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# guerrilla

TORONTO

VOL 2 NO 7

JULY 28





This issue has some new faces along with the old ones. Anita might leave school for Guerilla while Stephanie is leaving guerilla for school. Donna became Froosh for the weekend while Froosh left with Bill. Ellen is getting her o's straight and is preparing for the big T's. MT/SC is acting up again down here but it is okay on Gerrard St. Both Peters got a taste of city driving while Walter became a sanitary

engineer. Meanwhile Walter K. has learned from the Minh people and Jubal has joined the organization. John P. may trade hats on us while John the Printer keeps inkling along. Dan E. has retired to the background while John W. has come to the forefront. Tom missed his flash this weekend and Marge is still holding in. Charlie spent a day observing green balls floating in water while Chuck missed the party. (He would have slept afterwords along with Neil.) Bill H. shifted money around while Scotty tried to do some shifting himself. Lloyd's stuff keeps on coming. Jose found Don Mills laughter on Kensington while Ross found happiness at the Globe and Mail. Doug and Judy were up to their old tricks and Bob taught us some new ones. Brian is doing something here somewhere while George and Aunt Abilgail keep turning out goodies. Roger twisted and pulled as usual and Lucy just did. Titch learned how to type. Absent were Chris, Nancy, Sonny, Rick and You. Special thanks to the man who got our car started out by Keele and the 401.

Dear Guerilla,

I can't let the little exchange on page eleven of your latest issue go by without some comment. For I believe that the two necessary ingredients for fruitful dialogue are honest thought and honest feeling. When the feeling is untempered by thought, the result, as Doug Austen's reply to Maggie Hodson-Walker's letter shows, can be sheer mudslinging.

The substance of Doug's reply is a lengthy ad hominem attack upon Maggie's attitudes and activities (or lack of activities). But surely it should be obvious that suggestions, ideas and criticisms may have a validity all their own, sometimes in spite of the alleged undesirable characteristics of the person who propounds them. In this case, Doug spent a lot of time insinuating that Maggie "open[s] [her] mouth without first making a sincere effort to get into the other person's head", dresses seductively "to stimulate male lust", and fails to follow up her agreements. Granting temporarily that these charges may be true, do they necessarily invalidate the *ideas* presented in the letter? I'd like to have seen Doug's article devoted to a full discussion of the *issues* the letter raised, not to Doug's bitter memories of his relationship with Maggie.

This raises another point: to what extent is Doug's account of Maggie's behaviour, character, etc., true? I may trust Guerilla more than I do the Daily Stark or the Toronto Tell-Nothing, but I refuse to accept a wholesale put-down of a person without hearing some answer from the accused.

It is also interesting to note that Doug uses the ad hominem technique in reverse to his own advantage (again the question of truth is relevant). He catalogues his own "nice-guy" behaviour, and drives it home with, first, a pseudo-serious appeal for sympathy — a "number of things" have been "bothering" him recently; he's "a bit hurt" — and second, an earnest invitation to a "fight" over his convictions, backed (and in a dispute about sexual chauvinism this is intended to really hurt) by a member of his opponent's own sex. Are these "poor me" and "wanna fight?" routines Doug's customary reaction to criticism?

Of course, it must be granted that there is an ad hominem bias in Maggie's letter, too, and therefore, to some degree my comments are applicable to it also. But the use of the technique is far more pronounced in Doug's article — and one expects something better from the writer of a regular column. I hope that in future the "Gnome's Dome" will be more thoughtful and sympathetic; otherwise — and by his own admission — Doug Austen is just giving his readers shit.

Chris Overall

Dear Guerilla,

I'm afraid I must admit to having been offended by the cover of the Survival Supplement, issue 7 of "Guerilla". I didn't find it offensive because the couple on the cover were nude but found the cover politically offensive.

The fact that the couple wasn't dressed served to highlight their sexual differences and to call attention to the way in which you presented their sexual roles. He, a warrior, carries an automatic weapon in his left hand. She carries in her left hand a dead chicken, obviously symbolic of her role, house-slave for the left. To further reinforce this role stereotyping, he holds her by the waist as she stands passively at his side, relegated to the position of another of his possessions.

Art has always served as a major weapon against women. The way men and women are portrayed in our books and films, on our television screens and in the press has both served as a model on which we build our lives and as a mirror to reflect them. The cover of Guerilla was unfortunately all too accurate

in depicting the way in which many people on the left view their respective sexual roles.

Paul Rosenbaum

Dear Paul,

Another way of looking at it was that the two had done their best to get their means of survival together, and that they both had to contend with the rot of the city around them in order to continue living. The photographer points out that your viewpoint would not make sense to certain Indian groups where the woman is the hunter.

If the woman had been holding the spear, and the guy the chicken, no doubt you could have accused us of making fun of liberated women and suggesting that the man had been dominated himself, left ball-less by Superwoman and her weapons.

No stereotyping was intended by the photographer, or the person who designed the cover, and this addendum to your letter was written to explain the reaction of some of the staff to your opinion. HUMAN liberation is where it's at: let's get around to not exploiting each other.

Dear Guerilla:

I would like to comment on certain features of Diane McKenzie's article several weeks back called "Is Education Mental Health?" First, she claims that the deaths in American mental institutions over a five-year period were greater than those in the Vietnam War for the same period. She does not list any statistics at all to support this, but goes on to suggest that the two major therapies used—drugs and shock therapy—are killers. That deaths directly attributed to both these therapies is incontestable, but they are nowhere near the levels indicated. In fact, deaths due to shock therapy have become very rare and those due to drugs are certainly not frequent.

I do, however, entirely concur with the author's concern with these "assault therapies." The problems of prescribed drugs—numerous side-effects, even addiction—are becoming an increasingly large area of worry, not only to those treated as "mentally ill," but to society at large. Shock therapy can cause extensive memory deficits (to a large extent recoverable), increased difficulty in new learning, and physical damage which can be irreversible. Nevertheless, persons receiving these treatments are invariably not told of possible side-effects or these are considerably diminished in importance by the physician. Moreover, should someone wish to refuse accepting these treatments—which one has the right to do—within the 'medical model' of psychiatry will be branded as hostile, aggressive, defensive, etc.

Miss McKenzie goes on to state, however, that these techniques were developed in Nazi death camps. No Virginia, all psychiatrists are not frustrated Nazi concentration camp commandants. Most of them

sincerely believe that these methods are in the best interest of their patients. And that they are effective. Unfortunately, too often they are. In its obsession with the god of adjustment, psychiatry and psychology have sold themselves out as the pillars of the status quo. Drugs and shock therapy often simply confuse, stun and brutalize one into conforming; into eliminating behaviours that are disturbing to others.

But why exaggerate about the origins of these methods? For example, in a recent article Thomas Szasz, a radical thinking psychiatrist, has recounted the beginnings of shock therapy. For years two Italian psychiatrists, Cerletti and Bini, were experimenting with giving shock waves to animals. A major breakthrough occurred for these researchers one day when Cerletti observed how hogs were slaughtered in the abattoir. The animals had electrodes applied to their skulls and a strong current induced. To Cerletti's relief, this itself was not fatal, but rather managed to stun the animal enough so that he could more easily be butchered. Not too much later the first human application of shock therapy happened. Szasz calls it going from 'the slaughterhouse to the madhouse'.

The first case history of shock therapy is in many ways illustrative of modern psychiatry's approach to people. The first person to receive shock therapy is identified only as S.E., an engineer from Milan whom Cerletti had labelled schizophrenic. This man had not sought Cerletti's help. He had been wandering around a railroad station without a ticket and appeared 'demented'. Because of this disturbing behaviour (to others), the police were called in and instead of arresting him the police commissioner had him sent to Cerletti for 'observation.' Instead Cerletti used him

as a guinea pig for his shock therapy experiment without seemingly having acquired anyone's permission to do so. Indeed, Cerletti goes on to talk about the emotional strain experienced by his staff because of the risk they were taking; but nowhere does he mention the risk to S.E. Throughout this experiment, S.E. was treated as an animal who had no control over his fate. At one point, after an initial administration had failed to trigger an epileptic-like seizure and the doctors were discussing whether to try it again, S.E. announced (and all of the following is in Cerletti's own words), "clearly and solemnly: 'Not another one! It's deadly!'"

"I confess that such explicit admonition under such circumstances, and so emphatic and commanding, coming from a person whose enigmatic jargon had until then been very difficult to understand, shook my determination to carry on with the experiment. But it was just this fear of yielding to a superstitious notion that caused me to make up my mind." The experiment continued.

Drug and shock therapies continue to be the mainstay of modern institutional psychiatry's impersonal approach to people. They are used to attack people, rather than problems. They are time-saving and expedient. And they work. Too often causing persons to adjust to what is a depressing, depersonalizing, and dehumanizing society. Therapy is not adjustment, it's change.

It's taken me most of my life to realize how much bull is printed in our 'free press.' Let's not let it spread to the underground press as well. Things are bad enough as they are; they don't need exaggerating.

Mel Perlmutter



# short

# bursts

## STUDENTS TERRORIZE QUEEN'S PARK

The recent Ontario legislation which gave the vote to 18-year-olds, also gave university students a heavy majority in 15 provincial ridings come election time, including the St. Patrick's riding of our friend and leader of the O.H.C., Allan Grossman.

With the U. of T. holding 70% of all eligible voters, plus 14 other riding (veeerry conservative ridings, too), they passed a law making it illegal for a student to vote except in the riding where he is from, by proxy or in person.

Strange that occupation would be one of the requirements for residency in a riding, isn't it?

## MARIJUANA GROWERS "GOD" BUSTED

Dave Fleming, author of the underground best-seller "The Complete Guide to Growing Marijuana" was arrested on Tuesday, June 29, at the Celebration of Life festival and charged with cultivation and possession of marijuana.

After 3 days, the narcs figured out that the 4 foot, bushy plants were real, so they roughed him up and arrested him when the festival was over. They later dropped the cultivation charge against him (?)

## GIRLS CAN'T PLAY

HAVERHILL, Mass. - Residents of Haverhill, Mass. were thrown into a tizzy recently when the coach of the local Rotary Club-sponsored Little League team allowed Sharon Poole, age 12, to don uniform No.9 and fill a vacancy in the otherwise all-boy lineup.

Playing center field, she drove in a run the first game, went hitless the second, and proved to be a very agile fielder since her team won both games.

The local league's coaches and managers met and forced Sharon to quit on a technicality since "they did not want their sons competing with a girl."

They also dismissed Sciuto, her coach, as president of the league.

## POWER TO WHO?

"We're here to keep you in power" says the Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company (which insures power equipment) in a recent ad in Business Week.

## CIA MAD BOMBER

PHILADELPHIA - Philadelphia cops made an unusual raid at the end of June. They confiscated "tons" of weapons and explosives belonging to George Fassnacht, a former employee of the Central Intelligence Agency.

There they found crates stacked "from floor to ceiling". There were cases of rifles, ammunition, knives, semi-automatic weapons, assorted automatic weapons, mortars and mortar shells, 15 millimeter cannon shells, grenades and "tons" of plastic explosives.

His wife reported that he was in Europe. She last saw him recently in Singapore.

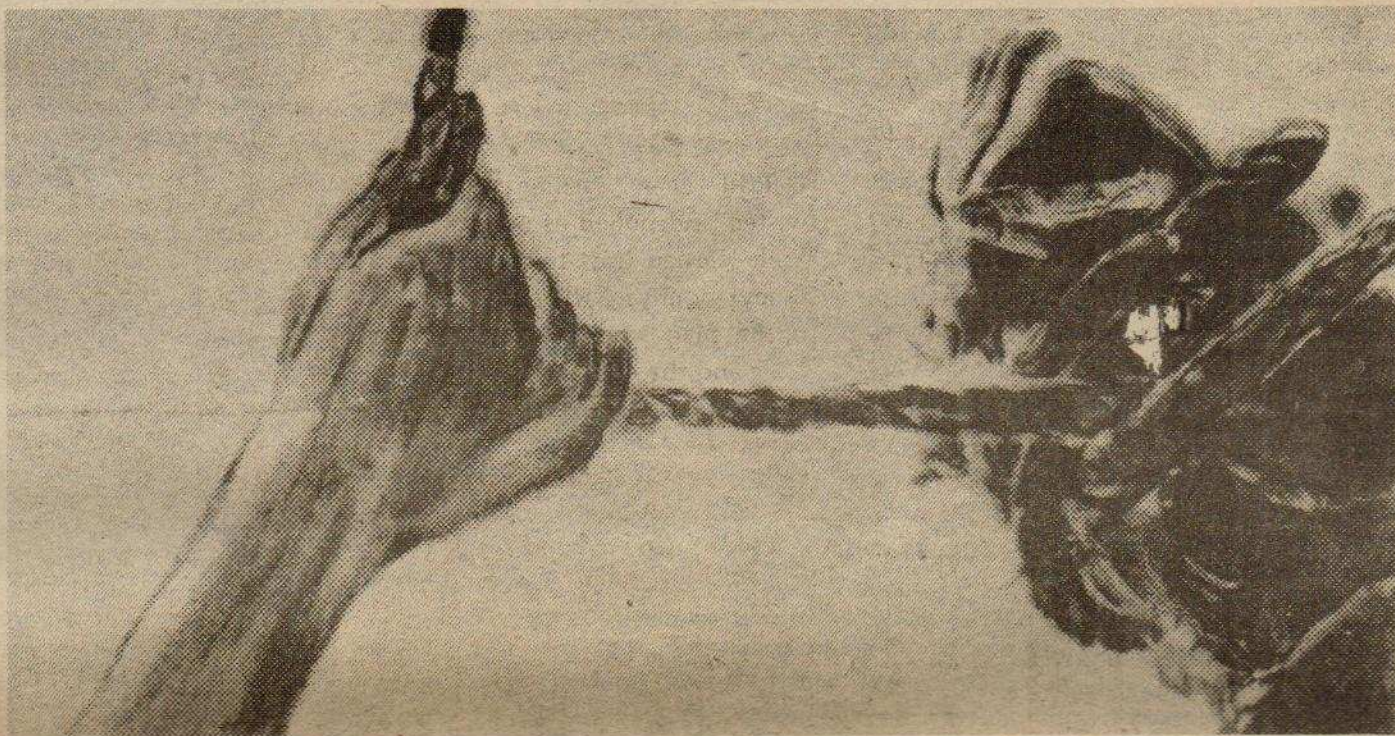
## MARCUS WELBY STRIKES AGAIN!

T.V.MANIA - A recent Marcus Welby M.D. television show featured an Apache physician who was afraid to return to the reservation to face "omens, superstition, and poverty." Marcus gave him encouragement, telling him, "other men have overcome their heritage."

# THE KINGSTON PEN

# T R I A L

## A VIEW FROM THE FAR OUTSIDE



When I walked into the Frontenac Courthouses only a few months ago, I felt intimidated. The cop cars in the driveway, the huge stone courthouse, people on benches inside looking uncomfortable -- all were part of my first look under the rock of Canadian justice.

Thirteen men, most between 18 and 24 years old, will go on trial in the fall for a rap that could mean spending the rest of their lives behind bars. All are charged with two counts of non-capital murder after the deaths of two prisoners in the April riot in Kingston Pen. They came into court for the preliminary hearings with leg-irons making a normal step difficult, and handcuffed, (sometimes painfully behind their backs), pale and hyper. Most have been in solitary since the riot.

Solitary means 23-1/2 hours a day alone in a small cell and a 1/2 hour of exercise. -- it means no sun, no fresh air and for one prisoner it means finding the sound of a normal human voice painful because of the total silence he lives in.

On top of this, the prisoners are at the mercy of the guards for everything they want or need. A number of men have come into court bloody and obviously beaten. How can this be allowed unless the court considers them guilty before trial and the verdict a foregone conclusion.

Coming out badly embarrassed after a long list of acquittals of "subversives" rounded up under the War Measures Act, the government needs to regain public support and confidence. So it has picked easy marks: men locked up for crimes less obviously political (crimes against private property) can be railroaded with no popular opposition.

In spite of the fact that every effort is being made to crack these men physically, intellectually and emotionally, they're still coming into court strong and working together. Many of them understand their totally powerless position and are making right on statements to that effect in court, "Liberty, justice, democracy -- That's what this court stands for (laughter). If there was a stack of bibles 6 feet high on the judge's desk for every one of us, it wouldn't make a damn bit of dif-

ference."

Accompany this article is a copy of a

statement made by the same prisoner quoted above.

Cindy Cambell

P.O. Box 22,  
Kingston, Ontario,  
July 16th, 71.

To Whom it May Concern:

I wish to take this opportunity to request that whoever makes the statements for the radio stations CKLC and CKWS to please do so truthfully and to quit taking advantage of the thirteen accused inmates of Kingston Penitentiary.

Yesterday for example, when returning to court from K.P. after the noon recess, "there was a scuffle" right before entering the courtroom door involving Ernie Bugler and myself, Glenn Morris when I tried to break up this "scuffle", which I wish to give my own version of, for it's quite apparent that you've only heard one side of the incident (as usual).

When we (the defendants) were brought back from the noon recess yesterday, we were taken from the bus two at a time to enter the court. The first two off the bus were Ernie Bugler and myself. We entered the courthouse, walked up the stairs, and made it to within one to five feet of the entrance of the court room itself before this disturbance took place. The trouble was caused by guards (court and K.P.) who tried to stop Bugler from going to the rest-room in a small room where we're normally allowed in order to use the rest-room and to smoke. I was stopped approximately five feet from Bugler in the hallway. The next thing I knew (it was very fast) I saw a hand clutching Bugler's hair and what appeared to be five or six guards grabbing him and choking him all at once. The next thing I know, I dived into the pile (and please get this right) to try to pull one guard in particular (for I saw this same guard earlier in the day on top another inmate) off of Bugler before it ended in a fight or something.

This particular guard for example, is why many inmates (not only the accused) disrespect the prison authorities, and feel that there will never be a chance of reconstructing the "so-called penal system".

I will respect your position and make this short, but if the opportunity ever arise for you to interview inmates, I wish to volunteer, for although I'm only 25, I've been incarcerated 12 years in every type of institution that exists, and I would very much like to tell of what these people "have taught me".

Sincerely yours,

Glenn A. Morris

p.s - By the way, I'm from Staunton, Virginia, and not from Tom's River, New Jersey!



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## URBAN AFFAIRS REPORT

A report presented to Urban Affairs Minister Robert Andras calls for free urban public transportation to ease traffic congestion in major Canadian cities.

The report, written by D. J. Reynolds of the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, says that a 15-20 per cent reduction in traffic is possible.

The report cites Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, and Vancouver as the cities most likely to have severe traffic congestion. It is expected these cities will hold 1/2 Canada's people in the year 2000.

Free transit would mean doubling of costs for public transit. The cost would vary from city to city and be high in such places as Toronto where the 25 cent fare has to cover all operating expenses without government subsidy.

The major source of the revenue should come from gasoline and vehicle licence taxes the report suggests. Mr. Reynolds charges that motor vehicle tax is probably one of the most under-exploited sources of government revenue.

The report also points out that presently 55 per cent of Canada's air pollution is caused by cars. And it states that new technologies have defects and electric cars and smaller cars will offer little solution to either the traffic or air pollution problem.

In addition it is expected that in the year 2000, four of ten Canadians will own cars as compared to the present three out of ten.

The report also states that in addition to improving traffic problems, free public transportation will mean important social gains and "a redistribution of real income to the poor and comparatively immobile."

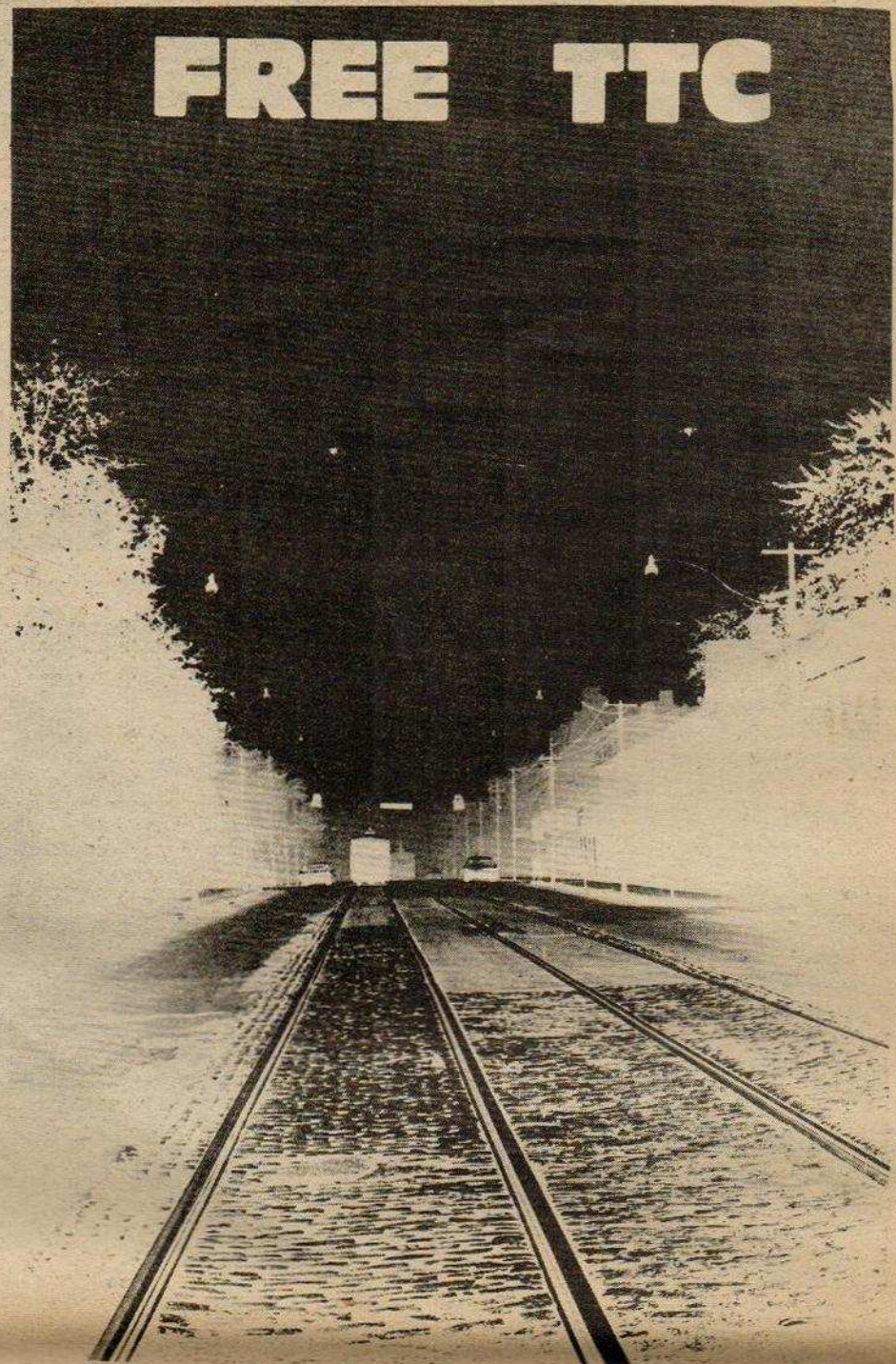
The report also suggests adding more bus lines to facilitate mass transit.

## METRO LABOUR COUNCIL

"Complete abolition of the farebox", is what Metro Toronto Labour Council is calling for, regarding public transit. The Executive Board Statement, overwhelmingly adopted by the delegates states that our transit system has already priced itself out of reach of the low wage earner and those on fixed incomes and has put too much of the burden of cost on the short haul rider in the central core."

The statement goes on to say that "Elimination of traffic congestion, a lessened need for parking facilities and a decrease in air pollution will be added benefits."

Free public rapid transit is long overdue in the City of Toronto. It should take the place of the super-duper expressways which threaten to cut up



and rend our city a place suitable only for robots.

It is over this question where delegates to the Metro Labour Council are in a dilemma Council adopted a report of the Municipal Committee that, while it does not come outright in favour of Spadina Expressways, could greatly strengthen the position of the 'City Fathers' on this question. No need here to go into the arguments the report raises. They have all been hassled out and put down.

What the report fears is that the expressways in the city will be stopped completely and that no alternatives for transportation from the government be forthcoming. And let's face it, our leaders have not always been known to

be most diligent when it comes to the people's needs.

The report states, "If the government's decision to halt Spadina at Lawrence Ave. means that no more expressways will be built in our area, then they must produce and quickly, alternative forms of transportation.

"The Committee, therefore, recommends that this Labour Council urge the Ontario Federation of Labour demand from the government their alternative."

With a little more thought and a little less apprehension, Council could very easily have come strongly against Spadina Expressway and strongly for, not only free, but efficient rapid transit systems here in Metro.

Further on the Labour Council agenda, was the matter of education tax. Structural taxation for education was devised for a farm type community many, many years ago. But, since then, Canada has changed. From an agricultural country, Canada has become industrial. Which, in turn, means that industrial capitalists have turned into monopolists who, one way or another, either own or control all industry, big and small.

It is no secret these days that education, in the formal school sense, is geared to serve the industrial monopolies. And who pays for this education. Everyone who lives some where. A house owner pays monopolist taxes on his house. If he rents out a room, the roomer pays part of the tax and sometimes even all of it. Owners of apartment blocks pay structural tax but, of course, the tenants pay the whole shot.

We must rid our society of this antiquated method of paying for education. The burden must be placed on the people, but on the big corporations where it belongs.

## NIXON POISONS POT

"DEFORMED CHILDREN THE NEW 'PUNISHMENT' FOR SMOKING THE EVIL WEED"

(Georgia Straight)-Recent reports to AMORPHIA (selling "Acapulco Gold" papers non-profit for legalization of marijuana) LEMAR INTERNATIONAL, The Marijuana Review and the Marijuana Research Association indicate that the fall 1970 and early spring 1971 harvests of both Mexican and U.S. marijuana are being heavily adulterated with wierd shit.

Hay, leaves, alfalfa, cow manure, chili peppers, along with defoliant herbicides (the kind that cause birth defects in Vietnamese children) like 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T have all been found in marijuana. 22 counties of 11 mid-western states were sprayed with 2,4-D and smoking of this poisoned weed by a pregnant woman can cause chromosome damage, foetal or embryo damage, deformations and death of the infant. Mothers, to be, BEWARE!

Operation Intercept, Nixon's scheme for stopping the flow of weed at the source, is the source of this poisoning. If the public will accept genocide in Southeast Asia, it should accept deformed children, chromosome damage, and nausea to get rid of that evil, marijuana; and leave room for the benevolence of heroine and, that savior of capitalism and the liberal conscious, methadone.

## PAPOOSES - "ANIMAL BABIES"?

NEW YORK-Among "Animal Babies" pictured in the new children's Golden Book Encyclopedia are elephants, robins, frogs, sea lions, giraffes - and papooses! Published by Golden Press in New York and written by Bertha Morris Parker (formerly of the University of Chicago) the "accurate, fact-filled volume" is "authoritative... and entertainingly written and illustrated to make learning an adventure...."

"Many baby animals look like their parents" states the text.

## NLF VIETNAM TOLLS

HANOI (LNS)-The National Liberation Front of South Vietnam reports these U.S. losses for 1970:

\*\*420,000 troops killed, wounded or captured including 110,000 GIs and South Korean, Thai, Australian, New Zealand and Taiwanese mercenaries;

\*\*5,900 war planes and helicopters downed, blasted to pieces on the ground or seriously damaged;

\*\*14,000 military vehicles (among them 7,400 tanks and armoured cars) destroyed, set ablaze or damaged;

\*\*680 ships, motor-boats, and military junks sunk, set ablaze or put out of commission;

\*\*1,850 heavy artillery pieces blown up or put out of commission;

\*\*1,000 depots (fuel, arms and ammunition, military equipment) burnt down or destroyed.



In the next to latest issue of the Last Post, they ran a feature story on the fisherman who were striking against Acadia Fisheries, and the efforts of the Acadia management, the provincial legislature, the Canadian Labour Congress, and the "international" Canadian Food and Allied Workers Union to smash their long and heart-breaking strike.

The Canadian Labour Congress, stamped by red baiting, and the Chicago based Canadian (?) Food Workers succeeded in unionizing Acadia, at the cost of totally

demoralizing the fishermen and having 45 men permanently blacklisted. International Unions have drawn as much money out of Canada in the past ten years as the total U.S. profits from foreign investments in Canada. You point this out to any worker, and he'll point to the steelworkers, who are paid higher in Canada (couldn't have Canadian steel competing with U.S. products, and a car costs \$800 more in Windsor than in Detroit) than their American counter-parts.

It seems that Franz Fanon would have something to say about this kind of thinking. American investment AND American (international) unions have done things for Canada's economy and for the workers. But isn't it unreasonable to think they BOTH don't take their point of flesh in return? The colonials will fight among themselves a long time before they realize who the true oppressor is. Franz Fanon said something like that, I think. If not, he should.





# PARK ITALIAN STYLE

## EARLSCOURT PARK

Earls Court Park is shaping up as the focus of a struggle for community control. The park, in the St. Clair-Caledonia area, is in a predominantly Italian district.

Last March, after the Parks and Recreation Department had done its clean-up and repair number to put the park in shape for the summer's usage, some of the people in the community noticed that much of the work had not been done. There was grass in the children's playground, the soccer stands needed repairs, and the light standards were in disrepair.

There is also a need for a fence inside the two soccer fields. Because the fields are uneven, disputes often arise during the course of the game. The Police Department's Community Officers have requested that some sort of barrier be erected.

A petition was passed around requesting Parks and Recreation to build a fence to keep spectators off the field, fix up the stands and lights, and clean up the grass, and make some other improvements. 3,500 signatures were obtained; the most successful petition-taking in the area.

The petition was presented to Joe Piccinnini, the alderman for the area, who was sympathetic to some of the requests and unsympathetic to others. Parks and Rec. were aware of the petition and its contents and began making some of the improvements, although the petition was never formally presented to them. This was probably the most successful petition-taking in the Italian area.

Parks and Rec has allocated \$1.2 million to build a recreation centre in Earls Court Park. This is planned as one of Parks and Rec.'s standard centres. People in the area feel that some special facilities are called for, as Earls Court Park is a centre of the Italian community and that community has special needs.

A meeting was called about the centre in May. Some of the more active types in the Italian community went to

the meeting and raised the issue that the people there were not representative of the people in the area, as there were about ten people at the meeting, only three of whom were Italian. The population of the Earls Court area is 95% Italian. The uninvited activists forced the meeting to go to a vote, with the result that there will be public meetings held, to inform the public about the proposals for the park, and, at the second meeting, to ask for submissions from the people about what should be done.

Parks and Rec. wants to build a recreation centre, with a gymnasium and swimming pool. What is needed is a community centre, allowing for different types of facilities.

One of the facilities that is needed in the neighbourhood is a day care centre. The first goal of most immigrants settling in this country, including Italians, is to get themselves a house. Given the current cost of housing in the city, it is impossible for one individual in a family, working for labourer's wages, to accomplish this. So, the woman in the family goes out to work also, perhaps to the sweat shops in Spadina. There is a great need for daycare centres oriented to the Italian working class, run in Italian. So far, the response to this proposal has been that it is not a city matter, and if it happens at all, must be done by the provincial or Metro govts none nearby which can be rented for a reasonable cost. Joe Piccinnini has said "No" to this proposal on the grounds that the St. Lawrence Centre for the Arts, has a huge auditorium which is not used. Nobody lives near the St. Lawrence Centre. A Community Information Centre is needed, bilingual English and Italian. Joe Piccinnini has said "No" to this also, claiming that there is one at City Hall. Try calling Joe's Info Service and asking who's playing in the next soccer game.

Something else that is wanted for the centre is an indoor bocce court. Bocce is a popular sport among older Italian Men. There is no indoor, publicly owned bocce court in Canada. Two or three indoor lanes and maybe some card tables exclusively for the older men

would guarantee participation in the centre by older people. Joe P. is all in favour, being chairman of the National Bocce Association for Ontario.\*

### TEXT OF THE EARLSCOURT PETITION

Noi residenti e contribuenti che usiamo il "Earls Court Park", insistiamo nel chiedere i seguenti miglioramenti del menzionato park:

1. Lo spazio riservato ai giochi dei bambini sia mantenuto pulito e privo di schegge di vetro e di oggetti metallici taglienti.
2. Vengano riparati i posti aggiunti al nord e al sud del campo sportivo.
3. Il campo sportivo sia riparato e mantenuto in ordine.
4. Siano riparate le reti di gioco.
5. Lo spazio tra il campo sportivo e i posti sia recintato.
6. Il park sia provvisto di altoparlante per annunci durante le partite.
7. Sia costruito un campo per palla a volo.
8. Sia riparato il campo per gioco di bocce.
9. Tutte le insegne nel park siano formulate nelle due lingue, (Inglese e Italiano).
10. Si provveda una tabella per annunci pubblici.

We, as residents and taxpayers who use the facilities of Earls Court Park, insist that the following improvements be made to the park:

1. That the children's playground be cleared of broken glass and sharp metal objects.
2. That the viewing stands adjoining the north and south soccer fields be repaired.
3. That the soccer fields are repaired and maintained for use.
4. That regulation goal standards be installed.
5. That loudspeakers for the announcement of soccer games be installed.
7. That a new volley ball court be constructed.
8. That the bocce ball courts be repaired.
9. That all signs in the park be bilingual (English and Italian).
10. That a bulletin board be erected for the posting of announcements.

Also desired are classrooms for teaching English. Joe P. and the Italian bourgeoisie he represents, although they espouse the learning of English as a motherhood issue, have never done anything to foster it effectively, because

as soon as Italians, especially Italian women, can speak English, they will no longer have to shop exclusively in Italian stores.

Classrooms for teaching cooking and sewing to the women and girls are needed. (Pace, Women's Lib. This was arrived at by polling the women of the community and asking what THEY wanted.)

Bilingual signs and services (English and Italian) in the parks are asked for. Joe's comment "Well, if we give you bilingual signs, everybody will want them".

An Italian cafe is called for and generally Italian atmosphere, so that any Italian, whether he's been here forty years or just got off the boat, will feel at home.

There has been considerable stalling on the project. The date of the public meetings has not been set yet; Parks and Recs has been having its vacations.

Also, Joe P. is on the Parks and Recs board, and he's been in the hospital losing weight.

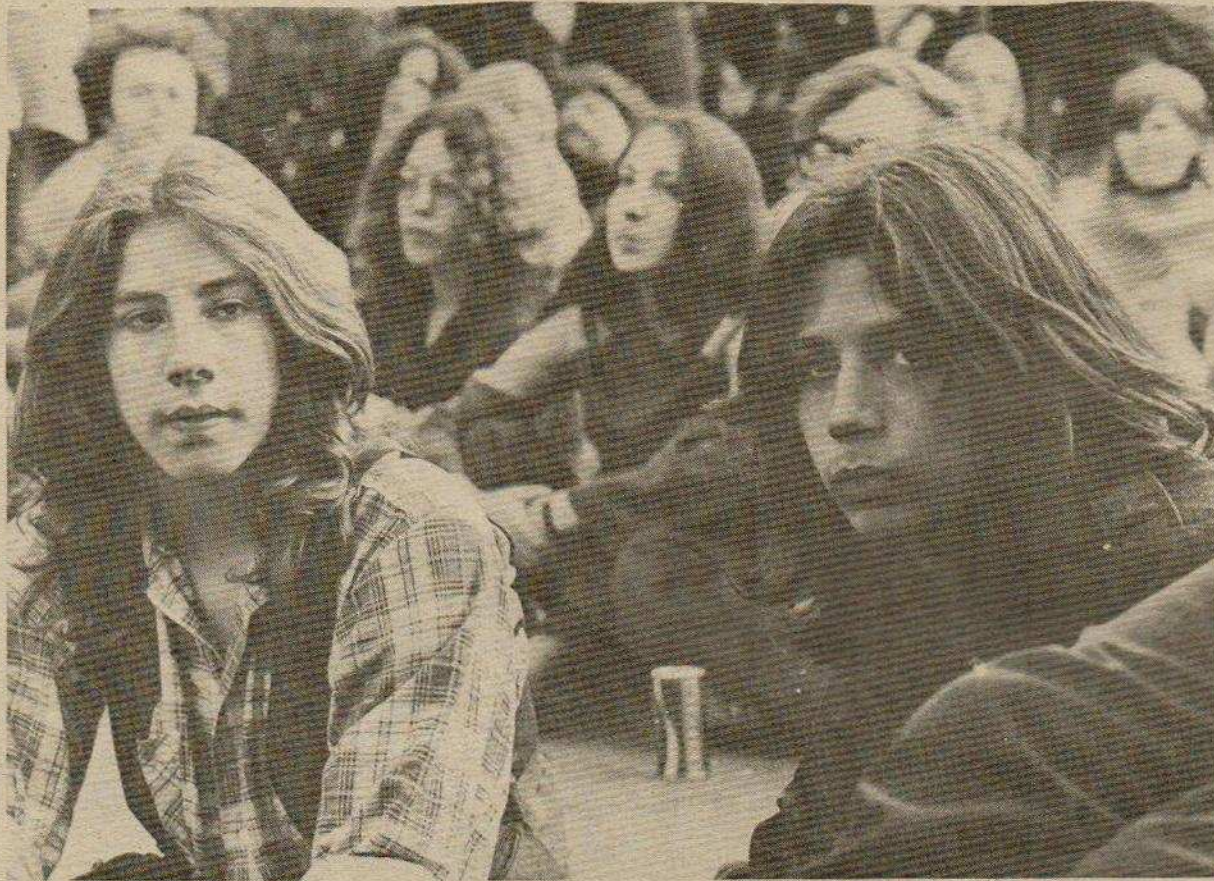
In any case, Joe is probably not too eager to see the thing go through. It would involve bringing in other levels of government, either Metro or the Province on the day-care centre, and no politician likes to see his influence encroached on.

Another clincher in the grate as far as the City Hall boys are concerned is that the centre, as conceived by the community people is to be run by a working conjunction of Parks and Rec with a committee representative of the working and middle-class people who live in the area. This committee is to have a legitimate and genuine degree of control over questions of policy, hiring, programs and so on. It will not be simply a showpiece drama. This would be real community control, and City Hall is less than enchanted with the prospect.

*\*In attempting to confirm the datum about Joe P's membership of the National Bocce Association, Guerilla spent a couple of hours making phone calls, with no results, so we are not sure that this is true. The first place we called was Joe's Info Service. Neither Joe nor his secretary were there.* John Panter



# WRECK BAY: A



swept like a wave from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The conquest pre-occupied our society for 300 years. It is over now and the backwash has brought alienation and despair even to so remote and a passive place as Wreck Bay."

Now read a freak's version and ask yourself why this is happening and relate it to Wacheea and Toronto's harbour islands. The latter will soon be done in by an airport access road.

If you've been into travelling anytime during the past two summers and those travels have taken you out west in the vicinity of Vancouver Island, you most probably have heard of the mythical transient community known as "Long Beach" on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

I was on the road last summer, heading as most people do for Vancouver and it was somewhere in Saskatchewan that I first heard of Long Beach. "Miles of wide sandy beaches," I was told, "isolation," "few people," and a very well organized resident community who were living quite well in driftwood houses they had constructed themselves out of the natural materials which were extremely abundant on the shore.

As I continued westward and met more people, "Long Beach" came up again at least six times until all of us travelling together definitely decided that we absolutely "had to" go there.

As we drew closer and inquired more persistently, we were offered more detailed information.

"People live off the ocean to a large degree, digging clams and fishing for salmon. Almost every night someone hitches into one of the fishing villages nearby and gets undersized salmon from the fishermen, brings them back and there's a huge fish fry-cook out for people living on the beach."

Other people spoke of the treacherous winding mountain road that had to be crossed in order to reach the west side of Vancouver Island and what by then we imagined to be every transient's destination - "Long Beach."

The trip over from Vancouver to the island by ferry was very far out and relatively inexpensive. It took about two hours aboard a beautiful boat with three decks plus restaurants and snack bars on board. Much like riding to Centre Island only in much grander style.

After camping for the night, we headed across the island for the west side. The road seemed good and we couldn't understand the earlier warnings about the unbelievable road we would have to cross to get there

The following story is about Wreck Bay, Vancouver Island's haven for freaks. Like Wacheea has been, it is about to be busted.

This spring Princess Anne cut a ribbon officially opening "Pacific Rim National Park" as part of British Columbia's confederation centennial celebrations. Freaks are threatening to fight their resultant September 30 eviction.

The story is about four months old, misplaced according to a protracted Guerilla office custom, but, like wine, has gotten better with the passage of time. It is a beautiful comparison with the recent heavy actions here in Toronto.

The Toronto Star also has recently reported on the issue:

"Joanna, a well-educated girl from Montreal, lived on Wreck Bay last year and gave it up. She is now chief bartender at nearby Wickaninnish Inn where the rates go to \$40 a day.

"The freaks stumble about the beach and beg for pot," she said. "That can get a bit wearying. By September it's dark at 7. You can't read or sew by a hurricane lamp. So you smoke, smoke, smoke."

"The pioneering spirit of an earlier society is continued by a lumber company, largely American owned, MacMillan Bloedel Ltd. Its crews continue to cut the spruce, hemlock and fir in wide swaths, leaving the sides of the island's mountains bare. Unopposed lumbering helps feed the cynicism of the beach people.

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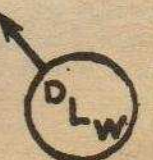
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# BIG ISLAND BUST ?

until we started to climb the mountain range that runs down the middle of the island. The road was built into the side of an extremely steep incline and crisscrossed back and forth up its side at an unbelievably sharp angle.

Matters soon became worse when the pavement ended (no doubt due to the inability of the road builders to get their equipment any further along that road). The road became pot holed and in unbelievable disrepair as we climbed higher and higher. We passed an abandoned car, undoubtedly an earlier victim which its owners had been unable to rescue.

We reached the peak and began descending, feeling much better going down than up. At about the same level that the pavement ended on the other side, it began again on this side; leaving about 30 miles of unpaved, treacherous road very capable of getting your heart beating fast.

Once down it was a relatively short drive to Long Beach which was marked on the map as a provincial park so we headed there to camp for the night.

It was not what we were looking for.

There were miles of wide sandy beach all right, and unbelievable rock formations but there were also several hundred tents and trailers parked along the beach with what looked like very straight people in hem. Confused but tired, we selected a quiet site, of which there were many, and camped for the next couple of days.

During that time we discovered "Long Beach" was the name given to that whole area of coastline. However most of the freaks were camped two miles down the coast at a little spot known more specifically as "Wreck Bay."

We headed there next morning.

It was much more inaccessible than the provincial park, involving walking quite a distance and then down a narrow path along the cliff face before getting to the beach.

It obviously was the right place.

The beach was littered with huge driftwood logs — the relics of the ocean's encroachment on the lush forest behind. Aside from providing fuel, the wood had skillfully and creatively been employed as a building material by the freaks out of which they had built log houses. There were many such houses, varying greatly in skill and design depending more probably on the length of time the builder had devoted to

construction. Some of the houses, people told me, had been under construction and renovation for months, others had been put together very quickly.

On the hill overlooking the beach, people pointed out two "A" frame cabins constructed by freaks who lived there year round and had been there for about two years as of that time. The cabins were rough but extremely beautiful and functional.

I was highly impressed.

I moved along the beach rapping with people as we passed their "places." The atmosphere was open and friendly and the feeling of community was strong. People offered food, helped others in the construction of their places and offered suggestions as to its design. We stopped for coffee with some people who had been there for several months and they told some people who had been there for several months and they told us the people were highly transient, usually staying a week or two and then leaving. A small but dedicated group resided there more permanently.

The community stretched for about two miles down the beach. The people we were talking with described how the residents divided it into the city and the country. The "city" was the part that was located near the bottom of the path coming in and near the river. The density here was high and community nightlife a permanent fixture. Farther down the beach, the population thinned out to those more interested in a nature trip and the peace and solitude of "the country."

Time was short, so we decided to drive the five miles down the highway to Ucluelet, a small fishing village.

There we waited a few hours for the baots to come in, spending the time rapping with an ancient fisherman about the area. When the boats arrived we bought ourselves a 10-pound salmon for \$.75 and which the fisherman cleaned and gutted for us. We took it back and that evening filled its belly full of sliced tomatoes and onions, covered it in butter, rolled it in tinfoil and roasted it over an open fire. It proved to be one of the most delicious meals the eight of us that partook of it had ever eaten, and it was an experience that still stands out warmly in my mind.

You can imagine the sense of remorse I felt when I read last week in the Georgia Straight that the whole area, Long Beach Provincial Park and Wreck Bay, had recently been designated a national park to be known

as "Pacific Rim Park." Under the new policy, of course, they had decided to eliminate private residents, squatters, and private enterprise from the park.

This is to be accomplished in three steps — the removal of the squatters' residences (the freaks) by September 30 of this year; by October, 1972, all owners of private residences must leave the park; and by October, 1974, the final phase will be completed with the withdrawal of private businesses such as the Wickamennish Inn.

A meeting had been called to explain the decision to the freaks, but as with all such things there could be no resolution as the decision had already been reached and the freaks were obviously unhappy about it.

Under the national park set-up, everyone will be charged \$1.50 a night to stay where they once had created something beautiful and free.

"Oh Christ," a resident girl muttered, "they sure want to get rid of us."

"There'll be blood on the beach before I leave it," another responded.

What the situation exactly is there right now, I don't know. I can just describe for you what I saw there last summer. Supposedly they'll be allowed to stay until September 30, so, maybe, if you're on the road this summer you can still visit there and maybe help them defend what they've created out of nothing.

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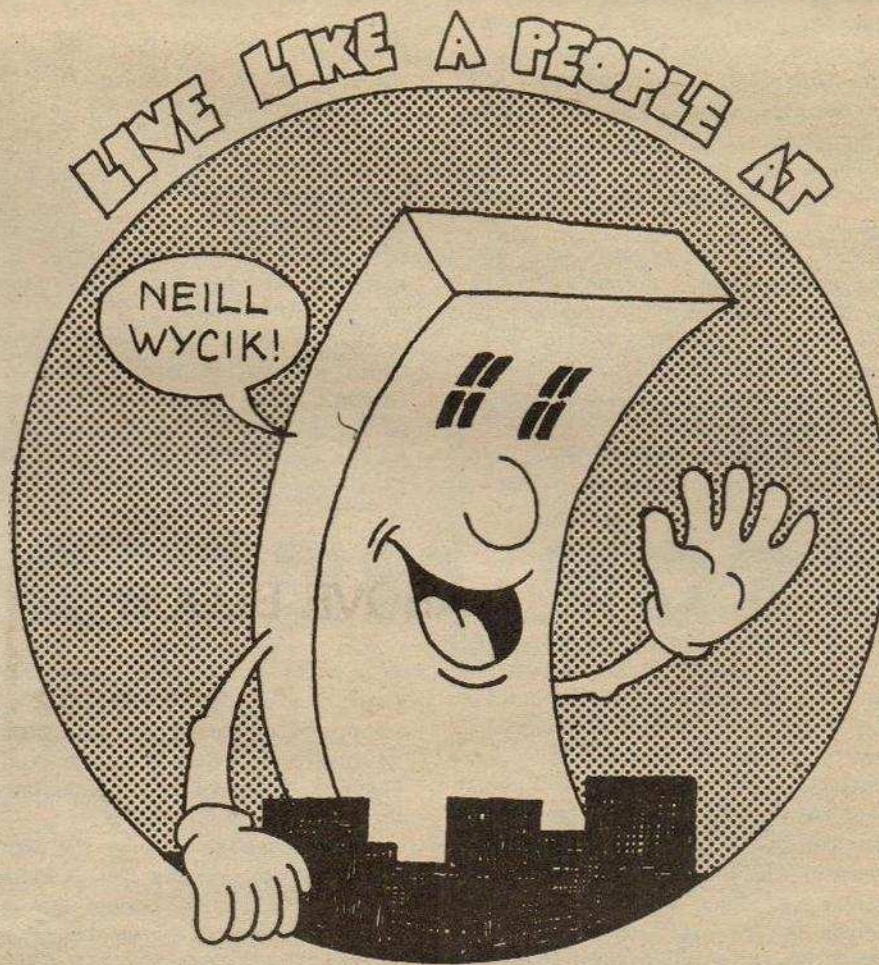


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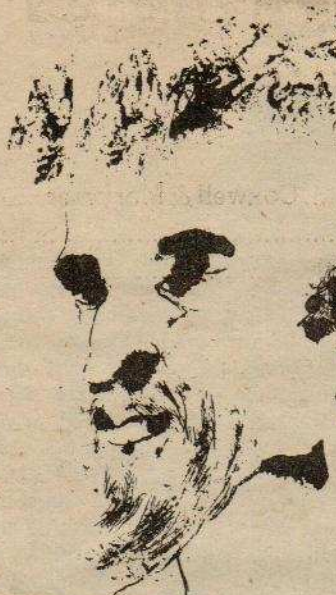
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# SUICIDE

The function of the Coroner's Court to enquire into the causes of death was ignored this month by Dr. Henry Durost, the medical director of the Queen St. Mental Health Clinic.

Giving evidence into the death of three of the clinic's patients — two by subway — Dr. Durost endeavoured to conceal that the clinic was short-staffed and lacked vital equipment. He did this by carefully neglecting to blame hospital facilities when he was asked to explain why there were so many suicides at the clinic (7 of the 14 subway suicides so far this year have been from Queen St.). He mumbled the usual cliches we have always heard from the career men of the silent majority. "The staff is diligently searching... etc.,..." He was, with this affected attitude of concern, showing the Coroner's jury considerable contempt.

It was not until the third inquest in the week and the daily press began to warm him a little that Durost eventually revealed, under rather indignant questioning by Coroner K.R. Baxter, that there was only 17 psychiatrists to cope with 500 full-time patients and 200 day-care patients. These are people with acute and immediate mental problems who would not have wound up at the clinic unless they needed daily care.

If 17 psychiatrists spent one half hour with a patient, during a working day they would make it through around 140 patients a day. They couldn't even make it to every patient once a five-day week, for many patients will need at least two hours a day.

The rumour amongst knowledgeable members of the press was that a

considerable number were kept under heavy sedation to prevent incidents and that the suicides were caused by patients who only feigned the taking of their daily pills and saved them for an opportune or particularly depressing time to use.

The subway victims were considered to be those who had, because of lack of staff, escaped their daily dose of "dream time" and fled the ward. The court was told that Peter Gruppuso, 21, asked to leave the ward to make a phone call, and then took a bus to the nearest subway station. He was allowed to leave the ward despite the fact the doctor giving treatment had specified that he was to be carefully watched. Evidence was given that he had twice threatened suicide by subway and had been found often by police paralytically drunk on subway platforms. Dr. Rannik Barchha, asked the court what could be done about them. "You can't keep a man like McCormick locked up forever," he said. Which opened up another question: should the doors at the clinic be kept locked? It turned out that the clinic, thankfully, did not lock its doors anyway, for as Dr. Donald Anderson another psychiatrist from the clinic said at the third inquest into the death of Diana McKillop, 20, if the doors to the wards were locked irreparable harm could be caused to recovering patients who are hyper-sensitive about their treatment and the daily (and needed) dose of faith in them.

Diana's death also revealed that the clinic was staffed with doctors who couldn't make blood or urine tests within minutes, and as an independent doctor called to the stand commented in a superbly understated way: "the

gaining of this knowledge (that tests could be easily be made) by a qualified doctor could only be done with a continuing education."

It had been revealed that Diana's condition as a diabetic who had taken an overdose of aspirin, had been diagnosed wrongly when she became unconscious. The doctor treating her thought she had passed out because of a low blood sugar content and gave her treatment which only aggravated her condition. He said tests couldn't be performed at night at the clinic and it would have taken hours to send blood and urine samples out of the hospital. It wasn't his fault. That night a single doctor was looking after 500 people, and he was rushed at the time. The real problem was lack of medical and nursing staff and lack of facilities. The coroner's jury during the third inquest recommended these all be rectified. Three recommendations would have been stronger than one, but the other juries were not given a chance, because they had not been told of the clinics lack.

Dr. Durost who was quick to point out that he had only been at the clinic since May, missed a chance to reveal the city's mental health problems, and force Metro and the Province to act. He was virtually silent and the papers could only print his mild statements about the lack of staff. If he had made some sort of attack, or had reprimanded the administration responsible he would have got some action.

One independent medical witness said he wouldn't work there under such poor conditions and another said he would not send any patients there.

Mike Stewart

# STOP MERIDIAN!

Over 300 people (including over 100 children) who live in about 40 houses in the South of St. Jamestown (specifically in the area bounded by Bleecker, Ontario, Carlton & Wellesley Streets) have been screwed by their landowner, the Meridian Building Group. Meridian recently decided to evict all these people, to force them out of their homes by August 31st of this year. Why? That's a damn good question, because the tenants have paid their rents and have committed no crime. One reason I have discovered from talking with and listening to some of the people themselves is that Meridian wants to clear this area as fast as possible for re-zoning, so that they can then build their mindless, dehumanizing high rises. Yet, Meridian has also announced that it does not plan to erect its high rises for at least another 16-18 months. So I wonder what the hell is their rush to force these people out of their homes. My hunch is that Meridian is anxious to get these tenants out as soon as possible

in order to eliminate the tenants' opposition or resistance to Meridian's "redevelopment" or "urban renewal" plans — especially when they go before the City Planning Board to seek permission to rezone and build on the site.

Now, whatever may be the official and unofficial reasons for Meridian's eviction of over 200 people, one message comes through loud-and-clear; that is, MERIDIAN CARES MORE ABOUT MAKING MONEY, FAT PROFITS, OFF PEOPLE THAN IT CARES ABOUT HELPING PEOPLE TO CREATE AND PRESERVE THEIR HOMES, THEIR COMMUNITY, THEIR LIFESTYLES. The insidious thing about the Meridian action is that in the name of "redevelopment" or "urban renewal", Meridian hurts, steps on people by forcing them out of their homes, by forcing them to live in alien places away and separated from their friends and neighbours, by destroying whatever community they are building, and by helping to create or aggravate

serious psychological and social problems of the tenants.

It's still not too late to stop Meridian in its tracks, to block this aggressive land-grabbing, money-hungry, people-smashing company — PROVIDED PEOPLE OF WARD 7 AND OTHER VICTIMS OF MERIDIAN AND SIMILAR HIGH RISE DEVELOPERS SPEAK UP, TAKE A STAND, AND FIGHT AGAINST WHAT THEY ARE DOING TO PEOPLE. One Meridian spokesman (I wish I knew his name) had the arrogance to boast that one day soon all of "Cabbagetown" and other parts of Toronto in which Meridian is involved will be known as "Meridian City!"

REMEMBER SPADINA. So, if you care write letters of protest to Meridian and London Life Insurance Company (which lends Meridian lots of money for their high rises), write to Ward 7 Alderman John Sewell, organize and demonstrate. LET'S STOP MERIDIAN NOW!

Don Weitz  
Community Health Worker

# JOIN J.O.I.N.

Jobs Or Income Now spells out J.O.I.N. so there isn't much doubt over what they're about.

About 40 Joiners showed up at Queen's Park 8 p.m. July 22. It was hard to tell them apart from the other gallery visitors. Then at a signal, everybody doffed their coats and jackets and JOIN, JOBS OR INCOME NOW flashed from the stencilled sweatshirts that everyone wore.

They handed out leaflets and press releases and then after a few minutes, without incident, congregated on the steps to the legislature. About 25 picket signs bearing letters and the message, Jobs Or Incomes Now were flashed to any delinquent businessman or policy-maker who may have been present. There was no incident there either.

Elizabeth Hill explained that JOIN was an independent organization of about 200 young people concerned primarily with the employment situation for youth. They formed together "about two months ago" and leaflet at "all Manpower Centres every morning about 7 a.m.," according to her.

She said that JOIN has a 3-member executive but otherwise is unstructured.

People interested in them should drop in at 171 Harbord Avenue from 10 a.m.-8 p.m., seven days a week.

JOIN has been pressuring both the provincial and federal governments to:

1. Declare war on unemployment;
2. Commence now a massive programme of public works, including housing, schools, hospitals, daycare centres, etc., to create 1,000,000 new jobs;
3. Freeze student loan repayments;
4. Institute emergency bursaries for students unable to re-enter college due to a jobless summer;
5. Work towards developing a system of free education with stipends to provide a decent living while studying;
6. Abolish the one and three-year eligibility requirements for job re-training and upgrading grants;
7. Establish a special fund providing an adequate income to out-of-work youth not covered by unemployment insurance;
8. Expand, don't cut back, welfare rights for youth.

JOIN voices a lot of young people's thoughts:

"In the worst job crisis since the great depression, the government cynically pushes through last minute, glossy, vote-catching legislation so that they may run off to their summer retreats. Throughout the present session not one piece of legislation has been introduced which would really create jobs and meet the income needs of people in this time of budget of cut-backs and rising prices.

"There has been no mention of plans such as a public works programme to build homes, hospitals, schools, daycare centres, public transit, youth hostels, etc., which create jobs, stimulate industry, as well as raise our living standards.

"Instead, welfare rights are eroded, anti-labour legislation is put forward, jobless students remain unaided—as to others—, mostly youth, who don't qualify for unemployment insurance.

"Join is not on a summer retreat—there is no vacation from the fight for jobs!"

Roger



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 No. 22 div. .... 605 Royal York Rd. .... Inspector Percy Hill  
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 Garage ..... 12 Church 363-4895

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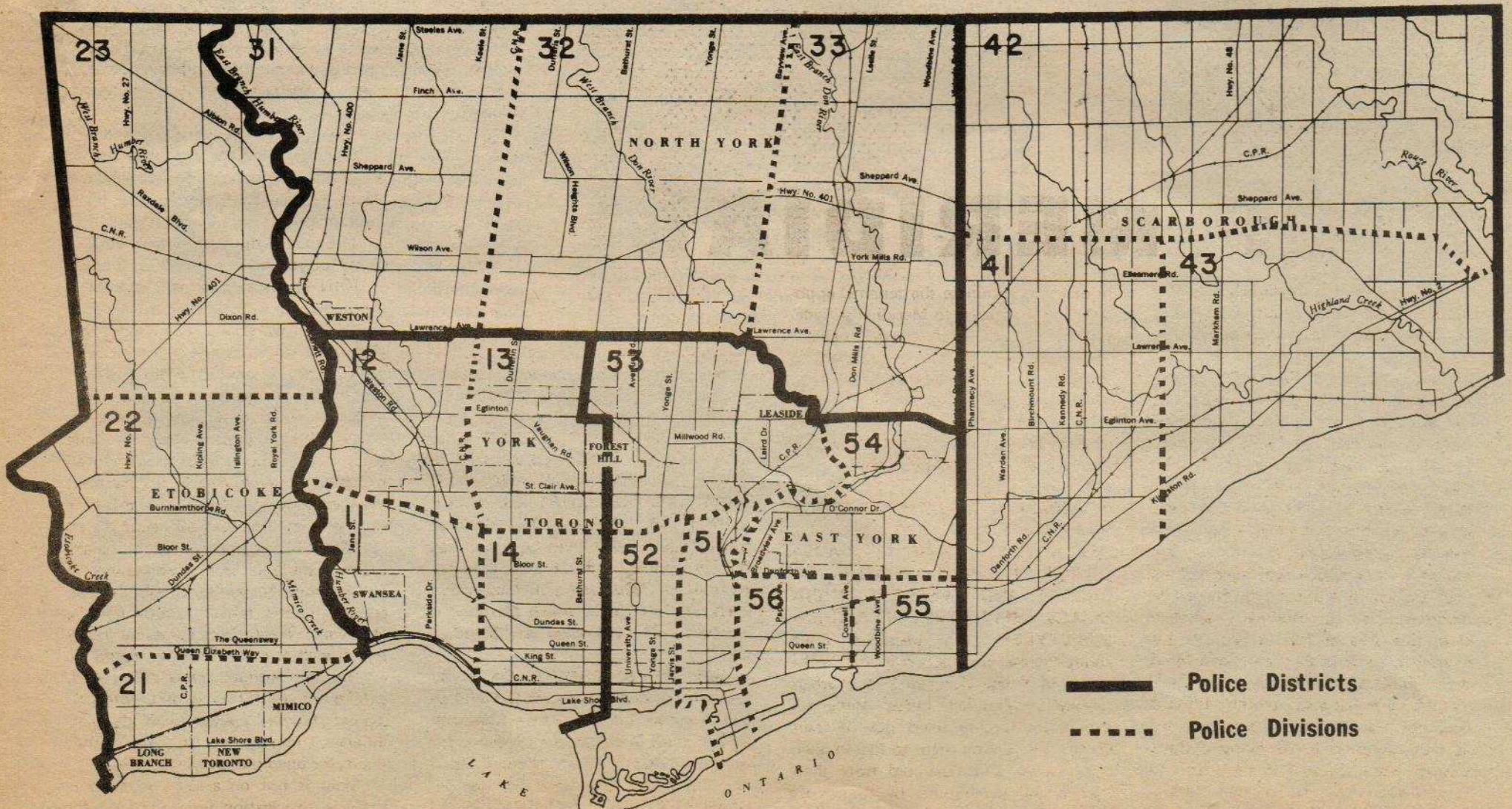
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# WACHEEA, diesels, trains,

It's been a six-month gruelling struggle for Grass Roots, the coalition of people around Wacheea, to get the Mercer Site (at King & Dufferin). Time, enthusiasm and creativity have been substantially drained, but its clearly a victory to win this site, which we were previously denied. And we've learned that many times you have to *take* what you need. We tried "their" way: many wasted weeks on briefs to every imaginable level of government, sublimating our frustrations throughout infinite meetings, trying to convince "responsible bodies" that our needs were real and our idea would work. Chronologically, it went like this: we tried for a section of High Park, where the upper middle-class homeowners threatened to "... smoke their vermin out if necessary." City Council didn't go for it, and neither did they go for the Mercer Reformatory Site when the provincial government offered it — provided we had the sponsorship of a responsible elected body. (The Board of Education and the Labour Council weren't good enough.) Then the U. of T. Students' Administrative Council, the Graduate Students' Union and the Part-Time Students' Association decided they wanted us on *their* campus, and invited us to move on, which we did on July 10th. Predictably, the University Administration freaked out. They were so anxious to get rid of us, that they offered their eminent selves as sponsors for the Mercer Site. We said, "Great, but we're not moving until its at least partially prepared." Halfway through negotiations, they replied, "Yes, you are", obtained a court injunction and sent at least fifty Metro cops in to boot us out. After six months of lies, and paternalism, this incredible act of repression broke nearly everyone's anger threshold, and we fought back some that day. Twenty-one of us got busted — pretty demoralizing, but maybe that display of collective strength eventually got us Mercer. The U. of T. administration waffled around some more, stalling for time, but we worked things out with the Mercer-area residents and met most of their finicky stipulations. We got clearance on Mercer just under the wire — before July was half-over and the Big Business Press had whipped up public hysteria to the idea of a community-controlled youth tent-city.

By the time this paper goes to the streets, Wacheea will have lived at Mercer for one week.

It has not been an easy week. The park has not been an idyll, a free-flowing community utopia. It has been the focus of hard work and sometimes painful conflict — both in the effort to set up physical facilities and also to bring together the community of people living there.

## inside the green picket fence

The Mercer site near the corner of King and Dufferin Streets was formerly the grounds of an old reformatory-cum-parking lot. With the exception of two grassy, tree-scattered areas, it looks like it!

At the entrance to the ten-acre site, two piles of brick rubble indicate what is left of the reformatory. A paved circle gives way to a huge shady central area, at the far end of which, opposite the entrance, stand the yellow portable shacks which are the johns.

To the left as you pass the rubble, the yellow, green, grey-white and occasional orange tents are plunked down almost haphazardly on the long, flattened grass. Large trees overhang the tents, and shade the area across the entranceway where people gather in groups to rap, to play music, or just to sit around.

The smell of decaying bananas (twenty boxes were delivered to the fifty campers on the site Thursday)

which washed the entranceway for several days, is lifting now.

Diesels, trains, streetcars, and surrounding factories provide a constant background din against which have to compete to talk, or to sleep.

As I write, our stage, built by Wacheea folk, is being set up beyond the tents. Others work to simply put together the physical facilities is still going. Electrical wiring is being installed to provide lights for the service tents and power for the stage. The power line has to be buried, and trenches dug to do it.

Telephones are being installed, as are sinks and showers, and god and government willing, a field kitchen may appear sometime soon.



The work is harder, and more basic than at the U. of T. site, where we had power, phones, water, garbage collection and washroom facilities for the taking. But there are a lot fewer people doing it. Since last Wednesday, when we moved to Mercer, there have never been more than 70 people on the site, compared with an average of 150 at U. of T. And a good number of them are of Grass Roots, exhausted by the months of preliminary work, have taken a week-long holiday.

In the first days the site had no toilets, water, or electricity, but plenty of glass, rubble, thistles, and stray garbage... as well as a few hostile neighbours. The vans we have been using for transportation of supplies broke down; the kitchen we had has been closed to us; and to top it all off, it rained thoroughly before we could get the tents up.

We had no phones to contact our workers outside the camp, so communication was carried on by walking or bicycling the several miles to the Hall, or SAC offices or wherever.

The press was harassing us from dawn until after midnight... at times there were more reporters and photographers on the site than people.

The community police (mod squad) were constant companions, blowing in on their big classy motorbikes, grinning from ear to ear in tiring goodwill, their mustaches and sideburns grazing this side of respectable.

Mrs. Lavigne, who runs a day care centre on the other side of our west fence (and who is our only neighbour apart from the factories) was out with her Stop Tent City committee, collecting signatures on a petition against us. And so mounted the tales and rumours of hordes of dirty and corrupting youth descending on the Parkdale area.

The Toronto-based initiators of Wacheea, and the out-of-town campers seemed to develop little rapport. Grass Roots members scurried around meeting with this health official and that electric contractor, too "busy" to explain what they were doing and why. Other people on the site were lethargic, unable to get together to do the necessary work without being specifically directed.

The gates to the site came to be guarded mostly by a couple of people who appeared out of nowhere, and who participated in no other part of the community work.

At times it certainly did not appear that a strong community was to be forged by us all facing adversity together.

## and then there was the parkdale liaison committee...

As if the internal hassles weren't enough, it soon became clear that once again Wacheea couldn't become an isolated community, creating its own utopia apart from the rest of Toronto.

The University of Toronto, in sponsoring us for the Mercer site had stipulated that Wacheea get "community acceptance" in order to set up in the Parkdale area. We agreed to sit on the "Parkdale Liaison Committee", which would include representatives from the U. of T. student council, graduate students' union, aldermen from the area, and several officials from local residents' and ratepayers' associations.

The committee was supposed to be a forum for discussing problems which might arise between Wacheea and the Parkdale community, and were not too concerned about the make-up of the group.

That proved to be another error. When three of us arrived at the first meeting of the committee, we were confronted by over twenty people and a 17-point statement setting the "conditions" for community acceptance.

Several of the conditions were simply repeats of health regulations and city by-laws which already apply to us. Others reiterated intentions which we already had — such as keeping the grounds clean, creating our own security force, keeping pushers off the site. But the 17 points also included demands too:

conform to "normal moral standards"  
keep a register of park residents, their names and addresses

limit campers to a three-day stay, with the exception of "staff"

enforce a 1 a.m. curfew, with the exception of new arrivals.

After four hours of ridiculous argument, we came to agree that:

nobody could define "normal moral standards" and Wacheea residents would be encouraged to make love inside their tents.

a register would be kept — but registration would be voluntary and identification would not be checked. all people who stayed on the site over three days would be considered "staff" and hence could stay. there would be no curfew, but campers would be encouraged not to "roam" the community late at night.

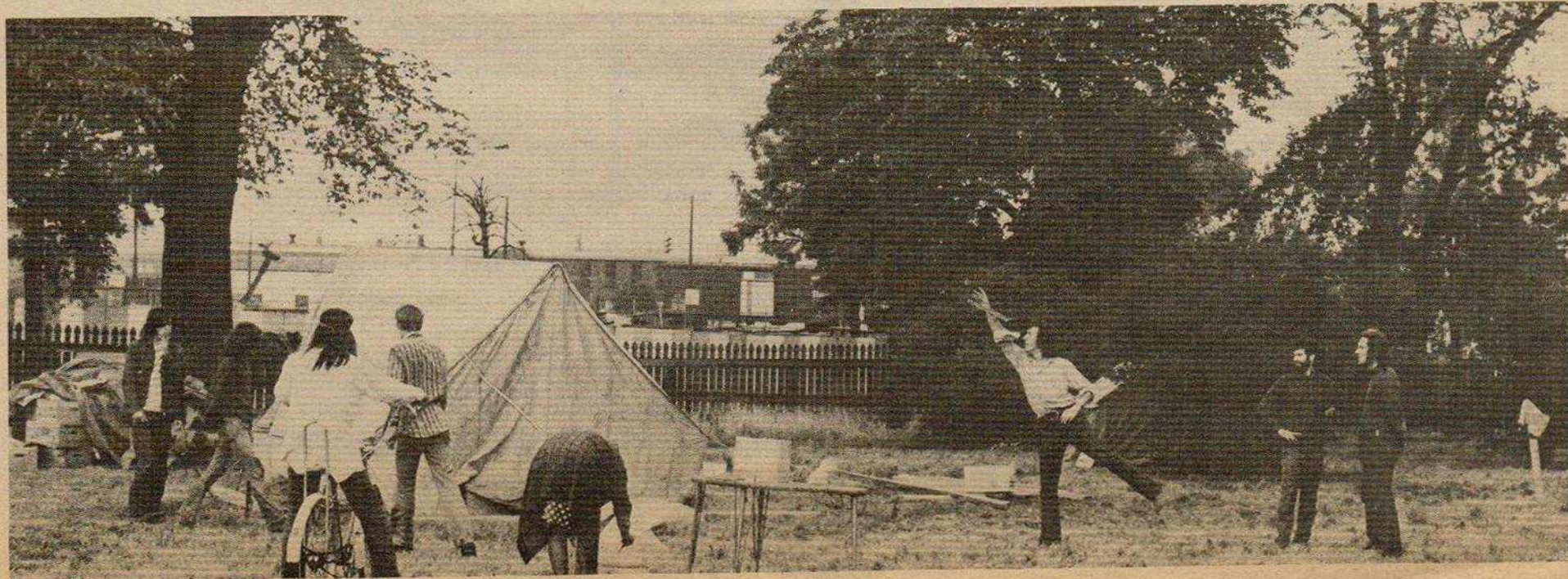
But while the agreements have been made, there is a very real possibility that the rules could be used against us by mis-interpretation. The committee wants to control us, not negotiate with us.

## as the rabbit runs

While our first week at the Mercer, Wacheea had a lot of problems, it had good time too, and as we head into our second week, we can see the basis of a strong community struggling into existence.

(Some of us are having second thoughts about the name we gave our community, though, since one Cree visitor has pointed out that "Wacheea" doesn't mean what we thought, "a place where all are welcome." Its closest Cree equivalent he says, is "as the rabbit runs.")

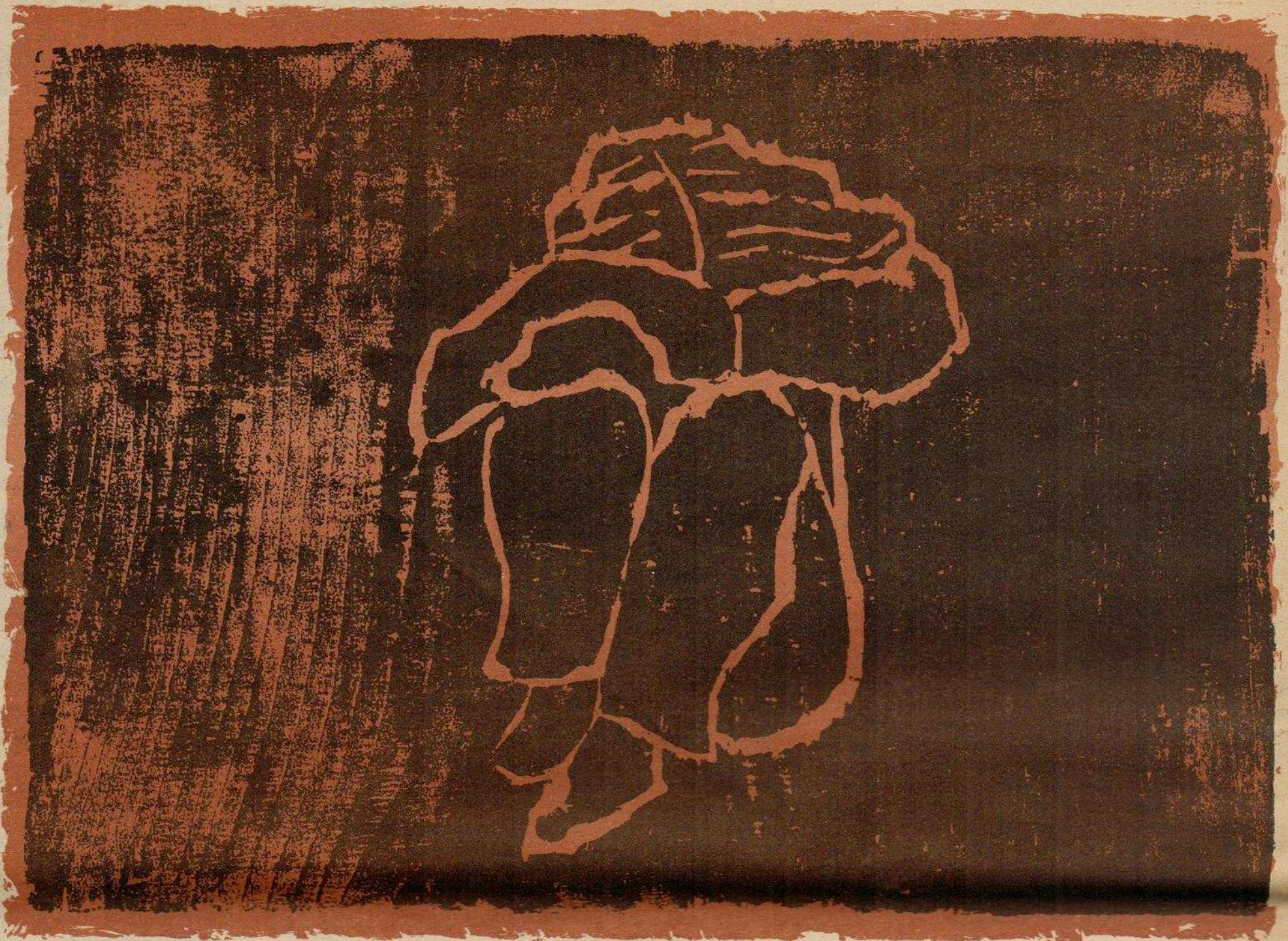
Many of the things that helped to keep us going this week also forged links with other communities. Most midnights found us sitting around plastic pails of great soup and bread sent us by the organic food freaks at Etherea.











Reflecting on last October's "petit revolution" in Quebec, events that once occupied almost every column on the front pages of Canada's largest newspapers seem subliminal and unreal.

These events have not, seemingly, left a lasting impression on the views and outlooks of the majority of Canadians, who at the time, through their seduced acquiescence, were a party to the grave, suppressive measures the Government used to smother the "insurrections." Prime Minister Trudeau defends his actions by saying the populace demanded the actions of him. On the contrary, it would seem that the Government, through its subtle, expert and surreptitious use of the media, created the public hysteria which dictated Trudeau to use whatever means he deemed necessary to stop the FLQ from robbing the authorities of their show in Quebec, an event that seemed only too probable to almost anyone exposed to Prime Minister Pierre's public relations.

#### MEDIUM COOL

Richard Nielsen, executive producer of the CBC's flagship public affairs show "Weekend," recently wrote a piece entitled "must we serve as tools for terrorists?" for the Toronto "Star." He despairs of the amount of coverage the media gave the Front de Liberation Quebecois — the abductors of James Cross and Pierre Laporte. He feels the media were directly responsible for Laporte's kidnapping:

"Could the kidnapers have succeeded — in a political sense — without television and radio? Could two small bands of desperados have raised themselves to a level where they were, in effect, bargaining as equals with the Prime Minister of Canada? Without us (the media), would they even have tried? Would

the Trudeau government have introduced the War Measures Act? Would Quebec Justice Minister Jerome Choquette have rejected the ransom demands from Cross' kidnapers and would the FLQ have impatiently and dramatically replied to this rejection with the kidnapping of Laporte unless like actors in an improvised play they had not felt that now the plot required some action from them?"

He asks: "And were the terrorists clever enough to see that they could best destroy our institutions by forcing us to bypass them in favour of direct communication between the government and the governed via television?" He later concludes that these terrorists "were not that far-seeing but future terrorists may well count on just such a development." Nonetheless a point has been made, one that if he could recognize, he would not relish as a favourable sign of a healthy democracy. Participatory democracy, where the government represents more the people and less the ideology, he says, is unworkable.

Nielsen believes that a free and open democratic state is a naïve hope. In this age of ruthless "Subversives," he seems to say, we cannot let out guard down and enjoy the privileges of an earlier, less rebellious age. If we do, we will not have freedom of any kind, real or apparent.

To avoid being used by terrorists and others using illegal means to secure political ends, he asks, "Might it not be possible for television and radio networks and private stations to agree that political acts which specifically threaten violence to governments should not be reported immediately?" His argument for this suggestion holds up, at best, tenuously. He says that the press would then not publicize a threat of assassination against a public figure,

"if he or his family or even the police asked that the threat not be reported." While political kidnapping is itself "an act of violence," it is also essentially a threat of murder. Since it is a threat, therefore, the media should refrain from reporting or broadcasting for a specified period of time, "anything except the simple fact of a kidnapping plus the identity of the victim."

He fails to take into account that a political kidnapping involves a member of the government or at least a representative of the ruling class. As such, an attack on one of them is an attack on the state. The form and shape of the state is dependent on the way and style of the life its citizens lead. Indirectly, then, kidnapping a politician and holding him for a ransom, be it money or social change, is theoretically analagous to holding the values of the society (but more probably the values of its most influential and powerful segments) for ransom.

The citizens of a state must be completely aware of any criticisms directed towards them. If a group chooses to abduct a personage to better publicize its objections to the society its demands must still be heard. The means may be questionable, but the critical demands must never be ignored. If the demands are ignored, it shows a society stagnantly complacent and in sore need of the proffered advice.

#### THE MASKED MEDIA

The media DID show poorly in the reporting of last October's events and the ensuing disorder. The "Last Post," a radical Montreal newsmagazine, in an excellent article entitled "The Media is the Mania," blasts the nature and form of the information Canadians received from the media. With rare exception



# MY INDEPENDENCE SEEMS TO VANISH IN THE HAZE

Lennon-McCartney

by Christopher Tod, for the  
"Toronto Alternative Press Service"  
(TAPS)

began to speak, fixing his snarling Groucho Marx-like visage directly on the television cameras that would carry his defiance to the nation . . ."

And then there are those like Charles Lynch, author of such sickeningly reverent political boot-lickings as, "It is conceivable, in fact, that we may be in the presence of a political giant . . ." — which he wrote of Trudeau after his miserable, frightened response to the FLQ kidnappings.

## UNDER-THE-COUNTER ALTERNATIVES

The need for an alternative source of information becomes imperative as the Establishment media start to lose their widely held credibility. The acceptability of their reporting is sacrificed as they push harder and harder the journalism of consent.

The counter medium of radical newsmagazine, such as the "Last Post," Fredricton's "Mysterious East," the Halifax "Fourth Estate" and others, provides excellent, sensible coverage of things that government and industry would rather know were left unexposed. A recent edition of the "Last Post" carried the "Renegade Report on Poverty" as well as scooping the Establishment media on the story of the Youth Culture Study. The "Mysterious East" had an article styled as volume four of the Senate Mass Media Report in its early summer issue. In it, Senator Charles McElman and others attacked K.C. Irving's press monopoly in New Brunswick. The newspapers of the under-the-counter culture are more frequent than the newsmagazines, but less stable and generally dubiously effective.

It seems strange that the magazines of the left-wing and those of the right-wing suffer the same problems. "Canada Month," a Montreal magazine that caters to reactionary business types, has recently returned to its monthly publishing schedule after not appearing for five months (too many financial problems). "Scanlan's" after too many hassles finally went under last spring. (The biggest problem was finding a non-union printer to do the magazine because the printing unions felt unionism had been slighted by an article on "Nixon and the Bums," an exposé of the gangsterish labour leaders Dick had in to congratulate for the hardhat demonstrations last year.) "Logos" from Montreal was not so fortunate as to have a peaceful liquidation. It was forced to close down after police seized its typeset copy as staffers were readying to print the FLQ Manifesto.

The government in its dealings with the press has made it quite clear that it will not tolerate more than mildly acceptable criticism. This shows when one examines the sort of journalism practised by the newsmen closest to the government. The "reasonable approach" is evident in the writings of the tired veterans of the Parliamentary press gallery: Charles Lynch, Ron Collister, Peter C. Newman and Anthony Westell, among others. The Liberals and Conservatives are even reportedly (according to the "Last Post") battling to snare Ron Collister as a candidate in the next election.

Less polite critics of the government's non-policies are cursed and fought at any level available. The RCMP made no bones about harassing counter-culture journals when granted the power of the War Measures Act. The Secretary of State neatly pulled the run out from under several papers by withholding Opportunities for Youth grants, even after they had been given word, as in the case of "Prairie Fire," that their grant had been definitely approved, and in the case of "Georgia Straight," verbal, unofficial assurances from programme directors that, yes, they would receive their money soon. Thinking the matter over after reading the papers, Gerard Pelletier decided that no money should be available for "partisan" purposes.

It is a pity that there isn't a uniform policy. Maybe then IBM wouldn't get \$6,000,000 to open a plant in rural Quebec.

they are subjected to the journalism of consent: "the kind of journalism that gives credence to every government rumour, aids the government in perpetuating its mythologies, whips up the appropriate mix of hysteria, anger and revulsion required by the government to launch its legislation (the War Measures Act)."

Even worse than uncritical acceptance, says the "Last Post," is working as a "direct agency" of the government, as the Toronto "Star" so willingly did. On October 26, the "Star" ran a short piece on its front page — down to the right, partially concealed by the shadow of the fold. The article was entitled: "Plan to supplant Quebec government caused Ottawa to act," with the overline reading: "Behind War Measures."

The story revealed that besides the fear of the FLQ Trudeau was also afraid of a plan allegedly prepared by a "group of influential Quebecers" to overthrow the Bourassa government. Hence the War Measures Act. The article has generally been accepted as the work of then "Star" editor, Peter C. Newman, even though the paper bylined it simply, "from our Ottawa Bureau."

It appears (although it was not revealed in the story) that Newman's source was Labour Minister Bryce Mackasey, though some reports have him consulting with the Prime Minister's executive assistant Marc Lalonde and even Trudeau himself before the story was finally published.

When the story did appear it caused a storm — and Trudeau refused to confirm or deny it. The moderate intellectuals to which the story referred were discredited. Whether Trudeau desired this is unknown but suspected. The unsubstantiated rumours circulating against his most persistent critics relieved the tremendous burden of proof he had resting upon his shoulders after the inception of the seemingly unnecessary and overbearing WMA.

To protect its liberalism, the "Star," seeing that the rumours it had released had not been confirmed, felt it was time to criticise those who would besmirch the reputation of such men as newspaper editor Claude Ryan (who was mentioned as the leader of the provisional government "coup"). On November 5, in an editorial entitled "Ryan's Integrity," the "Star" admonished those who would attempt to destroy the long and honourable career that Ryan has had at "Le Devoir." Not even a tacit acknowledgment was given by the "Star" that it was, as the "Last Post" observes, "the very newspaper that picked the rumour out of Drapeau's mouth, wrapped it in the gift paper of 'Ottawa Sources,' gave it the necessary credibility of Canada's largest newspaper and sent it hurtling onto the front pages of the country."

Radio Canada was guilty of some of the more blatant and objectionable instances of media manipulation. A long list of spliced interviews, deleted new items and uncovered press conferences has been compiled by newsmen there. Among them: Labour Leader Louis Laberge observing that Trudeau would be eternally sorry for invoking the WMA; Lucien Saulnier, executive director of the Montreal city council, stating on the night of Pierre Laporte's death that Quebecers cried for retribution for the spilled blood; Paul Cliche, leader of the Front d'Action Politique (the party that challenged Jean Drapeau's autocratic rule in Montreal's October election) saying that FRAP disagrees with the FLQ's methods. (Radio Canada aired the part of the interview in which Cliche said that FRAP agrees with the AIMS of the FLQ.)

Michel Bourdon, radio news editor and secretary of the CBC journalistic union, le Syndicat general du cinema et de la television, was suspended by the Corporation when he revealed these and other instances of news suppression. When the Syndicat complained, Bourdon and Union President Denis Vincent were fired.

The "Last Post" reported that "one memo from a CBC executive in Ottawa to news staff ordered them to have all Quebec news approved by senior administrators before broadcast and ended 'and don't ask me why because I don't know.'" While not permitting any statements from Michel Chartrand to be broadcast, the CBC was not quite so careful to avoid disturbing the self-satisfied ignorance of the viewing public when it offhandedly revealed that a Hull woman claimed she had been captured by the FLQ, tortured and tattooed by them and finally released with a warning that the FLQ would kidnap children if their demands were not met. The story fizzled out when police disclosed that her wounds were self-inflicted!

The Toronto "Telegram" is reserved particular criticism by the "Last Post." The paper released its police reporters (none spoke French, apparently) into Montreal and made the "front page look less like a newspaper and more like a rooting gallery for the police."

"In one day alone," says the "Last Post," "... we were treated first to a banner-line telling us 'Beer, liquor flow freely at Lemieux press conference,' and such acute dispassionate coverage calculated to keep sane tempers in the nation as: 'Sipping a beer to oil his rapidly moving tongue, Robert Lemieux last night basked in the Kleig light glory . . .' Referring to the 'screaming and spitting separatist crowd,' the author, Vincent Devitt, later tells us: 'the incipient violence in the whole affair increased when the erratic Michel Chartrand



# MIND SURVIVAL

Sunday August 1st

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.

Toronto Theosophical Society general meeting 7:30 p.m.. It is a general discussion, all are welcome to listen, ask questions, and express opinion.

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

Monday August 2nd

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.

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?)

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

Factory Theatre Lab "Folk Night" begins at nine. Admission \$1. 374 DuPont. Call 921-5989.

toosdy  
august  
thend

The Hall—Students' International Meditation Society—Introductory taoks on Transcendental Meditation. 8:00 pm. 19 Huron St. 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. E.

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, 265 Gerrard St. E. Or better still come on down here and I'll teach you how and charge you if it will make you feel better.

Is there a birth control programme in your school? If you are interested in establishing one programme in your school, so are we. For more information come to our meeting at 188 Adelaide St. West, 3rd floor at 7:30 p.m. Sponsored by the Student Birth Control Rights Committee.

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

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

missullenius

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.

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

Art Gallery of Ontario—Tuesday and Thursday free.

Truckers—300 Bloor St. W. Open Sunday thru Thursday 8:00-1:00 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.

Nursing mothers and babies get it together on the second and forth Thursday of each month. at 19 Darcy St. Phone for help anytime at 369-5386.

Wednesday July 28th Friday July 30th

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 p.m.

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

The Hall — Natural childbirth classes every Wed, thru to Sept. 15. Upstairs at 7 p.m. for information call 363-5386

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

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

The National Ballet will give a free concert at the Forum, Ontario Place, at 8:30 p.m. Classical and modern dancing.

"Flame of New Orleans" and "Shanghai Express" are showing at OISE. Two shows for \$1.50. First feature at 7:30, second at 9:30 p.m.

At Rochdale at 8:00 p.m. "Culloden" is playing; it is a reconstruction of a massacre of Highland troops by British soldiers in 1776. "War Games" is also showing, along with a short called "Toys."

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 lassical 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.

Rochdale is showing three films including "Sons of Desert," "Help Mate," and "The Music Box." Beginning at 8 p.m.

Saturday July 31st

Rochdale movies presents four by Lorne Gould at the Rochdale in Spite of it Productions.

Craft market in Trinity Square all afternoon, weather permitting.

Festival for Life in Remembrance of Hiroshima is being held in Thornhill Park, Highway 7B and Yonge St. Singing by Tony Cosneck, Gord Lowe. Rita Langham and Mary Anne. 2-5 p.m.

Thursday July 29th

Kurosawa's "Seven Samurai" is showing at Carr Hall, St. Joseph St. at Queen's Park, at 8:30 p.m. Admission \$1.

Thursday Noon on the Square—Issues and personalities on the Toronto scene—good food for sale, open discussion free. This week guests will be people from Toronto Youth Orchestra. 12:00 to 1 p.m. at Holy Trinity Church, west of Yonge, two blocks south of Dundas.

Rochdale is presenting a series of shorts beginning with "Nose" from Gogol's short story, "Walking" about different animated styles by Ryan Larkin, also "Pas de Deux," "New York, New York," "Sorry of Prairies." Beginning at 8 p.m.

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

Musician's Co-operative starting at the Hall. It's a body that may help musicians to bread. Begins at 6 pm. Phone 863-0275 or ask for Brian at 922-5079.

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

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

**COMMUNITY LAST-MINUTE SHITI!**

I, Ross Hayball, hereby disavow my three year's association with psychedelia and raspberries.

FREE KITTENS

Notice: A group called Huron & Washington will be playing at the corner of (appropriately) -- Huron & Washington (behind Rochdale) on Sunday, August 1st, from 2 o'clock until 5 o'clock in the evening.

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**TORONTO VEGETARIAN ASSOCIATION**  
WILL BE HOLDING A SPECIAL MEETING AT CHURCH HALL, 7 AVE. ROAD, AT 8 P.M.  
MR. S. N. BAKSHI WILL GIVE A DEMONSTRATION OF VEGETARIAN DISHES USING SPICES IMPORTED FOR THE OCCASION. ALL ARE WELCOME. DONATIONS FOR EXPENSES.  
**MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1971**



TAPS—Toronto Alternate Press Service wants people who have previously on a high school newspaper to please come and rap and /or work. Located at 201 Queen St. E. above Guerilla.

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 was cancelled.

Factory Theatre Lab—Dance classes Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays at 6 pm. 374 DuPont. Call 921-5989.

The Hall—Monday, Wednesday, Friday Yoga at 11 am, 19 Huron St.

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 like you can get past Lake Ontario) Call 491-7734.

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 Mullholland at 651-3253

St. Lawrence Centre for the Performing Arts. Theatrego-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.

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

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

Birth Control Program has been set up at 338 Jarvis just north of Carleton. No medical staff, but a wealth of information and pamphlets and a referral service. Phone 962-6617 for further details. Open Monday 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. and Wednesdays 12 noon to 5 p.m.

The Global Village Theatre presents "The Golden Screw, a \$4.00 Rip Off," written by Tom Sankey. It is a theatrical and musical insight into the exploitative musicology of 1971. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday at 8:30 p.m. Students \$2.00. Call Roy Fleming at 964-0035 for further information.

Young Socialists are open every day, six days a week. Friday Night Forum at 8 p.m. 334 Queen St. W.

The Apollon Theatre presents "Island of Lost Souls" and "Freaks." Continuous shows from 5 p.m. Monday through Friday, from 1 p.m. Saturday and Sunday. Last complete show at midnight. Located at 1215 Danforth at the Greenwood subway. Phone 461-2401. \$2.00 adults, \$1.00 students.

Neill Wycik College Repertoire Cinema presents James Joyce's "Finnegan's Wake" directed by Mary Ellen Bate on July 29, 30 and 31 at 7 and 9 p.m. Located at 96 Gerrard St. E. Admission \$1.50.

ME AND MY FRIENDS present Robert Vaugeois' some brush paintings and sculpture on Tuesday through Saturday from 11 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. 237 Queen St. West. Call 864-1376.

The Student Meditation Society meets every Tuesday and Friday night at 8:00 p.m. They have introductory lectures Nos. 1 and 2 for free. Located at 3 Playter Blvd.

High Park, Bloor Street West and Parkside Drive. Free. A large area of woodland park with some far-out sculpture and a zoo and nature trails.

Kensington Market, College and Spadina area. Foods from around the world available on the barter method, fresh fruits and vegetables cheap. Especially good late Saturday night when the stands are closing up for the night and you can get things that won't last ill Monday cheap.

Short and feature films by the National Film Board are shown throughout the summer at the Ontario Science Centre. They are free during the day. Call 429-4100.

The play "A Cry of Players," starts at the Summer Centre Theatre, 4 Glen Morris at Huron above Harbord. Call 928-8705 for information.

Community Schools 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 Dorion at 929-0427.

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

# 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. Claire. Phone 654-0149.

12 Madison Summer Program. Free luggage storage for transient youth, free medical clinic, 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 923-1803 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 and one-half Spadina Rd. (above Bloor) Call 920-0247.

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

New Mornign Centre—19 Baldwin St. Free food daily 4-6 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.

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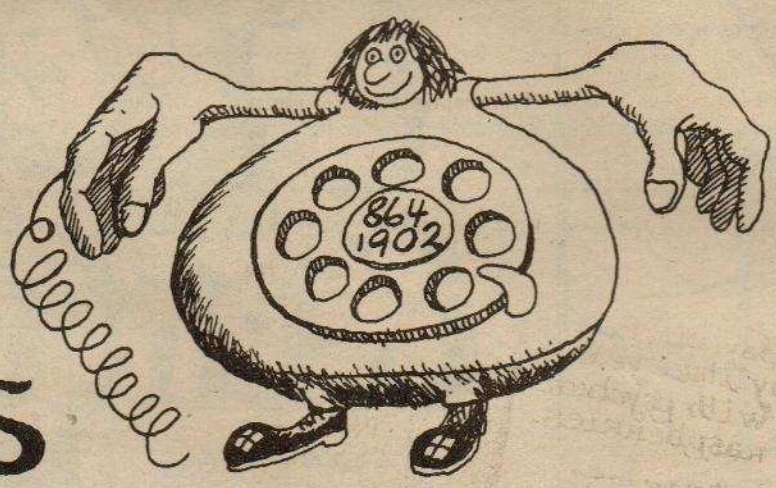
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Basically, there are three types of humanity . . . that roam this earth  
 Three, sometimes with variations, but three . . .  
 Number 1 . . . numero uno . . .  
 These are the ones, who shoot the robin . . . figuratively, actually . . . often  
 coldly and without compunction . . .  
 without conscience . . .  
 Conservatives usually . . . devious . . .  
 predators . . .  
 the plunderers . . .  
 unscrupled, selfish bastards  
 destroyers . . .

the seller of souls . . . the seller of bodies and of holes . . .  
 carpet baggers,  
 sometimes, resourceful, respected rulers but always the corruptor . . .  
 shooter of the robin,  
 killer of the robin  
 destroyer of the robin,  
 Number one . . .

Number TWO . . .  
 These are the majority, silent, deluded at time . . .  
 the ones who stand and watch the robin fall . . .  
 who stand or do nothing, or sleep and or sit and do nothing at all . . .  
 sometimes they turn their head away so as not to see the robins fall . . .  
 the majority . . . number two . . . always a little afraid . . . of the neighbours  
 of archaic and often unfair authority . . . of the times . . . of themselves . . .  
 Number TWO . . . the majority, who stand  
 muted . . . silent . . .  
 while the robin plummets and falls to his death at their very feet,  
 and sometimes they turn their head away  
 or even wipe away a guilty tear,  
 and sometimes a faint but remorseless fear,  
 will tug inside at their hidden soul but mostly they'll do nothing . . .  
 or walk away . . .  
 confused . . .

abused . . .  
 defused . . .  
 Number two . . . the majority . . . who stand and watch the robins' falls  
 and do nothing at all,  
 until it's their time  
 to be the robin . . .

THEN there is the third,  
 who fights and mourns and buries each fallen bird . . .  
 Who continually fights and silently cries and quite often dies  
 for the countless robins yet to come . . .  
 Often alone . . .  
 Unheralded . . .  
 unsung . . .  
 Listening perhaps to the sound of a different drum . . .  
 reviled at times, by the majority,  
 feared by number one . . . and his natural enemy . . .  
 whose strength quite often lies in dreams that are often  
 misunderstood  
 He will fight number one . . .  
 until one or the other is either dead or done,  
 and though the ceaseless battles are never won,  
 Number three, though tiredness and frustration will  
 edge and tax his brain,  
 will fight on,  
 idealist . . .  
 non conformist . . .  
 a hater of labels . . . dreamer to a fault . . .  
 he'll fight for causes, that sometimes at the time he can't win . . .  
 for the underdog, and those too weak to fight,  
 very often, referred to as a loser, a fighter of lost causes . . .  
 nevertheless, very much a man  
 Number Three

Basically, there are three types of humanity . . .  
 Type Casting  
 1 . . . 2 . . . 3  
 WHICH ONE ARE YOU?

\*\*\*\*\*

### EPILOGUE

Some people have read the above and have understood what I mean and what I'm trying to say . . . others do not . . . either way, it's out in print for what it's worth.  
 The little girl I never saw again but I'll remember her face and those tears for the rest of my life . . . as for the two boys, in later years, I've net their carbon copies, adult size, many times - in police uniforms

on picket lines . . . at Queen's Park, garbed in their conservative suits and with their hypocritical narrow minds . . . behind pulpits . . .  
 Everywhere and anywhere you can find them . . .  
 And everywhere and anywhere they are, the world is a little more corrupt, a little more dishonest and unfair, with a few more tears, more exploitation . . . more fear and more bullshit.



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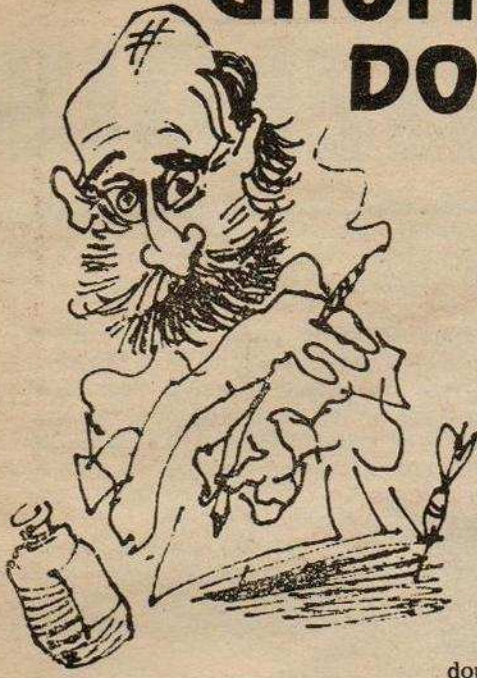
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# GNOME'S DOME



doug austen

The only way I can talk about my feelings toward the Jesus Freak phenom is to describe my own experiences with religion.

Or, maybe I should say, non-experiences. Unlike most small-town members of my generation, I was never forced as a child to attend church—I went to "Sunday School" for awhile but was allowed to drop it entirely when I grew more interested in spending my Sundays in the woods. Neither of my parents are formally religious.

During a brief period of my adolescence I grew curious and attended several different kinds of services: catholic, protestant and moslem. The malleability of the "sheep" and the hypocrisy of the "sheperds" both frightened and disgusted me. I have always felt that all men should be "sheperds." The whole corporate structure of churches, and the made-to-order need of the flock to ignore that structure and to believe in something other than reality, turned me right off.

I never did lose my curiosity about the religious experience itself, however. At university I enrolled in a course entitled "A History of the Christian-Judao Ethic." It turned out to be a rather fascinating investigation of the Bible, using new research findings from the fields of archaeology, geology, semantics, etc. The professor was one of the new breed of theology graduates who have no qualms whatsoever about using science to tear apart the Old Testament, though he tended to choke up a bit when we got to the New Testament. I recall that he and I reached an impasse over the question of Eternal Grace and Salvation—I couldn't see working hard all my life to be a good Christian when it was already predetermined that only so many of us would reach the hereafter.

But that's neither here nor there. Some of the

probabilities that I did come across during that course are as follows:

- (a) There is no recorded reference in history, outside of the Bible, to the carpenter and insurrection, Jesus Christ.
- (b) The earliest known writings in the New Testament did not occur until at least 150 years after Christ's alleged death and resurrection.
- (c) The Dead Sea Scrolls, which predate Christ's alleged birth by about 100 years, make reference to an extant saviour called "Jesus Christ."

The other major item I gleaned from Professor Ramsay's course was the essential difference in tone between the Old and the New Testaments. The Old Testament was written largely by the leaders and "prophets" (medicine men) of militaristic, nomadic tribes of Hebrews living in the desert. Survival, for them, was on a day-to-day basis and probably accounts for the relative harshness of their laws, eg., the owner of a cow which wandered twice onto someone else's property could be stoned to death, along with his cow.

The New Testament, on the other hand, introduces such pleasant concepts as "turning the other cheek" and "loving thine enemy", concepts which the old Patriarchs would have laughed at. Nor would they, I think, have been too keen about Christ's apparent contempt for commerce and his stated belief that "the Lord will provide." The over-riding theme of the New Testament is one of peace, love and understanding whereas that of the Old Testament would seem to be battle, vengeance and distrust of strangers.

The question which arises at this point, of course, is how did such a radical change in ethic occur over a relatively minute period of time (two centuries); a change which has pervaded the western world ever since?

Professor Ramsay's answer was that Jesus Christ was no ordinary mortal; that, indeed, he was immortal. Such a personage could pull off anything including miracles. He pointed to the similarity in the different accounts of Christ's life as proof that the stories were true and noted that the change in the Hebrews lifestyle from nomadic to fixed agrarian had made the people ripe for a more humane philosophy.

None of which cut any ice with a confirmed pragmaticist like myself. I have yet to meet an immortal, therefore I don't believe in them. Furthermore, the Hebrews were the punching bag of Asia Minor: it has been estimated that they were over-run, in the two milleniums centering around that life of Christ, about 700 times. Survival against the elements may have been a little easier by 100 AD but they certainly hadn't lost any enemies.

Eventually, two things occurred which helped me to reach some sort of reasonable conclusions on the matter. One was my initial experimentation with hallucinogens. I could hardly escape the similarity in

feelings experienced while stoned with the philosophy of Christ's teachings. When I was stoned I really didn't feel like doing battle with anyone. For every bit of evil I experienced I could see a set of environmental causes. It occurred to me that anyone who spent all his time working for the well-being of others would not starve. I never had had much regard for material possessions. Etc.

Secondly, I read John Allegro's latest publication on the Dead Sea Scrolls. Professor Allegro, who is universally accepted as the foremost interpreter of the scrolls, is a very dull but exceedingly knowledgeable writer. His conclusions, drawn from some twenty-odd years of study, are that the bulk of the New Testament was written by various members of a cult of mushroom-eaters and that the name "Christ" is part of a code which this cult used in order to circumvent the authorities who, like authorities to-day, were not very much in favour of hallucinogens.

To me, it all makes perfect sense. Only a group of heads who were doing daily an hallucinogen every bit as powerful as psilocybin could bring forth an ethic of turning the other cheek at a time when the Appian Way was lined with the corpses of those who were not strong enough to protect themselves.

But maybe, and I address myself now to the Jesus Freaks, it doesn't make sense to you. Fine. I've been doing hallucinogens all along and I enjoy the insights gathered therein, but since leaving the comfortable security of Ryerson I've discovered several indisputable but, in this peculiarly affluent society, somewhat concealed, facts. For instance, I've discovered that turning the other cheek results, more often than not, in getting hit twice instead of once. I've discovered that Guerilla is the closest thing to a Christian endeavour that I've ever been involved in but that we have to fight like Hell for its survival. We have to fight not only cut-throat straight businessmen but also long-haired rip-off artists and "believers" who feel that we should delve into our hard-earned funds in order to pay for their message. I can not walk up Yonge Street without getting hit for spare change by young people who are better dressed than I am and who could be out selling Guerillas at 15 cents a copy and furthering the strength of the community.

I have learned to give everybody a chance, but to put my faith only in those who have proved themselves worthy of it.

You, too, I hope, will learn these things. I sincerely hope that you aren't serious when you say that political and economic organization are not where it's at, and that survival is merely a matter of putting one's faith in "the One Power." If you are you will be taken as generations of believers before you are taken.

And I hope that your leaders, be they successful, do not become quite as un-Christian as their philosophical ancestors have over the centuries.

I respect your right to believe in things non-sensory but, at this particular point in history, I am hoping, somewhat wistfully, that you will respect mine to simply go on what I know.

# A PLACE TO STAND

## THE JUICE FREAK

# ON THE WATER-FRONT

The Wheat Sheaf Hotel, at King and Bathurst, makes the claim that it is the furthest south watering hole in Toronto, among the non-trendy bars of course. But thorough examination of this claim has led me to proclaim not the Wheat Sheaf, but, the Merchant's House the furthest south. And aside from that it holds at least four other distinctions: it closes the earliest, has the most secure bar, most wooden ceiling, and the greatest poet.

This establishment is located on Front Street at Jarvis, having had its hayday when the St. Lawrence Market was the "food terminal for Toronto", when shippers, handlers, stevedores, teamsters, butchers, clerks and farmers would roll in for the "workingman's drink" and a solid evening's worth at that.

But alas time changes all. The place closes at 8p.m. no — "not enough customers", the waiter said, and little wonder I expect. I doubt that a nickel has been spent on this place in ten years, while the Butcher's Arms, an adjacent establishment, has fixed itself up, gone trendy and is pulling in the evening crowds. I was at the Butcher's in the evening last year when they doubled the price of beer and haven't been back since; renovations have their drawbacks I suppose.

I mention the distinction of the Merchant's House having the most secure bar. This area is enclosed in a heavy wire cage, a contrivance pointing to the days when the farmers paid off with chickens instead of coin.

Of the ceiling, it must be seen to be appreciated — an antique of Newells and Victorian gingerbread, of such substance that it appears to hold up the walls — best one I've ever seen.

The greatest poet, whom I am afraid may be a regular fixture, and as such, a detriment to peaceful conversation and drink. He beckoned us to his table, a small man, clad in big ears and a mauvesh shirt and a roll of bills. He bought us a round, the price of which was listening to him.

"I'm Toronto's greatest poet", he said (That's what they all say). "The name's Cohen", pause, "Marvin Cohen".

Feeling the pip was on, I asked, "Rhyming verse?"

Accepting the challenge, he commenced on a one hour monologue thinly disguised as conversation, challenging on occasion, the whole table to a fight, as well as how to spell the word "bourgeois". When he stopped buying we left, even the Juice Freak has a bit of pride.

Draft is 20 cents, peanuts 10 cents, pickled eggs and sausage at the cage.

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# MOVIES BY THE PEOPLE OF THE PEOPLE FOR THE PEOPLE

## THE CINEMA OF FRANK CAPRA

by Lloyd Chesley

Most of my readers are well aware of my prejudices regarding movies. As far as I'm concerned the films Hollywood was making in the thirties are about the best there have ever been. The films are just as relevant today as they were at that time, and far and away more entertaining than anything we see today. Out of all the stuff made then, and that includes every subject, form and style of film conceivable, perhaps one man's work remains most relevant, especially to readers of this paper. The man is Frank Capra and he did more to glorify the people than any other film maker perhaps of all time.

Frank Capra made comedies. Comedy is the most difficult of all the theatrical arts and it more closely approximates and describes the human condition than any other. Of course I am speaking of true comedy, which involves a lot more than big laughs: it also involves the ability to make an audience cry or, that most difficult of all, to smile.

At the same time that he was making us laugh and love his characters, Capra was espousing his great dream: the American dream with a healthy dose of the brotherhood of the Christian ethic. Like us, he believes that the ideals behind the American constitution are something more than loopholes for big business and politicians. Like Eldridge Cleaver, he said in his films: I am a citizen of the American dream living in the American nightmare.

Capra's background makes his beliefs obvious. He immigrated from Italy when he was five. It was a Horatio Alger story of the boy who worked hard. After World War One, he had graduated as a chemical engineer, but the only work he could find along those lines was making stills for bootleg booze. He heard they were about to open a movie studio in New York and convinced the management that he was a film expert. Then he ran out to see his first film and from that point on he was both student and teacher and graduated as one of the finest film artists we've had the luck to appreciate.

He started off making two reel shorts and graduated to directing a rising comedian, Harry Langdon. Capra understood Langdon's innocence and trust better than he did and in two features he made him a serious rival to Chaplin. But Langdon thought he was completely as good as Chaplin and went on to direct his own films and destroy his own career.

With the coming of sound, Capra got into a series of potboilers and adventure films which are unavailable in Canada, so I cannot comment. However, I can guess that like his work in silent comedies, these provided a fantastic education for him that expanded his capabilities and aided in enriching the masterpieces to come.

The Capra we know today got moving in the early thirties. Working at Columbia, the poverty row of the studios, he started making comedies, working with his major collaborator, his co-writer, Robert Riskin.

Comedies don't read well. They aren't much until you get the cameras rolling. For this and other reasons he found it impossible to cast a film he really wanted to do. Only by the most incredible show business machinations did the film get put together and so they shot it. The film was *It Happened One Night* and it copped Oscars for best film, writer, director and actor and actress, Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert, who are better than they ever were or became. The film was a smash and it gave him power as one of Hollywood's most important directors. He was capable of being absolute monarch of his films, and from here on they just got better and better.

In an interview with Mr. Capra he explained that there are four characters in a drama: hero, heroine, villain and comedian. In *It Happened One Night* he combined hero and comedian and created the most human of film characters and a new genre of film making, the screwball comedy. Perhaps this radical change is what made the film slow to catch on, but once it did, it created the most popular and, I believe, the most artistically successful genre to come out of a film community producing the best of everything. Everyone tried to make another *It Happened One Night* (Columbia tried remaking it three times) but it was more than a situation or character type that made the film great. It was a particular spirit of fun and love that Capra brought to all his work.



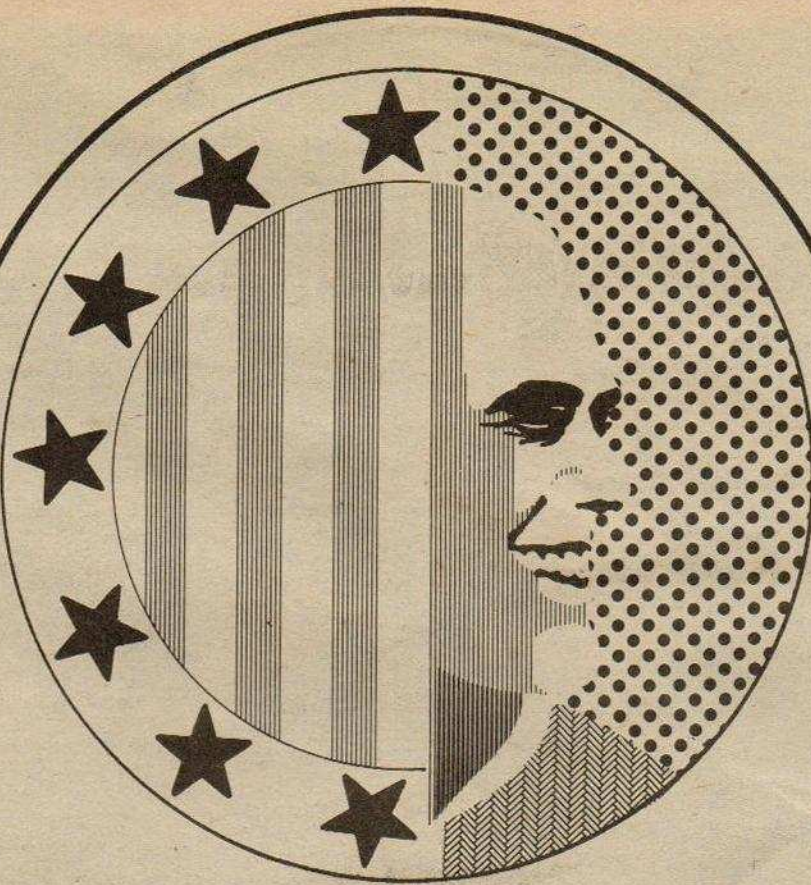
The film is basically a love comedy based around the conflict of the man's "real people" upbringing clashing with the girl's rich, spoiled heritage. The important thing was the love story and the comedy, but the conflict was a harbinger of stronger social comment to come. Capra never indulged in politics, only in culture. If politics came into the picture, it was really only a part of culture, a part of the people.

And it was from the people that the major and most personal Capra films come. The first of these was *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town*. It was the story of a simple, honest, small town man who inherits an incredible fortune. Coming to New York, he finds that his doubts were correct: he doesn't want the money because all it means is that he'll be hounded by fortune hunters and newspapers interested in every detail of his private life. Hounded and betrayed, he decides to pull out. This is about two thirds through the film. Up to this time the movie has been a comedy with all the humour and charm that only Capra can muster and with two performances by Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur, that can only be described as toothily lovable. But as Deeds storms out of his house he is met by a wild-eyed demented with a gun, threatening to shoot the man who squanders millions while millions starve in the depression. Deeds feeds the man and decides what to do with his millions. He buys a great deal of land and has poor people come to him. Each man gets a few acres, and if he works the land for two years, it is his. Hundred line up and the work is enormous. As Deeds gives out the land there is a perfect Capra moment: Deeds has worked for hours and is hungry, but he refuses to leave his work. One of the poor people offers him his lunch. But as Deeds bits in he notices all the hungry men waiting for land in the long line. He orders lunch for them all. James Agee described a perfect gag as a series of laughs, each one building on top of the one before to a boffo finish. Capra, from his long schooling in comedy, had transferred the technique to a beautiful and touching moment of pathos as only he and John Ford can create.

Anyway, Deeds' scheme has left him wide open for the crooked lawyers who had been robbing the man he inherited the money from. Digging up some relatives the lawyers have them contest the will on the grounds that Deeds' plan proves him insane and unfit to inherit. In the court, Deeds has given up. Hounded on all sides, feeling his girl has betrayed him, he refuses to speak. Then the prosecution finishes their case and the judge turns to Deeds. Deeds says nothing. Then comes another Capra moment as all the working men in the audience, all the men who need help, ask a question, first in murmurs then in unified cry: "What about us Mr. Deeds?" Faced with the men who need his help, Deeds rises and proves just where insanity lies. In a rousing Capra finish, he plants a punch on the lawyer's jaw and a kiss on his girl's mouth to the cheers of the people, on and off screen.

This quick run-down of the plot can barely hint at the honest sentiment and conviction that makes the film so beautiful and such a delight. It's filled with moments that make you glow: Deeds teaching his upper-crust butler to appreciate the echo in their





L. FISHAUF

mansions, his bass tuba playing that helps him think, right down to plating with the town band in his own send off festivities. It's a film about how happy it is to live simply, nicely, kindly and with a thought for others.



What if the world were populated with people as kind as Longfellow Deeds? Capra sought to answer the question in his next film. What can you say about *Lost Horizon*? If the book has a fine idea, Capra raised it to a classic. He did it by a way obvious to a man with his interests: he kept the location and this time populated the story with people. He expanded the character of the protagonist, added a love interest, which must be considered integral to a Utopian fantasy but which the book lacked and filled the story out with brilliant supporting characters as played by leading character actors like Thomas Mitchell and Edward Everett Horton. He added moments of comedy and expanded the fantastical elements to include great pathos.

During the film, Capra describes our world and Shangri La. Conway, blithely played by Ronald Colman, asks Chang why people in Changri La live to such great ages. Chang tells him it is the absence of stress. Such expressions as "he worried himself to death" are meaningless in a land of constant brotherhood and communal spirit. The version of the film now in circulation lacks a scene which describes the communal structure of the colony, but lacks none of the feeling. The High Lama describes the purpose of Shangri La: to wait until the world's madness

becomes complete and it destroys itself. There, in Shangri La, will remain safe a colony of people to rebuild. "The Christian ethic will come to pass and the meek will inherit the earth." And as he rises to say that, his three hundred years of wisdom shows that that is no simple-minded dream, but the only reality.

Capra's style is as direct as his philosophy. Above all, he hates tricks. He reserves his camera to show what the actors are doing. This is probably just as well since he works better with actors than just about anyone, keeping their performances intense but natural and giving them lots of business to keep their actions constantly interesting. He is just as glad to shoot outdoors as in a studio, depending on which will give him the effect he wants. His lighting, soft but even, suits his directness and honesty. He is considered one of the master editors of all time which is most flamboyantly demonstrated in his montage

sequences. We don't really have montages these days, but they were some of the most fun moments when they were in vogue in the thirties and forties. Composed of a large number of quick, expressionistic shots linked by stunning optical effects, montages were a dynamic and exciting method of dispensing with exposition. Dynamic is the best word to describe all the work of a director who feels the cardinal sin is boredom.

Moss Hart and George Kaufman wrote some of the whackiest of American comedies. Capra took their *You Can't Take It With You* and added some amazing social comment. The story is about a household populated by, well by a bunch of freaks, not young ones but crazier than you're liable to move in with. Fans of Phillippe de Broca's film *King of Hearts* will find that Capra treated the same theme of "who is mad and who is sane?" without ever pointing out that it was a theme and therefore with a lot more concentration on the people and the entertainment. In the meantime, the head of the household hasn't paid taxes in many years. Why? Because he doesn't like how his government is spending the money. By the end of the film, he has his daughter's fiance's father, a real bull of Wall Street, dancing and playing the harmonica with the rest of the household.

Recently on CBC was one of Capra's favorites, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. One of his best comedies, it deals with a political machine replacing a dead senator they owned with a kid from the backwoods named Jefferson Smith, whom they think they can control. Well, what Smith teaches Washington about politics is about all I'd ever care to say. I asked Mr. Capra if he thought there was any reflection of his themes in today's society and he cited Ralph Nader as doing a pretty good job as Jeff Smith. As always, the film is one of the most sensitive and funniest comedies of the era, or any era, despite the fact that the social-political point is more than well stated. That is Capra's "trick:" the political theme is always stated to the best because his films are comedies dealing with people, rather than political essays. His politics really are for the people.

With World War II sure to come, Capra made his angriest film, *Meet John Doe*. The theme here is Fascism right in the USA, despite the Nazi machine moving in Europe. A magnate, who even has a personal army, is taking over many concerns. One is a newspaper where he fires a young girl reporter. In revenge she writes a last article. It is a letter of protest against the evils of the world, signed John Doe in representation of all "John Does". As a symbol of protest, John Doe says he is going to jump off the Empire State Building on Christmas Eve. This causes such a stir that the paper has to follow it up. They hire Gary Cooper, a down and out baseball player, to be John Doe. But the idea catches like wildfire and John Doe brotherhood clubs spring up all over the country. Cooper quits, but the clubs continue to spread, because John Does need no leader. He is discovered in a diner and a group from the clubs convinces him to come back after the good work he had done. This is a long scene and all that happens is that a bunch of John Does tell how they became good neighbours. Each story, simply told on a simple subject, is more beautiful than the one before, and again Capra's simple honesty wins us and convinces

us. But the magnate finally reveals his plan: that Cooper will, at the presidential primary, name his as the John Doe's choice for president. Cooper rushes to warn the people at the rally, but the magnate gets out a slander story in the papers and the people boo him



down. Betrayed, Cooper decides to go through with the fictional plan, and on Christmas Eve he is on top of the Empire State building. His girl comes to talk him out of it, the magnate tries to reason that it will accomplish nothing, but it takes a bunch of John Does with the thought: "If an idea is worth dying for, it's worth living for" to talk him out of it. He leaves the roof and his buddy, a cynical editor, turns to the would-be dictator and says it all: "That's the people, D.B. Let's see you beat that!"

I could go on about Capra's other triumphs like *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *It's A Wonderful Life*, *Pocketful of Miracles*, but only he could follow a line like that. In his career he expressed more about cinematic art, people, freedom, human nature, good and evil, friendship, brotherhood, a good life and love, than most movements have contributed. His films are all beautiful and moving and for us all. He's a John Doe, too, and he makes films about John Does, so they are profound, and for John Does, so they are moving.

I'm not saying he's the greatest director of all time; but I'm not saying he ain't. Thank you.

#### Quotes From Capra:

No rich man ever know beans about piggyback.

Maybe we're the chumps, going through life "wised up."

All your rules don't mean so much, unless they're backed up by a little kindness, yeah and a little looking out for the other guy.

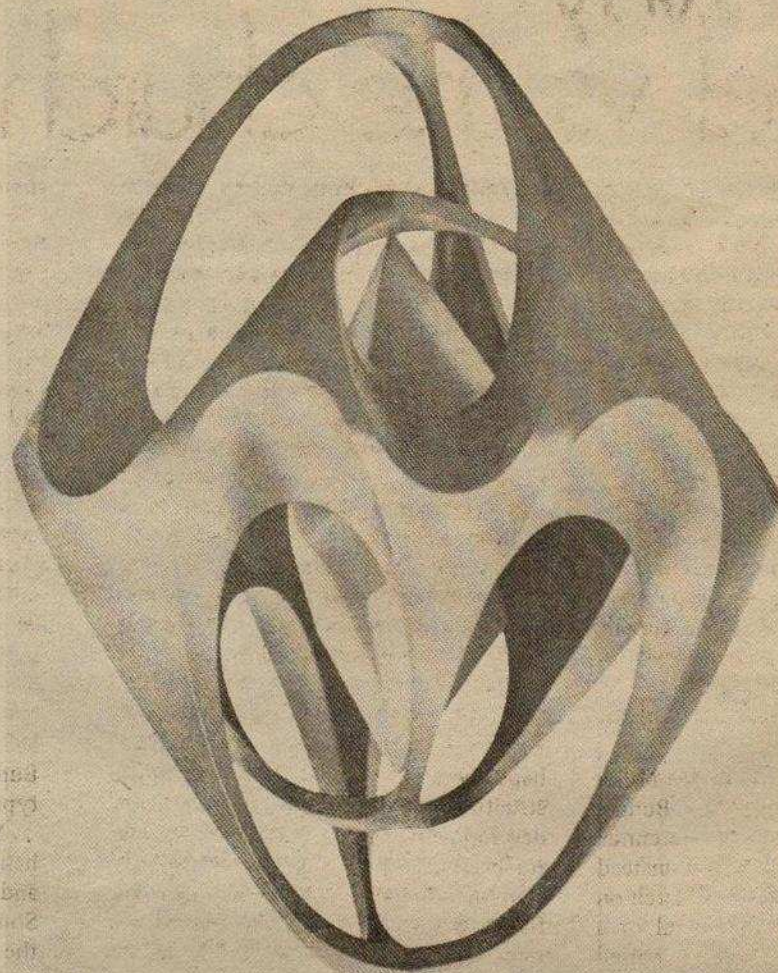
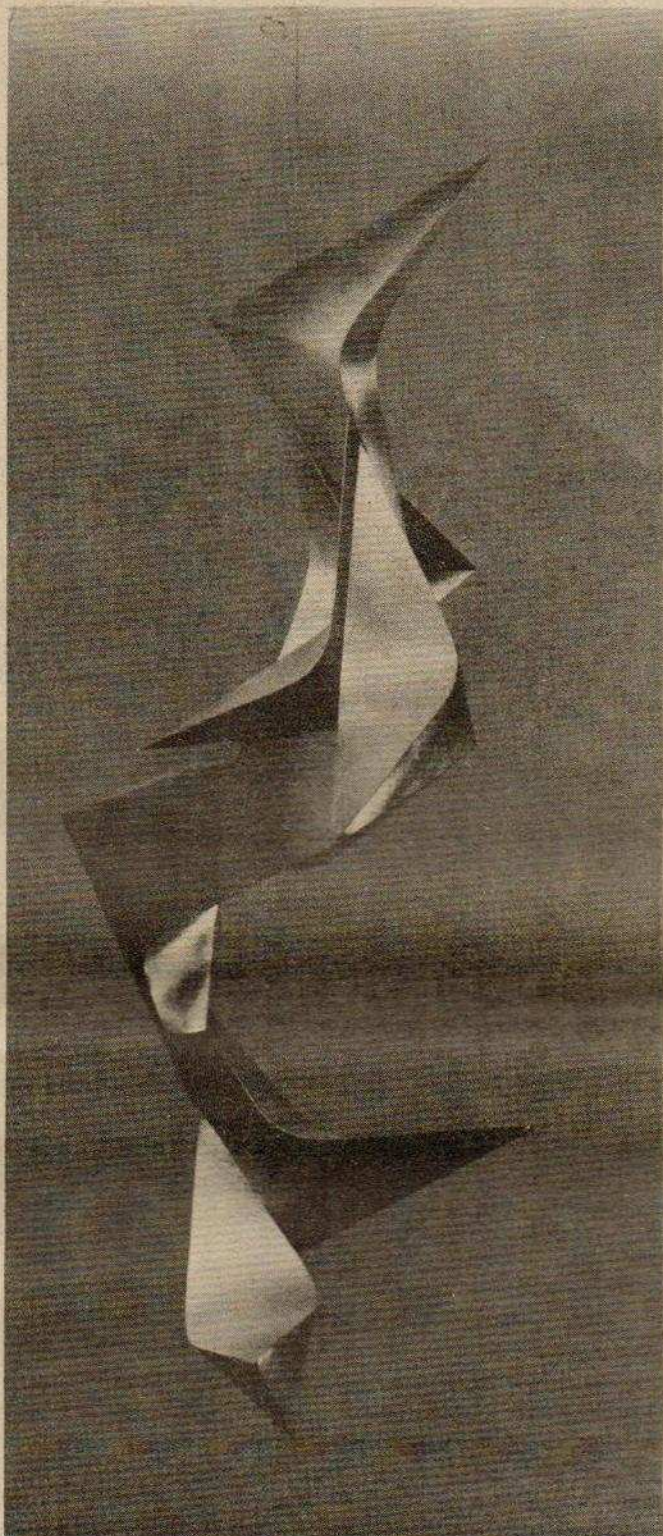
If this is what the adults have done to the world, we'd better give it to the boys.

Lost causes are the only ones worth fighting for.

There are times in every man's life when he glimpses the eternal.



# SCORA- FORM



## SCORAFORM — A NEW 3D ART FORM

Peggy Specht  
Illustrated  
\$2.25

You can explore space without leaving the ground! In a tightly-packed booklet called SCORAFORM sculptor-designer Peggy Specht describes a new three-dimensional design concept that anyone with a very little effort can use to create an endless variety of space forms. The basic method is to wrap a shape in on itself.

Peggy Specht has a studio at 505 Queen Street E. where she designs sculpture, lamps, furniture, architectural modules. These are only a few of the applications of SCORAFORM as a design technique. By using a sheet material called FORBON it is possible to create curved solid forms up to 12 feet and more in size — using

nothing but the material and glue, with a little fishline for suspending them, since even the largest airborne sculptures often weigh no more than 5 or 6 pounds. The Oshawa Centre in Oshawa has 28 large airborne sculptures by the artist hanging throughout the mall.

Peggy Specht wrote the book in the hope that other artists, designers, architects, mathematicians and home craftsmen would begin to use this method to enlarge their horizons and explore forms hitherto unimagined.

Besides its unique use of curves, the most interesting aspect of SCORAFORM is its relationship to Topology and 3D Geometry. Being a direct approach to form, it eliminated the need for time-consuming and costly molds and dies.

SCORAFORM is available at 505 Queen St. E. or at Curry's Art Store, 756 Yonge St.

## A Little Time... ...A Little Space

Penell Gallery — Andrew Todd

During the normal season one-man shows at local art galleries last from two to three weeks. The galleries are open to the public from Tuesday to Saturday and their hours, as a rule, are from late morning to 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening. Perhaps because they felt the summer lull provided an excellent opportunity to depart briefly from convention, the Penell Gallery, 13 Hazelton Ave. in Yorkville, recently featured an exhibit of watercolours by Andrew Todd which ran for 72 consecutive hours. The artist himself was in attendance for most if not all of that time.

The tiny, self-contained watercolours are in themselves an argument against the trend of the last twenty years toward ever larger, wall-consuming paintings. This, according to Todd, was exactly what he had in mind. He is extremely critical of any art that demands an excessively large space, and of an artist who, by virtue of his reputa-

tion, can command enormous physical areas on which to make his statement. Any aesthetic that is used to justify such art or artist is irrelevant largely because it defends an art form which is totally unrelated to any significant human need or situation.

Todd has come to the conclusion that if it is necessary for us to seek or create a new life, a safer, more suitable environment as many feel it is, then art should reflect those concerns. Serious art should serve to cultivate a visual intelligence that would help us to adapt and to bring us closer to those things on which our existence will depend. By this view, art is primarily a set or series of visual responses to a specific environment. It is a means by which both artist and spectator establish contact with their surrounding reality.

Taken too literally, of course, one might expect Todd's own paintings to be super subtle pictograms or rigorously

detailed landscapes. Actually, they are personal, poetic statements rather than verifiable scientific ones. Yet the feeling of communion between subject and surrounding you sense about these paintings seems to possess a kind of validity that is somehow superior to merely factually accurate records.

Arguments aside, the paintings speak of skies known only to those who sail with a clarity, directness and elegant simplicity that continually refreshes. The images of the series, *Cloudworker I-VI*, are visual haikus expressed solely in terms of tightly organized bands and patches of clear colour washes. While restricting himself to a stunningly simple vocabulary of abstract terms Todd creates a convincing illusion of a specific atmosphere in each painting of the series.

The Penell Gallery's handling of the Todd show made good innovative use of the Gallery's facilities.

This unusual arrangement underscores the fact that there is a dismal lack of space for serious young artists in the established Toronto galleries, at any time of year. Hopefully this improvisation will suggest to the owners, as well

as to others in the trade, similarly imaginative approaches to presenting new art work by young artists to the public. As in the case of the Todd exhibit, the particular mode of presentation adopted by a gallery ought to compliment the special nature or theme of the art itself whenever possible. It is also good that the galleries remember that a one-man show for even a short period of time (less than the customary two weeks) gives one a chance to take in the extent and depth of the artist's latest explorations rather than merely see a high point or two as is the case in group shows. It provides the public with an opportunity to understand artistic endeavour in terms of a process of investigation and discovery of a given theme or set of problems rather than in terms of an object.

There is much to be said for a gallery's having flexible hours as well. Staying open late if not all night tends to reinforce the impression of art as an on-going, open ended process. It helps create a more casual atmosphere and makes the work more accessible to a larger number of people.

Walter Klepac



# milky way: bunuel vs the church ... again

Throughout a career which spans nearly four decades, director Luis Bunuel has been preoccupied with the theme of religion. There is something of a disturbing paradox in the fact that while it has stimulated and provided a focus for his creative energies, religion, both as an institution and as a personal experience, has been treated as a negative thing. With each succeeding film Bunuel's hatred and virulent attack are resumed with renewed vigor and insight. In fact, his career can be seen as a continual attempt to perfect new means and forms for revealing the hypocrisy, repression, and perversion of the Roman Catholic Church towards its masses of followers. As always, Bunuel seems to relish in the terse, almost off-handed, diatribe.

In one of his latest films, the Milky Way, recently at the Cine City, Bunuel takes up arms again against his perennial adversary, only this time round instead of depicting the effect of the Church on the life or lives of an individual or a group, he does battle with a varied

assortment of Catholic dogma. He is at pains to point out at the end of the film that all references to Catholic doctrine are accurate and even gives his sources. The Milky Way is quite literally a close and detailed critique of dogma presented in allegorical trimming. You're left with the feeling that the film was aimed at a very specific audience: namely, European Roman Catholics. Obviously, such a systematic treatment requires an audience whose life experiences have been grounded in the ways and teachings of the church. For anyone outside this circle the film has an ambiguity and distracting vagueness which is the result of one too many missed nuances.

The hallmark of Bunuel's style is the brilliantly convincing blend of the wildly absurd with mundane realism. Perhaps because of the film's episodic structure and its lack of character development the indoctrinated spectator becomes lost in the constant succession of apparently unrelated incidents, flashbacks, and scenes. The absurdities remain absurd and inexplicable rather

than reinforce a criticism.

Structurally, the Milky Way resembles Fellini's Satyricon. It follows the travels and fortunes of two men on a pilgrimage to Santiago, Spain, just as Satyricon portrayed the adventures of two young Romans. Fellini's handicap is twice that of Bunuel's since both Fellini and his audience are strangers to the world of pagan Rome, a world in which there was not even a visage of a religious or moral order. Yet Satyricon, fragmented as it is, holds our attention: its images strike us with a compelling and undeniable rightness. The film as a whole comes across with the disturbing quality of an actual nightmare, one that is both our own and racial at the same time. For all his intense involvement and first hand knowledge of the terrain Bunuel has not tapped a similar archetypal vein.

No endeavour by so experienced a hand as Bunuel can be a complete less and the Milky Way is no exception. Some scenes work perfectly and stay in the mind afterwards. A police inspector

and a local priest chat informally together in a neighbourhood inn about religious matters. After the priest delivers an illogical explanation of the doctrine of the trinity the inspector politely informs him that he has contradicted himself. With a perfect deadpan face behind which lurks the expression of a man who has been caught out, the priest throws his cup of tea in the inspector's face. The next scene somewhat anticlimactically shows the father being carried off by a crew from the village sanitarium.

Throughout the film there are flashbacks to scenes in the history of the church. They depict various sects each of which seems to have specialized, according to Bunuel, in a particular form of debauchery. Some of these are self-contained while others, though alive with dramatic interest, seem incomplete; they seem to be part of a larger story which has been left undeveloped. I had the uncomfortable feeling that Bunuel despaired of ever finding a proper setting for them and so threw them into Milky Way for good measure.

Walter Klepac

## FILM BUFFoonery

Lloyd Chesley

CINEMALUMIERE, 290 College at Spadina; at 7 & 9:30

July 31 - Aug 6: One of the best films about urban revolution was Pontecorvo's pseudo-documentary "The Battle of Algiers." The film this week is "Burn," by the same director. Starring Marlon Brando, is a story about imperialism set in the tropics in the early days of colonialism. Like the other, it promises to be heavy and exciting.

Aug. 7 - 13: Another master of political films is Costa-Gavras. "The Confession" is an exciting political thriller, boasting a terrific performance by Yves Montand, that manages to thrill while laying down a political situation that is terrifying through its reality.

COLONNADE SUMMER CINEMA, The Colonnade, Bloor at Avenue Rd. at 7 & 9:15

Aug. 2 & 3: "King's Row," a 1940's melodrama definitive of the genre and period of American film making. Aug. 4 & 5: Hitchcock's delightful thriller, "The Lady Vanishes"; made in England before he went to the States, this is one of his lightest and most charming films. Lots of fun. Aug. 6 - 8: If you see my article on Frank Capra, or even if you don't, you must see the number one freak film of all time, "Lost Horizon." Too beautiful for praise. Aug. 9 & 10: "Singin In The Rain," the best musical of all, starring Gene Kelly in a film too much fun to miss. A lot of people may be down on musicals but this will certainly change their minds with its dynamic and hilarious qualities. Aug. 11 & 12: Carol Reed's "The Third Man" is heavily influenced by the presence of Orson Welles in a highly baroque thriller

ONTARIO FILM THEATRE, Ontario Science Centre; at 8:00

Aug.3: A double feature of two W.C. Fields films. One is silent, directed by a leading director of screwball comedies in the thirties, Gregory la Cava, and the other is "The Man On The Flying Trapeze" from the mid-thirties. Aug. 10: A really wierd double feature. The first film is the last movie by Erich von Stroheim (best known for the epic masterpiece "Greed," a talky called "Hello Sister." The other film is a "B" horror item starring Bela Lugosi as "Chandu, the Magician."

OISE, 252 Bloor West; at 7:30 & 9:30

Aug. 3: Two of Fields more popular talkies, "Poppy" and "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man" Aug. 4: Dietrich in one of the real slam-bang westerns, "The Spoilers," with John Wayne and also

"Shanghai Express," one of her best films for von Sternberg; an incredible romance. Aug. 5: "Desire and Design for Living," both supervised by the great Ernst Lubitsch, although the first was directed by Frank Borzage. It stars Dietrich and Gary Cooper and the second is from a Noel Coward play and stars Cooper and Fredric March. Aug. 10: Two really whacky films: "Hellzapoppin" with Olsen and Johnson and Fields' nuttiest film, "Million Dollar Legs. Aug. 11: Dietrich in two incredibly freaky films, both by von Sternberg, "The Devil is a Woman" and "The Scarlett Empress." The combination of wierd humour and baroque decor make these totally mind-blowing. Aug. 12: A Lubitsch musical, "Monte Carlo" and his silliest film, written by Billy Wilder, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," starring Cooper and Claudette Colbert.

"THE REALISM AND THE DRAMA ARE SHOCKING. THE PICTURE HAS SOUL."  
ARCHER WINSTEN - NEW YORK POST

"IT IS THE ULTIMATE 'NOW' PICTURE."  
NEWSWEEK



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ADULT ENTERTAINMENT  
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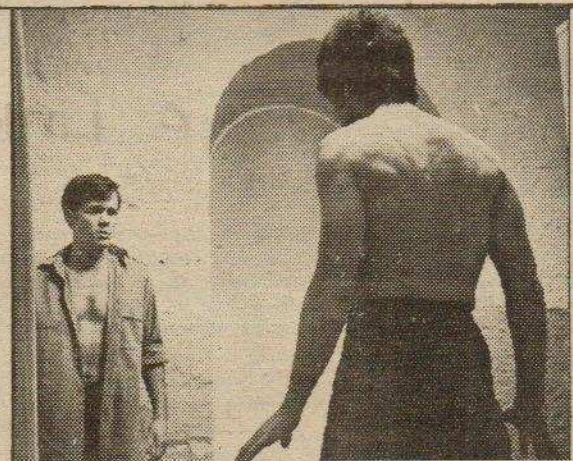
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WITH AN EARTHY  
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## FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES

COMPLETE SHOWS AT  
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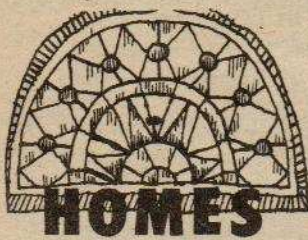


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SELL

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



CLASSIFIED HOMES

Partner splitting — need freak female or male to share two bedroom place, costs, kitchen. Phone Mike 532-9286 (King-Dufferin) \$40-wk.

We are forming a co-operative over two day-care centres & need space which includes bath, yard and cooking facilities. Anyone interested in renting to us please contact Leslie 531-2534 or Jack 921-9084.

Front room available \$50/mo.; 48 Beverley; or call 864-9846 anytime.

Wanted August 15th, one bedroom apt. or a flat; self-contained; central; \$100-130/mo. Call Larry or Barbara 962-0481.

Wanted to find a place in a commune in Sussex & Spadina area. Write me 724 Spadina Ave. Room 6, Greg Brown.

Townhouse — \$50/mo. one room; corner Parliament & King; call 964-9892, ask for Mike.

Michael, Paul and Viki are looking for new housemate(s)... we're 24 to 27... commune set-up, have dark-room, motorcycles and shooting range. Rent averages \$90/mo. Broadview & Danforth 465-9589.

People needed for house on Merton 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.

Room for one or two available in vegetarian household. Yonge-Lawrence area. 921-4057; 483-2743.

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 for 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.

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.

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 player recently arrived from Vancouver, Doug Innes; please contact Mel or Betty and Bruce — urgent — 364-9608.

Guitarist and vocalist seeking other musicians interested in jamming and/or forming a band. Have access to a rehearsal hall. Call Colin or Glen at 922-8974; 43 Chicora Avenue.

Jazz Guitar — Gibson ES 175 — single cut-away acoustic; 1 hamburger pickup. 922-1873.

Framus guitar \$50 or so. Call 924-3507.

Blues bass player and drummer needed for non-union band. Phone Bob 482-7025.

Electric guitar for sale Model ES 335 and hard-shell case and/or Bogen and Model MXM 4 mixer with patch panel and rack box. Also studio required immediately. Call Tony anytime 962-5120.

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

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 rick 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.

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.

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.

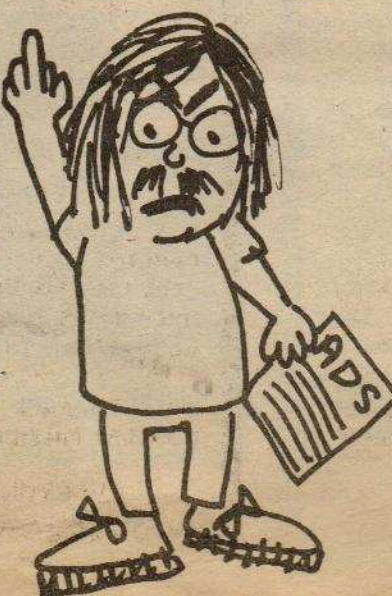
Bruce Beach, the flautist, would like to meet a good jazz bass player. 962-5753.

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 Kalvin at 364-0539 or come to 31 Huron St.

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.



Group of freaks need van & driver to help blind kids with Alternate Program. Contact Seth 486-8173.

Opportunities for Youth Coalition — OY groups in Toronto have gotten together to act collectively on certain common problems (e.g. 5% holdback) and defend particular projects which are being screwed. Possibilities for sharing of resources also seem obvious. Any project not yet contacted can get information at TAPS (863-1821) or PIST (863-0302).

For Sale — T-shirts \$1, Jeans \$5.95, Tank Tops \$2. Cut costs and buy from us — run by kids for kids, to support community services. Bayview and Sheppard YMCA.

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.

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 Stephie at Guerilla for further details.

OPERATING FOOD CO-OPS MISSISSAUGA — (Port Credit, Cooksville Streetsville) 279-0791 or Ed Cane, 826-4792.

LAWRENCE HEIGHTS (Yonge, Eglinton West, Dufferin) 781-6793 or Howard Kaplan, 636-1961.

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



Frank Morrison, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, Call home, important message; or Action Service Contact Centre 255-5322.

Pat and her old man Don Bradley are proud parents of a little girl peacenik, PAMELA, born in the sign of Cancer, tipping the scales at 7 lbs.

Win a dreamdate Next to the exclusive Continental House... box 1313, Guerilla.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY JOHN - CALVIN - GROVER

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.

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.

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

DON'T WAIT TILL THE LAST MINUTE ★ TO PLACE YOUR AD IN GUERRILLA CLASSIFIEDS — CUZ TOM GETS STRESSED OFF ★ DEADLINE IS ★ SUNDAY AT NOON ★



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**SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND!**

NOT THRILL



**WAWA? RIDES**

Ride wanted to Fort Lauderdale and vicinity; 1st-20th August. Share driving and expenses; 267-3405 ask for Gord.

Ride needed around the beginning of August. Couple need lift to Mexico City or that way. Will share driving and expenses. 781-5431 or 488-0315 ask for Murray.

Need ride to Boston or New England 1st or 2nd August. Happy to share driving and expenses. Hugh or Corie 368-9557.

Ride to Chicago; split gas, expenses; around July 27th; Andrea at 488-8912 eves. or 922-7774 days.

**RIDE NEEDED TO VAN AROUND END OF JULY. ELAINE 822-1924**

Driving West soon. Room for two, share expenses and driving. Call Jane at 925-7188. Leave a message.

Couple requires ride to Prince Edward Island around the 1st of August. Willing to share expenses and to camp along the way. Contact at Room 1524 Rochdale, or at 922-1434.

Going to Atlanta 1st week in August. Room for 3 to share driving & expenses. VW. Call Lasley 742-9540.

2 chicks would like an easy going ride to Vancouver via Calgary. Stopovers - plan to take a week. Phone Chris 536-8969. Leaving August 14.

Three people (1 child) need to get to Vancouver by August 7 share expenses & drive. Call Alan & Sue at (519) 824-1320.

**CRAFTS**



Need a photographer? Call Chris at 481-3194.

Licensed electrician will do work cheaply. Call Mike 964-0612.

Interested in beer-making? In co-operative endeavor? Call Pete Harris 368-4274.

Custom made by the Survival Course Commune people; shirts, dresses, sandals, suede goods, batiking, macrame, simple furniture, dulcimers, photography. Really cheap prices. 112 Seaton St. Call 368-1459

There will be a fair in St. James Town on Sat. August 7th from 10 am til 5 pm. Anyone withing to display and sell any arts and crafts is welcome. To reserve a table, call either Dave at 925-2528 or Diane at 922-9284. The invitation is extended by St. James Town Community ASsocation, and there may be a 50 cent cover charge for the tables.

Woodcarving; customer order, bracelets, pendants, etc. 921-2820. Chuck.

Macrame shawls, belts, bags, wall hangings and anything else you want to make and for sale. Call Debbie 921-2820 anytime.

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

Man willing to do any type of work for any amount of money mainly large lumps. Desperate. Dan 493-3113.

Models wanted - no experience, for professional photographer (sometimes nude) Werner - call anytime 741-1246.

Young, flexible, ambitious woman wants singing or acting job full-time anywhere in Canada NOW! Phone Panther 962-5799.

Nude model - not caucasian - for charcoal sketches by professional artist. Call Cathy 366-1357 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Desperate American couple needs any kind of work. 481-8248.

Driver wanted from July 14-Aug. 25 to pick up blind children from home, take to day camp and return home again. Need VW bus or station wagon - 1 hour in morning and 1 hour in afternoon, 5 days a week. \$200 for summer plus \$20 bonus if a day is not missed. Call Elaine or Sherry at CNIB 485-8644 ext.23.

**FOR SALE**



'63 Chevy 11 85,000 miles not certified \$100. Call John at 921-0368.

Sleep high (in a loft bed); for small places with high ceilings. \$75 or best offer. 364-7621.

Webcor AM-FM Multiplex tuner-amp, with Webcor 8-track tape player and BSR (mini-charger) excellent condition \$200, and Wurlitzer Juke Box, and 52 45 records \$150. Also records, 200-\$10. Phone Gord 267-3405.

Coffee table, charcoal finish, English provincial style, made by unemployed student \$35 Phone Bob 481-7025.

Hand made human hair wig natural centre part below shoulder length light brown used only once 533-8697.

Antique "Blusbird" wringer washer - made in 1920 - excellent condition, best offer: 763-7429.

Van (Ford) good condition \$600 or best offer. Call 421-1548 evenings or 962-0653 daytime. Ask for pat or Linda.

Double bed with box spring \$30; Aladdin kerosine lamp \$25; fifteen files and rasps \$10 463-9852.

Two male Persian kittens for sale. Both on well-balanced diets, very perceptive & affectionate. Trained. Outdoorsy, nice. Black Persian female and blue Persian male. Blu seal descent. Best price or deal; Natasha 962-5799.



**PETS**

Guy 25, needs extroverted chick interested in art or theatre. I wish to develop complete relationship - phone 962-9851, Jeff.

Free - 3 kittens to good homes - litter trained. Call Heather 366-4845.

Libra male needs female help: for good-times weekends etc. Beauty is only skin deep. Age is no barrier. Must be clean and neat, know what's happening. Call Jim 463-1596 after 4 p.m.

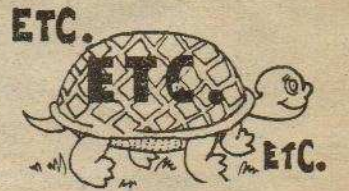
Female vegetarian kitten needs home. I am 4 months old and need a backyard. Call 964-7498.

Three cats to be given away; 1 male, 2 female; under 9 months. Want to give all three to one place. Sue or Tom 537-9224.

Wanted: active energetic male balck kitten to provide companionship and help with shredding furniture for like-tempered female black kitten. Call Diana 366-3648.

Wanted - unattached girl to share my room with me for companionship. No cost. Call Leon in the mornings 537-6933.

**FREE KITTENS 6 WEEKS OLD HOUSETRAINED. 531-1543 ASK DOUG OR CAROL**



Wanted - babysitter for five year old long haired freak in the area of Huron St. Public School, probably for 1/2 days. Can pay a little bit. Call Connie or David at 534-9887 after 10pm or before 9am

Bike wanted - girl's 3-speed to get around the city. Also - a stereo plus speakers. Ask for Chris 536-8969.

Wanted: Huge Union Jack - about 7 feet long by whatever width - cheap or free; call Paris 364-1943 after 7 pm.

Male dog wants to ball. Needs to ball is more exact. Year old and still a virgin. Has to taught want to do. Must be small dog because I don't want to stand and hold him up. Preferably either another doy. Poodle? Call Roxanne 531-6043, 447-2638 anytime.

ike wanted - \$10-\$15, fairly good ondition - phone 537-6244.

Wanted - Used camping equipment of all sorts. Phone 924-3507. Froosh.

Anyone knowing of possible site for trailers similar to People's Info Centre and Johnny-on-the-Spot between Eglington & Sheppard E. on Highway 2, Eastbound contact Muriel or Paul 282-3090 or Seth at 486-8173.

Genuine Levi's Wanted, 32inch waist, sell me your faded jeans for \$10. 489-8569.

**BUSINESS**



**LET JOE TRUCK DO YOUR TRUCKIN 366-0193**

Book of 33 Poems for one dollar, mail to Snotass Press, 33 Maitland St. No. 214, Toronto 284.

Fargo panel truck available for moving anything you want that fits - will negotiate price to anywhere. Call Artie at 653-2442.

GRAPHIC DESIGN & LAYOUT NEEDED? for reasonable remuneration, I will produce your INVITATIONS, ADS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, LEAFLETS, LETTERHEADS, TICKETS, BUSINESS CARDS, ETC. Call Doug Grant 923-7435.

A sociology grad for tutoring and to assist in essay writing. Private. Phone 864-1902 or write "S" c/o Guerrilla want ads, and leave message.

Getcher silk-screened T-shirts From Mike 'n' Martha. Best work in town, cheapest prices, too; official silkscreeners to Wacheea and Guerrilla. 364-0539.

Potter needs access to a wheel and kiln. Will buy, rent, borrow, or whatever. Also anyone or group interested in a co-op studio. 533-8679.

**GIRLS NEEDED TO SELL FLOWERS GOOD HOURS FRIENDLY BOSS!!!**

PHONE 929-3118 OR 488-5054

**MICHAEL T. WALL**

"THE SINGING NEWFOUNDLANDER"

GOT BLOWN UP RECENTLY AT CARLTON-YONGE PHOTO STUDIO LABS LTD. 441 YONGE ST. TORONTO DROP BY AS THOUSANDS HAVE AND GROOVE ON THIS GIANT BLOWUP PLUS A DISPLAY OF OTHER WALL-TO-WALL PHOTOS. GLEN F. DOUGLAS, PRESIDENT & MANAGER.

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