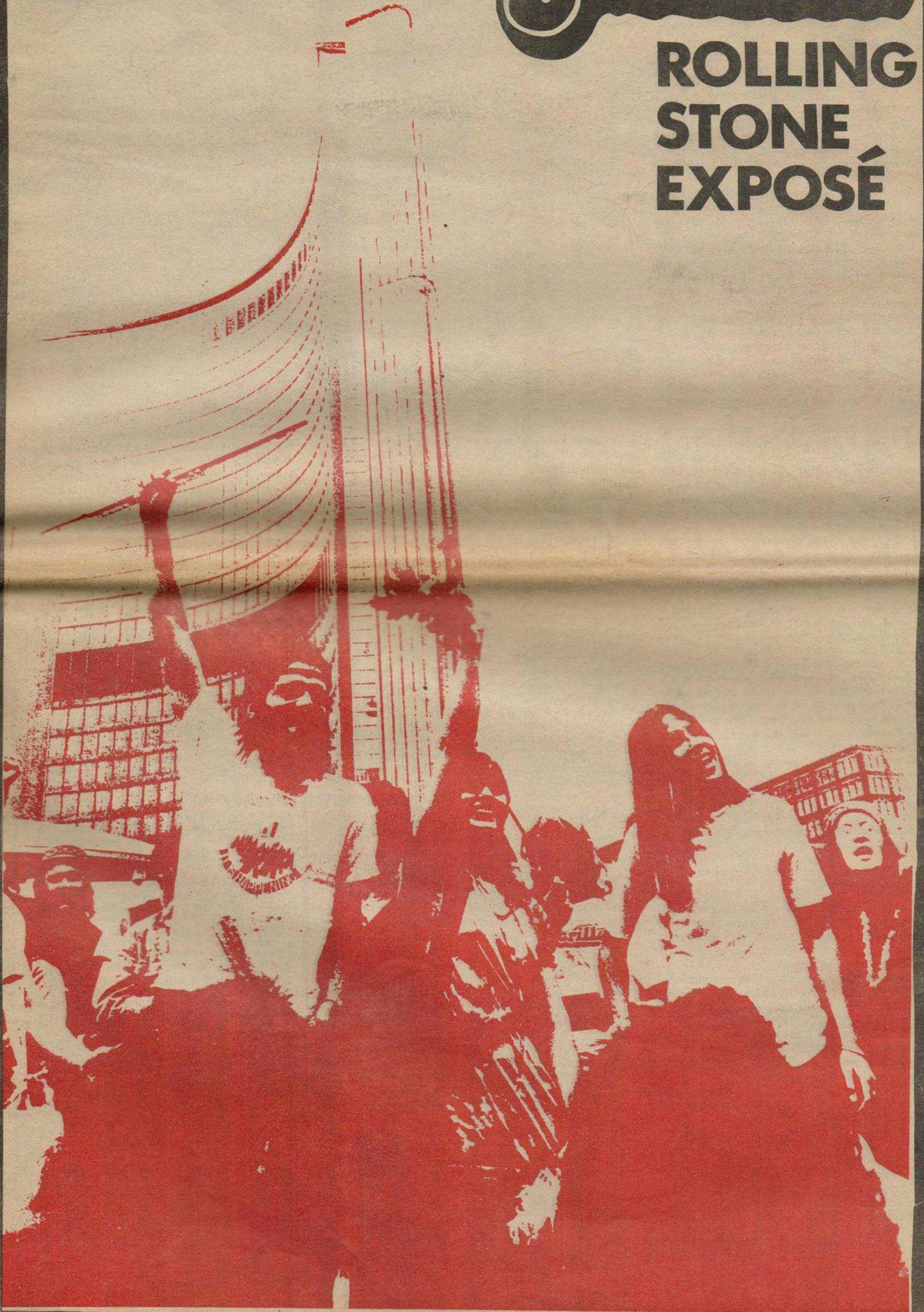


toronto june 16
volume 2 no. 1

guerilla

**ROLLING
STONE
EXPOSÉ**





Dear Guerrilla

Here we go! I guess I'm the only female freak left who feels this way, but I don't agree with the Women's Lib movement.

Now I'm not sure if I said that right. Please don't misunderstand. Of course I think that women should get equal pay for an equal job. It's only common sense (even for employers, although they won't admit it.)

And I do feel that abortion on demand shouldn't even have to be argued about. Everyone should be able to have control of their own bodies (although most men don't have that specific problem.)

But I really feel that the demand for free birth control in high schools is going a bit too far. Why not free birth control for *all* women? I don't see where the high school part fits in at all except, as I suspect, it's used for shock value on the parents of high school students. I have plenty of friends who can't afford birth control any more than someone in school.

Somehow, though, I can't understand why all these women are banding together and calling for equality. What equality? The only inferiority exists in the minds of the old employees, who refuse to put a female in a responsible job (and perhaps in the minds of some of our advocates).

And I don't believe that those stodgy old men are going to change their ways. The only thing they'll think is like "there go them dang females again makin' fools o' theirselves right on our main street."

Or else maybe we might get the "token" female manager into business. Some woman who isn't even qualified for the job, but has ass-kissed and bullshitted her way into it.

And then the employers can sit back and say "see, we're treatin' them equal," and then what can you say?!

The only way to solve this problem is to work hard at it. Not by protesting in the streets but by working quietly behind the scenes. Working hard at our jobs and proving that we are responsible and capable people, rather than taking up arms against our male equals (or practically).

Sure, you'll say that way is too slow. But the way it's being done now isn't going any faster and is possibly making less headway. I think that protest for equal pay and abortion on demand are justified, but as for the rest of the movement, I personally think it's just a bullshit attention-getter.

And about some of the other stuff; I really don't mind seeming a little soft and letting men open doors for me and carry the heavier packages. I like to be slightly taken care of, and any woman that doesn't can grab the cigarette lighter first. A woman that cries for equality may end up renouncing her superiority. We do have a lot more power than you'd think. We just have to learn to use it.

Sincerely,
Maidee Rosenthal

Dear Guerrilla:

I observe at present in the city of Toronto a trend which might be compared to the phenomenon of the cleanliness fetish, that compulsive desire to rid one's environment of any visible blemish, which is found in various neurotic personalities.

Due to its extremely rapid growth in recent years, Toronto is now a thoroughly modern city, possessing many features of great beauty, a good deal of modern architecture which is at its best magnificent and at its worst at least clean, businesslike, and respectable, and a prosperous population. The rate of violent crime and the extent of pollution are low in comparison with other major North American cities.

The development firms which took part in this growth process, euphoric in their successes, now seek to impart the final polishing to this gem of a city. They have taken it upon themselves to remove the decrepit, century-old row housing of the city's lower-income neighborhoods, and to erect in its place those edifices, so much more pleasing to the eyes of the respectable citizens of the community, known as high-rise apartment buildings.

I live in an area which is being viewed by several organizations as suitable for high-rise development, and I here wish to suggest that for this to take place would be a serious blow to Toronto's cultural health.

I speak here as a musician with, at present, a fairly limited income. My wife and myself find it possible, through living in this area, to minimize our living



expenses in several ways; we share our house with a number of other people; we can cut food costs by shopping in the Kensington Market; and we are within walking distance of the downtown area and public transit.

It has been my experience that a large number of creative people in various fields, due to the instability of income inherent in an artistic career, find themselves in a situation similar to my own; and consequently many of the dancers, singers, actors, painters, writers, and so forth who make up the artistic "scene" so widely renowned in the local press are, of necessity, living in this very area.

Economic considerations aside, there is a pleasant atmosphere in the neighborhood which is conducive to creative activity. The people here are in general warm and friendly, recognizing no barriers of nationality, race or age; the streets are lined with mature, beautiful trees; the older buildings exhibit a fascinating variety of styles, shapes, and colors quite unlike the pasteurized and homogenized suburbias. The house in which I live provides suitable areas for a number of activities, including: a front and a back yard for gardening, pleasurable outdoor recreation and convenient parking; a basement which I use as a woodworking shop and rehearsal studio; and several rooms which can be used to accommodate house guests.

I should like to compare this to the typical high-rise apartment which is elevated far above treetop height, provides barely enough space for necessary functions, is separated from the rest of the world by the elevator, and is suited mainly to the activities of sleeping, eating, reading, watching television, and very little else. I feel I share with most other artists a great desire to continue living in my present style of housing rather than the high-rise alternative.

The land assemblies presently taking place for the presumed intent of high-rise construction have created a situation in which houses are being sold not for the value of the dwelling itself, but rather for the speculative value of the lot. These inflated prices make it impossible for me to consider purchasing a home in this area, and tempt landlords into selling out instead of improving the properties. I find myself on the one hand enjoying my neighborhood greatly, and on the other fearing the day the bulldozers come to obliterate it, as I witnessed so recently around the corner on McCaul St.

I cannot say when or if my art will bring me the sort of income that is required to live in the apartment with which the developers would like to replace my present home, much less to purchase my own home. If I were forced out of the neighborhood by high-rise development I might find myself compelled by higher living costs to forsake my artistic endeavors, and to undertake a search for conventional employment in a vastly overcrowded job market; and in the extreme case, I might be forced to seek public assistance.

In conclusion, I wish to say that I believe further high-rise apartment construction in my

neighborhood, which would substitute a sterile and dehumanizing life style for the present one which is so rich in human experiences, should be immediately forbidden. Such a move would eliminate aching uncertainties about the future, deflate high property prices, and thus enable more residents to become the proud owners of their homes in a happy neighborhood.

Thomas A. Shevlin,
a struggling young musician
and a satisfied resident of the
Spadina-University-College-Queen Area

Guerrilla
201 Queen St. E
Phone 864-1902

... KEEP IN MIND THAT
4 LEOS, 1 AQUARIAN, 1 GEMINI,
3 CANCERS, 2 SAGITTARIANS,
2 LIBRAS, a SCORPIO and an ARIES
worked on the final lay-out of
this edition... there lies the key
to Guerrilla's inner workings.

Putting out our first weekly
paper was not nearly as hard as
some of us thought it would be -
It's late of course... but what else
is new? And being down here is
getting to be more fun all the time -
everybody is HIGH on something.

THANKS to the OPEN STUDIO for a
really gorgeous wall hanging - and
to a lot of anonymous supporters who
have been bringing + sending things in
-- some one sent us a dictionary -- was
that a hint? Till next time
GUERRILLA sends its
love



short bursts

(OTTAWA)- The earliest of nine hostels in Ottawa will be located in Carlton University's University Centre. Described by Bucky Fuller at its opening as "wonderful" the hostel opened June 1 and may be the only transient hostel in Canada with a full time pub on the premises.

SLIPPERY TRICKS

The U.S. Navy has been using LSD in its program of training porpoises for surveillance and detection. Although the work is classified, the East Village Other reports that the Navy first became interested in acid in the early 1960's in connection with the problem of developing communication with porpoises outside the area of language. The training method involves having the porpoises and its human trainer take trips together.

The EVO also reports that the dogs narcs use to sniff out grass and hash are trained by feeding the dogs a diet heavily loaded with hash. The dogs get 'hooked' in short order, and are then fed a hash free diet. They when they smell the stuff some place, they go straight to it and bark their heads off.

21 TO DIE

FOR PEOPLE'S PEACE TREATY

Saigon, S. Vietnam - Twenty-one students, all members of the National Union of Students in South Vietnam, are on trial for treason. The 21, including Huynh Tan Mam, the president of the union, are charged with helping North American visitors graft the People's Peace Treaty last winter. Picked up on May 24, all 21 will be killed within 24 hours after conviction on the treason charge.

A fast is going on on the U.S. State Dept. steps. 21 will die for wishing peace in Saigon. The Vietnamese always hurt the most from this war.

EUROAIR CARTEL?

OTTAWA - Liberal senator from Saskatchewan, Hazen Argue, has called for a decrease in domestic air fares which, he said, are discouraging Canadians from traveling in their own country. He said it was strange that when Canadians are considering a vacation they find it cheaper to take a flight overseas than one in Canada.

CAPITALISM: \$\$ EXCEDRINHEADAC
or AN ASPIRIN A DAY:
MAO JU SHI WAN SUEI*

JAPAN, by far the People's Republic of China's most important trade partner, may do as much as \$1 billion worth of business with Peking this year. For this privilege, a delegation of top Japanese businessmen must make a yearly pilgrimage to Peking to sign, along with a trade agreement, a communique denouncing their own government.

This year's "annual humiliation," as the Tokyo press calls it, contained a new section excoriating Japanese militarism.

In the U.S., a spokesman for Monsanto says: "You just can't look at a market that size and not believe that eventually a lot of goods are going to be sold there. Just one aspirin tablet a day to each of those guys - and that's a lot of aspirin." (Mainland China has a population of 740 million)

Thus "Mao Ju Shi Wan Suei" or "Long Live Chairman Mao*" has become the new theme-song of capitalism.



it IS happening

Sunday afternoon Nathan Phillips Square, the barren concrete slab that is the horizontal complement to the vertical concrete slab, City Hall, was possessed by a spirit.

Over 300 people, representatives of Grass Roots, transients and assorted unaffiliated free freaks were the body of the spirit, Wacheea.

The word Wacheea is Cree for 'meeting place where everyone is welcome.'

Wacheea, a place spirit, has been lost and confused, misled by City Hall and Queen's Park. It's getting angry. Friends of the spirit know that when a beautiful spirit is not allowed to manifest itself, it does so anyway. They can't put a spirit in jail.

The party Sunday was initiated by Grass Roots. It was a public demonstration. Grass Roots are friends of Wacheea. Some people brought tents and set them up in the middle of the square at about 2p.m. People worked their crafts at one tent. Some people

made kites. There was a food stand set up. Free food.

Dozens of drums, maracas and tambourines carried a primeval hippie beat to which the entire tribe danced and chanted "Wacheea." The ceremony was interrupted briefly when the Salvation Army Band performed a short concert on the City Hall bandstand truck. Their final piece, "Ambition for Youth" was cut short by a spontaneous resumption of the Wacheea chant.

Almost exhausted after an hour of this driving, pulsating frenzy; a soft, warm rain ended the demonstration. The drums were put in a pile and covered by a coloured cloth. The people sat together in a tightly packed circle around the drums. What happened next was not what I would call a demonstration. A visitation?

The people in the circle began to chant "OM". In a few minutes the sound of that word had everyone together, on the same wave length. We held hands. The light, cleansing rain

subsided and all our voices, very quietly began to sing a verse I'd never heard:

Wearing my long winged feathers
as I fly
I circle around
I circle around
The boundaries of the earth
We sang it over and over and I knew
that the spirit of Wacheea had come to
the party. And then:
I'll bring you
And you bring me
And we'll bring each other along
While we sang this we all stood with
our arms around each other and after
singing this a while the verse had a line
added:

To Wacheea
We all held hands again and spread
out in a large circle that went all the
way round the square. We danced clock-
wise for about one revolution. Then
came together in the middle, kissed,
hugged, and went home.

Dan Evered

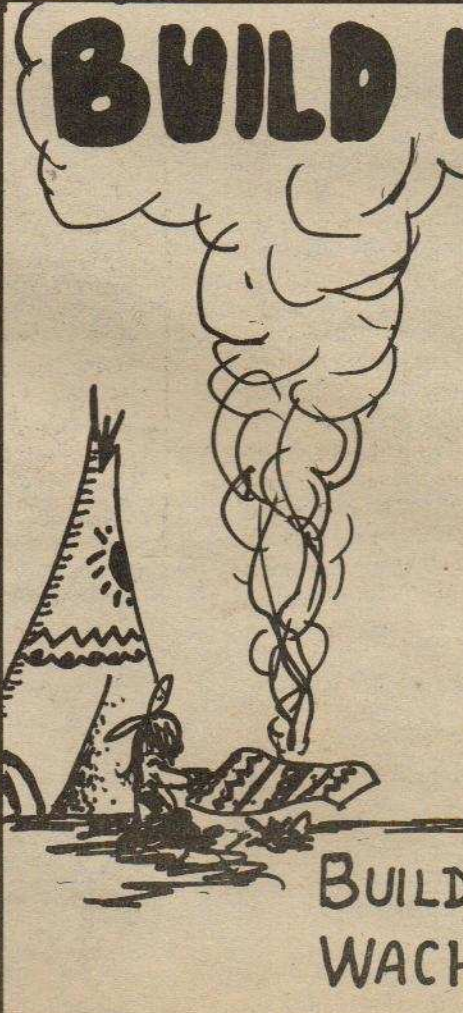
BUILD WACHEEA FESTIVAL

SUN JUNE 27 12-5 P.M.

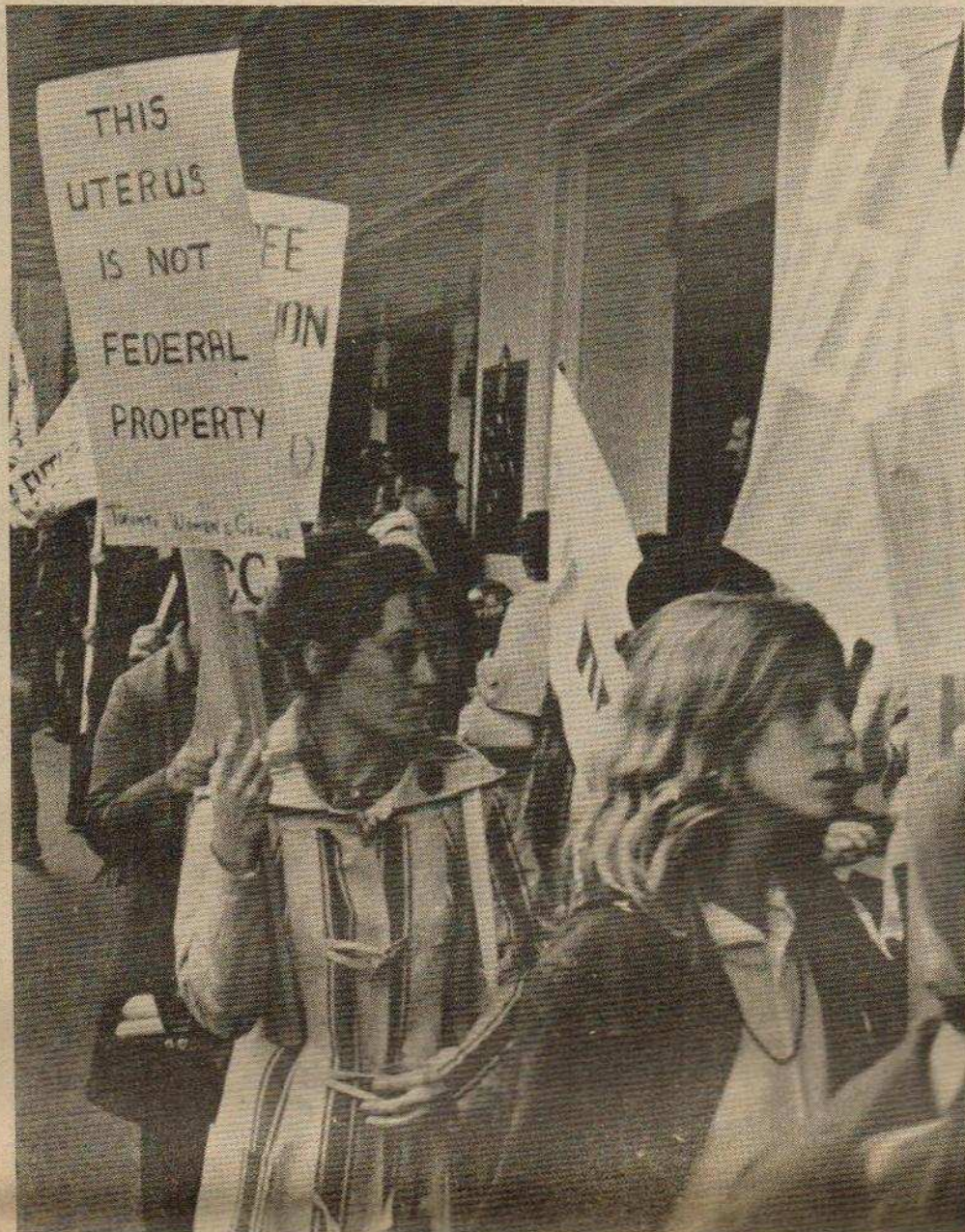
High Park

rock music, chanting,
tribal dancing and
drumming

BUILD PHYSICAL SUPPORT FOR
WACHEEA AND IT WILL HAPPEN



Protesters Picket Pierre



The Nation's favourite PET (Pierre Elliot Trudeau) was greeted at Hamilton's 125th Anniversary Celebration last Wednesday by a barrage of young people seeking his hand, and a horde of labour union members wanting his neck; both lost out to Maggie who snuck in at the last moment to prove that she had him by the balls.

Young Socialists from Toronto and Hamilton who were demanding free Universities joined the picket lines

formed by a coalition of the union locals who were demanding more jobs. Several hundred people waving placards marched around the Sheraton Connaught Hotel for an hour in the evening, while our man PET was dining at a conference staged in the Holiday Inn a block away. The protesters had all gone home to bed by the time Pierre and Margaret made the scene at the Connaught for the Ball.

GHEEP PILLS

In the past there have been several occasions for me when it has been deemed necessary to obtain drugs through prescription. One order was for 15 orange penicillin pills. Price \$5.00. I didn't hesitate to show my disapproval, only to be answered "Too expensive? Don't buy it". What could I do?

This time my requirements were for a 4 oz. jar of cream. Price. Are you ready? \$12.50. I nearly flipped.

I'm a welfare recipient. Where would I get that much money? Then, salvation. The lady beside me handed the pharmacist her prescription and an orange card.

"You're on welfare? Have you been here before?"

"Yes."

"For the same purpose?"

"Yes."

"Ahem," in a hushed voice, "the last time you were here was it a green pill or a yellow pill?"

"Green."

"The reason I ask is because — ahem — the yellow pill is for welfare recipients. There's no difference between the two except that the yellow is cheaper. Both are the same strength and quality. They are just made by different companies. That's all."

So off I trod to the welfare office to get my orange card when the thought struck me. Either the government is

handing out inferior products at the expense of the sick or they are economising and to hell with the general public. They can afford it.

The cream worked! Which leads me to believe that these prescriptions can be got at a more reasonable price. So the next time you are out shopping for the green pill, if you can't afford it and you don't qualify for welfare ask the man for the yellow one, it's cheaper..

Cristofer Kieth

PHOTO-PSYCHOLOGY

REXDALE, ONT. - The United Auto Workers, Local 252, on strike against APP Parts Canada Ltd., accused the company on June 9 of trying to intimidate strikers by installing a movie camera on the roof to get a record of those who man the strike lines.

Also the company admits to hiring about 30 students to scab against the strikers, which resulted in more intensive picketing by the strikers.

The key issue is wages, with the union asking for benefits and wages that total about \$.30/hr. over the next three years.

Shouts of "Free Abortion on Demand" came from the ranks of the Young Socialists, while union members remained silent. Policemen were apparently well behaved allowing everyone to do his own thing.

The Hamilton Oakville Labour Committee for Jobs, representing some 40,000 trade unionists, had organized the demonstration. Participating unions included locals of Teamsters; UAW; United Electrical, Radio, and Machin-

Workers; United Steelworkers; United Rubberworkers; United Glass Workers; UE Ladies Auxiliary; and the Hamilton Building Trades Council which represented 18 construction locals.

The Surrealistic Pillow, a groovy youth hostel at the Hamilton Y. provided a free bed to one Guerrilla reporter who missed his bus ride back to Toronto. Thank You.

Free

FUZZ FRISK FREEKS

Sometime this summer the police are going to break their much respected liberal cool. Incidents over the past year are showing that the police are taking a heavier line.

Just under a year ago police made their forays into various bookstores in Metro, seized "pornographic" materials, arrested and handcuffed clerks and closed the stores down. Last week 13 of the store clerks were convicted "of being in possession of obscene books for the purpose of sale." Judge Dnieper sentenced them to three months each. Three clerks remained in custody, unsentenced when appeals were filed against the convictions. Judge Dnieper stated, "I propose to do absolutely nothing. Appeals have been filed. I don't propose to sentence men who might not be guilty."

Later that week, the Olympia bookstore on Yonge Street was raided by police who seized more books and arrested the store clerk. They also seized Nathan Hauser, general manager of Bookazine Enterprises, owner of the store and forcibly took him to 52 division. Police then released him and refused to press charges.

Police also have been harrasing Guerilla street sellers over the past three weeks. The street sellers were taken aside and spoken to privately and warned in western tradition that "it might be a good idea to leave town." Tom Vassal was arrested by a policeman and charged "with disturbing the peace by impeding traffic" as he stood against a building around midnight on Saturday evening holding up Guerillas for sale.

Flower girls were too pretty to be arrested.

Perhaps the most open threat by police against Toronto young people was their invasion and sacking of Rochdale. Two weeks ago 90 police broke their way into Rochdale, broke down open doors, smashed furniture, vandalized the building, and found just over one ounce of hash. As they were leaving, more police equipped ominously in riot gear appeared and thankfully the Rochdale residents kept their cool and laughed at the pigs. Police officials a week later admitted that sending riot equipped police into the area was a mistake.

The most ludicrous incident of police self-control was the "arrest" of Garry Hunt on May 27. Hunt plus four friends were playing with a frisbee on Elgin Ave. in the Bloor-Avenue Road area when a cruiser came down the street. Two officers got out of the car, grabbed Hunt and threw him against the car. After searching him they said, "You are under arrest for obstructing police by not producing identification. Your civil liberties are suspended and are no longer valid." Constables 3042 and 861 then took Hunt to 52 division where a summons was written and then he was released still not knowing the exact nature of the charge.

So add it all up, obscene books, harrasment of people on Yonge Street, the invasion of Rochdale, and now frisbees — looks as though the police would really relish having the War Measures Act enacted again to get those 150,000 kids coming this summer.

Caveat Constable

Everybody concerned with busts and police hassles—that's an awful lot of us—should consult all the lawyers they know and ask them if they would like to participate in a 24-hour legal assistance programme. If they would then they should leave their name, address, and telephone number with the Toronto Free Youth Clinic, 252 Dupont St., phone 925-6223; The Hall, 19 Huron St., phone 863-0275; and Guerrilla, 201 Queen St. E. phone 864-1902, 864-1904.

This involves mostly just ensuring that someone will responsibly advise an arrestee calling from jail, or a friend or contact of his, at some late hour like 1:15 a.m. Sunday. It is essential that such service be on a seven-day-a-week basis.

Also all three of the above mentioned organizations want all of the pertinent details regarding the arrest — or even if its just a hassle.

You must get the cop's name and badge number. He is required by law to tell you such if you are arrested.

This will allow us to keep abreast of all police behaviour so that the community may ensure it is responsible.

1. TORONTO FREE YOUTH CLINIC
252 Dupont Street,

Time: Wednesdays, 7p.m. — 10p.m.
Phone: 925-6223

2. NEW MORNING CENTRE
19 Baldwin Avenue

Time: Wednesdays, 8p.m. — 10p.m.

3. COMMUNITY LEGAL AID SERVICES PROGRAM (CLASP)
Osgoode Hall Law School at York University
Time: 9a.m. to 5p.m.

— referral service to various clinics being operated by CLASP.

Phone: 635-3141-2-3

4. CAMPUS LEGAL ASSISTANCE CENTRE
44 St. George Street.

Time: 9a.m. — 5p.m.
Phone: 928-2011

short bursts



FOXES TAKE TO THE BOTTLE

WINNIPEG — Bottled fox scent is just the thing for the fox hunt now, according to officials of the Springfield Hunt Club in Winnipeg. Hunt master Fred David said not only are foxes growing scarce but lady members wouldn't like to see one killed. But the hounds follow the bottled scent "just like it was a real fox," he said.

PA RIOT CONTROL SHELVED

T.O. — A motion to buy a \$34,000 public address system for Eastern High School of Commerce was shelved Thursday by Toronto Board of Education.

The board is holding off until it finds if it can get \$135,000 from Metro to bring its swimming pools up to the standard of new regulations laid down by the Public Health Act.

The PA system has been the subject of a protest by the Canadian Party of Labour because one reason given for its purchase was that it could be used to persuade students not to walk out of class.

No CPL members appeared at Thursday's meeting.

GATE-CRASHERS, COPS CLASH

DENVER — Police and several thousand angry gate-crashers clashed Thursday at the Red Rocks Park outdoor amphitheatre as the rock group, Jethro Tull, played to a capacity crowd.

Police used tear gas to restore order.

One youth was injured when he fell about 40 feet.

Several other people, including a Denver police detective who fell from a horse, were also injured. At least a dozen people were arrested and one car was burned in a roadway leading to the park.

SQUATTERS EVICTED IN ROME

ROME — 200 people took over four city-owned apartment buildings at the end of March, protesting the extremely high costs of "low income" housing. Many people were surprised when 2 days later, the police, fully armed, arrived to break down the barricades. Two years ago, a similar but smaller, action ended with police attack but this time nobody expected violence in view of the upcoming local elections.

Angered by the busts, four hundred students immediately took over another building in the district. This time the police charge was resisted and at the end of a short melee several students were arrested and many were injured.

BATA BOUGHT OUT

ALGIERS — The Algerian State Shoe Co. has bought 51 per cent of Bata-Algerie, a subsidiary of the Canadian-owned Bata Co. under an agreement signed here last week.

QUEBEC HYDRO STRIKE

MONTREAL — All 4,300 workers in charge of repairs, maintenance and installation were off the job on June 9th, protesting job reclassifications and more than 2,000 unsettled grievances with Hydro-Quebec.

HOW MANY CANDLES?

OTTAWA — July 21st has been declared God's Birthday. This is an ancient custom that has been revived by Ottawa freaks.

There will be a surprise birthday party.

Strangers in a strange

Holy Trinity's Thursday-in-the-Square meeting this past week had to be a great success, what with the Guerilla regulars (decked out in their customary hideous rags) as guests, Wayne Edmunstone (in goatee, sports coat and cigarettes) interviewing our boys, girls, and Betty Kilbourne (in white cashmere with gold pendant drooping) moderating the whole number: a sartorial version of the Tower of Babel.

Mostly, the reporter kept his eyes on the Mrs. Kilbourne—entertaining as he did fantasies concerning her potential as the paper's first FOLD-OUT GUERRILLA MATE OF THE WEEK—but from time to time in the course of the forum I managed to catch messages of enlightenment from the principals on the subject of underground journalism.

Thus, the Guerilla rap centred on the fact that the straight press does a ghastly job, the consequence of management which is hidebound, awed by the power of advertisers, cowardly in their political stances, mesmerized by their own technical prowess in getting our umpteen issues of drivel each and every day. The big dailies, in short, ain't got no soul. This view was received without much enthusiasm by the audience which, since our boys were being pussyfoot polite with their interviewer, who was also trying to be

nice about everything, was understandable.

But they improved. The spectacle warmed up when an older couple from Scarborough (No, I don't know what they were doing in Hogtown's churchy heart but there they were), after apologizing for being over 30 and square, asked why, why did the underground paper persist in using nasty words like kike, nigger, —, and —. Weren't they kind of, ah, unnecessary?

The retort to this mild query was that —, —, and — and their like were groovy words, quite necessary sometimes and not in fact profanities at all if they happened to fit. While everybody was warming up to the subject, I sat there and thought, Good Christ, are we getting into the Is-it-nice-to-say-shit-if-the-man-really-did-say-shit trip, but I could see that the hostile vibes were shaking up the place, people were thinking aha! ("Now we're getting somewhere, Myrtle!") and so I went back to staring at Betty K. and said nothing.

My reverie was broken by the noise of Free, a Guerilla staffer, quoting relevant passages from St. Matthew to support his contention that the prices charged for lunch at these noon affairs were rip-offish and out of keeping with the spirit of Christian giving; Free also said something about throwing money

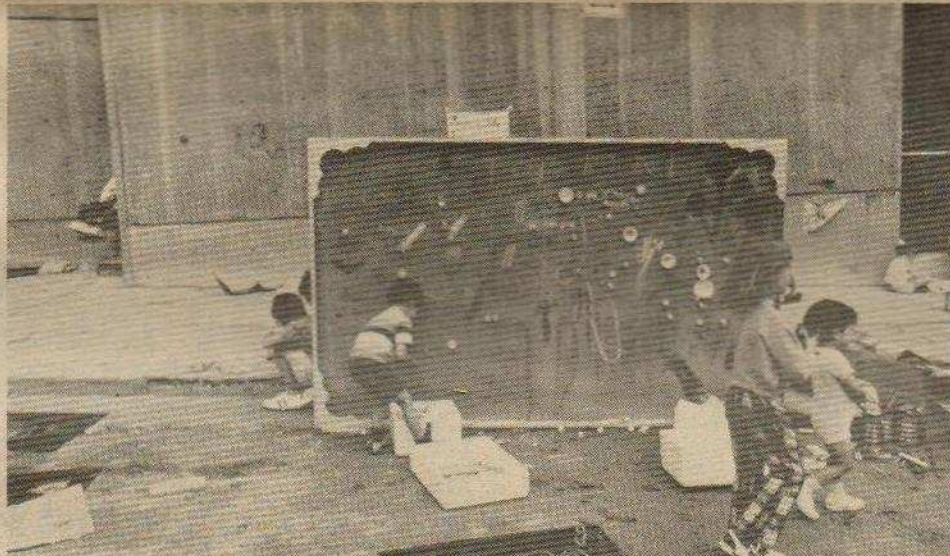
changers out of the temple, a suggestion not too well-received by the Trinity sponsors and their many friends in the vicinity. Someone managed to hustle the mike away from Free and so the spirit of Christian tolerance, or a reasonable facsimile began to prevail once more.

And, you may ask, what conclusions do I draw from all the rhetoric on display? To avoid trivia, that (1) Wayne Edmunstone, a bright dude and good journalist, should do charity writing for Guerilla in his spare hours, (2) the stars of this great paper should be obscene but heard (at least by the public) as infrequently as their egos will permit, (3) the paper-buying masses should give us more love and send us small, pawnable gifts whenever we write something good, (4) Free should stop reading the Bible at forums of all kinds, in exchange for a promise on the part of Trinity ladies not to charge so exorbitantly for their goodies, and (5) Betty Kilbourne is a nice, nice lady to look at, one pure model of an alderman-historian's wife, and a super representative of Cancer natives to boot.

Get down to Trinity next week to hear mighty George Kerr, our minister of resources—bring pointed questions and bread, either kind, for lunch.

Ross Hayball

KIDSRAP



Several hundred happy creative children came down to the St. Lawrence Centre last Saturday, June 12th, to display their talents at the third Kidsrap day.

The children painted, silk-screened, played musical instruments - almost anything you can think of - some of them even danced to the rock group that played on the stage.

Most of the creations were made from household items - glue, noodles, spools, clay, and began to take on a Dada surrealist view.

Some of the children painted Scott St. with flowers and peace signs (water colours) while others make flowers out

of paper.

The nicest part was watching children and parents creating things together. The children assumed that everyone over five feet would help them and all the adults did so.

Most of the children appeared to come from south of Bloor and a couple of miles on each side of Yonge St. One mother offered this explanation: "I came down from Don Mills. But most parents are not willing to come into the city for something like this. We should hold one each week in a different part of the City."

One group of youngsters came from Hawthorne Bilingual School. This is a private school formed because the par-

ROCHDALE LOTTERY

Rochdale College is holding its first lottery. The purpose of the lottery is to raise money for various educational programs in Rochdale, which up to this point have been funded by donations and degree sales. A list of educational activities in Rochdale includes weaving, pottery, leatherwork, carpentry, sculpture, bookbinding, guitar lessons, hydroponic farming, photography, a library and an art studio. Rochdale also funds a number of underground newspapers and street organizations. One of the projects taking place this summer is the Rochfestival. It is a series of seminars, lectures, concerts and outings taking place from May until September. So far the Rochfestival has been quite successful. There have been about fifteen seminars with an average of 30 people attending each one. The Rochfestival just recently sponsored a very successful kazoo parade on the Yonge St. mall. The profits derived from the lottery will be used to expand educational projects and create new ones.

ents do not like the educational system. There are about 110 students enrolled in the school located at St. Clair and Vaughan,

The event was principally run by Wendy Farquhar. It was financed partially by an Ontario Council of the Arts grant of \$1,500 and partially by donations. All the work was done voluntarily. Mrs. Farquhar said that any group of people could form a Kidsrap. She said they could get more information from her by calling 691-7956.

Jose



ROUND RECORDS

—FAST ORDERING SERVICE

— ONE THIRD OFF LIST PRICE

— LISTENING AIDS (POSTERS, PIPES, INCENSE, ETC.)

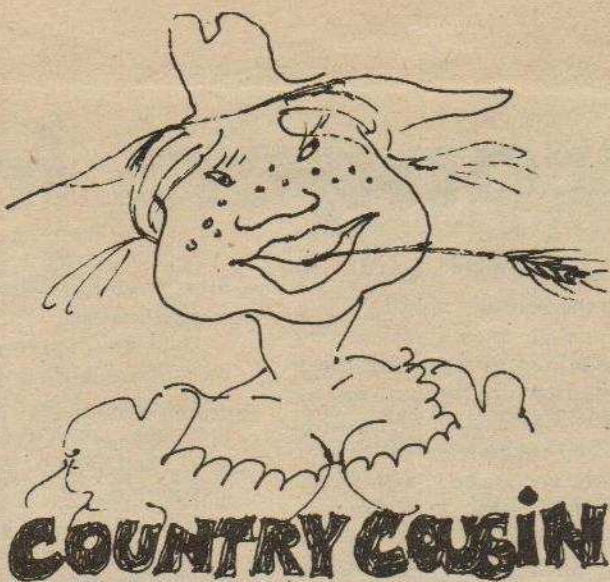
110 BLOOR STREET WEST — ONE FLIGHT HIGH — 921-6555

This late spring season is the best time of year to travel in Ontario and Quebec if you're at all into the colours of the land. We headed out for the Laurentians early last week and the only thing to say about the countryside is lush and heavy blossoming. Dirge winter almost never was.

Even though the sky was hanging wet and overcast for most of our trip into the mountains, like the paintings of Breuël, life breathed loose and rich along the roadside. Fortified with white wine, Kensington market cheese, oranges, bread, and peanuts, we trundled around the curves and turns of five hundred hilly miles. The only casualty was El Pago's left tail pipe which was already rusted and decided to expire completely on one of the more severely pock marked roads. Apparently only the bedraggled leery mountainous roads of Mexico are comparable to the ones we managed to find in Quebec.

Some of the towns we passed were so tiny I wondered why had even bothered to name them. Families on their front porches and boys fixing their bicycles would stop their talk to watch the strange car chugging through their main drag. Everyone we stopped to talk to for directions or food was infinitely kind, bemused, and patient with our half hearted french. Five harrowing years of sitting through old maid lectures on french vocabulaire have sufficiently chased any real desire to learn the language out of my life, but I did wish that I'd remembered how to say "fill her up" to save wild gesticulations at every gas station.

Not until I had been away from it into a different environment did I realize how good it was to leave WASP country behind me for a while and how I



COUNTRY COUSIN

I must try my best to leave it behind me forever as soon as possible. The uptightness and intangible rigour that marks our average WASP concentrated community was a joy to leave where it belongs, in scurrilous, money hungry southern Ontario. One thing that freaked me out about Quebec though was something I'd forgotten about, and that was the profusion of pearl white statues of the Madonna on factory lawns, outside of restaurants, even in the unlikely bush. Jesus was crucified again and again in my mind as crosses appeared and reappeared wherever we went. I noticed in passing that one worried soul had had Christ plus the two thieves carved in white life-sized stone upon his grave.

We were quite responsible visitors to la belle province in the sense that at no point did we dump

garbage in the lakes or shoot holes into the roadsides but at one stop I broke down and crawled in through the window of an abandoned yellow paint peeling farm house. Musty smells wavered about from room to room and once inside I was horrified to see that much of the furniture was still in the same position as it had been left—like a modern day Pompey. Upstairs and downstairs, most of the furniture was comprised of double beds; logically a true French Canadian populating family had once lived there. The feeling was somewhat weird inside the walls of those boarded windows and called for a gigantic swig of wine.

The tenaciousness of the people living on the land continuously astounded me since most of the farms were seemingly built on solid rock. Enormous workhorses were everywhere in harness and any other form of mobility, tractor, or pickup truck, was in ramshackle state.

I'm getting used to country dogs hurtling themselves at my car for the sheer joy of chasing it down the road, but in one town a black dog actually collided with us in motion. He was a hardy beast though, like the rest of the population, and half a dozen skimpy children ran into the street yelling "C'est correct, c'est correct" to assure us that everything was cool.

We stopped many times along the road, to make music by the side of a lake, to sleep in barns, be eaten by black flies, eat soup in restaurants. It was a great trip, and on the last day the sun even shone.

Back home the pump is still temperamental, the grass is taller, the dandelions have gone back to seed, and the lettuce is emerging. Time to take to the watering can and rock on some more.

KERRY DRAKE

EVERYONE IS SURE THAT HIS LOVE AFFAIR IS UNIQUE... BUT HUMAN COURTSHIP FOLLOWS A RITUAL AS UNCHANGING AS A CRANE'S MATING DANCE.

THE SURPRISE PHONE CALLS...

THE LONG DRIVES WHILE THE CAR RADIO PLAYS TOM JONES AND BACHARACH MUSIC...

THE GIFTS BOUGHT ON IMPULSE FOR NO SPECIAL OCCASION...

TWO PAIRS OF EYES LOOKING INTO EACH OTHER ACROSS A TABLE IN DARK LITTLE BISTROS...

AND THE IRRESISTIBLE MAGNETISM OF SEARCHING, EAGER LIPS!

Alfred Drake



THE TENDER LETTERS WHICH NEED NO SIGNATURE...

Watch for **KERRY DRAKE** coming Soon



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... first aid, referrals, sympathy and the occasional doctor ...

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... and the Rochfestival continues ...

Thurs June 17th 8pm Hare Krishrie discuss their philosophy --- Rochdale Library, 2nd Floor

Tues. June 22 7:30 pm Tom McFeat (U of T Anthropologist) leads seminar on "Identity & Personal Space" --- R. C. Library

Wed. June 23rd 8pm THE PROCESS discuss their philosophy --- R. C. Library

There will also be a psychodrama group open to anyone lead by Marsha Robbins sometime between the 19th and 25th

---phone 921-3168 to find out.

---P.S. Lottery tickets pay for this. BUY!--

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STAR STRIKE

The Council of Toronto Newspaper Unions, preparing for a strike against the Toronto Daily Star have opened "Star Employees' Strike Headquarters" at 68 King St. West, right next door to the Star. The actual word "strike" will be covered until the appropriate time. Said strike preparations director Bob Rupert, "We don't want anyone to think we're jumping the gun"

The appropriate time could be 12:01 a.m. of June 17th, the time when the unions can legally strike. Talks were broken off by the union June 10, just 6 days before the deadline. They resume Monday under provincial mediator Victor Scott.

The Star's latest offer, which precipitated the end of discussion, went as follows:

PRESENT WAGE	WEEKLY RATE INCREASES (in dollars)		
All guild at key or above	14.00	14.00	13.00
\$135 - 189.99	12.75	12.75	12.00
under \$135	11.50	11.50	11.00

All craft except paper handlers	14.00	14.00	13.00
Paper Handlers	12.75	12.75	12.00

The Union demands, which are negotiable, are:

PRESENT WAGE RANGE	INCREASES	
	Jan 1/71	Jan 1/72
less than \$125	25%	20%
\$125.01 - \$1.75	22½%	17½%
\$175.01 plus	20%	15%

The office of the President and Publisher of the Star, in a June 10th bulletin to employees, pointed out the possible effects of a lengthy strike action, remembering the fate of the Vancouver Province, which when struck in 1945 was Vancouver's leading newspaper. The Province eventually merged operations with the Vancouver Sun and became the morning newspaper. The bulletin pointed out that if the unions struck only the Star, a similar situation might arise in Toronto. The Star has said that a major wage increase would result in a 15 cent newspaper, but it admits that, though there are no present plans for a price increase to 15 cents, such an increase is inevitable. This seems an irrelevant issue, since so few people in Toronto pay for newspapers anyway.

The Star, too, is preparing for a strike. Thus far they have received nearly 800 responses to an appeal for strikebreakers. As this is not sufficient to replace

the 1500 unionized workers, rumours suggest plans are in existence to import scab labour from the United States.

Scabs are no small issue in this labour dispute. There are 500 of them now working in the mailing department of the Star, replacing the composing and mailing workers who went on strike in July of 1964. Management insists that any settlement apply to these scabs.

The 25,000 member Building Trades Council has announced support for the six unions at the Star. Should the Star try to publish while struck, construction workers would refuse to cross picket lines at One Yonge Street. And more than 150 Guild members at the Telegram have petitioned their unit executive for a special meeting to discuss ways of supporting the Star unions in the event of a strike.

The agreements between Toronto Newspaper Build and the Toronto Telegram ran out last January 1st, and the Telegram may be the next to strike. As yet negotiations have not proceeded to the point of setting a strike deadline, and it seems that the Guild is stalling for time, waiting for results of an action against the Star.

At present, the unions have called on writers to remove their bylines from all stories in the Star until a settlement is reached, as is permitted by the present collective agreement. Presumably, this will give the public knowledge of just which writers are pro-labour. Keep an eye on the Star's bylines in the next few weeks, fellow workers, and find out who's not on our side.

As I'm sure you are well aware, the system of government in Ontario is very bogged down in its own red tape.

Nine of the twenty four members of the cabinet are lawyers, fourteen are businessmen, and one is a doctor. Now logically you would assume that the doctor would be the Minister of Health, but not so. The Minister of Health is Bert Lawrence QC., a lawyer, the doctor, Richard T. Potter MD is Minister without Portfolio. The same is true of the Minister of Education, Robert Welsh QC. He's a lawyer, never has been an educator and never will be.

Most of these Ministers don't even know what's going on in their own department. How can they when they don't have any previous experience. The fact is that they're dupes.

This year there was an inquiry into education by a three man "independent committee". They found that there was a terrific amount of money wasted. Well, that's great, but the Government used this to justify cutting the money off. Similar inquiries would come up with similar waste in ALL departments.

The government did increase the total

IS EDUCATION MENTAL HEALTH?

spending in education from \$82,141,300. to \$89,284,000—an increase of \$7,142,700. Now you can look at this and think that that's pretty good, but if you really want to see where it's at, rather than just be "satisfied". look at the breakdown. Personnel Services and Grants took tremendous cuts while the biggest increase went to something called the Teachers' Superannuation Commission, whatever that is. Now look at one area in another department, Mental Health. It goes from \$150,863,077 to \$190,074,000—an increase of \$39,876,024. If you try to figure that one out, you can't. The Government must think there's twice as many people in Mental Institutions than in schools.

Why didn't this kind of increase get publicized? How did it get through so fast and unnoticed? What's happening in Mental Health? These are good questions.

According to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, the readmittance rate to Mental Institutions is almost 50%. Yes, Mental Hospitals are really effective in making people better!

The death rate over a five year period in the States in Mental Institutions was greater than the death rate in the Vietnam War. This is no wonder, because the standard "treatment" in all but a few institutions is electric shock therapy and drugs. The drugs used such as Valium, Tofranil, Librium and Darvon have published side effects of "drowsiness, confusion, fatigue, depression slurred speech, impotency, blurred vision,

tremor, muscle spasticity, activation of psychosis in schizophrenics, agitation of hypomania and manic episodes" and on and on and on. Mental Hospitals can't cure anything, all they can do is reduce the patients self-determinism so they can be controlled. The drugs they use and ECT (120 or more volts through your head) make slightly disturbed people into vegetables. These methods, incidentally, were developed in Nazi death camps and haven't been changed much since then.

Now how is it that people aren't informed of these things, and how is it that Mental Health gets an increase of \$40,000,000. while education actually gets cut back.

It's a good idea to write Bert Lawrence, Bill Davis and whatever M.P.P. you can and let them know how you feel about this. Letters in bulk, demos, and things like that do have some effect even if it's just to bring it into the public eye. These guys worry about stuff like votes. You might mention that Mental Health is just about due for an inquiry.

Diane McKenzie



Marx U.

In the last column we talked about the development of consciousness. While we will be returning to that later, let us turn now to the conflict in capitalist society between the "material forces of production

and the existing relations of production".

Capitalist economists, before and since Marx, have presented a picture of society in which while acknowledging that there are both owners/managers and workers, they are presented as mutually interdependent and necessary. The owners, it is said, bring entrepreneurial skills, and capital, while the worker brings his specific skills. Each gets back a share from the sale of the product, the worker, his wages; the owner, his profit. Without the capitalist there would be no jobs and so the interest of the worker is in maintaining the system. But is it?

Marx put it this way: "To say the worker has an interest in the rapid growth of capital is only to say that the more rapidly the worker increases the wealth of others, the richer will be the crumbs that fall to him, the greater is the number of workers that can be employed and called into existence, the more can the mass of slaves dependent on capital be increased."

Marx indeed was the discoverer of the way in which capitalist society operates, through his theory of surplus value. Marx showed that in capitalist society, unlike previous economic systems, goods are produced for the market. He then asked on what basis these goods were exchanged. The thing, he said, that is common to all commodities, is that labor has been expended on them and thus that goods are exchanged based on the amount of labor necessary to produce them.

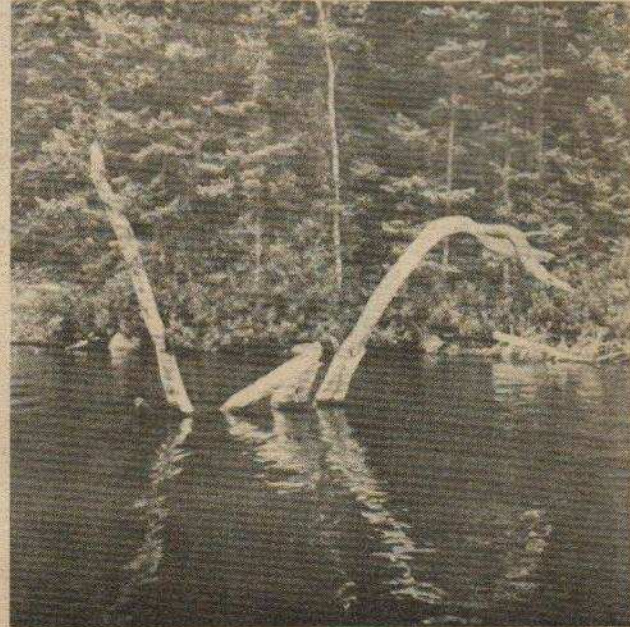
But then he saw that there was one very special

kind of commodity — labor power — a person's ability to work. What was special about it was that, although its price, or exchange value, was the amount of labor necessary to produce it, or to put it another way the amount of the necessary means of subsistence of the worker, it also had the ability to produce new value.

A capitalist hires a worker. He pays him the price of his labor power — but the worker can keep going long after he has created enough value to cover his wages. And that which is extra is surplus value, the source of capitalist profit.

"But this also proved," comments Engels, "that the acquisition of riches by the present-day capitalists consists just as much in the appropriation of the unpaid labor of others as that of the slave owner or the feudal lord exploiting slave labor, and that all these forms of exploitation are only to be distinguished by the difference in manner and method by which the unpaid labor is appropriated. This, however, also removed the last justification for all the hypocritical phrases of the possessing classes to the effect that in the present social order right and justice, equality of rights and duties and a general harmony of interests prevail, and present-day bourgeois society no less than its predecessors is exposed as a grandiose institution for the exploitation of the huge majority of the people by a small, ever diminishing minority."

Clara Phillips





Guerrilla



We are people of a community, but are we unified? Hundreds and thousands of us struggling with survival and aspiration, education and growth, but do we have direction? Are we communicating?

The Spirit of Community has been with us since Palaeolithic times—the strategies to promote it are as wasteful as the strategies to block it. We need only listen to what becomes evident after intolerance, prejudice, dishonesty, possessiveness, apathy, and illusion cease to be listened to. But in our partially awakened state listening perhaps is an art, a luxury few can invest themselves in; especially with so many radicals and urgent need pressing upon us; the needs of the poor, the enslaved, the sick. But we must not impersonally push aside their agony, for what is done to dehumanize one dehumanizes ALL.

The method of how to eliminate the dehumanizing tendencies in our society have always been in dispute. Some seek a political solution; others a personal; others a religious. In opposition to none of these, since all are embodied within it, is the concept of Alternate Society. Community.

We've become aware that as we learn to know more about ourselves our method of relating to others change. This change mirrors community. Relating co-operatively to each other's needs, difficulties, and enjoyments, the transformation into Community happens.

Community is a voluntary movement and environment: people. The spirit of Community and Reality must be seen as One: life style reaching out, connecting with, and sharing in, life style. The Spirit of Community also

VIEWING COMMUNITY

must radiate from within; only a pathetic copy of it can be induced from without. And when we become aware of the spirit of Community within us, we learn to celebrate how it communicates.

We of Grass Roots represent the Alternate social organism. We are a movement in the birth of a new social order. As such we are a living web of people sharing each others thoughts and realities. We are also a nucleus of interaction and communication: people actively engaged in creatively altering existing social structures—which distort human relationships—attempting to make them more responsive to individual needs. Our free access to one another helps to define a sense of the total perspective of our individual directions. It also helps to give historical and cultural shape to our efforts. Grass Roots is the outcome of a complex of developments in the Alternate culture over the past few years.

In the early sixties a group of people who regarded themselves as being outside of the popular culture became unified by their separateness from it. Sporadic shaping of their own life styles led to the formation of a

unique cultural body—which eventually created its own medium of communications: the free press of Harbinger, and others. This was the first stage in the growth of the media for the Alternate community consciousness in Toronto. As the bases for these media grew, they became instruments of involvement and education. They were a catalyst from which social change could reverberate outwards. The Guerilla newspaper came into being one year ago (happy birthday). Through many transformations it has carried the development of our social awareness to a higher plane. Its print communications have been elemental in helping us to define the shape of our life styles. As a result of this increase in definition we have been able to build a centre of interpersonal communications; the Huron St. Hall. Ostensibly it was a centre for matching street wants and needs—the beginning of an atmosphere for many levels of information exchanges. Since then it has developed into a Community Centre dealing personally with all aspects of the Alternate Culture. Thus it was pivotal in the formation of Grass Roots.

At present, Grass Roots is a medium of co-ordination for a variety of community groups working together in actualizing common goals. Originally our goals were those which we felt Project 71 was not equipped to handle. Grass Roots members wanted to be their own spokesmen in developing the trends and outcomes of their life styles relating to the Community. It is now the most representative voice of our social development.

Our culture, is, as it should be, always changing. New people and their progressive innovations: such as Grass Roots Wacheea project, are lending inspiration and energy to the growth of more realistic social concepts and environments

And now we come to the crux of the situation: we need support; your support. We need resources and energy; your resources and energy. We need talent and skills. . .yours!

We are asking you to work with us in shaping an environment for a totally realized Community. "In order for our efforts to feel good and make sense we have to risk a little of what is really ourselves." Risk with us!

Help is really needed for further cultivation of communication between aspects of our emerging Community: the free university; housing and food programs; both city and rural; child rearing; musicians and crafts;—&—tradespeople's cooperatives; benefits for the formation of a Community Fund; Community Businesses; legal and health services—all of which are developing the environment of Community. If you would like to participate, or just contact Chris or Larry Berg or Brian or Phillip at the Hall (863-0275) or Bill or Dan at Guerilla (864-1902).

Guerrilla

MIND SURVIVAL

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16

Guerrilla weekly staff meeting. All interested persons welcome. 8:00 p.m. 201 Queen St. E.

Militant Co-op—Regular unemployed meeting 8 p.m. 2nd floor lounge Rochdale

Theosophical Society—12 McPherson Ave. Library 5 p.m. to 8 p.m.

8 p.m. — 9th annual Jazz on the Lake — concert on the Thomas Rennie (ferry boat) leaving the foot of York St., (ferry dock) at 8 p.m. in direction of Humber R. Featuring: Russ Little quintet, Jim Galloway's Metro Stompers. Tickets are \$3.75 in advance at A & A record, and the Rock-Seller Sponsored by a group of Toronto jazz fans, headed by Ron Arnold, 924-1373.

Hall—commune Meeting

THURSDAY, JUNE 17

12:10 - 1 p.m. — Church of the Holy Trinity has George Kerr, Ontario's Minister of Energy and Resources, as its guest for lunch and chat for Thursday Noon on the Square. Mr. Kerr will likely be questioned about his' government's pollution policies.

7:30 p.m. — General membership meeting of Pollution Probe will be held at the Ramsay-Wright Zoological Building on Harbord Street.

8:30 p.m. — The Summer Centre Theatre presents *The Crucible*, a play by Arthur Miller, directed by Joe Erickson. Runs until June 27. Admission free. At the Studio Theatre, 4 Glen Morris St., off Spadina Avenue, one block north of Harbord.

Guerrilla Softball Game 6 p.m. at the park across from our office.

The Hall — 8p.m. and 10:30p.m. Movie. Red Badge of Courage
7:30 Survival Course.

FRIDAY, JUNE 18

Militant Co-op Regular Friday Labour films, 8 p.m. at 1194A St. Clair W. near Dufferin.

Theatre Passe Muraille—Rock, Folk, Jazz and Classical music at 11:30 p.m. \$1 donation to cover expenses. 11 Trinity Square 2 blocks south of Dundas off Yonge

Vanguard Forum — "50 Years of World Revolution" with John Steele, Executive Secretary of League for Socialist Action. 334 Queen St. W. for info. call 363-9618.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19

6:30 p.m. — The Caribbean Music Festival 1971 takes place at the Forum of Ontario Place. Featuring two groups from Jamaica, Tomorrow's Children and the Jackie Mitto Sound Track. Also two local groups, Bing Serrao and the Ramblers and Dave Martin and the Trade Winds. Admission: \$1.00 for Ontario Place, \$4.00 for the festival.

Panel Discussion — "Women's Liberation — Passing Fancy or Wave of the Future" 8p.m. at Ontario College of Education Bloor and Spadina. Sponsored by Toronto Women's Caucus and University of Toronto Women's Caucus.

All Canadian Rock Concert with Mainline, Nucleus, Crowbar and the Guess Who. 4p.m. Varsity Stadium, 928-3086.

SUNDAY, JUNE 20

Hare Krishna—Vegetarian Spiritual Feast with chanting and dancing and lectures. 4 p.m. 187 Gerrard St. E.

Open Studio—Figure drawing 3 p.m. 310 Queen St. W. Donations for model

Theosophical Society—12 McPherson Ave. 10:30 a.m. Secret Doctrine Class 7:30 p.m. Lecture

Summer Solstice Festival — 3p.m. till Midnight at Bathurst St. United Church — Syrinx, City Muffin Boys, Beverly Glen-Copeland, Phil, Keith McKie, Gord Lowe, Munoz, Tannis Niemann, Murray McLaughlin, Mother Fletcher's Jug Band, THOG, Films and a Feast by Etheera. Donation \$1.50

Picnic on Toronto Island sponsored by League for Student Democracy. For more info. call Brain 636-9844.

MONDAY, JUNE 21

Theosophical Society 12 McPherson Class on use of secret doctrine.

TUESDAY, JUNE 22

Art Gallery of Ontario-Free Admission, Samuel Zacks Collection, beautiful.

Theosophical Society—Basic Astrology Class, 7:30 p.m. 12 McPherson Ave.

New Morning Centre—Free Legal Clinic. 19 Baldwin St. 7:30 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. First Aid Course

The Poetry Front at the Mitchell Gallery, 27 Prince Arthur. 9p.m. Victor Coleman. Call for invitation, 929-9949.

Community Homophile Association of Toronto Regular every other Tuesday meeting at Holy Trinity Church. 8p.m. 964-0653.

7p.m. at James Gardens: Scottish country dancing till dusk every Tuesday until the end of June.

MISCELLANEOUS

Aug. 20-25 Cross Canada Socialist Educational Conference at University of Waterloo. Sponsored by Young Socialists League for Socialist Action. For information 334 Queen St. W. 363-9618

Community School Workshop aims to help communities make their own decisions about the extent and form of community participation in their schools. It will provide people with a range of ideas concerning community involvement. For information phone Joan Doiron 929-0427.

Nursing mothers and babies get together on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month. At 40 Hazelton No. 7. 924-1759. For help any time call 489-7071.

Three schools—Summer school of art at Cedar Glen, near Bolton, Ont. and Toronto and Vancouver. For information call 920-8370

CineCity after midnight shows: June 12 Magic Christian, June 19 Fellini's Satyricon, June 26 Dr. Strangelove, July 3 Yellow Submarine, July 10 King of Hearts.

Free festivals sponsored by the Greenwood Free Form Committee will be held on June 27 and August 8 at Greenwood Park, (Greenwood and Gerrard).

The Young Socialists have opened their office as a sort of Drop-In Centre any one can come over to talk politics. 334 Queen St. W.

Center of Gravity, COG, is a League for Student Democracy coffee house. It opens 8p.m. Friday and Saturday. At the Southeast corner of Bayview and Sheppard. COG is a high school community centre during the day known as the Vegetable Garden. Also the Third Eye will come out with one issue during the summer.

June 14-19th as a part of the Shaw Festival at the Court House Theatre in Niagra-on-the-Lake, Ontario. "The Philanderer" 8:30. Added performances at 5p.m., Wed. June 16. Niagra-on-the-Lake (416) 468-3201 Toronto 364-0735.

Stratford Festival "Much Ado About Nothing" June 16, 2p.m., Macbeth: June 15, 17, and 19th at 8:30p.m. Dutchess of Malfi: June 16th at 8:30p.m. and June 19th at 2p.m. Festival Theatre, Stratford, Ont. Stratford (519) 273-1600 Toronto 964-1154.

June 18-20th at Nathan Phillips Sq., the 10th Annual Toronto Outdoor Art Exhibition. Noon to sunset. The work of over 400 artists.

Trinity Square Fair — Saturday from noon to midnight and Sunday from 11a.m. till 6p.m. Beer, wine, and hot meat pies will be served. Home made food will be for sale and jug bands, rock music and classical guitars will provide continuous entertainment. Free Admission.

12 madison ave—lock-luggage open from 8-midnight—top floor clinic for transients—doctors supplied by the hospitals every day—into the kids thing—general clinic but with specialists ready to draw from.—special service: Maggie longdon 923-1923 during day 966-5010 during evenings

Lodge Canada, 719 Yonge at Bloor, accomodation referral bureau switchboard for temporary housing. 9am-6pm. 920-6737. Call to volunteer housing in your home or backyard.

Baldwin St. Gallery closes for the summer June 29, until then they are exhibiting Laura Jone's show "Friends and Neighbours"

June 17,18,19th — Neill-Wyck College Repertory Cinema, The Lavender Hill Mob with Alex Guinness and Stanley Holloway. 7 & 9p.m. with midnight show Friday. Admission \$1.50.

DAILY

Hare Krishna—back to Yoga, 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. 187 Gerrard St. E.

Metro—Bellwoods Centre-299 Harbord St. Free information on anything, income tax, pensions, etc.

New Morning Centre—19 Baldwin St. Free food daily 4-6 p.m.

Clothing exchange—Birth Control information; street library

Twice daily, Mon. thru Fri. at 11a.m. and 2p.m. from June 15 to Sept 15 YOU can tour the Toronto Stock Exchange absolutely free. 234 Bay St., Main entrance. 363-6121 ext. 133.

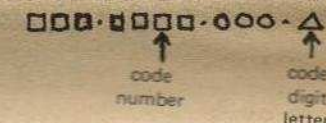
The dance classes that used to be at the Hall are now being held at Factory Lab Theatre. 6p.m. Mon.—Fri.

THERE'S LOTS OF OTHER GOOD STUFF GOING ON THIS WEEK -BUT IT'S PRIVATE

Free Phone Calls

BY Credit Card

Your average telephone credit card number has ten digits and a code letter.



The first seven digits are composed of any phone number. Remember no phone number ever begins with one or zero.

The next three digits are the Regional Account Code. This code number indicates to the telephone company which of their U.S. or Canadian billing offices will handle your bill.

The code letter corresponds to the sixth digit of the phone number, as in the following chart:

0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
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So if the phone number is 964-4638
3 is the sixth digit
E is the code letter

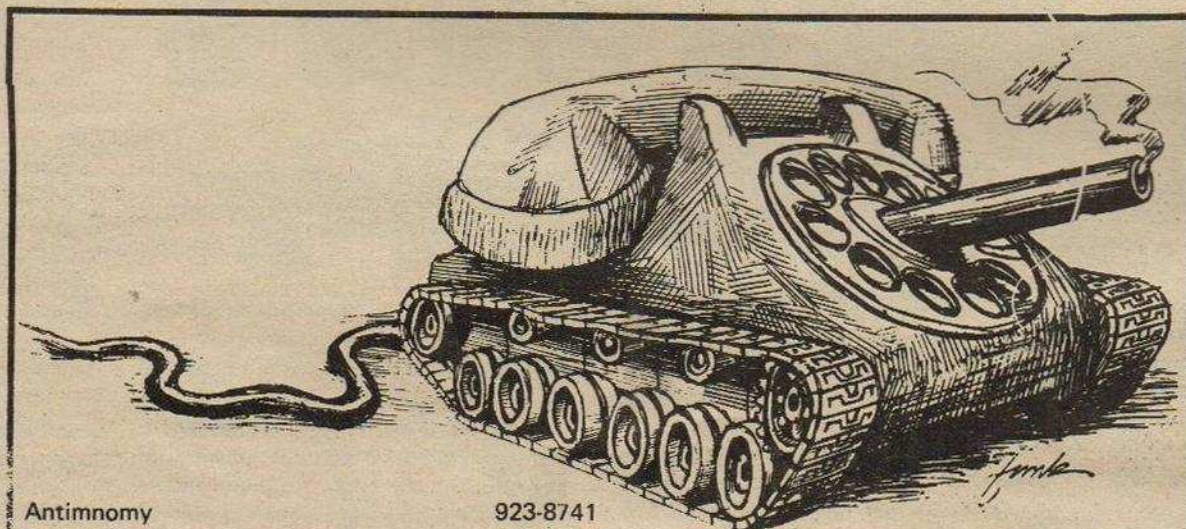
Here is a list of some major cities and their area codes and Regional Account Codes:

City	Area Code	RAC
Boston, Mass	617	001
		021,074
N.Y., N.Y.	212	254
Washington, D.C.	202	032
Atlanta, Ga.	404	035
Philadelphia, Pa.	215	041-043
Columbus, Ohio	614	079
Indianapolis, Ind.	317	080
Cleveland, Ohio	216	081,082
Detroit, Mich.	313	083
Milwaukee, Wis.	414	088,092
Newark, N.J.	201	094
Chicago, Ill.	312	097,098
Spokane, Wash.	509	128
Houston, Tex.	703	151
San Francisco, Calif.	415	158,159
Sacramento, Calif.	916	160
		167,168
Los Angeles, Calif.	213	184
Santa Rosa, Calif.	707	223
Ventura, Calif.	805	252
Denver, Colo.	303	264
Minneapolis, Minn.	612	360
Denver, Colo.	303	598,993

And here are some sample credit card numbers:
NBC is Los Angeles
547-4152-168-J the area code is 213.

CBS in New York
586-7979-074-R the area code is 212.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS, COMMUNICATE!



Antimnomy	923-8741		
Birth Control and Abortion	533-9006	Social Planning Council 55 York	363-4971
Camous Daycare Centre	925-7495	Stepping Stone 165 Avenue Rd.	923-3369
CONNECTION	595-6100	Stop Over 40 College	921-7971
Digger House	929-5527	Stop 21 (for women) 21 McGill	368-1801
Civil Liberties	363-0118	Street Haven (free meals for women)	920-9111
Emergency...Fire Ambulance	361-1111	Toronto Women's Caucus	368-7527
Militant Co-op	532-4008	Toronto Anti-Draft	481-0241
Grotto	924-6178	Toronto Free Youth Clinic, 252 Dupont	925-6223
Guerrilla	864-1902	TTC	487-2424
Hall Switchboard	863-0275	This Magazine is About Schools	364-3333
Lodge Canada (temporary Housing)	920-6737	Toronto Citizen	863-0030
League for Student Democracy	782-1881	THOG	929-9495, 531-6214
Legal Aid	366-9631	12 Madison (Drug Crisis Centre)	966-5010
Pollution Probe	928-6155	University House 49 St. George	928-2542
Red Morning	368-1577	U. of T. Dental Clinic	928-2784
Rochdale	921-3168	ROCH CLINIC	924-8892
St. Michaels H. Q.	360-4000	Women's Liberation 323 Church	863-9949
St. Lawrence Centre	366-7723	Young Communists	922-8309
Scadding House (Drop-in Centre)	368-0188	Young Socialists 334 Queen St. W.	363-9618
Scott Mission 502 Spadina	924-4437	Youth Employment Service	366-2516

"INCIDENT FROM '66"

I remember the day like it was yesterday. It was in February, 1966, with two foot snow drifts and a cold, damp wind that cut through you like a knife.

It was the time of shivering together on picket lines and sharing one cup of coffee between four teamsters; it was the time of rock throwing and cursing and frustration and confrontation; it was moments of truth and problems and no sleep and bumming cigarettes; it was a time when men were being made and men were falling apart; it was the time when management were laying supplies of ulcer pills; and it was a time of sometimes very significant loyalty; a time of brotherhood; and a time when men stood together, shivered together, fought together and eventually won together and grew taller in the process.

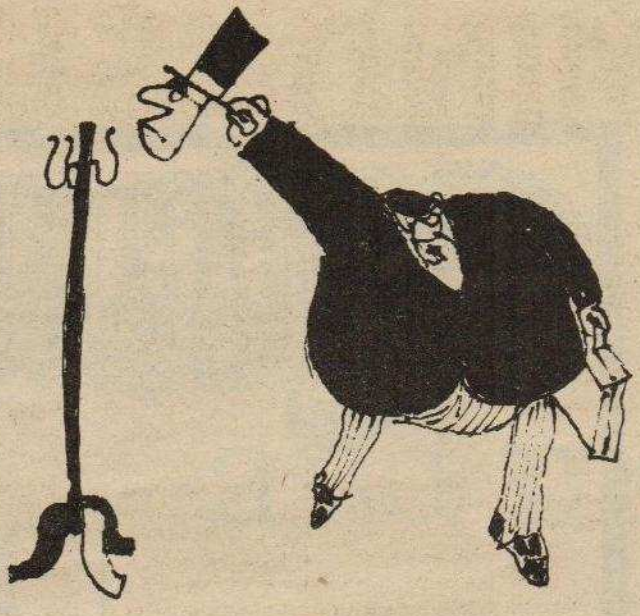
It was the time of the "TEAMSTER UPRISING OF '66" . . . a hungry time; a bone weary time; a frustrating time; but all in all it was a glorious, victorious time that lasted over sixteen weeks.

And of course, there was BEANEY TRANSPORT, king of the "SCABS," bootlegging "hot cargo" up and down the road — bennied up — screwing us up in general, wherever and whenever possible.

Gunning through picket lines at the bond shed on the Queensway, they'd come, one after the other — the barks of their diesels harsh sounds of man's screwing man.

And we'd run at these epitome's of Jack London's immortal classic, chasing them, throwing anything at them we could lay our hands on. And BEANEY would keep on coming, splashing, roaring his vicious way through our lines.

Eight or nine guys, we had on this particular day, eight or nine teamsters, all sizes, all ages from a twenty year veteran of sixty odd years down to a



Bear's Lair

young teamster of nineteen, called Rocky.

Eight or nine guys with the snow and the wind lashing at our faces and the BEANEY scabs barrelling around the corner and splashing snow and shush and shit at us — wet feet, empty pocketed — we stood listening to the whine and bark of those goddamn stinking diesels as they rounded the corner and aimed all that horsepower at us.

Until, finally Rocky the young guy of nineteen couldn't take it anymore.

Soaked from head to toe, his young face hard and set, he ran up to me and waving his arms spoke thusly:

"What the hell are we going to do with these goddamn Beaney bastards. What the hell are we going to do to stop these son-of-bitches."

"I'VE got an idea" I said, snapping my fingers. Everybody crowded around their attention aroused.

"Here's what we do," I said, when we were all in a tight circle. "The next swine of a BEANEY that comes barrelling around the corner at fifty per, we are going to stop. We are going to take our YOUNGEST MEMBER by his arms and by his legs and throw him bodily under the front wheels. This will make BEANEY do one of two things, jam on his brakes and perhaps stop, or if not, run over our brother. Either way, we have a fighting chance of getting to him in the cab or charging him with motor manslaughter."

I paused and gave Rocky a long, level look. "By the way, how old are you?"

Without batting an eyelash, his nineteen year old features serene in a poker face, Rocky replied candidly:

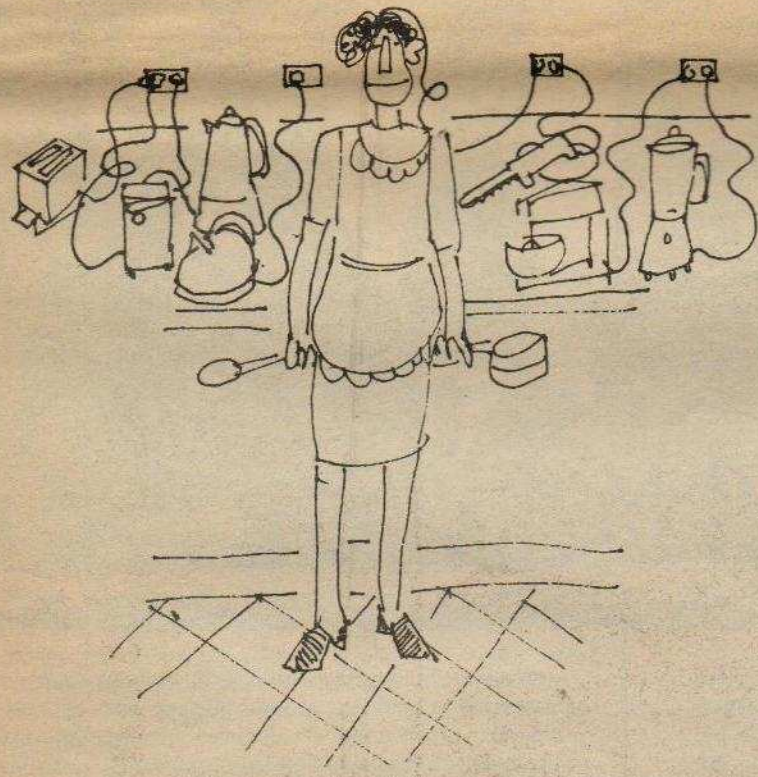
"Forty nine."

It took a few seconds for it to sink in; then we all started to laugh; one guy laughed so hard he fell in the snow bank; one had tears in his eyes; another gagged on his cigar.

And suddenly the wind wasn't quite so cold, and we were somehow closer together and again we were ready to lick the whole goddamn world to get a decent contract.

TRANE STRIKE SETTLED
more later

Women: Liberating ourselves



This starts out with the premise that society is oppressive, that the culture that raised us put a lot of garbage in our heads and we have to get rid of the garbage, on the outside and on the inside. This is about the garbage put on women, and put on women to put on men, who still put it on women who put it on . . .

A lot of women are turned off by women's lib because the negative fantasy of it, which many take to be the reality, is something like a witch. An ugly woman that nobody wants anyway, screaming and demanding to be a man. Of course it's false, but why does it affect us so deeply? A passionate communist can evoke such a gut reaction from only the most rabid anticommunist. There's something about a woman who not only refuses to play the role but is proud of it and tries to convert her sisters as well that makes us uneasy. (Like maybe when I just said sisters, did you wince?) The very notion of unity among women without a man to lead or inspire them makes no sense in this male-oriented culture. Every woman wants a man and therefore you do what has to be done to attract one and keep him. If you don't get one, you've failed somehow and you grow old alone with nothing to show for your life. The successful woman finds and gets a good man who has an important job or is a good bowler or maybe a

revolutionary and she keeps his house and kids for him. Even if the single woman becomes accomplished at something, writes poetry, goes into business, whatever it is, it's obviously in place of a real family to look after and she is still the object of pity and most likely very lonely.

We know all these things. "Women is loosers." But if the laws were changed tomorrow and all the legal battles won, we still would be a long way baby because there's still so much in our heads. Did you ever want to climb a mountain, write a book, go into politics, make a movie? Do it!!!! So many years of being in the background, having things done for you because you couldn't figure it out (translate: too lazy to try to figure it out) or because it wasn't feminine.

We have to regain confidence in ourselves as intelligent capable women who can do anything we want to do because we have the strength and determination to see things through. I can't get into the violence but I can dig why a lot of women are taking lessons in Karate and hap ki do, etc. They're building up their strength mentally and physically, with it their image of themselves, and being proud of their bodies in a new and purer way. We have to learn to love ourselves not as a reflection of someone else but for our own unique qualities.

I think that's the crux of it, our feelings about ourselves, and then our determination to make others accept us on those terms. Our pride has always been based on outward things, our bodies, makeup, grooming, etc, and our accomplishments in terms of what's expected of us — ability to attract and keep a man, run a house, produce normal children, and maybe sew or knit, an extra little talent.

I'm really down on makeup and styles in hair and dress, etc. I think its really a false way to present yourself and just encourages people to react to you on those outward terms. Why would you want to look like Doris Day or Jane Fonda or Bonnie Bramlett when you could look like yourself? What's wrong with being you?

Sometimes I see these girls dressed up in brand new dayglo hippie outfits, and the "Shaggy look" or the "English look" and I want to grab them and shake them. Why are you Barbie Dolls? Think how different and interesting everyone would be if there were no styles and people wore what they felt suited them that day. Then of course people like Max Factor wouldn't make money. hmmm . . . Many women say in defense of this that they feel good, they feel pretty and they want to show how they feel or emphasize things to make them even prettier, etc. I can only recall my own experience with it when I was in high school. I felt from looking at TV and

magazines that my face wasn't right by itself — there was a standard of beauty I had to adjust my face to and when it was done I could go out and feel secure that I looked like some girl in a magazine and therefore I was O.K. It was also an attraction. I would go to a dance or party and be judged. If my grooming was acceptable, pretty, stylish, or enticing in the correct sort of way, I would be asked to dance and that of course meant points for me because I could get someone to dance with me.

In all those high school years I never thought of myself except in those terms, my face and body, my ability to attract someone, and sometimes a morality (but that's a whole nother contradiction), I'm sure that high school is a lot different now in many ways

but a lot of things still seem the same, only in bell bottoms. I'd like to hear from high school women about your experience. A lot of us are at the point where we've stopped wearing makeup and bras and changed a lot of other superficial things. We're finding out that the real trouble is in personal relationships. We run into a lot of men who dig "chicks" without bras because they're easy lays. A lot of men can't handle a woman coming on to him sexually. It scares them when a woman is honest. Sometimes we move in with a boyfriend and find out he expects the same old Dagwood and Blondie relationship but without a license so he won't feel guilty then he gets tired of it and wants to leave. Sometimes we find a really together man who expects us to be intelligent and independent and everything we say we want and then we blow it by running to him for security, big daddy, and creating that old dependent relationship. I don't want to set up some remote enemy, like All Men or The System. Unfortunately, we're they system until we decide to step out of it and even then it's hard to figure what's real and what's not. WE have to learn what it is to be a human being and deal with each other honestly and equally.

The relationship between men and women is (sorry) fucked up and we've got to change it and ourselves. I've just been rambling over a lot of things we could talk about but it's important to hear from you. I'd like to know what you think about it, what your experiences have been. If we get a lot of letters, maybe I won't write anything but just let you talk to each other. We'll print everything there's room for and if you don't want to have it printed that's O.K. too. I'm really interested in how other women feel. I think we can all learn from each other, sisters.

Leslie McNabb

This

ROLLING STONE

Richard Nixon sent his troops in for a surprise invasion of Cambodia. Protests exploded on the nation's college campuses. Kent State was around the corner.

It was out there.

Even the businessmen slithering about their sealed offices could feel the vibrations of political energy rattling at their windows. Even the "hip" businessmen could feel it, though they'd been sensing it for a long time. The hip magazines could use all the excitement by interpreting the events until they became meaningless and innocuous, and by pretending to be behind it in order to boost subscriptions. But the promoters couldn't deal with it, because it was no longer safe to send rock groups to the college campuses: Not safe for the rock groups or the college campuses.

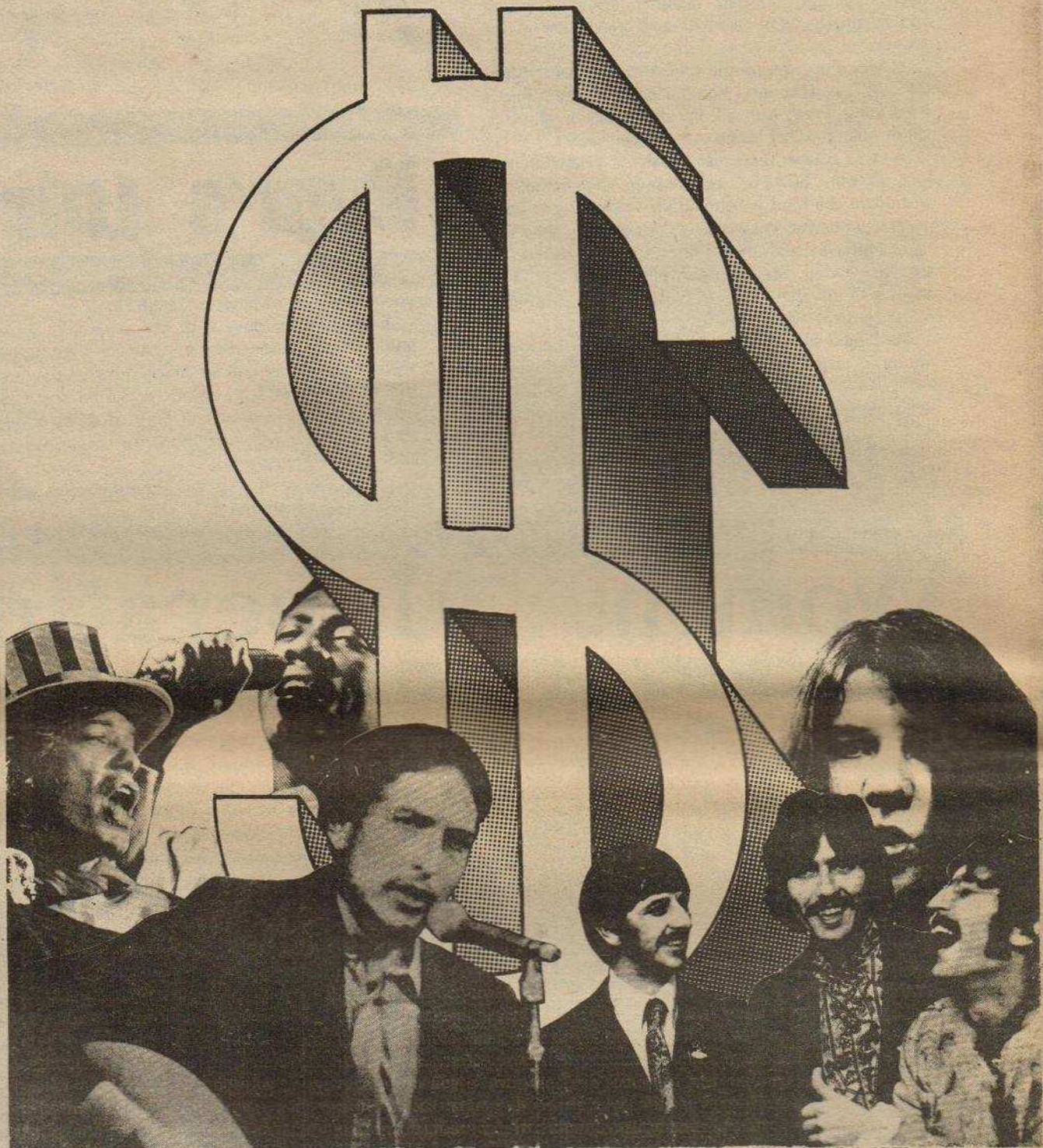
At *Rolling Stone*, the nation's largest rock magazine, the editors were busily assembling what they called their "Pitiful Helpless Giant Issue." They had sent their staff editors to Augusta, Jackson, and Kent, and were compiling long chronological reports devoid of analysis, which is the *RS* style.

John Burks, who was the managing editor, told me at the time, "We're really becoming political, man. We asked Paul Jacobs to go to Augusta, but he couldn't make it; but we're going to work with him more closely in the future. We have Greil (Marcus) covering Berkeley - Maybe you could give him a call. Also we want to use you more, now that we're becoming political."

Rolling Stone claims a circulation of just over 250,000 and is still climbing, which surpasses *Ramparts* at its height. It has become "more political" exactly three times in its three year history: one issue a year to balance the other 25 issues of cultural rip-off. The fact that *RS* has surpassed the *Rampart's* zenith is a sort of private vindication for Jann Wenner, *Rolling Stone's* editor and founder, who sometimes claims he was fired from *Ramparts* for smoking dope in the back room. Before coming to *Ramparts*, Wenner was editor of the *Daily Cal*, UC Berkeley's student newspaper, and a participant in FSM.

Rolling Stone appealed to the Youth Culture in a way that *Ramparts* and most Movement publications never could - it was readable and good looking, and got support beyond the college circuit. *RS* was started in the fall after the summer of love, carrying with it out of the Haight a tone that was both bouyant and idealistic. Forty thousand copies of the first issue were printed up, but only five thousand were ever sold; by the end of the year, *RS's* circulation had reached 35,000. After two years it had jumped to 75,000 and was just beginning to climb.

It was *Rolling Stone's* initial failure to educate and to articulate to its readers the political consequences of their culture; in fact, after a time, it was its readers which educated *RS* to the financial implications of revolution. Wenner's, and thus the magazine's role, was to stick to music, and by way of *post hoc* reasoning offered this as the only viable political solution. This philosophy was to totally dominate the first stage of *RS's* history to 1969, and to this day has never been repudiated. "Rock and Roll," wrote



Wenner, "is the *only* way in which the vast but formless power of youth is structured, the only way in which it can be defined or inspected. The style and meaning of it has caught the imagination, the financial power and the spiritual interest of millions of young people."

Ideologically what follows from this is an "economism of the guitar," the belief that only music can cure the evils of the world, just as simple economism was a revisionist Marxist heresy which preached that only through trade union struggles could the revolution be achieved. Ralph Gleason, *Rolling Stone's* head ideologue and Jann's mentor, has even scientifically tried to prove that music is historically the basic element of change, quoting Plato in effect that when the mode and style of music changes, so changes the whole social structure of the society. In other words we might say that "political power grows out of the resonance of a run."

This simple minded analysis is substantiated by Gleason and by Wenner, by pointing to Rock as the primal manifestation of rebellion, which, as Eldridge Cleaver pointed out, burst from the anesthetized Fifties with new forms of bodily freedom and expression and instantly niggerised youth against Pig Culture. But it is folly to believe that what begins in rebellion necessarily continues in rebellion. The belief that "music is politics" does no credit to music, and destroys all distinctions in politics. It is like saying "Books are politics."

The truth is that *Rolling Stone* has tried to formulate a politics around *feeling* and *emotion*, around vicariousness: energies translated into Dionysian festivals and dope Bacchanals, a rebellion that is primarily symbolic, and most often finds its major objective expression in consumerism. Even this philosophy, consumerism - *bourgeois* consumerism, has its martyrs, as the corpses of Frankie Lyman, Jimi Hendrix, and Janis Joplin morbidly attest. When the Left attempts to protest this cultural anomaly, *RS* leads the way in branding "politicos" as austere, lifeless, tight-assed straights, who only want to kill and repress, and not have a good time. *RS* does not concern itself with "working class vanguards" versus "lumpen vanguards," about concepts of "new Nation" or "liberated areas" or "Counter Culture;" it does not worry about intelligent analysis, history, programs, or methods; it worries only about NOW, and how it can stay on top of all that is happening. "If there is a new way of life emerging in this society..." says Gleason, "it is the way of life being articulated by and demonstrated by the rock bands. It's Grace Slick saying 'fuck' on a Columbia Album and The Band saying 'bullshit' on RCA and Grace wearing black make-up and giving the Black Power salute on the Smothers Brothers Show..." *Rolling Stone* is preaching the economism of the guitar, but fails to add Woody Guthrie's motto: "This guitar kills fascists."

The music business, which includes record and tape

gathers moss.... and money

sales, concerts, advertising, instruments, etc., is a multibillion dollar a year industry. By the mid-seventies, in San Francisco, it will be the fourth largest industry in the city, accounting for six percent of the total economy. Subsidiary cultural markets are the hip fashion industry, paraphernalia industry (anything from posters to hash pipes), and the dope market - which is probably larger than the music industry itself (one source estimates gross sales at \$2 billion a year alone!). Despite its "hip" image, the music industry is dominated by very unhip corporations; Gulf & Western, Transamerica Corp., Kinney National Services, Inc., Transcontinental Investment Corp., and Columbia, which dominates the market in record sales. Although records are bought primarily by youth under 25, this sector will account by 1980, according to a field study conducted by Montgomery Ward, for 30 percent of the discretionary income for the whole country. In 1968, this meant sales revenues of over \$40 billion.

For the corporations, it is imperative not to isolate such a large and potent sector of the economy by showing too much intransigence or hostility toward the youth. Already concern was being shown by such capitalist luminaries as *Fortune Magazine*, which in a special edition on youth, began to flash danger signals at what it analysed as the demise of consumerism and the beginnings of austerity among the younger generation. This form of rebellion almost served as a backhanded vindication of Timothy Leary's politics of drop-out, as *Fortune* hinted at the possibility of manpower shortages affecting industry as the younger generation became more disaffected and turned off. Some way must be found to reach the youth or advanced industrial capitalism was doomed!!!! And what was the panacea that would bridge the "Generation Gap" and save the corporate order? Jann Wenner and *Rolling Stone* - at least, that was the vanguard!

In 1968, a year after birth, the rise in *Rolling Stone's* circulation prompted Wenner to place an ad in the *New York Times* in an attempt to influence business to advertise in his pages. The ad's come-on was a revelation to the titans of Wall Street about their ignorance of the Counter Culture, by introducing them to their "Groupie Issue". But even this sexist aberration of the adoring female failed to attract much advertising beyond the record industry. But this was only Wenner's first probe to capture the imagination of business "and the financial power of youth." *RS* had put itself in the historic role that any COMPRADOR PUPPET REGIME PLAYS TO U.S. IMPERIALISM, because it was designed to channel the energies and imagination of youth culture - the new nation, an underdeveloped nation, into dependence on American business, while using its influence to quiet *real* dissent, although *RS* spoke of itself as fulfilling some revolutionary function (reserved for itself the right to define the revolution - instead of the function). Today that stance is beginning to pay off: *RS* is expecting to clear a million dollars by the end of 1971 in ad revenue alone.

Rolling Stone was the vanguard of the new ideology, "revolution by corporation," which was finally articulated by Charles Reich in *The Greening*

of America, a successor to Galbraith's and Clark Kerr's "corporate liberalism." Gleason writes, "The president of Standard Oil is not a pig," "cops are not pigs," "the far left and the far right are the same," etc. Change the corporate liberals, "the smoothies," who presently inhabit the managerial positions to hip corporatti, and that, according to Reich, is how the revolution is made. It's all in your head and it comes in your ear, as Gleason adds optimistically: "If rock society works on money. Change the way the moneychangers change money and you change the society. Rock is doing that."

At least Jesus had enough political savvy to know that you have to throw the moneychangers out of the temple, but part of the charm of the economism of the guitar is sometimes the music is so loud you can't hear the words. On the surface it sounds like *RS* is saying, "Politics is bullshit," but actually what it has been doing is laying the foundation for a complete enfranchisement of a rock elite. The rock stars, the major focus of *RS*, often strung out and barely comprehensible outside their music, suddenly have the aura of gods. Every word that manages to find its way through the haze of smack, grass, acid, cocaine and wine - which the groups' managers either furnish or encourage them to take . . . while they rob them blind, is ingested as the word of God, even if it is less audible than a passionate "WOWWWW." In revolution there are no spectators, but in *RS's* revolution nearly everyone is a spectator surrounding a few rock stars who arise electronically above a nation of groupies. A fitting advertisement to attract business!

But the ruling class remains the same. Rock has not changed the way the money changers change money; it has only changed the moneychangers: the money still goes to the same people and is deposited into the same banks. Michael Curb of MGM and Jack Holzman of Elektra are good examples of young people (in Holzman's case, young in thought) who have begun to take over managerial positions. Curb, as he became president of MGM, immediately came out against dope, dropping all groups who didn't coincide with Agnew's pronouncements against "suggestive lyrics," and Holzman, who humanised the Elektra bureaucracy, advocated a Gleason line: "Young people will be changed by poetics and not by politics," and then dropped one of their major political rock groups at the time, the MC5, for "being a disruptive influence in the Elektra Family." Obviously the major corporations were still owned by the same people, but the appearance of young faces in mod clothes was a way to appeal to the youth culture. "There's no way an old fart like me," said Jim Aubrey, owner of MGM, justifying his appointment of Curb as President, "could know about the music of today, and about the younger generation."

Another tactic the record companies used to bridge the communications gap was hiring house hippies to keep their ear on the "culture." Anything to put them in touch. For instance, Capitol, which did \$95.5 million in sales during the last half of 1969, sent their house freak, Liza Williams, on a tour of the underground press to keep in touch with what was happening in 1970. But by far, the most industrious

sector of this domestic imperialism, the most creative, and by terms of deception and opportunism, the most insidious, is the comprador, the new bourgeoisie; people like Jann Wenner and Bill Graham, Alan Klein, Dick Clark (a conservative member), and Peter Max. They will follow the social movements of the people, even help to wave the banners and disseminate the message, until the point where the energy dies down. Then they will begin to steer it back, harness it to the old financial institutions, feed off it, and eventually try to control it. It is the opportunism of the bourgeoisie. It is the same opportunism as the old bourgeoisie, reported in the *Wall Street Journal* when they quizzically announced that the young were buying rock with "antiestablishment" lyrics and the corporations were buying the record companies to capitalize on it. "I'd advertise in *Pravda* if it sold records," said Joe Smith of Warner Bros. Well, Jann Wenner would become a revolutionary if it sold papers. And for a while it did and he did. But not for long.

The reactionary nature of *Rolling Stone* became evident when the magazine took its *first* overt political stand. It came out against EXPLOITATION OF ROCK! - but not by Business, of which not one word had been said in any prior issue of *RS*, but by the Left - by Jerry Rubin and the Left. It was the Left which exploits rock. Get it? The LEFT!

The statement was issued in a plea that its readers don't go to Chicago to demonstrate against the Democratic Convention - well, actually *that* never was a point. The economism of the guitar would not acknowledge that anyone would go to Chicago for any other reason than to hear music, so Wenner personally decided to discredit the groups which had agreed to play: the Fugs, which he called "an old style group with little popularity." Timothy Leary, a "name brand leader . . . who had lost his relevance," and Phil Ochs, who is just "an old political protest singer." This was the same type of a smear that Hollywood uses, as when it recently criticized Jane Fonda for incorrect attitudes - or implied by awarding her the Hollywood Women's Press Club's Sour Apple Award.

But did the horrors of Chicago do anything to change Wenner? Was his consciousness effected at all? After all, *Rolling Stone* was not Hollywood. In the most convention issue Wenner wrote, "There is a nutshell, but it's not Hubert Humphrey. And the nutshell, is the New Left."

The moral and political implications surrounding the Democratic Convention failed to change Wenner's position; in fact their position was hardened. There were only a few thousand people involved in the convention, and if that was the left in this country - Wenner's, it *could* be put in a nutshell. But that was the case, as the editors soon saw, as college affluence exploded in turmoil. There was a Movement to be reckoned with. So what political integrity did Wenner do, six months later the enticement of a new position among the "Enemy" did: *RS* took a political . . . Jumped right in with their "Revolution Issue, 1969," in an attempt to capture the

"Enemy Market:"

"Like it or not, we have reached a point in the social, cultural, intellectual and artistic history of the United States where we are going to be effected by politics. We can no longer ignore it..." Like it or not!!!!

At this point, which denotes a second stage in RS's development, it would have been fortuitous had they continued to expand to become a political/cultural organ, instead of what it became: a tradesheet with occasional political news. For them, politics was covering a political event rather than an outlook or a way of life. A cosmic interpretation of politics, which tended to view everything as political except politics itself, however, remained the mainstay of the magazine's orientation. When finally it dawned on them that politics was "happening," they never progressed beyond that vulgar Yippism which says revolution is what you do all day anyway. Turn-on, dig rock, and just BE.

After the Conspiracy Trial they ran a long piece on Chicago and the Trial by Gene Marine, and advertised it by running full page ads in many papers, stating: "Our Reporter Was There," and placing a subscription coupon at the bottom of the copy. This was a different strategy, reaching the "turned-on-youth" to boost circulation to turn-on business. RS never once criticized their earlier position regarding the Convention - or the attitudes which led to that position. Now it was "Our Reporter Was There." Only Wenner neglected to mention that the reason Gene Marine was there was because he had gone to Chicago as part of the Ramparts reporting team, who saw fit to cover the event in the first place. It was their reporter who was there.

Not all the changes in RS during this period, however, were enacted on that level. Much of the increased "current events" coverage, which started in 1969, came from an honest desire among the editorial staff to increase political coverage. This led to much internal acrimony, and culminated this summer in nine people leaving the magazine, including the managing editor, the feature editor, and the business manager. Wenner holds they left for solely personal reasons, but they say it was for personal and political reasons. "When you look back on it," said ex-Managing Editor John Brukes, "It was just a little rock and roll paper. That's all it was."

The role of culture in the revolution is to pave the way ideologically for the revolution; in some sense, it is a preview of coming attractions, in another sense it is the primal swarm which generates a biology of opposition to the existing culture; it creates modes and forms of rebellion, and an atmosphere in which to nourish the rebellion. "Every revolution is unique;" this was constantly the message delivered to the People's Anti-Imperialist Brigade, a Movement delegation that spent the summer travelling to North Korea, North Vietnam, and The People's Republic of China. In North Vietnam, for instance, the Vietnamese had an excellent grasp of the political developments, factions, and tendencies in the Peace Movement, and when it came to the Yippies, who had also been guests in their country, they conceived of their role in the struggle - true to Yippie/White Panther propaganda, as an oppressed national minority fighting for independence. This is a serious and controversial strategy or self perception which has passed through more than 75 issues of RS virtually ignored.

Because the definitions of our struggle are still vague, and the lines often unclear, hip capitalists such as Wenner are able to enjoy the best of both worlds. During periods of relative normalcy, they enjoy by virtue of being

capitalists, the exploitation of youth culture and the accumulation of profits, while during periods of political unrest, by virtue of being hip, they project the momentary identification of the revolutionary, and escape serious criticism or censure. It's whatever's happening baby! One year hip capitalism, another: hip fascism, last year was the year of the heroic guerilla, this year it's the year of the pig.

"If you're dealing with the personality, the politics, the consciousness, or the viewpoints of RS," Wenner told me recently, "then you have to deal with my personality, viewpoint, and my politics. Now I'm trying to give you the most straightforward answer as possible. And one of the key things in there is my personality... Because I'm the editor. And that's what makes a paper: the editor... And the editors..."

Jann himself is not a villainous sort, not a robber baron or anything. He is 24, has long hair, wispy mustache, mod but sloppy clothes, and pays himself a little over \$20,000 a year. But unfortunately for him, his only model of an editor was a bon vivant who lives the journalistic myth - the machismo, drinking, carousing, extravagant, generous lifestyle - In a word: Warren Hinckle. Consequently, Wenner's life style is developing in much the same way. It is not just a copycat relationship, but also the relationship of the pupil to the master, and the biography of the master pupil. Wenner has in the same style of his former editor outfitted his office - squandered money high-living it in NY: you know, the limousine, the plush suites, the best restaurants, the best of everything, all the while complaining that one has to wear a suit and tie... And that is so unhip!

Of course the giddyness of success gives one the feeling: "I can do anything." And so as RS's circulation rose, due to bad fiscal policy, the amount of capital diminished. There were attempts to finger new markets with the revival of *New York Scenes Magazine*, a failure, and the "conscience market" with *Earth Times*, a \$60,000 failure. At the same time, RS moved into its new offices on Third Street in San Francisco and doubled its staff, opening up Straight Arrow Books under the parent corporation: Straight Arrow Publishing Inc., which also owns RS. Within the month, RS was on the verge of bankruptcy.

And so began the third and present stage of RS: the Greening of America. Straight Arrow Publishing, Inc., is mostly controlled by Wenner and his family - about 60 percent of the stock. "There is a sort of necessary horizontal stratification of power," said Alan Rensler, Vice President of the corporation and head of Straight Arrow Books; "The chief executive officer is Jann, and he's the primal energy of the company." There are rumours that as RS plunged toward bankruptcy, Jann was removed from any position to make decisions on business policy and inhabits a sort of glorified Managing Editor's position, but Wenner astringently denies this.

To save RS from bankruptcy, and falling into the hands of a group of New York investors or *Playboy Magazine*, a timely loan came in from the bank, secured by Ed Barkowitz of MJB Coffee. The overhead was cut and the distributor was changed, and a new partner taken: Max Palevsky, former chairman of the Executive Committee of Xerox, Corporation, founder of SDS (Scientific Data Systems), and now free lance entrepreneur in the field of culture (He is a partner with David Pugoff in Cinema 10, in addition to being one of four directors on the board of Straight Arrow. The other three are

Jann, Rensler, and Berkowitz). Palevsky is characterised by Wenner as a "radical lib," i.e., a McGovern supporter who admires Wenner's art.

Now RS is back to what it knows best: the music market. It has become a definitive, well-written account of Rock, with lots of gossipy notes about the stars. There are no serious articles about the exploitation of rock, about white owned soul companies, about sexism or "cock rock" (Wenner denies the phenomena as part of rock music, even though there are practically no women writing for RS, no women editors, and 90 per cent of the readers, according to one of their own surveys, are male). When there is an event of political importance, such as the escape of Tim Leary, there will be no evaluation other than what was offered by John Lombardi, that somehow it was uphip of Timothy to escape and talk

about violence, and a minimum security prison isn't such a bad place to be, anyway. They will continue with features, like the "Polish Rock Scene," and heroes John Lennon, Saul Alinsky, and Charles Reich. Maybe they will even feature an article on Esalin Institute or Art Janov - all the corporate favorites.

Wenner has admittedly broken a lot of barriers with advertisers, and RS has helped other better genre magazines to start in circulation. But Wenner's perspectives now are to land the big accounts which will enable him to build a circulation of a million readers. Already ad revenue is up 300 percent from last year. To successfully do this, he will have to stick very close to music, and not antagonize potential support in the liberal business community. "RS will be to rock," prophesied John Burkes, "what *Downbeat* is to jazz. It will be perpetual 1967 there.

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PERICLES

Shake your heads in bewilderment, purists. Shout this infamy to the world, lovers of the bard. There is a director in town named Stephen Katz, and he's the one responsible! Katz is the director of the production of Shakespeare's PERICLES at The Summer Theatre Centre on Glen Morris Street. And what a production!

Never in my life have I seen such irreverence for the work of Shakespeare, never in my life have I seen such liberties taken with our English classics, and never, in a long time, have I been so well entertained.

It is a director's triumph. With some bangs, some clatters, some trumpets and some shouts, the company of players bounds onto the stage, and commence a sort of insane vaudeville show, based ever so loosely on Shakespeare's play. It is an evening of controlled camp, uncontrolled cant, Elizabethan rant, and fun. And the man responsible is Katz, for he has made this a director's play. His actors are very good, just short of excellent (although by no means Shakespearean) yet so perfectly matched and intricately woven together, that it can only be Katz's hand that has created a company from this mass of individuals. Stage movement, transition from scene to scene, touches of brilliant blocking, and even some tongue-in-cheek dance sequences, all bear the director's stamp. And this is perhaps the best thing about the production: it is completely homogeneous, completely integrated, completely unified. And that at least, Shakespeare would have approved of.

I doubt however that he would have approved of much else, but that doesn't really matter. You see, the play PERICLES, as it exists in literature, is quite a dated, and quite a bad play, full of melodrama and tedium, and quite predictable from its outset. What Katz has done is to give it a badly needed fix of enthusiastic irreverence, and it has worked.

His actors should not be dismissed with a simple "very good", nevertheless, for they are the agents through which he realizes his goal. All played dual, or even triplet roles, as the play demands, and all deserve mention for their ingenuity and versatility. But perhaps the specialst mentions should go to

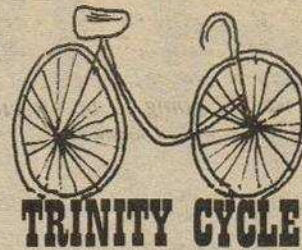
Richard Reoch and Paul Frappier, for their mutual genius at burlesque. In fact, the only time the actors showed any deficiency (and even then it was slight) was the recognition scene between Pericles and his daughter Marina, where they could not so readily sustain the tone of showmanship.

Special mention should go to the brilliantly designed costumes of Mary Kerr, inspired, no, doubt, by old photographs of the Mad Hatter's Tea Party, and to some clever make-up. The set is multifunctional, multidimensional, and effectively gigantic, for so small a theatre.

The only serious point of criticism should perhaps be levelled at the crew. The mood was occasionally broken by a thump or a clatter, obviously not intentional, the crew seemed often asleep on scene changes, and the lighting was spotty, two-dimensional, and tacky on occasion.

But, all in all, it's well worth your attention. It is not, by any stretch of the imagination, cultural. The poor quality of the play itself denies this. But if you want some joyous entertainment, with a twist, you can catch it, at the Centre from now until July 12.

John Smith



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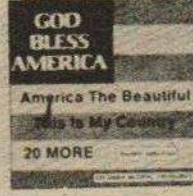
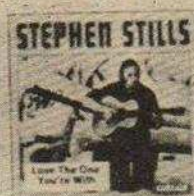
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THOG AND HAMLET

ON RYE

THOG'S HAMLET: A Biased Review

THOG opened Hamlet for a scheduled nine nights. One performance was cancelled due to illness, which proved to our great glee, that the show does NOT have to go on. Two extra shows were done on the last week-end which brought the total to ten shows playing to capacity audiences. Thanks to the Hall Switchboard, who answered hundreds of calls, the hassles were reduced to a minimum. The worst hassle was having to turn away people who had reservations, but who did not arrive until minutes before show time. As many people with reservations never did show at all, we had to admit as many as possible of the hopeful multitudes with-

out reservations, ten minutes before the show opened.

For most of those ten nights I sat outside separating those with, from those without; trying, sometimes vainly, to resolve the hassles and to promote peace and tranquillity. In the process I became positively wired to George Taros' haunting music for the production. Yes, dammit, I know it's a cliché, but every night I'd go home trying to sing it without success. It still haunts me. The worst of sitting outside was that all that energy and primal screaming kept lodging in my gut. Like listening to an encounter session without being part of it. Exhausting.

On the last night I finally got to see

Hamlet. The only reason I'm attempting to review it is that greater heads than mine boggle at the thought. It sure is hard to know where to start.

That this was Hamlet with a difference goes without saying. That it was Shakespeare illuminated is unquestionable. And it was not just that Steven Bush's remarkable insight and brilliant direction brought a contemporary focus to the production which illuminated not only Shakespeare but the primal tragedies of every age.

It was not just the fine, in some cases superlatively fine, acting, dancing and singing of the whole cast. It was certainly a lot more than the exciting staging in the dilapidated old Sunday School room with its double staircases leading to galleries on three sides and the echoing corridors of creaky old Bathurst St. United Church which made the treachery and paranoia of Elsinore Castle so spine-tinglingly believable. And again it was not only the exploitation of every possible vehicle for comedy which so heightened the dramatic tension.

The whole production, in spite of its four hour length, in spite of a few scenes which did drag, (and even then there was little of the shuffling, coughing, nose-blowing, etc. which so clearly spells audience withdrawal) added up to a huge ZAP which was by far much more than the sum of its parts.

THOG people are so much into the group thing that I hesitate to get into personalities. I hope they will forgive me. The star concept is anathema to them. They know that each person has the potential to be great, in the sense of beauty rather than power. A case in point is Linda Certain, who never acted until she came to THOG a year ago. Her performance of Ophelia had tears streaming down my face, tears for my own fucked-up childhood as well as for hers. And Janny Kudelka as the mad Ophelia just hurt unbearably.

Rick McKenna's Hamlet was so fine. His intense power of concentration

made it hard for me to see him as Rick after the show. Dan Hennessy and Ann Stevens were as nearly perfect a King and Queen as I could wish and their conversion to sweeper spies was beautiful. The sight of Ann using her hair as a feather duster down the stairs will cheer me till the day I die. And Caroline Johnston as Hamlet's aggressive alter ego acted and sang so powerfully that I was breathless. Becky Kellars ghost evoked graveyards on a dark and moonless night. Jim Beardon played all his roles with his usual gloriously funny perfection.

And Steven's Polonius... Well Steven is the best actor I have ever been privileged to see and I have seen a fair amount of good theatre here in Canada as well as in New York. Steven transformed the play into an R.D. Laing thing (Sanity, Madness and the Family?) and Elsinore Castle into the stronghold and prison of my childhood.

Last night I went to see the much touted TOMMY. It seemed so plastic and tired by comparison that I slept quite cheerfully through it in spite of having paid six bucks for an hour's performance. (Hamlet was free).

Approximately a thousand people saw Hamlet. If you missed it, there's still hope. The production will be filmed in July and THOG hopes to do some Benefits at that time.

THOG'S GONNA GETCHA
THOG'S GONNA GETCHA
THOG'S GONNA GETCHA (Sure got me).

Sonny

P.S. George once asked me what THOG meant to me. I answered without thinking, 'It's my religion'. George agreed that it was for him too.

Evidently, the United Church goes along with the idea. The United Church of Canada has recently made a grant to THOG of \$2000 under their 'Experimental Ministries' section. Amen. Also OM.

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- Jack Elliott
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MOVIES

Don Siegel has been scoring well with respectable B-pictures for some time. Before *The Beguiled*, there was *Coogan's Bluff*, a neat, nasty traditional and before that, *Madigan*, another genre piece with truly fine touches. Siegel is capable of well-styled film within certain limits.

The Beguiled is traditional American Gothic Horror, set in the South during the Civil War. Conflict in isolation, laced with repressed sexuality is its theme. Self-preservation is Clint Eastwood's driving characteristic, displayed in his picturesque sexual intriguing (rather laboured in flashbacks) and in his violence. Eastwood, as a roguish Yankee soldier trying to escape capture and find comfort, is leadenly symbolized as a crippled crow. Like the crow he is killed by the restraints of his captors-hosts, the staff and students of a Confederate girls' school.

Siegel gives his film balance in a Hitchcockian manner. Everything is apparent, including the ending, well in advance. There is no mysterious motive to any action: nothing is premeditation. Structurally, *The Beguiled* is built in

neat episode. But its effects fail to artfully culminate. After a truly horrific crisis (the needless amputation of Eastwood's broken leg) I was yawning for the finish. The scene of Eastwood's post-operative realization, with revulsion, panic and hatred, that his leg is gone proves that he really can act. And it is here, with the knowledge of the irrefutable consequences of his self-interest, that the film should end. But it drags disappointingly on.

What is not disappointing is the film's visual impact. Its economic setting, beautifully lighted and composed, forces every film-goer to realize how seldom these basics are well-used with present cut production costs and television production techniques. And the sound track strikes a strong mood which is too often lacking in today's budget films.

What is perhaps most significant about this film is that it represents the culmination of a trio of sexual conflicts, portrayed by Siegel. Both *Madigan* and *Coogan's Bluff* feature a strong female interference in man-to-man conflict. Both films have plots or sub-plots of woman's physical and moral weakness

and dependency. In *Madigan*, Richard Widmark's is almost betrayed in adultery by his wife, his antagonist, an escaped murderer is portrayed to the police as a whore, *Madigan* (Widmark) and the killer die at each others hands as *Madigan* tries to save the whore's sister. In *Coogan's Bluff*, Eastwood is first duped and then betrayed by his prisoner's girlfriend, who in the end, turns and betrays her boyfriend.

In *The Beguiled*, Eastwood, weakened, isolated, and outnumbered, becomes the deceitful betrayer. But women, like harpies, wreak their vengeance. Eastwood pays terribly for his cheating as if man is now to be the underdog in love's sexual duels.

Donald and Susan McKay

Postscript

The Projectionist which appeared briefly at the *New Yorker*, was a memorial to non-capitalist art. The film closed, of course, after less than a week because everyone was off seeing *Love Story*.

Don and Susan McKay

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And laugh

Why? Because you're in Kensington Market, and if you try to understand it you'll only get more confused. For the market is one of the few places left that is not meant to be analyzed as a product of today's society. The market just IS.

The difference between Kensington Market (or any other open market) and a 'super'-market is the difference between life and death. When it rains at the market you get wet; when the sun shines you can see the people smile. Have you ever seen sunshine in a supermarket? When you walk down Baldwin Street you are confronted by a vibrant, colourful mural of fruit, vegetables and people. When you walk into your neighborhood supermarket you are bombarded by row on row of lifeless packages and cans.

But enough of supermarkets.

Turning off Spadina onto Baldwin you enter another world. Since it's impossible to describe even half of what you see, hear and feel, we will attempt only to tell you about those shops and people we know best.

The first shop, coming from Spadina, is a place called "Chaiker Fruit and Vegetables". It's run by an old fat Jewish lady and her daughter and grandson. The list prices don't look so good but it's a great place to barter - if you're quick. If you're not, you're lost (bring a good mathematician with you.) Also, the buys get better and better the more you buy.

Just opposite Chaiker's is "The Imperial Bakery" - we don't shop there much but from what we've seen of it, it's a good place. There's day-old

stuff there, as well as fresh, so you can buy cheaper.

Further along Baldwin on the south side you'll find "Estrella Fish". We don't really know how good the fish is but often you'll find good buys in fruit and vegetables - three dozen oranges for a dollar, for instance.

At the corner of Augusta and Baldwin is "Casa Agereana", a really good place for fruit and vegetables (we get fantastic dried pears there.) It's sometimes expensive if you're not buying a lot, because then they don't want to haggle, but the quality is really good and the people are nice, too.

Going north on Augusta a good stop is "Augusta Meat and Poultry." You can get good fresh eggs here for prices ranging from 30 to 45 cents a dozen. The people here are friendly and they really dig talking to you.

Now, if you haven't collapsed from exhaustion or run out of money, truck on over to "Joe's Fruit Market." Joe is

the guy out front yelling "Tomatoes! Potatoes! Apples! Asparagus!" in either English or Hebrew. Some of the finest and cheapest pineapples I've ever eaten were bought here.

On your way back home check out the "Dutch Dairy" on Kensington. It has cheese from all over the world. Also, south of this is the International Food Market (the sign says "Georges"), a good place for fruit (especially bananas) and vegetables.

And just one more thing before you leave. Across the street from the International is "Minnie's Snack Bar." It's run by an old lady who loves everybody and she has a regular clientele who are just as friendly. There's not much variety but it's a good place to rest.

There is so much that we haven't told you, and so much that we don't know, that we could go on forever. All we can really say is that Kensington is a great place, and most important, a happy place.

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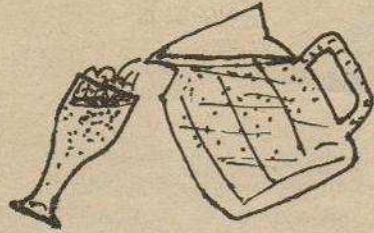
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The Juice Freak



The juice freak descended once again into the beery depths of the classical men's room, by walking through the door and past the shuffleboard (banked) at the Clifton, 298 Queen West. The tone of the clientel is set by a bevy of raving Finns, one of the larger ones confided in me, claiming that he was a film star, having held down the major role (apologies to Fem-Lib) as "The Viking", in 275 Swedish sex film dramas, presumably called "The Sexual Sabas of Leaf the Fig."

The beer is 20 cents, a good supply of pickled pork hocks and feet. Watch out for the ramp up to the can, it sneaks up on you, and the change you might leave on the table, it sneaks away from you.

A bit of news for the wine connoisseurs I conducted a personal taste survey on Chateau Gais, 80 ounce medium red table wine. They say it registers 4 on the sugar scale, but hits about 12 on the Richter scale.

Fight pollution, brew your own beer with the juice freaks exclusive whole earth batch. How does this fight pollution you may ask? Well, the whole tedious and costly capping operation is circumvented by using non-returnable twist top bottles.

- Supplies: 1 small plastic garbage pail (5 gal.) (preferably unused)
 1 tin, doric malt hops extract available at A & P stores
 3 pounds of brown sugar
 3 packets of Fleishman's yeast
 A length (4 ft.) of siphon hose
 A point of white (whole earth) sugar
 3 doz. non-returnable twist-top quart bottles
 1 bottle of Javex
 1 Bible

THE TIME HONORED RECIPE.

Pour 5 gallons of warm (tepid) water into the pail, mixing the malt hops extract and 3 pounds of sugar into it thoroughly. Dump the yeast packets on top, taking care to open them. Cover the whole apparatus with a garbage bag, keeps the deadly fruit fly out. Let stand for 5 days, in a warm place.

BOTTLING

Put the twist top bottles in the bath tub, pour in the Javex, then fill the tub with boiling water, let stand for a half hour, then empty and rinse thoroughly so you can't smell Javex in the bottles.

All 1/2 teaspoon of sugar to each bottle. Siphon the beer into it. Twist the tops on tightly and let the barch sit for 2 more days for secondary (it gives you the bubbles) fermentation. Then stick it in a cool place for 10 more days, dicipline must be exercised here, then drink it. The total cost for ingredients is about \$3.00 and that ain't bad.

The Bible? Well, if you aren't careful about cleaning utensils you will have to change vinegar into booze and the Bible tells you how!!!



AUNT ABIGAIL'S COVETED

DATE SQUARES

- 4 eggs
- 2 c. honey (buckwheat is really fine and tangy in this recipe)
- 2 s, oil (i guess you could use melted butter if you're rich)

MIX IN A BOWL OR BLENDER

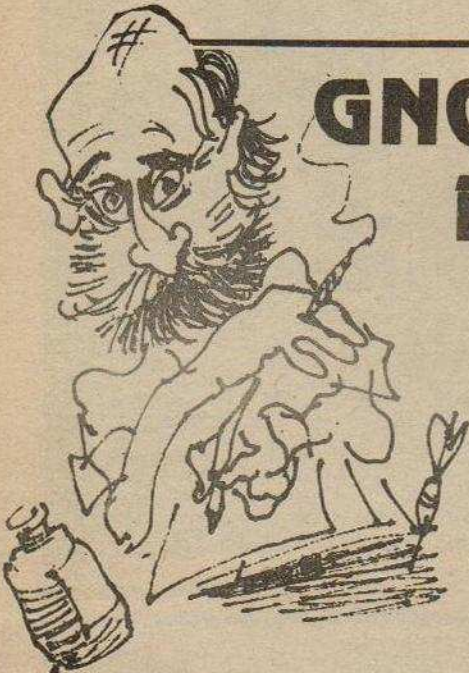
- 2. c. good flour
- Add to liquid mixture, add the goodies . . .
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. brewer's yeast
- dates, nuts, coconut, etc.

Bake at 325 degrees. You can use one large cookie sheet or three eight-inch pans. The cookie sheet is great, because you feel like a baker with this huge pan of golden-brown goodies.

TIME: 25-30 minutes for the pans, an hour or so for the cookie sheet. About half way through, turn the pan around as most ovens are pretty uneven. You usually end up with charcoal at one end and raw uck at the other. THIS IS A QUADRUPAL RECIPE!!!!

For those of you who are looking for herbs (both plants and seeds) there is a great place on highway 7 west of Markham in Locust Hill, called Richter's. They garden organically. When you're driving there are a million garden centres and you think you'll never get there, but hang in 'cause it's really worth it. Highway 7 bends at the intersection with a dirt road continuing straight ahead only it looks right because of the 'Y' in the road. Go down the dirt road and make the first turn on another dirt road to the right, and the place is on your right again. Got it?

there's a map on the sheet of the raw copy anyone feel like doing it up?



GNOME'S DOME

Doug Austen

Wulp, the shit hits the fan this column: I've decided to explain publically why I will probably vote for Pierre Trudeau in the next Federal election. ("Fucking liberal!" comes the background chorus, "Fucking-liberal-wishy-washy-nice-guy, makes a few bucks on ad commissions and decides to cool the fucking revolution!")

Um, yas, labels ARE a very potent force to be reckoned with but, ah, so is stupidity. Both, however, have to be reckoned with.

Particularly stupidity, which is a class term for unawareness. The lower class is supposed to be unaware; the middles class, comfortably aware; the upper class, keenly aware. Actually, unawareness appears to be an ailment running throughout the various social stratum, and seems to have very little to do with one's innate ability to learn. Rather, it seems to have a lot to do with one's inability to ascertain the exact nature of reality . . . possibly because of a creeping fear that said reality cannot be coped with.

The affirmative answers to that particular doubt are expressed quite fully by people like Alan Watts and Don Juan. My point here, however, is that very

few survivalist philosophers advocate IGNORANCE of reality. And such ignorance, unfortunately, seems rife in certain revolutionary quarters.

I see no sense in embellishing the obvious: that any miniscule minority, in physical opposition to an aroused majority who also happen to control most of the money and arms, is lost. I wish to use the rest of my space to talk about what is happening with, or to be more explicit, under the Trudeau regime.

Pierre Elliot Trudeau is a rich man's son who considers himself a socialist statesman. A friend of the people. As a young men he harangued Inco strikers to keep fighting; to not give up in their battle for better wages and living conditions. He went native in Asia, wearing local dress and speaking in the local tongue. He married a girl who was involved (liberally) in the Simon Fraser revolts, a girl who rented a villa in Morrocco not long ago (with Daddy's money) and smoked a fair amount of dope with all her hippie friends. Almost everything he does, from his calculated informality of dress to his setting up of a commission to study the feasibility of legalizing grass, expresses the somewhat wistful hope that he, dashing, talented, independently wealthy Pierre Trudeau will be the white knight to lead Canada out of the Middle Ages. (Almost everything - his viciousness towards his old friends among the Quebecois was probably triggered by the fact that they KNOW how he got to Ottawa.)

It's a dim hope. First of all, the man doesn't even know himself, let alone the meaning of the term "workers". At no time has Pierre Trudeau ever really been in a position to judge the misery of being without money. Millionaires' sons are in no danger of being beaten up by police, no matter how much trouble they get into in their travels. Millionaires' sons do not go without food. Millionaires' sons do not know what it is to sweat out a twelve hour day of hard labour without the comforting thought, come September, you can get back to the secure intellectualism of a liberal arts course.

He considers himself a swinger but he's the kind of man who will write friends to tell them that there was too much postage on their last letter.

Secondly, there is absolutely no chance that, even if Pierre did have some sort of genuine gut feeling for socialism, he could put that feeling into effect through the machinery of federal legislation. The argument that he, being the most powerful person in Canada, has the power to bring about social change is facetious. The mere setting up of the marijuana commission brought about a unanimous denunciation of that commission's findings at the subsequent Premiers' conference. Politicians are motivated by the same desire for wealth and power as are most capitalists. Politicians are not going to vote for anything which might threaten what they've already accumulated.

If change comes it will occur at a much lower level, among the people. We will be led by heroic non-heroes, workers themselves, not by politicians. Change will come because the people no longer play other people's games: no longer go to war; no longer buy items which are over-priced or non-essential; no longer comply with illogical laws; no longer tolerate interference with their private lives.

The change will be peaceful, however, only if we have the sort of federal government which allows it to occur. What with people like Nixon ruling in the States, the possibility for peaceful change down there seems remote. The lines are drawn, the doors to communication between the liberated, but confused, freak and the psychologically bankrupt worker are closed. And Spiro Agnew is making sure that they stay closed.

Up here, we still have a chance. We are in the peculiar position of being ruled by a man who thinks he is on our side, but is not. As long as he thinks he is, however, real social change can go on at a lower level. Community collectives can be formed, expressways can be stopped, the young and the old, chronologically and otherwise, can find common ground. People can learn how to run their own lives.

And that is why I will probably vote for Pierre Trudeau in the next election. At this particular moment in the struggle he seems preferable to Tom Campbell.

Summer Solace

A Place to Hear

It has been announced that Bhashkar, an Indian disciple of the master sitarist Ravi Shankar will also be performing at the Summer Solstice Festival this Sunday at Bathurst Street United Church. Perth County Conspiracy may be there also, but as yet there is no official confirmation. A lot of people have been pitching in to make this another great get-together at the church. The Ethereal health food people are putting together a feast for all and a total of fifteen acts from across the city will be performing, including the likes of Syrinx, Beverly Glenn-Copeland, Kieth McKie, Murray McLaughlin, Munoz, Gord Lowe, The City Muffin Boys and Phil playing the pipe organ.

Phil Jalsevac of the Seventh Day, who is organizing the event, informs us that the \$1.50 at the door is going to cover close to \$400.00 in expenses with the rest of the money going to be used for more freak activities and the Seventh Day, which will be starting again about two weeks after the festival. The Seventh Day, which is essentially a spiritual get-together on Sundays, had only three meetings before they temporarily lost their space to the Jesus Freaks, who were then preparing for their Maranatha festival and had a certain priority on the church sanctuary through financial assistance from the Hellyer Foundation. However, this has been amiably worked out and the Seventh Day will begin the Sunday celebration again. Phil reports that the first three meetings seemed to prove that the initial approach towards the Sunday celebration was a little too sombre and it seemed that most people were looking for a little more religious

festivity - which means more things like performers, films and feasts. Events will be publicized through such media as Guerrilla and posters, so keep your eye out.

People are asked to bring fruits and salads to the festival, if so inclined, to add to the Ethereans feast of rice, vegetables and home cooked bread.

Taste Sticky Fingers

Pop art has been commercialized with the concept cover by Andy Warhol. Undoing the zipper of this front facing jeans photo looks down and in to see a clean white pair of underwear. The back seems to say - turn me over.

The Stones have revived the saxophone to incorporate their ever changing moods.

Brown Sugar being the teaser for the album produces sweet and innocent sensations using the sax.

- how come you dance so good -
- just like a young girl should -

Sway - let's do the jerk all over again. The pain is insane and lies tell only of the evil eyes all along the way, so let me sway.

Wild Horses is the lovers lament - "wild horses couldn't drag me away."

Can't You Hear Me Knocking - "you've got sad shoes, plastic boots, and cocaine eyes."

The saxophone motivates a jazz movement - a good combination of rock and jazz.

I Got The Blues is a great tribute to Otis Redding's 'Try A Little Tenderness.' - you know its true cause I can't

The Twelve to Nineteen structure at Ontario Place looks for all the world like a McDonald's Hamburger joint. The tables are round, plastic and brilliantly orange, matching the orange up-turned waste paper baskets that are optimistically called chairs. The acoustic effect is very much like sitting in a cave, which doesn't make for an intimate atmosphere. The food is bland and mass-produced cafeteria style.

Altogether it is one of the more pleasant buildings that I have ever been in. However, it does have one thing going for it that has nothing to do with the building and that's good music.

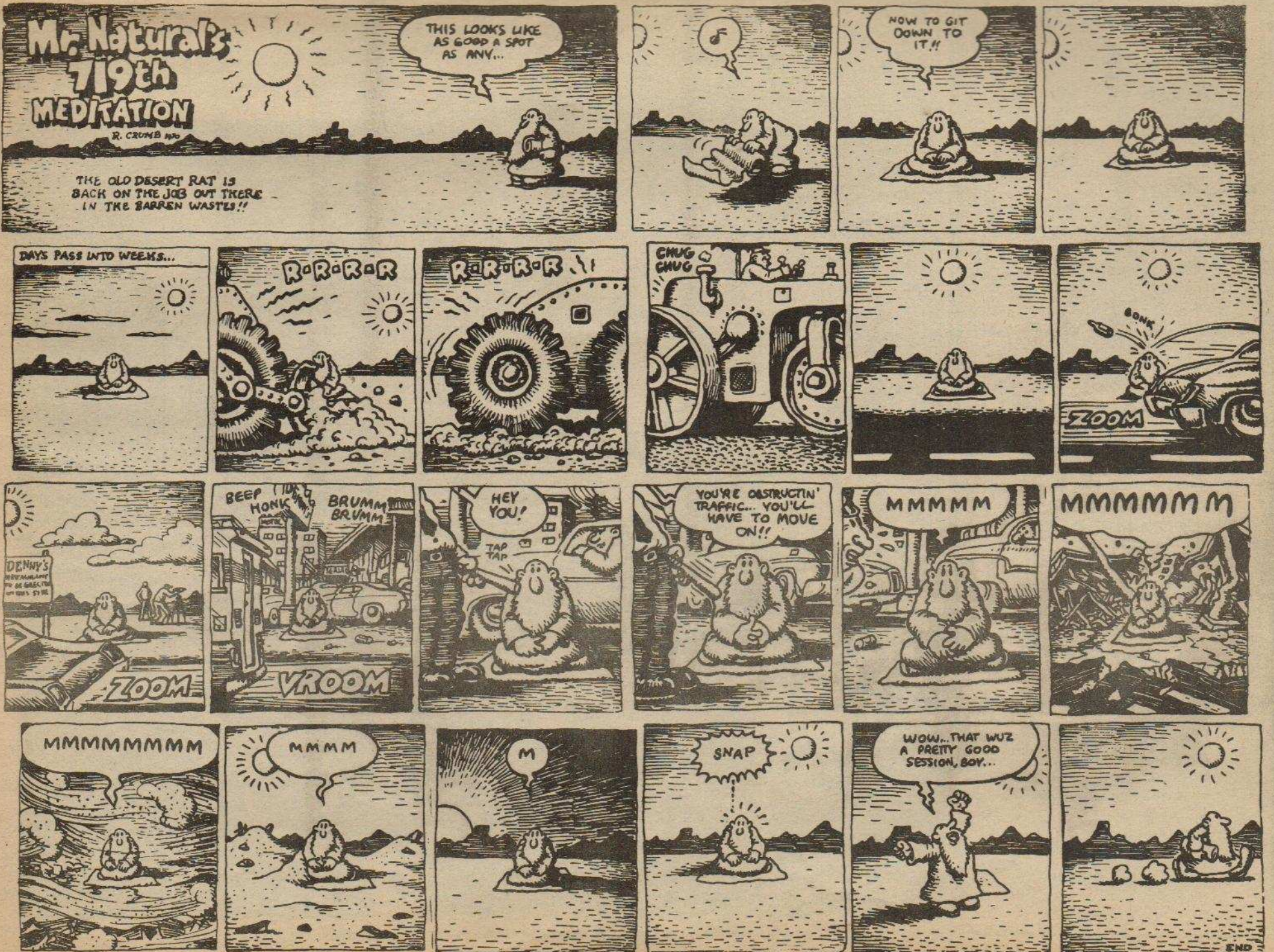
Ian Kemp is a folk singer. He plays all day for free putting out light lyrical music that helps to quell all the plastic vibrations that one picks up from the surroundings. He can't afford to join the musician's union and gigs are hard to come by anyway so he just plays and sings all day, soothing frazzled brains like mine. He was a pleasure to listen to.

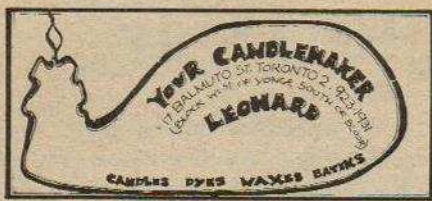
Another pleasure was Aaron Space who played there last Friday night. This group offered a whole bag of surprises. Retaining melody and superb musicianship they managed to throw at the audience music that was somewhere between blues, country, and rock. Everytime I was about to say "that sounds like," they'd fuck my head over with changes. They don't sound like anybody but Aaron Space.

The band has been together a relatively short time; only about seven or eight months. Jake Thomas, lead guitar and Dave Moulison both came from the now defunct groups Private Collection and Mud Flat. All of their material is their own and is highly original. Songs like "Down Down Down" build build build, leveling onto plateaus and then bursting out letting the music play around in your brain, only releasing you at the end of the song. Hardly have you caught your breath when you've been taken again but this time it's a song like "Marsha," a funky country-style piece.

It's a difficult band to keep up with. Changes are many but somehow it ends up very appealing. I hope to see Aaron Space around Toronto City again soon.

J. Tompkins





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CHOP SUEY HOUSE**

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Dealers of OVATION Guitars

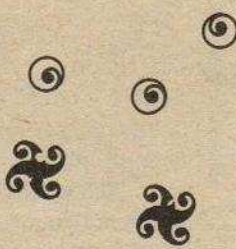
FOR THE
AFTER FIVE CROWD

**steele's
tavern**

- Quiet atmosphere
- Plush surroundings
- Quality food
- Intelligent conversation

Folksinging Nightly

349 Yonge 368-5180



Mariposa's

The Mariposa Folk Festival is on July 9th, 10th and 11th this year at Toronto Island. Now in its eleventh year, Mariposa has become a traditional, popular, and well-respected gathering for those people who are into the many forms of folk music.

Why Mariposa has survived and grown as a festival is an interesting question to consider this spring, as everyone ponders whether or not festivals are worth going to anymore.

There are some interesting reasons for the success of Mariposa. Some are inherent in the nature of folk music, while others come from standards and attitudes which insure that Mariposa hypes no performer, gives the audience a chance to participate, and rips no one off.

First of all, Mariposa is set up as a non-profit foundation, so the people who organize the festival don't pocket the profits. Each year a board of directors is set up to handle the financial affairs and assign money to various projects and research in the folk field. When profits are made (like last year when over 12,000 people saw James Taylor), they are used to finance folk concerts at various high schools, or to bring native peoples to Toronto.

So the profit motive is substituted at Mariposa by the idea that money is means to further increase the exposure of folk music to the community.

The payment of performers who play at Mariposa works the same way. Anyone who has ever played, whether it's been Bruce Cockburn, Joan Baez, or Humphrey and the Dumptrucks, has gotten the same price, something a little above union scale. (The artists are also

paid travelling expenses and given accommodations for the weekend of the festival.)

This whole attitude reflects on the festival by making Mariposa a place where performers can sing in a relaxed, informal manner, free of the unnecessary hype that goes along with big-money acts. To a folk artist, Mariposa is a prestigious event to perform at because of the exposure, but it's also easy and relaxed.

Although Mariposa may be prestigious, it's not exclusive. Little-known entertainers are encouraged and given as good a treatment as the well-knowns are. This year, the equality between the knowns and unknowns is even more evident, as the evening feature concert has been dropped to allow for longer workshop sessions and less emphasis on the "star" attractions.

There will be six workshop areas at Mariposa this year, which will carry on from 10:00 a.m. until about 9 p.m. The audience will be able to move freely among six different workshop areas, or visit the crafts and "native peoples" sections, where Indian and Eskimo crafts will be made and sold for somewhat lower prices than you'll find in Toronto's "groovy" handicraft stores.

In addition, visitors to the festival will be able to participate in folk and square dancing by the various ethnic communities of Toronto.

One of the organizers of Mariposa for the last few years has been Dick Flohill, a public relations man who has organized such events as the blues festival

last year, and the Grossman's night at the St. Lawrence Centre which was held a few weeks ago.

I asked Dick whether or not he thought he could put together a festival as successful as Mariposa with rock music instead of folk. His immediate answer was "no", which sheds some light on the nature of folk music and why it is a "folk" festival that has become the success that it has.

Folk music is usually a simple and unpretentious form of music. Generally, it involves a man or woman and a guitar, avoiding the complicated technology that rock and other forms of music entail. With folk music, there are no expensive amps, no light shows, and no roadies to pay for. Rock music is by nature expensive, while folk music is cheap, i.e. inexpensive (which goes a long way towards explaining the fuck-ups in rock music these days).

In many ways, it could be folk music's inexpensiveness which explains why Canadian folk musicians have developed a tradition which starts with Lightfoot, through Joni Mitchell and Neil Young, to new singers such as Bruce Cockburn and Murray McLaughlan. I once asked Bernie Finklestein (manager of Cockburn, McLaughlan and Luke Gibson) why Canada produced such fine folksingers and such poor rock-bands. His answer was that Canada, not being a rich country for music, could support young folk musicians who were just developing their craft because folk musicians didn't need to earn a lot of money to stay alive. Rock musicians, on the other hand, either starve to death, break up their groups, or move to the States



Utah Phillips



Alanis Obomsawin

Coming!

where there is more chance of survival.

So it's evident that Mariposa avoids many of the problems of rock festivals because of a saner economic situation. The hype that is inevitable with any high-priced act (no matter how good they are) is practically non-existent this year at Mariposa. Such absurd rip-offs as Steppenwolf getting \$12,000 for one set, or the local acts all doing the sets before the "name" acts (who get paid ten times as much), are avoided because Mariposa puts all the performers on an equal footing with the audience. The choice of who plays well and who doesn't is not made before the festival begins.

What Mariposa reflects then is the variety of the idioms of folk music in simple and unpretentious terms. Well-known entertainers such as David Bromberg, Bruce Cockburn, John Hartford, David Rae, Seals and Crofts and Brent Titcomb will be mixed with newcomers such as Humphrey and the Dumtrucks (a country/folk/jug band from Saskatchewan; Tannis, a girl from Toronto; Cody, a bluegrass group; and Pauline Julien, the Quebecoise singer who was arrested in the War Measures Act days last October. So the choice of music is limited only by what you want to hear.

Mariposa is more or less directed by a very pleasant lady named Estelle Klein, who recalled for me some of the past history of the festival. Mariposa is Stephen Leacock's name for his hometown Orillia, where the first festivals were held. But the small town couldn't

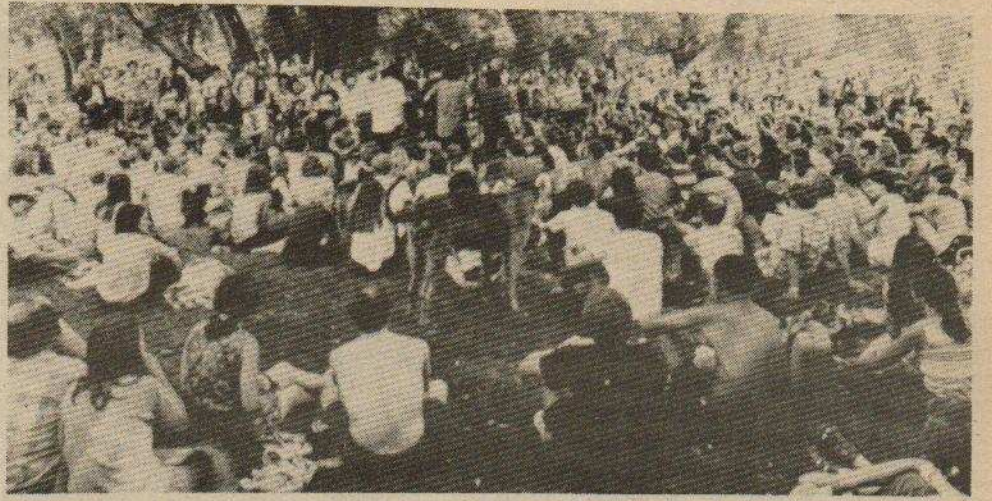
handle the annual invasion of a folk audience, so Mariposa was moved to Innis Lake. For the next years there ensued many hassles involving people disappearing with the cash receipts. The festival was nearly bankrupt, lawyers contracted years before had to be paid off, and credit was non-existent. It was not until 1969, when Joan Baez played at Toronto Island, that the festival managed to pull itself out of the red.

Last year, with Joni Mitchell and James Taylor at Mariposa, the festival was extremely successful — perhaps too successful. With James Taylor drawing over 12,000 people, and crashers swimming over to the island by the hundreds, the people at Mariposa feared the chaos and bullshit which were making a shambles of the rock festivals.

So this year at Mariposa, there will be "no stars", as their promotion copy reads. Less emphasis will be placed on "name" acts who draw thousands, and there will be more emphasis on the ethnic dancers, the natives and craft sections, the variety of the folk music idiom, and the little known performers who deserve recognition for their talents.

The other change this year at Mariposa is the price, which has been lowered from \$12.50 to \$10.00 because of last year's profits and a decrease in operating costs this year.

So it costs 10 dollars for three days of entertainment, and even if \$10 is a fair bit of money these days, it's a little easier to pay when you know it's being used to perpetuate an important form of music, rather than lining the pockets of some bandit promoter or inflated musician.



Stompin' Tom Connors



Edith Butler



Gordon Bok

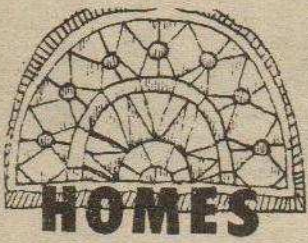
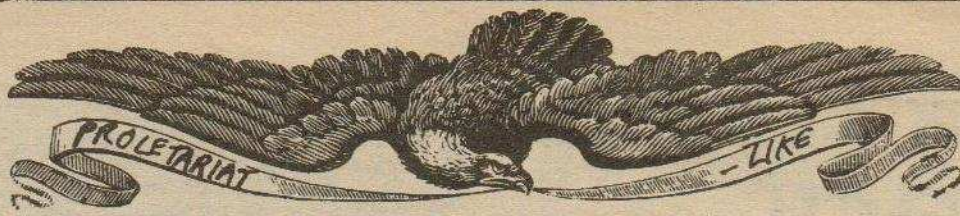


Mike Seeger & Sarah Gray

BUY &

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND!

SELL



HOMES

Furnished room-kitchen for 1 or 2 girls; share house; 535-9182.

Large, nice room for rent, sublet for summer (July-August); furnished, on 2nd floor, Darcy St.; \$60 a month. Call 364-0981, ask for Sybil.

Free room and board for happy freak who enjoys water, fresh air, and crafts on farm near Maple, Ont., 20 minutes north of Toronto, in return for help with one child. Call Faye MacMillan at 966-3431.

Furnished apt. Sublet July and August; 964-1311 - Pat.

Old House has rooms for rent cheap. 22 St. Joseph St.

One bedroom flat to sublet - June 19-Sept. 19. \$115 a month or best offer. Call 531-3936.

CO-OP AIR CON-
DITIONING POOL
FIREPLACE ETC.
SHARE FOOD + RENT
DAVISVILLE 481-8447

Two-bedroom, living room, bathroom and kitchen, self-contained. One or two girls to share. 922-5892.

Wanted: couples or singles to live in commune on Spadian. Phone 925-1295.

Wanted July 1: room in commune or room and board with Organic Foods. Tony, 920-3665.

Contained flat for rent, June 12 - Aug 28. Harbord & Spadian - porch, stereo, phone - \$90 month. 920-3969.

Wanted: studio cum living area, cheap please. Ken Mills c/o Guerrilla, 201 Queen St. East.

Urgently wanted: large house in Kensington Mkt. area. Phone 922-8309 or 921-9161.

Studio wanted: High ceiling, large doors. Concrete or ceramic floor. Well lit. Cheap. Will share. Norm, 364-4539.

Young person to share small co-op house in Don Vale, own room, \$45/mo. 929-3488.

Two rooms available in comfortable small co-operative house. One room: \$44/mo. Another room large enough for two \$75-80/mo. Prefer at least one girl in large room as we only have one other female in the house but any gender is welcome. The \$44 room is available now. The double room is available June 15. All utilities included. Call us at home: 363-4872 or leave message for Lucy or Chuck at 864-1902.

Wanted: a house to rent, that will house from 5 to 8 people, singles or couples. That means one with at least four bedrooms, one large enough for a couple to share. Phone 363-4872 or leave a message for Lucy at 864-1902.

Share house - chick - low rent, nice area, head. Call 534-5002 immediately.

Beating the army, just in town, need a place to crash for a little while? 3575 Bathurst St. 787-3149 two rooms.

ADS 864-1902



MUSIC

Trumpet player available for jazz, blues, rock, etc. See Scott at 367 Queen St. E.

Fender Bandmaster amplifier; 1 year old; excellent condition; \$375; call 630-0082.

Rock Record Freak will rent your records for taping and save you \$\$\$ on future purchases. Call 653-0132.

Blues harp player, call Larry 694-0952 after 4:30 p.m.

Do you have the patience and the knowledge of flutes? If so call Janet about giving lessons. 465-0562.

Musician (electric guitar) seeks others for constructive jamming and/or band. Own equipment. Call Kalvin 364-0539 or come to 31 Huron St.

Lead vocalist needs backing or work. Contact John Buffet 291-2868.

Dear Deau Costellists: You sound like real beautiful person. I am sure that we will be able to groove together. I can sing either Janis Joplin or Big Mama Thornton. I am also a Pisces, but can only practice when the moon is waning. Contact Marilyn Lang at the central YWCA.

Would anyone knowing the whereabouts of Ken Marrow (lead guitar) please contact Bill 966-3692.

I'm forming a weird group. Semi or non electric. NEEDED: conga-type drummers, a couple of guitarists, versatile horn or flute player. Music relating to the Spirit (of mankind) Primeval. Drew at 135 Seaton St. (main floor) between 5 and 8 PM.

Loud group wants work. All original and own material that they don't want to hear in juicer bars. 447-0559 between 6 and 8 PM.

The Performing Arts Group is trying to set up a free booking agency. If you would like to be listed leave a message at the Community Switchboard 863-0275. They would like to invite you to the 19 Huron St. Hall to play at the Friday night folk&blues jam at 8:30. Trinity Square is another place we would encourage you to play at on Saturdays if you're non-electric stuff.

Musicians needed to play Fridays at 11 Trinity Square; open jamming 11:30 PM. 366-3376, Tony.

JOBS
WANTED: dishwasher,
5 years experience,
PHD. required; minimum
wages. Call Mr. Jones

Babysitter wanted for 5 children every weekend this summer. Mississauga 625-6433.

Looking for summer work, will do anything legal. Contact Jose at Guerrilla 864-1902.

Amateur photographer requires male (physique) and female models. Contact Mr. D. Lees, P.O. Box 43, Etobicoke, Ontario.

CLASSIFIED ADS ARE RUN FREE FOR THREE WEEKS - MORE INSERTIONS COST 50¢ per line DISPLAY ADS \$5.00 per column inch. ☆☆☆



CO-OPS

Campus Co-operative Day Care Centre is accepting applications for day care for children under two years of age. Parents' participation in the co-operative is essential. Call 925-7495 or come by - 12 Sussex - for application forms.

Anyone with info about Free Schools please send it to Box 25, Georgetown, Ontario.

OPERATING FOOD CO-OPS

Mississauga - (Port Credit, Cooksville, Streetsville) 279-0791 or Ed Cane, 826-4792.

Lawrence Heights - (Yonge, Eglinton West, Dufferin) 781-6793 or Howard Kaplan 635-1961.

Don Mills/Scarboro, 757-2544 or Anne Karpiak 491-0639.

Ward 7/Don District, 964-2522 or 923-2678.

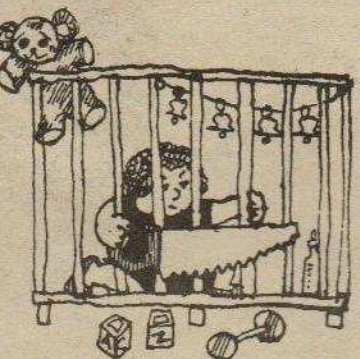
FORMING GROUPS

West Metro (Rexdale, Islington, Weston, Downsview) Carol White, 244-2511 day. 741-0119 eve. Centre City (Bloor W., Bathurst, Davenport, Avenue Rd.) Sheila Markson 921-4209

If you are interested in forming one, contact David Weston 924-7286 or Sheila Markson 921-4209.

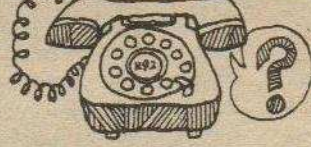
Are you interested in saving money on your groceries? Are you concerned about the quality of the food you eat? Do you want to know where your food comes from? Do you believe that you are what you eat? If your answers are positive to any of these questions, you should be joining the Community Co-op in the Annex-Sussex area. We're just starting up and looking for a place to locate. If a number of people are interested (and we now have many who are) there will be an extensive natural/organic foods section. We're also interested in eventually making the co-op a centre for activities ranging from day care to housing and community preservation. If you're interested in any one of these items, phone Dave Weston at 924-7286 or Joan Dolron at 929-0427.

Need something repaired or got ideas for some rags to wear but can't do it yourself; I will happily sew it for you. Also, would like to hear from people who would like to do this sort of thing in a combined effort. Muriel 364-3024.



Anyone interested in sharing co-operative childcare, please visit Chris & Karen at 52 Kippendavie Ave. (one block east of Woodbine). One response can get it started.

PERSONAL



Frank Morrison; 6'1", 21 years, dark brown hair, light blue eyes, slim. Contact 255-5322 Action Service 185 Fifth St. Etobicoke - MESSAGE URGENT!

Missing my guru, anyone knowing the whereabouts of Grant Pratt alias Kimo please contact Free at the Guerrilla office.

REWARD. Dog lost, named Lara. Big white friendly Samoyed with Pittsburgh township dogtag. Phone 533-7271.

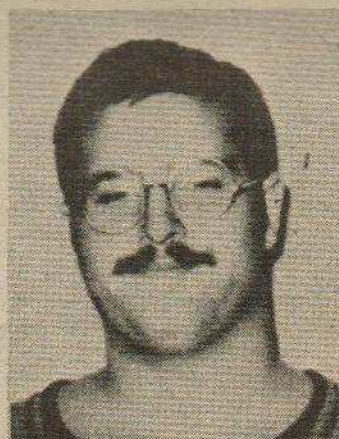
How can we radicalize elementary teacher training? Got ideas? 368-7726.

Baron, Stephen S., once of New York some 5 years ago. Your parents were in town. Would like to see you or hear from you. Please call home collect. Nothing to worry about; draft status is worked out. Anyone who can help call Guerrilla/Walter 864-1092.

Recent American immigrant wants to find a girl willing to marry him under special circumstances; urgent; call Gary Robb at the Hall, 863-0275.

I'm European coming from South America and going back to South America this fall. I'm looking for a girl (no discrimination on religion, colour, ideas, or education) must be (here are the discriminations) over 20, in good moral and physical state, not afraid (of me, of sleeping outside, to stay away for one to two years and a lot of other things). Send to Guerrilla all information and eventual questions and a more or less complete curriculum and a picture. Some money and a lot of courage will be necessary. Maurice Le Blanc.

Donn: get in hear for Milwaukee, there's still time - call.



Joel Berke of Brooklyn, N.Y. is missing. He was last seen at Fairleigh Dickinson University on Dec. 21. He wears thin gold rimmed glasses, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He had, at that time, a mustache and a small goatee. Relatives only wish to know if he is alive and well. Contact Guerrilla or John A. Harrington, 122 E. 42nd St. N.Y., N.Y. (212) 661-4735.

REASONABLE questions examined and answered. No charge. Call Dave; evenings - 534-4586

Natural childbirth classes will be starting Mid-July. Psychoprophilaxis method of natural childbirth. For information call 924-1759 or the Hall 963-0275.



WAWA?

RIDES

Need ride to Chicago July 8th. Call Froosh 864-1902. Or, soon enough, call at 924-3507.

Ride wanted to west coast end of June; share driving and expense; phone Norman 368-5160.

Two dudes from Brooklyn looking for ride to Van as soon as possible; will share expenses; Room 420, Rochdale.

3 PEOPLE (1 CHILD) NEED TO GET TO VAN BY AUG. 7 SHARE EXPENSES + DRIVE CALL ALAN OR SUE AT (519) 924-1820

Ride or hitching partner to Halifax. Phone Ruth 964-2357, can share driving and gas.

Couple needs ride to Vancouver (Hazelton, B.C.) first week August. Can share expenses/driving. 863-0950. Elliott or Amy.

CRAFTS



Craftsmen looking for buyers or work. Hydroponiums, domes,occasins, stained glass windows, bicycle repairs, hand lithography, or whatever else you need. Phone Eugene nights at 248-4594.

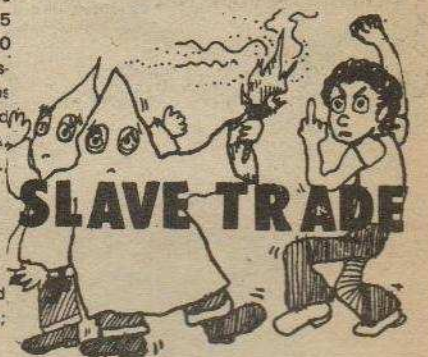
Film Maker looking for a script for 1/2 hour film. Vince 921-2254 evenings.

Festival happening June 12 in Unionville, No. 7 and Kennedy, noon to midnight, we have craft display tables for people to fill with your wares and original goods. Call Michael after 6 at 889-7360, Dan at 630-0670.

The Wax Revolution. Master crafts, sculpted candles, organic lamps. Scott Bechtol 368-5784.

Craftsmen for street market; contact Roger 6 Trinity Sq.; 368-0188 after 8 p.m.

Wooden boxes - makers of fine wooden things - also minor house repairs. Call Charlie or Brvan 368-5386



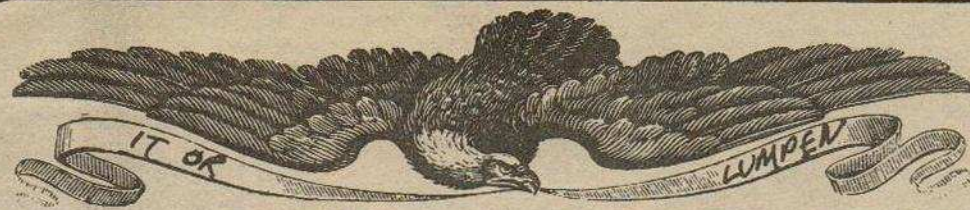
SLAVE TRADE

Guy 26 from Singapore, now in Canada, has good job, seeks girlfriend. 964-6915 after 8:30 p.m.

BUY &

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND!

SELL



FOR SALE



Double bed, one year old, very firm, in good shape; \$60. Call 962-2937.

QUIET FRIDGE FOR SALE \$20. CALL EVELYN or DAVID 366-0193

FOLD-DOWN COUCH \$15. 923-7203

WACHEEA T-SHIRTS \$1.00 AT THE HALL 19 HURON ST.

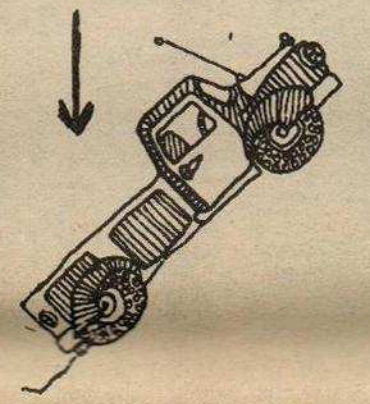
1961 Jaguar 3.8 sedan w/overdrive excellent cond. 4,000 miles since motor rebuilt. Needs minor tune-up & taillight lens. Must sell \$800 firm. Finley Pries
NEW Commodore 8 TRACK TAPE DECK w/POWER PACK for inside car & house. 3 mos. old. retail \$156.00 - ask \$76.00 ALSO \$75.00 worth tapes for \$30.00 w/ purchase.
FINLEY PRIES 411 BRUNSWICK AVE

One single bed, mattress and box spring \$10. Double bed, mattress and box spring \$20. Paula 537-6426 or Jim 367-0243.

The kind of clothes that Mary Pickford, Zelda Fitzgerald, Sarah Bernhardt & Oscar Wilde wore. At Second Time Around: antique & second hand clothes. 292 Dupont. Open 7 days a week, 12 noon to 7:30.

Electrohome hi-fi set - superb sound. 4 speakers, incl. Am-Fm radio. 4 speed changer (collaro). Will sacrifice for \$85. See John at 46 Phoebe St., 1st floor rear.

TOM'S TRUCK for sale. '58 Chevy pick-up, poor body, broken starter, no hand brake, needs H-box for shifter; but has strong, valiant engine. Best offer, Tom 364-0539. See it directly behind The Hall, 19 Huron St. (or see me at 31 Huron St.).



Gas stove for sale * **FABTASTIC CONDITION** \$25.00 will help with delivery 463-5045 * 621 Greenwood

Old bicycles needed - any state of repair - call your mobile Guerilla 864-1902.

GIVE & TAKE

WE SEEK HOMES FOR THE 4 BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN OF OUR CAT OUBCEK (by STUDLEY TOAD) 31 HURON STREET 364-0539

Wanted - pregnant animal for summer camp; to give birth July or August. Will find homes for offspring and parent if desirable. Phone Dana at 221-3815 till June 25th; after 25th, Diane at 222-2716.

Five wonderful cats including two pregnant females are being forced out of their Rosedale home. If you can help, call 920-3116 or 920-5926.

Picture frames free at the Isaacs Gallery, 832 Yonge St.

Wanted: FURNISHINGS - all sorts, all kinds, anything that might go into a sizeable co-op (6 people) unfurnished. That means the usual kitchen, living room, den, bedroom furniture, and all the stuff that goes in it or on it. We're practically starting from scratch, trying to furnish it for comfort and beauty but at reasonable expense. We're able to recondition articles. So if you're in any position to dispense with house articles - almost anything goes: dishware, stereo set, pot hangers, the usual - chairs, tables, etc., etc., callus and we'll deal. The number at home is 363-4872 or you can leave a message for Chuck or Lucy at 864-1902.

Free double bed with spring mattress; come and pick it up. Connie Bellville, 236 Parklawn Rd. 259-3949.

BUSINESS



LET JOE TRUCK DO YOUR TRUCKIN 366-0193

Take a charter flight to London; return fares from \$159. One way fares \$125. Open return fares \$230. Onward flights to many European cities, also Tel Aviv, Bombay, Singapore, Australia and South Africa. Phone for free information - Charter Referral Service - 789-4923. 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Mon-Sat.

Splitting for the summer? Need a place to store your stuff? For cheap and safe storage see Kent at The Cosmic Egg, 25 Baldwin.

Two freaks with van for hire; will do all jobs, reasonable rates, up for discussion. 769-0941.

FRANK THE LEATHER FREAK (ELIJAH LEATHER) STALL #206 MARKET

SCREW THE PAPERS CLUB
Why waste money on continuous ads. One day a month in the daily papers is enough. The last Saturday of each month is AMALGUM-AD DAY!

ETC.



The words of a language evolve around the concepts that the culture involved is accustomed to thinking with. The absence of a word for Man At Peace With Himself and His Environment makes it difficult to incorporate the concept into spontaneous thought.

If by taking the first letter from each word of - Man At Peace With Himself and His Environment - we create the word Mapwhahe (map-WAH-hee). Perhaps we can incorporate the concept into our thinking.

North Toronto Youth Centre is getting a farm together this summer so 60 teenagers can get outta the city. Desperately need things to get started like tents to sleep at least 2 or more, outdoor picnic table, a freezer, large cooking pots, couch & a few chairs, garden tools & hose. Any donations or items of a reasonable cost appreciated. HELP. Contact Sydney 451-0877 or Bob Forester 921-5171

VIVE LA NEO-DADA K

Guerilla lives with you, so Feed a Guerilla!

ESKER MIKE and HIS WIFE AGILUK

another new canadian play by HERSCHEL HARDIN now at

FACTORY THEATRE LAB

374 DUPONT at BRUNSWICK 921-5989

WEDNESDAY-SATURDAY * 8:30 STUDENTS \$2.00

GUERRILLA DISTRIBUTORS

Street Dealers! you can now get Guerrillas Uptown at:

Goldberrys - health foods, etc. 14 Wellesly W.

Crazy Davids boutique & coffee house - Yorkville

Round Records - cheap pop, pipes, posters, etc. 110 Bloor W.

SUMMER SOLSTICE FESTIVAL

SUN JUNE 20

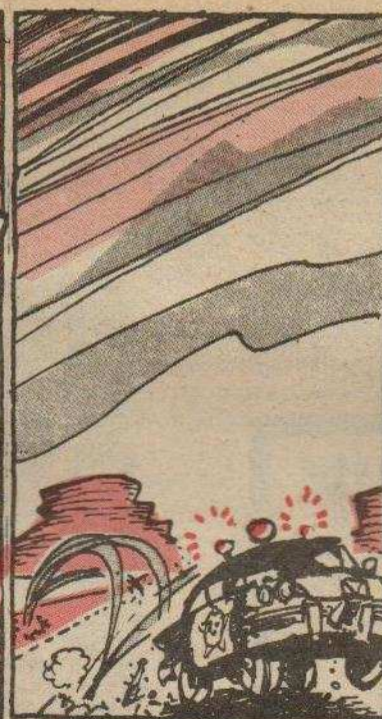
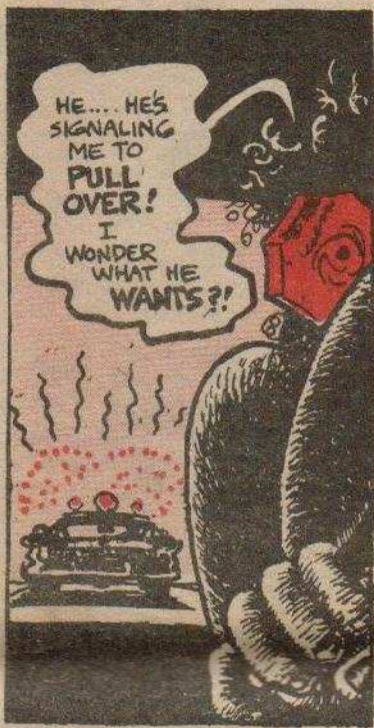
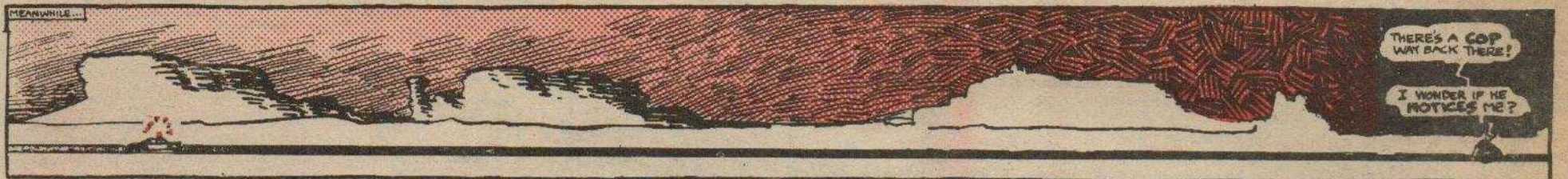
SYRINX	CITY MUFFIN BOYS
BEVERLY GLEN-COPELAND	PHIL
KEITH M'KIE	GORD LOWE
MUNOZ	TANNIS NIEMANN
MURRAY M'LAUGHLIN	FILM BAND
THOG	MOTHER FLETCHER'S JUG
FEAST WITH LOVE FROM ETHEREA	
3PM TILL MIDNIGHT AT BATHURST ST. UNITED CHURCH	DONATION \$1-30

THE FABULOUS FURRY

FREAK

BROTHERS

UNABLE TO FIND A VACANT APARTMENT AFTER BEING EVICTED, PHINEAS DECIDES TO GO CRASH AT HIS PARENTS' HOUSE. HIS PARENTS LIVE IN TEXAS.



THE ADVENTURES OF
FAT FREDDY'S CAT
(FAT FREDDY SCAT!)
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FREE LOVE

AND DONTJER FORGIT!