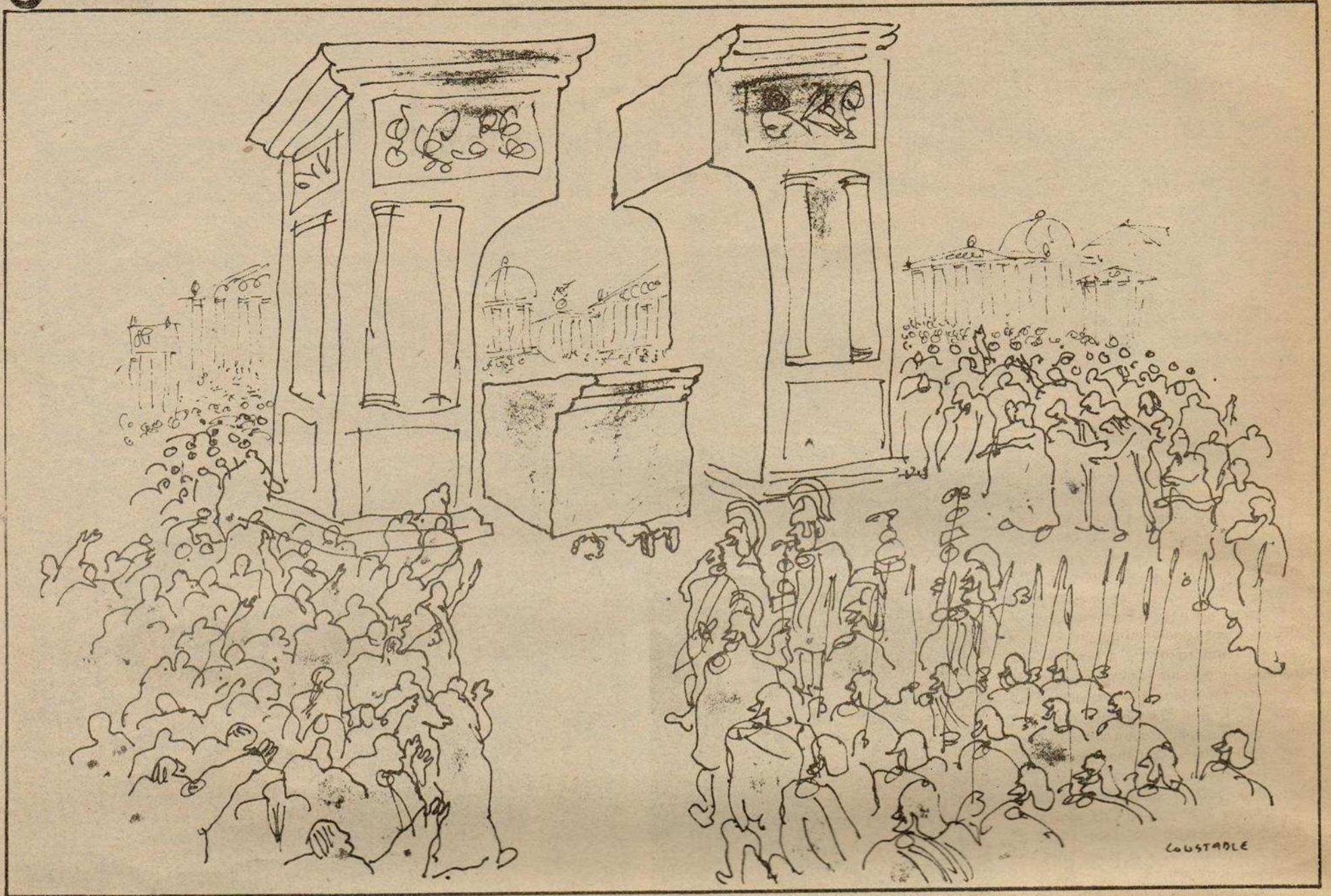


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**guerrilla**

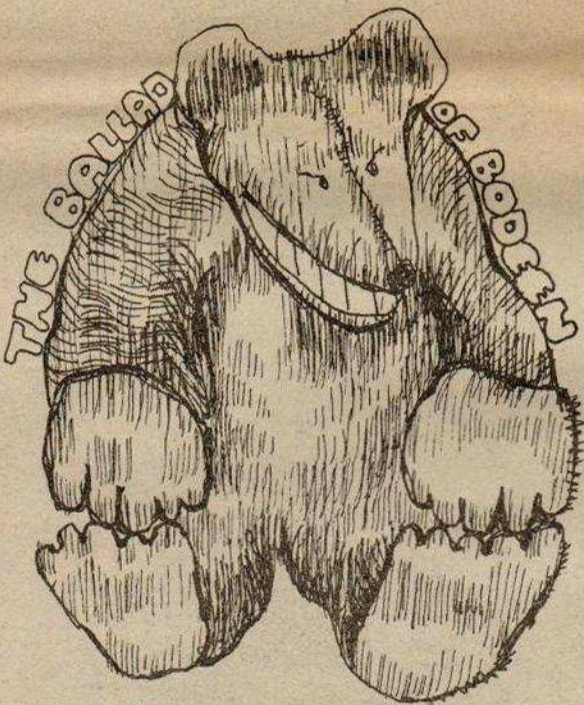


Bodeen. You see, which I guess you do, Bodeen was a talking, soft, cuddly, flipped-out bear.

guess it depends upon the circumstances which will vary from situation to situation. However, Bodeen had an excuse and that excuse was that he was flipped-out and he knew it. He was also smart.

Upon arriving back on the shore of the reservoir, Bodeen proceeded to go immediately to his quarters which happened to be a cave in the lower middle class area of town, which I forgot to mention was a village of animals, a forest, so to speak. Here Bodeen hibernated and hibernated and hibernated and hibernated. I wonder why Bodeen didn't wake up. I've heard tell that a hot bath will make one tired, but that tired?????

Candy



Reflections on  
POLLUTION 1969

on  
The United States  
of things to come...

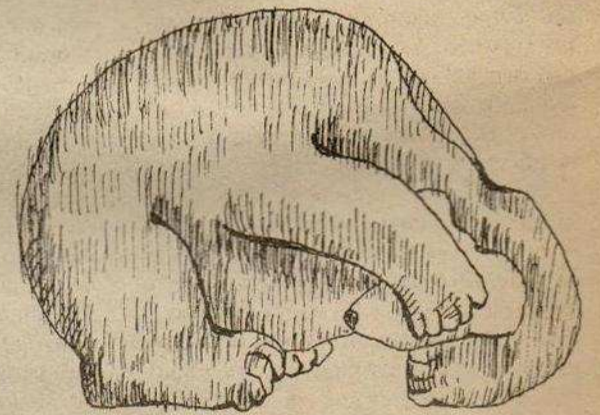
Once upon a time in a little village on the outskirts of nowhere, there lived a soft and cuddly bear named Bodeen. Wow! Bodeen was really a flipped-out bear even if he was soft and cuddly, and no amount of rationalization could change that fact neither to Bodeen or you, you reader you. Maybe that's why Bodeen was so flipped-out. Of course maybe it isn't the reason. There may have been other reasons, but I guess nobody really knows, not even Bodeen.

Anyway, it all happened one fine morning when flipped-out Bodeen went to the local reservoir for a swim. He climbed to the topmost peak of the highest hill surrounding the reservoir and dived in. PLOP. "My", he said. You see Bodeen could speak.

It's a general rule that most soft, cuddly, flipped-out bears didn't talk - but not so with

So Bodeen, who was also a good swimmer, tried to swim. Naturally. Except because he was so flipped-out you may have expected him not to try to swim in a reservoir into which he had just plopped, even if he was a good swimmer, but on this occasion he did - try to swim that is. In fact he always tried to swim in similar situations, in spite of flipped-outness. However, on this occasion, more than ever before, Bodeen experienced a terrible loss of balance on the water. He was up to here (anywhere) in filth and garbage. This was something Bodeen simply could not abide by. After he had contributed to society by wandering around all those parks and smelly dumps just so people could take his picture, and this was how they repaid him. No moonlight dips, no baths or swims to be had anymore. Besides Bodeen was sinking to the bottom.

Lucky for Bodeen, he was in the shallow end. Bodeen did the only thing possible besides drowning or calling for help, which he felt futile and which he was self-conscious about anyway. Bodeen dog-paddled to shore - that is to say the edge of the reservoir. You may think it strange for a bear to do the dog-paddle, on the other hand you may not think it strange. I



staff of this issue: foosh, jose kaufman, john paulo, judy peck, olga, john the painter, stephie, john williams, tom needham, sunny cook, bill saunders, nancey, it, doune, bob fortier, george longey, doug auster, bill hogan, ross hayhall, walter klepae, dan everet, rick cu-its, marge plus?, tom needham, jubal he-shaw, roge-centro, peter kniper, brian stovenson, ellen kardner, chuck, lucy katzberg, charlie dobie, dove o'halloran, peter janega, chris gowloff, dmytroko walker, lloyd chesley + me!

201 Queen St. E.  
Toronto 227

**Guerrilla**  
864-1902

**u·su·fruct** (yoo'zyoo fruk', -zoo-, -syoo-, -soo-) *n.* [LL *usufructus* <L. *usus*, a USE + *fructus*, enjoyment, FRUIT ] *Roman & Civil Law* the right of using and enjoying all the advantages and profits of the property of another without altering or damaging the substance

Webster's New World  
Dictionary Pg. 1564

On Sunday, the day after the occupation, Dr. John H. Sword, Acting President of U or T, issued a statement allowing the use of Observation Hill by the people of Wacheea while U of T tried to secure another site for the group.

By Wednesday, the University's Board of Governors had secured the Mercer Reformatory site for a future date.

On Wednesday, Sword met with representatives of SAC, GSU and Grass Roots. He proposed a memorandum of 9 points of agreement to SAC and GSU. Neither group was willing to agree to all of the points. The points of disagreement concerned the posting of a \$5,000 bond to insure a limit on the number of persons allowed on the site and that the site would be vacated by Sept. 9. It was Grass Roots' intention that the programme continue until Nov. 1st. Sword demanded that Observation Hill be vacated by noon Friday. This was unacceptable to Wacheea, because the Mercer site was lacking sanitation facilities necessary to meet Dept. of Health regulations, also telephones and electrical hook-ups.

According to Stephan Kogitz, GSU President, it was obvious at all of these meetings that Sword's only interest was vacating the occupied University property.

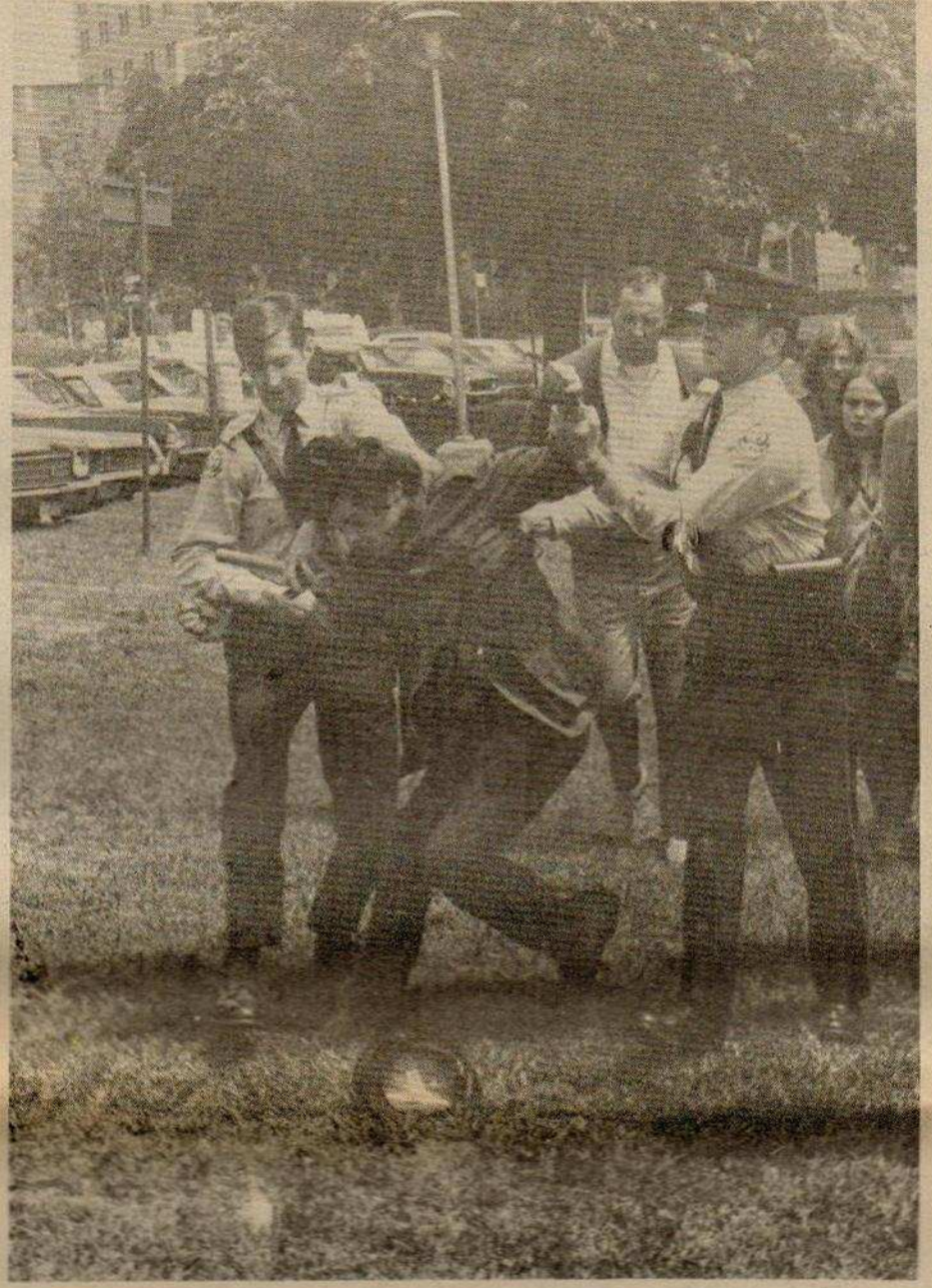
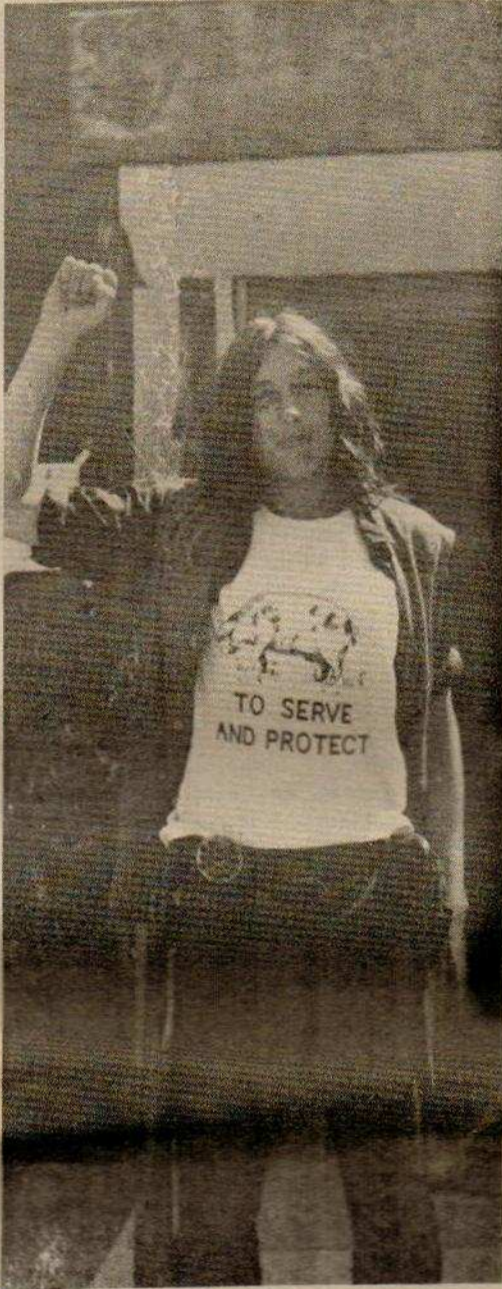
Thursday morning Sword met again with SAC and GSU to add three minor points to the memorandum. Again he emphasized the clearance of the campus by Friday. That afternoon Grass Roots representatives met with Sword, and announced their intention to remain on the University site until the Mercer site could be equipped with sufficient facilities. That the site was actually available was also in doubt as the memorandum of agreement had not been settled. The residents of Wacheea had decided not to move until they had a definite place to go. Again Sword had only one thing in mind, the Friday deadline.

On Friday morning a work party of about 20 people from Wacheea went from Wacheea to Mercer to work on the site. Upon arrival they were thrown off by Early Sullivan, who claimed he had a lease from the Ontario Government to use Mercer as a parking lot. He would not allow Wacheea people on the site until his lease expired on Wednesday. This contradicted a claim by the University, later documented in the University of Toronto Bulletin, that the site would be completely ready by Friday.

Back at Wacheea, the noon deadline passed and Wacheea stayed.

At 2:50 pm, police served an interim injunction on Judy Rebick of Grass Roots and Seymour Kanowitz of SAC restraining further tenting and camping facilities on U of T property.

In order for a temporary injunction to be issued (which does not require a full hearing), the University would have to prove the necessity for it. According to lawyer Clayton Ruby, Sword's reasons listed in the injunction were so flimsy that there would be a good chance of overturning the order in court on Monday. However, a permanent injunction could almost certainly be obtained on Wednesday after a full hearing, by which time the Mercer site would have been ready. But



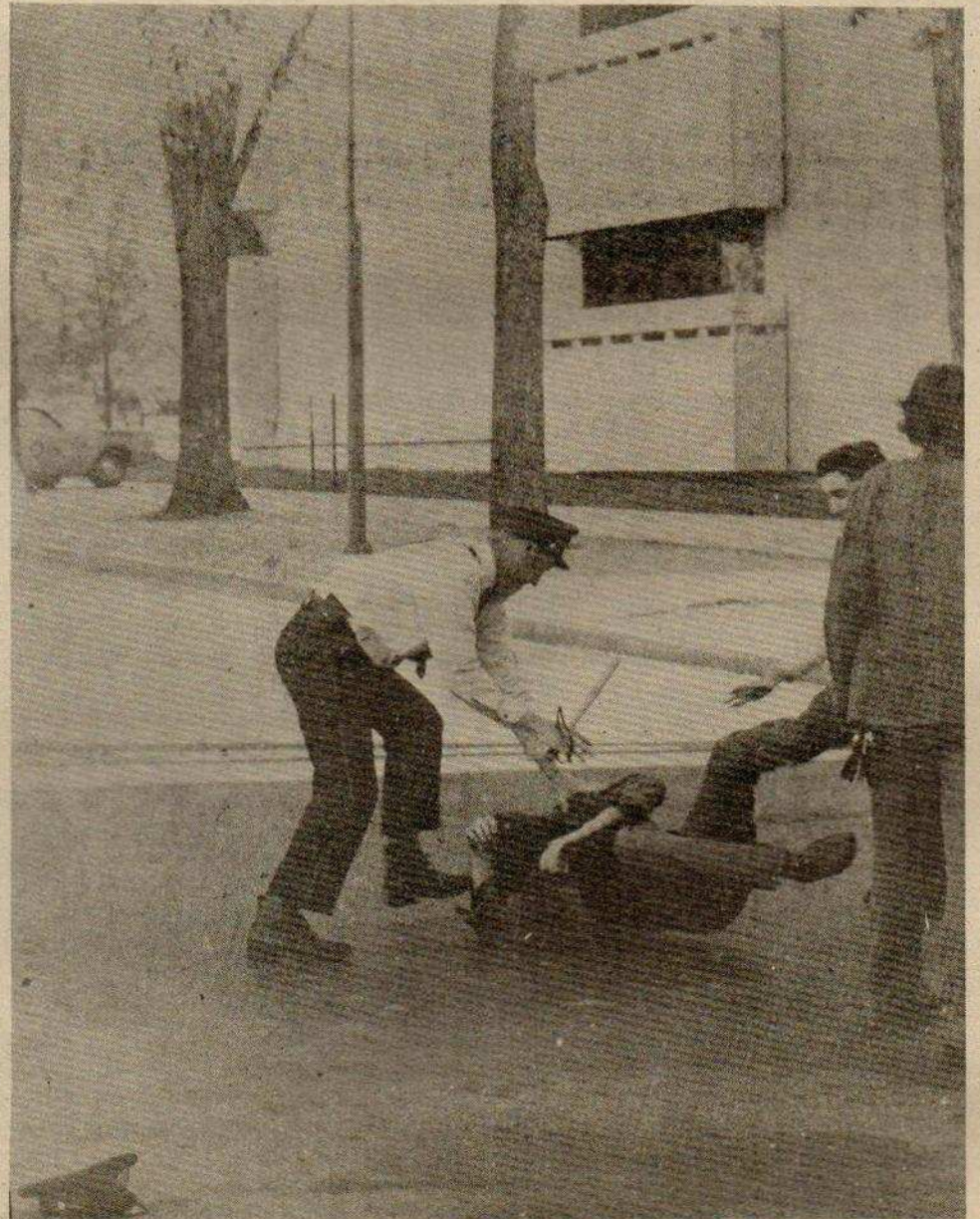
at the same time as the injunction, the University withdrew its offer of obtaining the Mercer site. This clearly showed Sword's only desire was to rid himself of a problem not to help Wacheea find a legal site.

In spite of all this Wacheea stuck it out.

At 3pm representatives of Wacheea, Grass Roots, GSU and SAC went to Simcoe Hall to meet with Sword and discuss possible alternatives. At Simcoe Hall all the doors were locked. Sword would see no one. Mail was being delivered through windows.

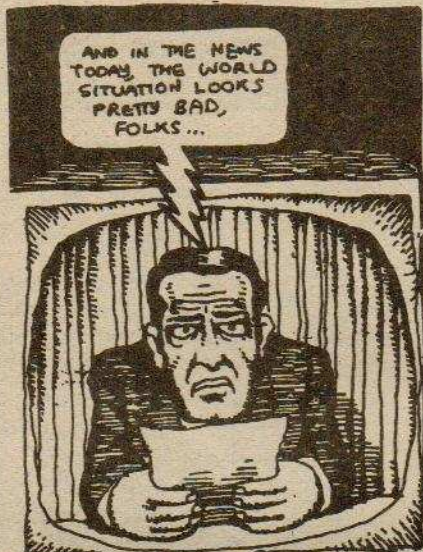
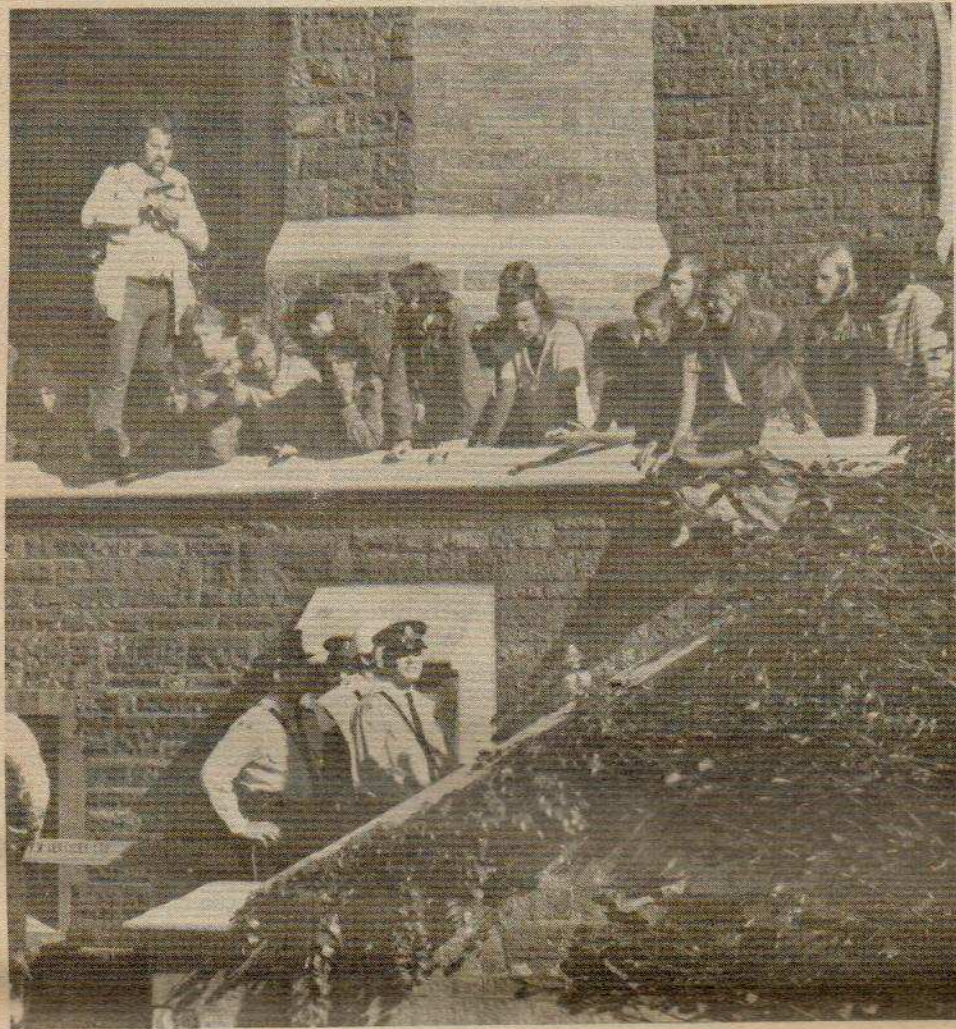
Saturday night SAC and GSU submitted to Sword a revised memorandum of points in agreement. The stand in this agreement reiterated Grass Roots' position and specified under what conditions Wacheea would move to Mercer. One concession of SAC and GSU was to post a performance bond and Grass Roots agreed to vacate Mercer by the specified date, subject to negotiation with the Province. Wacheea also agreed to supply labour and other help to speed preparation of the site.

The way seemed clear for a settlement. Phil Dack, Vice-President of SAC, called Sword to discuss a statement. Sword refused to discuss it until after 10am Sunday. His reply, which came somewhat earlier than 10 o'clock, resulted in 23 arrests. The police moved in with little hassle to bust Wacheea early Sunday morning. According to one resident they gently woke him and asked him to move out. By 8am the place was clear and surrounded by police.



# MARCH TO THE HALL...

## A PORTRAYAL OF THINGS TO COME?



It looked like a peaceful day.

The evicted tenants, about 200, meanwhile gathered in Queen's Park for a meeting. They returned to the entrance to Wacheea and began shouting at the police. A few people threw rocks, but the police held back.

The marchers then proceeded South on University and West along College followed by about three police cars. At the southern entrance to Wacheea most of the crowd moved against the two policemen guarding the entrance. About 40 policemen came from behind and the fight began.

Several people were arrested and a couple of people hurt.

Demonstrators proceeded West on College on the sidewalk. Immediately behind them were 20 policemen (about 4 riot cops included) and alongside them were 6 cars.

Another fight erupted in front of the Library and several more were arrested.

The crowd turned southward and along Huron and moved into the streets with the police right behind.

After about half the people crossed Dundas Street, a motorcycle cop swung in cutting the crowd up. Police in the rear began pushing, telling the demonstrators to move on. The demonstrators couldn't move forward and the police moved in seizing and clubbing several people. Most of the crowd remained calm while several persons fought the police. There seemed to be little reason why police should pick up people on such corners as Beverley and Dundas.

One person commented it seemed that only a couple of cops were creating the problem. (I wonder if he will blame the whole force, though, for the violence.)

The demonstrators, now 50 in number, almost stormed the Hall in an attempt to get inside. The police circled the neighbourhood several times and about ten remained near the Hall.

The Hall then attempted to secure an ambulance for some injured people. They had to talk to the police outside about obtaining one and when it came it sat there until a police officer would consult with the drivers.

While at the Hall, lawyers took statements and preparations were made to bail out the twenty-three arrested. On the way to 52 Division, members of Grass Roots were stopped twice by police - the first time, tickets were issued for faulty muffler and not having a name on the side of the truck. I guess some police weren't satisfied with the earlier events.

# ALL SEASONS PARK LIVES

Vancouver's All Seasons' Park, a combination Wacheea and People's Park with St. James Town overtones, has put Toronto to shame. The park has now been in operation for about six weeks regardless of intermittent busts on and near the site.

The issue is much like those of Toronto - Vancouverites are trying to protect their beautiful Stanley Park but their City Hall and Four Seasons Hotels want to bottle up one of the main entrances to Stanley Park and block off some of the view into the park, which is renowned for its beauty, with a high-rise apartment for 14,000 people and 9,000 cars.

The entrance in question also lies in the most car congested section of Vancouver's West End.

The situation thus has Stop Spadina aspects, too.

The fight began to brew last April when a City Hall plebiscite was first proposed at Vancouver's City Hall over whether or not Four Seasons will be permitted to build their high rise. For one reason or another, the plebiscite has not even been set a date yet.

At the beginning of June, student councillors at Vancouver's City College became fed up with all the stalling (sound familiar, Grass Roots?), and commandeered the section of Stanley Park slated for the high rise. They decided the people themselves would build the type of environment they want.

And six weeks later, despite about a dozen busts and the constant threat of a mass eviction, freaks and straights, old and young, unionists and even some liberal managers, have all pitched in together to make a classless garden

wherein everybody but everybody does their own thing without hassling anybody else - nearly all with their bare hands.

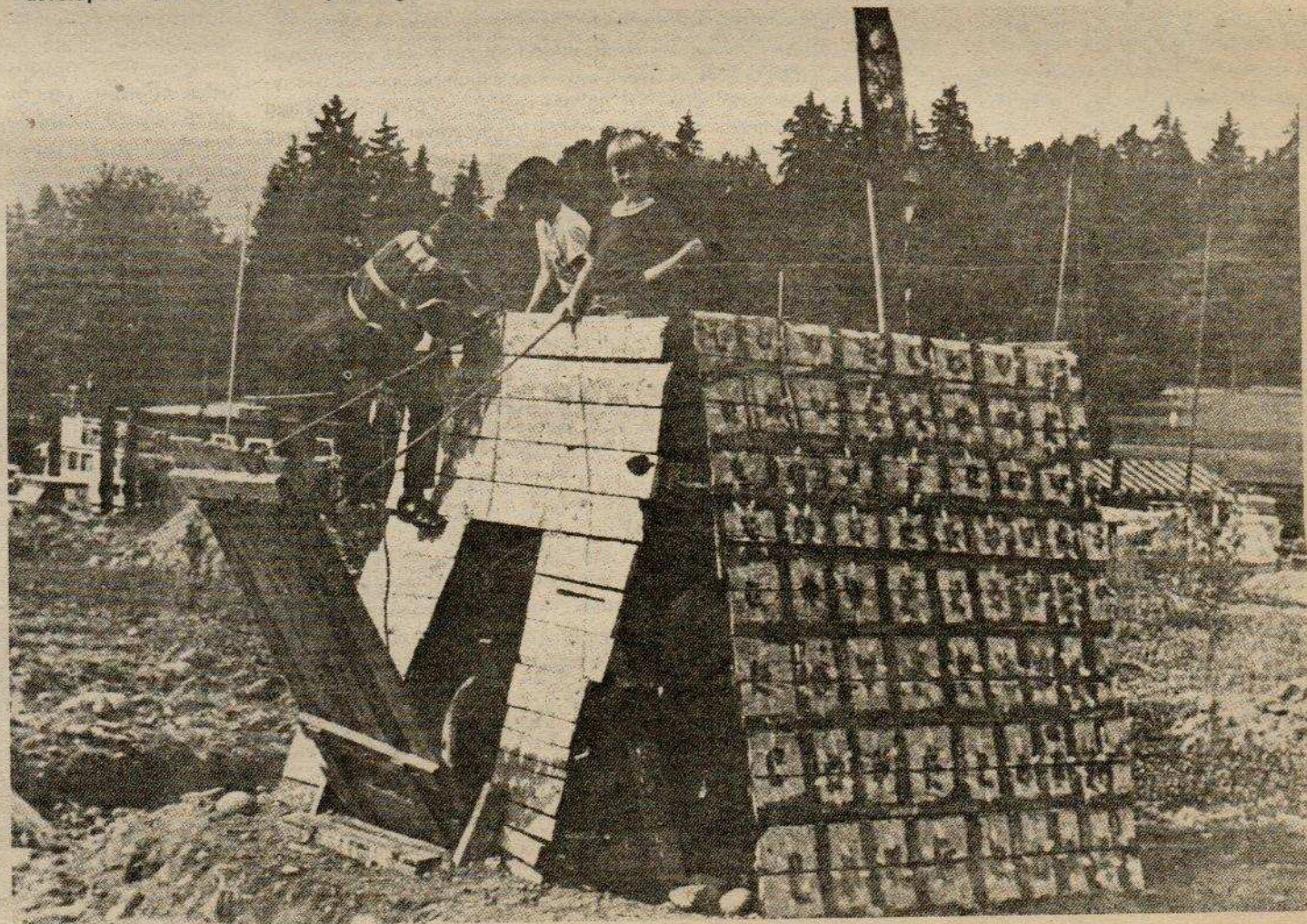
The longer the park continues, the less likely is the death of the park. People have removed by now all of the rubble covering the area to be "developed" and have been planting

plants and grass and making benches, arranging rock gardens - well, just name it.

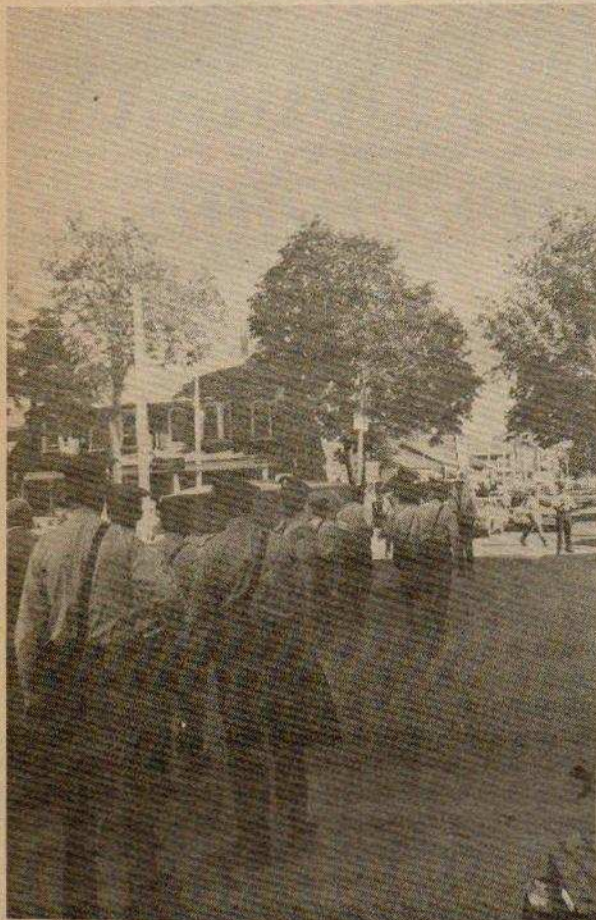
Of course, the thing is a perpetual debate within City Hall - practically everywhere in Vancouver, in fact.

But it has steadfastly hung together.

The following people should study



# Wacheea - ONE VIEW



should go down at Wacheea, so maybe it looked as if Grass Roots was untogether on policy. Perhaps if left alone for some time, and allowed to grow on its own, with community support Wacheea could have ironed out these things.

It was already agreed that how Wacheea was obtained was as important as the fact that it was obtained. In the "Wacheea Survival Supplement" in Vol II, No V of Guerilla, the lead story contained a Grass Roots' self-criticism about the way it had played the "Bureaucracy Game." Various levels of government patted Grass Roots on the head for all its hard work while denying it what it needed — a place to stand. Only when Grass Roots moved onto the campus illegally and under the pressure of funds being cut by Opportunities for Youth did officials begin to take the demand for land seriously. (Not seriously enough however since U of T has up til now only delivered promises of the Mercer site and not the site itself.)

Since the move on to U of T was an illegal act, the focus — community involvement and education over a long period of time — changed very quickly. The overriding emphasis of Wacheea became one of "resistance." The people in the park were pretty much agreed that they would resist an attempt to smash Wacheea. People were prepared to see Wacheea happen this summer. Differences seemed to arise on what resistance meant and on whether or not U of T was the only place Wacheea could happen.

Differing opinions were evident from the very beginning. The first major crisis seemed to be whether or not the NLF flag would fly on the site. No one denied that we as revolutionaries have a kinship with the Vietnamese people, but the people in the park did not seem to be about the NLF flag at that point. Many transients thought the whole flag controversy far removed from them and the tail end of the first general meeting carried the motion to put up the flag. Time was not spent in rapping about the flag's significance.

To some people, resistance meant banning all straight media from the site, refusal to even talk with police and an ever-readiness to "battle" police as soon as they came on the site. The general meetings on the grounds, the only formal governing structure, became the place where political ideology around such points were hashed out. People seemingly interested only in the political battle and not Wacheea as an on going entity dominated the meetings although their suggestions were not accepted by the people in the

park. Many people intellectually understood what they were trying to say, but in many people's minds there was a basic distrust of the line which was coming down — such as trashing the university buildings because they are symbols of oppression; they are not for the use of the poor; they further the cause of capitalism. Many people agreed with the analysis on one level, but on another was the reality of Wacheea, the transients and the consequences to them if busted, the police, the on-going struggle. Trashing seemed to be adventurist, to be desired, understood, and carried out by those well versed in political rhetoric.

It was agreed among the people of Wacheea that there was no way that they could maintain the park by force against the police. Since it was agreed by them that they leave U of T when the police did in fact arrive and subsequently move on to The Hall from Queens Park, it was only the individual decision of a few people to move back on to the campus and trash. Once that decision was made however, every one was in it and the long awaited battle was on.

Once back at The Hall the discussion continued around the questions of militancy and resistance. Was it a correct thing to storm the University grounds again and battle with police or should another approach be taken? A split started to develop and it was decided that militant action would not be taken on the following day since the group was untogether about it. Red Morning withdrew its participation in Grass Roots over the issue of immediate militant action in the form of a battle. Some people reasoned along the line that Wacheea's last battle would have to come on U of T grounds, that taken from there, Wacheea could not exist. A militant action was called for Saturday, July 24, by Red Morning and it was hoped that by that time the more militant forces could be rallied.

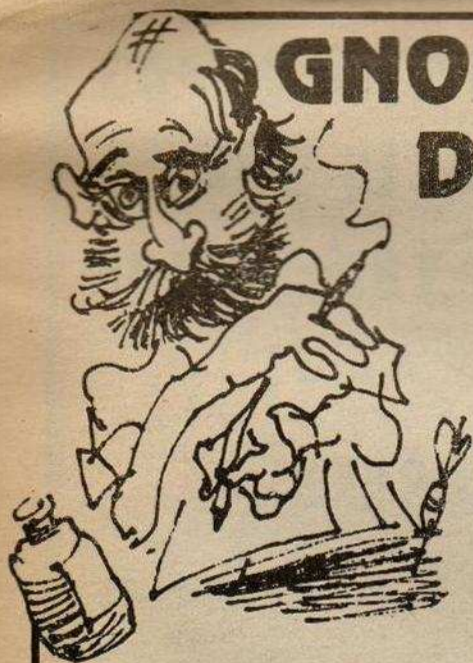
But the government stepped in again and it seems that Wacheea is to be located at Mercer. It is very late in the summer and many people are questioning Mercer's possibilities. New blood is going to have to come in to take heavy burdens off a few people. Since the past week's events have shown people's willingness to fight for Wacheea, this shouldn't be a problem. Wacheea as an ongoing educational experience may still be able to happen.

STRUGGLE ON!

Froosha

A hell of a lot of shit has gone down in the short while that Wacheea planted its physical presence on the campus of the University of Toronto. Some of you may be as confused as are most of the organizers who had worked hard for 6 months are at this point.

The park was intended as a community focus over the summer — a place where travelling kids could work and learn together. Many of the organizers were also involved in other long standing street services in Toronto. They were prepared to be at the site to rap to people and keep an ongoing education program developing on the site. Over the months of the summer the people in the park could work out organizational hassles, governing hassles, drug hassles, clean-up hassles and what ever. No one had hard answers to what



## GNOME'S DOME

Doug Austen

affluence, but that's only part. The major part is simply the white man's ignorance of, and indifference to, things natural. The white man comes from the crowded city, where he is a nothing, and jumps into his power-boat, where he is a somebody. He is a somebody who can chase fish-ducks and swamp canonists, and if you mention to him that if he paddled a canoe himself he might catch some fish and wear some of the blubber off his beer gut, he looks at you blankly, or gets angry.

That kind of white man is hopelessly addicted to what he does, and thus most of our lakes are lost to us.

There is another kind of white man, however, an ever-growing population of ecology freaks who would dearly love to live in a cottage which had no electricity, no running water, no detergents, no power-boats and no chain-saws. This population, however, tends to have no money. They are young and anti-capitalist, mostly, and lake-front realty is an old capitalist's game if there ever was one. What they do have, and what may be the salvation of some our lakes, is (a) numbers, (b) cohesiveness of thought concerning nature, noisy machinery, etc., and (c) potential economic strength and organization.

This last factor is largely a dream on many people's part, but a possibility nevertheless. There are communes out in the back-country which are sustaining themselves economically (Perth County, Morning Glory, Golden Lake, etc.) but mostly they are away from the lakes and rivers on old abandoned farms where the land values are low. To take over a lake would take considerably more money and organization but since dreams are the stuff of future reality, let me tell you about a day-dream I had two weeks ago while sitting on the front porch of a cottage listening to the roar of power-boats and watching shit-green water lap against a weedy shore-line . . .

One fine summer day, a stranger shows up at a typical, cottage-infested lake in the Haliburtons. In his pocket he carries a signed blank cheque from some organization which has been saving its shekels for just this day. He is in his thirties, fairly straight in appearance. He is here to talk to some disgruntled cottage owner who has decided his home in the city

probably has less aspects of civilization than his cottage, and has decided to sell out. He is having trouble, however, because the cottager's association he belongs to is finicky about who he sells to, and because he is asking a high price.

The stranger meets his price and the cottager's association meets the stranger, and all is hunky-dory. The stranger then moves his commune into the cottage and lets his hair grow back to its natural length. The cottager's association is perturbed, but can do nothing. The stranger attends every cottager's association meeting, arguing forcibly for an outlawing of power-boats, chain-saws, etc. but gets nowhere initially. What he does do is find out which of the other cottagers around the lake is ready to sell. Soon there are a dozen strangers with blank cheques knocking at cottage doors. Within ten years every cottager's association around the lake has a majority of voting ecology freaks.

Take it from there. A condensation of cottages into large communes, spaced-out a good two-hundred yards around the lake. The outlawing of detergents, to be replaced with good old sand and gravel, or sand-weed (a sort of natural Chore Girl.) Natural sewage treatment. Organic vegetable gardens. Etc.

And, of course, an absolute dearth of machines.

Picture, if you will, a moon-lit night on the revitalized lake some twenty years after the stranger made his first appearance. Loons, ducks, frogs, nesting geese are all calling. A deer drinks unafraid on the point. A bronzed fisherman trolls by silently in his canoe. Woodsmoke from the banked cooking fires lingers in the air. Children laugh.

It could happen.

I'm willing to take part in any scheme working towards this end, and I'm willing to approach the Guerilla general staff about the possibility of starting the necessary bankroll. We would need people, however, with more time than we have to work on the details and approach others for donations.

It's the only way, I think, to save some of our lakes from the flat-earthers. And it could snowball. A successful example is more than just an example: it's beginning.

I visited a typical cottage a couple of weekends ago and it was brought home to me, once again, what a mess our middle-class parentage has made of the whole business. A typical summer cottage exists on a once-beautiful little lake which is going murky due to the amount of detergents being poured into it; a lake which has about two-hundred other cottages crowded every twenty yards or so all around its shores; a lake which is churned up in the day-time by maybe a hundred power-boats, making it noisier than any city street and accounting for the lack of nesting loons and other water-fowl; a lake which is also enveloped in the noise-sheath of chain-saws, power lawn-mowers and carousing beer-drinkers; a lake which has been fished out; a lake, in short, which can no longer, by any stretch of the imagination, be termed a "wilderness retreat."

Long Red and I had to climb into the hills in order to find some wilderness, but even then we couldn't get away from the sound of the power-boats.

There are very damn few lakes in Southern and Central Ontario which have not suffered this fate. Part of the story lies in over-population and post-war

# co-opting the n.d.p.

Before the last provincial convention of the Ontario New Democratic Party, Professor John Wilson of the University of Waterloo politics department prepared a policy paper arguing that to capture the vote of the electorate, the party must be both "progressive and conservative."

This, wrote Professor Wilson, was the mood of Ontario's electorate. From all appearances he was correct.

The Ontario electorate is progressive in that it expects, and indeed, desires change from its government. There is throughout the province an unshakable belief that things can be made better; that changes can and should be made; in short, in the traditional liberal ethic of progress.

It is, however, at the same time conservative. It tends to shy away from radical rhetoric and change-the-world type exhortations. What it likes is the impression of vigorous, active and yet responsible — yes ever-so-responsible—administration.

Prof. Wilson's description of the Ontario electorate has been heartily endorsed by the chief policy theoretician of the Ontario NDP, Desmond Morton, a professor of history at Erindale College. He has consistently used this viewpoint, both at conventions and at meetings of the party's Provincial Council, the supreme governing body between conventions.

Prof. Morton is also the man responsible for the party's so-called "maxi-program", which purports to be a broad outline of the party's program. In this document the word "socialist" is used only once.

Describing the document, Stephen Penner, NDP candidate in the provincial election for Dovercourt riding and chairman of the Ontario Waffle steering

committee, called it "a watering down of the party's program as passed by convention".

Mr. Penner, perhaps went to extremes. Prof. Morton scrupulously avoided openly contradicting convention policy. He did his utmost however to couch it in terms that implied not even a tinge of radicalism but only a simple, intelligently thought out commitment to progressive, vigorous, active but ever-so-responsible administration. In other words the impression one gets from the "maxi-program" is that of a party that is "both progressive and conservative".

It is against this background, against the failure of the NDP to put forward its most emphasized policies in the context of an ideological overview that envisages a fundamental change in the structure of our society, that Ontario Premier William Davis' wholesale thievery of NDP election planks must be viewed.

First, the Spadina Expressway. Mr. Davis stopped it. In at least one riding, St. Andrew-St. Patrick, the NDP was counting on its opposition to the expressway to mobilize massive public support. That thunder has now been stolen. (It is probably no coincidence, by the way, that the present member for that riding, Allen Grossman, is a member of Mr. Davis' Cabinet).

At the 1961 Provincial Council meeting in Niagara Falls during which the party first went on record as opposing the expressway, the following arguments were put forward by speakers: it would dislocate people; it would divide the Annex and other communities; it would contribute to pollution by bringing more cars into the city.

Had the party couched the issue in class terms instead, pointing out that

most of the people who would suffer because of the expressway were working-class while most of the people who would benefit were upper or middle-class, it would have been possible to portray the expressway as just another example of the ruthless exploitation of the working class by the capitalists. A citation of the profits that would be made by the private construction companies involved in building the expressway would simply have added fuel to this argument.

A class-oriented socialist critique of the expressway would have made it a lot more difficult to buy Mr. Grossman his seat. After all, who isn't against putting people first, preserving communities and preventing pollution? Certainly not the Tories, especially at election time!

Second, no-fault auto insurance. The main emphasis in the NDP's proposal for state-run auto insurance has been its no-fault nature. The fact it would be state-owned has been played down, but no-fault insurance is no anathema to the capitalists, as Premier Wacky Bennett's actions in B.C. have proven. But state-run insurance certainly is. So again, Mr. Davis had no difficulty stealing the thunder.

Third, the lowering of the age of majority to 18. This is clearly an attempt to undo Toryism's bad image with younger people. NDP leader Stephen Lewis applauded the move as one his party has long advocated. But the move, unfortunately, has no real socialist content. The fact that this policy was in the NDP platform is because the NDP, being possessed of an abnormally obstreperous youth section and not being hidebound by the view that any politically active youth is a wet-behind-the-ears-know-nothing, has never thought of leaving it out. But one

must still ask the question: Since the NDP admits as a full member, with all rights and privileges, anyone over the age of 14, why does the party not advocate that age as the age of majority?

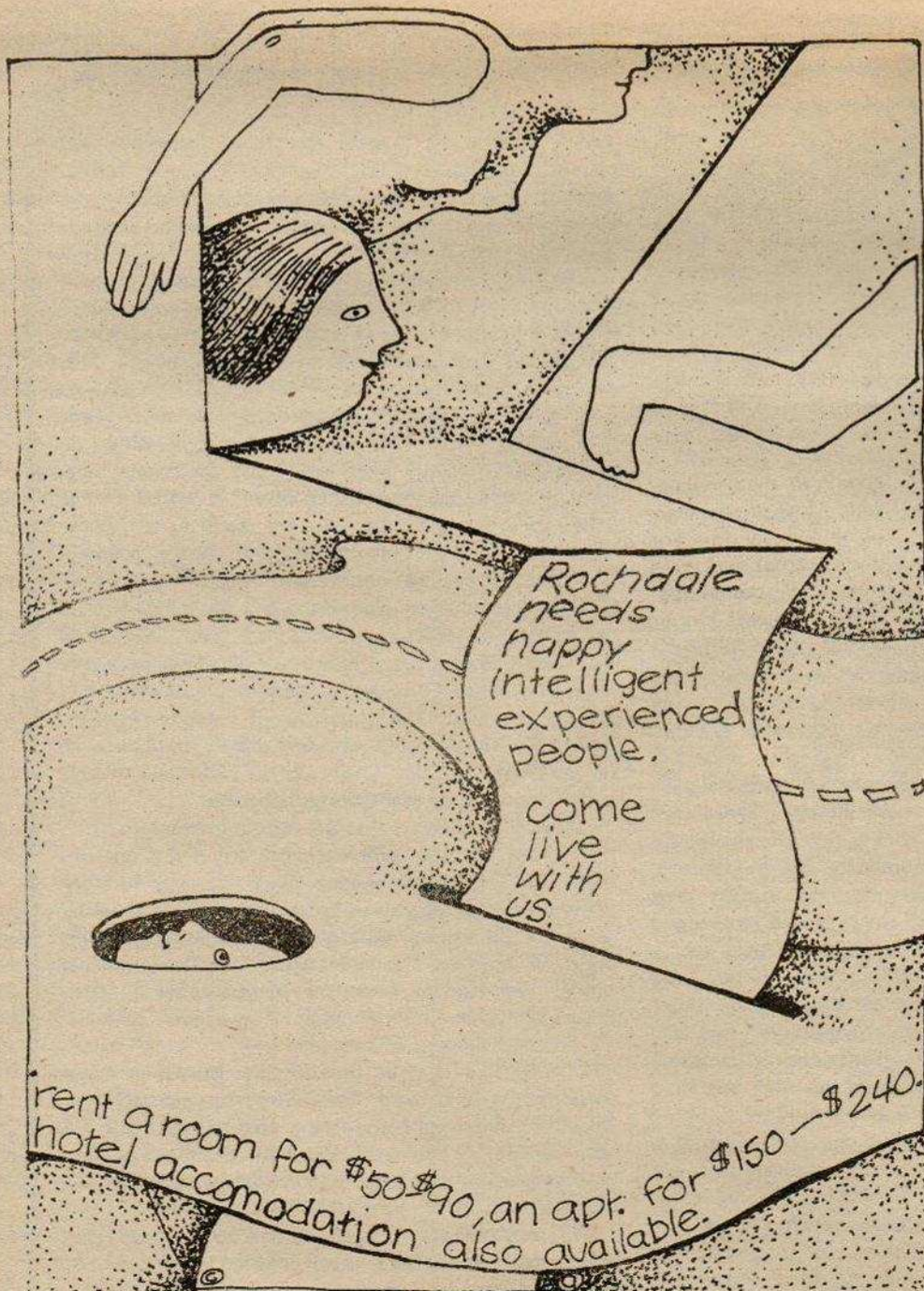
The point of all the above is simple: by appropriating key elements of the NDP program, elements that are acceptable to the Tories because of the NDP's failure to link them inextricably to a socialist ideological overview, the Tories have effectively stolen the NDP's key vote-getters and at the same time conferred upon themselves the image of being both "progressive and conservative".

If the NDP had couched these issues as part of a socialist ideological overview, the result might have been different. Mr. Davis would certainly not want to be accused of stealing socialist programs.

Thus we must ask the inevitable question. Could the NDP, as an electorally oriented party, ever come to power on a principled socialist program, organically united as part of a single ideological, political, sociological, historical and anthropological overview of the capitalist system?

The only way to learn is to try. There is still time to do so before the election. Then we may find out just how progressive that conservative electorate is. If a rationally presented socialist program can present itself as being just as active, vigorous and responsible as any other, we may be happily surprised the ball is now in the NDP's court. Can it hit it back across the net?

Edwin Howard



## THE MORALITY SQUAD HAS NO BUSINESS IN THE BOOKSTORES OF THE NATION

### DO YOU AGREE?

### THEN WRITE TO:

Minister of Justice and Attorney General  
Hon. J. N. Turner, O.C., P.C., M.P.  
Justice Dept., Justice Building  
Wellington St., Ottawa 4, Ont.



OLYMPIA BOOKS  
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364 Yonge & 130 King W

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329 Yonge

# short bursts



## AERONAUTICAL ANTI-SEX LEAGUE

DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Crawford, a human guinea pig for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has just received \$800 in back pay after losing his job after refusing to take a "no sex" pledge in relation to an experiment.

The shit hit the fan when two members of an experiment had had their wives sneak into the isolation chambers on the weekends and both "guinea pigs" came down with VD. In handing down the decision, the judge said that it was unreasonable to assume that a man would give up sex merely because he had agreed to take part in an unrelated experiment.

## MAFIA/POLICE LIBERATIONISTS?

PALERMO, Italy—Antonietta Bagarella has become the first woman ever to be named by the Sicilian police as a suspected member of the Mafia. Police claim that Miss Bagarella, a former physical training instructor and a member of a well-known Mafia family, is one of the top brains in the organization.

## NOTHING WORTH MORE BLOOD

MIAMI, Florida—"There is nothing to be won in Indochina that is worth one more drop of blood," states a resolution adopted July 8th by the International Brotherhood of Teamsters in their convention held in Miami Beach. The Teamster's peace resolution calls on President Nixon to pull U.S. troops out of Southeast Asia.

Even the workers (hardhats) have had it with the war. Amerika's largest can't be entirely out of agreement with its membership.

## UN-MARTIAL LAW ARMY ROCK CONCERT

FORT ORD—The Voluntary Army rock concert, with the Canned Heat and free beer, flopped miserably as a shuck to the Army's new "groovy" image. Racist MP's (military police in US army jargon) along with the free beer managed to spark a combination race riot and free-for-all when the MP's proceeded to raid the crowd taking away only blacks, and tear-gassing the crowd.

The G.I.'s later took to the streets, trashing Freyhound buses, and smashing the drill sergeant training school (Fort Ord is for trainees, after all). After all quieted down, the Captain stated that the MP's had declared un-martial law when they were beating people and asking questions later.

## HIS ASS AS SWEET AS WINE

Playboy's Amerika—"Because an active man doesn't perspire just under the arms," runs an euphemistic ad for cock and balls BO spray in the latest issue of Playboy magazine. The implication of this statement is that INACTIVE men don't have smelly pricks; implying further that ACTIVE men get odorous cocks by balling women who don't use their "feminine hygiene" crtoch spray. I suppose the next step in eliminating anti-social odor will be a "Rectal Hygiene Spray" for the considerate gays.

# "HELL NO, WE WON'T GO!"

"Hell no, we won't go!" is now the battle cry of the South of St. James Town Tenants' Association.

"Our fight is right!" said Roberta Sankey of the association. She was one of about 100 ratepayers and tenants belonging to the Confederation of Ratepayers' and Residents' Associations (CORRA), which called a public meeting July 14th in a City Hall committee room to investigate the Meridian Group of developers' blockbusting tactics in the core area of Toronto.

When Meridian representatives and a large number of municipal politicians failed to show, the informal get-together became a roller coaster of criticism against Meridian and of support for Bleeker Street citizens who lie in the path of Meridian's plans, for St. James Town South.

The Grange Park residents' association—also from the core area, said, "We're fully behind South of St. James Town Tenants. They're going to live where they want to, not where Meridian wants."

"Our association is fully behind you," echoed another group.

"Meridian is running scared," said still another group. "We'll do everything you want us to."

The East York ratepayers support the South of St. James Town people. The Queen and Coxwell Just Society supports the St. James Towners.

Ellen Adams voiced the support given by the Avenue-Bay-Cottingham (ABC) association. She also spoke as Ontario New Democratic Party Leader Stephen Lewis's administrative assistant and pledged the support of that party. NDP organizer, Ian Deans, did likewise. Giles Endicott, NDP provincial candidate in St. David's riding, sent a telegram of support and a Liberal representative from the same riding also promised support.

Edith Heidelberg, administrative assistant to Donald S. MacDonald, federal Defence Minister and MP for the area, promised to pass on any information to him but refused to give support.

Derek Hayes, a member of CORRA, chaired the meeting and implored those present: "You get out and vote for a reform alderman that puts people first and concrete, cars and high rises second."

All members of the City of Toronto Council had been invited to the meeting that got under way in City Hall Committee Room No. 1 at 8 p.m. But only Tony O'Donohue and David Rotenberg showed up. Even then they were an hour late. Both Sewell and Jaffary, alderman for the core area, couldn't make it because of meeting or speech commitments.

O'Donohue came "with the intention of learning. City Hall is removed from the people." But, he admitted nothing else of any consequence and Rotenberg wasn't even that good, saying only, "I'm listening." Neither are respected by core area residents.

Perti Kuhlverg, a tenant of the Ontario Housing Corporation in Regent Park, told of walls already falling in a high rise only two years old. He said first his neighbour's side of a common wall collapsed. Then at 3 a.m. one morning his side fell.

OHC said his wall fell because his neighbour's wall had fallen but failed to say why that fell. A few weeks later the Kuhlvergs lost a kitchen wall. Kuhlverg said the building he lives in stands crooked.

This sparked debate on how long high rise developments are built for before they are, in turn, forced to be redeveloped by City Housing and Health Inspectors. This alluded to a charge made earlier by Carol Watson, another resident in Toronto's core, that "Meridian wanted the houses run down so they could be torn down." She means that when houses are in bad repair, the city usually gives the developer the right to expropriate them in the name of environmental improvement or development.

Roberta Sankey told the packed room that 300 people in the St. James Town area had been served notice of eviction. She replied by serving notice on City Hall:

"We put them there. They better get moving because if they don't, they won't be there next year." Civic elections will be held in December, 1972. Alderman John Sewell has been lobbying people to run for council so that some sort of progressive bloc may be formed. He already has eight such potential candidates interested.

There were repeated comments on the amount of time, money and effort that people had spent on improving their homes and of how inspectors were now quite willing to visit any house on Bleeker Street, for example, without any qualms about the condition of the house.

The meeting then shifted to tactics and the approach that Stopped Spadina seemed to be approved by consensus. It was stated that about 30,000 people had to be involved and that there could be a donation of only \$1.00 collected from all interested persons. This would easily pay for a top notch lawyer.

Many people supported this idea.

Mrs. Sankey announced a plan of laying assault charges on the police when they attempt to drag people from their homes on or after August 31. She explained that this would tie things up in court for a long time and eventually Meridian would have to abandon its plans altogether.

There was much discussion on re-zoning of the South of St. James Town area. Most people want a lower density (ratio of total floor area of a building to the lot area) and would get this if the area was designated "general" not "core." Present building codes mean a density of 4.375, the present figure, would already force Meridian to go pretty high because a developer can only build on half of the lot while a private homeowner could take up much more of the lot. Anyhow, Meridian still is not satisfied, they want to go higher. City Hall has not yet approved a change in zoning.

The meeting was heckled for a time by a Greenwich tenant who espouses high rise apartments. He blamed a loss of recreation facilities in his unit "on shit disturbers who broke windows." The scene was very tense but eventually Hayes talked him into leaving the room.

A Ray Spaxman of the planning board said, "We are not the decision makers; we are advisors (to City Council)." Few were impressed.

As August 31st approaches, the forces gather and an indication of what might happen might come today, July 21.

St. James Town once again is before the city fathers. Meanwhile, some 242 letters have been sent all over Canada soliciting support for the 300 would be evictees.

The fruit of Phillip Roth's iniquity

in St. James Town followed him home to 1 Reddick Court in Willowdale last Monday night (July 12).

And, regrettably, the South of St. James Town Tenants who organized the demonstration found that the sin—exploitation of people—runs in the Roth family.

The picketers appeared about 7:30 p.m.

The St. James Towners were protesting Roth's intention of evicting them from their homes on Bleeker Street near Wellesley so that a group of high rise apartment buildings may be built. Not only are the residents opposed to the high rises but they don't want to move from the houses they have worked hard to fix up.

Toronto Telegram photographer Ed Regan told *Guerrilla* the following about Phillip Roth, Senior, father of the Meridian Group company (Rose Park Investments) owner:

"I was taking pictures, covering the scene, when he attacked me, pushed me into the bushes (around the plush town house) before the police surrounded him and led him into the house. He pushed me into the bushes and chased me across the street (Englemount) and I wasn't even on his property."

Ed is considering laying charges.

Up to 50 people, children included, picketed about 1½ hours otherwise incident free. They handed out leaflets to the curious onlookers:

"Did you know that your neighbour, Phillip Roth, is throwing out into the street over 200 people in the South of St. James Town area?"

"At a meeting in his office with some of these tenants, Mr. Roth explained that he is under pressure from his (Meridian) associates to be more decisive and aggressive, and that now, in his own words, he had to "prove his manhood" by throwing us out.

"He is doing this in order to build high rise, high rent apartment buildings.

"But there has been no approval yet (from City Hall) of a zoning change to permit high rises; and Mr. Roth himself admitted that even if the re-zoning were approved immediately, they would not be able to start construction for at least 16 to 18 months.

"One reason for these evictions is to stop the people there from participating in the planning of the area.

"Most of the people that are going to be directly affected by this are large (6-8 children) low-income families. These people, even in the best of times, find it hard to rent a place large enough, at a price they can afford. When about 14 such families are being evicted, all around the same date, the persons responsible should be asked why this is happening, especially when it will be 16 to 18 months before any use will be made of that land."

One of Roth's neighbours is Allan Grossman, Ontario's Minister of Trade and Development, who lives at 11 Reddick Court.

Just before the St. James Towners departed, they retired to the nearby grass lot at Chater Court and Englemount. The lot is about 100 feet by 250 feet and such a lot is found on every other block in the Bathurst-Lawrence area. The biggest homes are three level triplexes—in contrast to the 20-odd-storey buildings of St. James Town where there are no parks at all.

"They don't know how to look after their houses," one middle class woman said.

The tragedy of class exploitation continues.

# GAY MANIFESTO♂<sup>2</sup>

by carl whittman  
(slightly revised by Guerilla Staff)

At that point, objectification eclipses people, and expresses self-hatred: "I hate gay people, and I don't like myself, but if a stud (or chicken) wants to make it with me, I can pretend I'm someone other than me."

A note on exploitation of children: kids can take care of themselves, and are sexual beings way earlier than we'd like to admit. Those of us who began cruising in early adolescence know this, and we were doing the cruising, not being debauched by dirty old men. Scandals such as the one in Boise, Idaho — blaming a "ring" of homosexuals for perverting their youth — are the fabrications of press and police and politicians. And as for child molesting, the overwhelming amount is done by straight guys to little girls: it is not particularly a gay problem, and is caused by the frustrations resulting from anti-sex puritanism.

5. Perversion: "We've been called perverts enough to be suspect of any usage of the word. Still many of us shrink from the idea of certain kinds of sex: with animals sado/masochism, dirty sex (involving piss or shit). Right off, even before we take the time to learn any more, there are some things to get straight:

1. we shouldn't be apologetic to straights about gays whose sex lives we don't understand or share;

2. it's not particularly a gay issue, except that gay people probably are less hung up about sexual experimentation.

3. let's get perspective: even if we were to get into the game of deciding what's good for someone else, the harm done in these 'perversions' is undoubtedly less dangerous or unhealthy than is tobacco or alcohol.

4. While they can be reflections of neurotic or self-hating patterns, they may also be enactments of spiritual or important phenomena: e.g. sex with animals may be the beginning of interspecies communication: some dolphin-human break-throughs have been made on the sexual level; e.g. one guy who says he digs shit during sex occasionally says it's not the taste or texture, but a symbol that he's so far into sex that those things no longer bug him; e.g. sado/masochism, when consensual, can be described as a highly artistic endeavour, a ballet the constraints of which are the thresholds of pain and pleasure.

## ON OUR GHETTO

We are refugees from Amerika. So we came to the ghetto — and as other ghettos, it has its negative and positive aspects. Refugee camps are better than what preceeded them, or people never would have come. But they are still enslaving, if only that we are limited to being ourselves there and only there.

Ghettos breed self-hatred. We stagnate here, accepting the status quo. The status quo is rotten. We are all warped by our oppression, and in the isolation-of

the ghetto we blame ourselves rather than our oppressors.

Ghettos breed exploitation: Landlords find they can charge exorbitant rents and get away with it, because of the limited area which is safe to live in openly. Mafia control of bars and baths in NYC is only one example of outside money controlling our institutions for their profit. In San Francisco the Tavern Guild favours maintaining the ghetto, for it is through ghetto culture that they make a buck. We crowd their bars not because of their merit but because of the absence of any other social institution. The Guild has refused to let us collect defense funds or pass out gay liberation literature in their bars — need we ask why?

Police or con men who shake down the straight gay in return for not revealing him; the bookstores and movie makers who keep raising prices because they are the only outlet for pornography; heads of 'modeling' agencies and other pimps who exploit both the hustlers and the johns — these are the parasites who flourish in the ghetto.

Toronto Ghetto or Free Territory: Our ghetto is certainly freer than the rest of Canada. That's why we're here. But it isn't ours. Capitalists make money off us, cops patrol us, government tolerates us as long as we shut up, and daily we work for and pay taxes to those who oppress us.

To be a free territory, we must govern ourselves, set up our institutions, defend ourselves, and use our own energies to improve our lives. We must organize gay communes and our own community newspaper. The talk about a gay liberation coffee shop/dance hall should be acted upon. Rural retreats, political action offices, food cooperatives, a free school, unalienating bars and after hour places — they must be developed if we are to have even the shadow of a free territory.

## ON SEX

Sex is both creative expression and communication: good when it is either, and better when it is both. Sex can also be aggression, and usually is when those involved do not see each other as equals — and it can ALSO be perfunctory, when we are distracted or preoccupied. These used spoil what is good about it.

I like to think of good sex in terms of playing the violin: with both people on one level seeing the other body as an object capable of creating beauty when they play it well and on a second level the players communicating through their mutual production and appreciation of beauty. As in good music, you get totally into it — and coming back out of that state of consciousness is like finishing a work of art or coming back from an episode of an acid or mescaline trip. And to press the analogy further, the variety of music is infinite and varied, depending on the capabilities of



the players, both as subjects and as objects. Solos, duets, quartets (symphonies, even, if you happen to dig Romantic music!) are possible. The variations in

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gender, response, and bodies are like different instruments. And perhaps what we have called sexual "orientation" probably just means that we have not yet learned to turn on to the total range of musical expression.

When *objectification* occurs, people are merely sexual objects — but they are also subjects, and are human beings who appreciate themselves as object and subject. This use of human bodies as objects is legitimate (not harmful) only when it is reciprocal. If one person is always object and the other subject, it stifles the human being in both of them. Objectification must also be open and frank. By silence we often assume or let the other person assume that sex means commitments — if it does, OK — but if not, say it. (Of course, it's not all that simple — our capabilities for manipulation are unfathomed — all we can do is try.)

Gay liberation people must understand that women have been treated exclusively and dishonestly as sexual objects. A major part of their liberation is to play down sexual objectification and to develop other aspects of themselves which have been smothered so long. We respect this. We also understand that a few liberated women will be appalled or disgusted at the open and prominent place that we put sex in our lives; and while this is a natural response from their experience, they must learn what it means for us.

For us, sexual objectification is a focus of our quest for freedom. It is precisely that which we are not supposed to share with each other. Learning how to be open and good with each other sexually is part of our liberation. And one obvious distinction — objectification of sex for us is something we choose to do among ourselves, while for women it is imposed by their oppressors.

Much of our sexuality has been perverted through mimicry of straights, and warped from self-hatred. These sexual perversions are basically anti-gay:—

"I like to make it with straight guys."

"I'm not gay, but I like to be 'done'."

"I like to fuck, but don't want to be fucked."

"I don't like to be touched above the neck."

This is role playing at its worst — we must transcend these roles. We strive for democratic, mutual, reciprocal sex. This does not mean that we are all mirror images of each other in bed, but that we break away from roles which enslave us. We already do better in bed than straights do, and we can be better to each other than we have been.

Face it — nice bodies and young bodies are attributes, they're groovy. They are inspiration for art, for spiritual elevation, for good sex. The problem arises only in the inability to relate to people of the same age, or people who don't fit the plastic stereotypes of a good body.

## ON COALITION

Right now the bulk of our work has to be among ourselves — self educating, fending off attacks, and building free territory. Thus basically we have to have a gay/straight vision of the world until the oppression of gays is ended.

But not every straight is our enemy. Many of us have mixed identities, and have ties with other liberation movements: women, blacks, other minority groups: we may also have taken on an identity which is vital to us: ecology, dope, ideology. And face it: we can't change Amerika alone:

Who do we look to for coalition?

1. Women's Liberation: summarizing earlier statements 1) they are our closest ally; we must try hard to get together with them. 2) a lesbian caucus is probably the best way to attack male chauvinism, and challenge the straightness of women's liberation; 3) as males we must be sensitive to their developing identities as women, and respect that; if we know what our freedom is about, they certainly know what's best for them.

2. Black Liberation: This is tenuous right now because of the uptightness and supermasculinity of many black men (which is understandable). Despite that, we must support their movement, particularly when they are under attack from the establishment; we must show them that we mean business; and we must figure out which our common enemies are: police, city hall, capitalism.

3. White radicals and ideologues: We're not, as a group, Marxist or communist. We haven't figured out what kind of political/economic system is good for us as gays. Neither capitalist or socialist countries have treated us as anything other than *non grata* so far.

But we know we are radical, in that we know the system that we're under now is a direct source of oppression, and it's not a question of getting our share of the pie. The pie is rotten.

We can look forward to coalition and mutual support with radical groups if they are able to transcend their anti-gay and male chauvinist patterns. We support radical and militant demands when they arise, e.g. Moratorium, People's Park; but only as a group; we can't compromise or soft-peddle our gay identity.

Problems: because radicals are doing somebody else's thing, they tend to avoid issues which affect them directly, and see us as jeopardizing their 'work' with other groups (workers, blacks) Some years ago a dignitary of SDS on a community organization project announced at an initial staff meeting that there would be no homosexuality (or dope) on the project. And recently in New York, a movement group which had a

coffee-house get-together after a political rally told the gays to leave when they started dancing together. (It's interesting to note that in this case, the only two groups which supported us were Women's Liberation and the Crazies).

Perhaps most fruitful would be to broach with radicals their stifled homosexuality and the issues which arise from challenging sexual roles.

5. Hip and street people: A major dynamic of rising gay lib sentiment is the hip revolution within the gay community. Emphasis on love, dropping out, being honest, expressing yourself through hair and clothes, and smoking dope are all attributes of this. The gays who are the least vulnerable to attack by the establishment have been the freest to express themselves on gay liberation.

We can make a direct appeal to young people, who are not so up tight about homosexuality. One kid, after having his first sex with a male, said "I don't know what all the fuss is about, making it with a girl just isn't that different."

The hip/street culture has led people into a lot of freeing activities: encounter/sensitivity, the quest for reality, freeing territory for the people, ecological consciousness, communes. These are real points of agreement and probably will make it easier for them to get their heads straight about homosexuality, too.

6. Homophile groups: 1) reformist or pokey as they sometimes are, they are our brothers. They'll grow as we have grown and grow. Do not attack them in straight or mixed company. 2) ignore their attack on us. 3) cooperate where cooperation is possible without essential compromise of our identity.

## CONCLUSION: AN OUTLINE OF IMPERATIVES FOR GAY LIBERATION

1. Free ourselves: come out everywhere; initiate self defense and political activity; initiate counter community institutions.

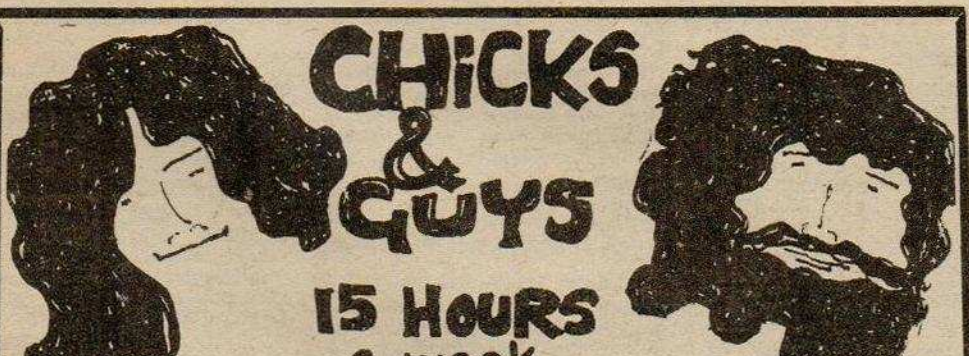
2. Turn other gay people on: talk all the time; understand, forgive, accept.

3. Free the homosexual in everyone: we'll be getting a good bit of shit from threatened latents: be gentle, and keep talking & acting free.

4. We've been playing an act for a long time, so we're consummate actors. Now we can begin *to be*, and it'll be a good show!

This article has been reprinted with revisions from the "Red Butterfly" series of Gay Liberation Front pamphlets. There is now a group organized in Toronto who share many of Carl Wittman's ideas. They are known as Toronto Gay Action.

Mailing address of Toronto Gay Action is 201 Queen St. East, Toronto 227, Ont. Meetings are at The Hall, 19 Huron St. every Sunday at 8:00 p.m.



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**WEDNESDAY, JULY 21st**

Militant Co-op. Regular unemployed meeting. 8:00 p.m. 2nd floor lounge Rochdale.

Toronto Women's Caucus - meeting every Wed. at 188 Adelaide St., West, 7:30 p.m.

The Hall. Commune Meeting at 7 pm.

Legal Clinic. 8 - 10 pm. New Morning Centre. 19 Baldwin

The Hall - Natural childbirth classes every Wed. Thru to Sept 15. Upstairs at 7 pm. for information call 363-5386.

Kids Rhythm Band is part of the Rochfestival from 1 to 4 pm at Rochdale.

Celebrate GOD'S BIRTHDAY by gathering in front of Hart House (or where ever Wacheea is located at that time). There will be music in the evening. Bring food.

There will be a country and western at 8:30 pm in Riverdale Park, on Broadview above Ferrard. Free.

Seven Sinners and Dishonored with Marlene Bietrich will show for \$1.50 at OISE at 7:30 pm.

**THURSDAY JULY 22nd**

A jam with all instruments welcome runs from 1 to 4 pm. at Rochdale as part of the Rochfestival.

John Cassavetes' Husbands is showing at Carr Hall, St. Joseph St. at Queen's Park at 8:30 pm. Admission \$1.

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra will give a free concert at Ontario Place at 8:30 pm Unfortunately it cost \$1.00 to get into Ontario Place. Yech. However if you are that way drop in and hear the concert. It's really fine.

OISE - The Smiling Lieutenant, featuring Ernst Lubitsch. Cost \$1 at 7:30 and 9:30 pm.

Hart House - Jazz concert with Henry Cuesta Sextet at 12:45 pm.

Royal Conservatory of Music - Chamber Music for Youth, recital. 8:30 at Concert Hall in the Edward Johnson Bldg.

Musicians Cooperative starting at the Hall. It's a body that may help connect people to music and musicians to bread. Begins at 6 pm. Phone 863-0275 or ask for Brian at 922-5079.

**FRIDAY, JULY 23rd**

League for Student Democracy coffee-house. Every Friday at 8:30 pm. Free coffee and donuts. Free music and talk.

Theatre Passe Muraille - rock, folk, jazz and classical music at 11:30 pm. \$1 donation to cover expenses. 11 Trinity Square, 2 blocks South of Dundas off Yonge.

New Morning Centre - Political Education Class. 8 to 10:00 pm.

The finale to the Street Music part of Rochfestival takes place from 1 to 4 pm at Rochdale.

Pas de Deux is one of three films showing at the Innis House Drop-in Centre, 63 St. George St. at 7:30 pm.

Summer Centre Theatre presents a performance of Pinter sketches at 12:45 pm at Hart House.

**SATURDAY, JULY 24th**

Crafts market in Trinity Square all afternoon, weather permitting.

**SUNDAY, JULY 25th**

Toronto Gay Action - meets at the Hall, 19 Huron St. at 8:00 pm.

Royal Conservatory of Music - Anton Kuerti is giving a piano recital at the concert hall at the Edward Johnson Bldg. 8:30 pm Admission for adults \$3.00, students, \$2.00.

Hare Krishna has a vegetarian spiritual feast with chanting, dancing and lectures. 4 pm at 182 Gerrard E. (Many thanks to Cedric for corrections on the address.)

The Hall holds a Flea Market every Sunday at noon. 19 Huron St. Get it on.

Toronto Free University community organizing and media. 3 pm. at 331 Davisville.

A picnic is being held on Hanlan's Point from 2 to 9 pm with theatre like THOG, folk musicians, chants courtesy of Hare Krishna, etc. Bring your own food and some for others if possible.

Toronto Theosophical Society general meeting at 7:30 pm. It is a general discussion, all are welcome to listen, ask questions and express opinions. (Thanks again for your corrections, Cedric. It's nice to know someone is reading my page if only to find errors.)

**MONDAY, JULY 26th**

Royal Conservatory of Music presents their Summer School Choir and Electronic Music Studio in their premiere performance on special commission for the summer school at The Great Hall in Hart House. 8:30.

The Hall is having an Alternate Society Meeting at 19 Huron St. 9 pm. If you'd like to work with them, feel free to come on over.

The rock group, ROSE, will give a free concert at the Toronto Dominion Centre, King at Bay, at noon.

Factory Theatre Lab "Folk Might" begins at nine. Admission \$1.00. 374 Dupont. Call 921-5989.

Hart House shows "Civilization" at 12:45 pm.

The Hall is having their usual communal education meeting at 19 Huron 8 pm. Call 863-0275.

At 11 am at the Hall Yoga classes are held. (I've been wanting to go down but unfortunately I'm stuck here at the paper that day. Always wanted to meet that bear. Puts out forest fires or something doesn't he?)

**TUESDAY, JULY 27th**

The Hall - Student's International Meditation Society - Introductory talks on Transcendental Meditation. 8:00 pm. 19 Huron 863-0275.

Birth control meeting at 188 Adelaide St. West, third floor at 7:30 pm. For all those interested in coordinating a birth control program during the summer for a campaign in the fall. Both men and women welcome.

Community Homophile Association of Toronto (CHAT) invites you to a general meeting happening next and every second Tuesday at 8:00 pm. Located at Trinity Church.

Toronto Free University - Yoga. 8:00 pm. at 265 Gerrard St. East.

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra will give a free concert at Ontario Place in the Forum at 8:30 pm.

Showing at OISE at 1:30 pm for the exhorbitant price of \$1.50 my favorite and yours. W.C. Fields in "Old Fashioned Way" and "Never Give a Sucker an even Break".

Open Studio holds a figure drawing class at 3 pm located at 310 Queen St. W. Donations for the model.

Are you ready for this? You can learn how to play checkers. Yes that's what I said, checkers, for free no less, at 8 pm at 265 Gerrard. Or better still come one down here and I'll teach you how, and charge you if it will make you feel better.

Free duplicate bridge at Hart House at 6:45 pm.

The Hall - at 7:30 pm. Survival Course. 19 Huron. Call 863-0275.

**MISCELLANEOUS**

Dear Cedric, Keep those cards and letters coming in. Luv, Steph.

Art Gallery of Ontario - Tues. and Thurs. are free.

August 20 - 25, Cross Canada Socialist Educational Conference at the University of Waterloo, sponsored by Young Socialist League for Socialist Action. For info get to 334 Queen St. W. or call 363-9618.

JOIN - Jobs or Income Now is an organization handled by the Y.M.C.A. located at 171 Harbord. Open Monday thru Satu. from 10 am to 10 pm.



Truckers - 300 Bloor St. W. Open Sunday thru Thursday 8 til 1:00. Cover 50 cents (but don't sweat it). Co-sponsoring music and drama festival with Studio Lab Theatre on the grounds of St. Peter's Church, Bathurst north of Bloor.

Cover 50 cents (but don't sweat it). Co-sponsoring music and drama festival with Studio Lab Theatre on the grounds of St. Peter's Church, Bathurst north of Bloor.

Nursing mothers and babies get together on the second and fourth Thrus. of each month. at 19 Darcy. Phone for help anytime at 363-5386.

12 Sussex Day-Care Centre needs men and women able to devote a few hours a week to some beautiful babies. Phone 925-7495. Also The Rummage Sale mentioned in last weeks ad has been cancelled.

Art Gallery of Ontario will be showing the Collection of the Canada Council from July 24 to August 15. Tuesdays and Thursdays are free days.

TAPS - Toronto Alternate Press Service wants people who have previously worked on a high school newspaper to please come in to rap and/or work. Located at 201 Queen St. East. Third floor above Guerilla.

AUGUR is a Canadian Student travel program with a cost of \$50 to go to the Canadian Coast and back. (Which coast I'm not sure but for that price it doesn't sound as if you'd get past Lake Ontario.) Call 491-7734.

Central Heighbourhood House (349 Ontario St.) needs volunteers Tuesdays and Thursdays to supervise children going to Claremont for the day. Call 925-4363.

Summer Centre Theatre at 4 Glen Morris (1 block north of Harbord east of Spadina) needs volunteer help. The people there put on free amateur plays. Call Paul Mulholland at 651-3253.

Factory Theatre Lab - Dance classes. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 8 am. 374 Dupont St. Call 921-5989.

St. Lawrence Centre for the Arts. Theatre-round. Free theatre for kids 15 and up (even big kids). A theatre experience. Every day from 10 am to 4 pm or so at the stage door or the Centre. Bring a lunch. Includes mime, movement, acting and productions.

The Hall - Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Yoga at 11 am, 19 Huron.

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 further information call Joan Döron at 929-0427.

The Young Socialists have opened their office as a sort of drop-in centre - anyone can come over to talk politics. 334 Queen St. West.

Meeting of the Minds - a summer free school set up by project S.O.L.E. at 750 Spadina Ave. at Bloor St. For more information call 921-4181.

Neill-Wycik Repertoire Cinema is showing "The Bride Who Wore Black" starring Jeanne Moreau on July 22nd, 23rd, 24th at 7 and 9 pm. On Friday there is a special midnight show for all you night people. Admission \$1.50 per person.

**DAILY**

New - a new youth clinic has been set up by some people at Women's College Hospital. Staffed by doctor and psychiatrist. It is open Mondays from 2 pm. For appointments call 966-7211.

St. Alphonsus Centre is a referral service, open from 9 am to 4 pm. Interpretation of government papers. 60 Atlas near Dufferin and St. Clair. Phone 654-0149.

12 Madison Summer Program. Free luggage storage for transient youth, free medical clinics, counselling, and an expanded version of their community housing project. 36 College St. Call 920-9210 or 966-5010.

Canadian Guild of Potters - 100 Avenue Rd. Come and visit. Admission is free. Phone 623-1803 for more information.

Riverdale Zoo and Park located Winchester St. at Sumach is happening daily from 10:30 to 4:30 pm. Free.

Toronto Anti-Draft has a new location at 11-1/2 Spadina Rd. (above Bloor) Call 920-0247.

Hare Krishna - back to yoga. 7:30 to 9:30 pm. 182 Gerrard St. East.

New Morning Centre - 19 Baldwin St. Free food daily 4 to 6 pm. Clothing exchange, birth control information and a street library.

The dance classes that used to be held at the Hall are now being held at Factory Theatre. 6 pm Monday to Friday.

Operation Family Rights is a program of family counselling, selfare and family benefits, and legal service. Four in the group are law students. On call 9:30 to 4:30 pm. 310 Danforth Ave. Call 461-3801.

Factory Theatre Lab is having previews of the play "Red Revolutionary" adapted and directed by Ken Gass, Wednesday to Saturday at 9 pm. \$2.00 for adults and \$1.00 for students. 74 Dupont St.

Thursday Noon on the Square - Issues and Personalities on the Toronto scene - good food for sale, open discussion free. This week speakers will be St. James Town residents. 12:10 to 1 p.m. at Holy Trinity Church, west of Yonge, two blocks south of Dundas.

**fine fone numbers**

Antinomy . . . . .	923-8741	St. Raymond's Centre (legal advice) . . . . .	537-9696
Birth Control and Abortion . . . . .	533-9006	Scadding House (drop-in centre) . . . . .	368-0188
Campus Daycare Centre . . . . .	925-7495	Scott Mission, 502 Spadina . . . . .	924-4437
Canadian Indian Centre of Toronto . . . . .	962-2001	Social Planning Council, 55 York . . . . .	363-4971
CHAT . . . . .	964-0653	Stepping Stone, 165 Avenue Rd. . . . .	923-3369
Chruch of the Holy Trinity . . . . .	362-2595	Stop Over, 40 College . . . . .	921-7971
Connection . . . . .	595-6100	Stop 21 (for women, 21 McGill) . . . . .	368-1801
Digger House . . . . .	929-5527	Street Haven (free meals for women) . . . . .	920-9111
Civil Liberties . . . . .	363-0118	TAPS . . . . .	864-1902
Emergency (Fire, Ambulance) . . . . .	361-1111	Theatre Passe Muraille . . . . .	366-3376
Factory Lab Theatre . . . . .	921-5989	Toronto Anti-draft . . . . .	481-0241
Grass Roots . . . . .	863-0275	Toronto Free Youth Clinic, 252, Dupont . . . . .	925-6223
Grotto . . . . .	924-6178	Toronto Women's Caucus . . . . .	368-6583
Guerilla . . . . .	864-1902	TTC . . . . .	487-2424
The Hall . . . . .	863-0275	This Magazine is About Schools . . . . .	364-3333
League for Student Democracy . . . . .	782-1881	THOG . . . . .	531-6241
Legal Aid . . . . .	366-9631	Toronto Citizen . . . . .	863-0030
Militant Co-op . . . . .	532-4008	12 Madison (drug crisis centre) . . . . .	966-5010
Neill-Wycik . . . . .	367-0320	University House, 49 St. George . . . . .	928-2542
New Morning Centre . . . . .	368-1577	U of T Dental Clinic . . . . .	928-2784
Pollution Probe . . . . .	928-6155	Roch Clinic . . . . .	924-8892
Rochdale . . . . .	921-3168	Women's Liberation, 323 Church . . . . .	863-9949
St. Alphonsus Centre . . . . .	654-0149	Young Communists . . . . .	922-8309
St. Lawrence Centre . . . . .	366-7723	Young Socialists . . . . .	363-9618
St. Michael's H.Q. . . . .	360-4000	Youth Employment Service . . . . .	366-2516

# ANTI-WAR

# forward 9

Our Prime Minister, in a reply to a question last week, flatly stated that Canada never intended to be neutral on the International Control Commission in Indochina. However, this does not coincide with what the Geneva Agreement which set up the I.C.C. said and what previous Prime Ministers have said. Mr. Trudeau has broken the 17 year myth of Canada's neutrality in the Vietnam War.

All this came up in light of the papers leak to the New York Times. They revealed that the Canadian Government made available its member on the I.C.C., J. Blair Seaborn, to the U.S. to carry threats to Hanoi, and to carry out secret missions. This was going on while our "leaders" were telling us how we were playing a neutral role and trying to find a peaceful solution.

In light of these events which provide so much more ammunition for the anti-war movement, the Vietnam Mobilization Committee has called a National Anti-War Conference. This will take place at the Metropolitan United

Church, Queen and Church on August 6-7. Also on the 8th, a Hiroshima Day Festival will be held in Toronto with entertainment and speakers.

All of us, no matter what we do, are affected by this inhumane war. Look at our economy which has magnified the recession in the U.S. industrial complex over the war. So everyone has reason to participate in the conference and festival.

We call on Trudeau and Sharpe to reveal all the secret documents about Canada's complicity in the war, and to take a stand for immediate withdrawal of U.S. troops from Indochina.

- End Canada's Complicity in Indochina;
- Withdraw all U.S. troops NOW;
- Open the Secret Files on Canada's Role in Vietnam;
- Get Canada off the I.C.C.;

For more information or if you want to help, phone 863-0494 or come to 241 Victoria Street.

Some 200 noses in the east end of town are twitching this summer, reluctantly sampling the breezes that waft from Asbridge's Bay sewage treatment plant. In a survey called Operation Sniff, the owners of the noses will mark "smelling calendars" during July and August, indicating when they notice an odour and how bad it is.

The campaign, sponsored by the citizens' organization ForWARD 9 and aided by Pollution Probe's Core group, was given a rousing send-off by the sewage plant itself, which obliged by some truly memorable stench around the first of July. The result was a flood of volunteer sniffers eager to use their homes as "smelling stations".

In the fall, armed with the results from the survey, the ForWARD 9 people plan to raise a stink (what else?) at City Hall in an effort to have this long-standing grievance ended. They are getting legal advice from the Canadian Environmental Law Research Founda-

tion.

A spokesman for the group expressed satisfaction concerning the recent newspaper report that Ross Clark, Metro's Commissioner of Works, is talking about the possibility of roofing over the sewage tanks. This is seen as a considerable advance from the viewpoint expressed by Mr. Clark last fall in a memo to the Metropolitan Works Committee, in which he said: "However, occasionally a minor odour from the Plant, influenced by a slight breeze, can come in contact with other gases present in the area, thus creating an unpredictable nuisance or result."

For further information call Bob Gordon, Core, 694-8712 (Days), 364-7041 (Evenings) or Norm Houghton, ForWARD 9, 691-7477 (Evenings).

Norm Houghton  
ForWARD 9  
691-7477

## THEIR PRESS

*Phineas Phresque*

Intended as a regular bi-weekly critical analysis of the bourgeois media, this column first appeared about a month ago and has not resurfaced until now. Mainly because there just didn't seem to be any point in churning out reviews dedicated to affirm the already well-known fact that the communications monopolies offer for our wrap-around, daily consumption an unintelligible, schmaltzy and generally useless view of what's going on.

Besides, it was too hot.

So this second installment will momentarily forestall the question, 'How do we read the bourgeois press?', which is both baffling and boring.

Instead let's ask the question, 'How do we manipulate, distort, sabotage, detonate, reclaim the bourgeois press?'

USUFRUCT: a word being whispered and giggled about by some of us youths lately; roughly meaning to use someone else's property without totally destroying it.

The campus New Left of several years ago often maintained a rigid line that the bourgeois press should not be courted, and, in fact, should be shunned and ignored.

That policy was hardly surprising and quite sensible, since the press was obsessed with spinning Captain Marvel morality tales from the thread of real events and making student radicals into Martians. Conjuring visions of Canadian campus idealists stampeded to the barricades by a glimpse of Jerry Rubin or any other U.S. media freak. And caricaturing their ordained descendants as transient youth, typeses, vagabonds, invaders, freaks (a word the media is just beginning to enjoy) and plucky young romantics. Bizarre, fetishised synonyms for 'unemployed'.

However, it's not too helpful to brush aside the bourgeois press as a language problem. Like most industries, it has relations of production.

And since the press, like the law, is not just a lie but an actual instrument of repression, politically-active groups should know how it operates and how to deal with it.

At the risk of fighting rules with rules, here's a handy guide:

1. *Pretend I'm a reporter.* When you talk to me, remember that I'm at work. As opposed to at home. Cynicism and the famous distance called 'objectivity' are only a professional's uniform of psychological armour in the face of powerlessness. Reporters do not yet control the press, and my intentions should not automatically be equated to those of my editors (managers).

Reporters are white collar workers who have little control over the product they produce. Their labour is always alienated, though their point of view may shift. While vertically mobile through the profession, a reporter can hang on to the romantic trip — the big

byline and enough free column inches to let a man breathe. Marlboro Country is real estate. When the dreams fade, journalism becomes just a job and the office joke is — 'I never read the goddamn rag'.

To be accurate, each bourgeois newspaper should contain a disclaimer reading: the opinions expressed in this paper are not necessarily those of the writers.

When a reporter approaches you, ask him some questions, find out what he thinks of whatever you're doing that he's interested in, and be friendly.

2. *What do you use it for?* The commercial press is virtually useless for pure propaganda purposes. It's impracticable to hope that the press will provide the muscle in a weight-lifting sport of consciousness raising masquerading as organizing. Jerry Rubin is being subjective in assuming we have such control over the weapon of television.

The press must be detonated, with a precise and instrumental approach.

Use a story in the media to get across only one salient aspect of the total story you're involved in. A newspaper reporter's job is to find an angle, a lead that will form the thread from which the bulk of his tale will hang like clothes on a line. News stories are written by a rigid formula that prescribes a hierarchy of facts — fragmentary paragraphs — arranged in a cadence of diminishing significance. The stories themselves seem to compete for primacy on the front page. But it's not really the stories. Healthy competition is a central ethic in the journalism profession.

Don't give the reporter any information he doesn't need or that you don't want made public.

Keep a low profile, and emerge from it only as you gain trust in the particular reporter's ability to understand what you're doing. In other words, only expose what you know can survive the translation through the maze of social relations separating you from the reader. A reporter can only work with what you give him.

You have little control over news stories since they are written so mechanically to formula.

You have more control over features. They suffer less editing, are more flexible and allow the writer a greater freedom to interpret what's really going on. The merit of co-operating with feature-writers depends on how sympathetic they are.

Reporters are divided into specialized 'beats' such as education, City Hall, Queen's Park, medicine, development, youth, movies, religion, theatre, labour, music, business, hockey, politics, travel, the Soviet Union, etc.

Developing a contact with a sympathetic and trustworthy reporter whose beat covers your politics can protect you from a completely arbitrary and callous treatment from the press.

### 3. *Detonating the Press*

There are different official and unofficial tactics you can use in trying to spark publicity in the press. Various levels:

— a press release: to give advance information on an event you want covered, conveying simple

information, announcing an official policy you might be fabricating for some reason or other; keep it brief and written as close to terse news style as possible. News stories are written in short one to two sentence paragraphs of direct, active construction. The sequence of paragraphs should roughly follow in order of importance rather than chronology. Mail or deliver (depending upon the urgency) the release to the City Desk of daily newspapers and news directors of radio and TV stations. Better still, get one to sympathetic reporters covering your thing.

— Press Conference: Don't call a press conference just to distribute a press release, unless you want a chance to further explain your position. Generally these charades lend themselves best to theatre, arrogance, outrage. Call one if you want to stage a scene just for the publicity without much regard for the delicate shades of credibility. Examples: describing how you are going to attack the U.S. Consulate at noon the next day; levitating the new Toronto Star building; etc. (Levitation is getting a bit old hat — use imagination).

— Communiques: short, to the point and muffled.

### 4. *Protecting yourself*

In press conferences, have at least two tough, articulate people on the block to answer questions.

Never tell the press anything you don't want them to know — there's no law saying you have to talk to the press.

Be cautious about radio and television interviews, even unedited ones. The freedom of the microphone is deceiving. The electronic media constitute a sophisticated system of social technology that puts the non-professional at a grave disadvantage. An interviewer can screw you on the air by effectively managing the medium he controls.

When you are misquoted or misrepresented in the media, complain vigorously, find out how it happened (at the level of the reporter or the editor).

### 5. *Alternate Press*

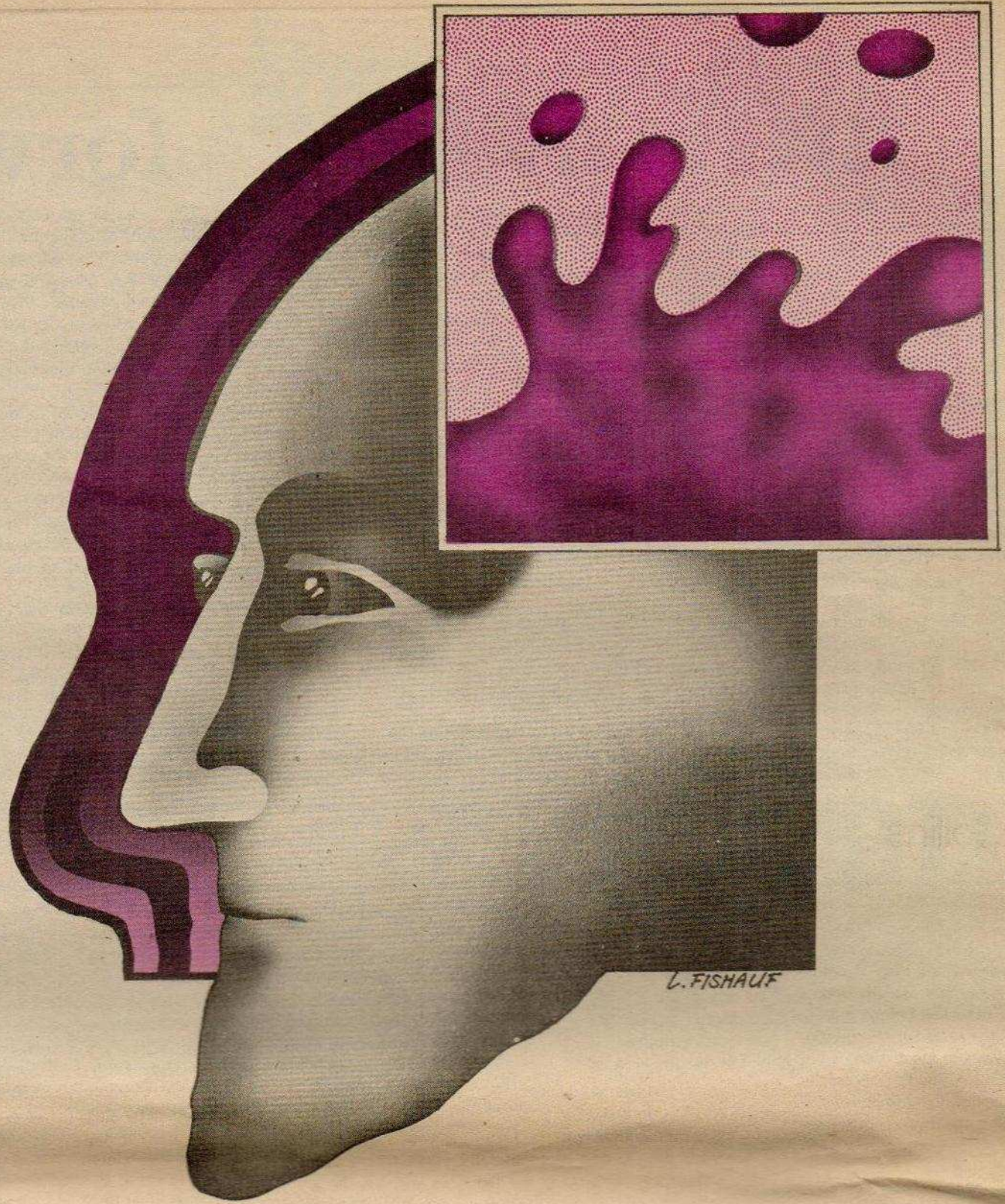
In the headlong rush to carve space out of the front pages of the bourgeois press, don't forget the struggle being waged by the alternate media, which is expanding its resources constantly.

Form a liason with the community newspaper near you, if there is one.

If you have uncovered a major scandal, conflict of interest, or mass burial, alert the alternate press and let them handle the story if they can. People's media needs the help of those researching and organizing in the community, if it is going to act as anything more than a rhetorical weapon. If an alternate press paper breaks a story, the bourgeois press will be forced to pick it up. And they will probably credit the original publisher as the source, since they won't have the guts to let the story stand unattributed.

For local news contact: Guerilla, phone 864-1902; Seven News, phone 992-9175; Toronto Citizen, phone 863-0030; the student press.

For stories of national impact with detailed background and history: The Last Post.



Dear Guerillabody i hate to bother you but something's been on my mind the last couple of days that i have to tell you about it's a thing i picked up in a recent issue of the JOURNAL OF the AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION which even if i think it's a reactionary rag is still and for that very reason a great place to watch the Establishment betray what it really thinks about itself and what the power elite is planning for all the poor dumb bastards down below, to wit:

the lead article of this issue is about methadone and among other things it say that using fairly sophisticated sampling techniques one has to assume that there are not less than 10,000 i repeat, 10,000 heroin-dependent persons in the city of Washington, D.C., the capital of the United States of Amerika and that is a terrible lot of people but if you think a little bit about that number as i have done you go through some arithmetic that is mind-boggling frightening and terrifying and has it come to that already?

think about it.

if there are 10,000 addicts in a city of 750,000 and if the United States of Amerika is more than 70% urbanized and if heroin as i believe it is is an urban phenomenon the use of which increases geometrically as the population density which is the other way of saying level of urbanization increases then in the United States of Amerika which is a country of about 210,000,000 people there are not less than 2,000,000 people who do up twice a day or oftener and because they have to not because they are chipping or sky-larking or otherwise engaging in adolescent hi-jinks they are addicts they cannot not do up and will not if they can humanly avoid it

forgive me by the way if i talk about that terrible country to the south of us i will get around to Canada (Kanada?) in a few minutes

and if there are 2,000,000 people in the heroin market and they buy not less than two caps a day

which is minimum and each cap contains not less than 10 milligrams of heroin which is also a minimum estimate and if the heroin is only about 45% pure when it actually goes through Customs or lands at out-of-the-way airports or gets carried over rocks along the Virginia coast from boats lying off-shore then are you ready for this the arithmetic of those figures is 15 tons of heroin enter the United States of Amerika each calendar year

which isn't all there is to say on this point because heroin is never marketed as received but is always cut before being passed on to the next step down in the retail chain so 15 tons of 45% heroin becomes 50 to 75 tons of a heroin-containing product marketed to the final consumer and i refuse even to talk about what that much heroin is worth because heroin as contraband isn't worth anything it costs a lot of money but money is what people talk about when they can't bring themselves to care about or talk about people

put it the other way round 15 tons of heroin is worth 2,000,000 human lives and is responsible for much of the fantastic increase in crime against both persons and property in the last twenty years or so and the market is getting larger all the time and the people in the market are getting younger all the time let me spell that out for you:

It is not possible to believe that 15 tons of heroin can enter the country in a year, pass through the numbers of wholesalers and retailers whose "cuttings" of 45% heroin to 5 or 10% heroin multiply its bulk to as much as 150 tons of retail heroin in caps, and then be distributed to 2,000,000 people on a daily basis without concluding that 1) a fantastically large and well-run transportation and marketing apparatus exists to serve the heroin market, and 2) that that apparatus could not possibly function without the active collusion of all elements of government at both the policy-making and

administrative levels.

It is not possible to credit the sincerity of a government which boasts of the seizure of 250 pounds of heroin, as U.S. Attorney General John Mitchell did last week, calling it "the largest on record." It may well be, but the fact remains that 250 pounds of heroin represents less than 1% of the annual U.S. market.

It is not possible, therefore, to doubt that two million people in the United States are heroin addicts because the government wants them to be heroin addicts.

Anybody who disagrees with that statement has to show me a flaw in my arithmetic.

So much for what are indisputably the facts.

What I haven't told you is that the original article in JAMA cites the 10,000 figure as part of a boastful claim that 2,000 of those individuals are in Methadone Maintenance Programs and it is the serious intention of the writers of the article eventually to have every one of the 10,000 methadone.

Methadone Maintenance Programs are springing up all over the country. They are run by men and women no less educated and no less serious and no less conscious of their power than the writers of the JAMA article.

The clear implication is that the technocracy which governs the country hopes eventually to have every one of those 2,000,000 heroin addicts on methadone.

The other equally clear implication is that heroin will continue to be available through criminal channels throughout urban United States. As new customers are recruited for the heroin market they will eventually — through the police, the courts, the prisons, and the elaborate, technologically-oriented efforts of the concerned individuals in the medical profession — be recruited for the methadone market.

Figures on the number of heroin-users have

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L. FISHAUF

# ALDOUS HUXLEY WHERE ARE YOU?

# GEORGE ORWELL PLEASE COME HOME

Dr. David M. Collins

traditionally been the self-serving fantasies of police officials. But I would suggest that heroin was a relatively small problem in the U.S. before methadone was developed. The crime rates for the period, say, between the two world wars support this notion. And I suggest that heroin was small because the police and the government believed in their laws — including the law which makes it illegal to bring the stuff into the country — and enforced them conscientiously and well.

Enter methadone. Enter the decision to make methadone legal, i.e., medical, i.e., an instrument of technocracy. Enter quickly the notion that heroin could become the road to methadone; which is to say, the road by which poor men who loathe and might rebel against inequities of their society could be led to submission. Enter the cynical kinds of decisions which have meant larger budgets for larger police forces and more harassment of the individual heroin-user, while at the same time allowing vastly greater quantities of heroin to enter the country and reach the retail market. The result has been an explosive increase in the amount of heroin available and the criminal activity surrounding it, and the flourishing of expensive and well-publicized Methadone Maintenance Programs.

All of which is not to say that heroin is a bland and innocuous drug. But to make heroin use a crime while giving control of an equivalent drug, methadone, to the technocrats is to make the issue political rather than pharmacological. Heroin corrupts the user; Methadone Maintenance Programs corrupt the whole society.

Are you with me? Then let's take it from the top again, only this time listen for the sound of BRAVE NEW WORLD, the logic of 1984:

Heroin and methadone are equipotent, virtually interchangeable narcotic substances. They narcotize — that is, they obliterate pain, whether mental or physical — and they addict. The government, seeing the possibilities for ultimate control of the populace, declares one of those drugs legal and the other illegal. To the natural attraction of a drug which "solves" one's problems is added the appeal of the illicit: to try heroin even once is to defy the law, the society, the crushing weight of an impersonal and destructive human environment. The government then rigs the trap by declaring that you cannot get methadone, which is legal, except by becoming addicted to heroin, which is illegal.

If you try heroin and don't like it, you probably won't try it again. It's only the first one that's free, anyway. But if you try it and like it, you will probably come to need it. You will become a criminal, because to possess heroin is a crime. You will almost certainly be caught and convicted of your crime.

But if you do become a "criminal", and you are caught, methadone is available to "rehabilitate" you. The catch is that it is administered under circumstances — daily urine samples, daily visits to the clinics, daily interviews with social workers — which daily remind you that you are a "rehabilitated" criminal. The crucial point is that you cannot get methadone without forfeiting your freedom and your dignity and often literally your franchise, and voluntarily embracing the language and the thought systems and values of the dominant society. You learn to think of yourself as a "criminal", as a "junkie", a "smack-head". You learn, God help you, to be grateful to the people who give you your methadone every day, who make you piss in a bottle in front of them, who examine your piss to be sure you're not lying to them.

And it is perfectly clear to anyone who cares to look that heroin floods and emasculates the ghettos, both black and white, of urban United States. The men and women — particularly the young men and women — who writhe under the evil and destructive burdens of poverty, racial and ethnic discrimination and invidious educational practices and practitioners, are the enemies of technocracy. Every young person, therefore, who can be siphoned off to the heroin-market, is an enemy who has been permanently disabled; who has, indeed, been brainwashed into a posture of servile dependence on his tormentors. And that is the case, ironically enough, whether his tormentors come to him in the guise of doctors at the methadone clinic or in the guise of dealers in the heroin market. Doctor and dealer both do it for profit.

I submit that the manipulation of the youth of Amerika's ghettos, in the Orwellian-Huxleyesque manner I have just described, is the manifest purpose of the government of the United States of Amerika. It is the cold political reality which makes 1971 synonymous in North America with 1984.

No instrument of war, no tactic of riot police, or of suppression, or of disenfranchisement or economic discrimination, can be as effective in the enslavement of the poor of that country as this scheme. For what is intended is nothing less than the pollution of men's minds, and the use of drugs to subvert demands for a democratic society.

The situation here in Canada is of course not quite the same, demographically or politically. But if there are 10,000 addicts among Washington's 750,000 residents, how many are there in Toronto, a city of over 2,000,000 people with access to essentially the same marketing network?

And if the government of this country means to ensure democracy and avoid the Big Brother madness of the United States, why is the legal and social

administrative levels.

It is not possible to credit the sincerity of a government which boasts of the seizure of 250 pounds of heroin, as U.S. Attorney General John Mitchell did last week, calling it "the largest on record." It may well be, but the fact remains that 250 pounds of heroin represents less than 1% of the annual U.S. market.

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David M. Collins

ly been the self-serving fantasies of police. But I would suggest that heroin was a small problem in the U.S. before methadone developed. The crime rates for the period, when the two world wars support this notion, suggest that heroin was small because the government believed in their laws — the law which makes it illegal to bring the drug to the country — and enforced them rigorously and well.

Enter the decision to make methadone legal, i.e., medical, i.e., an instrument of control. Enter quickly the notion that heroin is the road to methadone; which is to be avoided by which poor men who loathe and rebel against inequities of their society could find submission. Enter the cynical kinds of pragmatism which have meant larger budgets for larger quantities of heroin to enter the country and a retail market. The result has been an increase in the amount of heroin available, criminal activity surrounding it, and the cost of expensive and well-publicized Methadone Maintenance Programs.

which is not to say that heroin is a bland, innocuous drug. But to make heroin use a crime by giving control of an equivalent drug, methadone, to technocrats is to make the issue political and pharmacological. Heroin corrupts the Methadone Maintenance Programs corrupt the society.

How do you win with me? Then let's take it from the top and this time listen for the sound of BRAVE NEW WORLD, the logic of 1984:

Methadone and heroin are equipotent, virtually interchangeable narcotic substances. They narcotize and they obliterate pain, whether mental or physical, and they addict. The government, seeing the possibilities for ultimate control of the populace, has made one of those drugs legal and the other illegal. The natural attraction of a drug which "solves" the problems is added the appeal of the illicit: to use it even once is to defy the law, the society, the weight of an impersonal and destructive environment. The government then rigs the rules by declaring that you cannot get methadone, but heroin is legal, except by becoming addicted to which is illegal.

If you try heroin and don't like it, you probably won't try it again. It's only the first one that's free. But if you try it and like it, you will come to need it. You will become a criminal because to possess heroin is a crime. You will certainly be caught and convicted of your

crime. But if you do become a "criminal", and you are caught, methadone is available to "rehabilitate" you. The catch is that it is administered under circumstances — daily urine samples, daily visits to the clinics, daily interviews with social workers — which daily remind you that you are a "rehabilitated" criminal. The crucial point is that you cannot get methadone without forfeiting your freedom and your dignity and often literally your franchise, and voluntarily embracing the language and the thought systems and values of the dominant society. You learn to think of yourself as a "criminal", as a "junkie", as a "smack-head". You learn, God help you, to be grateful to the people who give you your methadone every day, who make you piss in a bottle in front of them, who examine your piss to be sure you're not lying to them.

And it is perfectly clear to anyone who cares to look that heroin floods and emasculates the ghettos, both black and white, of urban United States. The men and women — particularly the young men and women — who writhe under the evil and destructive burdens of poverty, racial and ethnic discrimination and invidious educational practices and practitioners, are the enemies of technocracy. Every young person, therefore, who can be siphoned off to the heroin-market, is an enemy who has been permanently disabled; who has, indeed, been brainwashed into a posture of servile dependence on his tormentors. And that is the case, ironically enough, whether his tormentors come to him in the guise of doctors at the methadone clinic or in the guise of dealers in the heroin market. Doctor and dealer both do it for profit.

I submit that the manipulation of the youth of Amerika's ghettos, in the Orwellian-Huxleyesque manner I have just described, is the manifest purpose of the government of the United States of Amerika. It is the cold political reality which makes 1971 synonymous in North America with 1984.

No instrument of war, no tactic of riot police, or of suppression, or of disenfranchisement or economic discrimination, can be as effective in the enslavement of the poor of that country as this scheme. For what is intended is nothing less than the pollution of men's minds, and the use of drugs to subvert demands for a democratic society.

The situation here in Canada is of course not quite the same, demographically or politically. But if there are 10,000 addicts among Washington's 750,000 residents, how many are there in Toronto, a city of over 2,000,000 people with access to essentially the same marketing network?

And if the government of this country means to ensure democracy and avoid the Big Brother madness of the United States, why is the legal and social

position of the heroin-user in this country so much like that of his brother in the U.S.? The example of Great Britain, which has "legalized" and to some extent humanized the heroin problem, is as accessible. In that country, one person in a thousand is heroin-dependent; in the United States, the ratio is 1:100. Why doesn't the government take the British option? The LeDain Commission has recommended the "legalization" of all drugs, but Parliament is hardly likely to take marijuana, much less heroin, off the criminal list.

The marijuana-alcohol situation is in some ways of course a miniature of the methadone-heroin one. Marijuana is illegal and harmless; alcohol is legal and murderously destructive. A society which orders things in this fashion is worse than sick: by the simple device of teaching an entire generation to defy the law it is quietly and efficiently in pursuit of its own destruction.

I have written in this newspaper before about the politics of drugs. I ask the government of Canada to look again at the figures, to look again at the implications of its present position, to reassess its Methadone Maintenance Programs. These programs have already come to dominate the thinking of those in both government and the health field who are most concerned with the problem. Heroin, so long as its use involves criminal activity, is the stuff on which power elites feed, and the poison by which democracy is destroyed.

P.S. Having said everything I thought I wanted to say I find I can't leave the subject and realize I haven't even touched on how this whole thing got started in the first place and that's because how it got started is the most sacred cow of all. It's the one that began four or five thousand years ago to the effect that Thou shalt be thy brother's keeper or some such rot.

Because when push comes to shove nobody raised in the Judaeo-Christian culture seems to be able to stand the idea of someone having the right to corrupt himself. I mean heroin is bad, isn't it, it corrupts your mind and of course it has to be illegal. It has to be criminal to want to corrupt yourself, most particularly your mind. So the Judaeo-Christian culture we are all living in proscribes heroin and all its works. For starters, heroin is wrong. Right?

You cannot corrupt your mind in this society, in other words, without becoming a criminal. It seems not to be possible to get that society to see how this constraint on men's freedom is itself the most corrupting fact of all in our contemporary life.

Yours,

David

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The Toronto Free Youth Clinic has been operating at 252 Dupont St. for about 14 months now, and it seems as good a time as any to review what they're about and bring you up to date on what they're into now.

It was a tremendous sign of community strength, when the Clinic which has its beginnings in Rochdale, moved to Dupont Street, obtained the services of Dr. David Collins, and began to define itself as 'an alternate model for the deliverance of health care' in the community. Dispensing with traditional methods of organizing 'community' clinics, they chose instead to define themselves as a 'family' who 'deal with each other openly and with mutual confidence and a mutual regard' for each others abilities and judgement. They make no distinction among themselves by class or privilege and operate by consensus.

Their success has been considerable. Now a group of 10 people, the services offered have expanded from the original concept of primary medical service to now include a Dental Clinic, Group Therapy, a Well-baby Clinic, a Family Planning Clinic, a Legal Clinic, a Free Store as well as providing free OHSIP/Ontario Hospital enrollment without a waiting period. All the above are provided free.

Attempting the 'humanization' of health care has of course led to a certain amount of criticism being directed toward their methods. Most of this criticism, from the point of view of traditional concepts of medical care, has centred around their use of non-professionals to deliver primary health care. Their response to this criticism is straightforward and very well put. As a recent newsletter commenting on this stated, 'The clear fact is, that the numbers of health professionals currently available in our society are unable

to meet the health needs of the community at large. Many professionals are inaccessible — financially, geographically, and socially'.

More to the point, they learn by the experience of working at the clinic and from other members of the Clinic family and have faith 'that the members of the family do have good judgement,' that is to say, they know when they know, and know when they don't know, and know how to tell the difference.

Everyone who has had occasion to make use of the services offered has reaffirmed this faith, since most of us keep coming back. To us the Free Clinic has replaced and most certainly improved the old concept of the 'family doctor' which was fast going the way of the Dodo bird with nothing very suitable to replace it. We give thanks that there are people around who do care and are willing to experiment and change.

Ken Nabis

## Schedule of Services

Open 24 hours daily for medical care, counselling, information and referral, and crisis intervention.

Doctor's Clinics — Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday afternoons, 1:30 to 6 p.m.

General medical problems  
Landed Immigrant physicals  
Abortion counselling, examination and referrals

Dental Clinic — Monday through Friday evenings, 6:30 to 11 p.m. Qualified dentists. All services except dentures and orthodontia.

Group Therapy — Thursday evenings, 7:30. Led by two qualified psychologists. No referral necessary.

Well-baby Clinic — Second and fourth Tuesday of each month. Staffed by the Clinic, with Public Health nurses of City Dept. of Health. Check-ups and immunizations for children below school age. 1:30 to 4:30 p.m.

Family Planning Clinic — Saturday afternoon, 2 o'clock. Birth control information, examinations, prescriptions.

Legal Clinic — Wednesday evenings, 7 o'clock. Staffed by lawyers and articulated clerks of The Toronto Law Union.

Free Store — Open daily Monday to Saturday, 2 to 6 p.m. Clothes, books, smaller household goods (pots and pans, etc.)

OHSIP/Ontario Hospital Enrollment — authorized by these government agencies to enroll individuals who have been in Canada 90 days. No premiums, no waiting period. OHSIP coverage is for four months; Ontario Hospital, two months. Not available to persons who qualify for enrollment under the usual premium-payment terms.

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## PARADISE NOW!

From THE GUARDIAN, Manchester

Richard Roud, movie critic for The Guardian, writes from Amsterdam where the movement for fairer treatment before the law for all minorities has born some strange fruit.

It really seems as if the Dutch are trying their best to achieve not just liberty and fraternity but that most elusive of goals, equality. Of course like any people they fall short of their object, but the effort they make is conspicuous.

You see it on every hand. There are hoardings in train stations which exhort you to patronize the local barrow boy. After all, they remind you, your guilder is worth just as much, if not more, from a street peddler as anywhere else. Moral: do not despise pushcarts.

Identity cards, that curse of France and Germany, do exist in Holland, but they are optional, which seems a pleasant way of resolving the dilemma of regimentation on the one hand and anarchy on the other.

The Woman's Lib movement actually seems to have first seen the light of day in Holland; a few years ago, under the engaging name of "Mad Mina" (Dolle Mina, after a famous suffragette called Wilhemina Drucker [ATLAS, April 1970]), it began to agitate for all sorts of reforms. And the movement bore strange fruit. To take one odd example, Article 248B has established that the age of consent for male homosexuals should be lowered to the same age as for girls — i.e. 16 years. And this bill was passed not as a measure of

aid and comfort to homosexuals particularly, but from motives of fairness. Egalitarianism again.

Likewise, low-cost housing is now available to male or female homosexual households, provided they have been living together for a minimum of five years. Moral: a couple is a couple is a couple. Not yet passed, but up before Parliament is a new bill which would extend this idea even further: pensions would go to male or female homosexual widows or widowers on the death of their mates. Moral: fair's fair.

The result of this egalitarian legislation has been a general feeling of freedom in the air, and this again is one of the reasons why Amsterdam has become such a truly international city, something like what Paris must have been in the Twenties. Everywhere you go you hear not only English, which is virtually a second language, but also French and German.

Of course, the Dutch complain about the high cost of living. The increase in the value-added tax this year has meant that in one month prices jumped about two percent. On the other hand, rents are strictly controlled and incredibly low. I met people who paid \$9 to \$17 a month for two-room flats; they apologized for them saying that the floors sloped — as indeed they did — but these were ravishing 18th century canal houses, and I know many people who would put up with vertical floors at that rent.

The Dutch do not, however, spend much money on food; in a dairy country it is amazing how much condensed milk and margarine one is offered. But the economy is constantly

expanding and unemployment is fairly low.

All is not lovely in the garden however: although the Dutch have allowed residents of Surinam, their ex-colony in South America, free entry into Holland (and the same was true of the Indonesians who were allowed to opt for Dutch nationality) there does seem to be a degree of discrimination against them. Nothing official, of course, but nonetheless there.

And the grim point has been made that every society needs a scapegoat, the Dutch are tolerant of drug addicts and homosexuals, so they take it out on black people? There is probably some truth in this, for, going back, at the same time the Dutch were welcoming Huguenots and Portuguese Jews, they were also just beginning to exploit their huge colonial empire. And, sadly, no one seemed aware of the discrepancy between the two attitudes.

But then, not many were here, either: London was indeed the center for European revolutionaries all through the 19th century, the land of political asylum and civil liberties; at the same time, throughout the empire, the worst kind of colonial exploitation was taking place.

National schizophrenia is not a new phenomenon, and it is present in Holland, too. At the same time that Amsterdam has become the swinging hippie-homo capital of Europe, a polio epidemic broke out 100 miles away in the town of Staphorst: the inhabitants refused to take the vaccine; religious reasons, they say. So while the Dutch have broken a lot of new ground, the millennium is still for tomorrow.

# Bear's Lair

## The Forgotten Woman

If one were asked to describe the old woman in a few lucid phrases, one would have to come up with the words beat-up, tired, with a face that a thousand people had walked over and a million others had ignored.

She lived in an attic room of a broken down house, filled with broken down dreams and broken down hopes, a house that smelt of urine, cheap wine, rancid cabbage AND shitty napkins; a house where the cockroaches and the bedbugs daily played a game of evolution. The old woman lived alone with an old sooner mutt of indiscriminate parentage, who was blind in one eye and was going blind in the other; a sooner mutt that smelt remotely like unwashed lakefront. She lived there with a radio with an intermittent tube that only played when it was pounded severely on the side. She lived there with her half blind dog, with the yellow mucus around his eyes. She lived there with her stinking little pittance of a pension, existing in her dusty little room with its torn and faded wallpaper, existing with her gnarled hands and her gnarled and forgotten face and her bitched up senile and wandering dreams; existing while she and the old, tired, half blind dog waited to die.

And how does it feel waiting to die? How does it feel to be old, to be tired, to be alone? How does it feel to see the days growing shorter as the everloving nights grow longer? To know that on tired but relentless feet, the old tired cat with the sickle is somberly approaching? To know in a tired, addled, aged mind that perhaps next spring she would not smell the first nostalgic smell of the lilac, the first greenness in the park, to look perhaps at young lovers with a hint of a lost moment of a broken dream fifty or sixty years ago, to remember in a cloud of yesteryear of a lost and forgotten love, of a moment of passion and remembering and a moment of guilt and fearing and hoping.

And now there was nothing left to love, there was nothing left to hold onto, to believe in; nothing but a half blind dog that smelt to kingdom come and was reminiscent of the melodramatic scene from MICE AND MEN by John Steinbeck.

The first of the month, she paid out thirty five bucks for the rent of her bedbug haven and purchased a few tins of this and than at the supermarket. And always the one box of dog yummys. And then later on, both the half blind dog and herself could be seen gimping legging to or from the bakery where she purchased bread (STALE) at half price. The rest of the time was spent in restless wanderings here and about with her gimping legged dog looking always hopeless and lost. Like trying to remember womething that should have been forgotten or forgetting something that should have been remembered. And each week her step became more wavery. Each week the dog would walk into more poles and would smell just a little more potent. Each week her mind would wander just a little more and the kids would make circles in the air around their heads to signify her senility. And once in awhile she would mention a Jerome, a love figure, or her husband, and she would talk about a park with a merry-go-round and a place where they would go and listen to music in a square of some kind and as she muttered in her dream world, half fantasy sphere of thought and indulgence, it was like I could feel and hear the swell and roar of a land of fifty years ago, complete with



Victorian magnificence and sounds and life. It was like going backwards and seeing a world of lost purpose and yet a world like our own, with the hair blowing soft in a soft summer wind and a yellow ribbon in a woman's hair and taffy apples and the smell of roses and the stroking of pubic hair after wading through a dozen petticoats.

Sometimes in her wanderings, the cloudiness would leave her eyes and she would speak about a place called Fother Gills and she would talk of Jerome and then the moment would end and be lost.

And as the pension pittance dribbled away, back in the land of reality, you would invariable find her for the last week sitting down to a supper of watered down dog food.

A half a can for her, and a half a can for the dog.

And sometimes in the dust and the darkness of her attic room with its smell of cockroaches, and the dog and her making animal sounds in the darkness of the torn wallpaper as they put away the dog food, one had the wierd ironical thought that at any moment now, she'd look at the moon and put back her gnarled, beat-up head and howl at the moon in the best canine fashion.

And on the floor, where the dog shits on the newspaper, the big headlines stare up at one for everyone to see — "MPPS GO FOR TWENTY FIVE GRAND A YEAR" —.

A half a can of dog food for her, a half a can for the dog.

### EPILOGUE

And to all those politicians, to all those who play God, who sit and lie and cheat, who lie and speak out of both sides of their mouths at once, who think they know everything and yet know nothing, to all the smug Trudeaus and the know nothing Davis'

Go and fuck yourself.

And to those who really care, who really give a damn, to all those who understand the FORGOTTEN WOMAN and what I'm getting at — SALUD — and

may a time come when to die in dignity will be a right and not an obligation.

An Open Letter to  
Richard Grange  
President  
Canadian Drivers' Pool  
Oak St., Weston

It is at this time that I wish to extend my most vehemant exception, to the remarks made by you, in an interview with Peter Worthington, per the Telegram, June 12th, under the heading "100 MAN FORCE SUPPLIES A SERVICE TO END STRIKES".

In that the information you supplied to Peter Worthington was both false, misleading and almost completely erroneous in detail and in connotation.

As one who is close to the labour scene and familiar with not only the "anti-union activities" of your own organization but the ignoble tactics of your colleague and perhaps mentor, ANNINGS, I wish to go on record with the following.

You sir, are a *strike breaker*, a *pro scab*, who SUPPLIES scabs to run thru legal picket lines which is contrary to the statement, attributed to you, and I quote "we respect picket lines" which is a complete falsehood.

Later on you also espouse nationalistic fervour, as a moral reason for your activities, when in reality you do it for a big, fat, tainted buck.

You are a mercenary, with the mercenary's lack of moral and ethical ideals, who like a vulture preys on labour disputes.

At Proctor Silex, I saw your kind careen thru a picket line on a school bus filled with scabs; at Continental Can, ANNINGS almost crippled a striker for life; your own group was active at Trane and there was a few incidents there, that are still under investigation.

Your *modus operandi*, if I may use that phrase, speaks for itself: the black Doberman Pinscher dog is symbolic with the Nazi Prisoner of War Camp. The secretive planning and spying goes with the Gestapo approach, and only furthers the image you apparently seek to convey.

As for shortening strikes, I submit that in the majority of cases you only prolong them; in the majority of cases after the strike is over the only real winner is *you*. WHEN YOU WALK AWAY WITH YOUR FEE, BOTH the employer and the worker are the big losers.

As for your remarks concerning the trade union movement, again you are misleading the public for the vast majority of trade unionists are honest, law abiding citizens and are slow to anger; the proof of this is in your continued existence in your attempt to destroy the labour movement.

But, they are slowly and surely becoming increasingly aware of your activities, and as Pinkerton was handled by the trade union movement back at the turn of the century, so shall you and yours be.

For we stand for principle, while you stand for a tainted buck.

And we fight for something that you wouldn't even understand.

George A. Longley.

## DEATH IN VENICE

According to reliable sources, Luchino Visconti, in "The Leopard" and "The Stranger," (which were both adapted from other works) closely followed the plots of the creators. Not having read Thomas Mann's "Death in Venice," I cannot deal at great length with changes which Visconti saw fit to make. The one major change, necessary in the director's eyes, was to have the protagonist, Gustav von Aschenbach, be a composer-conductor, rather than a novelist. It becomes obvious that Aschenbach is modelled after Gustav Mahler.

It is, in fact, Mahler's evocative and dreamlike music which opens and pervades the film. The arrival of Aschenbach (Dirk Bogarde) in Venice begins the story. From that point on, the camera-eye rarely strays far away from him. However, when he comes to

Venice, he discovers the loss of his youth. His fatalistic attitudes are revealed in the flashbacks to between Aschenbach and his friend, Alfried (modelled after Arnold Schoenberg, I am told).

While in Venice, he seems to be constantly meeting with a Polish family, one member of which fascinates him. It is the almost saintly boy, Tadzio (Bjorn Andresen), who capitvates him. He also follows Tadzio to his own destruction. The boy prompts the composer to consider his life, to remember his marriage, the death of his child, his musical career, the public which abused him and insulted his works, and all the pains of his life to this point.

Aschenbach is so fascinated by the boy, who frequently looks back on him, almost beckoning Aschenbach to follow, — so fascinated that he even

declares his love for Tadzio, but only when no one can hear him. This is the man, vocally admitting that his condition is declining. After this incident, we learn of an epidemic of cholera which is affecting the city. As Aschenbach attempts to isolate himself with his philosophies and his self-absorption, the government tries to hush the news of the plague.

After trying several times to find out why Venice is being disinfected, he finally discovers the tragic news from a British banker. Fantasies creep into Aschenbach's mind — he dreams of warning Tadzio's family of the plague, and envisions the destruction of Venice by fire and pestilence. These visions epitomize his inability to communicate with Tadzio. They exchange only looks and glances — never words. Realizing his lost youth, Aschenbach buys a superficially youthful face from a barber who practices complete appearance. It is this sort of vanity and behaviour at which Aschenbach laughs as he comes to his death at the hands of

the plague which he feared, on the beach where he spent so much time "with" Tadzio.

Visconti and his photographer (Pasquale de Santis) have made quite a vocal movie, with the contrasting gentle soft-focus and harsh realistic shots. They capture the well-thought-out, controlled performenaces of Bogarde and Andresen. It is a meaningful, visual movie, dispensing to a great degree with the formalities of dialogue.

There are the portraits of the scenes under the watchful eye of an abandoned camera on a tripod. There is the almost unending long shot of the beach scene. There are the revealing close-ups of Aschenbach, as the hair dye with which he maintains his image of life, begins to trickle down the side of his face as the harsh sun assaults him.

Tadzio strides into the sea under the soft-focus of the camera, and the boy beckons the dying Aschenbach to follow. And he follows as he can.

And he dies. He sees the sands running out of the hourglass.







### bpNichol: Story

someday everything that is begun shall be ended forever as i remember someone said some thing the same ones always saying those things they say in vagueness their faces i can't remember even their names somehow the eyes stick and hold you in fire burning the words crinkle the page complete with blackening space leaving a place the words can pass thru into the nothingness

not as tho there was no hope of which there is plenty but history's simply the whole thing to be gone over again, the traces of death and passing millenniums can't even breathe or stop to wishing somehow wishing it were all over

never wanted to start this in the first place sitting here passing the time he told me get off your ass you cocksucker and write it down all the time i haven't the inside of another for days barely surfacing to smile coming back into focus the voice writes it down and i write it write down to get thru

a story i never should've begun the whole story funny the papers fight you they do and no use looking back to the journal figure it out again said i was lying said of myself i said said it to me myself i said you're lying trying to lie your way thru again and it's true i was lying to you now you know just get the whole thing out of me off my inside me the way it is

if you could make it fiction listen you know it's a simple thing writing the actual thing hitting the keys a somewhere the way moving down i mean the thots somehow that's where it is

maybe i'll tell you about the abortion i mean those parts i was involved in my own history myself as it were the mirrors noone believes me noone should i tell you a story

when you have done the thing you look back and you wonder when you were doing it wonder how it was done this thing this story words as it were the piling up of them the counting and why but it's done

once everything began that was capable of beginning but was cut off killed the dream of the child in the plastic bag my own dreams my head bleeding the bleeding was bled and done over again this story that child that cannot be borne out of me by reason of my own lack of reason that is now or will be was when the time comes please

please understand this i once began as i now begin again that everything is simply beginning these words again to be somehow rid of them always as once i was ended i knew i had begun that repetition (again)

this is a story i began only moments ago and ended as soon as i had begun ended as soon as my own wish to reveal ended became a running in circles to seek the son that cannot be mine by reason of that sin this is the sin of becoming only those things you allow to begin and then destroy for fear for reasons of your own lack of being alive destroy what you can and once destroyed removes those things that were capably begun

oh god and its awful isn't it awful sitting to write and you can't write the story the way you should've when after this only beginning or one ending and certainly of small importance

once upon a time everything begins becomes and is ended as this is ended or the life of what could've been life destroyed being part of that which is seen as unbecomeable because of those parts of ourselves which were beyond reach and dead as i said destroyed too long ago to matter but mattering because it is the story you abort that child's story and never gets told

if i say once i mean now i mean i am writing this now and living it thru again because all things are stories and never die unable to die because of what i am becoming of words of stories forever untold and unnameable stories pinning my own brain to the page bleeding words from the tongue and eyes removed from lack of seeing those things that should've been obvious now destroyed like the limp ill-formed body of should've been dream and it's gone

and if i say time what am i saying i'm saying it's history i'm saying it's history over and over (again?) as i'm saying the repetition of) the words repeating themselves despite ways the fingers go

Yes this is a story no it is not a story it is a long story it makes sense it makes nonsense it makes nothing but the writer fucked in his own head i am fucked in my own head mirror brain limp eyes ah and you call yourself name yourself names i am calling always my own reflections myself and in praisings what but the only lonely self never gets told ever the same the lame trained and begun story the whore he should've



let go and never himself really let to begin please god please be to you god to you this story simply to say i'm sorry never should've begun this the way i ended that thing was killing tho my hands never touched it i swear i swear god how i do i do swear i never touched it who understands?

what is at best a question at worst the unnameable moment the hands ache from holding the tense seconds the breath does not release does not carry held in the chest too long is married to the last moment of seeing that lack of truth you know the meaning of your own lying you did lie you did

short short breaths me i was just lying here tho i'd take the day and relax you know i haven't relaxed i tho i'd take the day and try it you know to relax you know i tho i'd try it the irritations you know i mean they do build up you know and i just tho i'd take the day and relax like if that's okay coz if it's not i can simply i mean all you have to do is say and you do say you did come along and you said c'mon you said said to me c'mon you cocksucker get up and write the fucking thing down c'mon confess it you always got to confess it and i do confess you know i do confess i killed it i did kill it didn't even know it was a girl or boy i didn't know never saw the body that ugly moment i knew i'd killed it i knew and i never forgave that moment withdrew from it so long so very far and long ago you came along the road and told i was simply relaxing and you came along and i was simply relaxing you said you said why are you relaxing i said i remember the sun was shining i think or it rained you came along the road i'd been feeling tired that day and was lying there relaxing as best i could you said to me haven't you got things you should be doing i was trying my best one of those days your whole body aches & you said i should be writing things down you came walking down the road rain blowing up over your left shoulder i hadn't been able to do a thing that day i remember it was raining and i'd forgotten my hat you took off your hat and said good afternoon sir i bowed i was very tired i stood under the trees waiting for the storm to break you passed along the road and smiled in my direction you didn't speak i smiled back it was a bad day you were walking alone or i think i remember you looked at me i'd been tired that day something had happened but i was standing alone there under the trees when i tho i saw you

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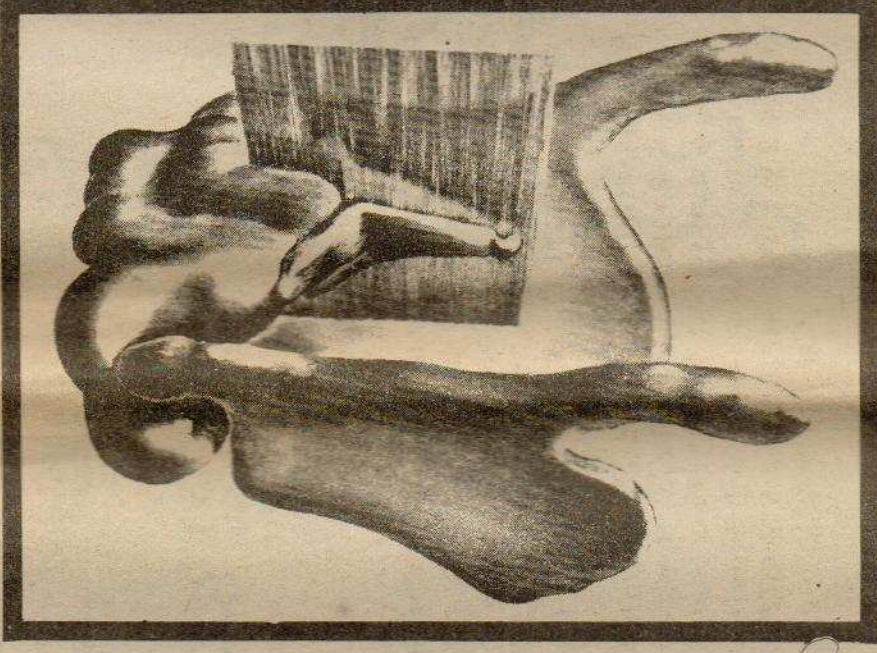
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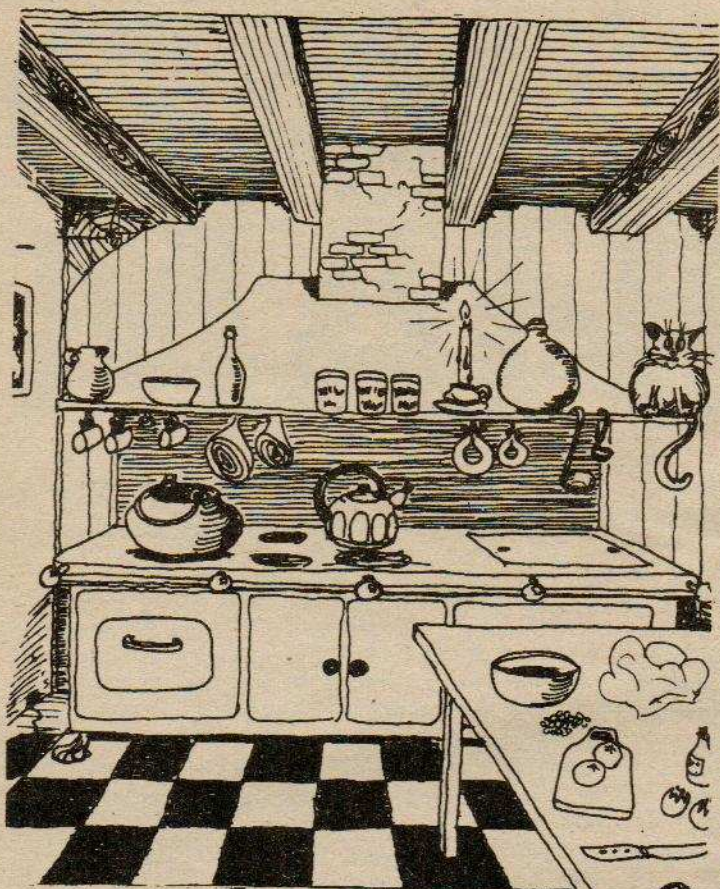


## David Rosenberg: The Heavenly Coffee

just because you sleep with someone  
 is that any reason  
 to know them  
 when you're awake  
 they never know you  
 and you're half asleep  
 peeing thru a dream  
 you bang the table  
 get up with the mechanics

*Glimpses, flashes, small sounds shone from moment to moment darting like little fishes before my distorted vision. In their perfection I imagined. I sought to be delivered from my rancorous society.*





# AUNT ABIGAIL

SOYBURGERS — or, how to fake it on a picnic

- 3 tsp. oil
- 1 onion
- 2 tsp. soy sauce
- 2 stalks celery
- 2 tsp. brewer's yeast
- 2 eggs
- lots of spice
- 3 cups ground soybean  
(use the blender)

add about 2 cups of bran or wheat germ — mix well. If wet, let it stand an hour or so. Shape into patties. You can be just like everyone else on a picnic! The burgers are great if you fry onions, mushrooms and potatoes and serve them with onion rolls from Purlmutter's in the market (on Balwin at Kensington, more or less) and add plenty of catsup. I tried to save some to freeze so that I'd have protein when others in the house were having meat, but it all

got eaten by the Midnight Muncher, along with a bottle of catsup.

## KUNDALINI KAKES

- bananas — mush in the blender
- date — grind or chop fine
- walnuts — chopped

Mix and form into balls

unsweetened coconut — roll balls in the coconut

This is basically the recipe that the Yoga people used in the goodies they sold at Mariposa. Joan said you can use orange juice instead of the bananas, and then they're really great. The yoga classes are starting at the Hall, by the way — Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 11 a.m.

## The Joose Freak

Well, fans, there's good news on all fronts this week.

First, the Liquor Board has graciously permitted us to purchase booze up til midnight at several stores in cities in Southern Ontario. Nearest spots to downtown are Wellington & York and Yonge and Summerhill. Saturday, it's still a six o'clock deadline.

Second, following the lead of Formosa Spring Brewery, the Brewers' Retail Stores will offer a refund on cans returned. The price for twelve goes to \$3.05, with a 15 cent refund. Clean 'em up, folks, for fun, ecology and profit.

Third, a co-operative brewing effort is being organized by some freindly, freaky brewers in town. Learn the skills of the brewmaster's trade (or help teach others). Educational and intoxicating. Call Pete Harris 368-4274.

Fourth, the music at the Beverley and the Paramount is getting better all the time, with the "Bonnevilles" and "Fuzzy" respectively.

And finally, for the young folks, it looks like the legal age is going to come down to eighteen before too much longer.

What goes on in prison is a crime.

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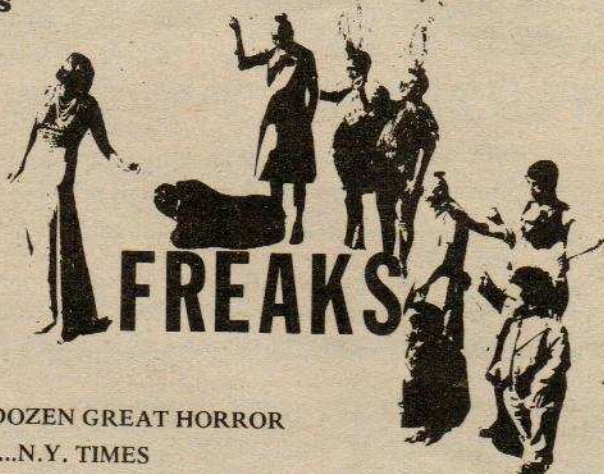
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# BOOKS

## women's lib. anthology

Sisterhood is Powerful,  
an anthology of writings from  
the women's liberation movement  
ed. by Robin Morgen  
Vintage Books, 1970  
paperback edition \$2.95

If you want to know what women's lib is about or want to bolster a sagging commitment, read this book. It really turned me on to how beautiful we really are. No bitching, no complaining, just plain facts and concrete analysis for the unbelievers and a glimpse into the lives of many different women, professional women, secretaries, black women, Chicano women, lesbians, married women, etc., women with nothing in common but their second class status in a man's world. The political statements and manifestoes of the various groups provide a good survey of different attitudes and approaches, from the straight professionally-oriented National Organization of Women (NOW) to Valerie Solana's great power trip Society to Cut Up Men (SCUM). Get into the SCUM fantasy trip, sisters - it's far out.

And don't pass over the introduction. Mrs. Morgan talks about how the book was put together, their attempt to have the entire book written, edited, assembled, proofread, etc., by women and the problems they experienced. The first article is a brief historical survey of the women's movement in America which is highly informative. The rest of the book is analysis of women's situations, marriage, motherhood, jobs, sexual politics, some testimonies, and some great poetry. This example is from a seven year old girl.



A hen  
is useful to men  
She lays eggs  
Between her legs

As this book seems to be an accurate representation of the women's movement, from it I perceive two immediate shortcomings of the overall movement. One is that despite attempts to change it, it is largely a middle class movement. One reason is that working class women are free to work, free to be slaves just like and often worse than their husbands. Freedom to them would be to stay home and do nothing like their suburban counterparts. Their plight is often worse because they are often responsible for the housework as well as an outside job. This points out how interrelated is the struggle for socialism with other political goals. The second, a small criticism, is that the educational energy is inner-directed. This is necessary, of course, to "raise consciousness", but it means a lot of beautiful writing and clear ideas don't get past women's lib newspapers. What does filter through is exploited and misshapen by the media so that the public is more aware of screaming braburners than of the gentle, soulful, righteous voices of these really together women. This book may help to change that.

Most meaningful to me were articles based on personal experiences and feelings, that I had thought were mine alone. This is the basis of women's liberation, how much we really share, after all. All women are oppressed, however subtle and sophisticated the oppression may seem, and acknowledging it and sharing it with other women is the first step to freeing oneself.

Leslie McNabb

## MIND MAPS



by Alfred Rushton

Poseidon Press Toronto; \$1.50

Who would not distrust books printed by publishers with fancy names you have never heard of, which in 99 out of 100 cases, are just cover-up names for some poor beggar's private efforts to see his Work in Print? One expects some kind of an unexciting Message, preferably politico-philosophical; for them, that substitutes for any semblance of art. Or still worse: a boring pseudo-experimental word-hash presented as Self-Expression which for some unexplained reason everybody is supposed to be interested in.

And yet there are exceptions; especially in these times when it is the Big American Publishers who have become the spreaders of Messages for Self-Expressing Saviours of Mankind, as they make better best-sellers than the sweet reactionary ladies whose works the late F.O. Matthiessen used to call the G.W.W.'s.

I did not particularly care for the two pieces of literary reporting entitled MEETING HENRY MILLER and AL CAPP IN CANADA, both included in the slim and uninviting-looking papery paperback MIND MAPS written by Alfred Rushton and published, well, by the Poseidon Press in Toronto. Neither was I overexcited by the science fiction pieces in the volume, although THE LIFE PRESERVE might well be accepted by any of the SF anthologies which go beyond the BEM type. But there are, at least, three stories in the book well worth reading: THE FEEDER, THE PHONER and THE TEMPLE VISITOR. They show Mr. Rushton as a man who knows the craft and who is endowed

with understanding for other people's minds, not just his own.

At a time when so much of what people write is either an involuntary proof of the emptiness of their life experience, caused mostly by lack of true altruism and masked by imitations of Sarraute or Beckett or by an uninspired adherence to mindless, alliterating and capitalized slogans, it is refreshing to find a young man who can produce a sympathetic study of a middle-aged woman who is dying slowly in the mind-killing profession of selling-by-phone cookbooks nobody needs. Or of a man feeding the animals in a science-laboratory who develops a St. Francis of Assisi's feeling towards the poor creatures. It is encouraging to find a young writer who, in the absence of the good old sensible Evelyn Waugh and his kind, is young, uniformly different and protesting; he protects you from becoming a target for andersenian satire and he unveils the "mysteries" of the Hare Krishna freaks in THE TEMPLE VISITOR.

These stories are written with understanding and with a reverence for certain literary traditions a young man had better master before he starts breaking them up. The \$1.50 you will spend for the book, which certainly will not look decorative among the glossy backs of hard-covered Big-American-Firms-published prophets of exhibitionism in your library, will not be money thrown away.

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# i don't know anything about art, but...

An improbable conversation between Phil the philistine, Mr. Oldguard the aesthete and Dr. D. Bunk, the eminent psychologist:

PHIL: I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like.

OLDGUARD: Oh my God!

D.BUNK: No... he may be right.

OLDGUARD: You're joking, of course.

D.BUNK: Have you ever asked yourself why people prefer one piece of art and not another or what exactly it is in a work of art that holds people's attention?

OLDGUARD: The critics tell us what to look for.

PHIL: I never read the critics - it seems like a lot of shit.

D.BUNK: Well yes, a lot of it is, but...

OLDGUARD: So do you know why?

D.BUNK: A bit I do research in experimental aesthetics which means that I use empirical research methods to find out the factors that determine aesthetic behaviour.

PHIL: "Aesthetic behaviour?"

D.BUNK: It's the artist's behaviour in producing a work of art and the audiences' response to it.

PHIL: Why do they behave this way?

D.BUNK: Well, it is a variation on exploratory behaviour. Man has a drive to satisfy his curiosity or entertain him - a motivation for novelty for its own sake.

OLDGUARD: How is your approach different from that of art critics and philosophers of aesthetics?

D.BUNK: Well, we begin with very simple patterns and materials rather than the finished product to find out which elements in a work of art determine what response. It's what Fechner, the founder of experimental aesthetics, called "aesthetics from below" as opposed to the traditional approach of "aesthetics from above" which starts from the finished product.

OLDGUARD: But isn't this circuitous and artificial?

D.BUNK: Of course. But a finished work is so complicated that it is impossible to determine what factors determine people's like or dislike for it. Remember, we only begin with simple elements but then we work up to more complex ones, relations between patterns and finally on to the finished product.

PHIL: How else is it different from the traditional approach?

D.BUNK: We test subjects under controlled conditions. We show them patterns and ask them which they prefer on the basis of some set criterion such as "interestingness" or "pleasingness."

PHIL: Is that all? Don't you ask them why they chose it?

D.BUNK: Sometimes. But we can't be sure the answers they give are the real ones or whether they are represent some internal process that has been going on. We also measure such things as how long someone looks at one pattern as opposed to another. A third method is using psychological measures like the EEG which indicates brain wave changes in response to a pattern and other bodily reactions.

PHIL: Like Masters and Johnson?

D.BUNK: Sort of.

OLDGUARD: But not as interesting. What have you found out?

PHIL: The longer one looks at a pattern, the better one likes it.

D.BUNK: It's not all that simple or clearcut. For example, subject will look

at a pattern other subjects call interesting longer than he will look at one called pleasing. However, after he has familiarized himself with both he'll choose the pleasing one.

As I have said before, man seeks out novelty, but he also seeks coherence in what he perceives. For the most part he avoids both extremes. If a pattern is regular, simple, and orderly, it is boring; if it is irregular, complex, and disorderly, it is merely confusing. Therefore, there has to be enough complexity to make it interesting but not so much that no sense can be made of it.

PHIL: I see. When you first look at a complex pattern, it's novel so it challenges you to find coherence and give meaning but if it's so complex that you can't resolve it then you end up by just being mixed up.

D.BUNK: Yes, people don't like that feeling. That's why really complex avant-garde art isn't widely popular.

PHIL: Isn't it the function of art to induce emotion?

D.BUNK: That's a value judgement. First of all, we see it in terms of arousal rather than emotion. Arousal means how awake, active or excited you are. If I see you suddenly looking aside or see you perk up I assume you've seen something that's caught your attention. Thus a complex, novel picture is accompanied by a rise in arousal level - especially when the pattern evokes uncertainty.

PHIL: What about pleasure? Art is supposed to give you pleasure even though the content is saddening.

D.BUNK: Well, pleasure is linked to arousal or, more specifically, to changes in arousal level. Boredom is a sign of too

low or too much arousal and is unpleasant. Extreme arousal such as hyper-tension or having to take in too much in too little time is a source of tension and is also unpleasant. When one is bored, a rise in arousal, is subjectively felt as pleasurable. Thus a good artist walks a thin line between causing no rise in arousal by too much novelty which can't be resolved.

PHIL: But arousal and emotion aren't the same thing.

OLDGUARD: Yes, isn't it the function of the artist to communicate an emotion or feeling. Your term doesn't communicate much.

D.BUNK: All emotion involves higher arousal. When someone is happy, angry or sad for example, the person is more "awake" than when he isn't experiencing an emotion. This arousal is the same for all emotion and is a physiological thing. The nature or type of emotion one experiences depends on the context of the situation. For example, if a rise in arousal follows your being say, deliberately pushed by someone, well you know that this is cause for anger and so you feel angry.

OLDGUARD: If this is so, how does the artist communicate?

D.BUNK: Are you sure he does?

OLDGUARD: Well - the artist sees an object or experiences something. This gives rise to a feeling, emotion, or thought. Then he proceeds to make the art object which is the sign or symbol of his thought. The beholder sees this symbol and it gives rise to a similar feeling that the artist had.

D.BUNK: Yes, that's the traditional viewpoint. But, you can't see a thought or an emotion so how can you know that the emotion you have corresponds to the artist's?

PHIL: The critics tell you.

OLDGUARD: Isn't that a criterion for a good artist? That he does make you feel the same thing.

D.BUNK: That's a value judgement. It's also an impossibility. A symbol stands for something in the external world that is seen or experienced. Each individual on seeing the symbol experiences a reaction which is similar to the real object that the symbol stands for. This is a rather inane example but it will clarify my point. An artist who loves cats paints a portrait of a cat. He thinks cats are cute and cuddly and paints them that way. Someone who has learned to hate cats (having been scratched a lot) comes along, looks at the picture and hates it. He thinks the cat is sneaky looking since she's *hiding* her claws *under* a syrupy expression. Thus your response is determined by your past experience of the real thing that the picture is a symbol of. And with non-figurative art, the ambiguity of it enhances this viewpoint.

OLDGUARD: So it's each individual's response to the art object in accordance with his previous experience of the real thing that's the aesthetic response?

D.BUNK: Something like that. But the response to the art object is only partly similar to the response made to a real object since you don't react to a picture in the same way you react to the real object.

OLDGUARD: That almost looks like an alternate theory of aesthetics.

D.BUNK: It's still in the early stages yet. Although this kind of research is a hundred or so years old, not too much has yet been done.

OLDGUARD: A while back you said I made a value judgement. What's wrong with that?

D.BUNK: Nothing really. It's just that we want to make sure people prefer a pattern or art object because it is pleasing in itself - not because it reflects a property that a society considers good. If you take the latter into account, then you're dealing more with ethics and sociology than aesthetics. We're not rejecting values but the two have to be separately studied. It is confusing not to do so.

PHIL: Most aesthetics confuse the two, don't they?

D.BUNK: Well they're hard to separate sometimes.

OLDGUARD: I'm afraid experimental aesthetics has done away with quite a few of the old ideas.

D.BUNK: We have taken a lot of the mystery away or should I say mysticism concerning art.

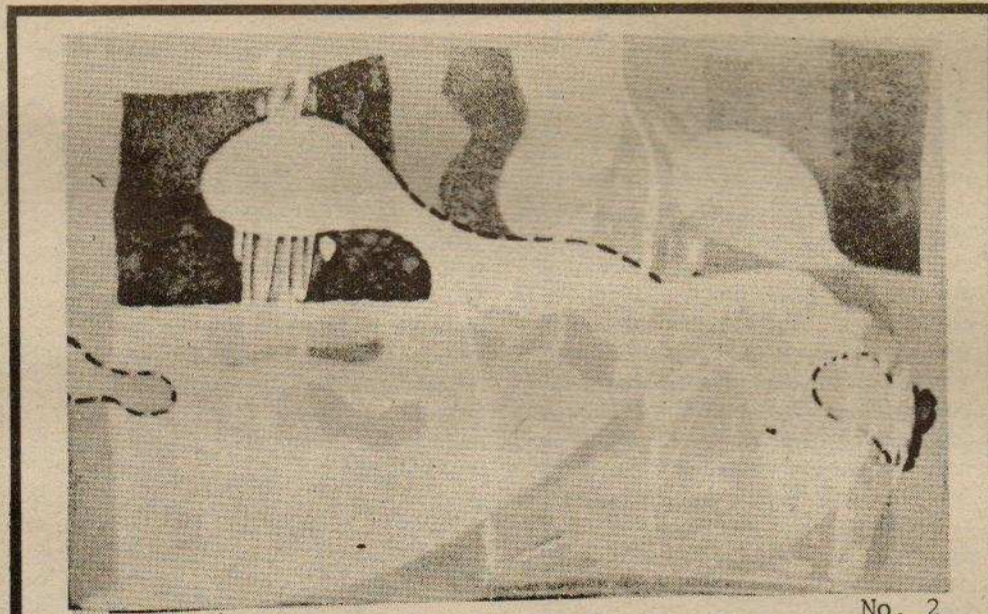
OLDGUARD: You mean the idea that the artist is somehow more profound and sensitive than his fellow men?

PHIL: Divine inspiration!

D.BUNK: We're not knocking the artist's ability to produce art but the aura of magic about the artist is unfounded. It's a cultural thing. Other cultures have had quite prosaic views of art and artists. Rather than communicate his own ideas, he sometimes was used to reflect the religious or political ideas of his time.

OLDGUARD: A lot of people hold art as an almost sacred thing. They're not going to like you for debunking all the traditional ideas. They'll never forgive you.

the preceding diatribe brought to you by olga zamora



No. 2

## CAVE & FRIENDS

Jim Cave, from Liverpool to Canada 1967, is showing at ME AND MY FRIENDS, McCaul and Queen. At first glance Mr. Cave's paintings seem to be extremely decorative, bouncy line and brilliant color. Take a closer look and you see an artist involved in the old struggle of form versus colour, so as such his paintings are more exercise than statement.

Examine his painting No. 23 and the incomplete synthesis of the figurative and the abstract adds to the problem, a coloured field of shapes, reminiscent of painting No. 2 is superimposed by a figurative design. Line follows shape, if it doesn't it is conflict, and as an affect

conflict is fine, but when toatl it tears the canvas apart.

All is not lost, Mr. Cave has a series of excellent lino cuts, maybe the print medium forces a particular approach on the artist, but color and shape here are extremely well worked (Print No.30 and Print No. 8). Mr. Cave seems to be a rather talented person in search of his art. I would say it is best found in his printing and drawing.

The Gallery hours are 11 am - 5:30 pm, Tues, to Sat. I should add that Mr. Cave's work is well within the range of a modest income.

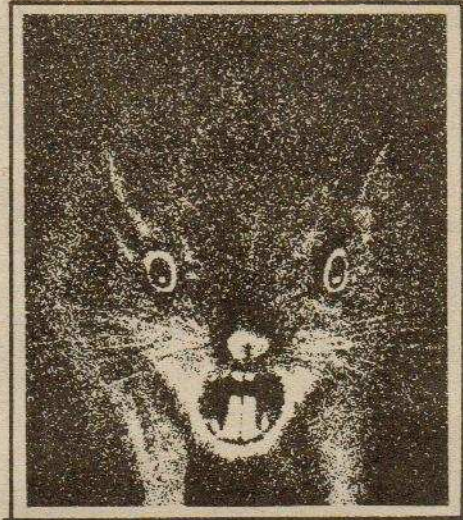
E.D. Edwards

## WILLARD

I feel I must say right off that I doubt that I am the most qualified person to review *Willard*. When I saw the movie, there were two girls nearby who knew exactly what they thought of the movie and were quite willing to say so all through the film. This was one of the two things which shook any concentration on the movie. The other was the film itself.

*Willard* (which is at the Uptown 1, although by the time you read this, it may be at the Backstage 2, or, more mercifully, on its way to the channel 7 late show) is a bad horror movie. Or else it is a bad comedy. Or else a horrible comedy. A comedic horror? Well, take your choice. Depending on how tolerant you are, it's bound to be one of those.

Have you ever had one of those days? Well, Willard Stiles (Bruce Davison) has had twenty-seven years like that. He works day and night at the menial clerical job for the firm which his father founded. His father died and the company has been taken over by the tyrant, Mr. Martin (Ernest Borgnine), who is also out to get the old Stiles



home so he can build apartments on the lot (mercenary fiend that he is). This house is occupied by Willard's dying mother (Elsa Lanchester). Willard is pushed, bullied, and generally mistreated by the entire world so much that he has developed to become an erratic, neurotic wreck.

How does our hero find escape from this situation? He discovers that he has a rapport with the local rats and can easily train them. And so begins the story of revenge. There are, in addition

to the usual mob of rodents, two special pets: a well-behaved white rat named Socrates and the rebellious black rat called Ben.

*Willard* is such a genuinely bad movie that any bright spots shine like torches. Bruce Davison gives a fair performance of an exaggerated Anthony Perkins-Norman Bates of *Psycho*. However, one does notice the control of his facial features to demonstrate the erratic nature of the character. The other star performances were those of Socrates and Ben, especially the latter. Don't ask me how, but I'm sure that the trainer, Moe DiSesso, managed to get that black rat to smile.

The only other features worth noticing were some of the "horror" sequences, especially the ending.

I must note the performances of Jody Gilbert as Charlotte, the friend who tries to take care of Willard (in a motherly way) after his mother dies. It is not often that a performance is so badly over-acted that it is really quite notable. This is one of those times.

So, if you're willing to sit through a movie that drags interminably in order to see a rat smile, by all means, see *Willard*. But you might just as well wait for the fright-night late show. It should be there pretty soon. If it isn't, then the quality of late shows is improving.

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## FREAKS

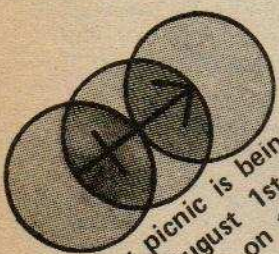
A new movie theatre! A good one. The Playhouse on Bayview has been taken over by a group of movie enthusiasts for an initial ten-week run. The idea is to screen interesting,

neglected, or experimental films in conjunction with movies being shown by other outlets in Toronto so that the movie freak can actually learn something about directors, styles, trends etc.

They're opening with two horror movies from the thirties, *Freaks*, and *The Island of Lost Souls*. After hearing for years what a wierdie *Freaks* is, I finally got a chance to see it last week. Mainly for the fact that its been banned for thirty years, *Freaks* has enjoyed a sort of "underground classic" status among film people. It is a grotesque little item, appealing as it does to our fascination and repulsion regarding physical deformities and playing one response against the other. The story is very simple: a beautiful circus aerialist leads an admiring midget into believing she loves him all the time she is humiliating him behind his back. When the other freaks in the side show he is with realize what is happening, they rally to help a brother and decide to "make her one of us". It's interesting how Tod Browning, the director, turns our initial response of repugance towards the limbless torsos, pinheads, Siamese twins, bearded woman, etc. into one of sympathy and then makes us feel guilty for our first reaction. In this way we're involved in the cruelty that is casually inflicted upon the freaks and understand the tight sense of community they share to protect themselves and their self-respect.

The acting tends to be a bit hysterical, but the insight provided into a dislocated and exploited group and the courage and acceptance they display, makes the film well worth seeing.

John Williams

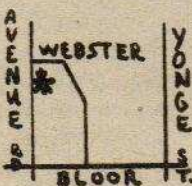


A Gay picnic is being organized for Sunday, August 1st, to be held at Hanlan's point, on the beach nearest the Island Airport, at 3:00 p.m. All Gay people are invited to bring food, refreshments, musical instruments and what-have-you. The picnic will be a purely social event. To get to Hanlan's Point, take the Bay Street bus to the ferry docks and take the Hanlan's Point ferry. For further information phone the Canadian Homophile Association of Toronto (CHAT) at 964-0653.

### The GROTTO DROP-IN

FOOD WITHOUT COIN

SHOWERS WITH SOAP



COME AND BE A PART OF US

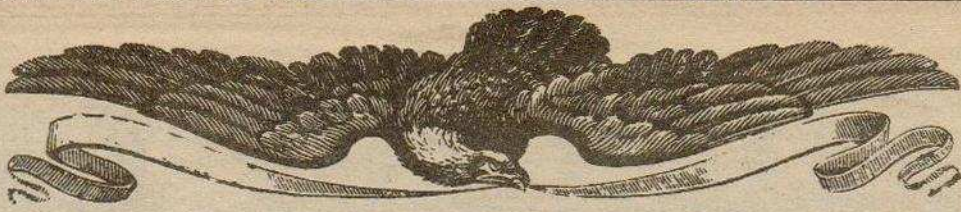
121 AVENUE RD. (at Webster)

924-6178

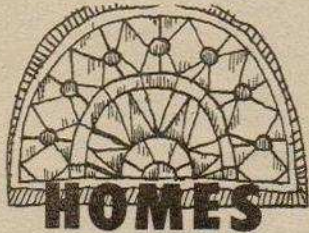
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SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND!

SELL



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



Real far out pad - mod decorated - suit turned on pair; \$22 week, completely furnished plus contents. Broadview-Danforth area; evenings 466-5755.

We're tired of living with "liberal-minded" straight people, yet due to economics, a room-mate is necessary... therefore we are placing this ad to find a person compatible to our lifestyle. We seek a young male (or a "couple" of young males) under 24 years to live communally in a 2 bedroom apartment in a triplex on Vaughan Rd. The person or persons we seek must dig music and dogs. If you care to discuss it further call Michael or Artie at 653-2442. Please call only if you are seriously looking for a place to live; we are tired of, and don't really get off on, obscene phone calls.

Michael, Paul and Viki are looking for new housemate(s)... we're 24 to 27... communal set-up, have darkroom, motorcycles and shooting range - rent average: \$90.00 month. Broadview & Danforth. 465-9589

People needed for house on Herton St. (Davisville & Mt. Pleasant) - must be into TRANSCENDENTAL meditation - call Seth 486-8173

We need people for two rooms in cheap, warm communal home at Cecil & Huron. Call John or Ray at 925-0063 evs.

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).

Room in commune for one person; 418 Palmeston Blvd.; 533-4090 anytime.

Flat wanted for Sept.; good condition; \$90-110/month; central. 921-5052.

Want to find a house for beginning of September in downtown. Call Pat or Brian 699-3562.

Couple in late 20's looking for two rooms in co-op. Will consider starting one up if necessary. Karen 532-4116 or daytime 366-7311, local 266.

Apt. to rent, Bloor-Christie, one bedroom, clean; across from Christie Pits swimming pool; \$110/month. 535-4354 or 964-1174.

Single & Double Room at 331 Davisville; share food and expenses; \$50 either one month. Charly 481-6514.

Third person wanted to share large comfortable house; Mortimer and Broadview; \$100/month. Call 463-3165.

Landed dodger and his dog looking for a home. Communal life style. Share rent. Call Dick 537-5337.

New artisan commune near Parry Sound accepting applications for 25 persons age 25-35. Monthly assessment \$3 plus one day's labour per week. You get half-acre allotment, fire wood, and help to build your own hut 8' by 10'. Approximate cost \$75. Do you really want to do your own thing or is it just another excuse to do nothing? Write to Cook 613 Bay St. Toronto.

Two rooms in comfortably small cooperative house. One: \$44/month. One room large enough for two: \$64-70/month. Couple preferred as we have only one other female in the house but anyone interested welcome. Call 363-4872 or leave a message for Ernie at 863-1527.

1 ROOM TO RENT IN COMMUNAL HOME... 168 BEDFORD RD. 921-2920 DEBBIE

COMMUNAL HOUSE NEEDS PEOPLE. SEVERAL ROOMS AVAILABLE AT LOW RENT - 275 DAVISVILLE & MT. PLEASANT. LEAVE MESSAGE AT 481-6514 FOR HELEN OR MARTY.

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



Bass guitar - good condition \$40. 533-3484, Angelo.

Interested in starting a part-time band with people with straight jobs. Light rock and blues. Call Mike 789-4468.

James R. Kiley, singer and player of various kinds of electric music desires local gigs; I also give inexpensive guitar lesson for those into rock n' roll, blues, etc. Call me at 767-0155.

6PX bass amp; Hofner guitar and case; \$650 complete; 759-6162 Mike.

Super Stones Freak would like to rap with same about music making. Jim 822-2368; if not home leave name and phone. If I don't phone, phone til I'm home. Parents have bad memories.

JAZZ GUITAR. (5) GIBSON ES175 single cutaway acoustic. 1 humbucker pickup. 922-2873...

FRAMUS guitar \$50.00 or so. call 924-3587

Blues bass player and drummer needed for non-union band. Phone Bob 481-7025 ☆☆☆

Rodgers Bass Drum for sale 24 inch, 6 months old. \$200. Phone Paul at 920-7928.

TAKE a summer music appreciation course with the Masters given by Edward Providence and Barry Edwards. OCE auditorium one day per week. (6 weeks). For further info, dial 923-0808 or 922-8807.

Whoever ripped off my guitar at St. Basil's hostel, please return it. No hassles. Guitar is a Fender-Kingman acoustic with mahogany back and blond front. Contact Frank Deschaine at St. Basil's, 95 St. Joseph St. with any information.

Tenor sax player, keyboards too, I would like to make some money playing rock, jazz, blues but also dig any good blowing jams; call Duff: 763-7429 - anytime.

Heavy worker, driver, blues singer, handy man. Phone 636-6100.

FLUTE - I need a flute and can't pay much money. Call John 925-9931.

Available one Jug Band Mother Fletcher's jug band available for any kind of gig including one fiddle player for dancing. Contact Larry 964-1899.

I have 12 string guitar know some chords need someone to teach me to play fairly well picking etc. Can't afford much no rip-off please 533-8697.

Bruce Beach, the flautist, would like to meet a good jazz bass player. 962-5753.

"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.

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 T.F.U. 864-1376

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

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 Kelvin 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.

4 Sale - classical Guitar, good condition, good case, 925-6166. Leslie.



Anyone interested in helping to build a geodesic dome near Cochrane, Ontario please contact Marsha or Stephen at 198 Beverley.

Volunteers needed to deliver Meals to homebound people. We need you with or without car. Phone Meals on Wheels 364-8456 ask for Margo.

FOR SALE: jeans \$5.95 T-shirts \$1.00 tank tops \$2.00 CUT COSTS AND BUY FROM US - run by KIDS FOR KIDS, to support community services. Esquimaux & Sheppard YMCA

OCE want to change things there? phone 368-7726.

Al Cummings - 266-3551 - has a horny female cat - needs a home for it preferably on a farm with horny male cat so she can quote "get her chance at it"

A car available for people needing transportation or freight hauling to or from farms etc. See Stephe at Guerilla for further details.

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.

OPERATING FOOD CO-OPS MISSISSAUGA - (Port Credit, Cookville 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, daytimes, 741-0119 evenings. Centre City (Bloor W., Bathurst, Davenport, Avenue Road) Eliot Markson, 921-4209.

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

PERSONAL



Nedra - please phone home. We'd like to talk things over.

Want to know something? It's Free! Call Dennis 863-9584, 5 to 12 PM.

PAT and her sis and TOM BRADLEY are proud parents of a little girl PEACEMIK PAMELA born in the sign of Cancer, tipping the scales at 7 lbs.

WILL JOHN, WAYNE or GARY and talking STEVE (Rockhill) please contact Steve at 751-6175.

Susan Marczak - please call home & tell us everything is all right. Mom & Dad.



CHRIS: PICK UP REMNANTS. - MURIEL 364-3024

GIRL WANTED TO MARRY UNDER SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES 763-3397 EARL

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.

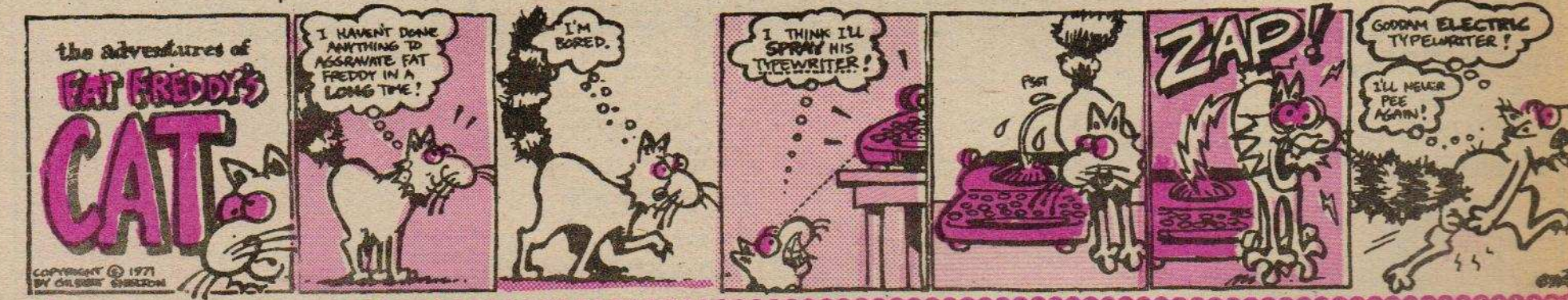
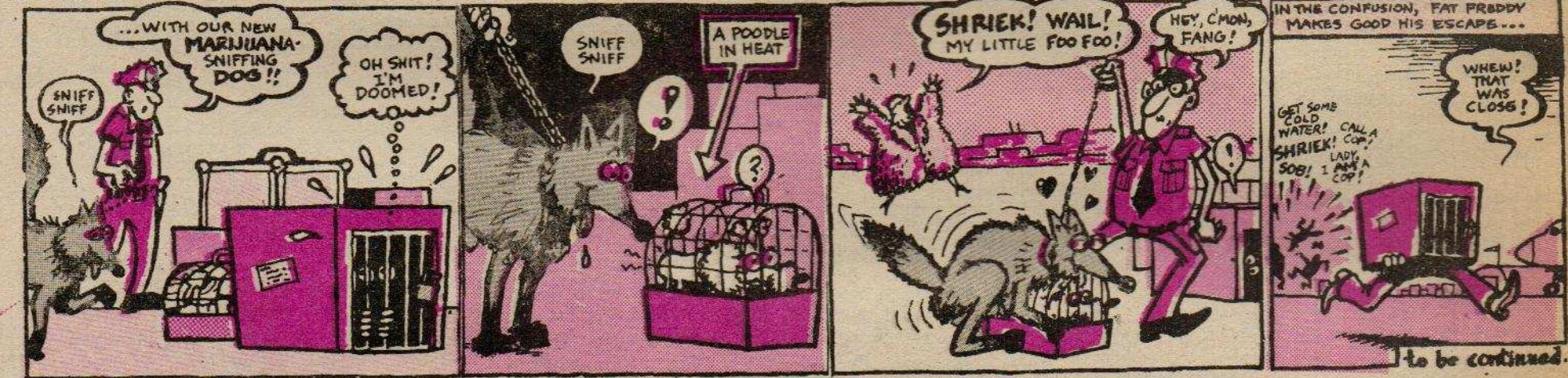
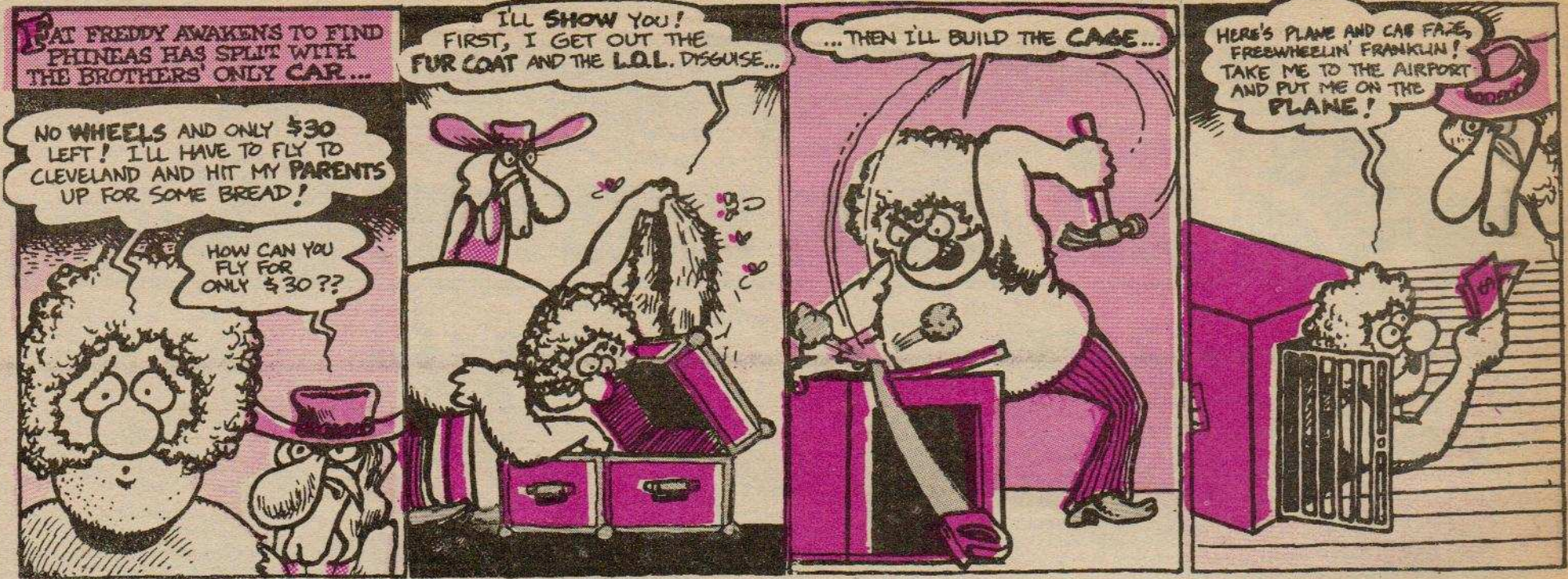
All those fond of books & reading who would like to assist in the reviewing and appreciation of fine, rare and curious volumes relating to the healing arts, please reach me. Canadian Whole Earth Almanac, 925-7689 or drop us a line at Box 6, 341 Bloor Street West.

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.

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







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