

JULY  
SEVEN  
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# Guerrilla

25¢

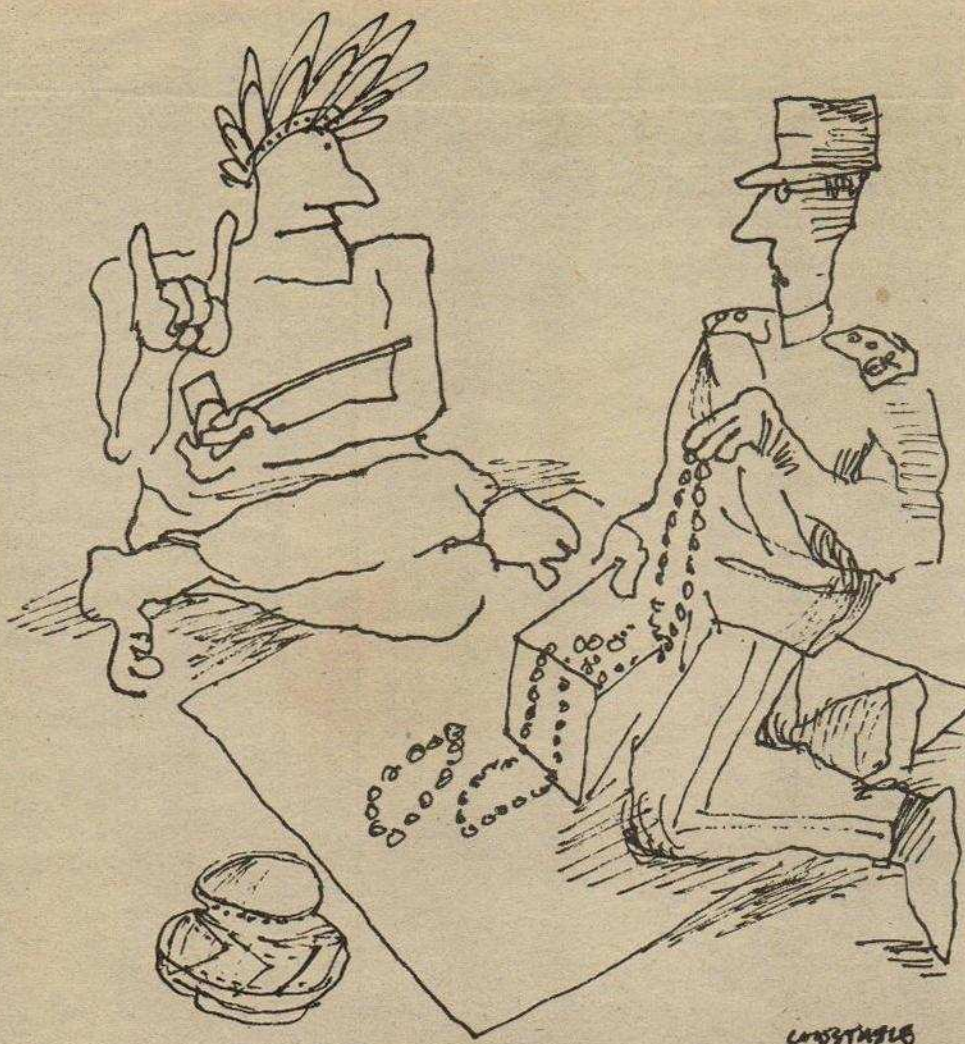


★VOLUME II ★ NO. 4 ★ ★TORONTO★

FORTON



# guerrilla FEEEDBACK



LINSYTHUS

Dear Guerilla:

I wish to respond to some statements which City Property Commissioner Harry Rogers recently expressed re. the Grass Roots-Wacheea celebration-exorcism (of City Hall's "evil spirits") held on Sunday, June 13th at Nathan Phillips Square. Mr. Rogers claims, "Had not the Salvation Army been a passive organization with very religious scruples, a confrontation would have developed with serious consequences as apparently the unauthorized group (i.e. Grass Roots) were out to foment trouble."

Now, during the 4 hours I attended the Wacheea happening, I neither saw nor heard nor experienced in any way any actual or threatened violence or confrontation stimulated or provoked by Grass Roots

people. Just the opposite happened; the Grass Roots people were consistently peaceful and religious (in the basic sense of the term); they were chanting and singing, holding hands, clapping, swaying to music they were creating on instruments they themselves made, offering free food to anyone who was hungry — all of which beautifully reflected their commitment to building a real sense of community, a spirit of communion, of brotherhood, of oneness. This is what Wacheea is all about; Wacheea is a Cree word meaning "a place where everyone is welcome", and everyone who came and participated in the celebration was welcome — even Mr. Rogers, Inspector Meade from Police Station 52 and other policemen.

So, the confrontation which Mr. Rogers apparently feared would happen between Grass Roots and the

bunny that winds up and plays a tune. (The wind up knob is on the back.) This is known as her singing, bunny and she perceives it as such, rarely even winding it up herself. She has learned nothing significant about this toy to move her to twisting things as a way of reacting to them. All this to point out that there are crib toys that don't tempt children's potentially sadistic tendencies. It's up to the discerning parent to choose for his child when he's too young to choose. Our play with these toys does not continually consist of twisting, bashing, shaking. In fact, it consists of cuddling, hugging, rocking to sleep, singing to. Hardly detrimental to the child's sprouting personality.

This leads me to the way kids first learn to interact. They explore by touch, among other methods. So it's natural for them, when they meet another little person, to touch, feel, even caress. And this is sorely absent in the adult world. By discouraging them from tactile interaction, we are laying one of our own hang-ups on them. A child learns interaction from his own family setting. He doesn't live in a vacuum with these sadism-oriented crib toys. He sees holding, loving, hugging and such warm behaviour and he takes that on and uses it for himself. If he sees non-touching, squabbling, fighting, and shouting as the normal fare, he will also use that for himself. Touching is a valuable method of exploring, whether it be crib toys animals, or other little people.

And this is precisely why it's healthy to provide dolls to kids of both sexes. And they need not be the talking, walking, expensive type. A rag doll will do. This is a great prop for a child to act out what he sees in his own experience as ways he himself has been and is being handled. It also helps him to integrate traumatic experiences such as fright, injury, or outbursts of anger. We've marvelled many times in watching our daughter acting out with her babies an episode she just went through with her mother. This time, she becomes mother, cuddling, holding, reassuring and comforting her frightened baby doll. It's her way of seeing both sides of the relationship between her and parents. And it's valuable feedback to the parents. Of course, a baby doll can also be a starting point for imaginary trips that little minds are often best at inspiring. This kind of play with dolls has also been helpful in her handling her new, baby

Dear Guerilla—

I've just reread an article by Don Smith in your issue (no. 25), called "Kidprop." I feel compelled by some of the distortions involving children's growth that I must let it be known.

My first impression is that the author is on the kids' side and has an idea of what they're all about. Right on. But deeper down he fails to apply what he appears to know about kids and how best they can grow. Being a person who has been grooving on his little girl's growth for the last 3½ years, I feel that it may be worthwhile to clear up what I see as some of your distortions.

My first impression comes from the subtitle of the article, "Sesame Street Blues." It's a shame that the author downgrades as well as overestimates the goals of the show, without even having laid eyes on it, or read about its form, style, goals, and content. The show is primarily designed to upgrade the basic education of kids whose home environment doesn't stimulate them to learn such concepts as numbers, letters, spatial position (under, down, up, etc.) It seems to have done quite well along these lines and is expanding to include basic reading skills. This is designed to supplement the role that a parent in a lower income family often has difficulty playing in his daily life, due to absence of for a job, ordinary hassles that poor people go through, or whatever else saps the parents strength, initiative skill. The more grandiose goals of showing how cool integration is and that there really isn't poverty is absent. The setting itself is a brownstone on a slum street that millions of kids in big city slums can get connected with. Those kids live in poverty. They know it exists. There is no need to shove it down their throats in an educational programme. But the reality of their physical conditions is reflected in the setting of the show. I'd advise the author to take in a few programmes, read up on its conception, goals, etc., and then take another look at his ideas on it.

We move on to children in general and their ways of learning about the world. The first attack is on crib toys that allegedly teach a child to twist, fold, bend, spindle, and mutilate. My daughter's crib is filled with soft little animals and dolls that she can cuddle with, love and just use her imagination with. She has one

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Bill Hogan, John Parker, Ross Hayball,  
Charlie Doble, Rick Curtis, Roger Carter,  
Dan Evenden, Free (in spirit) Bob Fortier,  
John Williams, Louis Fishaupt, George  
Longley, David O'Halloran, Lloyd Chesley,  
Alex, John the printer, Peter Kuiper, Walter,  
Tom Needham, Sunny Cook, Valerie, Olga,  
Diana, Nancy, and a cast of others--

Salvation Army Band did not happen, mainly because both Grass Roots and the Salvation

Army people agreed to cooperate and to respect each other's human right to express themselves... peacefully. In a video-taped interview I had with the Salvation Army Band leader, he said that Grass Roots in no way interfered with his band concert, and all this is documented on TV (courtesy of Downtown Community Television-Rogers Cable TV).

And what's all this nonsense about Grass Roots being the "un-authorized group"? Grass Roots did not seek authorization or a permit, because they neither wanted nor used any electronic amplification equipment, while the Salvation Army Band did. Besides, I always thought that Nathan Phillips Square is public property, it belongs to all the people.

Since Mr. Rogers is worried that Grass Roots and probably other community groups coming to the Square are "out to foment trouble", I have a few words of advice for him and other prophets of doom or advocates of destructive self-fulfilling prophecies: SHUT UP AND LISTEN TO THE PEOPLE, YOU MAY LEARN SOMETHING.

Don Weitz  
Community Worker,  
Toronto.

brother. She has such experiences watching and acting out that she is adept at handling an infant that many adults would hold like a hot potato. She even sits him up and burps the baby. She has the confidence of handling little things and "people" that she isn't frightened out of trying it with a real baby. And this goes to touching as a tool of exploration and discovery.

The author seems to have an inkling of kid's creative potential, but betrays his lack of faith in praising this Greenbaum character. How can you give a child credit for a lively and creative imagination and then turn around and lay an imaginary character, created by an adult, on him? Sure it's great for a kid to have an imaginary friend with whatever characteristics, but doesn't he think the child can devise his own friend and give him any name he chooses? Sounds like Joe Rosenblatt is on a perverse power or ego trip having the gall to impose a particular imaginary character on children with the implication that this will be the starting point for your fantasy. Kids need Greenbaum like they need someone to talk and think for them. Children's fantasies are variations on their experience, the richer and more varied their experience, the greater the potential for an active and lively imagination. This is contingent on staying out of his growth process to let him do it on his own, while simultaneously providing the stimulating opportunities for growth.

When you're dealing with this, you're helping to determine the potential or lack thereof of a human being. Which makes child rearing a pretty heavy thing if you take it seriously in this way. And that means no half-baked ideas about children's growth and development. That means thinking and observing and re-thinking and maybe reading about the observations of people who have observed many more kids than we ever could.

Don Smith is on the right track but is debarking from the train before the journey is completed. We've all got a long way to go, but we can help each other through it and benefit from each other's experience. The lives of our children and the future quality of living is at stake.

Peace and understanding,  
Malcolm Shookner



# short bursts

NEW YORK (LNS) — Estrogen and progesterone are the two female hormones that make up all birth control pills.

Medical studies have shown estrogen to cause most side effects to the pill. Such side effects are usually harmless and temporary; however, a small number taking the pill do experience dangerous complications.

Not more than .05 milligrams of estrogen in each tablet is necessary to ensure 100% contraceptive protection. The following brands of the birth control pill do not contain more than .05 milligrams of estrogen in each tablet:

- Demulen 1; Demulen .5; Norlestrin 1; Norlestrin 2.5; Norinyl 1; Ortho-Novum 1.50; Ovral.

### 'HONEST ED-TYPE SPECIAL' NATO SECRETS FOR \$4.50

At a recent auction in Gardemoen, Eastern Norway, an unidentified Norwegian purchased a letter-box — and found inside several files full of classified military documents. This person turned the papers over to civilian police, who passed all the information on to military officials.

This news came from the Norwegian paper "Verdens Gang", and was confirmed recently by the Norwegian defence ministry. It has been speculated that the box was lost when the defence ministry offices relocated to Huseby, a suburb of Oslo, last year.

So much for military secrets.

### CENSUS CENSURE

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics hired 40,000 census representatives two months ago — and it appears that a good number of them were not exactly ecstatic about the terms of their employment.

Details of the hassles came from Chris Dymond, correspondent for the Toronto Telegram, in a recent article in the "Contact" section of the paper. Dymond pointed out that census reps in Winnipeg threatened to strike if their pay was not doubled. Workers were not paid for calls when details could not be attained to complete the household forms. The forms which required the greatest amount of work, in terms of telephoning, re-visiting the homes, etc., thus gave the worker nothing — even though considerable time and effort would have been expended.

Other problems were created for the workers in general because the public, this year especially, tended to be hostile to callers for the census. And, because the workers had to mark the times that calls were made, most workers found it impossible to get and keep other employment to supplement their meagre incomes.

Oh, well. Maybe they were supposed to do it for the love of Canada. Or love of computers. Or something.

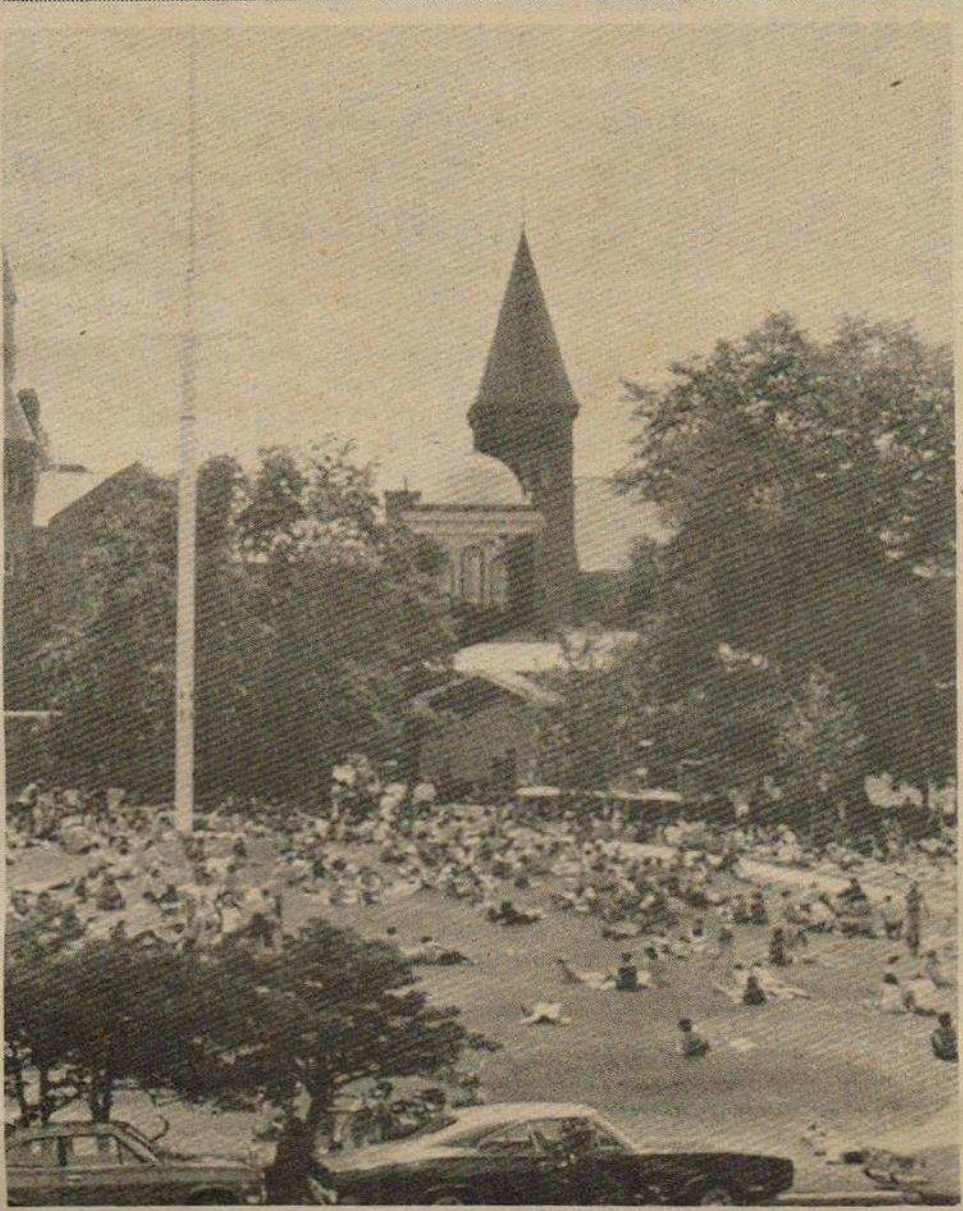
### EVEN SOLDIERS BELIEVE IN FAIRIES

The locals say that pixies and elves live under a certain bridge on the Isle of Man, and therefore, they raise their hats when they pass, as a friendly greeting to the Little People.

There are about 500 soldiers of the 71st Scottish Engineering Regiment camped in the area these days. Their officers have decided that the soldiers, too, must salute the Little People as they march over that bridge.

Why? An army spokesman said it very well: — "We like to conform." Naturally!

# WACHEEA HAPPENING! at U.O.F.



Last Sunday was Build Wacheea Day. The place-spirit Wacheea, which has been hovering over Toronto for several months, visited City Hall two weeks ago, in search of a place. The Grass Roots people have been exploring the topography of our fair city in response to the needs of the spirit.

High Park, and the Mercer Reformatory sites were both refused to Wacheea, yet the psirit still circles. Sunday, on the U of T campus, latest potential home of Wacheea, Grass Roots held a benefit festival.

A thousand people turned out to celebrate the union of the spirit with the site. There was beautiful music; Frank Allison, Kathy McKee, Kid Bastian's Camellia Jazz Band, Mother Fletcher and friends, Munoz, US, Perth County Conspiracy, Brandy, Chug and others.

The spirit came and landed, it appeared as a tapestry of young bodies. It felt like a magic carpet.

Red Morning functioned as a people's security patrol keeping a watchful eye on the four or five narks and several right-wing extremists. There were no incidents.

I asked about a hundred people what they thought of the benefit, some of them had just come from the Rockhill festival, all of them noticed something unique about Wacheea Day. The most common response was "...the people here seem more together, working together and taking care of each other.

There's going to be another Build Wacheea Day on Saturday, at the same site. See you there. Dan Evered

# Happy Birthday, God

People wishing to organize God's Birthday should meet at the Hall, 19 Huron Street, this Friday at 4 p.m.

Last week we got this letter sent to us at the Hall from a guy in Ottawa. He said that some people in Istanbul decided after a party that it would be a nice thing if the world observed July 21 as God's Birthday and called it World Peace Day in honour of the occasion. So... they wrote all these nice letters to people and governments (I make this distinction) all over the world, letting them know what had happened and communicating to them their feelings about the whole idea — and what they were going to do about it.

And that's how we found out about it.

We phoned up some people around the community to ask them to come and share their ideas and feelings. At the resultant meeting, people's heads were flowing with all kinds of considerations about the way in which we should respond to the observance. The best we could come up with was to spread the idea around so that more people could know about it, and respond in their own ways. Also we thought it would be a nice development if people from all over this city could come together on Toronto Island the Sunday before the official birthday.

That day (July 18th), we all will have a little more time than usual, so we can celebrate so much better than on a weekday.

What all of us want is a world where people can just be and feel what they want. Governments, institutions and organizations detract from this sense. To a certain degree, so do religious organizations and even religious festivals. With that consideration in mind, we decided that this Sunday observance should be unstructured. Just people.

People are welcome to come to To-

ronto Island and be who they are. You are welcome to bring food to share, your music (some very fine musicians will be invited), your voices if you want to sing or chant, and maybe even drums. We can have a good time together on the Island, on Sunday July 18th, in observance of God's Birthday, in hope for World Peace.

Preparations must be made soon. Individually and collectively. Those of us in this growing new society can provide meaningful experience for ourselves and for others in this city.

We've got ourselves a day of great importance on the horizon, and we must all move carefully and positively towards it. We can make ready in our own ways for what will be one of the first world wide religious festivals in the name of world peace. When we all realize that the larger reality is elemen-

tal to the success of such an ideal as world peace, then we are well on the way to our idealistic fulfillment.

Every one of us has our own conception of God and Peace — and in that sense, of course, we are all unique. But this day and the days of approach to it will be a period in which our faith in our gods and people can be shared with everyone.

With all of us going through this experience at the same time, a lot of nice things could be started. The repercussions growing from such a phenomenon may well have some very positive consequences, whether they manifest themselves physically or not. On Wednesday, July 21, our hands can be joined around this tiny earth. Spinning on an axis of faith and hope, we can summon our collective sources of strength to the task of building a new existence in which we can all feel what is. Be with, on Sunday July 18.

Brian

# 5th COLUMNIST OUT

The Mississauga Town Council has kicked "Fifth Columnist", a free youth paper, out of its offices in the Parks and Recreation Buildings.

The paper, an eight page weekly, is funded by Opportunities for Youth, and had put out four issues.

No reasons were given for the decision, which was made at a closed board meeting on June 30. The editor of the paper, Marc Belanger, says they were kicked out because the paper is "too radical for Conservative Mississauga."

The paper had been receiving static over several items. The Peel County Board of Education condemned the paper for the use of the words "hell" and "fuck", and a member of parliament was upset by an article on the new

left, which accused the present generation of under thirty, along with the older one, of "narrow-mindedness, unwillingness to even approach other viewpoints, contempt for the 'uneducated', hate, indifference."

The paper also ran stories on such "controversial (apparently so for Mississauga) topics as Women's Liberation, Abortion, and police hassles.

According to Belanger, if the paper does not find another rent-free office, it will fold and "we will probably return the unused funds to the government."

The paper has a circulation of 4,000 and according to Belanger, is "eagerly read by the kids." The paper has a full-time staff of six and several part-time staffers.





# GNOME'S DOME

Doug Austen

A vast sense of indifference has kept me from saying anything about MacKenzie Porter in this column, or about Gordon Sinclair, or Joe Morgan, or any other professional gross-outs harboured in the straight media in Toronto. I somehow assumed that my friends knew where that particular game was at but recent conversations have convinced me otherwise. Believe it or not, I have friends who literally hate MacKenzie Porter... a man of such monumental unimportance, relative to what is happening, that he tends to strike one with about the same amount of meaningfulness as a condom at a fertility rite.

Various people have come running in the past two weeks to report Mr. Porter's column, wherein he stated that the Guerilla people he had met (myself and Ken Hutchinson) appeared to him to have

"mediocre minds." I am expected, I suppose, to issue forth with a fiery rebuttal proving, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that it is MacKenzie Porter who has the mediocre mind, and furthermore, to prove that the particular mediocrity of men like MacKenzie Porter is one of the major stumbling blocks to the great and glorious Revolution that we are all working towards.

From what I know of MacKenzie Porter and the Revolution, however, neither of those conclusions has any validity.

Mr. Porter's mind is anything but mediocre. Anyone who has suckered in so many of the people for so long cannot be termed stupid. Mr. Porter, Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Morgan all operate, quite successfully, one of the oldest con-games known to the communications media. Its rules are simple, but require a certain amount of finesse and a great deal of homework. The over-all aim is to insult the intelligence of as many of the people who can do you no harm as you possibly can. This insures that your name remains in the public eye and that you get asked regularly to accept incredible amounts of money for appearing on TV & radio as a hate-object. One of its major prerequisites is that you cannot possibly give a damn about anyone or anything — otherwise your ego couldn't take the static.

It was Gordon who pioneered the science of hatred-inspiration here in Toronto, what with his careful atheism (he hand-writes replies to every little-old-lady who writes in to take him to task, listing a secular argument for every letter in the alphabet), and his calculated negation of Anglo-Saxon reticence about personal finances. The difference between Porter and Sinclair, though, is that between an architect and a carpenter. Porter not only manages to alienate most of the working class and the vast majority of people under 25, he also manages to ingratiate himself with the filthy rich — people who consider Gordon Sinclair a boor. This results in invitations to spend week-ends at country estates,

tips concerning the stock market, etc. I have no idea what Mr. Porter's personal income is, but my friends at The Telegram assure me that he is not starving.

I cannot help but admire his finesse. His general knowledge on such subjects as the monarchy and militarism is such that he can publicly defend these concepts against his fellow media con-men (e.g., Denni Braithwaite), making them look like complete ass-holes. His careful delineation between the nouveau riche, who couldn't help him all that much anyway, and the old Toronto blue-bloods, where the real power resides, is at all times a magnificent display of tight-rope walking. His confrontations with the alternate culture (including myself) have been mostly one-sided. What can you say to a man who admits to being a snob, and enjoys it?

The point is, of course, that MacKenzie Porter is no more a snob than you or I. When he drinks with my Telegram friends at the Spadina House he is the very model of attentive, jocular camaradie. Anyone who knows him at all can tell you that the man really doesn't have an ego, that he has been known to say some very funny things about the culture-hunger of his garden-party patrons.

MacKenzie Porter is, in essence, a games-player. And he plays his game very well. Unfortunately for people like MacKenzie Porter, the days of games-playing are fast coming to an end — at least, those games which are based on anything more than personal honesty.

It seems senseless to waste breath explaining to these people that they are dead — they will still be making their crafty little moves long after attrition has set in: like the punch-drunk boxer who still comes out swinging whenever he hears a bell in his head. I hope, however, that this little essay will help to evaporate any feelings among my friends that such men are worthy of notice.

If it has, I solemnly swear to never again mention MacKenzie Porter in this column.

Harbour islands residents had their leases from Metro Toronto extended for another year — to August 31, 1972 — by the Metro Toronto Council on June 29.

However, while the 16-8 vote in favor is obviously a good thing, the whole afternoon performance in the Council Chamber was a comedy of human folly. One of the worst features was the apparent unawareness of the islanders who attended the meeting of some important questions that were never asked.

There were two most prominent and very unlikely defenders of the people — Alderman June Marks and David Rotenberg. They certainly aren't the lower middle class who make up the bulk of the islands' population.

But, as they both briefly mentioned, they own property on the islands and therefore should have been asked: if it weren't for your island property, would you still have supported the extension of the leases? And if you sell your property (even though Metro owns all the land, it doesn't own all the houses), would you support lease extension again next year too?

But perhaps I'm stirring up trouble that could break the bubble of luck that is still going for the islanders.

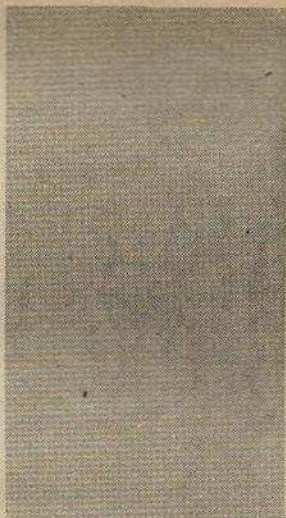
The two most prominent and likely opponents of the island people — and indeed any people anywhere — were Mayor William Dennison and Metro Chairman Albert Campbell. As an observer I could only wonder: why did they seriously expect their arguments to carry the council vote?

Let's look at some of the things they said:

The islands are overcrowded by visitors to the park areas.

This was torpedoed when the various defenders (a) asked for statistics to that effect, (b) pointed out that in 1967 some homes had been demolished for a playground which still hasn't even been PLANNED, let alone built and (c) said that the lack of transportation facilities to the islands practically insures that the islands will never be overpopulated by anybody, visitor or resident. (And besides, Council has complained about the transportation cost increases that would be set off by new and better ferries.)

*No  
Island  
a Home  
His  
Worship*



Dennison and Campbell both stated that about 120,000 Ontarians came to the islands in 1970. They and East York Mayor True Davidson wanted to know what right some 230 or so islanders had to stand in the way of greater enjoyment of the islands by hundreds of thousands of southern Ontarians.

This question has already been partly answered.

The motive of jealousy can be mentioned, and one can also mention the efforts the islands have taken in upkeep of their part of the islands — Ward's and Algonquin.

This introduces my main point — the real tragedy of the whole Metro Council debate.

Nobody asked why people go to the islands.

Answer: people go to the islands simply to escape the abominable cities they are forced to live in. The real question that should have been asked is: why isn't the rest of Metro Toronto like

the islands?

After all, it was — even just 40 years ago.

It is most regrettable — even disgusting — that committees can plan only in terms of concrete, steel and asphalt.

On the islands the planning is mainly in terms of trees, wood, grass, earth, shrubbery and flowers — all of which used to exist in Toronto not so many years ago. Oldsters always ask, "Can you remember when...?"

It would be radical to suggest grass boulevards on all streets, ground up slag or cinders in place of street concrete so that trees and shrubs could grow along the edges, and vine-entwined houses or fern-bedecked lawns.

And coloured-light fountains managed and administered by a ratepayer's association in the block's vacant lot — sheer madness!

Who would want to retrogress to an environment of 40 years back?

Well, Toronto simply hasn't changed

its mode of planning once in the last 40 years. Concrete, steel and asphalt all came into vogue about that time and never once — never once — have they ever been replaced in all that time.

A lot of fishy things were mentioned at that meeting.

The initial decision to evict the islanders was made away back in 1954 and reaffirmed in 1957 when the Metro Toronto Council assumed most of the jurisdiction over the islands.

Notwithstanding this, the islanders were granted one year's extension of their lease in 1965 when Metro became determined to apply the boot, and have won exactly the same thing consecutively every year ever since. I wonder when they are going to ask Council to forget about its resident-less park.

There was one other curious thing about that meeting.

Mayor Dennison suggested that the islanders would not like to have a "tent city" right next to them. Although nobody mentioned it then, it seemed to me that Mayor Dennison had suggested to the Toronto City Council some weeks ago — and in the presence of members of Grass Roots — the use of the islands for Wacheea solely as a political lever or coercion against Ward's and Algonquin Island natives. His subsequent lack of support for Wacheea seems to substantiate this speculation.

Regarding any "place of welcome" ("Wacheea" translated), biblical pictures of the Garden of Eden keep reminding me that man is expected to live in a garden during all phases of his life — work, leisure, childhood, adolescence, adulthood and retirement — 24 hours of every day.

As the song "Woodstock Nation" says: "We've got to get ourselves back to the garden." I suggest that since all 2,000,000 Torontonians can't get out to the island park garden, then we should concentrate on making all the rest of Metro Toronto more like the islands.

That's where the action should really be at.

This is something that the ecology group, Let's Enjoy Toronto More, should get into as part of their plans for action for the civic elections coming up in 17 months.

CARTER



The New Democratic Party victory in Saskatchewan shows a growing trend toward the left in the country.

While one may be inclined to say that the victory of an Establishment-oriented social democratic party is not exactly a stunning advance toward socialist revolution, nonetheless it can only be viewed as a definite shift toward more progressive attitudes.

Premier Allan Blakeney's campaign certainly wasn't radical. He advocated a number of social reforms — removal of the \$1.50 deterrent fee on medical and hospital insurance, protection of the environment in the North, abolition of former premier Ross Thatcher's neo-fascist and repressive anti-strike labour laws, protection of the rights of natives and Metis peoples, etc.

But neither were they reactionary — especially to the electorate.

Thatcher fought against the return of the NDP, which as the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation had governed the province between 1944 and 1964, and he fought using the grossest of red-bating terms.

The choice in this election, he told the people, was between free enterprise and Marxian socialism. For twenty years you were governed by the only socialist government to rule in North America other than Castro in Cuba. I, Ross Thatcher, have for seven great years saved you from this, I, Ross Thatcher, have preserved and restored free enterprise and all the heroic progressiveness for which it stands. Sound familiar? Senator Joseph McCarthy in the States couldn't have done better in his heyday.

# STOPS SASK. LIBS

Nor could Premier W.A.C. Bennett in British Columbia.

You see, Thatcher's slogans were the same ones that Bennet used to get elected in the last B.C. election. What is the difference?

Aside from not being plugged into God, the difference is apparently the emergence of a widespread belief among the electorate that the old-line parties are totally hypocritical.

Let us examine some significant happenings of the last three years.

The Parti Quebecois was able to garner almost one-quarter of the vote in the last Quebec election. While emphasizing "independantisme" as the major issue, the economic programme of the PQ is basically social democratic. And no one can say that the concept of national self-determination is alien to either social democratic or socialist thinking (witness the stands of both the NDP and the Swedish Social Democratic

Party on the Vietnam war).

The election of Jeremy Akerman and Paul McEwan as MPPs in the Nova Scotia Legislature as representatives of the NDP — both sit for Cape Breton Island seats. While the Island had once been a stronghold of the CCF in the heyday of coal mining and the United Mine Workers District 26, in recent years it has been a haven of reaction. The re-establishment of social democracy as a political force in the Maritimes cannot be disregarded.

Another significant happening was the establishment of the Schreyer regime in Manitoba. It was subsequently consolidated as a majority through two by-election victories.

The NDP had a victory in the Middlesex South (Ontario) by-election over the issue of the inadequacy of the Tories' so-called "medicare" scheme — it benefits private insurance cartels more than it does the public.

And the NDP had a victory in last month's Brant federal by-election — in the Brantford area, and basically over the issues of unemployment.

The NDP bounceback from a low-ebb of 13 per cent of popular support at the height of the FLQ crisis was apparently due to its opposition to both the invocation of the War Measures Act and the Turner Law, the so-called Public Order (Temporary Measures) Act, 1970. The latest Gallup Poll of Canada as published in the Toronto Daily Star shows that the NDP is running neck-and-neck with the Tories with about 25 per cent of the popular vote.

What can one deduce from these

various happenings?

There are three main conclusions.

The first is that red-baiting as a political tactic apparently no longer works, no matter how plugged-into-God you are.

The second is that with social democracy firmly established as a legitimate political alternative, socialist factions in Canadian social democratic parties have an opportunity to extend their influence. After all, when the electorate rejects red-baiting, how can a social democratic party use the same tactic upon certain sections of its membership? A key example is the Ontario NDP's counter-conference to Premier William Davis' obviously stacked "Conference on Economic and Cultural Nationalism" (read: "Conference to White-wash Imperialism"). This conference, although initiated and clearly dominated by the left-wing Waffle faction, had the official sponsorship of the NDP and featured Stephen Lewis, the Ontario leader, as its keynote speaker. Mr. Lewis is not known for being on overtly courteous speaking terms with the Waffle nor for vigorous (or any) support for Waffle positions.

The third conclusion is the possible outcome of the next Ontario election. Davis has already vowed that the key issue will be that the choice is between free enterprise and socialism. Sound familiar?

Unless Davis has succeeded in finding Wacky Bennett's (so-far) exclusive formula for plugging into God, his campaign may well be as successful as Thatcher's.

Edwin Howard



## high treason

"Treason!" accused an unseen voice from a backyard behind the park. "Yeah, treason... right on!" agreed a hundred or so of the highly spirited revolutionary youth who turned out at People's Park last Thursday to celebrate the Death of Confederation.

Red Morning marched loudly and colourfully from Grange Park to People's Park, singing "Power to the People" and waving the flags of the National Liberation Front of Vietnam and of the Quebec Patriots.

A stage had been set up. The first phase of the party was a concert by Horn, the finest group of musicians yet to come out of the Canadian underground. Horn did about an hour-long set of their own material while the crowd grew to approximately 200 people.

Red Morning also set up a free food stands and a lot of shady characters began to pass around some of de ol'

weed. Meanwhile, kids were really getting off on exploding firecrackers up the snout of a Pig Trudeau effigy.

After Horn's set, the Toronto Truck Theatre performed a children's play which captured the attention and appreciation of everyone.

One of the Red Morning sisters rapped briefly about how the Confederation IS coming down — and how the Quebecois people are leading the struggle against the Canadian state.

Horn played again, while people danced and sang and drummed along, with "For God's sake, we've got to give some POWER TO THE PEOPLE."

Somebody else from Red Morning talked about the necessity of building a fighting force of white revolutionary youth in Ontario and then made a plea for dialogue, criticism, and help from the people. Right on!

## COPS

Constable 2709, riding in car 5204 last Sunday, got awfully upset when he saw a long-haired freak go through a yellow light on St. George Street. The good constable shouted "Hey, you went through a red light", but the happy freak kept on riding, not wishing to rile the good constable.

Constable 2709 decided then to introduce the freak to some good old fashioned morality and justice, so he stopped his car, back it full speed along the wrong side of Hoskins Ave., and had said freak pull his bike to a full and complete stop.

Stepping out of the car, our law-abiding constable said, "You went through a red light." But the freak demured and said, "No, it was yellow." Asking for identification, the constable noticed that our hero lived at Rochdale

## low treason

Elizabeth Eayers, president of the Swansea Ratepayers, and Patricia Adams, president of the Gothic-Quebec Avenues Ratepayers Association, are organizing citizens groups for door-to-door petitioning to seek a judicial inquiry into Alderman Grys' affairs.

Grys is the man recently charged by John Sewell with having profitted from his position on council, — Grys allegedly pushed for rezoning for high-rise development of an area which included homes owned by his wife, thus making her (his?) holdings more valuable on the real estate market. According to Sewell in a recent article in "City Hall" magazine, rent from tenants in the homes was sometimes paid by cheques to Grys, and it would appear that he might have found his power in city politics useful in increasing his own wealth.

Eayers' campaign hopes for 7,000 signatures on the petition, being circulated at present — although the Ontario Municipal Act states that only 50 ratepayers' signatures are required to ask

and got very excited when he saw a rash on our friend's arm. (Speed, perhaps?) But then the constable had an idea on how long-haired freaks get rashes and asked, "When was the last time you had a bath, or is it the dirty clothes you wear?"

Having thoroughly looked over the dirty, rash-covered freak, he noticed a button on his shirt and asked, "What's that?" The freak looked down at his "FUCK CENSORSHIP" button, and said "It's a 'FUCK CENSORSHIP' button."

Constable 2709 then looked at the dirty, rash-covered, buttoned freak and said, "You shouldn't wear that sort of button so openly" and then protected the freak by ripping the "FUCK CENSORSHIP" button from his shirt.

Having thus confiscated the offensive button, the constable commenced his legal duties and promised the freak that a summons would be coming, and went away with his shiny, new "FUCK CENSORSHIP" button.

the municipal affairs minister, Dalton Bales, for an inquiry.

City Council has been accused of "whitewash" in the city press lately, in that the members voted last Tuesday (11-6) AGAINST asking for such an inquiry. It's even been suggested by some in the straight press that Council could not very well considered censuring Grys, because various members might be found to have put themselves in similar situations.

CORRA, the Confederation of Resident and Ratepayers Associations, recently rapped Council's knuckles for "inadequate response" to John Sewell's facts on Grys' conflict of interest. The organization has not officially given support to Eayer's petition, but individual members are, nonetheless, working on getting signatures to add to the list.

Eayers hopes to get the petition in to Dalton Bales by Thursday this week. Then it's up to the municipal affairs department. Let's watch to see what happens.



# wiretap

When governments start amending the laws on privacy, it's good to watch out. The new wiretap law introduced June 27, by Justice Minister John Turner, is being advertised by the Toronto *Telegram* as a bill to protect Canadians against invasion of privacy. But let's look carefully.

According to the *Tely*, the law says that no one but police will be able to use the equipment, and they can only use it with specific permission from the courts for each case. These would have to come from a superior court judge of criminal jurisdiction, authorized by the federal solicitor general, or provincial attorney general.

It's good that a judge has to authorize the attorney general's or solicitor general's recommendation about who should be spied on by police — since attorneys general these days are notoriously right-wing characters, and like nothing better than using the power of their office against their favourite notoriously left-wing characters.

Thus, anybody who criticizes a public official overmuch, advocates a radical solution to a pressing social problem, like poverty or racial strife, and anybody who even mentions the word socialism — all these "enemies of the state" are likely to be on the attorney general's list of suspicious people.

But since when have judges been the champions of the common people against the whims of government? Judges like this are a distinct minority. Most share both the experience and the outlook of the state apparatus they are supposed to counter-balance. Making the attorney generals apply to them for approval to spy does little more than slow down the inevitable.

The law goes on to say that emergency permits for 36 hours of wiretapping may be given by authority of an attorney general or the solicitor general where sufficient grounds exist to suspect a crime.

"Suspect" a crime? How about *expect* a crime? How about *apprehend* a crime? . . . or an insurrection? There is a clause in the proposed bill to the effect that wiretapping would be legal to counter espionage.

What this all means is that even the judge is removed from the picture if, in the attorney general's or solicitor general's opinion, there is an emergency. And that means that the decision to use wire-tapping is exclusively in the hands of the central government ultimately.

Given the fact that the established government is there to preserve and protect the status quo, chances are that the main use of the wire-tapping rights which it wants to give itself, is to more effectively combat any near-successful attempts to alter the status quo. In other words, the main targets of this kind of legislation are not private detectives and mafiosoes, despite the government's claims. The real targets are radicals and other dissenters.

The *Telegram* report goes on to say that "Mr. Turner hopes to extend the invasion-of-privacy legislation at a later date to cover such matters as information stored by computers and data banks. The government apparently wants a monopoly of the use of these information storing and retrieving devices, too. Not only that, but it wants to legislate the right to check the information contained in existing data banks.

Now supposedly, all these banks are registered with the government. A statement of their general purpose is probably needed in order to get the necessary operating license. Then the government checks to find out what they keep in their data banks — for instance: mailing lists for organizations and magazines.

Then, in a time of "apprehended insurrection," or suspected crime, the organization or company is placed under suspicion, or is declared illegal. All the people listed as members or receivers of information come under suspicion by association.

Clearly, such legislation is unfair to common people, and unjustly repressive. Also, it is clearly unnecessary for the smooth running of stable government which has the interests of the majority at heart and operates with the goal of social harmony as its guiding principles. Needless to say, present governments don't.

Nevertheless, this legislation must be stopped, and replaced by legislation which, at a minimum, always requires the solicitor general to apply for the use of spying powers to a third body. And this third body should not be one person, even a judge — who under the guise of impartiality represents the same class which is represented by the government.

Rather, it should be a "government control committee" that is highly representative of the population at large: with representatives of rich and poor, business and labour, old and young, Indian, French and English. Each representative on the committee should have veto power on any request for public spying submitted by the central government. The committee, finally, should be subject to intense parliamentary and public review at least twice a year, and should be replaced at regular intervals.

Under these circumstances, it might — just might — be possible to force the government to use spying devices only when their use will absolutely contribute to social harmony. If spying doesn't contribute to social harmony, its victims must do everything in their power to militate against its use under other circumstances.

Frank Jones

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# S.O.S.

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These are Canadian problems. SOS-Volunteer Action for Social Change attempts to be part of the answer.

The human misery contained in each one of these problems is an integral part of our society. Because they are woven into the Canadian social fabric, their solution must entail structural changes rather than a continued offering of 'charity-welfare'.

Institutions have to be changed. Values and priorities must be re-ordered. And new approaches implemented."

This is how the handbook for SOS volunteers begins, and basically that's what they're all about. They began in 1966 with four pilot projects in preparation for a full summer program in 1967, as a centennial project. It is basically an ecumenical movement, supported by many organizations, far to numerous to mention here. Though still supported basically by these groups, this year they have gotten a \$9,000 grant from the federal government.

Their idea basically, is to take on volunteers for the summer, give them a week training course and then place them in communities where their help is needed. The organization supplies their volunteers with room and board, either through billeting or communal housing with other volunteers. If travel is necessary, expenses are paid.

SOS is divided into several regional groups throughout Canada, with a traveling national co-ordinator.

Probably the most amazing thing about SOS is the changes that they have gone through since 1966. From a group of unorganized youth, ego-tripping through half-baked, and at times unnecessary projects. To people working for genuine social change.

The 1966 projects included one in Etobicoke, where volunteers were sent out with, as far as I can tell, no specific purpose, working with each other rather than with the community. At this point SOS could have stood for 'summer of served' rather than summer of service. They eventually decided to open a drop-in centre.

A project was started on File Hills Indian reserve in which the idea was to provide summer activities for the young Indians. Again, the project did not appear to be productive, and had no lasting effects.

In Winnipeg a drop-in center was opened and work was done on summer recreation, this was perhaps the most productive program of the year.

And in Neuslow, social work was attempted with the younger Indians with small success.

I would like to point out there, the complete honesty and clarity in which the final report on the 66 summer projects was written. Failures weren't hidden, and problems and mistakes were brought out. Perhaps the most disheartening thing about the whole report was the egotistical quotes about the projects, said by the volunteers. Their main concern seemed to be themselves, and not the community.

In 1967, the first year of full scale operation, things began to improve. Twenty projects were undertaken across Canada. Though most were still temporary and without social importance, the mood of SOS seemed to be changing. The summary of the 67 project begins with a quote from the Bible. The one that contains the lines:

"For I have come to set a man against his father, and daughter against her mother . . ." The problems were still there though as is stated in the report about a project in Bamfield, B.C.:

"Four volunteers, two of each sex, cleared a trail to a beach and improved a swimming bay in a small, remote community on the west coast of Vancouver Island. They also helped clean the floor of the community centre. They made some attempt to develop local leadership, but were for the most part unsuccessful. This project was greatly hampered by an almost total administrative breakdown in its establishment." But change was taking place as was shown in the 1970 projects.

The report for that year starts out with the famous quote of Eldridge Cleaver: "You're either part of the solution or you're part of the problem." Nice start. Eighteen projects were undertaken, including a Vancouver grape boycott, a committee for unemployed youth, welfare rights, and a hostel program. The Egotism was disappearing and the work began.

Which brings us to this summer. Sixteen projects are being undertaken, and for the most part they show real purpose and meaning. They include: An action group for the physically handicapped in the Riverdale area, the continuation of the south African Boycott, a hostel project, a committee for fair employment, and an environmental concerns group.

SOS has the real potential of becoming a powerful force for change. They admit their mistakes and are profiting by them. Their role of the detached social worker is rapidly changing to one of positive action. Wish them well, they are trying hard.

George Beard

## SON of a KERR

George A. Kerr, Ontario Minister of Energy and Resources, is calling on the people of Ontario to participate more actively in the campaign against pollution. Responding to questions from a group of about 100 people at Trinity Church in Toronto, Mr. Kerr said his department hopes to improve upon its programme to communicate to the individual what can be done about pollution. But, according to Kerr, public indifference in this area is wide-spread. "We have beautiful leaflets on re-cycling of waste, garbage disposal, and so on," said Kerr, "but no one wants them."

Questioned about possible tax incentives for production of products that do not pollute, the minister agreed that the concept is an interesting one, but would not comment on possible government plans to implement such a policy.

One in the audience pointed up the difference in positions taken by Progressive Conservative candidates and officials at the local and provincial levels, specifically on the Spadina Expressway issue. Mr. Kerr responded that local candidates were primarily concerned with "bread and butter issues", and not with province-wide party consistency.

The programmes outlined by Kerr included long range studies into the implications of the expansion of power facilities in Ontario, and an expanded programme to inform the public of what it can do about the pollution problem.

The minister also spoke to the question of population control, saying clearly that the Ontario government was not prepared to take the lead in legislation in this area. He called on religious leaders to take initiative in promoting family planning.





## COMMUNE CENSUS

We've just been censused. We tried to Count Ourselves In, but there just wasn't any place on the census form where we could fit in. The form was one of those prefabricated things, where they ask you a lot of questions about flush toilets and invite you to tick off the appropriate answer; except that we couldn't find any answers that were appropriate. The whole form was based on the traditional values of middle-class suburbia: only traditional middle-class suburbia-type answers were provided, so Canada will be depicted as a seamless web of the traditional suburban middle-class. No matter whether you live in a tree-house, a rat hole, the Royal York Hotel, or Rochdale College, on the Census you're going to come out as middle class. (gives you a nice sort of "together" feeling.) For example:

The first line on the form is to be filled out by the "Head of the Household". Well, I suppose for a lot of people that's fine. I mean there still are some of those Ole Testament-type patriarchs around. But what do you do if you live in a commune, where you don't have that kind of power structure? If you share responsibility for everything, and there is not paterfamilias running the show, well then your household doesn't have a Head, and you should leave Line 1 blank. On the other hand, if everybody in your house is a head,

everybody should jam themselves into Line 1. (You can do it if you write small.)

Line Two is where the Little Woman gets to state her relationship to the Male Chauvinist Pig who filled in Line One. What sort of relationships are offered? Except for blood and business relationships, there are only four choices: Married, Single, Divorced, or Separated. Can anybody believe that that exhausts all possibilities? What about living in flagrantly delectable sin? Or living in a group where you share *everything*? It really seems strange that you can be Separated, but you can't be Together. What about two young men who have been enjoying a beautiful friendship for years? — are they single? What about a commune based on common ideals, or self-help, or group therapy? To the Census they are all like detached molecules spinning around in space, waiting for that force of Marriage to fuse them into an approved, if temporary, union.

The next lines are for the Kids. Again the only relationships offered are genetic. My little boy proudly tells the neighbours' kids "I've got lots of Dads and Mums", but there's no way of indicating that on the census form.

So no matter how we live, or who we live with, the Census forces us back into the mainstream of Conventional Canada — (if you live in a tree house, that's

called a high-rise). This is a really disappointing lost opportunity, because a properly constructed census form could be responsive to all sorts of alternate or experimental life styles that could then be recognised and planned for.

In Toronto, developers want high-rises whether people want them or not, and ratepayers want single-family houses whether people can afford them or not. What we have missed is the opportunity to document an alternate way of living which could offer greater rewards.

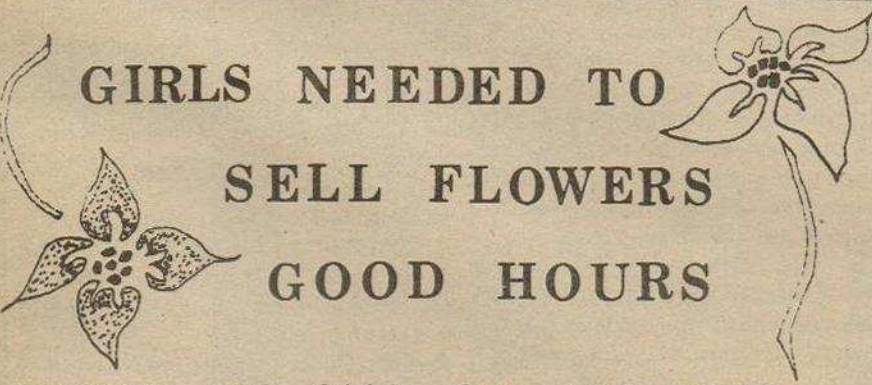
We have no idea how widespread is a dissatisfaction with the status quo. The Hall know of five hundred communes in Toronto, and my pharmacological friend knows of an additional couple of hundred that they don't yet know about, and neither of them know about the commune in the house next door to us, and the people next door don't know about the set-up in our house. So how many communes are there in Toronto? There could be five thousand. And how many are there in Canada? The Dominion Bureau of Statistics feeds the results of the Census into its com-

puter, and comes up with the answer "None". We can leave it to the high-rises and the single families to slug it out.

The high rises are winning. The information kit that comes in the census package with the free pencil says that the percentage of people living in high rises increased from 25 to 29 per cent between 1960 and 1965. Big deal. Perhaps there are other social changes in Canada, occurring at a much faster rate. The only form of underground movement recognised by the census is the flow of faeces from the flush toilets documented on page two. (Why are they so interested in flush toilets? Is it so that they can show how they are improving the lot of our Indians? or is there a darker reason?) In any case I couldn't even answer the question about the flush toilet. The kids have been shoving stuff down the drain, and we now have a flush basement.

Gerald Robinson

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Well, we got the bread. Fifteen thousand dollars of the people's money. To be spent responsibly, "To provide a competent, weekly underground newspaper for Toronto and region" read the contract on which we put our John Henry's Sunday night. Taking no further chances, Peter hitched back to Ottawa with the completed contract in hand that same night and was at the Opportunities for Youth office early the next morning, completed contract in hand as well as the standard request for a 50% advance on the grant. A bird in hand...

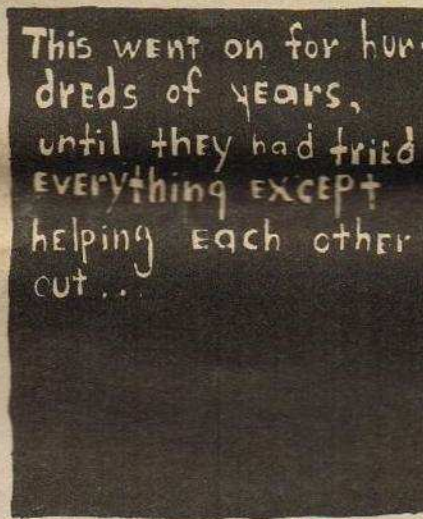
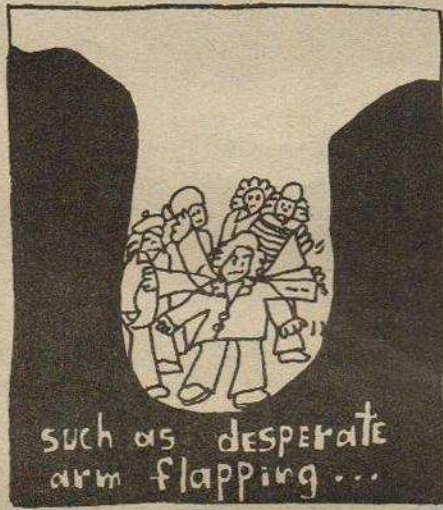
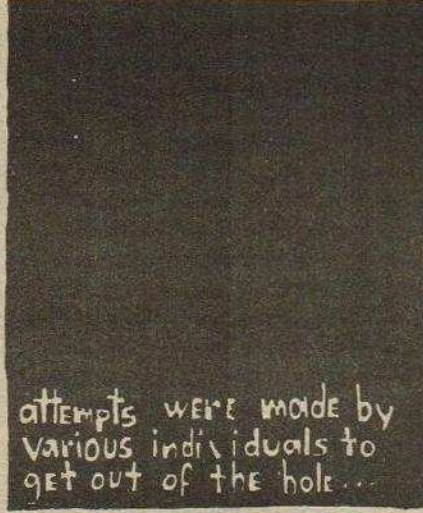
How did we get it? Buddha and Pelletier are probably the only two who know for sure but we're willing to share with you the rumours that have reached our ears.

People who should know have explained that Prairie Fire was shot down on the basis of ex-Premier (thank god) Thatcher's objections to a special issue they turned out just prior to the fatal (for him) election. That issue devoted itself to different aspects of the forth coming election. That issue, which recently came into our office, dealt with such aspects as the Liberals government's anti-labour legislative record (openly admitted by Thatcher himself); the liberals reworking of electoral boundaries in their favour (generally recognized by all); as well as other articles and editorial specifically aimed at the Liberal provincial government. The edition was quite well done but was analyzed by Ottawa politicians as being "openly partisan" and thus contravening "Opportunities for Youth criteria" since the edition was produced during the time span that it would have been an Opportunities for Youth project HAD THEY BEEN FUNDED, which they weren't.

The case of the Georgia Straight was much murkier it seems. Not overtly political or partisan, the reasons the Straight's grant was cancelled seems to have been a combination of local Liberal party big wig opposition and lack of support by anyone in Ottawa willing to take up their cause. They seem to have been a casualty of confusion and uncertainty more than anything else, although Dan McLeod, editor, claims, "their lack of moral judgement" in an article dealing with group sex was cited to him as one of the reasons the grant was revoked. (The article was a reprint from the Village Voice and was critical of group sex among middle class couples as it was highly objectifying.)

That brings it around to us. We're not especially happy that the federal government has chosen to give us their moral and POLITICAL stamp of approval as that would seem to signify we've been a dismal flop in what we've set out to accomplish. We do take solace however in the fact that a very special set of circumstances prevailed in our getting the grant as opposed to the other two.

Firstly and probably most important is what Dan McLeod referred to as "Eastern Chauvinism." He's quite right. We're much closer to Ottawa than either of the other two and had the opportunity of visiting there while our application was being considered. We hung around the office for long raps with the local Opportunity for Youth project officers whom we got on with quite well. Since their heads are essentially into the same space as ours, they backed our proposal down the line and rumour has it that WE were the issue they chose to take a stand on. To wit, either we got the bread or most of the staff were going to resign. That was exactly what the Liberal government couldn't take and was probably the



deciding factor by far in our getting the money.

Officially the government stated that we were given our grant because "there was no local opposition as was the case with Prairie Fire and Georgia Straight." That may be true, but what they neglected to mention was the level of local SUPPORT which we received. We know of a fair number of letters written to support our application including quite unexpected endorsement from John Fisher of Project '71 (we haven't always been on the best of terms), who stated that we were a viable alternative and should definitely be funded if the government was truly interested in alternatives.

Thirdly we were told that all our back issues which had been submitted with our application were passed on to the Secretary of State's office and found not to be particularly offensive in content and that yes indeed (by golly!) we WERE into community. The final clearance however came from Pelletier himself a week ago when he was contacted by telephone in Paris, France and authorized the release of our contracts. A regular Cinderella story.

HOW DO WE FEEL?

I think I probably speak for everyone when I say simply CONFUSED.

We're not sure whether the money's a blessing or a curse. When we were told we didn't have the grant, we

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were angry. Our printer was demanding certified cheques before each issue of the paper could be printed. We hadn't been paid in over a year and every last one of us was deeply in debt and wondering how much longer we could hold out. Whether or not Guerrilla would continue especially through the winter was seriously in question. But funny as it may seem, there was strength in that, we evaluated and re-evaluated how we could go on. Offers of financial assistance if needed came from other groups and individuals who made us feel that what we were doing was worthwhile.

Now the money's here, but it's slightly tainted. Prairie Fire and Georgia Straight, the only two other publications we feel a sense of kinship

with, got screwed and we came out victorious. It kinda reeks of the old capitalist "winner-loser" syndrome. Just enough to leave a bad taste in your mouth. We've considered refusing the grant entirely but that wouldn't serve much purpose at this point. It would be kind of the Catholic Martyr stance with no real advantage to anyone. We're confident enough that the work we're doing is important enough that it could go on and the money is necessary for that. So we'll take it. We intend to apply that money in the best possible manner so the community at large will benefit and not just a small few who happen to work here. I hope you can trust us to do that. The words of a song come to mind and they seem to have special significance right now. "We're all in this together."

Power to the People!



# Chauvinism en Français

The Quebec tourism department has issued a pamphlet (in English, would you believe) to go to the States for the tourist bizz. According to Christianne Emond, an 18-year-old Montreal Secretary, some of the information in the pamphlet constitutes "a grave attack on the dignity of Quebec Women."

The booklet tells that there are two types of Quebec women - the type (over 30) who is "romantic, loves attention and wants to be courted for several hours before she goes on to more serious things," and the younger type who "is more direct and does not care much for romantic jargon. In other words, take it slow with the "romantic" older women, and turn on the heat for the young swingers.

The objectification of women in the booklet goes even further. According to the good old government, the average French Canadian woman is "brunette, small and seldom divorced. Her measurements are 34-1/2, 23-35." Wow.

Miss Emond, who brought the pamphlet to the attention of the press in a conference last week, calls the 62-page tourist pamphlet "degrading". She has called for the dismissal of Quebec tourism minister Claire Kirkland-Casgrain, who was responsible for the production of the pamphlet, created to go to American businessmen planning vacations and conventions in Quebec. What the pamphlet does, in effect, is give the men a handy, quick-and-easy guide on how to ball who in the province. Seems like Kirkland-Casgrain figured he could sell the glories of Quebec through the exploitation of its women, and thus fell into a common elitist rut.

Perhaps Quebec women could counter by doing a guide on which government men are good lovers, and which ones just don't make it (remember John Profumo, anyone?).



# SUMMERTIME LAMANNA

Carmen Lamanna Gallery:

Molinari - Hurtubise - Bolduc - Martin

Summer is the time when most Toronto galleries exhibit their wares of the past season. This annual event provides the public with an excellent opportunity to take a summary inventory of what these galleries generally have to offer and to become familiar with current directions in Canadian art as well as to have a better understanding of coming attractions. The summer is also a good time for assessing the nature and direction of the local galleries themselves.

Largely because it has concentrated exclusively on Canadian artists, the Carmen Lamanna Gallery at 832 Yonge Street has gained over the years a great deal of spiritual if not financial support from a number of people for a Canadian brand of avant garde art. (The Canada Council has of late put its money where its sympathy lies by contributing to the Gallery's survival.)

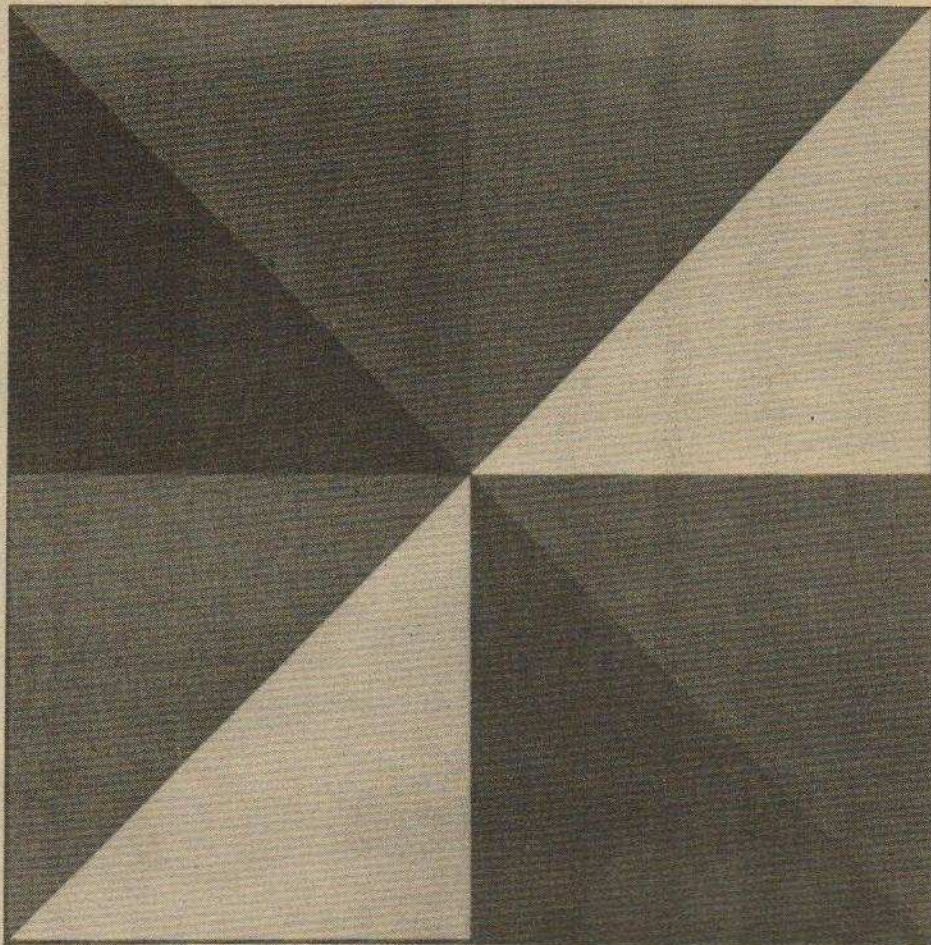
The current show is more traditional than earlier exhibits this year in that it is made up of paintings rather than multimedia constructions and sculptures though it does bear the now familiar traits so characteristic of the Gallery.

Because this display of acrylics so

well sums up the past season and brings it into such clear focus, the usual feelings of vague disappointment becomes disturbing. What makes the show and the Gallery itself so difficult to dismiss as a misuse of time, material and effort is that you come to it expecting the most recent Canadian experiments in advanced art forms. Instead, you have a strong feeling of atrophy of the creative imagination. There is a lifelessness about it all, a lack of the energy of art, of its vitality, its excitement.

Even the works of mature, extremely competent painters as Guido Molinari and Jacques Hurtubise show little evidence of their being totally absorbed in exploring new avenues of their chosen fields. This is especially distressing. One might plead in the case of Molinari's coloured triangles that the spectator is not accustomed to dealing with visual statements of stark simplicity except that the so-called "Minimalists" with their painted squares and triangles and assorted polygons have been making such statements for the last ten years of so. One might also say that the two-colour combinations are very subtle and take time getting used to; extremely subtle and too much time.

In "Naphtaline", Hurtubise's obvious



Opposition Triangulaire #2 Guido Molinari

skill and resourcefulness as a painter seem to degenerate into trickery and a penchant for flashy colours (i.e. Day-Glo oranges and yellow-greens). The end result is entertaining, for a while, but only the bright colours remain the least bit striking after your initial encounter. By and large this painting catches the tone of the Gallery: decorative in the popular sense, pretty even, but momentary, of little substance and interest.

It goes without saying that there should be as many outlets as possible for the work of artists in Canada. The Canada Council and the Carmen Lamanna Gallery can only be praised for their intentions.

Walter Klepac

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**Wednesday, July 7th**

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

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

Hall — Natural Travel Brith Classes, every Weds. thru to Sept. 15th. Upstairs at 7 p.m.

Also at the Hall — commun meeting at 7 p.m. Wednesday.

Toronto Women's Caucus — meetings every Wed. at 188 Adelaide St. W. 7:30 p.m.

Legal Clinic 8-10 p.m. New Morning Centre. 19 Baldwin.

**Thursday, July 8th**

Noon on the Square — 12'10 to 1 p.m. Church of the Holy Trinity.

The Hall — survival course at 7:30.

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

Guerrilla Softball (heh, heh) 6 p.m. at the park across from our office.

**Friday, July 9th**

Vanguard Forum — Science Fiction and Subversive literature with Judith Merrill, ex-Am and noted author-anthologist. Starts 8 p.m., 344 Queen St. W.

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

Coffee Shop — every Friday at 8:00 p.m. southeast corner of Bayview and Sheppard. Young Socialists.

Theatre Pass 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.

Free concert, 110 Yonge St. 12 noon. McKuen's Ale (contemporary pop western).

New Morning Centre. Political education class. 8-10 p.m.

**Saturday, July 10th**

Crafts market in Trinity Square all afternoon, weather permitting. Off Yonge above Queen.

**Sunday, July 11th**

Hare Krishna — Vegetarian Spiritual Feast with chanting, dancing and lectures. 4 p.m. at 817 Gerrard St. E.

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

The Hall — the Flea Market every Sunday at 12 noon. 19 Huron St. Get it on!

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

Women's Liberation Play — "What Have You Done For Me Lately?" — Cody Hall, 50 St. George St. Also Rita Langham and her original Women's Lib songs. Contributions at the door \$1.00. 8:00 p.m.

**Monday, July 12th**

Theosophical Society, 12 McPherson. Class on use of Secret Doctrine. 7:30 p.m.

The Hall. Toronto Free University. Communal education. 19 Huron. 8 p.m.



**Tuesday, July 13th**

Art Gallery of Ontario. Free admission day. Samuel Zacks Collection.

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

Toronto Free University — Yoga. 8 p.m. at 265 Gerrard St. E.

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

**MISCELLANEOUS**

Aug. 20-25, Cross Canada Socialist Educational Conference at University of Waterloo. Sponsored by Young Socialists League for Socialist Action. For information, get to 334 Queen St. W. or call 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 call Joan Doiron at 929-0427.

Nursing mothers and babies get together on the second and fourth Thursday of each month. At 40 Hazelton, No. 7. 924-1759. For help anytime, call 489-7071.

It seems to me that the above piece of information is Abby's little project, in which case the address and information are now out of date. She and her child have moved to 19 Darcy Street — I don't know the phone number there, but it can be obtained from the Hall at 863-0275. Ask Switchboard for the number of the 19 Darcy Commune.

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

Women's Liberation Classes — July 12 and 19, 334 Queen St. W. at 8 p.m.

THOG will be video-taping Hamlet at 16 Bathurst St. United Church. July 11, 12, 13.

Truckers — 300 Bloor St. W. Open Sunday through Thursday 8 till 1. Cover 50 cents (but don't sweat it). See add in this issue for features on the 7th through 13th. Co-sponsoring music and drama festival with Studio Lab Theatre on the grounds of St. Peter's Church, Bathurst north of Bloor, Tuesday, July 13th at 2:30 p.m.

Lodge Canada, 719 Yonge at Bloor, accommodation referral bureau, switchboard for temporary housing. 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. at 920-6737. Call to volunteer housing in your home or backyard.

See the little note about this place in the Survival Supplement, Part 1 — you'll probably find the information there useful.

Art Gallery of Ontario — Tuesday and Thursday are the free days.

12 Madison Ave. — lock-luggage open from eight to 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 services. Maggie Longdon 923-1923 during the day. 966-5010 evenings.

Neill-Wycik Cinema — July 8, 9, and 10. "To Kill a Mockingbird" with Gregory Peck. 7:00 and 9:00 p.m.

Cine City after midnight show — on July 10th, King of Hearts.

MEETING OF THE MINDS — a summer free school — Project S.O.L.E. — 750 Spadina Ave. at Bloor St. starts July 5th — 921-4181.

The Young Socialists have opened their office as a sort of drop-in centre — anyone can come over to talk politics. 344 Queen St. W.

Centre of Gravity COG is a League for Student Democracy coffee house open 8 p.m. Friday and Saturday. At the southeast corner of Bayview and Sheppard. COG is a high-school community centre during the day, when it known as the Vegetable Garden.

JOIN — Young Communists Job Centre for youth. For information, call at 171 Harbord St.

**fine fone numbers**

- Antimony . . . . .923-8741
- Birth Control and Abortion . . . . .533-9006
- Campus Daycare Centre . . . . .925-7495
- Canadian Indian Centre of Toronto . . . . .962-2001
- CHAT . . . . .964-0653
- Connection . . . . .595-6100
- Digger House . . . . .929-5527
- Civil Liberties . . . . .363-0118
- Emergency — Fire, Ambulance . . . . .361-1111
- Grotto . . . . .924-6178
- Guerrilla, 201 Queen St. E. . . . .864-1902
- League for Student Democracy . . . . .782-1881
- Legal Aid . . . . .366-9631
- Militant Co-op . . . . .532-4008
- New Morning Centre . . . . .368-1577
- Pollution Probe . . . . .928-6155
- Rochdale . . . . .921-3168
- St. Michael's H.Q. . . . .360-4000
- St. Lawrence Centre . . . . .366-7723
- St. Raymond's Centre (legal advice) . . . . .537-9696
- Scadding House (drop-in centre) . . . . .368-0188

- Scott Mission, 502 Spadina . . . . .924-4437
- Social Planning Council, 55 York . . . . .363-4971
- Stepping Stone, 165 Avenue Rd. . . . .923-3369
- Stop Over, 40 College . . . . .921-7971
- Stop 21 (for women), 21 McGill . . . . .368-1801
- Street Haven (free meals for women) . . . . .920-9111
- Toronto Anti-Draft . . . . .481-0241
- Toronto Free Youth Clinic, 252 Dupont . . . . .925-6223
- Toronto Women's Caucus . . . . .368-6583
- TTC . . . . .487-2424
- This Magazine is About Schools. . . . .364-3333
- THOG . . . . .929-9495, 531-6214
- TORONTO CITIZEN . . . . .863-0030
- 12 Madison (drug crisis centre) . . . . .966-5010
- University House, 49 St. George St. . . . .928-2542
- U of T Dental Clinic . . . . .928-2784
- ROCH CLINIC . . . . .924-8892
- Women's Liberation, 323 Church . . . . .863-9949
- Young Communists . . . . .922-8309
- Young Socialists, 334 Queen St. W. . . . .363-9618
- Youth Employment Service . . . . .366-2516

*The Juice Break*

How long has it been since you've heard any real music? Well, it had been too long for your writer when a sudden change in finances made it possible for him to catch the show at the "Horseshoe Tavern" recently. If you can raise \$1.80 for a jug of draft (or 75 cents a bottle), you're sure to be treated to a good show.

The night we were there, the programme started

with Marie Babin and her group, "The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly", doing straight country and assorted other songs — Marie and two of the band traded around vocal roles, and included some Creedence Clearwater, a French song (en deux langues) and that great classic, "Six Days on the Road". They then turned the mike over to Roy Payne, who provided a taste of his native Newfoundland, with original songs like "Goofy Newfie".

And the audience was great — none of this super-cool, over-restrained self-consciousness. People called out requests, applauded, and danced. Check it out...

The LCBO announced price changes this week, mostly for the worse for booze fans. One item of interest to imbibers of America's national favourite, bourbon, is that Jack Daniels Tennessee Sour Mash

has been reduced slightly (to \$10.35 a bottle) . . .

A fascinating fact that came out of the inquest of an alcoholic who died in police custody recently (supposedly from an overdose of Bay Rum) is that this product — ostensibly sold as a shave lotion — is not marked as such anywhere on the bottle.

Suspicion has arisen that the manufacturers are well aware that a large share of their product is imbibed by impoverished drunks. These people can be fined for drinking the stuff, and often kill or injure themselves with it — yet the pushers of the poison keep taking their bloody profits, and the courts fine alcoholics (thus forcing them to go on killing themselves with cheap rotgut), instead of helping them back to health. Fight private ownership of the means of intoxication, and the exploitation of our poor and sick brother and sisters . . .



## CHRISTIAN LABOUR ASSOCIATION

There are many kinds of "scabs" or forms of "scabbery." They come in all shapes and sizes, of all ages and have any number of irrational reasons for their snide and treacherous behavior and they travel around and present themselves in various guises and one of the most insidious is the one, I classify as the *mealy mouthed religious hypocrite kind*.

Like the *CHRISTIAN LABOUR ASSOCIATION*.

These prizes hide behind a facade of hypocrisy, surface religious ideals, that are, in reality, phony and misleading, that are a distinct threat to all WORKERS. There is nothing to my mind *CHRISTIAN* or good or in keeping with the ten commandments about policies and conceptions that are instrumental in the breaking of a strike.

*FACT: The Christian Labour Association, Christian Reformed Church represents Harkema Transport of Brampton. This transport company was recently named Brampton Transport and it's rumoured that they changed their name because of their reputation as "STRIKE BREAKERS" and their policy of "RUNNING THRU PICKET LINES". If you seek verification call Local 512 of the U.E. on Royal York Rd.*

There is nothing *Christian* about policies that betray or splinter or injure the labour movement as a whole. VANDEZANDE' VERMIN are unique in this respect.

*FACT: Mr. Stel, per the Globe and Mail, Apr. 15th, 1971, and a member of a CUPE local, doesn't wish to pay his union dues. His reason: on religious grounds.*

(But Mr. Stel has and will in all probability accept any wage gains, fringe benefits or improvement in his working conditions, the union will gain for him. And, I also surmise that if Mr. Stel got himself in a little difficulty with management and he needed union support he would accept such help from his local union.)

*AGAIN: Mr. Stel is a member of the Christian Labour Movement, Dutch Reformed Church.*

AND HIS HYPOCRISY ALMOST MAKES ME VOMIT.

There is nothing *Christian* about an ASSOCIATION that extolls scabbery as an accepted form of worker endeavour or is there anything "holy" or "God fearing" about an association that plays footsie with the anti-union *CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT* legislation that only seeks to destroy labour and makes a mockery of the word brotherhood.

*FACT: Go and peruse the infamous Bill 167 and look at some of the slanted anti-union garbage contained therein and LO AND BEHOLD you will run into the Christian Labour Association.*

*FACT: Mr. Gerald Vandezande of the Christian Labour Association has BRAGGED that his organization (I can't refer to it as a union) has never been on strike. This is proof positive of what the CHRISTIAN LABOUR ASSOCIATION really is, as any seasoned trade unionist*

## Bear's Lair



would recognize.

\*\*\*\*\*

In my opinion, if they have lived two thousand years ago and in our present society, Jesus Christ would of, in all probability, run them and the Conservative politicians out of the temples for being a flock of phoney baloney Pharisees. If they had lived in the latter part of the last century they would in all probability, in their conservative smugness, said blessed are the meek and help shove the twelve and thirteen year-old boys into the workhouses and the mines and they would of said blessed are the meek and would sanction the goddamn awful conditions of that era. The debtor's prisons and the sixteen hour shifts... and the Christian Labour Association WOULD of sung hymns, and grovelled at the feet of royalty and the establishment.

For at that time, if one is to accept their criteria and behavior of this era, THE CHRISTIAN LABOUR ASSOCIATION would also of been the ones to accept and assist the rotten, unwholesome conditions of the workers in that era.

Jack London, in his immortal words concerning scabs would of considered them some form of labour faker.

**militant  
co-op  
moves  
right** DOWN TO  
92 OSSINGTON 532 4008

Eugene Debs would of took one look at them and launched into one of his famous speeches concerning the real enemies of labour.

And I really wonder what the CHRISTIAN LABOUR ASSOCIATION thinks about apartheid; I really wonder what their thoughts and policies are concerning South Africa; I wonder what their views are concerning collective bargaining; about equality, about racism, bigotry, about the grape boycott.

I wonder how they feel about the CANADIAN MANUFACTURING ASSOCIATION; about the plight of the unemployed.

I wonder about a lot of things, concerning the CLAC.

But one thing I'm really sure of: the CHRISTIAN LABOUR ASSOCIATION may be a friend and an ally of some people, but they are no friend of mine and what is more important, they are no friend of labour.

## ASIDE TO MARGIE DYKSTRA

Per promised, I've put forth my article concerning the CHRISTIAN LABOUR ASSOCIATION. I hope that the above has answered some of the questions you directed to me in your recent letter. Thru the years, the justified claims and demands of labour have continually been weakened by places like the CHRISTIAN LABOUR ASSOCIATION. They seek to splinter and hamper by division — by working within — the key word is association, an establishment word that signifies that the establishment has the final word, always, no matter the justification.

You sound by your letter, to be a socially aware person and yet espouse a great deal of illogical simplicity. As for friend Gerald Vandezande, the words conservative and phoney are the ones to jump to my mind.

For I do not believe in the words "Render unto Caesar, what is Caesar's" I do not believe that Jesus Christ or Simon Peter believed in those words either. And if full circle, a helluva lot of nameless people, both men and women, hadn't fought and starved and died on picket lines THE WORKING PEOPLE OF TODAY WOULD STILL BE WORKING SIXTEEN HOUR SHIFTS and suffering from the day they are born till the day they die.

The Militant Co-Op and myself, believe in "Render unto the worker, that which is his or hers. Render unto the workers, food, a place in the sun, and a fundamental right to liberty, equality and fraternity and a piece of the action."

I've walked on a thousand picket lines, seen a thousand things, that stink in my nostrils; the subtle, sophisticated velvet fist of THE CONSERVATIVE PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT with its slanted emphasis towards the AFFLUENT MINORITY and against the MAJORITY. The unfair and loaded legislation, the INFAMOUS RAND REPORT (ask friend Gerald about the Rand Report), control of the media, control of our destinies, the shit that evolves around private employment agencies; but of all the deceit, all of the hypocrisy I've encountered, the most deceitful and hypocritical are the ones who pretend to be the friends of labour, when in all truth they are not.

The ones, like the CHRISTIAN LABOUR ASSOCIATION

FRATERNALLY,

"Some management, I can respect but never admire... some management, I don't even admire... or even respect.



Marx in talking about the conflict that occurs when the relations of production become fetters upon the material forces of production warned against any mechanical approach.

"No social order," he said, "ever disappears before all the productive forces for which there is room in it have been developed; and new higher realtions of production never appear before the material conditions of their existence have matured in the womb of the old society itself."

This is very important in understanding the developments in capitalist society. It is over a hundred years since Marx and Engels in "The Communist Manifesto" wrote the following:

"For over a decade past, the history of the revolt of modern productive forces against the modern conditions of production, against the property relations that are the conditions for the existence of the bourgeoisie and its rule (has gone on)... The productive forces at the disposal of society no longer tend to further the development of the conditions of bourgeois property; on the contrary, they have become too powerful for these conditions, by which they are fettered, and so soon as they overcome these fetters, they bring disorder into the whole of bourgeois society, endanger the existence of bourgeois property."

Does the fact that capitalis still exist invalidate the analysis that was made?

There are those who argue that indeed it does; that

there is no need for a scientific analysis of society; that historical materialism has proven wrong. They either then argue, as the old Utopian socialists did, that all that is necessary is to proclaim the kind of new society that would be preferable, or they propose only reforms to capitalism to lessen some of the harsh effects of exploitation and put off into some murky never-never land the question of basic social transformation.

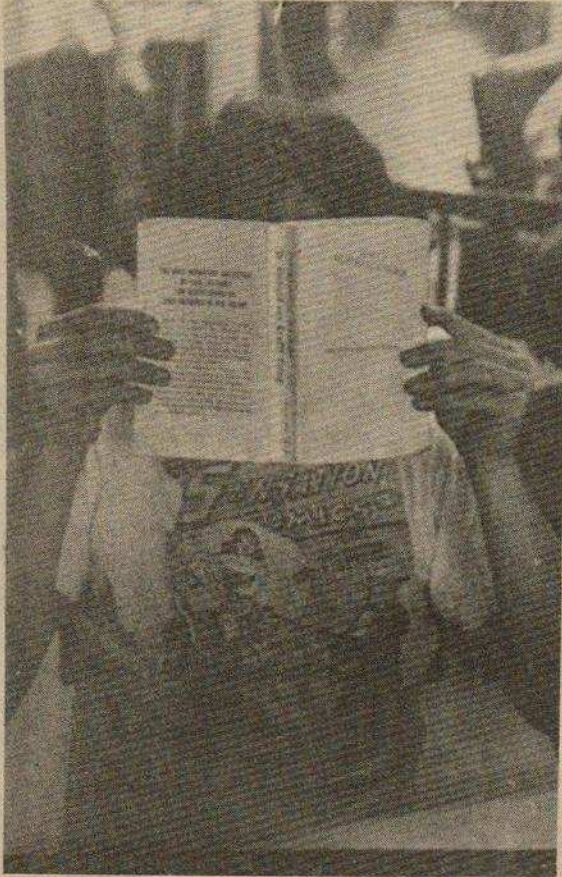
Marxists, though, remembering what Marx said about the fact that there are specific conditions under which such changes take place (see quote above), ask what has happened to the forces of production under capitalism — have they continued to develop, and if so, in what ways. They also investigate whether the material conditions for the existence of new relations have matured.

This involves on the one hand an analysis of the development of capitalism from its earlier competitive stage to the era of monopolies and imperialism. On the other hand, it necessitates an examination of the development of the working class, its consciousness of itself as a class with a special role in history, and the effects of changes in the structure of the working class in the stage of imperialism. In our next columns we will examine these questions.

by Clara Phillips



# HAYBALLING DOWN



One book, one man, one shirt: a very still life by our photographer, Charlie Dobie.

Too true: I, reporter of reporters, am asked to put away my unwholesome book and go out, write a long, brilliant article about all the stores in the area around the newspaper. So, leaving Case 133 to metamorphose I knew not how, I grabbed my Scripto and raced out to fulfill the Constablean vision.

Immediately to the west of Guerilla there is a miraculous store called Hurshby's. Chuck Hershberg, who runs the place, wears a straw boat most of the time — on him it looks good — and is a mine of



Chuck Hershberg outside his discountique. Mascot Georgena is on his right arm. On the left, a sofa for the indolent. See Chuck and his crew at 199 Queen East.

epigrams, salesmanic jive ("We aim," he said as we walked by a pair of crutches, "for the maimed.") and good fellowship. If Chuck really and truly likes your style, you might even be given a free coffee.

Like Honest Ed's, but with heart, is Hurshby's, where all tastes are represented, if not exactly catered to, and the merchandise runs the gambit from toy ducks to three-veiled wedding gowns, reduced to clear at 75 dollars. If you own a horse (or large dog) one of the all-time great bargains is a used but beautiful saddle costing only 85 dollars.

85 dollars!!! You'd have to be half-crazed not to just snap up a bargain like that.

Among other things, Chuck sells zodiac brooches, bug-eye glasses, and one special phallic candle. "At my prices," Chuck says, "anybody can buy." Sure enough, even your reporter had enough bread for a little gift: a sterling silver shoe tree, made in Hong Kong, and only 75 cents. Steals of this order abound.

About Chuck's health — some delicacy is called for right now, as he's suffering from 4 slipped discs. Those funny pills you see him gulping are for the pain, the horrible pain; give solace to this deserving man. Still more unsettling for Chuck is the condition of his dog, Sonny-boy, who is going deaf and needs an expensive operation on his ears.

But Job suffered too, Chuckie: the word is, endure, endure.

Not far from Chuck's emporium, there is a new shop with the name of "The Workbench". It's run by Alex Sangster who makes tables, shelves, cabinets. If you're carrying around a design for these things in your head, Alex can make them for you at a reasonable cost...the man is honest, knows what he's doing.

Alex's wife, Grace, the designer of the wall hangings you see when you go in, told me the way it was for them in their new business: "We aren't here just to make money. We aren't here to work day and night and get bigger and bigger...we want to do good work with furniture. We're giving it a try and it's fine." Look in here, see how fine it is.

Walking west along Queen, I stopped into Usher's ("Food for the classes at prices for the masses") to listen to their blaring radio and check out their prices. At 169 Queen East, this store is great for tinned goods, luncheon meats, bread, and, if you're not frightened of being mowed down by shopping carts, people-watching

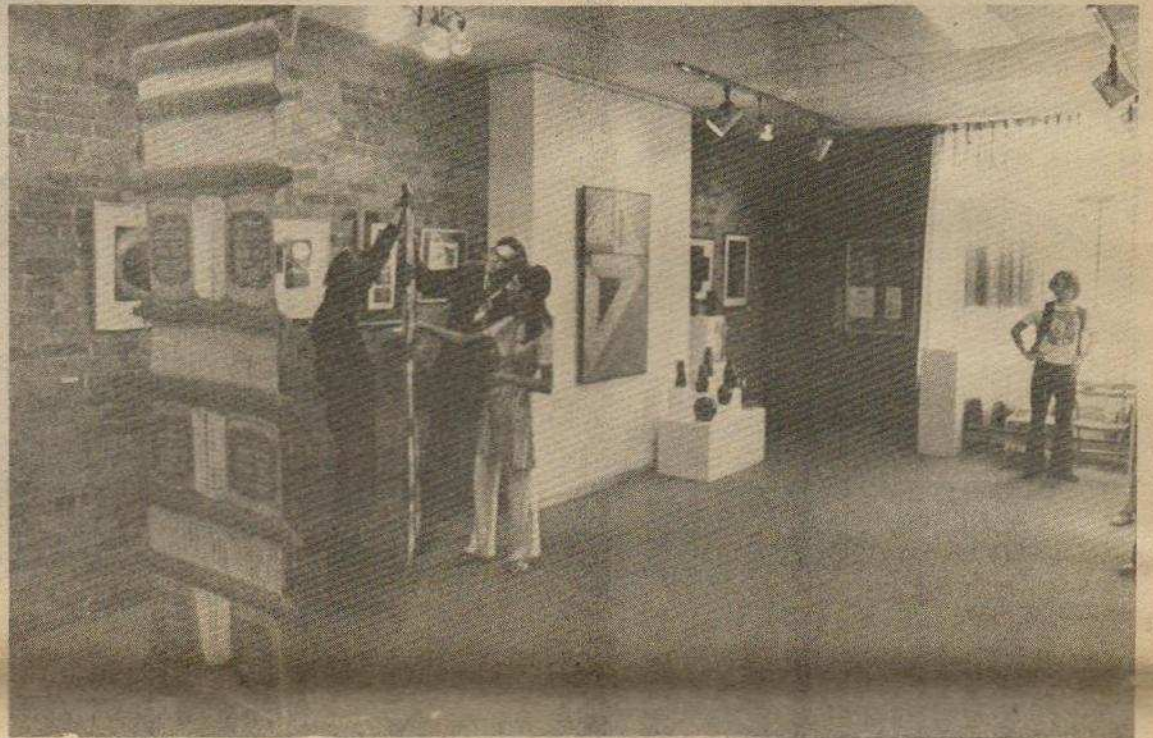
them, these two folks run a very relaxed show.

The art? I don't know anything about art but I know what I like. I liked it, about all my limited sense of aesthetics allows me to say without sounding like a presumptuous booby.

Trucking on down the line, I develop terrible thirsts on a day like this.

*Renaissance*, at King and Jarvis, is an interesting place when you go in as a private citizen. I made the mistake of telling the girl behind the desk that I was from *Guerilla*, which didn't elicit the most positive reaction; in a very cold way, in a chilling voice, she just said, without even looking up from her paper, that she didn't really care if we mentioned her. This was supposed to be an insult, I guess, but her remark had just the opposite effect. When I got back out on the street, I broke up over her diffidence... which, it seems to me, should not go unrewarded.

So, all together, freaks: THREE CHEERS FOR THE RENAISSANCE LADY!



Some folks talk knowledgeably about art in "Aggregation". The humble (?) writer looks on. Three points if you know why he's silent as a stone.

A couple of years ago, Ron Harvey opened a head shop just east of Church and Queen. Dogged perseverance kept him going through the hard times. You can buy clothes, incense, posters, sealing wax, tea, calfskin vests, hand-made shirts, hats, paintings, almanacs, fat (are there thin ones?) Buddhas, all kinds of pipes, and beaded wrist bands based on your zodiacal decan which are made by Ron on the premises. And, if your skin feels like sandpaper, try the cocanut oil — it is alleged to work well on your hair too, but most of us sophisticated Guerilla types prefer wolverine secretions, even though it makes us smell pretty fierce when it rains.

Postus Scriptos: Ron's prices are low, so please keep them that way by reining your kleptomaniac whilst in his store.

The blue skeleton of *The Electric Circus* — remember all the fun we were going to have there? — sits empty right across the street from the venerable Cooke's Presbyterian Church. The church is smiling, a smile you can see if your inner eye is operative.

The dog-on-premises, Sally, is great with child down at *Salmagundi* (the name means a collection of interesting things, a potpourri) on Jarvis. Lynn Brown has a comfortable shop here, no hassles, no hype. You can buy cotton Tiffanys, done by Lynn herself, recovered furniture and all sorts of other good things — in fact, the only line missing is freak accoutrements, for which act of forbearance Lynn and her partner, George, are to be commended.

3... sweltering... steps.

P & E CRAPPER, OIL MERCHANTS & GENERAL STORE... Nutty old tin signs like this line the walls of *Grumbles*, cheap lunches, and, as of last week, suppers which the owner, Neill Dixon, referred to as simple, hardy fare; just the thing for plain folks like you 'n' me. The waitresses I almost forget, yes, come in and see the waitresses.

A door north of *Grumbles* there's an art gallery called *Aggregation* which has been around for 3 years. The two owners, David Tuck and Lynn Wynick, deal only with artists who are working in Canada. Now that the do-or-die phase in the gallery's life is behind

The only thing Hungarian about *The Hungarian Restaurant* at King and Frederick is the screaming red wall paper which knocks you out if you get too close. T.H.R. is operated by a Greek cat, waitressed in great style by a spectacular German number. The clientele informed me that the food is good and cheap, but even if it were lousy, the daring types among us will have to pay this spot a visit, simply because of the wall paper, which is a trip in itself.



A good woman is inside "renaissance". We know who she is. Drop in and be wise like us.



# ON QUEEN STREET

The last word in ugly duckling taverns in the area is *The Derby*, on the corner of Parliament and King. This just isn't your average watering spot. Nothing fancy, no bands, no juke boxes, no huge jugs of beer. It's often populated with stevedores who are great



Fred Musselman on the steps of "The Magic Lantern." Fred is taking a break at this very moment. But he is thinking . . . at Guerilla, nobody thinks on their breaks. Or at work.

guy to drink with, as long as they think you're friendly.

The feeling I got in *The Derby* is that Mr. Teperman and his crew are going to be along soon to tear the place down. If this is going to happen, then this ancient building should be given its one time to shine. Such as? Such as a huge draught-and-cheese party, sponsored by the Toronto Historical Board, attended by Toronto's smart set in its entirety. *Toronto Life* could write the whole thing up, complete with colour photos.

Holding onto my Derby fantasy for dear life — three draughts had done a good job on my head — I almost missed *The Magic Lantern* at 146 Parliament. I went inside to find out what a magic lantern was — this I accomplished but you, reader, are not going to find out because not everyone is ready to know.

The shop operates as a kind of collector's corner for all manner of antique photographica. Willem Cadot, originally from the Netherlands, owns *The Magic Lantern* and runs it with the help of his friend and partner, Fred Musselman. Willem worked as a photographer for many years and got into old cameras gradually; several of the pieces he collected are from the 1900-1920 era, beautiful big products of their time. If you're a photographer, interested in learning more about your art (or is it science?) go down and talk to Willem: he knows whereof he speaks.

Just inside the door, you'll see an elongated, melancholy photo of Canadian infantrymen coming home from war. *The Magic Lantern* is magic — when you see it, you'll know what I mean.

The end is nigh.

*Ginza*, at 318 Queen East, sells all kinds of stuff but it's the literary miscellanea that fascinates me. Some of the titles: "Computer Sex", "Wuthering Heights", "Curly The Peeper", "Bookkeeping Made Simple", "Soho Whore", "Shakespeare's Tragic Heroes" and "Tojo, The Last Banzai". I went out wondering at the eclectic spirit in charge of book selections at *Ginza*.

Mr. Dale, of *Dale's Pharmacy*, at Queen and Frederick, sells drugs, the legal kind, cheap! His is probably the most honest drug store in the Toronto area. What's more, he likes people, so buy your penicillin here next time.

"Come on in, even the clerk is cheap," says the sign in the window of *The Last Resort*, just east of

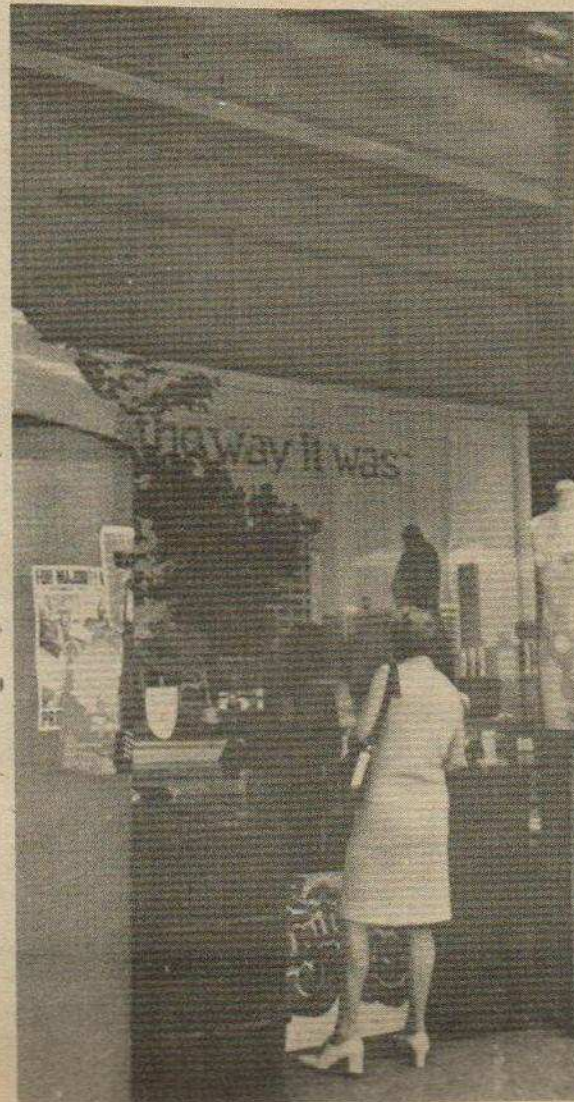


John Haridman, philanthropist, outside his shop. I told him to look like a tourist. He succeeded.

*Guerilla* at 209 Queen East. John Hardiman, friend to humanity, runs the show here, selling old comix, lamps, typewriters, albums from the frozen fifties, Mona Lisa prints, old postcards at half a buck each and much else besides. Old bicycles, the price haggable, are in the rear. Don't let the sometimes vampirish atmosphere here deter you from looking around — no one has been bitten yet, and the store has been at this location some time.

One final jolt when I stumbled into the door that

leads up the stairs to the Guerilla offices. Surprise! I'd been gone so long a new shop had opened in my absence. It's called "The Way It Was" and it holds all sorts of far-out treasures from the near and distant past.



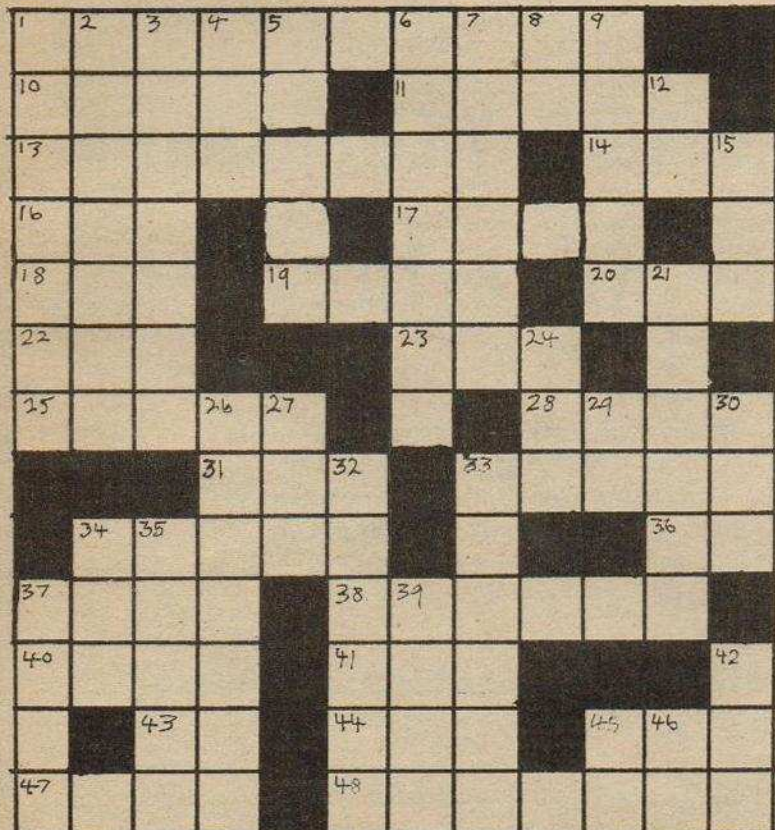
"Look at the tobacco cutter, Harold!" Exactly. If "The Way It Was" doesn't have it, it doesn't exist. It never did.

Russ and Pat, the brother and sister pair who run the store guaranteed me that everything they sell is a good deal, including the hundred year old seed drills, rugs and rocking chairs and the old, old (this, I gather, is only for people who chew 'baccy for kicks) tobacco cutter.

These are nice people, Russ and Pat. I know, because they bought me a coke when I passed out.

The Ultimate Hayball

## The Revolutionaries' Crossword Puzzle!



### ACROSS

1. "\_\_\_\_\_ is the festival of the oppressed." — Lenin
10. Eldridge Cleaver is here.
11. "Build a new world out of the \_\_\_\_\_ of the old."
13. A legal disposition made by one party only. (4, 4)
14. What to call a knight.
16. Put on a performance.
17. German philosopher.
18. What politicians like to do.
19. What a monsoon brings.
20. "The \_\_\_\_\_", or Common Market.
22. Boston's version of the TTC
23. Canada's social democrats.
25. Country on Arabian peninsula, recently scene of civil war and Egyptian gas warfare.
28. How to throw the government.
31. Revolutionary martyr.
33. Salty drops of water.
34. Means to an end.
36. U.S. corn state (abbr.)
37. Feathers.
38. U.S. colony, used as a source of natural resources.
40. Nevada divorce city.
41. U.S. psychologists' groups (abbr.)
43. Printers' measure.
44. Writing tool.
45. The only one worth fighting in is the class one.
47. Cover with dirt.
48. Sometimes these solutions are most appropriate.

### DOWN

1. They marched into Prague.
2. Legally kill.
3. Scene of American aggression and U.S. defeat.
4. Not new.
5. Disease carrier.
6. Saying things.
7. Britain, Newfoundland, Australia, for example.
8. Exclamation of surprise.
9. Bird homes.
12. Cuba \_\_\_\_\_!
15. King
21. Part of Europe ruled by two fascist regimes.
24. American poet and novelist.
26. Ours is capitalistic. It also is in poor shape.
27. The Leafs belong to this.
29. Richmond is the capital (abbr.)
30. Home of apartheid and race hate (abbr.)
32. What Tim Leary did.
33. A landlord's victim.
34. Tip of one's foot.
35. Exploiter of the workers.
37. Dull
39. Topmost point.
42. Mineral wealth.
45. Us.
46. One type of CHUM.

BY NED LUDD.



# MEDITATION.....



When the Beatles and Mia Farrow went to India to study with the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, transcendental meditation became identified with a fad. It was very "in" to meditate, or even just say you were.

However, transcendental meditation is a fad that is hundreds of years old. Its date of origin is unknown — ranging anywhere from 500 B.C. to 500 A.D. Although it is not new, it is nevertheless unique.

Most of India's holy men were required to give up the world and live a rigorous ascetic life. Indian philosophy has been accused of escapism. Of course, with the people in the country so poor, it made sense to give up desire — the causes of all suffering. But this idea is hardly attractive now, especially in the West. Transcendental meditation differs in that it does not involve retreat from the world — it does not have a philosophy and it does not have a code of ethics. It is neither a religion nor a philosophy: there is nothing to believe. One meditates and uses whatever one gets out of it and then incorporates that within a framework of one's own activities and beliefs.

The Maharishi studied the method in India, became a monk, and taught the method to others. He knew nothing of the West until someone suggested that he go to Hong Kong to teach, and then on to Hawaii. From this beginning, the Maharishi sought to spread the method throughout the west and so came to California in 1960. He also started a teaching academy in India at Rishikesh, and held training courses there in the winter for yet more teachers from all over the world.

The meditation centre in Toronto was started in 1962 and it is now located on Playter Street. The centre basically gives instruction in transcendental meditation. Instruction is on a one-to-one basis, and the course lasts through four days, at the end of which one has supposedly mastered the technique. There are also meetings during the week for meditators. There they can further explore and discuss experiences.

Exactly what is transcendental meditation? Tom Anderson, who does the teaching at the centre, explains it this way: "... it is a process of direct experience, rather than one of intellectual analysis. The technique can be explained in terms of the mechanics of the thinking process. Every thought develops from a fainter and more abstract impulse in the mind. Ordinarily, this impulse becomes perceivable as a thought only during the later phase of development. The technique of transcendental meditation allows the attention to be drawn automatically to increasingly refined levels of thinking, which are found by experience to be more charming."

The bodily functions slow down as if one were asleep, but the mind remains awake — more awake than usual. This process supposedly gets rid of tension, clarifies thoughts, and mobilizes energy — the main purpose of meditation being readiness for activity. The method does not make use of concentration or contemplation of an external object or thought which thus makes it simpler to learn than other methods.

As for the actual technique taught. Mr. Anderson refused to describe it, on the grounds that one needs a teacher, since it is confusing to practice this sort of meditation on your own. His refusal is justifiable insofar as meditating in the wrong way sets up problems that one cannot solve — these blocks may hinder progress. The attitude also, unfortunately, smacks of elitism.\* However, it is difficult to tell unless one knows all the pitfalls of unguided meditation.

Does anything really happen when you're meditating? There is direct evidence for bodily changes. Experiments done of meditating Zen Monks and students learning how to meditate have shown such changes. The amount of oxygen consumption decreases, heart rate decreases, electrical skin resistance increases, which shows that this state is different

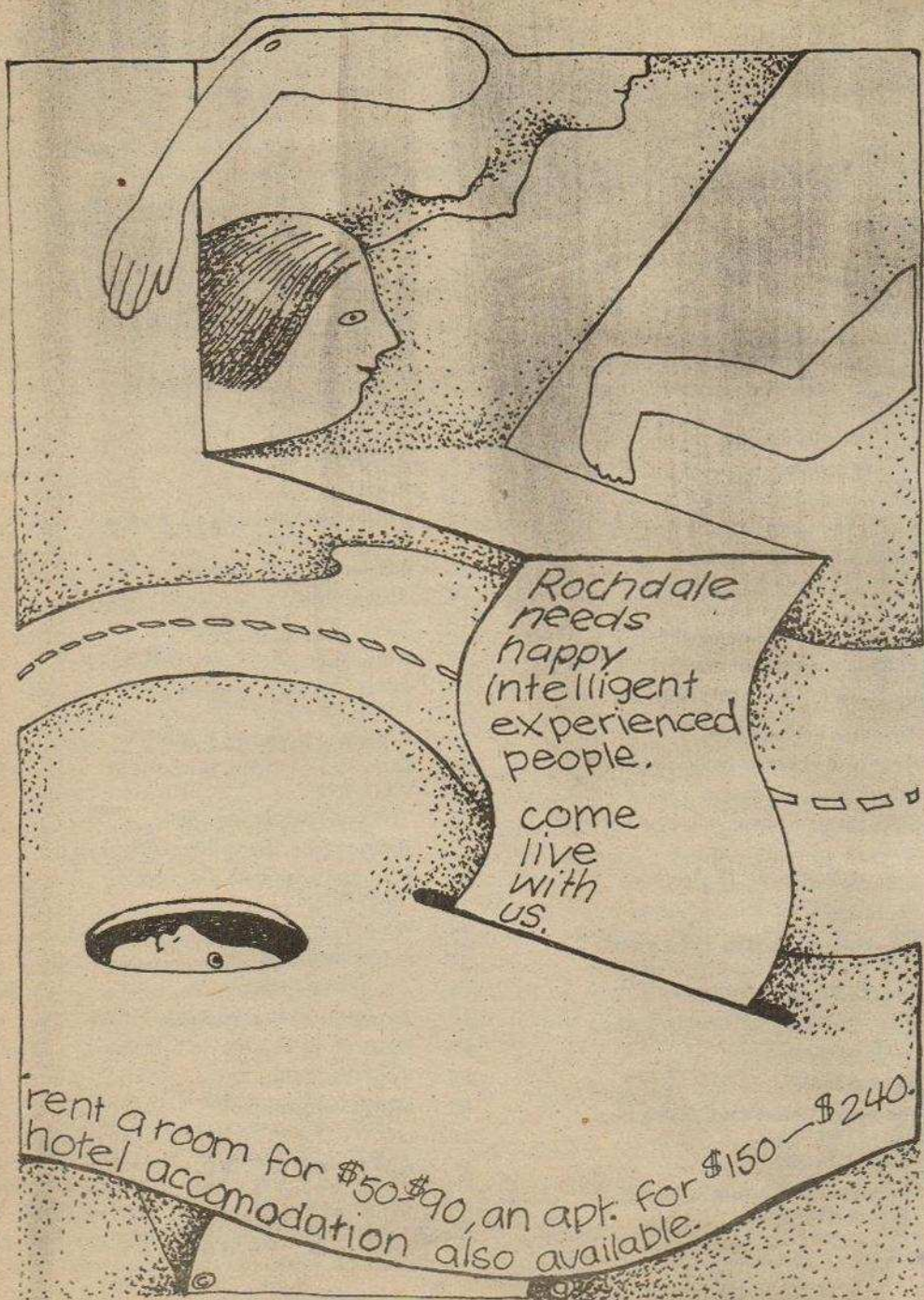
from a normal waking state. Changes are also found in the brain.

There are many different kinds of awareness and consciousness — the waking state, dreaming, deep sleep, hypnotic states, drug awareness and meditation, to name a few. The recorded brain impulses measured in transcendental meditation are different from the normal waking, dreaming and sleeping states.

When one is awake but not making any mental effort, the brain shows a wave pattern called "alpha" which is slow and regular. When one is concentrating or thinking the waves change to a pattern called "beta" which is fast and irregular. Meditation increases the amplitude of the alpha waves. Other studies have shown that alpha activity is more enjoyable than, and preferred to, beta activity. The precise meaning of these and other changes is not known but they do indicate that consciousness does change. Meditation IS different from other states. Studies on people meditating on objects have shown that perceptual changes also occur. For example, colours get brighter and pulsate and boundaries become less fixed (sound familiar?). People regress to seeing the world as a young child sees — with no preconceived boundaries and concepts. However, these are only some changes and not everybody experiences them.

Basically, then, transcendental meditation is another method of self-realization and development of one's potential in an individual way. It is a method of transcending one's everyday surface thoughts and tapping the source of thought and energy and putting it to practical use. In a sense, it represents the core of all similarities found in religious experience, except that it represents the experience itself — and different religions interpret that source in different ways.

Olga Zamora



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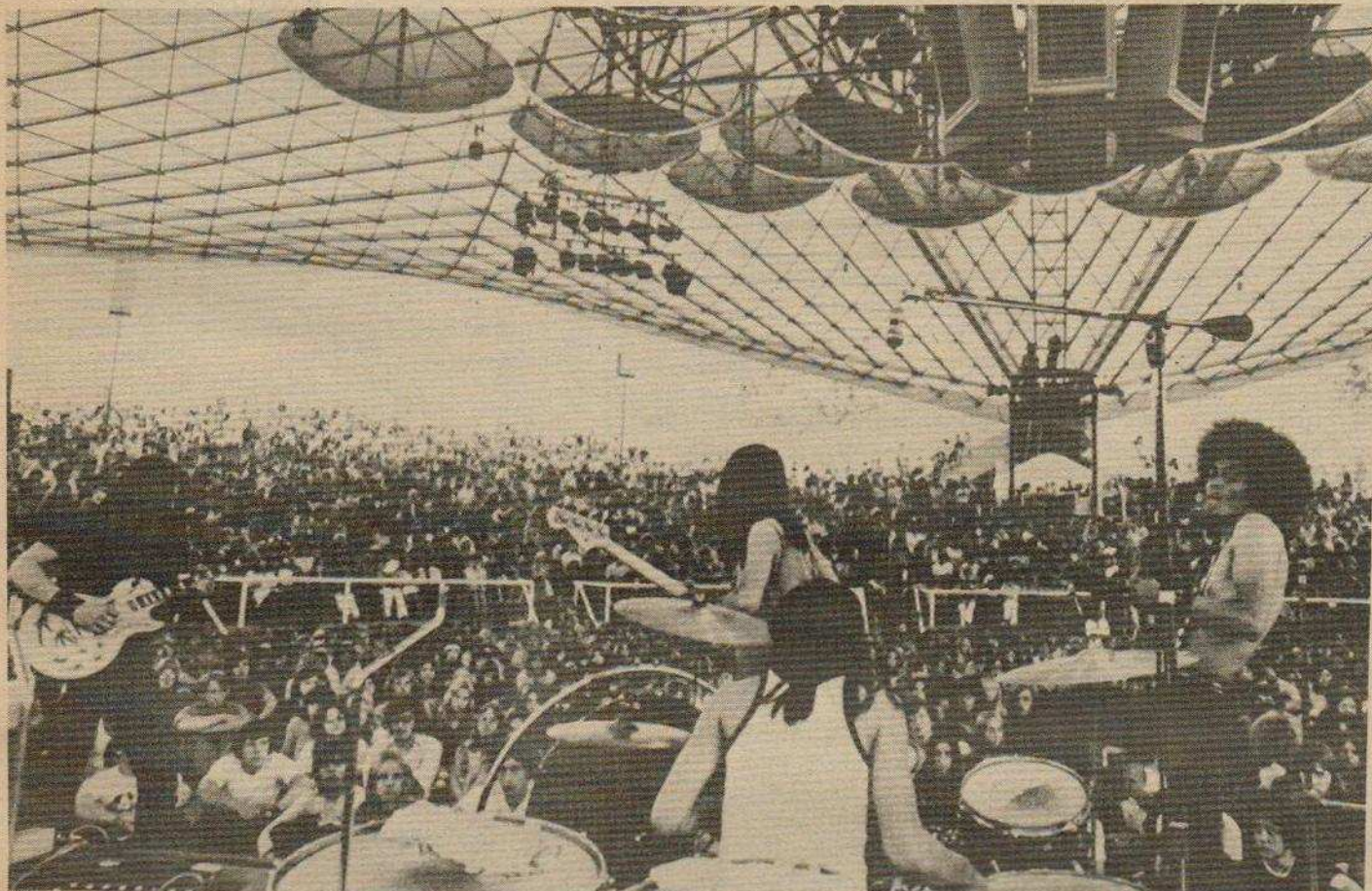


photo by David Ohaski

## FLOWER Travelling Band

Tribal! Most of their lyrics were lost in wails and screams. This is the rock music of Japan. Often shamelessly "made in USA", Japanese rock music is easily one of the most exciting forces on the rock scene.

When Lighthouse played at Expo '70, they were hit hard by the Travelling Flower Band, a group of four freaks who could exist in any part of the international head community. Why they impressed Lighthouse is obvious at first hearing: theirs is the modern music of Japan, a music that has left lyricism

of the intellect and translates itself into heavy emotional sounds: this, because Japanese music transliterates word for word every American song.

You would go into any Tokyo or Osaka bar and hear American Woman, House of the Rising Sun, Fire — but you would miss the words — they sound like English but the English doesn't come across. And there is the essence of modern Japanese rock — sound.

One of the first public appearances of Travelling Flower Band was at the Guerrilla birthday party held at the Hall last

month. There, they lost all the other bands. They were hardened professionals who pushed their instruments, their voices, their beat, because they had copied everything else and had to find something new.

Eventually, after clearing immigration and union hassles, the Travelling Flower Band played their first public gig at Ontario Place two weeks ago, and soon they will be getting more exposure. If you're dead, listen to dead sound — if not, give this band a hearing. They're alive.

## The high school er... I mean MASSEY HALL hop

I was there that Friday night, standing in line with all the rest of the well-dressed freaks, boppers, aware hip oldsters, and the Friday Night Date Set, waiting to see Cat Stevens make it happen. On the way in, a young freak handed me two publicity blurbs to read and one pack of Zig-Zags with an orange-pink Day Glo sticker that read: "Light up! before entering the Neon Palace." I lit up and entered.

It wasn't what I expected. At all. Massey Hall looked a lot like a High School Auditorium, somewhat fancier, but it still had metal posts that blocked views and red-and-black-suited chaperones scurrying about telling everyone where to sit and what to do with their cigarettes. expected to see Principal Poop coming out to talk to us at any moment.

Darkness. Silence. Stomping and shouting. Spotlight. Warm applause. Out came Leo Cocktey (?), Capitol Recording Artist, dressed in a striped H.I.S. shirt, white Sta-Prest Levi's, and wing tips. He sure didn't look like a Capitol Recording artist.

Leo was down home, friendly, Ivy League, a young baritone David Brinkley. He talked about June bugs, played two acoustic slide Bluegrass instrumentals, talked about a freight train that dimmed its headlight when he flashed his brights at it, played a 1920 Terry and McGhee song on an electric 12-string, played a Bach chorale on acoustic guitar, talked about the Etrus-

can celebration of the sperm cell, played some mellow, soothing, acoustic Bach that he took from a banjo arrangement, and said "So long", and walked off the stage.

The crowd, which was evidently digging his suspended, random, emotional, moving style of playing, clapped him back on, but the guy next to me said, "Yeah, audiences are always polite like this in Toronto." Anyway, back Leo came, doing a ballad that he "stole from a 10 year old on the Oblivion Label."

Applause. Intermission. Darkness. The smell of good grass filtering through the air. Stomping and shouting. Cat Stevens.

Cat walked out innocently, almost shyly, happy, smiling, but not very showbizzy or big shit at all. He didn't mess around, he didn't say much — he just started playing. He was a high-powered, creative, inventive musician and a magical performer, and the crowd could see that. They really let him know it. They were his within the first fifteen minutes. After the opener, Cat said, "We've been trying to get to Canada for a long while, we're really glad to have made it. I mean that." When he dropped his plectrum after verse one of "Where Do the Children Play?", he looked up in amazement, then doubled a fist angrily, swung, and muttered something like "Damn!" It was clear that this man got right down into his music, and didn't want to stop once he got going. But after a few seconds, he just smiles,

shook his head, and said, "Sorry, things like this happen sometimes."

Cat hung his head sideways into the mike on the heavy key words of a phrase, weaving on his high stool, pulsating, belting. He sang his ass off. He played good guitar and piano. He writes some of the freshest, newest, gutsiest, completely original sounding songs that have been written.

And to think that his own publicity men were artless enough to print, "Cat Stevens is a combination of Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly, The Weavers . . . and a whole lot of Bob Dylan." Really, though! I wonder if Cat Stevens ever reads his own publicity blurbs. I read them, and I've heard Seeger, Guthrie, Leadbelly, not much of the Weavers, and a whole lot of Bob Dylan, and I for the life of me still couldn't hear anyone but Cat Stevens up there onstage creating his own musical sound and style. Oh well, what the hell . . . Anyway, no one cared about the publicity.

When Cat said, "Bye, I gotta go now", he left the crowd screaming, yelling, clapping, standing. So back he came, catching an O'Cannabis T-Shirt from the crowd, putting it on, sitting down at the piano and saying, "Is this really the American flag? . . . Er, I mean, the Canadian flag? Oh, shut up", he finally said to himself, hitting his head with both hands. He did two more numbers. When he said goodnight again, it was to a standing ovation.

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# COOKERY

There is a book to be had called the SOYBEAN COOKBOOK by Dorethea Van Gundy Jones. It's a fine book well worth a dollar forty-five if you can spare it.

If you are into a vegetarian thing (and even if you are not) soybeans are one of the finest foods for taste and goodness. They contain more protein than meat or eggs, lots of calcium, phosphorus and iron and little carbohydrates. Soybean plants are used for things like manure and forage. The beans make oil, soysauce, milk, flour, cheese, salads, coffee, paint, varnish, candles . . . maybe you should read the book yourself and learn about this wonderful food. I'm going to give you some recipes that we have tried around here and used many times.

There is one thing that you have to know about soybeans before we begin and that is that 1 cup of dried soybeans is not at all what it appears to be, since after you soak them, 1 cup becomes from 2½ to 3 cups.

## PREPARATION

The easiest way to buy soybeans is dry. They are yellow in colour and almost pea shape. They have to be soaked overnight in enough salty water to cover them - adding more if necessary. (1 teaspoon salt to 1 cup water). When soaked cook them in the same water in a heavy pot for 1-1½ hours until they are tender. Just as they are they make a good vegetable in a bowl or in a fresh green salad.

If you start off with ¾ cup dry soybeans, soak them and cook them, like we said above, to give you 2-2½ cups. Here are some different things that you can do with them.

## OVEN ROASTED SOYBEANS

After you've soaked and boiled the beans, drain them and spread on a cookie sheet. Get your oven to a medium heat (like 325 degrees) and roast them until they are dark brown in colour and are crispy like nuts. Fine to eat as they are you can also grind them up and use them like nuts in breads, cereals and salads, and whatever.

## SOY LOAF

Get together in a bowl some cooked soybeans (2

c.) some fresh celery chopped (1 c.) some carrots (½ c. ground or sliced real thin) and any leftover vegetables that you have around (½ c.) I like to grind up only half of the soybeans to give a variety of texture. Mix these together with some bread crumbs (¾-½ c.) an egg, a vegetable boullion cube, celery salt, onion and whatever else you like, and a slurp of oil. Spread this lovely mixture into an oiled bread pan and bake in a medium oven for about 30-50 minutes.

This loaf is really fine when baked with a few tomato slices on top and eaten with a green salad.

We find for 7 big guys and a few little guys one regular size bread pan is ample for one meal. (Leftovers are great in sandwiches or fried up the next day).

## BEAN SALAD

This recipe comes from my mother and I sure do thank her for it. It's one of the few ways that I know of to eat beans cold and tasty in the summer.

Soak and cook about 1½ cups of any kind of beans that you like. I use soy beans, kidney beans, lima beans, green beans (when they are fresh since anything else tastes like cardboard) and sometimes black eyed peas. Drain all the liquid off and save it for soup or something and pile the beans in a big bowl.

Next you make a marinate from ½c. brown sugar, ½c. wine vinegar, ½c. oil (I like the taste of peanut oil so I use it here), 1 teaspoon sea minerals, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ tspn. tarragon (crushed), ½ tspn. basil (crushed again) 2 tablespoons snipped parsley fresh or 1 tbls. dry, and an onion or two sliced real thin.

Combine all this except for the onions (which you really shouldn't slice until tomorrow) and mix in with the beans. Put a lid on the dish and marinate overnight. Bean salad keeps for up to a week and even gets better as the days go on. Remember to take it out of the fridge a half-hour before you eat and it tastes much better. And now is the time to slice up the onion and put it on top right before you eat. It's a far out dish and goes with anything . . . even eggs in the morning or so I was told.

Happy feasting.

dale

# AUNT ABIGAIL

For this week's recipe, gather together the following ingredients: -

- onion
- pepper
- celery
- soy sprouts (or mung beans)
- squash slices (chinni)
- carrot slices
- spinach
- any other goodies that fit in

Fry in lightly oiled pan, or work till tender and crunchy.

Saute some mushrooms. Add ¼ cup soya sauce and ¾ cup water. Add teaspoon of honey, if you want, but it's really sweet enough without it most of the time. Pour some bean cake over the mushrooms and the vegetables and cook for a few minutes. Serve with rice in the same meal.

Also try slicing green beans - then fry in oil with mushrooms and severed almonds. (The square thing on the end of the potato peeler is to slice green beans. A short knife will do as well, of course.)

You can get the bean cake at the New Chinese Store on Baldwin Street near McCaul. It's six cents a cake and two cakes made a good serving for a person. The soya sprouts are 30 cents a pound and the mung sprouts are 19 cents a pound. Be sure that you rinse the sprouts well since there's a medicinal taste if you don't. The bean cake is really high in protein and if you're a vegetarian on a limited budget, it's really a good thing to buy.

By the way, if you've got that awful awful virus (an upset stomach that goes on for a very long time), try getting into anise seed tea with honey. It acts as a deculcent. It's good for sore throats, too.

That's it for this week.

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# BOOKS books

# A ROUND the HOUSE

"The New Exiles"  
by Roger Neville Williams  
Liveright Publishers, N.Y.  
\$7.95  
available presently only in U.S.

Canada from the States), Williams proceeds to describe the rise and fall of American exile politics. His conclusion is that the sole political role of the American exile is to aid in the "liberation" of Canada from American economic domination, as if Canadians are incapable of doing this themselves. For participating in Canadian nationalist activities, William Spira of the Toronto Anti-Draft Programme, and the magazine AMEX, Canadians are given pats on the back. The book makes no effort to encourage even concern on the part of exiles for events and conditions in America.

A large portion of the book, as might be expected, deals with horror stories from Vietnam, and the stockades. It is well written, but unless one has somehow avoided the saturation coverage of such events recently, it is a little boring. Pardon my callousness.

The final chapter deals with the possibilities of repatriation. But the only comments are on the antipathy of the American public toward draft dodgers and deserters. The real problems of how to reintegrate sixty thousand exiles in constructive roles in American society are not mentioned. Passed over is the possibility of an expanded program of alternative service, which would enable a repatriated American to serve the American people in his own chosen way, and would enable him to demonstrate more effectively that progressive commitment that led him to emigrate.

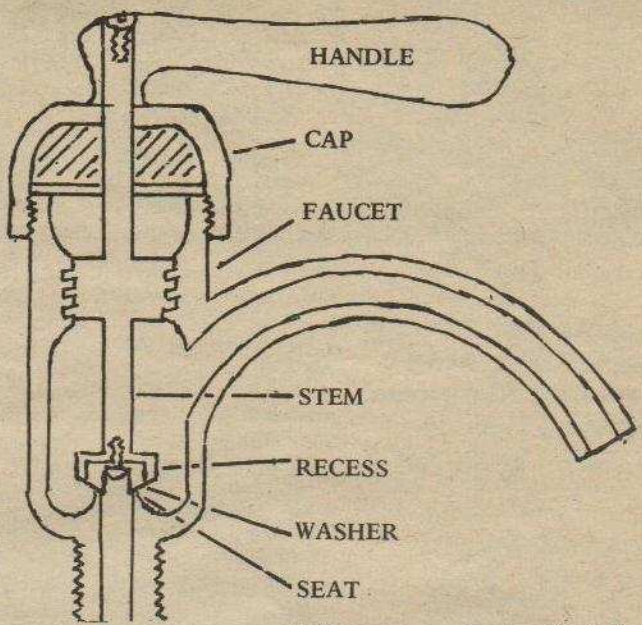
The book ends on a simple, declarative note: "They (American exiles) have the inalienable right to return." Unfortunately this statement is made without support and I can't think of any support for it.

E. Fusco  
American exile and  
former chairman of the Union of American Exiles.

**BOOKS**

**BOOKS**

**REPENT!  
BLACK MIKE  
IS COMING!!**



This time around I will explain faucet basics and how to get rid of drips (water type). The most common type of tap is illustrated. If the tap drips when it is shut off, it is probably due to a worn washer. Buy a package of assorted washers (about \$.50). Turn off the water either below the fixture or at the main. Wrap tape or cloth around the hex on the cap and unscrew with an adjustable wrench. To avoid turning the entire faucet, hold the wrench with the fingers, the spout with the thumb, and pull against the spout. If the cap sticks, squirt penetrating oil on the threads. Unscrew the cap completely and turn the handle in the on direction until the stem lifts out.

Remove the brass screw that holds the washer in place. If it is frozen or chewed up, use pliers. Pry out the washer with the tip of a penknife being careful not to bend the brass rim of the recess. Select and install a new washer and, preferably, using a new screw. Twist the stem back into the faucet and tighten the cap nut until the compressed packing causes drag on the handle when it is turned.

If the valve seat is rough (and it probably will be), smooth it with steel wool. If your finger won't fit, wrap the

steel wool around a pencil. A few turns should do it and a smooth seat gives longer washer wear.

Leaks around the stem when the water is on are caused by packing failure. Remove the cap and stem as before, remove the handle (taking out the screw in the top or loosening the hidden set screw under the handle), slide the cap off the stem and pry out the packing. Replace it with a gum-drop-shaped lacking washer of proper size or apply one turn of graphited faucet packing (which looks like silver spaghetti) around the shaft above the old packing and push the whole mess back into the cap. If the old packing won't come out, apply the turn of packing under the old packing but above the packing washer. This usually works almost as well. Reassemble the faucet and turn the water back on.

It might be an idea to mention here that when the water is turned off at the main, all the water is off, including the toilet so don't quit halfway through and wander off - you can lose friends that way.

That's it for this issue. If you have any problems you think I could help with, drop me a line at the paper.

Piers Cunliffe

But there the reasoning stops. No mention is made of the disadvantages of a "volunteer army" as proposed by Mr. Nixon, a proposal which, if enacted, might remove internal dissension from the U.S. armed forces, and make the most powerful army in the world entirely free from responsibility to the civilian population.

After implying that the self-created deferment of Canada is superior and less discriminatory than CO status and conventional draft loopholes, (failing to note the dearth of black immigrants to

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CINERAMA RELEASING **WILLARD** starring BRUCE DAVISON • SONDRALOCKE • ELSA LANCHESTER  
and ERNEST BORGNINE as Martin GILBERTA. RALSTON  
screenplay by DANIEL MANN  
music by MORT BRISKIN  
produced by MORT BRISKIN A BCP PRODUCTION  
IN COLOR directed by DANIEL MANN

STARTS FRI. JULY 9 AT UPTOWN 2





**BUY &**

**SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND!**

**SELL**

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



2 rooms available in small co-operative house. One single, \$44 per month. One double, \$70 per month. Call 363-4873 or leave a message for Ernie at 863-1527.

Big house at High Park, into organic food — needs people to complete commune (there's already four of us) — 767-3331.

5-room house available. Bathurst-Dupont area. Suitable for freaks, students, etc. \$190. 531-4646 from 9-5 and 10 p.m.-2 a.m.

2 rooms for rent (unfurnished); share house and garden with seven other people. \$75 per month each (all expenses) — 532-5395 (Bloor-Dufferin area).

Co-op—Commune North Toronto near York U. main campus needs people. Lloyd Stephaniuk 635-2515 or 743-5499.

House wanted to start Ashram, Ananda Marga; turn your house into a path of bliss; serious-minded yogis. Karuna 964-7172.

Commune at College & Grace needs girl to move in; 533-4195.

Room in small townhouse with backyard, vegetables, etc. suit chick. 929-9554 evenings, 363-5423 days.

A beautiful 2-room upper flat in a new house on Coxwell; 699-6501 after 6.

Far-out subterranean room with separate entrance and small workshop. Super cheap, but compatibility with co-op members most important. Low ceiling, cool in summer, warm in winter. 31 Huron St.

Photographer and wife looking to move into house. would share dark-room equipment. Phone 966-3751 or 920-6758.

If you are together come share a nice co-op townhouse. Nicely furnished King & Berkely. Mike 864-9892.

"Responsible" couples or chicks needed to run a house (home). Phone 362-3355. 40 Beverley Street. Ask for Mark or anybody.

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

Three year old need stoned companionship on 100 acre farm after July 1st. Interested? Write Jeff Gold, McDonald's Corners, Ontario.

Wanted — unplastc couple with ideas. Seriously interested in forming a co-op. 23 and up. 924-2232.

Peoplè wanted to live in new commune. Space available now. Come rap with us. 118 Seaton St. (near Sherbourne and Dundas.)

Wanted: couple to share a large co-op house with two other couples; two others. Fireplace, yard, garden, & 3 bathrooms. 537-5070.

Space in a co-op near Yonge & St. Clair; call Mark 924-2407.

2 self-contained, adjoining rooms available in commune. Each \$70 per month. \$50 additional in advance to help with lease. (Last month's rent free.) 48 Beverly.

Clean, friendly, couple wanted to share house at 621 Greenwood with two other couples. Phone 463-5045.

2 people wanted to share communal house. Broadview-Danforth area. Phone 461-6001 and ask for Miles or David.

Co-op air conditioning, pool, fireplace, etc. Share food & rent. Davisville area. 481-6514



The Free U. is starting a Music Class for those wishing to learn piano and/or basics of musical theory. Registered music teacher will be present. Private lessons may also be arranged. Call 864-1276.

Drums — double set with accessories. \$125. Rich at 861-1433.

Rock band, CHUG, need rehearsal space full-time. Call Joe 477-7453.

Would Beau Costellists phone Larry 694-0952.

Band looking for practice room. Willing to share with other band. Can only practice nights. Tom Pullin 537-9224.

Bruce Beach — flute teacher — jazz and classical. 962-5753.

Musicians wanted for free gigs this summer (at your convenience) at the Woodgreen Community Centre. Call Mary 461-7982.

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

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 at 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 p.m. Trinity Square is another place we would encourage you to play, on Saturdays, if you're non-electric stuff.

Musicians needed to play at 11 Trinity Sq. open jamming 11:30 p.m. 366-3376. Tony.

Theatre Pass Muraille — Rock, folk, jazz, and classical music at 11:30 p.m. \$1 donation to cover expenses. 11 Trinity Sq. 2 blocks south of Dundas off Yonge. Friday nights.

Guitar for sale. Gibson ES 355-red, hard-shell case. Bruce at 362-3309.

Guitar player required. Call Tony at 366-3376 after 11 pm

Blue House McLaren, Mississippi Delta Blues Man 488-1977.

"If you want it (Baby) I've got it" — that's the name of a new souvenir hit record by a young man known as Michael T. Wall 'The singing newfoundlander' who has a new rock country sound that you can groove on. Get your copy by sending \$1.98 to famous Ernest Tubb Record Shop, 417 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn, U.S.A. You will dig the sound of this Newfoundland singer.



**Volunteers needed!** Together people needed to work with youth in inner city community. Requires hard work, creativity, patience, friendliness. Those interested in being on summer or fall staff, call Valerie at 921-8674 or drop by any day after two; 265 Gerrard Street East

Are you tired of having to pay large sums of money to fix your otherwise cheap bicycle? If there is enough demand and if there is someone willing to teach people the mechanics of fixing bicycles, then the Hall could be holding classes for this cause. Call 863-0275.

Future Farm, a Youth Opportunities-YMCA project wants 10 people to join them in forming a community on a 150 acre farm near Orillia. Will be doing hydroponics, quonset huts, domes, and arts & crafts. More info call Irene Borden or Bob at 537-3367.

IBM Selectric composer available on shared time basis. Call the Truckstore at 925-7689.

EARTH FLAG \$5.00, postage included. Proceeds donated to People's Radio Fund. c/o Home I.S. Co-op, 15113 Marine Drive, White Rock, B.C.

Looking for more people interested in theatre, to join a small theatre group formed two months ago. Emphasis on experimental and modern theatre. No experience necessary, just a will to learn and a desire to give one's self to experience. Call Craig at 924-7269 evenings.

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 on by — 12 Sussex — for application forms.

**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/SCARBOROUGH — 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, daytime, 741-0119 evenings. Centre City (Bloor W., Bathurst, Davenport, Avenue Road) Sheila Markson, 921-4209.

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

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.

**ONE MORE HOME**

Furnished attic in house on 182 Macdonnell Ave. Cool for the summer, cooking facilities, great for girls. Parkdale 535-9182.

**PERSONAL**



All those fond of books & reading who would like to assist in the reviewing and appreciation of fine, rare and curious volumes relating to the healing arts, please reach me. Canadian Whole Earth Almanac, 925-7689 or drop us a line at Box 6, 341 Bloor Street West.

Diane Goldberg, Huntington Woods, Mich. (Detroit). Are you ok? You passed your year. We miss you. Please call collect or write home. Ted and Grace. Anyone who can help call Sharon. 864-1902.

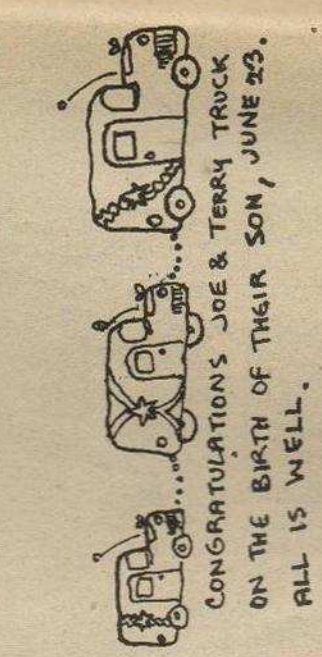
Couples Bash: interest in group sex? 966-3860. John.

Gays Dating Association. Gay boys and Gay girls. Wide choice. Fully confidential. Phone 536-7529, 3 p.m. to 9 p.m.

Any draft resisters new in town, needing a place to crash for a week or less, contact Cliff or Pat, 632 Dovercourt, upstairs.

Truth therapy for those who want to communicate & learn with total honesty, call Dave Johnson 488-9173.

Co-op will take care of girls to live in nice apartment. Must be mature morally and in good health, with some money and lots of courage. Go travelling, learning; write Bob Stone-golden c/o Guerrilla.



**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.

Crazy Michael is loved and wanted!

We have 150 acres near Cochrane, Ont. and would like to go up for 2 or 3 days but have no wheels. If anyone is interested in coming up contact Stephen or Marsha at 364-0639.

Urgently seeking to contact any individual or group practicing telecutly power or any related thought-form. Call Jim 423-1746 evenings. Daytime 699-1186.

Brien, it's back. CALL Craig at 924-7269.

Harvey Maurer, please call Daniel Kayfetz at 364-8131 re Anne Ross. Urgent.



Ride wanted to NYC or Conn. around July 9 or 10. Share driving and expenses. Phone Hamilton collect 544-1863.

Ride wanted to Syracuse N.Y. (en route to NYC) Friday July 9; Milton at 928-6185 or 929-0735.

Ride wanted to Denver. Anytime after 1st July. For a Mom & two kids 7 & 9. Karuna 964-7172.

Ride to California; leaving Aug. 3. Need one person to share driving and expenses. Call Jim 491-3041.

2 girls want ride to beach any weekend in August Phone 9 am -4 pm. 622-1698 or 861-1786.

Ride wanted to Chicago as soon as possible or from Chicago to Toronto Tony 366-3376.

Looking for experienced traveler to hitchhike to New Orleans. Leave anytime. Stop by 48 Beverly St. and see Piers.

Rides to anywhere in California wanted for two persons willing to share expenses. By July 2. Sall Susanne 364-2748.

Three people (1 child) need to get to Vancouver by August 7 share expenses & drive. Call Alan & Sue at (619) 824-1820.



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

The Wax Revolution. Master crafts, sculptured candles, organi lamps. Scott Bechtol 368-5784.

Craftsmen for street market. Contact Roger, 6 Trinity Sq.: 368-0188 after 8 p.m.

Woden boxes — makers of fine wooden things — also minor house repairs. Call Charlie or Bryan at 368-5386.

Woodcarving; customer order. 2-dimensional relief work — bracelets, pendants, etc. Half market price. Work displayed at Yellow Ford Truck, Oasis, Jim's Place (2nd floor Rochdale); call Chuck at 863-9584.

**GETCHER SILKSCREENED T-SHIRTS FROM MIKE + MARTHA 364-0539 (BY APPOINTMENT TO WACHEEA)**