delivery is a poor strategy for achieving a noble end. In a sense, it is a non-strategy; it takes control of the event -- the delivery of a particular baby -- as a substitute for attempting to take control of the system for the delivery of all babies.

Instead of taking the women out of the hospital, we should be trying to put natural childbirth in, with all that that means in terms of humane and sympathetic care.

The medical and nursing professions are currently engaged in cautious but wide-ranging debate over what is called the 'transfer of functions' from doctors to nurses. Why not get the public involved in this debate? Why not demand a voice in the decisions about what kind of care is to be given, and by whom? Why allow the professions to cut up the pie; isn't it the public which has to eat it?

Re-establish the honourable tradition of midwifery in North America. Let nurses do the deliveries, in the hospitals, with surgeons available in the building at a moment's notice. Let husbands be with their wives during labour, and during delivery. Make enemas and 'prepping' and stirrups and white gowns optional: Set aside one delivery room for sterile deliveries, and let the rest of the obstetrical suite be as 'natural' as possible.

It may be a romantic daydream to expect that the public can wrest control of our health care delivery system from the professionals, but it can be no more romantic than thinking that home deliveries are best because most 'natural'.

BLACK PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE

Press Conference on the "Black People's Conference"

I spent most of Friday, February 19th, trucking my ass around T.O. trying to find out whether I could attend the "Black People's Conference". It was to extend from Fri. 19th to Sunday 21st and promised to be the biggest and best of its kind. As a woman, I identify with oppressed people, including blacks (although I know many black consider this horseshit) and I was really interested in attending a conference which was to deal with the "political direction and liberation of black people in Canada".

Some people I contacted said the conference was open to whites, others said it wasn't, some said it was open though at some time it might be suggested that whites leave. I finally got the low-down in the place where it was all being organized — 44 St. George St. — from Horace Campbell, the conference chairman.

No, he said, whites could not attend.

"You mean it's a closed conference?" I asked.

"No, it's an open conference," he said.

"You mean it's open to blacks but closed to whites?"

"O.K." he said. "Have it your own way." and called out to one of his black brothers that he just HAD to come to the Black Conference and said more of the same to others deep in pigment. Blacks were making posters, rapping, sending out those good vibes but none towards me. I began to feel like Ralph Ellison's "The Invisible Man" so I made that feeling fact and disappeared, taking with me one of their printed invitations to a (white) press conference, Feb. 20th, same place, 7:30 p.m.



HORACE CAMPBELL
Conference Chairman

The "Black People's Conference"

by Lucy

Remember me? I'm the gal who reported the press conference on the "Black People's Conference", saying all kinds of nasties like "nigger" in criticizing the representatives' argument that all whites were racist and that all blacks should return to Africa. The press conference was a "happening" for me and I described it that way, as factually as possible, leaving my opinions — which were clearly stated as such — for the end of the article.

Trouble is the press conference gave the wrong impression about the "Black People's Conference". That didn't bother me until just recently when I discovered that correcting that impression had become my job. Because a competent, sometimes writer for Guerrilla who'd said he'd write up his impression of the "Black People's Conference" informed me, just before deadline, that there was no way he'd have time to write up the article. So here I am, trying to conjure up some valid impression of the "Conference".

The regular (white) press coverage was so bad as to give blacks who had been there the horrors. Apparently the press got their impression of the "Black People's Conference" mainly if not solely from the white press conference. You can read my report on the latter to imagine the kind of impression that would leave.

My information about the "Conference" came in large chunks from two people — one very politically active and aware black man and one charming, articulate woman who had acted as a resource person. Smaller bits of information came from various black students I contacted. All had attended the "Conference".

There may have been statements that whites were racist — press coverage focussed on such statements — but there was more, so much more said and done at the "Conference". There were so many speakers, so many points of view — and dialogue, so much dialogue. Blacks talking to blacks. And only blacks.

There are many ways of looking at the "Conference". Let's begin at the beginning. The "Conference" was initiated by black students who took the main responsibility for organizing it. Their goal was to better conditions for black people in Canada, in education, in housing, in employment, immigration, etc. They took on a hell of a lot and they knew enough to get as many resource people with as varied experiences as they could. They got representatives for the four different black communities in Canada — African, West Indian, Canadian, and blacks from the States.

The audience was as varied as the speakers. Whites were excluded but, hell, the blacks didn't even know each other. With such different backgrounds, they had to rap and rap until they were really communicating. Did blacks really need whitey around to add to the confusion when black people were just getting to know each other. There's a time and place. Until blacks were communicating, they could not really share information about black problems and their solutions. Only when they knew each other, could they see if problems in different areas were similar and if solutions in one area were transplantable to another or whether new solutions were needed.

Now that they had a basis for dialogue and deciding on strategy they could get down to the specifics of dealing with particular problems. As the organizers of the conference were students, one natural focus of the "Conference" was on education.

There were four workshops on education. As an example of how the "Conference" dealt in a very concrete way with practical problems, I shall deal in some detail with these workshops. In the first, among the points of discussion were: student know-how of the educational system, motivating the marginal student — problems black students face daily. The second workshop dealt with the transition to University. These are problems that any student may face but they may be slightly different for the black student. If he's from the West Indies, for example, one has to remember his particular cultural background to understand his crucial needs when entering another, perhaps somewhat alien institution. Lack of consideration of the student's background has been the reason for the failure of so many programs. The final workshop dealt with resolutions. Most existing black educational programs were self-initiated and it became evident that it was best that change come from within the black community first. Only after blacks had initiated their own programs was it advisable to consider help from outsiders, or whites.

The main point was that students were talking out their problems with each other, even more than with the resource people, and they began accepting responsibility for their brothers. Those students that were making it made concrete commitments to help those that weren't, by offering free tutoring, morale support, or whatever. Even black children found help in talking with each other. One child, for example, the only black in her class, found solace in the discovery of so many kids like her.

The conference was superbly organized. Every scheduled speaker appeared except for one Moslem and he was "replaced" by two other speakers. The organizers raised funds for bussing in students from distant parts. There was a feeling of civility among the participants. My main female informant rather expected speaker LeRoi Jones to come on "like a fire-eater" but she found him pleasantly mild in his manner. One might disagree with his opinions (My main male informant did.) but one could listen to him comfortably and make one's judgement on a rational basis. The tone of the "Conference" was one of mutual respect and friendly acceptance. It was easy to talk and share experiences with one another.



IMAMU AMIRI BARAKA
(LeRoi Jones) Pan African Nationalism

One came away from the conference feeling very relaxed, as if from a family affair.

There were easily at least 1500 participants at the "Conference". That a crowd of that size enjoyed civilized discussion really tells something about the participants, especially about the amount of hard work the students put into organizing the conference. It doesn't tell it all but it's something. Some of the press reports had the organizers sounding irresponsible. I wish the press had got THAT right. Or something.

That impression was wrong, wrong, wrong. Either the speakers at the press conference were not representative of the speakers at the "Black People's Conference" or their statements to the press were not representative of the statements they made at the "Conference".

The conference started half an hour late because the speakers were held up doing their thing at the "Black People's Conference". I saw a row of pairs of black hands clasped tightly together except to raise a cigarette to a mouth. Horace Campbell opened the conference saying they reserved the right not to answer any questions.

The hands loosened up as the speakers introduced themselves and their particular involvements in black racial problems. They spoke about racist practices in Canada, in immigration, education, employment and housing. The "Black People's Conference" has dealt with these problems and their solutions. The ultimate solution to racial discrimination said the speakers, was to get all blacks to return to Africa (and to get all whites out). That was their ultimate objective. Because whites were "by nature" racist and as long as blacks dealt with whites they were going to be oppressed. And to fight white oppression, which was world-wide and organized, blacks had to be equally organized, not only on the provincial and national levels, but also on the international level.

There was a certain hesitancy among the reporters in the question period that followed. They weren't cowed exactly. It was more as if they had a lot of opinions which it wasn't their business here to express. So they had to hold back while drawing the blacks out. For example, one reporter, in a very soft-spoken way, asked if they thought discrimination in education was just a black problem. (Rudy Grant of Halifax had earlier said that 71% of black students there were streamed into vocational programs that headed nowhere.) Rudy answered that more black kids, percentage-wise, were pushed into that stream than any other ethnic group. Moreover, if other new immigrants were pushed into vocational streams, their sons still had a chance of making it. But black kids, because of a racist system, were doomed to perpetual discrimination.



RUDY GRANT
Transistional programme

COMMUNITY

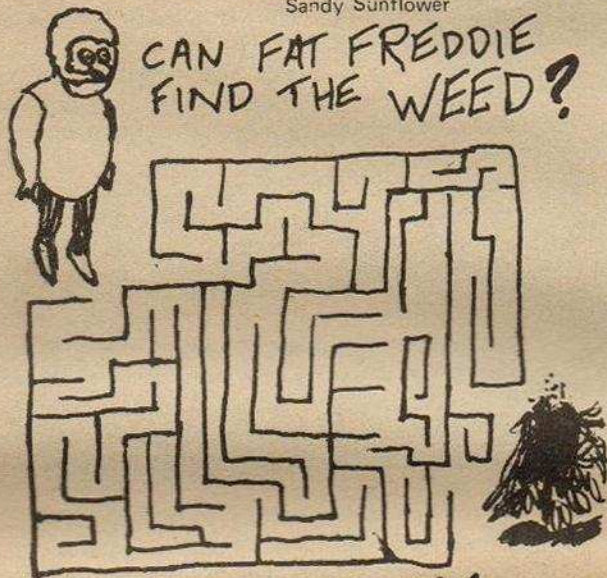
CRUNCH

Here's how to make your own crunchy granola (the stuff you buy in stores, even Health food ones, contains sugar which as we all know is BAD FOR YOU!) Also its cheaper this way.

Take 8 cups rolled oats; 2 cups untoasted coconut; 2 cups untoasted sesame seeds; 1 cup wheat germ (very good for you) 1 cup sunflower seeds (or chopped nuts - but they're expensive) 1 cup oil and 1 cup honey (liquid type) Mix it all together - it'll seem very dry, but keep mixing until the last seed is well covered with the oil and honey. Turn on the oven to 200 degrees, spread the stuff on a couple of cookie sheets or whatever, and bake for an hour or so. It's best to keep looking at it and turning it over to stop it burning on the bottom, which would taste horrible.

This will make about 4 or 5 pounds for \$1.25 - eat it with milk and honey and/or raisins dried apricots yogurt bananas or whatever and turn on all your friends. It's a great munchie!

Sandy Sunflower



Marijuana Map

BACK PAGE FOR SOLUTION

GRUB

THE JUST SOCIETY FOOD COOP
St. Enochs Church 80 Winchester

The co-op is run by a group of people from the Hall and the Just Society. It is an effort to bring wholesale priced foods to the people in general, and as such needs the people's support to continue. The more people that join, the cheaper the prices will be. At present work is being done on including more organic and health foods, as well as vegetables and dairy produce, on the list of available foods. If you know of any sources for these leave a message for Larry Saunders at 863 0275. Some of the good buys available at present include, among many others, brown rice at 13 cents a pound, sunflower seed oil at \$2.58 for 128oz can, No-phosphate detergent, 80oz can for \$1.01, Heinz baby foods at 14 cents a can, peanut butter at \$1.31 for 3 pounds.

The Main warehouse is at St. Enochs Church and is open on Fridays from 6.00 to 9.00 pm, and Saturdays from 9.00 to 12.00 am. Orders can be phoned in to the Hall for pick-up there on Friday afternoon (they should be received by us at least three days in advance).

There are many people who, for reasons of convenience or lifestyle do not find the idea of a food co-operative to be their ideal solution. The prices at the co-op are not in some cases that much cheaper than other places; those who do support this idea do so often because they see the co-op as a step in the direction of a freer society, with more control in the hands of those whose needs are being fulfilled. It is not immediate perfection, but a long term solution to a common problem: that of too high food prices.

However, some other attempts are being made to lower food prices. USHER'S SURPLUS FOOD at 1267 Queen West and 169 Queen East, sell large quantities of slightly damaged foods and other goods at greatly reduced prices. The latter store is just along the block from our new Guerilla offices.

USHERS



Many smart young couples are now finding Ushers a wise place to shop - the discerning pair shown above, Michael & Sandy, enjoy a bargain with their offspring, Snagglesnout.

INVOLVEMENT

COMMUNITY JOB CORPS

FLEA MARKET

Some of the following are in operation, others are suggestions and ideas that have come out of places such as the Hall, Guerilla, the Clinic and Grass Roots. These last need people with some time and a lot of energy to spare to get them off the ground, so please get in touch with the contact person mentioned if you want to get involved.

FREE STORE

Still going strong behind the Free Clinic at 252 Dupont, and like the hostel, in need of your participation to keep it that way. Bring along any clothes you don't need and pick up some that you do. Open from 2 to 6 p.m. daily.

CHEAP STORE

This is a kind of extension of the Free Store idea, and is still very much an idea - therefore in need of some of that time and energy I mentioned before. What's needed is a place or places - a garage, store, warehouse or whatever, where people can bring larger items such as furniture and appliances (a kind of Civilian's Salvation?). And where they can be sold at very minimal prices - just enough to pay the rent and

maybe a couple of people to run things (around this community that might mean \$25 a week). Also needed are trucks and truckers for pick-up and delivery. Any ideas or suggestions or offers on this should be directed to Marm or Larry at the Hall, 863-0275.

SKILLS CO-OP

Here's another 'idea' folks! The suggestion is that those of you with a fairly defined skill - auto-mechanics, for example - try and get together to rent space to open a community business in your particular field. Sharing costs of equipment and rent etc., can make this kind of effort pretty viable and even freaks have to get their cars fixed sometimes, in fact probably more often, looking at some of the cars I've ridden in lately - so there should be no shortage of business. Some of the other community co-op businesses could include printing shops, truck distributing and moving - how about a hardware store? Or an Ice Cream Parlour? Seriously, we have to keep what little money we have within our community, and this is one way to do it, so if you are interested Marm or Larry at the Hall would like to know.

Presently being organized by Chris Ewing, 925-9197 or at the Hall. If you can provide any leads on jobs available, part time, full time, casual or whatever (I know that with Uncle Pierre and his 6% unemployment, it's difficult, but try anyways) call Chris. We are running ads in the Star and Tele which are beginning to bring results and hope that by the Spring we will be able to provide some kind of work for most of those that need it. If you have any special skills - such as electrical, carpentry, etc., or even if you would just dig to paint someone's house, let Chris know. He can't promise instant employment right now, but if he has your name it'll be a start.

TORONTO COMMUNITY HOSTEL (A Success Story, Almost!)

After several months of hassles and disappointments, the impossible has been achieved and a hostel is now open for transient street people. Hopefully, Metro will be funding the hostel, sometime maybe in the next couple of months, but meanwhile it's existing by that great old method - a little help from it's friends. This means you, so if you have any furniture, especially a fridge and stove, mattresses, blankets, sheets etc., etc., call the Hostel to let us know and we will try and help with pick-up if necessary. (Money is of course useful too!) The address is 191 Spadina Road, call J.C. at 925-4613.

This one could be fun as well as profitable. Herman, again at the Hall, would like to hear from people interested in a Saturday Flea Market. If you are leaving town and selling out or just want to get rid of some of the junk that's beginning to pile up around you, bring it down to the Hall on Saturday at about noon, or a little earlier to help to get the thing set up, and see what happens. Of course buyers are an essential part of this one, so if you're in the process of getting a commune or co-op together and need stuff come down and see what's available. Call Herman at 863-0275 or just turn up and see what's going on.

PEOPLE'S PARK

Last (I think) but definitely very important. If you know the Hall you'll probably remember a large vacant lot, principally used at present as an illegal parking lot. We are hoping to get a lease on the land at a very nominal rent and if we do we will need a hell of a lot of that energy and time to get it cleared of junk in time for summer. Also of course we need ideas about what to do with it, besides the obvious one of free concerts.

This is at present just an idea; we haven't even got as far as finding out what the City has decided we can do on it according to their zoning by-laws, but we'd like to hear from people willing to help organize it so we'll be ready when the time comes. Call Sandy at the Hall or 366-0193.

SURVIVAL

FREE FOOD

SCOTT MISSION, 502 Spadina Avenue,
FRED VICTOR MISSION, 147 Queen St.,
GOOD SHEPHERD, 412 Queen St.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE COMMISSION -
369-3411.

Jobs are not easy to get here in Toronto, and neither is Welfare. But, for those in need, the general inquiry number is 367-8623.

For all your health hassles go to the TORONTO FREE YOUTH CLINIC at 252 Dupont Street, and talk to the people there.

For ABORTION REFERRAL call 533-9006.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO BIRTH CONTROL CLINIC at Harbord and Spadina (above the Royal Bank) Hours are from 7:00 to 9:00 p.m. on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

ROCHDALE CLINIC Room 608 -924 8892
Hours 2 pm - 8 am - Emergency/Drug
Information/Referrals/First Aid...

GOOD PLACES TO EAT

CASTLEVIEW on the corner of Dupont and Spadina has bargains such as breakfast for 55 cents.

PAUL'S on the south side of Queen St., just east of Jarvis has cheap prices for ordinary American food.

LAKEVIEW FISH AND CHIPS, 1177 Dundas St. W., has good Fish & Chips (of course) for 45 cents.

LUM'S GARDEN, just below St. Joseph on Yonge, has a good deal for Chinese food. For only a dollar

PLACES TO CRASH

Fred Victor Mission (147 Queen St.)

YMCA, 40 College Street YWCA, 21 McGill Street.

TORONTO COMMUNITY HOSTEL
191 Spadina Road 925 4613

UNIVERSITY

THE HALL 19 Huron Street 863-0275

Wednesday at 7:00 — Commune Meetings. People interested in joining or forming communes and co-ops, both urban and country, or who just want to rap about it, bring food to share.

Dance Classes — Daily at 12:30 am and 6:00 pm.

Guitar Workshop — Saturdays 2:30 pm. Informal rap and music session.

Drawing Classes — Held at the Settlement House, Grange Road on Tuesdays, 10 to 12 am. Fridays, 1 to 3 pm.

March 13th. An Education Conference — those interested in Free Schools and education are invited to an all day discussion. Call the Hall for time.

SURVIVAL & COMMUNITY FARMING

Course begins March 16th 7:30 pm and following Tuesdays.

This course is offered to those who are interested in basic survival, its philosophy and relationship to communal farming at a self-subsistent level. The course will include a variety of experiences, ranging from weekly lectures and demonstrations to movies and camping trips. These trips will be planned as weekend or weeklong, at the expense and convenience of participants.

Other topics to be covered include Walden; the philosophy of farming and survival; conditioning for survival, both as an individual and in a group; Buckminster Fuller and spaceship earth, Hygiene, survival foods; camp kitchen and cooking; primitive living; shelters and layout; equipment and care thereof; pioneering skills; the edible forest; how to grow vegetables; how to grow anything; and last but not least, Can You Dig It? Sounds incredible, huh? It begins March 16th at the Hall, 7.30 pm.

This course is experimental, and we hope it will be an enlightening experience for you as well as for us. See ya there. By the way, the last two trips will be on a farm where you can grow watching the sun make your vegetables grow.

Co-ordinators will be Martin Burns and Frank Mercier, c/o The Hall.

THE INNER CITY & ITS CHILDREN

Course on the Inner City & it's Children — call for info. on starting date.

This course is designed to share with those involved a sense of awareness of the Inner City, its community agencies, resources and their uses. Community control of its own resources will also be studied. Other topics will include drug use - alcohol, amphetamines, barbiturates, tranquilizers, and psychic manipulators, both prescribed and non-prescribed - among adults and children in the Inner City; children's attitudes and group behaviour; children's attitudes and behaviour towards authority.

Each person in the course will be given the opportunity to visit an Inner City School under the supervision of the classroom teacher involved. During this time the emotional, academic and psychological growth of Inner City children will be studied in depth. Meetings will be held once a week to co-ordinate activities and serve as resource meetings for those involved. They will be held at the Parliament Street Library House (Parliament & Gerrard) beginning the week of March 15th (call 863 0275 for exact day after March 7th). The classes will be co-ordinated by Frank Mercier, c/o The Hall.

THE JUST SOCIETY 392 George Street 964-2522

Meetings 7:30 Mondays — information on welfare rights.

RISING UP ANGRY 19 Baldwin 368-1577

Food To Fight — free food Mon., Wed., Fri., 4:00 — 6:00 p.m.

DAY OF SOLIDARITY WITH CHAIRMAN BOBBY SEALE, POLITICAL PRISONER

March 5th at the Hall (19 Huron) 8:00 pm.

Programme will include:

Films:

Off the Pig — Black Panther Party
Vietnam — Women's Anti-aircraft Unit
Possibly "Stagolee" — film or tape of Bobby Seale

People from R.U.A. will rap about what they're doing and what they feel has to happen.

YONG SOCIALIST FORUM 334 Queen West 363-9618

Celebration of International Women's Day, Friday March 5th 8:00 pm.

March 19-21st — Socialist Educational Conference.

Programme:

Fri. 8:00 pm Student Movement
Sat. 10:00 am Quebec Liberation
Sat. 2:00 pm Womens Liberation
Sun. 2:00 pm Direction of Radicalization

WOODGREEN COMMUNITY CENTRE 835 Queen East 461-1168

They were active last summer in out door street events, a coffee lounge, etc. and plan to step up this programme this year (further details later).

Credit Union Dance, March 6th., 8:00 pm.

OPEN STUDIO 310 Queen East 368-8238

Classes in etching and silk screen \$1.00 an hour. Tues., Wed., Thur., from 7 to 10 pm. Also space to sell work produced.

COMMUNITY HOMOPHILE ASSOCIATION 6 Charles East 964-0653

Meetings at Holy Trinity Church, Trinity Square. Tuesdays (alternate) March 2nd 8:00 pm.

THOG United Church at Bathurst and Lennox 531-6214

Conthogacy will be visiting McMaster University March 5, 6, & 7.

ROCHDALE 341 Bloor West 921-3168

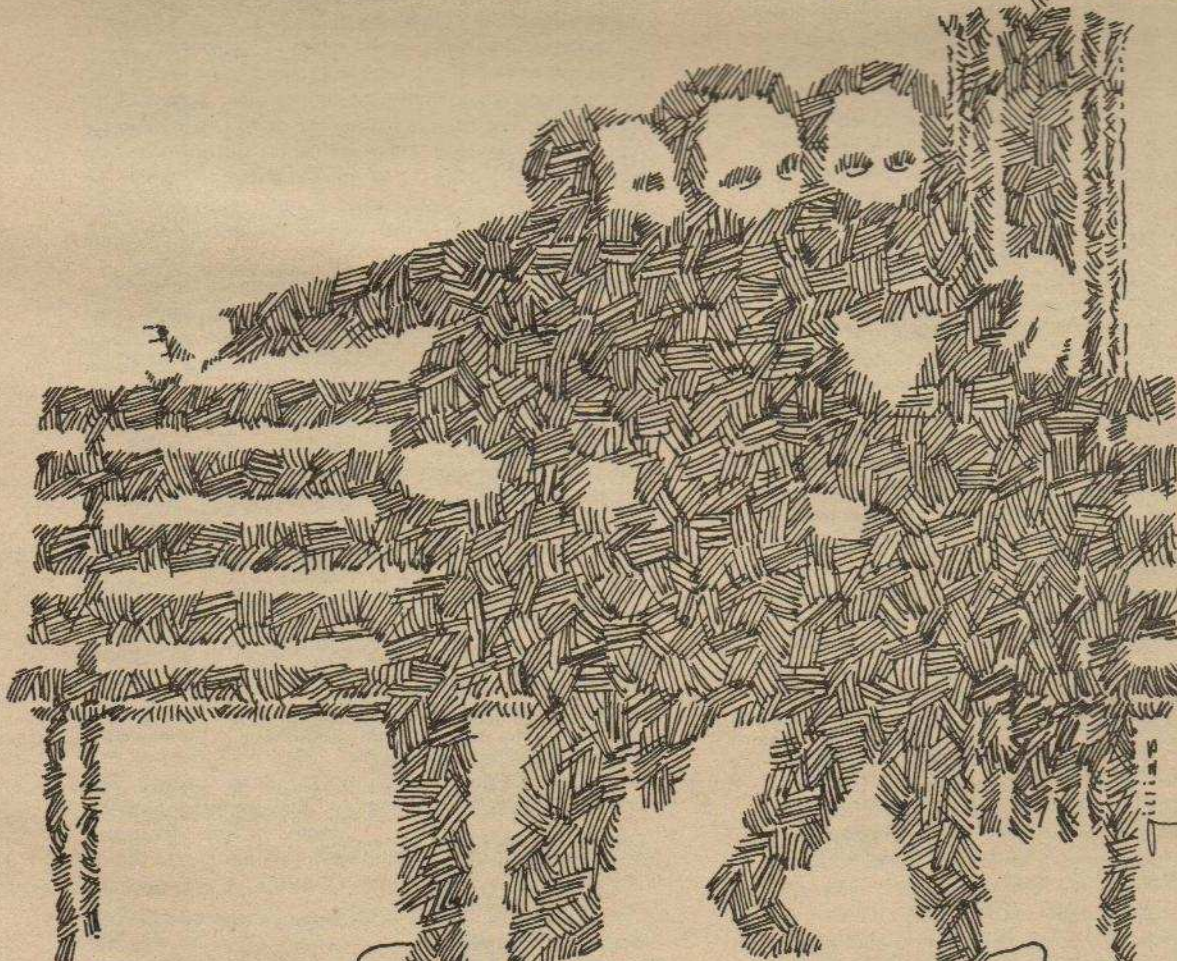
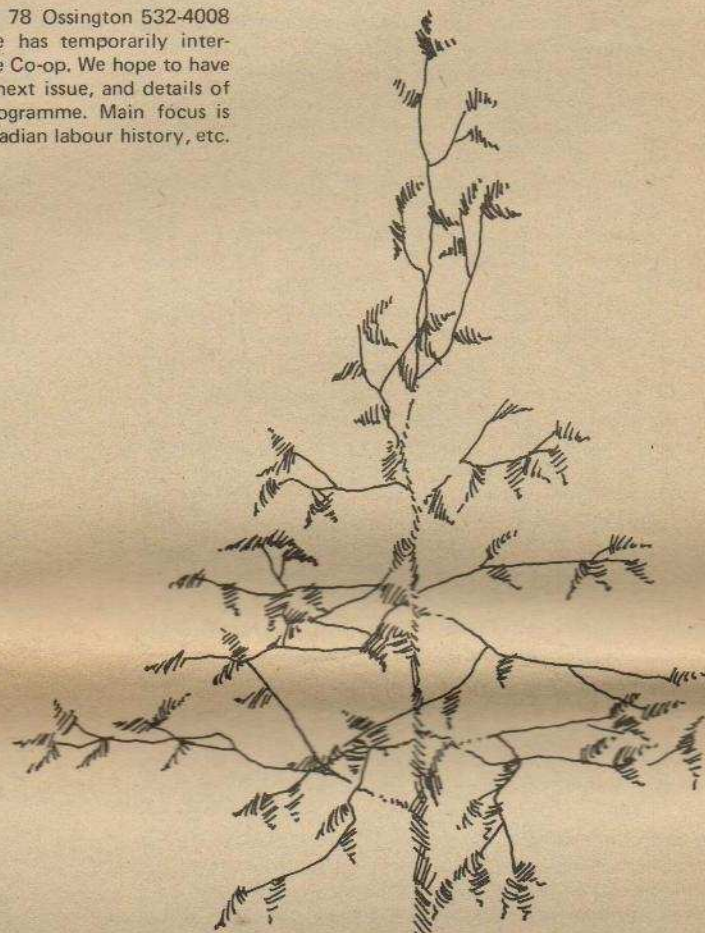
Within its structure are many educational processes unknown to the outside world, drilling members in their struggle for freedom. Specifically Kundalini Yoga in the 2nd floor lounge daily at 11:00.

EMERGENCY COMMITTEE FOR DEFENSE OF POLITICAL RIGHTS IN QUEBEC

Meetings every Monday at 8:00 pm. Hart House Bickerfeth Room.

MILITANT CO-OP 78 Ossington 532-4008

An eviction notice has temporarily interrupted things at the Co-op. We hope to have a new address by next issue, and details of their education programme. Main focus is on labour law, Canadian labour history, etc.



unipcycle



Leary-Cleaver interview



At 7:50 p. m. on Saturday, January 9, Timothy and Rosemary Leary suffered what Eldridge Cleaver termed "a revolutionary bust." Four of Cleaver's Panther staff entered the Learys' Algiers apartment shortly before their dinner guests were due. This was to have been the Learys' first dinner party, and it was the immediate reason for the bust.

The Panthers ordered the Learys to leave with them. Tim refused. As a hand was placed over his mouth, Tim flashed on Bobby Seale, "and how bad karma perpetuates itself. I was only practicing what Huey Newton preaches — defending my own home." They were taken to a Panther apartment.

"It makes me very sad to have had to do this," Cleaver said. "I've been in jail, been unable to relate to it, and I don't like being a jailer. But we cannot afford to jeopardize our work toward revolution in Babylon. We are hoping to teach Timothy a lesson."

The Learys wrote Cleaver a letter on their third day of confinement. To explain certain passages in the following interview, I quote from it: "In reviewing our actions and yours since our arrival in Algeria, it is clear that we have been guilty of unnecessary humility and 'Tomism.' We have followed a course of patient toleration of your undisciplined and eccentric behavior. We have not complained as vigorously as we should have about the extraordinary series of monumental blunders you have whimsically committed which have jeopardized the goals of our work, and our lives. I refer here, among other things, to the 'Miss Dohrn' fabrication . . ." (Four months ago, when the Learys first arrived, Cleaver let it drop that a 'Miss Dohrn' was with them, implying Bernadine not Jennifer) " . . . the Al Fatah fiasco, the blowing of my passport cover, public statements by you which violate the Philadelphia Convention, the statements of Huey, our agreements, and your own beliefs . . ."

" . . . Since September 26, in spite of numerous requests we have never been able to sit down and discuss with you what we could and should do here. Your original answer to this question was 'Do your own thing,' which to us meant live quietly and write the story of our political evolution. . ."

" . . . At the time of the invasion of our home, we were told by (Panther Field Marshal D. C. that the charges against us would be explained to us and that we could phone our deserted dinner guests. But then we were told 'There is no lawyer, no bail, and no phone call.' Since then we have not been told what actions, if any, real or imagined, on our part, or on the part of others, has provoked your irritation or led to your totally totalitarian behavior.

" . . . Will you meet with us, discuss, and set down in writing the rules, obligations, and rights under which we shall live? No human being can live in a society where rules, obligations, and rights are undefined, vaguely general, and subject to whim of authority. If the obligations are exorbitant, the rules intolerably restrictive, then we shall tell you. If our differences are so great that friendly discussions cannot resolve them, we shall notify you at once and start making arrangements to move to another country . . ."

The letter concludes: " . . . Eldridge, let us relegate our mutual dissatisfactions to the past, learn from our mistakes, and start today, January 12, 1971, to show the world a New Model of Sanity, Balance, Union, Tolerance, Sharing, Strength, and Courage."

I delivered the letter. Eldridge reacted negatively and, a few hours later, he called me into a back room of the Panther headquarters to hear a taped statement he had made, I gathered, in the interim. It is a strong rejection of the use of acid as a revolutionary instrument, and of white counter-culture mores in general. He speaks of Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, Stew Albert, Allen Ginsberg, et al as that 'silly psychedelic movement which we supported in the past because that was all we had to work with . . . we are through relating to this madness. . ."

The Learys were released on Wednesday, after four days in "jail," unharmed but puzzled, up-tight, tired, and disillusioned. Why was Cleaver dividing the radical left in America? For reasons of his own, Cleaver still wasn't talking to them, even to explain the reasons for the incarceration, although he did explain them to me in quiet, logical detail.

"Why don't you talk like this to Tim and Rosemary?" I asked him. "It would cool them out."

"I'm not interested in cooling them out," was his reply.

The following interview was two days after the "affair." It was the first time they'd talked since. Tim was quiet, listened hard, and did not engage in debate. "You don't argue with your parole officer," he pointed out. Tim's case will have more of a hearing in my next columns.

ZWERIN: Eldridge, why did you make that tape? Why did you make the "bust" public? Aren't you afraid of splitting the revolutionary movement unnecessarily?

CLEAVER: I made it public because I'm interested in pulling together what is already a fragmented movement. The trend these days is toward unity in the American revolutionary movement, and our needs, the demands of the situation are also for unity. It's my opinion that a continuation of this whole "trip" approach to the revolution, substituting magic wands and magic drugs for cold, calculating confrontation with reality is an obstacle to the further development of the unification and the strength of our movement. And it's for this reason — in order to demonstrate the fact that we're very serious when we say that we no longer want to relate to that, for this reason it was made public.

ZWERIN: Tim, now that you've been in Algeria four months, do you still feel the same about your motto "Turn on, tune in, drop out"? Would you qualify that in any way you wouldn't have before?

LEARY: I stopped talking about drugs about two years before my arrest, I haven't talked about drugs since coming to Algiers, and I have no need or desire to talk about drugs. Everything I've said or thought or wrote about drugs in already published in books, and science and history will have to deal with those theories, as they deal with all theories. The one general statement I made about drugs was that there are drugs which can put your consciousness at any level to which you want your consciousness to be put, and it's up to the person and the society to work out this control of consciousness. So that, since I've been in Algiers, and today, I would let Eldridge Cleaver talk about the use of drugs . . . how drugs can or cannot help the revolutionary struggle.

In the last four months, nobody asked me questions about drugs when they interview, or call with questions. The questions mainly concern bombs. And since Rosemary and I have been in Algiers we've concerned ourselves not with drugs but with two questions: the wise use of arms to defend freedom and Women's Liberation.

CLEAVER: I'd like to talk more about Timothy's slogan, or motto, "Turn on, tune in, and drop out." I think that all of this must be looked at within the context of time. Several years ago, as I stated on the tape in question, what Timothy was doing was very progressive, it had an uprooting effect, a jarring effect, and it was part of the long process of people turning away and rejecting the values of Babylonian society. Which was an essential, unavoidable step that had to be taken before people could move on to the other phases of destroying and rebuilding a society for us to live in. You see? And I think that Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman and Stew Albert, Allen Ginsberg . . . all down the line, this whole bag, this whole wave of people who are dealing with those values, dealing essentially with the cultural revolution in the U.S., particularly among whites . . .

ZWERIN: All of the people you mentioned are white . . .

CLEAVER: But they did have an effect on other people also, although principally on whites. The work they did was very useful work, but it's a tactical approach to a problem, see; I view what they were doing ONLY as tactical. I think it has to be categorized as a particular approach to a problem to which other people were making different approaches. You see? I think their approach was very effective at that time, but that time is gone, that work is done, and it is necessary for people to re-focus themselves for an appropriate attack on the system under the conditions that exist today. And I think the approach that is Timothy . . . I'm only loosely lumping his with Rubin and Hoffman, and so forth, loosely lumping him you see. But I think that whole spectrum of activity and behavior is passe and it needs to be definitely understood by all that it's passe, and relegated off the scene because it creates confusion, and it creates diversion and it perpetuates the divisions and factionalism in the movement that we've been talking about.

ZWERIN: Tim, you never did answer my question directly. Have you reconsidered, or in any way re-evaluated the slogan "Turn on, tune in, drop out."?

LEARY: The Mantra . . .

CLEAVER: The what?

LEARY: The Mantra . . . or slogan. I have not used that slogan for three years.

ZWERIN: You're stuck with it, I guess.

CLEAVER: But you have, Timothy. What about the button you wore when you took the trip to Lebanon? You had it on the front of your cap and I asked you to take it off

at the airport. How do you fit that into saying you haven't used the slogan in several years? That was certainly a use of it, at a very crucial moment.

LEARY: Uh . . . I saw it could be misunderstood, and took it off.

CLEAVER: That's the whole point, see? I don't know, if I should say this or wait until you ask the questions . . .

ZWERIN: No, go ahead. Let's go with the flow.

CLEAVER: The point is that, uh . . . there are many things we do that become habitual, that even become unconscious, or that even to us become irrelevant, but that have effects around you, see? and searching on the question of the bust, I had hoped somehow to penetrate, or to shake Timothy up, you know? So he could consider some of these things that he says he's through with but still somehow happen. I guess we could get more fully into it later.

LEARY: Why don't we go on with it now.

CLEAVER: But there's a question that relates to it. . . .

ZWERIN: We'll get to it. Eldridge, you said on that tape that, as a non-expert, the Learys in your opinion had blown their minds with too much acid. Has there been anything in their behavior, since they've been here that drew you to that conclusion.

CLEAVER: Yeah, I think that every aspect of their behavior is influenced by this. . . . But . . . we're dealing with behaviour that has political consequences, or that has security repercussions, and it may even be that we place the security element above the political element because the political element can always be dealt with later while the security area must be dealt with constantly and failure to do so can bring about disaster.

ZWERIN: Has anything the Learys done blown security? Or endangered security?

CLEAVER: Yes. Yes, yes. I think this is a general pattern that we're talking about. Particular incidents may seem picayune, may seem not enough to justify the drastic action taken. One of the most serious incidents in my opinion was when Timothy and Rosemary expressed the desire to go down to the desert. And I told them there were reasons why they should stick around, and not go. And there were reasons. And maybe a week later . . . I'm not sure how long, but a short time after, they made this trip. They did not tell me about it because, as they said to someone else, I probably would have stopped them from going. We're dealing not only with actions of commission, we're dealing with omission. You see? We're dealing with the contacts Timothy has made here, the confidences he has invested in certain people, whom I consider to be dangerous, it concerns loose talking to various people, statements against our Party, against our work here, it concerns racist attitudes expressed by Timothy concerning us here that create much misunderstanding, as these things are rumored about, talked about by other people, and it concerns the people, whom Timothy has had come over and see him and how they arrive here.

LEARY: The only people that we have asked to come, who were expected, were our lawyer, John Simon (of Random House), and Michael here.

ZWERIN: You said that some of the people who were to be at that dinner party were dangerous, Eldridge. Had that suspicion been communicated to Timothy? Because I understood that the Learys met all of those people either directly through you, or through people you had introduced them to.

CLEAVER: None of them did you meet through me. You had invited myself, and Malacha . . . you see, but we were not there. And the other people function in the news media. Again we reach a point that cannot be related to, on the tape, because it involves people who work for security, and who are seeking information.

ZWERIN: Well, lets leave it then. Tim, can you see in hindsight that possibly that dinner party was an error in judgment?

LEARY: Yes. Oh yeah!

CLEAVER: Not a dinner party per se. But the composition of the guests. . . . I think that Timothy will confirm that, ever since he has been here, everything that I have asked him to do in terms of restraint has been strictly political or security. Which really are the same. If there was something I asked you to do that bordered on some other area, I would like to know about it because I don't know about it.

ZWERIN: Is there anything?

LEARY: Any what?

ZWERIN: Anything Eldridge asked you to do which hasn't been connected with security.

CLEAVER: In the area of restraint. I've asked him to do other things, like reading certain material, or helping in fund



raising. But this is not of the same nature. You see . . . a lot of political capital was invested in Timothy.

ZWERIN: In what sense?

CLEAVER: . . . when we accepted him here and when we went to the length of dealing with his presence here publicly, you see? It means that the Black Panther Party took a step to enlarge the scope of our activity here. *(Here Cleaver was interrupted by a phone call.)*

ZWERIN: Tim, when I first told you about the taped statement Eldridge made, you and Rosemary, Rosemary's comment to me was that both of you feared it would split the radical left in America. Rosemary said, "He's talking to our constituency." What is your "constituency"? As opposed to Eldridge's or Rubin's?

I don't know if Rosemary said that, but if she did she was saying it with humour because we objected to somebody else using that term before and it's a household joke with Rosemary and me about people talking about their "constituency." See, there was irony there. We want to have no constituency.

ZWERIN: I think you do, whether you want them or not. There are many people who listen to what you say, and look at what you do, and follow it. Whether you like it or not. Do you see that?

LEARY: Granted.

ZWERIN: Do you think Eldridge's statement on that tape will do what he hopes it will do? Carry things forward or will it serve to splinter?

LEARY: (long silence) I don't know. I think that it's not only what we say but also what we do that is the model by which people judge our over-all contribution to the new world. When Rosemary and I came to Algiers, we came voluntarily to seek the protection of the Black Panther Party. We did it with the total hope that we would be able to join here in a new model of what we want the world to be. In a sense we were placing ourselves as citizens in the state of exile they had set up here. Did you know, Eldridge, that the day you opened up this center, I was in a car escaping from prison. The very hours that happened.

CLEAVER: Right on!

LEARY: Rosemary and I saw ourselves, in a sense, as being the first white Americans to say, as I've said publicly, that we would rather be under the protection of Huey Newton's guns than J. Edgar Hoover's guns.

CLEAVER: That's why it's so important, so very important — it's even historic — it places a great responsibility upon us to make it work.

LEARY: Right.

CLEAVER: And, just relating to what Mike said about constituencies . . . it is precisely to this constituency that I address myself. Because those who are not part of that segment have no need of this kind of statement. It is precisely those people who are in a position, and who compose the numbers, that we look toward to deliver a very powerful and crippling — even decisive — blow against the System of oppression in Babylon. And it is precisely for that reason that they must move, because the way they are dealing with it now is ultimately passive. It's not actively dismantling the System. And these people are among the army of oppressed people inside the United States who must themselves break the chains that bind them. This constituency is not an item of private property, it is a collection of people who have somehow huddled together and focused their collective social antenna upon each other, and produced certain symbols. Timothy is one expression, one embodiment, of this sentiment and this will. And he has a responsibility to be responsive, both to where those people are coming from, what he himself knows, you see, and to what the situation objectively calls for. And he knows from experience that the situation calls for a more active approach to the struggle. But he does not express this in a pure form. He still ambivalently projects an antecedent approach to the problem.

LEARY: Could you tell me more about my responsibilities and duties?

CLEAVER: Well, first of all let me say that I'm even more disillusioned now than I was at the time when I ordered you

busted. You know? And that is as a result of the letter you wrote to me. . . . when you characterized the trip to Lebanon and the gambit we took around Bernadine Dohrn as a "fiasco," it show that you don't remember what happened.

ZWERIN: Well, remember that the letter was written

under a great deal of stress, stress which you yourself put on Tim and Rosemary.

CLEAVER: Yes, certain circumstances, . . . I think that it was an expression of something that has been going on in his mind and in Rosemary's mind. . . . It was a protest against us, actually. I think it was kind of a rage, or a taprum. See? When Timothy came here, we kept him hidden for a while. . . . We had scheduled a press conference here to surface Timothy and Rosemary. It turned out that this was not possible. But the word had gotten out to the world press that he was here. And we had the necessity of deflecting that focus. This had to do with security, with securing Timothy and Rosemary's existence. Because while Tim states all the time he can go somewhere else, you see, he has other countries he can go to . . . I know that this is very perilous for him . . .

ZWERIN: That relates to another question I had. What did you mean when you told me "Tim and Rosemary are not free here"?

CLEAVER: Let me finish dealing with this. . . . when he (Tim) took the trip to Lebanon, we risked our Field Marshal, D. C., who is wanted in the U. S. on a capital charge that involves the death penalty, you see, and we risked him to see this thing through. So that when Timothy characterizes this as a "fiasco," it's an insult and it shows a complete ignorance of our situation because this is what made it possible for him to be sitting here today. Otherwise he would have been back in prison by now, in California. So I consider that to have been one of our greatest moments yet. It was actually a very well executed political maneuver; it was triumphant.

ZWERIN: How did the trip make it possible for them to stay here? I don't quite understand.

CLEAVER: Because we accomplished the fact of surfacing him without blowing our ability to function here.

ZWERIN: Tim, why did you call it a fiasco?

LEARY: I apologize for that.

CLEAVER: Well, of course it's easy to say "I apologize for that," but it does not deal with it. . . . I want Timothy to understand that world political forces and balances are shifting . . . that we have an army of agents after us. . . . (who) stop at nothing to destroy what they're ordered to destroy.

ZWERIN: It seems to me at this point that the bust is in the process of accomplishing what you wanted . . .

CLEAVER: But the principle under discussion here is not so much the bust as the statement (the tape) I released. You see? . . . I think that when I made the statement, I had in my mind the consideration of leaving room for further developments. There was nothing in the tape that said we were through with Tim and Rosemary. We're through with certain types of behavior . . .

ZWERIN: How do you feel, Tim, about Eldridge's statement on acid?

LEARY: I've already answered that. I'm not making any statements about drugs. I haven't for some time.

CLEAVER: But don't you think you must? . . . your constituency is left hanging. And if you've moved, then they need to know so that THEY can move. You see? And I think that you indicated to them in your Manifesto that you have moved, you see, but I think that they need to understand more clearly what you're saying now, what you've been saying these days about the bomb and the gun and the need for dealing like that. Those people (waiting for your clear statement) comprise sufficient numbers to liberate political prisoners, and to construct the revolutionary weapon we need to overthrow the government. . . .

See, we've received much criticism by people who already have decided to put all that behind the, who don't want to relate to that whole spectrum of activity, and they say to us: "What are you running over there in Algeria, a clown show? Why did you let Timothy stay?" But what they don't take into consideration is that Timothy has a right to come over here, and we have a duty to him, as compatriots. . . . people who come here uptight, we don't throw them to the dogs. Because the dogs are waiting.

LEARY: I didn't answer your question, Eldridge. In the last page or two of your interview with Lockwood, which is the most recent book of yours I've read, you said the main goal that we're all working for is to be under a tree with your mate and a book of poetry, to be high. But that now, we must put all that away and go down to fight for freedom, and when that is won, then go back to the tree with your mate. Is that correct?

CLEAVER: That's just a way of saying something.

LEARY: Yeah, I agree with that statement, its aim and its priorities. Completely. The number one goal is to free all prisoners of the American System and the use of any drug which will hinder in any way, even for an hour, the freeing many many prisoners, brothers and sisters, the use of any drug that will postpone their freedom for even an hour should be postponed until they are free.

CLEAVER: I agree with that. But . . . then it becomes a question that we deal with then, all right? So I'm perfectly willing to leave it there. I don't think people should have the idea that it's an unnecessary postponement . . . the fascists in Babylon think they have an indestructible System. Many of the people who are oppressed think that that is such a System. This is one of the primary feeders of the whole impulse to escape. Using acid, using drugs is a form of escape from the confrontation of something that can be dealt with. If the system could NOT be dealt with, if it was utterly impossible to deal with that system, then I would advocate the next best thing, tripping out. Trip out now. Dig it? Get what you can now because it can't be dealt with. But it CAN be dealt with.

ZWERIN: In your statement I believe you said you ex-empted marijuana when you refer to drugs. Why?

CLEAVER: I stated very precisely how we do not advocate the use of even marijuana while one is directly involved in his revolutionary work. But even revolutionaries find hours to relax and get high. The recovery period from marijuana is short not so acid. Plus, emergencies can't be dealt with. You can deal with shit when you're high on grass. These days none of our homes are secure any more. Pigs come at odd hours and kick down doors with murderous intent. I think it would be very disastrous for the pigs to visit you while you are on a trip, man, you might think it's just part of your trip. You'd never know. . . .

Timothy, just tell me, do you think the enemy would prefer you dead or alive?

LEARY: Dead.

CLEAVER: Now, if you understand that, you see . . . you know they prefer you in prison because they already put you there. Which meant that you were separated from Rosemary, whom you love. Here you're not separated from Rosemary. And even when we busted you, you see, we didn't separate you. But you have to understand that there are people who want to separate you, who want you dead and who are actively trying to bring that about. And they want Bobby Seale dead. They want Huey Newton dead. They want everybody who doesn't go along with their program either neutralized, incarcerated, or dead. They're killing people today, around the world. As we sit here talking they are murdering people. And as we sit here talking, they are working on our case. You see? And it's more useful for us to be in our work spots, trying to deal with them, than to be sitting here dealing with internal problems, problems that should already have been dealt with. It's not something we can afford to do. Well, is that about it?

ZWERIN: One more question. How can Timothy and Rosemary function with you in the future?

CLEAVER: Timothy can write. I think he understands information. And one of our primary jobs here is dissemination of information about the situation in the United States to the people of the world. Going along with that is our responsibility to send information back to the U. S. about what's happening to the people in the world. I think that Timothy should integrate himself into our work apparatus here, and begin to contribute, to put aside this isolated, individualistic approach to this problem. Not just to state, but to embody in practice the policy of all for one and one for all. Because when we stated to the Weathermen that we would deal with this, we meant that we would go down with Timothy, that if someone moved against Timothy, it would not be any different than if he moved against us. And we mean that. I know a lot of people practice one thing and preach another thing, but it's part of the Black Panther Party to match practice to preachment as best we can. I don't think I can say it any clearer. Since we have stated that we will go down with Timothy, a corollary to that is that he has a responsibility not to drag us down unnecessarily, but to help us push up. Not just sit around watching us push. And not to push in some other direction. And not even pushing in the RIGHT direction without that being part of the over-all thrust. You see? We must have a united force which can have one impact on that System.

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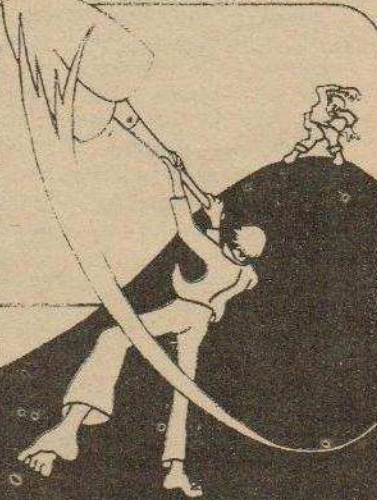
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York University CENSORED

The plans and the program and the hopes were ambitious for a relatively small and recently formed group to undertake. Despite the financial backing of the student council and the co-operation of university officialdom, many signs pointed to potential trouble for the York University Homophile Association's weekend activities.

There were rumours of a lynching mob (a group of psychology students!) and intentions to disrupt proceedings with hecklers. There were delays in getting posters ready to advertise the event and when they were put up, most

were speedily torn down by students who evidently felt threatened (why?). The city news media flatly refused to offer publicity and even a couple of bars catering to homosexuals were hostile when asked to post notices. Dr. Dickenson, a United Church minister scheduled to introduce Rev. Perry was thoughtful enough to call two hours before the start of the lectures to say that he had flu and could not attend. The film from Los Angeles was late arriving and may problems were encountered bringing it through customs. A snowstorm hit on Friday afternoon hampering travel (York University is difficult to reach at the best of times).

Nevertheless, the entire Forum turned out to be well attended and successful. Approximately 250 people listened while Rev. Perry spoke of his own experiences wrestling with the question of religion and homosexuality and explained the many diverse activities sponsored by the 15 congregations of Metropolitan Community Church. Dr. Kameny then

spoke of the legal and political aspects of the Mattachine Society's efforts to achieve acceptance of homosexuality on a par with heterosexuality and, in particular, explained the reasons behind his bid to win election to the House of Representatives in the District of Columbia as the first avowedly homosexual candidate in American history. Both guest speakers were excellent at handling questions from the audience.

Later, about 150 people enjoyed themselves at the pub and at the dance -- this was advertised as a Valentine's Day dance featuring 'Hits of the Past', not as a gay dance. Straight and gay couples danced side by side at the first dance of its kind to be held at York. The Forum resumed on Saturday, starting with interviews with Dr. Kameny and Rev. Perry filmed for broadcast over the CBC. Films were then shown which illustrated "gay pride" demonstrations in New York, Washington and Los Angeles. Everyone had an opportunity to ask questions and air their own views during the discussion groups which followed.

While it is hoped that the Forum provided inspiration to others to experience the liberation of rejecting societally imposed secrecy, fear and furtiveness, the lack of news coverage by the Toronto Press was disappointing. The news blackout surrounding the Homophile movement was not broken even though this was the first event of its kind at a Canadian University and even though the two most outstanding spokesmen for the homophile movement in North America today were both present. We do not even ask for sympathy from the media in our efforts to dispel ignorance about homosexuality through educational projects such as the recent forum. But we do insist upon everyone's right to know what is happening and upon freedom from news censorship.

does it piss you OFF?

Jan Reid

It appears to me that the Womens Liberation Movement is composed of a group of women psychologically unable to accept their role in society. They are either dykes or sexually frigid (latent homosexuals) and everyone knows that queers have deranged personalities.

At first the women's movement centred their activities around picketing of Playboy Clubs throughout North America. How silly. After all, isn't Playboy Magazine a friend of all progressive forces in North America? Look, they do interviews with Franz Fanon, Fidel Castro, Eldridge Cleaver and Bobby Seale. So what if their centrefold shows pictures of naked women and not naked men. That's just good photography. Naked men do not photograph well. I don't read Playboy for the centrefold, I read Playboy for the interviews and the writings of Norman Mailer.

Women's Liberationists have been on several occasions not only silly but downright counter-revolutionary. They took over Rat, an underground paper in New York, because they claimed that the men on Rat were extremely chauvinist. These women were obviously too puritanical to ac-

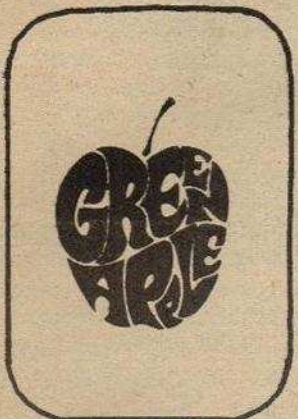
cept the liberated men working for Rat. Just because the staffs of most underground newspapers in this country are composed of men does not mean that chauvinism exists on these papers. Men are naturally better at things like editing and writing than women. Women are better at things like typing and invoicing than men.

Women's liberationists are also demanding that when men and women live together, men should do their share of the housework. This is all well and good, but again these women are just not being practical. Through their entire lives, women have been trained to do housework. It is just so inefficient for men to do housework. Women are better at it.

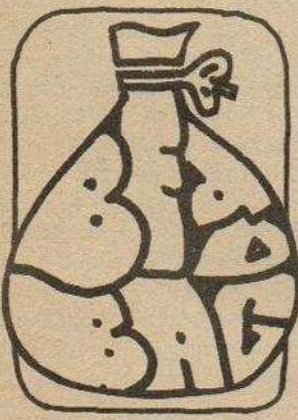
Now the women's movement is even trying to invade our bedrooms. They are claiming that the point of orgasm for women is the clitoris and not the vagina. This is just these women's way of compensating for their sexual frigidity. These women are really getting dangerous. We must find some way of quieting down these women or eliminating them. I mean, if we don't watch it all women everywhere will feel like this. And that thought makes me so S-C-A-R-E-D.

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THE BABY AS VEGETABLE What do you think when you see someone who really seems tuned into himself, oblivious to distractions around him, not saying much, and occasionally smiling or frowning? That's right, he's stoned having a private high. Well, that's what babies are into about 99% of the time. Glorious private highs. Trouble is, most people don't realize that. "Does it SEE yet?" "Does it SMILE yet?" "Does it RECOGNIZE you?" "Why is it scrunching its nose up like that?" Or when the baby is about five or six months old—"Gosh, it's becoming human." A baby usually attains the privilege of being referred to as "he" or "she" (instead of "it") at around 8 or 9 months. And it is at about that age that most grown-ups feel comfortable trying to relate to a baby—and by "grown-ups". I include sisters and brothers in the revolution, and even some parents, themselves, who still think of babies as vegetables.

Facts: Babies can distinguish tones in the first week of life. They can focus their eyes on shapes almost from the moment of birth, and get enjoyment from seeing complicated patterns. At four months, they have visual skills comparable to adults. At around three or four months, if properly stimulated, babies can learn to grasp and reach, and this opens up a whole new world for them. Babies should be treated as human beings from the moment of birth. When a baby is offered stimuli, he can be turned on to the environment and develop curiosity more easily than a baby who is treated as an invalid in a white-sheet bed all day. From the very beginning, you should talk to a baby, let him hear street noises and party noises and singing. Give him different textures to touch—swatches of material like velvet, wool, burlap, satin, a piece of sponge, tissue paper. Let him feel an ice cube. When he is lying down, make sure he doesn't have to stare at blank walls. You can make really far-out mobiles with just a little cardboard, paint, and string.

And more important, don't feel silly doing all these things. Just because a baby doesn't say "thank you" doesn't mean he is not enjoying the stimuli you provide him. Babies are so intensely into their own trip that sometimes grown-ups feel a little paranoid around them because they think they are not responding. Try to remember this next time someone asks you, "does the baby see, yet?" Resist your urge to say fuck-off, and try to explain that babies are not vegetables, just stoned.

It might make that person a better parent some day.

"Cutchy—cutchy coo, what a darling child!"

"Fuck you," says the darling child.

For the most part, children in this society are relegated to even lower status than women. Women are "attractive, beautiful, smart chicks, good mothers, good cooks, good lays," and some are even "good secretaries," and "good students" (and as for a career woman: she's a pretty good lawyer—considering she's a woman.) But children are just



CHILDRENS LIB

fat, skinny, tall, short, cute, darling.

Children over a year or two, and up to age 5 or 6, are no longer considered vegetables—but rather little puppets—playthings to be cooed and dressed up. **SHOW OFF:** "Show grandmommy how you can pata-cake."

"Show the others how you can do 'right-on.'" **PLEASE COMPETE:** "Look, your brother half finished all his spinach; why can't you be good like him?"

Most parents are truly concerned about bringing up their children to be creative, intelligent people—and that's



just the trouble! Children are ALREADY creative, intelligent people. The emphasis in child-care should be to maintain and not inhibit that creativity and intelligence. Even the most loving, well-intentioned parents can unintentionally stifle a child's enthusiasm and growth. It is a very easy trap to fall into, especially for the mother who spends all day at home with her children. If a mother gets overly hassled by household/children chaos, a child's life becomes nothing more than a series of endless do's and don'ts. All these demands placed on a child (showoff, compete, please others, do this, don't do that) could very well destroy the fresh creativity and search for knowledge, which he had to begin with, and make him insecure and resentful.

The way things now stand in our society, it is up to the mother almost exclusively to provide the optimal environment for her children (or, if she works, it is up to the babysitter). A mother must always be ready to "cope" with crying, tantrums, fighting among sisters and brothers, etc. by reasonable methods. Too much discipline is bad, and total lack of discipline is bad. Not having situations arise when discipline is needed is best of all—so try your best to be a super-mother. Try to figure out what kind of activities interest your children at different stages of growth, and help them to get involved in those activities.

If a child is learning to crawl, give him space. If he's learning to walk, move things out of the way so he won't get hurt. If he's fitting things together, provide him with lots of boxes and cans and buttons and scraps of wood and paper. Crayons, paint, paste, books, old clothes to dress up in, books, puzzles...

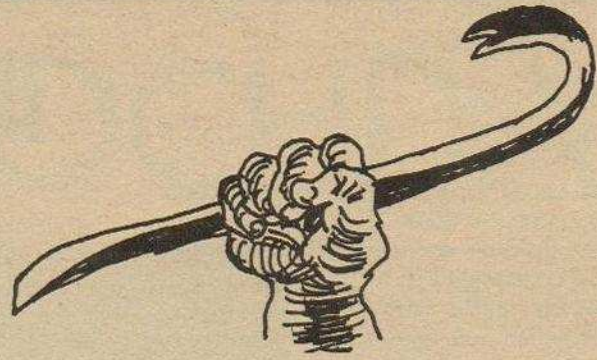
A warning: be careful of the toys and books you buy, lest you fill your child's mind with rubbish. Most toys seem innocent enough, but have you ever noticed all the real Amerikan shit on the market? Like complete make-up kits and manicure sets for little girls (pink, of course) or war games for little boys which say in subtle ways: cowboys=good, Indians=bad, or soldiers=brave, honest-true-good, slant eyes=bad. I almost bought what I thought was a really nice toy the other day—a miniature VW camper, with lots of movable parts and people which fit inside—until I saw that the camper was furnished with a television set—in colour.

Be even more careful with books. Avoid the following: anything having to do with Dick and Jane, or hyping the Amerikan family; token integration books in which one or two blacks play with children of the typical Amerikan family. Well-illustrated picture-books are good for very small children. Once they can follow a story-line, try to pick books which have something to do with the concepts and emotions which children experience. Don't be afraid of books which are sad, or "scary." They really help kids to work things out. Two of the farthest out books I know for children (and adults) are "Moon Man" and "Where the Wild Things Are."

One final word about how we can relate to children. Just because a child seems lively and playful, don't think the ONLY way you can relate to him is by playing silly, energetic games (tickling, chasing, bouncing, throwing up in the air, etc.) Some of this is fun for you and the child, but too often grown-ups do it just because it seems to be the easiest way to get along. Just remember that even before children are able to talk, they can understand lots. So try finding out what makes them tick by relating to the ideas that are going on in their minds. You'll find that you can have some of the best natural highs ever by just getting into the world of the child.

Reprinted from
The Chicago Seed

LAWRENCE'S CROWBAR



Postulate One

A crowbar is an idea. If I attempt to lift a heavy rock by putting my arms under it and heaving, all I will get is a hernia. If someone hands me an iron bar, the result will be the same if I don't know what to do with it. If I do know, then I won't wait for someone to hand it to me, because I can hunt up a two by four or something on my own. A crowbar is an idea.

The focal point of modern capitalist production is the assembly line. At first glance the assembly line appears to be a huge apparatus of conveyors and travelling cranes. It is not. Henry Ford's first assembly line at Dearborn was simply a floor. It was different from other floors only in the way it was used. Instead of dividing the floor among work crews, each building a complete automobile, Ford put his first crew, in one area, assembling chassis. As each chassis was complete, it was mounted on a dolly and towed by hand to the next area where the floor boards were installed, and so on. This line was the direct ancestor of all subsequent car assembly lines. All that has been added is the fancy machinery. An assembly line is an idea.

Postulate Two

To win, you've got to be smarter than your enemy. Tucking a copy of Capital under your arm and trudging off to the backwoods of China, where the distances from the central government are great, and made greater by poor communication, is a crude and direct method of attack. It worked against a crude and direct enemy, but it involved twenty odd years of civil war.

Landing a boatful of men in Oriente province is likewise a crude and direct method of making a revolution. It was considerably more sophisticated, however than the usual style of Latin American revolutions, which involve storming the presidential palace at dawn. Batista's boys were perfectly well equipped to take care of raids on the palace, or an army barracks, for that matter. They were not sophisticated enough to deal with guerrilla warfare.

Crude and direct tactics will win over an opponent whose tactics are even cruder and directer. Our enemy is sophisticated and devious.

Historical Note

When the Arab revolt against the Turks broke out in 1916, the Sherif of Mecca, leader of the revolt, held Mecca and the ports of Jidda and Yenbo. The Turks held Medina and the ports of Wejj and Akaba. They had small posts along the Hejaz Railroad and the occasional patrol wandering through the desert. The British and French, at war with the Turks, were in Suez.

The crude and direct method of getting the Turks out of Arabia, militarily orthodox at the time, was to land a mixed British and French expeditionary force at Jidda or Yenbo, march overland, and take Medina by storm. Lawrence, who was on liaison duty from the British to the Sherif's forces, held the ideal of Arab nationalism as strongly as did the Meccans. He saw that such a course would simply mean that the Arabs would have traded the Turks for the British or French.

But Medina was strongly held by Turkish regulars in entrenched positions. The mobile and ferociously individualistic desert Arabs could not have taken that city without prohibitive losses.

Instead he used a crowbar. The bar was forged by the Meccan leaders. In endless days sitting in conferences around their coffee hearths in the desert with the leaders of the desert clans and tribes, they ironed out the disputes, jealousies and blood-feuds which had kept Arabs divided and subject to the Turks for so long.

The idea, the leverage, was Arab nationalism. In order to hold a province, it was sufficient that the people of that province be prepared to die for it. If this was accomplished, the actual presence or absence of Turkish troops made little difference.

They had the tool, and the idea of its use. Instead of attacking Medina, they moved their great horde on a two week march up the coast to Wejj. Having met with no opposition on the way, they knew that the desert was theirs. From then on the Turks were confined to their one strong point, and the railroad that fed it.

But this strong point was also the Turk's weakest point. In order to maintain the defences of Medina at strength to prevent attack, they had to

tie up all their men who were not guarding the railway, within the city itself. In order to keep repairing the railway when the Arabs kept blowing it up, the railway patrols were forced to keep to the track and not divide their attention patrolling the desert. Thus, 99% of the area of Arabia was left free of Turks.

Unity among the Arabs and a correct appraisal of the situation, left Lawrence and the Meccan leaders in complete control of the country. When they undertook to march six hundred miles to assault Akaba, two months on the march, they encountered no resistance at all. During the whole war, up to the taking of Damascus in 1918, their casualty list numbered less than four hundred, because they systematically avoided entering into open battle with the enemy. To have done so would be to meet the enemy on his own terms. They were smarter.

Conclusion One

Among the most obvious, (and disgusting) features of American imperialism are the car and Coca-Cola. Nine of the ten largest corporations are concerned with making cars, gasoline, or tires. In an era of GM, Esso, and Coke, it is impossible to keep the people from possessing great striking mobility, bottles and gasoline. But a Molotov cocktail is hardware. Without knowing the right way to apply it, it is useless.

Conclusion Two

Capitalism is built upon methods of organization. Organization depends upon the flow of data. The population as a whole has become very sophisticated about organizing and transmitting data. There is nobody on the left, I hope, who is not capable of organizing a telephone tree. Theoretically, a telephone tree can take in the entire world. If I spoke mandarin, and if I knew the proper incantations to clear the bureaucratic middlemen out of the way, I could pick up the phone and talk to Mao Tse Tung. Bell Telephone has given us the power of instant mobilization of the entire populace. Xerox and the mimeograph have given us cheap, fast, voluminous propaganda.

Similar instances could be multiplied endlessly. The computer age version of the phone strike could bring the whole thing to a halt.

Conclusion Three

The best practicing psychologists going are the boys who work for the big advertizing agencies. These are men who have evolved techniques for getting people to do things, and to do them because they want to do them. These techniques work, on a statistically predictable basis. The left, as a whole, has shown that it hasn't a clue about these things. These are tools that we are going to have to learn to use, and damn quickly. Propaganda methods suitable for a desert camp don't go here.

Conclusion Four

Even given that we learn to use the tools of propaganda to their fullest extent, and all the other tools that the enemy has given us, the place where we really fall down is in the idea. Simple demands of full employment, medicare, higher wages and so on, are crude, direct appeals. The enemy is sophisticated and devious. He will use force to deal with local uprisings, and to contain them. But then he will go on to alleviate the conditions that brought them about, not completely, but enough to turn down the heat and keep things from boiling over. And this will be done without threatening the existing capitalist power structure in the slightest.

I make a free hand prediction that Quebec will get its hundred thousand new jobs. It may be that this will be done by forming a lot of state corporations, but don't get your hopes up. State owned industries can go public on the drop of a hat. The British coal and steel industries go back and forth with every change of government.

The enemy's strong points and weak points, viewed from the correct side, will turn out to be the same. This is Lawrence's crowbar. Does anybody have an idea?

Nero Rossi



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A Pure Case of Exploitation,
... BLUE COLLAR LTD ... 187 QUEEN ST' EAST ...

One of the Militant Co-op's aims, in their recent brief, handed to Metro Council on unemployment and submitted by our unemployment committee, called for the "COMPLETE ABOLISHMENT OF PRIVATE EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES."

It is our view as principled trade unionists and concerned people and members of the unemployed, that the private employment agencies, such as the above mentioned "BLUE COLLAR LTD." are nothing more than unscrupulous, unprincipled exploiters of the working ppeople of our country ... the fact, that they are even allowed to exist, is ample proof that this policy is TORY condoned and TORY accepted.

In their scheme of things, to the Robarts, the Bales and the other mealy mouthed, wily conservative politicians, the WORKING MEN AND WOMEN of Ontario, are to be manipulated and used, ignored until election time where they are manipulated and used once again and then if necessary to be thrown away.

The Tories WERE, "ARE NOW AND WILL ALWAYS BE" the natural enemy of labour be it organized or non-organized. As the political arm of big business, they have to be and their passing of anti-labour bills as BILL 167 only prove my point.

As for the "BLUE COLLAR LTD" and the other "SWEAT SHOP PIMPS" who pander not women's bodies but the sweat and blood of other men, this is only further evidence, how the Tories forsake and neglect the majority of our citizens and condone this bullshit as so called free enterprise.

Take for instance, a guy I call Mr. S. He works for the "Blue Collar" at 187 Queen St. E. as a casual labourer.

Like a rented truck or a prostitute, he's contracted out on a day to day basis, to various firms around town ... usually to do some form of arduous physical labour, that very often other men would not do.

His day usually begins at 6 A.M. when he shows up at 187 Queen St. where he waits in turn for a job to materialize.

Sometimes he waits for one hour ... sometimes he waits five ... sometimes he waits all day.

A job may or may not occur. His pay doesn't start, till it does.

His wages are always uniform ... \$1.55 an hour. No more, no less ... while the contract price on his sweat and his blood to his employer is THREE BUCKS PER HOUR and up for his services.

Almost 100 percent per hour ... like its really hard to believe, a kind of legal Mafia - kickback - Canadian coolie routine - that's got to be a real inducement for any man to jump with both hands on welfare.

Jump, maybe leap and who can blame him or any other man or woman, for climbing on the sagging welfare rolls, when you have a stinking provincial government that makes the minimum wage a sousy, stinking BUCK AND A HALF per hour and opens the door for the sweat shop pimps to grease hand their stinking existence ...

Bear's Lair



AND, THE WORKING CLASS AND THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON !!

Figure it ... LAY IT OUT REAL PLAIN ... take thirty guys - keep twenty five working - pick up a buck and a half per average even an eight hour day, that's twenty five times twelve bucks - baby, that's three bills a day and fifteen bills a week.

Overhead: you need a phone, some connections and a run down joint you can pick up for a bill and a quarter a month, maybe the odd bottle here and there.

One week, Mr. S. made a little over 70 bucks in a very good week (that wa gross of course, his net was under 60), other weeks, he's picked up forty, forty-five, sometimes twenty and once and awhile he grabs a zero.

After talking to Mr. S. for some time, I was impressed with the man's durability to life; the day I ran into him, after slugging off bags of peanuts that weighed a hundred and thirty pounds per bag, he sat down to a lunch of one cooking onion and two slices of bread and margarine, and though it was cold, he had no gloves and only a summer jacket with a hole in the elbow.

But he still offered me his stale tobacco and papers and he still had enough humour in him to laugh at my stale Sudbury joke and when asked why didn't he go on welfare, Mr. S. merely shrugged his shoulders, looked at me a little bitterly and replied, quote:

"I dunno, some kind of pride, I guess".

And in conclusion, t you specifically Mr. S. and to all those like you, I wish to direct the following: my

amateurish words are not GOING to pay your rent or put food in your gut. Perhaps, in time, if enough of us keep kicking and scratching the "Blue Collar" and all those shameful exploitative establishments will cease to exist. But, here and now, if I had to make a choice of what gives our country any kind of greatness, I would take you, with your hole in the sleeve of your jacket over all the Robarts, the RAndalls, the Agnews and the Bales and all those other hypocrites and tightropers and doubletalkers, that infest our land, either in spirit or thru intermediaries. But someday Mr. S., someday ...

DEMONSTRATION

On Feb.20th, THE MILITANT CO-OP came out on attack against VOLKSWAGON at Caledonia and Eglinton in support of Wayne Payne, who recently got SHAFTED in the purchase of a '65 vehicle for \$1200.

This was the third time around for VOLKSWAGON and it proved successful, for Wayne Payne, VOLKSWAGON threw in the towel.

Such is the power of people, WHEN THEY STICK TOGETHER.

ON THE BRICKS

The Consumer Gas strike is over after 94 days. Trane ... As of this writing, this U.E. local 512 strike is still in progress. Any support would be gratefully received. Please be advised that CHARMAN CARTAGE are scabbing.

WESTERN Freight Lines

For years, the management of Western Freight Lines have been trying to give it to Ron Poulton, one of their stewards. Last week, they tried again and the Militant Co-Op came out in support and threw up a picket line.

Ron Poulton WENT BACK TO WORK.

TOMLINSON FOUNDRY

It is rather ironical, to see Mayor Dennison, and Metro Council come out with a meeting on unemployment on Tuesday. Then on Wednesday take away a tender by Tomlinson Foundry for the sake of 52 lousy bucks and give it to a firm in Hamilton.

BEAR'S DICTIONARY

R ... is for the race,
the race, that's never won,
even though, we run ... and run ... and run,
yet even though, the race is never won,
we still continue to destroy ourselves,
with power, envy, hatred and the gun.
R ... is for the race,
the race, that's never won
even though we run ... and run ... and run.

THE MAIL BOX

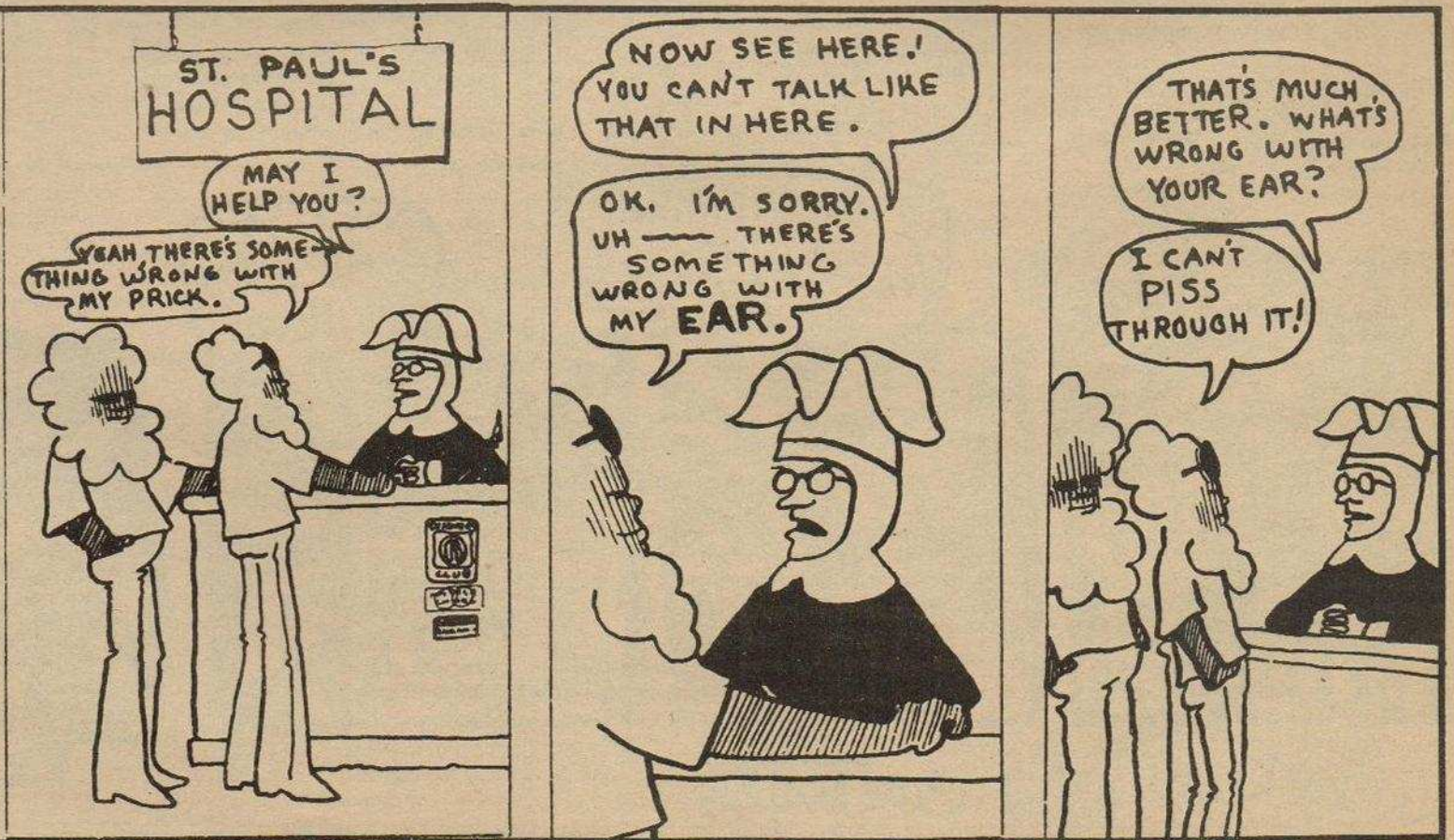
Dear Mr. Longley, Feb.19th

Though, I quite often do not agree with your column, I still enjoy your sincerely. It's much needed in these times.

Also the natural childbi.th article was quite informative and challenging. Please convey my regards.

Sincerely,
A.G.M. WORKER

THE CONTINUING STORY OF **DOG**
JAY GAULDING & DENNIS HARPER



THEATRE

THEATRE IN TORONTO

Six evenings of Toronto theatre within ten days leave behind uneasy impressions — of possibilities caught precariously in the balance; of vivid moments fired up despite radical shortcomings of text, direction and acting ability; above all, perhaps, of the mud you have to wade through to get a touch of that fire.

Nothing pointed this up more clearly last week than two double bills, one containing *SNAILS* and *CREEPS*, two plays still in performance at Factory Theatre Lab, and the other *DRACULA III* and *L'HISTOIRE DU SOLDAT*, the final offering from Renaissance '71 at the MacMillan Theatre. In both cases one toiled through an hour of clichéd, self-indulgent agonizing before being allowed to recognize that the evening had other standards to offer — the old Toronto promise, no doubt, that penance and suffering are essential ingredients to any form of enjoyment. It was not surprising that a third of both audiences left at the interval, no doubt resolved to trust to a movie next time. Toronto theatre is in a precarious enough state without needing to hide away its valuables that discretely. In both cases, the failures involved original plays, and it was the plays themselves that were at fault, so much so that one felt acutely embarrassed for the actors involved, that so much energy could be wasted in saying so little. It is also perhaps not a coincidence that Renaissance '71 was responsible for introducing these plays to the stage; it would therefore be convenient to blame them for the dearth of material this time around (they have, after all, been blamed for so much else), and one can but fervently hope that such a low standard of original work never reappears on the Toronto stage.

In this context, the leap from *SNAILS* to *CREEPS* — a new play by David Freeman and not under the auspices of Renaissance '71 — is quite remarkable. In this play the washroom of a sheltered workshop for palsy victims becomes a haven of escape and a conference room for its inmates. They gather, perform their natural functions, expose themselves in their own distinctive ways, and in amongst all this awkwardness and lack of coordination attempt to come to terms with what it means to be a cripple among cripples within an environment only created for them and around them, a world self-enclosed and self-perpetuating that prevents exposure to the abuse of so-called normal people. Escape is planned by two of them, but their boss, one of those normal

people, storms in upon their privacy and twists them back into a perspective of reason and order. The sustained quality of the acting gives the play every support, the ability of each member of the cast to create a tension between his inner weakness or strength and his physical defect.

Although one was tempted to leave after *SNAILS*, not so after *DRACULA III* with the promise of the Toronto Dance Theatre. Over the past three years they have developed an extraordinarily high standard of performance and remain, with little competition as yet, Toronto's one claim to an international artistic reputation. The joy on Sunday night at the MacMillan Theatre was to see them exploring beyond the disciplined forms of modern dance and showing for the first time clear talent for acting, mime and improvisation. In their performance of Stravinsky's *L'HISTOIRE DU SOLDAT*, three members of the company, Keith Urban, David Earle and Helen Jones combined dance, voice and mime with an evocative freedom that allowed for swift changes of character, costume and scene in close harmony with the altering moods of the musical score. It is interesting that they, although only on the fringe of drama, have so much to teach Toronto theatre groups — not only in movement which is their field, but equally so in economy of effect and nuance of timing.

Despite the success of *CREEPS*, Factory Theatre Lab gave no impression of existing as a laboratory theatre; the play is presented in a conventional manner, and even though stage and proscenium arch are not a part of their environment, they might just as well have been for the kind of theatre they offered. Walking into Studio Lab, though, is another thing altogether; there is a fine atmosphere of experiment and informality about this place, helped by the strong rapport developed between performers and audience. An actor on his way backstage makes it clear he is pleased to see you and the audience are an essential part of the spirit of each performance that no doubt varies accordingly every night. Unfortunately, they haven't quite got it all together. Their show, *THE BROTHERS*, a very free adaptation of *TERENCE*, is so free-wheeling as to lack any kind of edge or control; this seems partly due to inexperience in the acting field and partly an inability to decide how much set text is necessary. Also the whole evening is presented in terms of a vaudeville with the minimum of story line, and for this reason, it needs repeated injections of energy to sustain life and interest. There IS much of interest, too, particularly in a continuing exchange of sexual roles — transvestite striptease, crotchety father transformed into topos beauty, simpering pregnant daughter into high time wrest-

ler — all requiring remarkably adaptable acting powers that were not often shown. The actors also do not seem to be aware of the extent of artistic skill needed to make an audience willing participators; seduce them first and involve them afterwards is the key, and powers of seduction were wanting despite the will.

Theatre Passe Muraille's new production of *VAMPYR* makes a curious contrast to this. Studio Lab have a long way to go (and it might be generous of Canada Council to allow them this chance when so much is floated off to far less outward looking theatre organizations such as St. Lawrence Centre and Toronto Workshop Productions); Passe Muraille have a long way to go also, but they have already travelled a long distance and now show an almost Grotowski-like discipline and severity that Studio Lab would do well to learn from despite their difference of approach. This increased tightness and group commitment promises potential for greater depth of range, suggested already through the subject of their new play. Its strongest effect lies in its simplicity, the struggle for mastery of three nuns between the physicality of a vampire and the spiritual aspirations of a priest. Now in the world of vampires one is treading shaky ground (already disastrously demonstrated by Martin Brenzell's version of *DRACULA*); there looms close the world of horror movies, of comic strips and all that is or was camp. There is certainly no pretentious soul-searching in the Passe Muraille version, but there is a lack of conviction in the contest between priest and vampire — a lack of conviction and too much verbiage which, in combination, tempt laughter and touch on the possibility of parody. This is clearly not intended, particularly as the power struggle reaches its climax in gore and crucifixion; but in this case the whole role of priesthood has to convey itself through and beyond a generation of unbelievers, and the actor as priest must convince his audience that exorcism can still be sufficiently terrifying (not in any way a gimmick) to reduce humanity to a hysterical pitch of fear. Remarkable performances by the women as victims, however, and it is their conversion that pulls the evening through and not the male struggle for power.

With *CREEPS*, *L'HISTOIRE DU SOLDAT* and *VAMPYR* presented as open possibilities, TWP's *THE HOSTAGE* and Hart House's *THE INSECT PLAY* can only be seen, in reversal, as blocks to the imagination. Of all the plays seen they are the only two to be confined to a recognized text; but this text does not have to be confining, and it only is so if it lets the given language take control of production and set limits to further exploration. In *THE HOSTAGE* one is so beset with contradictions that no out-

ward direction is ever clearly pointed: an opening improvisation on aircraft hi-jacking moves straight into a traditional song and dance in an Irish rooming house, which rooming house is apparently of doubtful repute and yet is surrounded in strangely clean floral decorations. It has been an unfortunate habit of TWP productions (*CHICAGO 70* was a classic example) to turn bitterness and anger into relatively harmless comedy, and the same problem lies here: there is oppression and death, but one is left wondering what it all adds up to within the comic surface. *THE INSECT PLAY*, unlike *THE HOSTAGE*, is doubtfully relevant at the best of times. It is a Czech allegory of human greed and selfishness conveyed through the worlds of mindless butterflies, acquisitive beetles and murderous ants and brought to a climax through the violent death of a harmless tramp who has been our medium into the insect world. With maximum energy and economy the play could be savage and brutal; this would appear to be its only hope of success, but the Hart House Production (as with so much that goes on there) is all costumes, colour and set. Above all it goes totally against the root force of theatre, the fact that one can become a butterfly, a beetle, a snail, a monster, a chair without elaborately designed costume, coloured lighting or the agonies of speech — isn't that what theatre is all about? That at least is where it has to start and if the effects are to be added let them grow from the inside, form the initial transformation in terms of Artaud's concept of theatre as mystery and ritual, and not in terms of ornamentation and frills.

It is this sense of growth from the inside — the inventive improvisation of the Toronto Dance Theatre, the searching of David Freeman's play, the commitment of Passe Muraille, the intimacy of Studio Lab — that has to be fostered so that it can find its way through the outer obstacles that surround it. Not the least of these obstacles is Leon Major's insistence from the St. Lawrence Centre that good theatre cannot do without large sums of money. Clearly no theatre group can exist without money, but the spirit and commitment come first and have to be proven and tempered before substantial financial backing has any meaning at all. Even so, money does not create commitment and can often destroy what has been already created, — it is well known by now that money and theatre has proved a sour combination in Toronto. The hope then lies in the ingenuity and the inventiveness of the smaller theatres, despite their growing pains and weaknesses, and maybe the history of Toronto theatre shows that they would do well to remain in relative poverty, and let their spirit, and not the St. Lawrence chaos, keep the city's drama alive.

Stephen Martineau

FILM

FILM BUFFoonery

Lloyd Chesley

CINEMALUMIERE 290 College at Spadina Daily at 7 and 9.30 Sunday 4.30 & 7.00 March 1-6. Another fine Japanese film, *Woman of the Dunes*, which gives us a further chance to expand our awareness of a film industry worthy of but lacking, much attention.

March 7. *SUNDAYS & CYBELE*, a classic french film of the sixties that is almost forgotten these days, probably outshone by the brighter light of the New Wave; simple and beautiful.

March 8 & 9. Claude Chabrol is a fantastic thriller director with about the most accomplished colour sense in films today, and a gritty touch for the beautiful in the horrible; *LES BICHES* is one of his later films, just before he started getting recognition.

March 10 & 11. With characters named Don Siegal and Richard Widmark this Godard film could only be *MADE IN U.S.A.*; it combines the elements of the american detective film with an examination of politics; starring Anna Karina and Jean-Pierre Leaud, it should be an interesting comparison with his work with Truffaut in *Bed and Board*.

March 12-16. The film that brought Chabrol proper recognition finally was last year's *LA*

FEMME INFIDELE; it deserves all the praise it got. (Come to think of it, more, even).

March 17 & 18. From the subject of U.S.A. we move to Godard and Paris, in his *TWO OR THREE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT HER*, which I witnessed being enjoyed by a friend who hates Godard.

INNIS COLLEGE FILM SOCIETY, University College, Room 104 at 8.00

March 8. *TWO OR THREE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT HER*, Godard's film essay on film and the necessity of prostituting oneself to live in a society. March 15. Antonioni's *IL GRIDO*, one of his earliest films; tracing backwards, this means it should be one of his most self-indulgent but richer works, his last films being the exact opposite of that.

ONTARIO FILM THEATRE Ontario Science Centre, Don Mills at Eglinton. 7.30

One of the classic french directors, and one of the greatest directors of all time, was Rene Clair whose career went from the twenties to the fifties. Having a light touch like noone else, he made films that oozed

charm and delight, movies you can't help but enjoy. As an innovator, he was with the Paris intellectuals making experimental films in the twenties and made *ENTR'ACTE*, one of the wittiest turned out. When sound came in he helped liberate the camera in Europe as Mamoulian was doing in Hollywood. The *OFT* is running five double features honouring Clair. All should be great fun.

LE MILLION a whacky and fun filled nonsense operetta that seems to combine the Lubitsch touch with the Marx Brothers stomp. The french are particularly adept at filming legends and fairy tales. *LA BEAUTE DU DIABLE* is Clair's version of Faust.

March 16. *A NOUS LA LIBERTE*, an early street film about the people, living, loving and working. As famous and fine as *UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS*; more fantasy and comedy as dreams and life come together for an amorous composer in *BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT*.

PANDORAS MOVIE BOX, 191 Lipincott Street (one block E of Bathurst, 2 North of College) at 7 and 9.15

March 10. A cartoon by the celebrated

Hubleys (who did the old 'I want my Mapo' commercial) and Busby Berkeley's extravaganza *42nd STREET*, with Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler and a million ugly chorus girls moving in incredible patterns and dances.

March 17. Three short films from the early careers of Charlie Chaplin, Harry Langdon and W.C. Fields, comedians of popularity and talent everyone is aware of (respectively - *A KID AT THE AUTO RACES*, *ALL NIGHT LONG* and *THE OLD FASHIONED WAY*).

On March 6, Cinecity has a showing at midnight of *STOLEN KISSES*, Truffaut's second brilliant work in the Antoine Doinel trilogy, the film preceding *BED AND BOARD*. If you want some fun, watch for when the Cinema shows *MARCO POLO*. It's gonna be silly, but with Gary Cooper as the good guy, Basil Rathbone as the villain (oh, boy) and Alan Hale there-for good luck, you gotta have a great time as long as you accept it on its own level as great adventure: that is all it wants to be and, like films like *THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD*, that's all we should ask for considering how well they do it.

RECORDS



ROCK AND ROLL IS HERE TO STAY
Sha Na Na
Kama Sutra
KSBS 2010

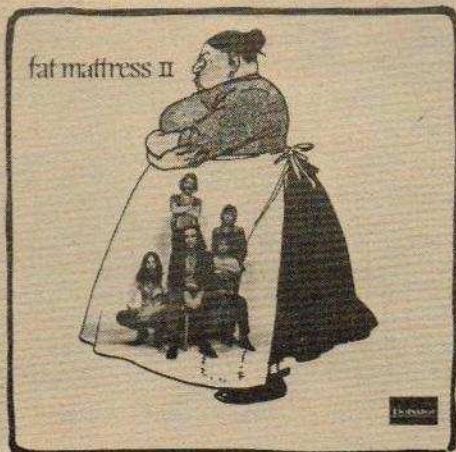
Sha Na Na is, of course, the fine stage act that deals solely with the pop music of the late '50s. So, given an album of theirs, what should one expect but say 14 hit parade hits dating from 1956 to 1959? The group is strictly one-dimensional, an act, like the New Vaudeville Band. They have this funny joke and they're going to concentrate on it.

The surprising thing is how pleasant the album is. Its lovingly and tastefully produced and Sha Na Na sing straight, without a smirk. The songs aren't speeded up in delivery as they are for the group's stage appearances, but done in proper tempo. It's a faithful, un hypocritical treatment of banal material. It's impressive how much true nostalgia it creates. (And one should judge mostly the nostalgia in reviewing the album. It doesn't pay to start mentioning things like - excellent humming on "A Teenager in Love".

If you have ever been cornered by an old '50s freak who lovingly hauls out a stack of 45s to let you share the enchantment, you know how seeing somebody taking old rock music seriously can look depressing. But Sha Na Na perform superiorly to the originals and when heard in stereo in a dark room even "Book of Love" can be most soothing and likeable. All the lush choral work, the prolonged oohs and aaahs, the legacy of '40s music on early rock, don't grind too badly on the ear. One pitfall is avoided in not performing any songs by Paul Anka. And, as an extra for that '50s freak, some valuable (that is, trivial) background information on each of the 14 songs is included on the album jacket.

The question has now been answered. If Sha Na Na started doing their songs straight instead of for laughs, what would the listener be left with? The best record of 1959.

Doug Goodeve



FAT MATTRESS II
Polydor
2383025

After Noel Redding's first album with the "Fat Mattress", I think a lot of people gave up on the act, including myself, especially when I saw the album hit the dollar ninety rock in Sam's. "Fat Mattress II" seems to shed a lot of light on the group now. It shows a vast improvement. Mr. Redding has finally shown how good a guitarist he really is. He travels through accoustices and melodic notes to some good dirt heavy riffs. There is some good driving material also, and some beautiful harmonizing, mixing well with Chris Woods dynamite flute playing such as I haven't heard in a long while. On side two there is a Moog Synthesizer used rather well for some pleasing floating sounds. It just strikes me as nice to hear an album that lacks in every cut, something you hear too much of these days. This album is different and I think Noel Redding has some promising things in store. I really fail to find anything boring or displeasing on this disc. If you dug Noel Redding's first, you'll really dig "Fat Mattress II".

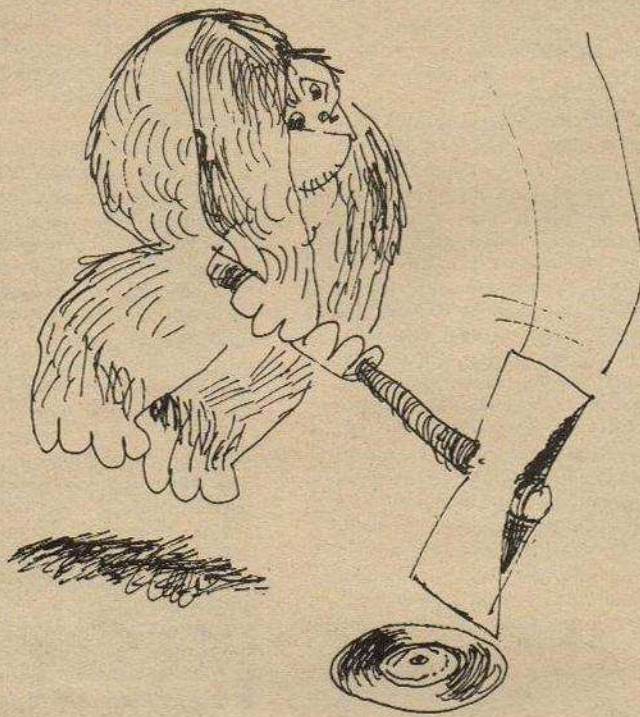
P.S. Listen to the lyrics.

DAVE



PEARL
Janis Joplin
Columbia KC 30322

What can you say about Janis? She put her heart and soul into her music and opened herself up to everyone who took the time to listen. She was the unofficial queen of rock music, whose private life was closely followed by everyone. Everyman's woman who drank a fifth of Southern



Comfort every day and along with Big Brother blasted her way into our hearts on 'Cheap Thrills'.

Janis was working on 'Pearl' at the time of her death and although it's said that some of the tracks are unfinished, the album is still Janis Joplin at her best.

Recovering from the mild set-back of 'Kozmic Blues' which was an inevitable letdown after 'Cheap Thrills', Janis put together the Full Tilt Boogie Band and went to work on this album.

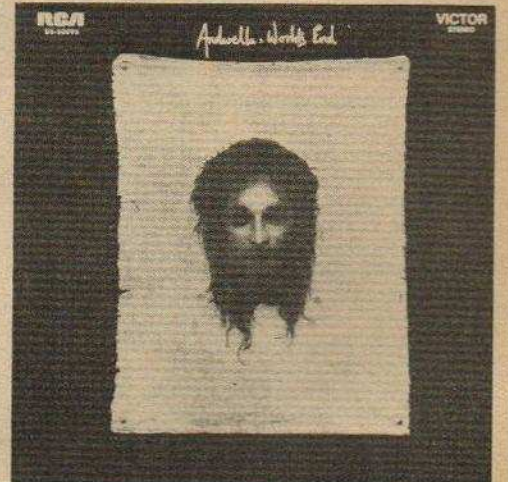
The reworking of the band made all the difference in the world. She no longer dwarfs them as she did on 'Kozmic Blues' and they in turn provide that much needed support for Janis' raunchy uncontrolled style of presentation.

This album is, of course, a studio album, and much more controlled than the spontaneous excitement of 'Cheap Thrills', but there is also a maturity here which is definitely a musical step beyond where she was with Big Brother.

She is really together with the Full Tilt Boogie Band and on such cuts as 'Cry Baby' and 'Get it While You Can' she is that White Mama, flaming torch singer of old. Man, she can really put it down!

There might be some more albums forthcoming from Columbia, presumably tapes of some of her live performances. Until then this album is a fine memorial to one of the greatest female singers rock has ever produced.

Bill



WORLD'S END
Andwella
RCA DS-50095

There's still some very fine things happening musically in England these days, as Andwella, a new group from 'over there', easily proves.

One of the never ending streams of bright young groups coming out of England lately, they still manage to achieve a fresh, original sound and this greatly improves their chances of possibly achieving some popular recognition.

Andwella is a four man group led by David Lewis who is the solid backbone of the group. It is his lead vocal and original piano work which gives the group its distinctive sound, as well as writing all the cuts on the album but one.

Andwella attains a clean uncomplicated sound, very pleasant to listen to. That is not to say that the music is overly simple. There are plenty of excellent horn and violin orchestration overdubs which fit beautifully into the album.

The hand percussion at times gives them a Santanaish sound without the heavy guitar pieces. This is a great album and one you should make a point of listening to. If this one's a success maybe we'll get something else as good or better from them.

Bill

HEAD WEST
Vogue, UCM 6042

Here is a collection of rockin soul music from three fairly talented musicians; organist, drummer, guitarist. Rockin Soul is the best description I can think of for the group. There is sort of a link of Sly and Rare Earth in their styles, though it differs greatly throughout the album. Some hard driving rock comes through in a few cuts. I have never heard of "Head West" before, but their music offers something worth getting into. I would like to find out more about them, the organist is somewhat reminiscent of Booker T and Lee Michaels.

David

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MUSIC

For about a decade now Luke Gibson has been a respected member of Canada's rock community. He's the Luke of Luke and the Apostles in their two existences and a member of the Kensington Market, probably Toronto's most lamented rock band of the past. He's working alone now, just a single, practically a folkie. Last weekend he was at Meat and Potatoes, which experimented throughout February with a change in policy to folk and blues.

But wait a minute. Since when does folk and blues mean Luke Gibson? Luke just last year, amid much fanfare, re-formed the Apostles to play hard, pulsing rock. Luke used to do those Mick Jagger moves, the special dances, prance on the front of the stage, put down his guitar and whip audiences around in gestures, Jim Morrison style. Now he walks on unannounced, plays his acoustic guitar sitting down with his legs crossed, and strives for earnest, quiet communication with the intimate-style folk audiences.

Why did he drop out of bands? What broke up the Apostles and the Market?

"Well," says Luke, "it's hard to say. The Apostles (of 1970) was just a mistake. The music was too loud. It was hurting my ears. Every one was making like Hendrix. I do love to work with people but that thing doesn't go down anymore."

So rather than struggle on with the band Luke left it and went to live in the growing commune area of Killaloe, up near the Ottawa River Valley. In that harsh country he bought a farm and, in the hard work it takes to even survive there, began to pull his head together. Now he's back with a full beard and an old jersey with a big number seven on it singing melancholy, intense melodies in a quiet voice. No more screaming instead of singing. Now, he says, he's found himself, become gentler, and left electric



LUKE GIBSON

music behind. He's starting at the bottom, more or less, in the few small clubs in Toronto and Southern Ontario, performing for peanuts compared to his former, rock band income.

"It's a change I really needed to make," he says.

Now I for one have never seen anything all that unattractive in the life of a rock performer, when compared to the lives the rest of us have to lead. I've often been doubtful about the cynicism musicians themselves express about the rock business. Rolling Stone, for example, will serve up in each issue the standard 2/3 super-hype bullshit, and then add another 1/3 of "weariness" quotes from various big names. I was especially put off by the three or four dozen stories on Dylan rejecting it all to become a country rube. Now, says Bob, he just likes to stay at home and dig the land, and presumably sit around the local gas station on Saturday nights and drink

soda pop.

But, in talking to Luke Gibson, I got an idea of what a colossal mindfuck the music world can be. Drugs are one of the overwhelming factors. People start snorting coke to play better, and it works, because they do play better on it, but it starts things spinning. The travelling and the unending ego struggles are also things that grind you down. A lot of musicians become insecure about improving their talents and staying on top if they're successful, or of rising above the literally hundreds of other bands in competition with them. Finding yourself in front of, in control of a whipped-up, frenzied crowd is another unreal situation.

"It's like being on a ride in a spaceship," said Luke. "You want to escape."

I began to see how people like Hendrix and Joplin could kill themselves by letting it all get to them. This is

what makes musicians, especially when they are veterans in that kind of scene, want to retreat to the country, rustic life just to sort of dry out.

This is what Luke did after the Kensington Market broke up a couple of years ago. It was a massive downer.

"It took me about a year to recover from it. After that experience I knew better than to go into another band, but I had to go and find out again when the Apostles reformed. I used to go home at night and play acoustic for myself just to get away from it."

Disharmony and a poor response in New York led to the group's breakup. Luke went back to Killaloe last fall and, he says, working with his hands, helping to build the strange geodesic domes of the communes there, even doing bead work brought him off that spaceship to reality. Since then he's written dozens of songs, some country-flavoured, and is going to do an album by summer for True North Records.

The album, he said, wouldn't bear much resemblance to the Perth County Conspiracy, when I suggested it might. He said he can't dig the Conspiracy's emphasis on mysticism and magic, and hoped that his album would be music first and theatre second. He isn't working out an elaborate stage show to go with his songs.

Luke Gibson's style is surprisingly straight-forward. He comes on alone and unassuming, looking like Charles Manson complete with piercing eyes, and performs subtly and persuasively. I was surprised on meeting him as I was expecting him to be different. Usually, when you meet a Toronto musician he'll bury you in egotistical bullshit in five minutes. But, in listening to Luke Gibson's new music and talking to him, instead a lot more things begin to make sense.

Doug Goodeve

BOOKS

ROMMEL

DRIVES ON DEEP

INTO EGYPT

Poems
by Richard Brautigan
Delacorte Press New York 1970

Poetic imagery takes a tremendous slap in the face from the author of *TROUT FISHING IN AMERICA*. Richard Brautigan combines positive and negative esthetics in a fast-paced collection to produce a series of moments functional, emotional, and totally immediate.

Brautigan murders emotional and observational conventions by using short, deadly-to-the-point poems with shockingly evocative punchlines. In most of his efforts he succeeds brilliantly; the reader quickly becomes breathless from the impact of his revelations. In effect, he strips the psyche bare by combining lyricism with conversational candour.

We age in darkness like wood
and watch our phantoms change
their clothes
for a purpose that can only be
described as wood.

Rommel is dead.
His army has joined the quicksand legions
of history where battle is always
a metal echo saluting a rusty shadow.
His tanks are gone.
How's your ass?

Oddly out of place in this collection are a number of poignantly beautiful pieces:

It's a late starting dawn that breathes my vision,
inhales and exhales the sound of waking birds
and pokes ten miles of cold grey sky at a deer
standing alone in a meadow.

ROMMEL contains a few failures, which stand out horribly against the gems:

I feel so bad today
that I want to write a poem.
I don't care: any poem, this
poem.

Brautigan's worst poems carry built-in excuses; phrases like "forgive

me", "I don't care," and "even if," which, although they may reveal the author's mood, never render those particular pieces acceptable as literature.

This is an extremely important work. It captures perfectly the spirit of the times: surface irreverence that drives on down as deep as Rommel into Egypt. Some of the poems seem to be satires on incomprehensibility in modern literature. On second reading, they prove to be startling lessons in the fluid possibility of language, as when Brautigan mocks media jargon:

A transparent bridge across
the elbow of a dead duck
beckons, friends, like a boiled
radio station
toward a better understanding
of yourself in these crisis-ridden
times.

With this talent, Brautigan ranks potentially with writers such as James Joyce and Dylan Thomas.

Nickie Ashley

BOOKS

LEARNING TO BE FREE

**PERSON TO PERSON:
THE PROBLEM OF BEING HUMAN**
Rogers and Stevens \$3.30

For years I have been trying to put into words a kind of love I know exists, but is rarely found. When I am possessed by it, I feel resonant like an OM. It is non-possessive, often reciprocal and seldom sexual. I have felt it for women and children, for the aged and sick, for men, for man, and for the universe. It is a love that asks nothing and accepts everything exactly as it is. To feel this love, to be loved in this way or best of all to share this love with others, is a whole course in learning to be free.

That is what this book seems to be mostly about. I bought it for a friend who wanted it so badly, I decided I'd better read it. I'm glad I did. The book is written by Carl B. Rogers (super-shrink) who also wrote *ON BECOMING A PERSON*, in 1961, — and Barry Stevens a high school dropout (1918) because what she wanted to learn she couldn't learn in school.

Barry Stevens writes of the kind of love I'm talking about, "I do not want anyone to love me exclusively. That pinches me. It binds me. It demands that my love flow in one direction when my love is free. When it is not free it is not love to me. "You are mine" gives me the shudders. I wish to be free myself and let others be free of me."

Carl Rogers lists ten value directions he sees developing in the person learning to be free.

1. Moving away from facades, pretense, defensiveness and putting up a front.
2. Moving away from oughts and the compulsions of I ought to be thus or so — no matter who sets the rules.
3. Moving away from pleasing others as a goal in itself.
4. Moving toward being real, being myself, my real feelings.
5. Moving with increasing pride toward making my own choices and guiding my own life.
6. Moving away from looking with contempt and despair and moving toward valuing myself, my own feelings and reactions.
7. Moving away from a fixed goal and toward being a process.
8. Moving toward openness, to be open and sensitive to my own inner reactions and feelings, and those of others — openness being the most valued resource. Wilson Van Dusen, who got his PhD at the University of Ottawa, whose major interest is in understanding and describing inner experiences, especially on acid and religion, contributed a chapter 'The Natural Depth In Man'. I want to quote him on openness because to be open is often to feel vulnerable. Van Dusen says "this open self is not the tool or door mat of others. The open self rates itself the equal of all others — equally as good, equally as bad.
9. Moving toward sensitivity to, and acceptance of others. Coming to appreciate others for what they are just as I appreciate myself for what I am. Barry Stevens asks, "How many of us can accept people as we accept the sea?"
10. Achieving deep relationships — a close, intimate, real, fully communicative relationship with another person, which seems to be a deep need in every individual.

It is this relationship which in psychotherapy seems to foster the process of learning to be free, of becoming one's own self. Rogers says there must be three conditions present for the therapist to succeed. He must be real, genuine, without front. He must prize me, 'the client', in a total non-conditioned way. He must be willing to let me be whatever is going on inside me. And he must have an empathic understanding. Not "I understand what is wrong with you," but "I understand how it feels to be you," without analysing or judging. Rogers feels that without these conditions present the most highly trained therapist may fail. He also implies that without any training, if we have these qualities we can help each other.

I know that in a close warm relationship, where there is freedom from threat, free-

dom to choose, and freedom to be, (non-possessive love), I have felt like a flower unfolding in the sunshine.

This book really begins at the end. Or rather Barry Stevens says if The End is the end then nothing has happened. She sees 2 ways of carrying it farther. Vertically by deepening oneself. And horizontally by many people moving closer to being themselves and letting other people be themselves, which releases more people to the vertical. Without the horizontal, though, she doesn't think there's much point in the vertical. She concludes by dedicating the book to all of us, to explore, express and live more fully what it is to be human.

And with this poem:

Be not like the child in ALL ways child,
for the child in his impatient curiosity
pries open the bud,
And the blossom he so wishes to see
is lost to everyone on earth for ever.
Let thyself unfold thyself,
Without manipulation even by thee,
Let thy life also unfold itself around thee
Without manipulation by thyself.

Removing impatience, let thy curiosity
Play lightly over this soft unfolding,
Which is essential to the flower of thyself,
For thyself and thy life and the world are one.

If you will but try this soft unfolding, child
Then the flowering of thyself will be
Both more than you can possibly imagine,
And all that you have wished and longed to be.

PERSON TO PERSON: THE PROBLEM OF BEING HUMAN is published by The Real People Press whose purpose, they write, is to publish ideas and ways that a person can use independently to become more REAL, to further his own growth as a human being and to develop his relationships and communication with others. P.O. Box 542, Lafayette, California 94549.

Sonny Cook

Floating Belly Up

She drops her clothes
on my filthy floor;
that's how good I am,
and so happy, I'm lost
for words.

Not really, I'm only
fooling; when you're a poet,
there's something to say
about everything.

There are three big windows
in my room, three curtains
and three shades
and there was some wonder
and awe around here
a while ago. If they're gone,
who cares?

When you're as happy as I am,
you introduce your left hand
to your right hand
all the day long.

The Noon Whistle

There's nothing to do
without you and the only thing
that lifts my head out of my arms
is the noon whistle.

But it's only the sound
of a train entering Toronto
and it's 10 P'M', so why did I think
I heard the noon whistle?

I thought that simply
for something to do.
And I have to do something,
for I'm in the city and not

in the country where everyone's happy
just to rise early, squat,
and grow more empty
behind a tree.

Erling Friis-Baastad

witerature

There is time for distinctions and connections, I have found a distinctive connection to do with women and, not for the moment in, literature, hence the title. Two books: Kate Millett's much maligned, much skimmed, and blindly worshipped "Sexual Politics", and a collection called "Czech and Slovak Short Stories" (Oxford) which includes "The Great Catholic Water Fast," a story by Joseph Svorecky, at present doing us the honor of living in our Torontonian midst. The point of connection is oppression, understanding it through the effect on its victim, in particular, awareness of the caricatures and imposed stereotypes the victim accepts as self-images. Eldridge Cleaver, analyzing the black man's attitude to black and white women in "Soul on Ice", accomplished a large part of this task for blacks. Kate Millett, by providing documentary evidence, on the one hand of the socio-economic exploitation of women and on the other of the various attitudes evident in male-dominant psychology and literature which supports this exploitation, has laid the groundwork for creative effort by women to express and so exorcise the stifling images of our own degradation we have so clutched to ourselves. Svorecky's story is an artistic object which does for the understanding of East European Jewry precisely what Cleaver and Millett have cried the need for in understanding the self-distortions of blacks and women. And what's more it's funny.

In fact, this Czech story is modeled on the grand old tradition of American humor, as developed in the form of the "trick story" by Mark Twain among others—it depends for its punch on a sudden reversal of mood at the end. The distinguishing mark of Svorecky's story is that the ending, while gaining its force largely from the laughter we have just been exploding into, that sudden sad twist of an ending totally transforms the story from a farce to a humanist epiphany, and yet is fully supported by all that has preceded it.

The narrator, recounting episodes from his childhood in some way con-

nected with his Catholicism, which for various imaginable reasons seems to be connecting with eating, comes to the time when his Catholic faith was challenged by the much-vaunted fasts embroidered upon in the telling by his young Jewish friends. By taking it upon himself to outfast the Jewish mirage, and failing, and recognizing the hypocrisy with which he cloaks his failure, the narrator absorbs the self-conscious religious ambivalence of the Jew, mocks it in himself, and so becomes the Jew, not his guilty remorseful and misunderstanding oppressor. We are allowed to participate in this act of liberation, as Gentile or Jew, by identifying with the narrator in his assumption of the Jew caricature, at which point, just as we are most amused, shaking with laughter, the concentration camp looms, and our sorrow is self-grief.

I had thoughts of ending there, but they were lazy thoughts. We go on. Wilson Harris, Guyanese novelist and writer-in-residence last term at Scarborough College, has a good deal to say about revolutionary transformation of consciousness. From the rotten heart of the monolithic structure emerges the new man (woman, Wilson?). From our oppression, because of it, through it, we emerge renewed. We are all oppressed. We are all oppressors. Primarily, we oppress ourselves. And the acceptance of the stereotypes convenient to the monolith is the greatest symptom and eventually a strong cause of our self oppression, self delusion, self immolation. When I speak for freedom for women and young people, my worst, most unreasonable detractors are women and young people (so are they, some others of them, my best allies).

Jews suffer and fast and are killed, Catholics eat and lie, women dress and undress, blacks dance and sing and burn and loot, cops are pigs, men are homosexuals or chauvinist pigs, the left is wild-eyed, the right is fascist, Arabs are right, books are bad, schools are rotten, pigs are unclean—I reject these pigeonshitholes. This is only the end of the beginning.

BARBARA MARTINEAU

LOUIS RIEL (nô 1) memorial

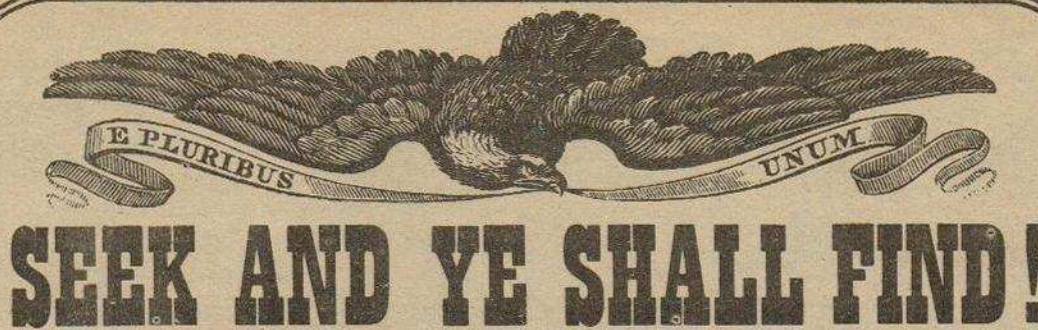
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FREE (donations?) ADM.
mar. 5th 8:30 pm
THE HALL
19 huron st.

BUY &



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 Guerrilla 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.

Trumpet player needs place to live and practice, Spadina Ave. area. Apartment or room-and-kitchen. Doug Willson 964-1240.

"Children's Community" needs space for 15 kids (2 to 5) for day-care centre. At least 2 large rooms, place for preparing hot meals, and bathroom facilities. Don, Gerry, Dianne or Lorene, 920-1291.

Room \$44/month in house with 5 other people in Beaches. Preferably male. 691-0417.

Need house (or apt.) at least 2 bedrooms, \$150 or less; call Bo at Digger House 929-5527.

Room needed in freak house for 2 people; downtown preferred; call after 4; Cathy 767-1472.

Couple, responsible, possibly with child, to live at Palmerston commune; rent to be decided 921-9411.

House wanted for late August or early Sept.; 4 bedrooms or more; if your lease runs out then call Brian 964-1268.

Does anyone know how to fix an old ringer-type washer? If so call Froosh 363-4872.

Need farm to rent during the summer months as close to Toronto as possible. Call Bill 363-4872.

People interested in living on a farm, starting this spring, call 699-6436.

20-year-old woman with baby boy wants to live in a co-operative community; can afford \$50 - 60/month rent. Would like to live with far-out but responsible freaks. Georgia & Peter 691-2539

Wanted: store-front in Spadina area for cheap clothing store Kent 537-9902

Need people for community-type house; rent \$10/week; 8 big bedrooms; see Carin or Luis at 33 Wells Ave. (near Euclid).

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

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-flammable 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 cooperative 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

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

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.

Wanted--would like to borrow old book of music by the Byrds--called Byrd Songs. Call Bill G.--489-9995

Guitarist--All types of North American music. Interested in some constructive jamming with group. No long trips please. I'm too old.(24) call John 964-2441

Communal music group, TRIBE needs a trucker for road work. To join family. Good truck needed, nice home, activist phone 416-294-4389. Ask for anybody. Markham, Ontario.

Wanted: reasonably good acoustic guitar; Dale 651-6298

Lead Guitarist wishes to join a steady group of good musicians
Vezi 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

Business

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

64 Plymouth Fury, all power, 58,000 miles, automatic. George--115 Winchester St. \$595.00.

Free hand bookbinding classes are being held at Rochdale Bookbinders every Wed. evening from 7-10 p.m. There is a nominal charge for materials used.

Food Co--Op-- Read the article on Food Co--ops. Drop off points at the Hall, Guerrilla and Just Society.

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

I am looking for Susan Hansford from Whirby 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

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. Catherine's 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.

Two people need ride to B.C. 533-4195

Ride needed to Phila. or Pittsburgh for two; Mid-March; 966-3344 or 920-1022.

Two guys need ride to Mexico (or in that direction). Share driving, costs, etc. Allen 783-0356.

Cat needed urgently, Woody 863-9568

Leaving country; want our cats 929-9750

Wanted:old butter churn; rick 449-0432

Old-fashioned double wood bed available; has spring no mattress, needs refinishing 532-5613.

Jacky Maurer please contact your grandparents. It is an emergency. Area code 212-DE25665 or area code 212-729-1200. For information contact Guerrilla, Box 2.

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

Gay Lib Group--Help your heads and keep your hands busy. You need the help of a community and vice-versa. Brothers and sisters come together at one of your homophile clubs.-- Lavender Kid

Reasonable questions examined and answered. No charge. Call Dave 7:00-8:00 p.m. Thursdays only. 534-4586

Arnie and Susanna need a ride to the west coast. If you could help call Ed at 533-6234

Leftovers

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

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.

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!

Handicrafts wanted for new shop; see Eric, 14 Wellesley, afternoons (leave phone number or message if not there)

Dance Classes at Rochdale; Mon. to Sat. 7:30 pm. 2nd floor lounge.

Malt for brewing, instructions, etc.; ingredients bought co-operatively; come rap--Chris, 53 Niagra St. (off Bathurst south of King)

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.

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

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

FREAK BROTHERS



WHAT'S THAT? A SLOT-CAR RACING SET THAT I TRADED FOR A LID OF WEED.

SEE? YOU RUN THE LITTLE CARS BY REMOTE CONTROL!

AW, THAT'S NOT VERY REALISTIC! I CAN BUILD A BETTER ONE!

I'LL USE FREEWHEELIN' FRANKLIN'S CAR... HE WON'T MIND!

...THEN I HOOK UP THIS REVERSIBLE ELECTRIC MOTOR TO THE STEERING...

ANYWAY, HE'S OUT OF TOWN.

...AND THESE SERVO UNITS TO THE ACCELERATOR AND TO THE BRAKE PEDAL!

...NOW, THE BATTERIES AND THE RADIO REMOTE CONTROL SYSTEM!

IT NEEDS A DRIVER... I'LL USE THIS PLASTIC INFLATABLE BEACH TOY!

HEY, FAT FREDDIE! COME UP ON THE ROOF FOR A MINUTE!

WHAT'S THAT? IT'S MY RACING CAR REMOTE CONTROL UNIT!

...AND DOWN THERE IS MY RACING CAR!

ROAR SCREEECH

ARGGH! ROAR! IT'S JUAN MANUEL FANGIO IN THE GRAND PRIX DE ARGENTINA...

HEY! ME, TOO!

ERRRRRAAWRRR! IT'S A.J. FOYT AT INDY...

HEY, YOU'RE MAKING IT GO TOO FAST! THERE GOES A COP AFTER IT!

OH, YEAH? WELL, HE'LL NEVER TAKE JOHN DILLINGER ALIVE!

HALT OR WE'LL SHOOT!!

ROAR BAM SCREEECH

THE CAR WENT AROUND THE CORNER! I CAN'T SEE IT ANY MORE!

WHUMP

OH, THERE IT IS! I SEE IT NOW!

BANK

FOOMP

HEY! DID YOUSE GUYS SEE WHAT JUST HAPPENED TO DEM BANK WINDOWS ACROSS DE STREET?

DIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE!

THE NEXT MORNING, IN DUCKBURG...

IT'S THE WORK OF MILITANTS.

WITHOUT A DOUBT

I HID THE CAR IN THE GARAGE AND PAINTED IT BLUE LIKE YOU SAID!

GOOD, NOW PACK YOUR SUITCASE!

TRUCKIN' ON DOWN THE LINE...

FAT FREDDIE'S CAT

I'LL CATS LOVE TO EAT KITTY KRUNCHIES! ON SALE AT YOUR LOCAL SUPERMARKET!!

THE NEXT DAY... HEERE KITTY KITTY KITTY KITTY!

HEY, WHAT IS THIS DRIED-UP SHIT???

YOU BETTER EAT THAT OR YOU DON'T GET ANYTHING!

CATS LOVE TO EAT KITTY KRUNCHIES, YOU STUPID SHIT!

DRINK LOTS OF TREE FROG BEER AND YOU'LL FEEL GREAT AND HAVE LOTS OF GIRL FRIENDS!

FAT CATS

A CELEBRATION FOR CATS!

On Sunday, February 28th, there was feline joy overflowing at 567 Queen Street West as the second annual celebration for cats got under way. The furry celebrants, bearing such diverse names as Isis, Toby the Baby Dear Dear, Simon Sunshine, Miranda, and one known prosaically as Dick, made a great show of circulating among their peers, investigating dark corners and occasionally sampling the contents of about forty bowls of different cat foods set in a

great circle in the middle of the 3rd floor hall. Catnip was much in evidence but only one cat, a grey part persian, was seen to noticeably get off on it, rolling ecstatically on the floor with other -wordly growls and moans. After about an hour, the cat's names were drawn out of a hat, with the lucky felines winning cat toys, food and things of that ilk. Only one fight broke out, between two burmese kittens, but the combatants were quickly separated, hissing defiantly. Two members of the straight press were slowly going out of their minds trying to pose the pussies for news shots, a task similar to trying to eat soup with a sieve.

Generally, a good time was had by all, and the organizers predicted an even better celebration next year.

Blind Boy Grunt

SOLUTION

