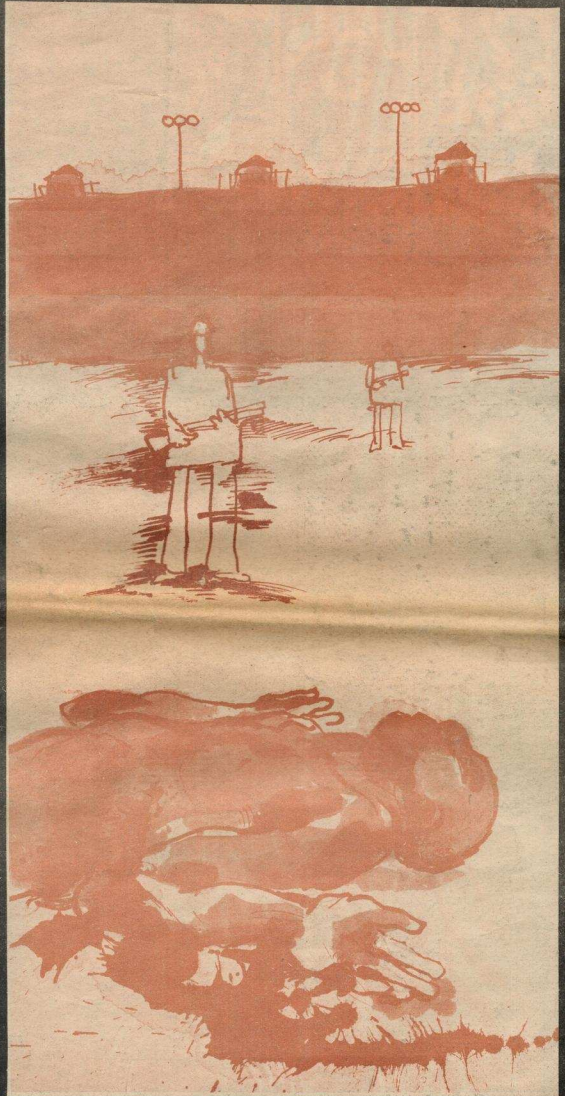


guerilla

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ATTICA Page 14

DE ONFRISSE EROTIËK VAN EEN VROUWKE FLUTTER



201 Queen St. E
Phone 864-1902

"All the news that's fit to pimp"

Dear Guerilla,
Thank you, marge Lawrence. I don't want the Freak Brothers and I don't need Harold Head either. Just give me more Marge Lawrence.

Pat Leslie
Toronto Women's Caucus

To the Guerilla staff,
I want to talk a bit about *The Furry Freak Bros* comix and what it represents. I've heard it often pointed out that the comic strip is sexist and exploitive in it's attitude towards women: I feel it also exemplifies a plastic, superficial aspect of the so-called "hip" culture. It shows a way of life that is carefree, dope-filled and unconcerned with any consideration of social issues - counter-cultural, political, ecological, women's liberation, etc.

The fuzzy trio's biggest problems have to do with where their next joint is coming from and the possibility of getting busted. This thoughtless kind of lifestyle is certainly an aspect of the "hip" culture, we encounter it daily on Yonge Street. But is it something we want to glorify, as the Furry Freak Bros undoubtedly does?

If Guerilla is attempting to foster awareness, rather than flatter the egos of it's readers about how groovy they are, then surely this "all-life-is-far-out-as-long-as-my-stash-is-full" attitude is something to be struggled with. The plastic "hippy" values reflected in that comix are the same complacent, self-seeking, unaware, chauvinistic, sexist and consumeristic values as are found in the straight society. Running that comix on the back of Guerilla always seemed inconsistent with the attitudes expressed in the rest of the paper, and I was glad to see that you discontinued it.

Also I want to praise Marge Lawrence's *Hard Core True Life Mind Fuck Comix* which has appeared in the last two issues. I think that running a strip like this is really good for a number of reasons. For one thing, it really grapples with the very problems which the *Furry Freak Bros.* so blissfully ignores.

When I saw Marge's comix in the Sept. 15 issue, Yorkville, Yonge Street—that's the whole fucked-up scene—fashed through my mind. Only she is telling it like it really is, instead of soft-selling it as some kind of freak's paradise.

Another reason I was glad to see her comic strip is that it represents local talent. Why send away for comix that is aimed toward general nationwide audiences when something produced here is bound to be far more relevant to what is happening in Toronto.

I also feel that the *Hard Core* comix signifies the emergence of a strong women's voice in the paper. And this has been missing for as long as I have been reading Guerilla.

I hope Guerilla continues to stay away from the kind of slick commercialism that the *Furry Freak Bros.* represents and understands that supporting Marge's comix and similar local efforts is a move toward a more relevant paper.

Jenny Hallgren

To the Guerilla,

I would like to comment on a letter a Mr. Ian Young which appeared in Guerilla (Vol. II, No.13) in which Mr. Young presented himself as one more in the number of champions of "true capitalism" (where even minorities are allowed to "advance", despite supposedly otherwise insurmountable obstacles).

Mr. Young, as suggested above, does not attempt to defend the principles of what the uninitiated masses have apparently mistaken to be Capitalism. He would probably quite readily protest that an attack on this latter-mentioned Capitalism for its particular facets is not an attack on an actual Capitalism at all but on creeping socialism or call-it-what-else-you-will.

It is strange, therefore, for Mr. Young to believe that he can morally wound Marxist political theory by pointing as whimsily as he does at its all too frequent mal-adaptions throughout the world. For anyone to conceive the flawless application of Marxist political and economic theory (which Mr. Young must if he to attack it in the manner he has) as being evident in the U.S.S.R., Eastern Europe and so on, demonstrates either an advanced feeble-mindedness or simple ignorance of the subject itself.

I really think Mr. Young's references to the New Deal, Salvation Army, Quotation of H.L. Menchen (I) would even Reader's Digest print stuff like that? — etc. need not be commented on. They stand adequately enough as prime examples of Mr. Young's entertaining brand of sugar-coated shit.

Perhaps Mr. Young does not want to face someone with a working-understanding of Marxist philosophy therefore equipped to incinerate his "true Capitalism". I hope that Guerilla will have decided to be that kind of newspaper, so as not to be liable to the criticism Mr. Young has levelled in the last two lines of the first paragraph of his letter.

Just out of curiosity, how would it work out to paste Mr. Young's letter to the insides of cubicle doors in Toronto's restaurant washrooms?

Yours
Keith Gauntlett
Oakville, Ontario

gorilla,

Lynn told you after your comix issue, "After you've read your Marx, your Lenin and your Second Sex (I did she really go into capitals for that one?) you might be justified in putting out a paper." I guess you did it. And took those nasty sexist unpolitical funny no-god reactionary freak brothers away from the "community."

First, let's do away with this community newspaper bullshit. It's not my newspaper, cause I don't give enough of a shit to come down and work on it. What distinguishes gorilla (this is my letter see, and I can spell anything in it how I WANT) from the Glob & Fail say, is anyone who does give enough of a shit can go work with you.

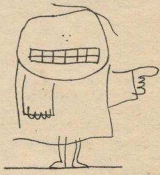
Its your newspaper and you can put in what you want and spell things how you want and all sorts of groovy things like that.

History: gorilla was supposed to have all the politix harbinging didn't, long analyses of the hubcap makers union in Guatemala 'n stuff, but basically worthwhile. Harbinger defuncted. Gorilla expanded to cover dope freak flower scene. And I thought started to really get it on. Now you're taking your Marx et. al super serious again, more tiresome attempts to raise my consciousness for THE REVOLUTION. You still covered the police-freak busting in Van, but are getting more anti-police than pro-freak it seems.

Is there a community in Toronto? (ain't it to bad there ain't any c's in Toronto, we could all change to k's). There do seem to be a hell of a lot of people trying to relate to their neighbours and environment with love. Many of whom have actually read Lynn's list and have found it wrong, irrelevantly and/or a big drag. Some (like a large chunk of the crew at Queen E.) who thought it was a gas. This started out to be a simple statement that anybody who get's uptight over Fat Freddy is insane. Now it seems to be getting around to saying that if you keep playing exclusively political shit on the people's head the gorilla staff-reader dichotomy is gonna solve itself the way it did for all the other socialist newspapers going around: the only people readin' it are gonna be those writin' it and their friends.

Besides our dog thinks Fat Freddy's cat is pretty neat for a cat.

I don't know any endings
that aren't a hype,
Dave Harrison



SHORT BURSTS

GENOCIDE PAYOFF

WASHINGTON—Hendrik Houthakker, who recently left the Council of Economic Advisors to President Nixon, said it was "entirely unrealistic" to use the surcharge to try to induce other nations to share the defence burden and reduce certain trade barriers, though he thought the new tax was justified as a device to induce changes in other countries' currency exchange rates.

Double edged, yes. But the primary purpose seems to cover the defence budget increases that Dick has planned for next year. Why should the U.S. foot the expense of its murderous programs alone, when other countries benefit so much from them?

EAT MORE SHIT

VENICE-Dr. Albert B. Sabin, polio pioneer, stated that people with a history of cancer stand a much better chance of living a long life when put on a subsistence diet than ones who are fat. With mice especially bred to develop cancers, ones put on a subsistence diet lived longer and only 15 per cent got cancers in contrast to 80 to 90 per cent for fat ones.

Seemingly, being "fat and healthy" is a birthright that shows superior genetic traits, only in the weak is it a deficit.

RIGHTEOUS MAD BOMBERS

PHNOM PENH, Cambodia-Parts of Shell and Esso petroleum storage depots on the northern edge of the city were destroyed Sunday in the heaviest attack of the war inside the city limits.

It appears that the guerrillas may even take the city; they have penetrated well inside the city limits. Cambodia may be liberated yet!

VIETNAM DEMOCRATIC CHARADE GOES ON

SAIGON-President Nguyen Van Thieu officially opened his unopposed Presidential campaign by saying that he would resign if he received less than 50 per cent of the votes cast on October 3rd.

Voters who oppose him will cast "irregular" ballots which he will consider votes of non-confidence.

What "irregular" votes and a vote of non-confidence really are is something that is not made clear (for obvious reasons) to the South Vietnam public which has had very little experience with the electoral process. Empty voting envelopes and mutilated ballot forms seem to be considered votes of non-confidence, but, even this is not made clear by Thieu.

In other words, he will be guaranteed his election charade since what ballot-counter is going to count empty envelopes and mutilated forms anyway?

WHAT DOES "CANADA" MEAN? ASK THE ROYAL BANK.

G.M.WORLD-General Motors, which has the fifth largest Gross National Product of any "country" on the face of the earth, owns the Royal Bank of Canada.

G.M.'s per capita income is 1,000 times that of mainland China. The Red Chinese government "employs" 700 plus million people. G.M. employs 700 plus thousands of people. Their respective G.N.P.'s are approximately the same, G.M. being slightly higher.

Canadian nationalism? But everyone knows what "Canada" means, don't they?



EXCEPT FOR THEM WHO AIN'T

One gray day last week, Howard Investments Ltd., better known as Belmont Construction Ltd. and Meridian Building Group Ltd., threw a splashy party marking the "grand opening" of Crescent Town ("The In Place", as it's billed) their new extravaganza at Danforth and Victoria Park. Everyone was there. Meridian executives were there; contractors were there; lawyers who had helped them were there; politicians who had helped them were there; Karl Mallette, well-known Scarborough bad-guy controller was there; Bill Davis was there. Guess who wasn't there. In the words of a long-ago Oscar-winner, only "All the little people who made all of this possible". The people who had been continually screwed by Meridian's block-busting techniques in the city's core.

The South of St. Jamestown Association was there, but they weren't exactly invited. Even though the misleading ads appeared to say the party was public, admission was by invitation only. The lack of political savvy displayed by both groups led to a debacle of missed opportunities on both sides. By not welcoming the South of St. Jamestown people in, Meridian created a Bastille-beset by the starving peasants image. The analogy is rather apt. As Buick after Cadillac after Lincoln swept up Crescent Town Road, taking sleek, comfortable sharpies to a

balloon-strewn courtyard surrounded by bastions of apartment towers, people whose communities have been sacrificed essentially to finance such goodies as Cadillacs looked on.

But the demonstrators, representing the Gothic Avenue and Quebec Avenue Ratepayers Associations, North York Ratepayers and Wachee muffed the chance to capitalize on this ready-made media gift by not having organized enough people and by not having a clear idea of what they were trying to achieve. As it was, they got to the entrance, where Phillips guards with walkie-talkies were screening passes and started asking why the party wasn't open to the public. A few Meridian execs scurried over and offered the stock answers when Roberta Sankey of the South of St. Jamestown Tenants Association demanded to see Bill Davis who was delivering a speech singing the glories of high-rise development. When she was refused, the group shouted "We want Bill Davis" and "No more high-rise" in the direction of the dias where Davis was speaking. At this, another Meridian executive ran over, huffing and puffing saying that a Davis aide would be there to talk with them. (Election year, you know, and news photographers and guests were picking up on the demonstrators and leaving their drinks.)

LENIN DESTROYED BY SNEAKS

\$2,000 worth of books by Lenin were destroyed by person or persons unknown at the Third World Books and Crafts store on Gerrard St. W. last Friday.

None of the other books in the store were touched. The Lenin books were placed in the bathtub and the water was turned on. Water also damaged books in the store below.

One of the owners said they were lucky the ceiling did not collapse.

Police investigating the crime said it was done by someone wearing gym shoes.

NEILL-WYCIK'S SMOKE-SCREEN



Last Wednesday, Sept. 15th, Benson-Hedges Tobacco Co. held a street commercial celebration of the completion of the first of three artwalls.

The artwall is on the west wall of Neill-Wycik, but is wasn't finished. Two bands played rock & roll beneath a cloud of coloured balloons. Local kids danced to the music, ate the free candypapples and smoked the free Benson-Hedges cigarettes which were passed out by Miss Benson-Hedges.

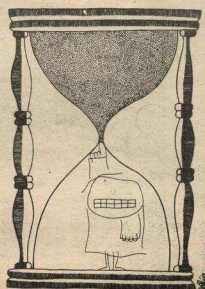
Around the corner, at the same time, a half dozen vippies were preparing for a demonstration. They smoked a half-oz. of Napalese Temple hash while they painted elaborately detailed artplacards. The placards read: "Benson-Hedges Toothrot Go Home", "Free Cancer? No Thanks.", "Le-

One of the people who came over to stare at the rabble was an aging swinger of the type that appropriate all the trappings of the hip but none of the substance. He was full of ebullient swagger and he wanted to know why these people were using "such cliches". A young woman from St. Jamestown told him, in effect that he could obviously afford the luxury of objectively deciding which remarks sounded like cliches but that people who, because of a lack of a powerful lobby, were forced to live under an urban development system that made these "cliches" daily reality, couldn't. His sense of esthetic gentility reminds me of an old cartoon circa 1913 I once saw that showed a few very rich people passing by a group of underfed, ragged people in torn clothing. One top-hatted gentleman was looking at a woman in a ripped dress and saying "That's disgusting, she shouldn't be out on the street looking like that".

For some reason, the whole group just sort of dissolved without seeing Davis' aide, and without having read a prepared statement. With tighter organizing, tenants and residents groups could be a real force in city politics. Subsequent to this event, city council voted on Friday to go ahead with the three towers in St. Jamestown.

Time is running out.

John Williams



O.C.A.

Ontario College of Art, hires and fires! The contracts of 21 teachers at O.C.A. were not renewed last week as the College Chief, Roy Ascott, a new import to the college art team from England, gave the 21 only a week's notice, eliminating any effective chance for hire elsewhere, as the term's have now begun.

Of note here is that Mr. Ascott has proceeded to pack the staff with non-Canadian "unnotables" according to a reliable but confidential source at the school. In the light of unemployment and skills available locally, a rather high-handed move, Mr. Ascott, who claims to be a cybernetics man, had best learn what communication means between boss and employee.

Canadian Universities Movement, take note.

NEILL-WYCIK'S SMOKE-SCREEN



galize Marijuanas". The vippies worked diligently, adorning the placards with explicitly original and genuinely beautiful experiments in colour and texture. They smoked the last of their immediate stash, 3 joints of imported weed, and formed a new society, "The Magic Marker Masters". They worked furiously (as furiously as possible, that stopped) submerging themselves deeper and deeper into the subjective interpretations of light, depth, colour and lines until they collectively transcended the physical limitations of being, went directly to sixth level state of trance, roaches dangling from blissfully smiling lips, Zzzzzzz, they didn't finish artplacards. Too bad.

Dan Evered

short bursts

CANADIAN MARXIST BESTSELLER
TORONTO-The History of Quebec, after being in print for only three weeks, has virtually sold out the first 10,000 copy press run.

5,000 a year is considered adequate to consider a book a bestseller in Canada. In Quebec, as the Petit manuel d'histoire du Quebec, it did enormously well, being on the bestseller list for many months.

The History of Canada has yet to be written, Marxist historians, take note.

"THE ONLY GOOD COLONIAL..."
 REPRISALS, Europe-The European Common Market community has decided to allow individual members to take selective reprisals against the "U.S. has gone bankrupt" policies of Dick Nixon. Why "selective"?

France, even more than Canada, is buried by American investments. 70 per cent of the French economy is directly controlled by U.S. corporations. An upward reevaluation means that Uncle Sam goes home; and no more "fat cat" jobs with American businesses.

The 10 per cent surcharge insures that the manufacturing industries are coming home saving U.S. resources (natural resources are not covered by the surcharge, obviously) and bolstering the sagging U.S. economy.

France, like Canada, gets screwed both ways with this deal. Unless we put a tax on resources exported to the States. But that would only help the Canadian people, not corporate business. That's why all the major parties here are screaming "no reprisals". Besides, would you like to call the American bluff?

TECHNOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE

A new sound system has been installed in the House of Commons and is apparently working out quite nicely.

Most of the voices of the Commons' members come out as scratchy whispers and metallic monotonies.

And Finance Minister Edgar Benson's microphone failed to function at all.

THIEU'S ROUNDUP

SAIGON-Several hundred students and others were arrested in Saigon Sunday as part of President Thieu's program of removing all visible opposition to his coming "re-election". Placards, Molotov cocktails, and anti-government banners were confiscated by the police. The raid followed a Saturday demonstration in the downtown area protesting Thieu's electoral farce.

On the war front, U.S. destroyers are now supplying tactical gunfire support to South Vietnamese troops fighting the Cong. Massive shelling from ships over 10 miles away with a target accuracy of 3 feet. Vietnamization, err, genocide: What's it called?

PRESIDENTS TAKE NOTE

The president of Uganda's industrial court was burned to death last week. Michael Kagwa had been tied to the steering wheel and the car doors were locked.

He drove a sports car.

Bread & puppet day
 free community festival
 at U of T quadrangle
 Sept. 22 - noon till 10

- bread and puppet theatre
- toronto dance theatre
- symxix .. rcm.t
- theatre passe muraille.

• info: 928-6307 - 10am-12am
 • bring musical instruments •

Canada's Reds Mark 50th Yr. BUT Communists' Platform For Ontario Soft, Piecemeal

The Communist Party of Canada held a press conference Wednesday Sept 15 at their headquarters on Cecil Street, but hardly anyone attended. The only media represented were reporters with the Star, CFRB, the Canadian Tribune, the Hungarian New World Weekly, and Guerrilla.

The occasion was the kicking off of the provincial campaign and the 50th Anniversary of the Communist Party of Canada. A pretty forlorn affair. The size of the room dwarfed the few people inside wandering around waiting for something to happen. Somehow, I had expected more activity, you know, popping flashbulbs, banks of microphones, and water pitchers. Instead a chunky tired-looking man was talking into a tape-recorder held by a CFRB reporter and saying that the pressing need in this election was the defeat of the international monopolies in Ontario. It turned out that he was William Stewart, the Communist Party candidate in Dovercourt, and the Ontario party leader.

The agony of the Communist Party of Canada is that themedia has allowed it to become a joke, a status it certainly does not deserve. Under the weird rationale of capitalism, a party that advocates a program designed to return meaning and control to peoples' lives is laughed at while parties which actively keep a totalitarian system cracking along, taking millions of economic victims along with it as it sinks are treated seriously. Not forgetting the fact that the Communist Party is quite fucked-up, there nevertheless should be more recognition of its essential decency and its long fight for social justice.

One serious fault of the Party is the emphasis it puts on obtaining simply higher wages in a quite similar system as exists now rather than pushing harder for worker control in a truly co-operative society. It doesn't seem to really recognize the importance of other oppressed groups like women and gays in a revolutionary context. Nor does it appear to understand fully that need to integrate praxis with theory: that is the necessity to effect radical change of all cultural systems, education, the media, everything.

Nevertheless, Stewart does have a good grasp of the roots of our current economic crisis. He feels the urgency of this crisis shouldn't be obscured by such diversions as the separate schools issue and that old Tory chestnut, leadership. The only real solution to the general failure of capitalist monopoly, he said, was to begin nationalizing industry, such as the machine tool and Canadian automobile industries. While Stewart is

certainly for increased and eventually total worker control over the factories, he doesn't see this as the most pressing need. He backed the idea of a guaranteed annual income which would increase buying power thereby priming the economy. To the old capitalist argument that the tax relief and other benefits to business eventually trickle down to the working people, he said that during a period of economic difficulty, this just isn't true, as every effort goes towards keeping profits up. Stewart also came out strongly for a power-grid of oil pipelines, financed jointly by the federal and provincial governments and a provincial land-use policy that would place all unused land in a land bank administered as a crown corporation. This, he said, could save the Niagra Peninsula from land real estate developers.

One area that Stewart stressed was U.S. ownership of Canadian industries and the necessity of disengaging ourselves from it as soon as possible. The Communist Party of Canada has, he said, been alerting the public to the danger since 1946. He felt that a re-orientation of trade toward socialist countries and away from the U.S. could help build our economic independence.

One could argue with Stewart over his support of a guaranteed annual income as any kind of real solution. Actually, it seems to be another liberal ploy to buy off the demand for basic social change. The government can throw such a placebo to people without altering the system in any way and at the same time make a demand for change all that more difficult to justify since the guaranteed annual income is being made out to sound like the ultimate social reform.

The Communist Party Platform should be fairly familiar by now, but there is some

recognition of changing conditions. The main theme is, of course, redistribution of income by such means as construction of 50,000 public housing units annually, extension of hospital, educational, and recreational facilities, raising of the minimum wage, and a capital gains tax. The platform states that the provincial government should assume the costs of all expressways, (although Stewart is firmly against inner-city expressways) urban and inter-urban transportation systems. Also advocated is a bill of rights for tenants, abolishing the use of court injunctions in labour disputes, guarantees a price and markets for farm products and encouragement for co-ops, medicare, ending rural bias in representation, and pushing for a new Canadian constitution to promote equality between French and English speaking Canadians within a two-nation structure.

Although the party purports to oppose reformism, the platform seems to come rather unconvincingly close to it. The whole tone of the platform assumes that relatively simple changes such as capital gains tax and construction of public housing will be enough, at least for a while. It seems to think that the system can be changed piecemeal, a chunk at a time, while the rest of the system remains the same. For instance, rather than advocating a capital gains tax, the goal should be elimination of capital itself. Although the party would probably say that their gradual approach is more realistic, the truth is that having two antagonistic forces working at cross purposes to each other makes sure that the neophyte socialist force gets absorbed and finally emasculated.

John Williams

POST-MORTEM=THE TELY

Newspaper closings have become normal in North America. Another normal activity has been the post-closing dribble of sentimental tears from the hard-boiled veterans. Invariably they lament the death of "their" baby. When asked if the staff could still put out the paper, the inevitable answer is "you're goddamned fuckin' right we could!" or words to that effect.

Yet with one exception (Portland, Oregon's Oregonian), the "professionals" haven't made the effort. Why not? Surely not lack of expertise! Lack of finances? Perhaps...but that can't be the only reason.

The truth seems to be that all newspapers closed had a history of financial deficit prior

to their closings. The staff—especially the reporters!—knew about this but never bothered to act on their knowledge.

In other words, the either accepted the inevitable or hoped for a miracle.

Why this combination of lethargy and spiritualism?

Can it be that the staffs of most straight papers have SOLD OUT, and accepted the authoritarian structure of their industry?

Heaven forbid! Yet an analysis of the Tely's structure (given elsewhere in this issue of Guerrilla) might prove it so.

If many Tely reporters felt in fact that their editorship so lacked modernity, WHY DIDN'T THESE REPORTERS SET UP THEIR OWN PUBLICATION? Didn't the Party's touchy financial situation make such a move even more sensible? And in line with (don't all laugh now!) "journalistic independence", wouldn't a new publication from Tely staffers be the natural outgrowth of their "integrity"?

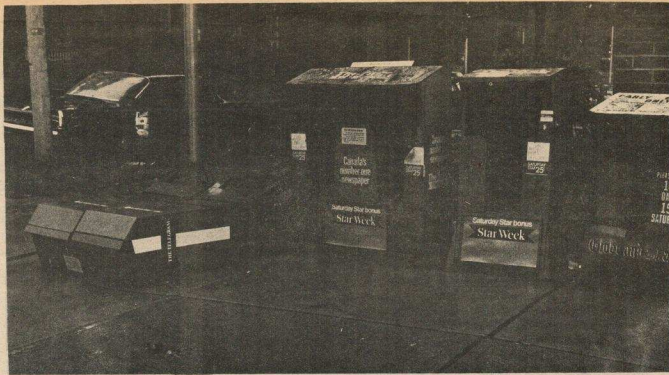
Perhaps not. It seems if you're a "newspaperman", you accept what goes down from your Lord and Publisher. And when he fucks you over and sells you out...you cry in your beer.

Despite these facts, nobody is gleeful over the Tely's death. By merely existing it forced the Daily Star to her present minimal standards of journalism.

And what of the Tely people, and other papers that could fold tomorrow? If newspaper people want more sympathy for their plight, they could abandon their sheeplike reluctance to radicalise, innovate and TAKE OVER THE OWN INDUSTRY!

Until they do, they're merely crying about being exploited, while refusing to do anything about it until it's too late.





TELY TALES

Eddie Monteith, Assistant Managing Editor at The Toronto Telegram, sat alone at his desk late Saturday afternoon. The huge city newsroom was largely empty. Eddie has been with the Telegram for 29 years and has five daughters, the youngest just 1. One of his junior editors walked in and Eddie handed him the slip of paper at which he had been staring, the eight-inch story signalling the owner's intent to cease publication. Eddie's eyes were wet.

"Twenty-nine years I've been working here for this paper," he said, fixing his assistant with a glare. Then he lowered his head. "What the fuck..."

The death of a large city newspaper is more than just a business failure to the men and women who work for it. The Star and CBC reporters who showed up at the various wakes to get stories were not welcome—they went away with tapes they couldn't use because of the frequent "fuck" and "cocksuckers" by rheumy-eyed editors who simply wanted to be left alone to commiserate with their friends.

The death of the Telegram means, as it has meant in all but seven of North America's cities of 200,000 or more, that real news on a day-to-day basis will simply not be covered. Without any real competition, without stories such as the Telegram's Kerwin papers on organized crime in Ontario, the Toronto Star will no longer be required to keep a large news staff ready to travel on a moment's notice. Foreign coverage will become a matter of reading press service dispatches. Beauty contests will make page one. Editorial content can be whatever the owners want it to be.

Whether you liked the Telegram or not, the fact that news coverage will suffer seems non-debatable. The question is, could it have been saved?

The Telegram has been losing money steadily over the last ten years. Part of the reason is the same malaise which is affecting news publications everywhere: there just isn't as much ad revenue for newspapers anymore. Radio and TV ads cost more but theoretically are more effective. Consequently, the fight for ad revenue among competing newspapers has reached pitched proportions. Advertisers who used to place the same ad with all their city's papers now only have enough money to go with one, and that one usually has the largest circulation. Ad linage over the last three years has switched dramatically from the Telegram to the Star. Added to rising production and wage costs, this was the factor which in the end applied the crunch to the Telegram's situation.

Very few people seriously feel that the paper could have been saved if its staff had not asked for more money. The Council of Toronto Newspaper Union (CTNU) had agreed to take an I.O.U. for their 1971 pay hike, to be paid when the paper was

operating in the black. Even John Bassett, in his cessation story, indicated that wage demands had little to do with the decision to quit. He stated that he had been trying to find a buyer who would guarantee continued publication for some time, but without success. "St. Clair" Balfour, owner of the Southern News, stated yesterday that he had not been approached but this is not surprising. The word is that Bassett cannot stand Balfour's guts and he went to F.P. Publications instead. Besides, Balfour did not say whether he would have attempted to keep publishing. The sad facts are that nobody can afford to keep publishing a paper at a loss of a million dollars annually.

There was only one way to keep the Telegram afloat aside that was to decrease the circulation gap so that ad revenues would be split more evenly among the two afternoon papers.

And that meant in the words of ex-editor/reporter Hartley Steward, "...putting out a better paper."

Steward is only one of the junior editors who have worked on the Telegram who feels that the problems of the Telegram are related not to John Bassett, the man, but to John Bassett, the structure.

"Bassett is an admirable man, the kind of man who never broke his word and who would retire his long-time editors with a full pension even though he didn't have to... but the kind of men he picked to run his paper did not reflect what is going on today."

The editor-in-chief was married to an Eaton and the advertising manager was an old drinking buddy of Bassett's from his days at the Globe. The city editor was a traditionalist who made a fine sports editor but who never really understood the younger reporters and their socialistic leanings, personalized writing, etc. As with any one man operation, the flaws of the man reflected in the paper. The paper purported to express a wide diversity of opinion through it's columns but in fact the only strong writers were conservatives such as Peter Worthington, Aaron Einfrank, MacKenzie Porter and Lubor J. Zink. The "socialist" camp was represented by civil libertarians such as Ron Haggart or old-line socialists like Douglas Fisher, writers who used to attack individuals rather than the system in which they flourish. Among its reporters, the Tely had people like Maggie Siggins, an activist who belongs to the St. James Ratemayer's Association, but such people were noticeably absent from the rank of the columnists and correspondents. Bassett removed Mark Zwelling as labour editor on the grounds that he was the chief bargainer for the CNTU but he left Rabbi Sloanin in as the paper's supposedly non-biased near-east correspondent.

Both Steward and Terry Campbell, copy editor, were asked if the paper could have survived if Bassett had been willing to turn over ownership of the paper to it's staff.

"Sure," said Campbell, "they have all

kinds of people who knew what was going on but they never got to try anything new."

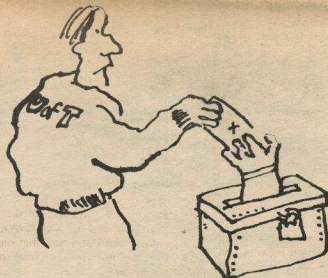
"We had a great idea for an 'underground' page," said Gregg Stott, editor for the Group, "but by the time they (the senior editors) got through watering it down it was nothing — just a piece of shit."

Bassett would never allow it (transfer of ownership) to happen but I think it could have worked," said Steward. "If the staff's income depended on how well the paper did there would have been an election of officers based solely on who could do the job... and there sure-as-Hell wouldn't have been any demands for pay-hikes until we were running in the black again."

Whether the paper could have done well enough to pay Bassett back his original

investment and clear up its present debt is, of course, a debatable point. It would seem, however, that Bassett and his directors have not even considered this alternative in spite of his statement that the closing of the paper was the "saddest thing I've ever done." With his other media interests (Baton owns Israel's TV network in its entirety) he would be unlikely to starve in the event that the gamble did not work.

As it stands, 1200 men and women, some of whom have never worked for any other paper are now out of a job that was something more than a job. "Don't be too gleeful when you write this up," cautioned Steward at the conclusion of our interview, "I saw a lot of grown men crying last night and it wasn't just because they were out of work."



student vote

Bureaucratic foul-ups may prevent students from voting this year.

In the past few days several different official versions of voting regulations have come down from the government on the subject.

When the voting age was lowered to 18, a law was also passed that said students could vote by proxy in their parents' riding. It did not say whether or not they could vote in their campus community.

Last Thursday, Attorney General Allan Lawrence said students had to vote in their parents' riding.

Meanwhile, Chief Election Officer Roderick Lewis sent a letter to the U. of T. Student Council stating that a students' parents home is his residence unless he "... takes up or continues his residence at some other place with the intention of staying there."

On Friday, Lewis said students may vote

where they are living at school. He said election enumerators would interview all students in university residence to determine whether or not they consider these residences their permanent homes. Enumerators would be allowed some discretion in examining the students' lifestyles and deciding whether he has broken ties with his parents home.

Mr. Lewis added, in the final analysis, the student must decide where he lives.

Confused?

That is probably the idea.

The U. of T. dorms are located in the St. George riding and the St. Andrews-St. Patrick riding. The P.C. would probably finish third among students in the voting and lose these two ridings if the students are allowed to vote in them.

The losers? Allan Lawrence in St. George and Trade Minister Allan Grossman in St. Andrew-St. Patrick.

MIND SURVIVAL



MUSIC ESSENTIALS class at 70 beverly St. 362-0671 and the first string at 7-30 pm

BATIKS are happening Call Toronto free U.

ESOTERICA lecture at Art Gallery of Ontario, "Nabiz and the Intimists: Paris in the 1890's" a general overview of the period and introduction to the situation prevailing in avant-garde artistic circles at the time (wow) Free call the Art Gallery for the time.

BASIC ASTROLOGY at the Hall at 7-30 pm

INFORMAL FRENCH in conversation, at 7:30 Parliament St. Library 265 Gerrard St. E.

ENVIRONMENTAL ARCHITECTURE with Paul Wise-exploration into games and their effects on our lives, both personally and in society, 8:30 pm 525 Dundas W.

MUSICIANS CO-OP at the Hall at 6 pm

CULTURAL COLLECTIVE meetings of Guerilla at 4 pm at 201 Queen St. E. All welcome and bring your culture.

I don't know what ut us but it is free and is called "Non-Stop Britain" at the St. Lawrence Theatre. Goes on until the 25th and get tickets at BOAC or AIR CANADA offices. It's at 8 pm.

TAX MEETING for the public at large by the Education Tax Reform Committee at 8 pm at the St. Lawrence Centre. Free

FUTURE SHOCK rap at Holy Trinity Church 12-1 pm

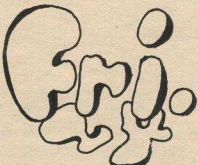
NEW MORNING CENTRE-political education class 8-10 pm at 19 Baldwin

MOVIE-Diary of a Mad Housewife with Carrie Snodgrass and Richard Benjamin at Carr Hall at St. Josephs and Queens Park Cres. Cost only a dollar.

CANADIAN FILM AWARDS starts today at the St. Lawrence Town Hall. 7-11 pm All is free, there will be films on the 25th, 26th (9 am-11:30 pm), and the 29th from 9:5. Get your tickets free from the box office at 9 am for that day or what ever day you want.

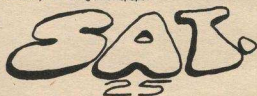
Fine Phone No's

Antimony	923-8741	St. Michael's H.C.	360-4000
Bart Control and Abortion	523-8000	St. Raymond's Centre (legal advice)	537-9696
Campus Daycare Centre	825-7488	Stadion House (drop-in)	366-0188
Canadian Indian Center of Toronto	965-2000	Scott Mission 502 Spadina	524-4337
Community Homophile Assoc. of Toronto	964-9633	Social Planning Council 65 York	931-9171
Church of the Holy Trinity	595-8100	Sleeping Stone 165 Avenue Road	923-3939
Connection	365-0118	Street Haven (free meals for women)	368-1901
Civil Liberties	921-5889	Stag 21 (for women, 21 McGill)	368-1901
Digger House	529-5027	TAPS	366-3376
Emergency (fire, ambulance)	361-5111	Theatre Pass Monthly	863-1871
Factory Lab Theatre	863-0276	Toronto Free Youth Clinic 892 DuRoi	820-0274
Great Books	924-8178	Toronto Women's Caucus	368-5883
Groffo	865-0276	Toronto Women's Action	924-0223
Guerilla	865-0276	The Magazine Is About School	364-2333
The Hall	783-1881	TRC	482-5254
Legal Aid	366-9631	Toronto Citizen	863-0030
Legal for Student Democracy	367-1881	TRSDO	531-0241
Mail-Work	387-0320	University House 48 St. George	928-2542
New Morning Centre	366-8300	Roch Clinic	922-7764
People for Ecological Action	921-5118	Young Communists	922-8330
Rudolph	854-0149	Young Socialists	363-9518
St. Andrew's Centre	366-7723	Youth Employment Service	366-5516



LEAGUE FOR STUDENT DEMOCRACY coffee-house with donuts, music and talk 8:30 pm Call League for location

NEWS COLLECTIVE meeting at Guerilla where we discuss the news, at Guerilla. At 1 pm at 201 Queen St. E. Bring a newspaper



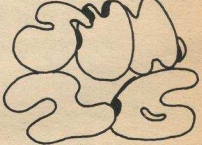
New show at Me and My Friends on Queen W. Always good.

MILITANT CO-OP meets at noon 92 Ossington. Class struggle.

SCADDING HOUSE is open for drop-in. They used to have poetry readings.

BIRTH CONTROL CLINIC happens with discussion on all aspects at 252 DuPont at 2.30 pm

BUDDHISM-practice, study and intro to true Buddhism with John Western at 7:30 pm. 79 Pleasant Blvd.



TORONTO GAY ACTION meets at the Hall at 6 pm.

Theological Society general meeting welcoming all at 7:30 at 12 MacPherson

STEAL THIS BOOK

By **abbie hoffman**

... a handbook of survival for the citizens of Woodstock Nation ...
— Abbie Hoffman

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Wed. Sept. 28 - Downchild

GOOD TIMES GUARANTEED



STOCK MARKET DISCUSSIONS—learn how to beat capitalism and make money with Carl Crawford at 7 pm in Lord Simcoe Cafeteria

LEGAL CLINIC with Paul Copeland at 252 DuPont 7:30 pm

YOGA classes at the Hall at 11 am

ANNA'S dance class at the Hall at 6 pm



CHAT meets at the Holy Trinity Church at 8 pm

OPEN STUDIO holds figure drawing classes at 3 p.m. at 310 Queen W. donations for model

MORE YOGA this time at Parliament st. Library 265 Gerrard E. 8 pm.

SURVIVAL COURSE—raps about communal farming at subsistence levels. Trips planned into wilderness for weekends and weeks. All at the Hall at 7:30 also on Thursday.

ATLANTIS—fact or fiction—all this with Buck at 56 Beverly St. The where, why, how who, when.

Checkers at 265 Gerrard St. E. at 8 pm

Paul (Action Canada) Hellyer raps free at St. Lawrence Town Hall at 8 pm. Contemporary Social Credit.

CHILD BIRTH and pre-natal care questions on pregnancy, exercises, referrals, etc. at the Hall at 7:30

LEGAL AID CLINIC at Red Morning Centre at 8 pm 19 Baldwin St.

MILITANT CO-OP meets at Rochdale 2nd floor at 8 pm for unemployed, underemployed and more

ANNA'S dance class at the Hall at 5:30



RIVERDALE ZOO and **PARK** located Winchester St. at Sunach is happening daily from 10:30 to 4:30 p.m. FREE.

TORONTO ANTI-DRAFT has a NEW LOCATION at 11% Spadina Rd. (above Bloor). Call 920-0247.

Toronto Community Hostel Toronto Community Hostel is located at 191 Spadina Rd. and is taking women and couples. Come September 15th it will be the only hostel. Call 925-4613.

Gumbles COFFEE HOUSE, at 71 Jarvis, features **MUSICIANS** on Fridays and Saturdays from 8:30 p.m.

Truckers COFFEE HOUSE, 300 Bloor St. W., Sunday through Thursday, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Cover 50 cents or what you can afford.

TAPS—TORONTO ALTERNATE PRESS SERVICE wants people who have previously been on a high school newspaper to please come and rap and/work. Located at 201 Queen St. East 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.

DANCE classes at the **FACTORY THEATRE LAB**. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays at 6 p.m., 374 Dupont. Call 921-5989.

YOGA at the Hall, 11 a.m., Mon., Wed., Fri., 19 Huron St.

THIS SPACE IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN PEOPLE CALL UP AND TELL US THAT SOMEBODY FUCKED UP ON THE INFORMATION AND THAT IT SHOULDN'T GO IN THE PAPER THIS WEEK!!

NATURAL CHILD BIRTH CLASSES: new course will be getting together in early fall. For info and registration call 368-5386.

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 Dolan at 929-0427 or go to 6 Trinity Square and ask for Barry Bligg during the summer.

The Young Socialist have opened up their office at a sort of DROP-IN CENTRE — anyone interested can come over and TALK POLITICS. 334 Queen St. W.

Have Krishna — BACK TO YOGA. 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. 182 Gerrard St. E.

NEW MORNING CENTRE — 19 Baldwin St. Free food daily 4 — 6 p.m. Clothing exchange, birth control information and a street library.

THE STUDENT MEDITATION SOCIETY meets every Tuesday and Friday night at 8 pm. They have introductory lectures no. 1 & 2 free. Located at Player Blvd.

CENTRAL NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE (349 Ontario St.) needs **VOLUNTEERS** TO SUPERVISE CHILDREN going to Claremont for the day on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Call 925-4363.

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 till Monday, CHEAP.

COMMUNITY HOMOPHILE ASSOCIATION OF TORONTO (CHAT) is located at 6 Charles St. E. The office is open 9 a.m. to 8 p.m., weekdays and 2 to 6 p.m., Saturdays. Phone 964-0653 anytime.



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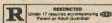
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- Book Cellar Charles Promenade

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- Rochdale 2nd Floor Store
- SCM Bookstore Rochdale
- Meyers 320 Bloor W.
- Empire 322 Bloor W.
- U. of T. Bookstore U. of T
- Whole Earth McCaul St.
- Natural Foods 25 Baldwin
- Cosmic Egg 39 Baldwin
- Yellow Ford Truck 344 Queen W.
- Vanguard Books 344 Queen W.
- Canada Crafts 319-321 Queen W.

SPADINA AND WEST

- Volume One 427 Spadina below College
- Tel Aviv Restaurant 440 Spadina below College
- Salesburg Smoke Shop 273 College
- Ring Sound Harbord and Spadina
- 5th Kingdom Bookstore 77 Harbord
- Oasis 89 Harbord
- Whole Earth Roberts and Sussex
- Truck Store 408 Bloor W.
- Europe Record 495 Bloor W.
- Jins Variety 346 DuPont
- Grocery Store Bloor W.
- Canada Crafts 319-321 Queen W.

EAST OF CHURCH

- 7th Sun 87 Queen E.

EAST OF JARVIS

- Avon Smoke Shop 115 Gerrard E.

- Variety & Food Market Gerrard and Seaton
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- Chey Lima Milk near Wellesley
- Chucks Variety 119 Wellesley E. East of Sherbourne

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- Sherwood Smoke 2547 Yonge near Briar Hill above Eglinton
- Sunnybrook Smoke Eglinton & Bayview
- York U. Bayview/Lawrence
- Newsbook Smoke 5819 Yonge above Finch
- York U. Keele-Steeles



(Ed. note: Abbie Hoffman recently resigned from the revolutionary movement. In the following letter to WIN Magazine (Sept. 1 issue), he explains why.)

High!
It was fun to see your review of 'Steal This Book,' (WIN, 8/71). I objected to the reference that the bomb diagrams and instructions do not work, and I defy anyone to prove that. If you like I'll demonstrate each one in the WIN office some time. You should have pointed out, however, that the bomb section is very small - three to four pages of a 322 page book, if you have the second enlarged edition, or 320 if you got the first. My head has gotten more mellow in regard to violent actions than the book (which was completed last October) would indicate. The next sequel, 'Steal This Book, Too,' will be totally on stealing, concentrating on Bank Robbery, which I have been researching the last few months.

Regarding your arguments about the badness of shoplifting. . . Well, I never lay-out the sort of "irrelevant goody-goody martyrdom-go-to-jail-and-suffer" morality that emanates from the purists who hang around WIN. In all these years I really never made it clear whether I was a pacifist or violent. Revolution is like a poker game and, well, it just don't pay to show all your cards until the day the government shows its. Mystery is the spice of life - not discovering the concocted "absolutes" of fascist mystical pacifism. Like wiggles and squirms too much for absolutes.

A word on Alice Bay Laurel's book 'Living on the Earth', which you seem to favor. In my opinion, it's too much of that "la-de-da-everything-can-be-solved-with-a-goody-smile" attitude. It is very hard to read and, when you get right down to it, smacks of the hippy version of her parents' suburban instincts - "But, of course, let's get out of the city."

'Steal This Book' is a city book written for those struggling with problems you find hanging around the Lower East Side. I was forced to publish it myself; no major paper will advertise it; it is banned in Canada; and half the bookstores in this country won't carry it. Because of the title a virtual conspiracy to suppress the book exists. Nonetheless, it has managed to do quite well. People can get a copy for 2.20 (postage included) by writing to Pirate Editions, 640 Broadway, New York City 10012.

The book is given away free all over the country and I just gave the ENTIRE profits of the English edition to a fund for Irish political prisoners administered by the Friends Magazine people. All prisoners and soldiers in Vietnam are sent a complimentary copy if they write us. Every underground paper is free to rip off the entire book and keep the bread or give it to some good cause.

You know, I gave practically the entire royalties from 'Revolution for the Hell of It' to bail out one of the Panther 21 - \$25,000 which was never recovered because he (Richard Moore) jumped bail. 'Woodstock

Nation' profits went mostly to the trial in Chicago, the Movement Speakers Bureau, John Sinclair and the old Motherfuckers. I have less than \$1,000 now. Anita has \$2,000 for her novel, 'Trashing.' She, America (our little boy), and I live in a three-room railroad flat-boat type place in the Lower East Side. We fixed it up real pretty and planted lots of trees on the roof where they grow very beautifully. There is a Bodkin in the kitchen and a shotgun in the bedroom. We pay \$150 which is \$25 higher than we payed last year, but the landlord is trying to bump us out. When we get stoned real good we look around and know we live in heaven, it's so pretty up here.

During the past ten years I've been in and out of jail over 50 times, with some 40 arrests. In Mayday, I was jumped on the street and beaten severely (about the 15th ptg vamping I've sustained and the fifth requiring hospitalization.) I have two permanent injuries, a broken nose and a slipped disc. I've already had one operation and need another. I also received 16 stitches in my face. Later I was arrested by the FBI (for crossing state lines to incite a riot and interfering with a police officer) and face ten years in prison and a lengthy trial, probably in November. I was in jail an extra eight hours because I didn't have \$2,000 to bail myself out and it had to be raised by friends. Unlike the Chicago trial this trial will be a lonely one. It will cost about \$20,000 and my chances are not that hot. I had nothing at all to do with the May action, but go tell that to the government.

In the last two years I gave away over \$100,000, according to Jerry Lefcourt, my lawyer. I do not intend to give away a cent of 'Steal This Book.' I'm pissed at people in the movement who help lay out the line that I'm a millionaire superstar or other shit. The stuff about giving away the \$25,000 to the Panthers was not printed in a SINGLE underground paper. The only paper that printed the story, interestingly, was the New York Daily News. They went and read the bail papers and found out. It was ten times the most money I ever had in my life and it took me three hours to give it away. You want to know the consequence though! I'm even mad I gave the money to the Panthers. It was a total guilt reaction to having all that bread. I should have given it to the Weather People for they truly live total revolutionary lives. At the time, however, I didn't know their address.

Well, I don't know why I'm spewing out all this shit. . . I stay away from "movement" people these days, partly out of a security problem. It's hard to go to meetings when you pick up Newweek and read that there is a federal agent whose only job is to go to meetings and hear references to Ronnie Davis and Abbie Hoffman, or read the government brief signed by Richard Kleindienst himself explaining the government's right to wire-tap all my phones since I'm a "national security hazard." Well, dig, I like being a "national security hazard" - what I was born to do - but the movement - fuck it!

The movement now represents to me the petty ugliness of Norman Fruchter's dribble in Liberation (May, 1971) saying how we, Jerry Rubin and I, "betrayed" the movement. I know some gruesome Fruchter stories that would turn your hippy hairs grey, but what's the use. He's caught up in an elitist bag of non-communication that he and his boring little radical clic can live in. To answer would only build him up into something he ain't.

The movement to me now is a little group of vultures from Ithaca that broke into WPAX (we were making tapes for Radio Hanoi) and stole all the equipment they needed because "Hofman's rich anyway." It's true that the radio station was ending because we found it too difficult to centralize the operation and develop a secure transportation system. Most of our tapes were getting ripped off at Kennedy Airport by the government. But we still send tapes, and they are played and some of that equipment we needed. Other stuff we were selling to recoup the \$5,000 loss incurred by guess who??? Besides, Radio Free People in Ithaca (the vultures directly involved) were told they could have most of the equipment after we could unload some. . . they probably would have got it all anyway.

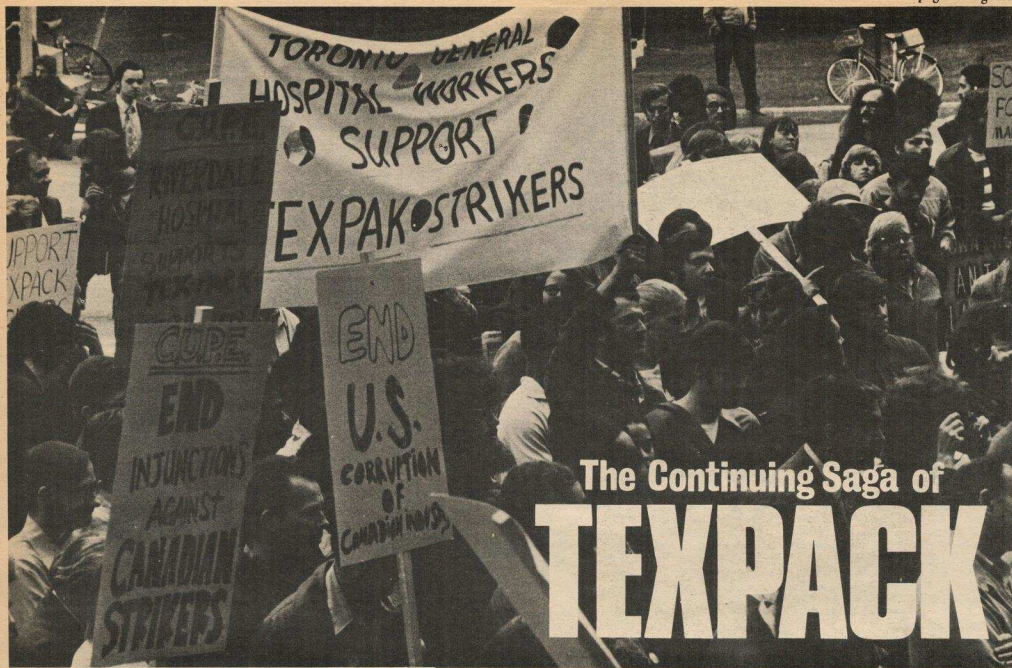
Then there was this terrific Mayday call from Washington, asking me to solicit money and objects of art from John Lennon and Yoko Ono for those busted in the demonstrations. I asked if I was included in the bail fund (again, I'm facing the heaviest charges of anyone, remember.) They answered, "Oh, you're different, you're not in Mayday." Zowie!

I have a policy now of not answering the phone and returning calls only from people whose names I recognize. It's a huge change in life for me and it could last a week or a lifetime. I vacillate between accepting some Hollywood movie offer and going underground (or figuring out a way to do both). I know one thing, I don't use the phrase "brothers and sisters" much anymore, except among real close friends and you'll never hear me use the word "movement" except in a sarcastic sense.

I spent ten years in "the movement." I dare say nine more than most people who sound off with some preachy rap which inevitably starts off, "Now, see what YOU'VE got to begin to realize. . ." or "What YOU people don't understand. . ." There are certain phrases, certain inbred vocal patterns, certain "in" ways of running down the guilt organizing trip that to me spell a kind of elitism even FAME can't begin to touch.

This is sort of retirement letter I suppose. Not that I'm going off to the country or anything. Let's just call it a parting of the ways. No more calls for me to do benefits or come to demonstrations or do bail fund hustles. Divorce is never an easy matter. After a few years perhaps we can again be friends. . . Anything is possible, after all, you might not recognize me with my new nose. . .

Abbie Hoffman



The Continuing Saga of TEXPACK

"We caution you to the fact that we will not roll over and play dead, as you may be led to believe. Our corporation has weathered strikes up to nine months' duration against such worthy foes as the Teamsters in Canada, as well as in the U.S. who have been defeated and decertified, ironically enough, by the former striking employees who came to realize the union didn't have the power they thought they had." — taken from a letter to employees of Texpack, Limited, Brantford and dated July 15. That evening the Canadian Textile and Chemical Union voted to strike for their demands.

Texpack Limited, a branch plant of the giant American Hospital Supply Corporation is beginning to see just how wrong it can be. Arrogant statements like the one above may still be tolerated in the depressed Appalachian Valley area where A.H.S.C. has located another of its branch plants but they will not intimidate workers in this country.

Over 200 employees of Texpack Limited, Brantford have been on strike since July 16. The small, independent Canadian union has taken on a ruthless company but its support within the labour movement continues to grow as does public outrage.

The strikers, mostly women, are involved in wide-ranging issues... exploitative wages, American investment, illegal company activities and strikebreaking injunctions.

Bread and Butter

The bread and butter issues involve wages, vacation and holiday pay, improved welfare provisions, and cost-of-living allowance. The women also talk of the poor working conditions. There is no air conditioning in a plant that often reaches temperatures of 100 degrees and only two washrooms provided for the 150 employees.

The average wage at Texpack is \$1.93 an hour and this giant multi-national corporation can only offer a 20 cent increase over two years. The union is demanding 65 cents over the same period of time. These women, the majority of them immigrants, are being exploited at dirt cheap wages.

American Investment

It has been evident from the beginning of the strike that

the Texpack workers are fighting for Canadian jobs. Jobs that must stay in Canada.

At one time, Texpack Limited of Brantford was a family-owned company manufacturing gauze dressings for hospital use and filter material for industry. In 1964 it became a public company and on the basis of an expanding market, built a new plant in Brantford which opened in 1965. Canadian taxpayers assisted this expansion in the form of two grants made to the company under the Designated Area Plan. Texpack was then purchased by the American Hospital Supply Corporation of Evanston, Illinois, in December, 1965. The prospect of profits was good.

The hospital supply business boomed over the next few years. In 1969 sales for A.H.S.C. totalled \$450,000,000.

The A.H.S.C. has been rated as the 14th fastest growing American corporation by Fortune Magazine and last year hauled in over \$25,000,000 in profits. It has counted on the cheap labour available in underdeveloped countries where it has established branch plants, notably in Latin America, the middle East, and South East Asia. It can also count it seems on the increased use of hospital services resulting from various medicare plans in this country.

This would appear at first to be the kind of high potential industry that Canada needs to attract, in order, to produce more jobs. Why then have there been 126 workers laid off at Texpack with more scheduled for dismissal in the near future? Why especially at a time when A.H.S.C. is rapidly expanding?

The answer lies in the fact that A.H.S.C. has decided to turn Texpack into a warehouse for goods already manufactured in foreign countries. These products will be replacing those previously manufactured in Brantford. Take surgeons' gloves for example. Originally it took 33 workers to cut, size, inspect and pack the product. Now the gloves arrive completely finished and inspected in the U.S.

It is quite simple. Production of goods has always provided the most jobs at Texpack and A.H.S.C. is phasing out production in Canada.

The fact that an American investment in Canada has resulted in loss of jobs for our workers must lead us to see this strike as having meaning beyond the confines of Brantford.

Illegal Activities

Texpack has managed to display complete and utter contempt for Canadian laws and for the health of Canadian citizens.

Cheap, imported U.S. Army surplus bandages were sent out from the Texpack plant labelled as "sterile" though no sterilization process was involved. They were also falsified as being Made in Canada. A company manager claims it should have read Made for Canada.

Texpack refused vacation pay to strikers.

Texpack advised for permanent strikebreakers in the Hamilton Spector under the name of White Industries. According to a company manager this was another advertising "mistake." It should have read "light industry."

Texpack threatened strikers with a loss of jobs in a letter sent to employees previous to the strike. The company later claimed it hadn't meant to give this impression but the letter clearly states, "If a strike is called, we intend to immediately begin hiring permanent strike replacements as needed."

Texpack dismissed 9 strikers on the picket line of a legal strike.

Texpack imported professional strikebreakers from Chicago, for guard duty at the plant and as drivers for the scab buses. When the infamous Chicago Goon alias Dutch Schultz was questioned at police headquarters on September 14, he claimed wages of \$150 a day. These men come to us courtesy of Annings. (See Guerrilla Aug. 18) and other hire-your-own-private-army protection services. They have been charged over the course of the strike with carrying chains. They have been known to carry guns and inevitably carry long 2 by 4s. Schultz who is believed to have an apartment in Downsview for the duration of the strike (and until A.H.S.C. sends him off to do his dirty work at some other strike location) has been charged with reckless driving by M.P.P. Mac Makarchuck. He is also the driver of the bus that ran over John Lang and hit Ian Lusden, two strike supporters from York University who were attempting to prevent scabs from leaving Hamilton on the buses. One wonders about the integrity of a company that hires people with the mentality of these professionals.

CROWLEY SUZUKI KAZANTZAKIS PERLS PTOLEMY

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learn the rules to free the fools SCHOOL RULES from TAPS

(TAPS)-The "School Administration App" that weights some which sets down the method by which our schools shall be run-tends at first to overwhelm the reader. It presents a vast panorama of sections, subsections, and clauses. Much of it is routine, much of it is anachronistic, much of it is just plain stupid.

The great Act is divided into twelve unequal parts covering such diverse topics as the education of retarded children and the duties of the principal.

PART ONE deals with "School Terms and Compulsory Attendance." It tells us that the first school term commences on the day following Labour Day and that the final term ends on eht 20 of June. It also tells us that a "child" may be excused from attending school if "In the opinion of the Minister he is receiving satisfactory instruction at home or elsewhere" something to be kept in mind by possible free school organizers.

This section also introduces us to "The School Attendance Counsellor" (who may a) "Enter without warrant any place where Children may be employed or congregated" and b) "At the request of the parent or guardian apprehend and deliver to the school from which he is absent or to his parent or guardian, without warrant, any child to be found illegally absent from school."

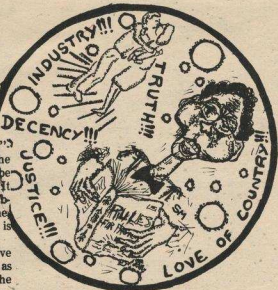
It also reveals that, "a child of compulsory school age who is habitually absent from school without being legally excused is guilty of an offense and on summary conviction is liable to the penalties provided for children adjudged to be juvenile delinquents under the "Juvenile Delinquents Act."

PART TWO deals with "Teachers." and gives students a perfect guerrilla manual for harassing an incompetent teacher. They call it "Duties of the Teacher." It lists, among other things, that "it is the duty of the teacher to inculcate respect and example respect for religion and the principles of Christian morality and the highest regard for truth, justice, loyalty, frugality, love of country, humanity, benevolence, sobriety, industry, purity, temperance, and all other virtues," and if that wasn't enough, "to see that the classroom is ready for the reception of pupils at least fifteen minutes before the time of opening in the morning."

It is in this section that we also come across the "Duties of the Principal" and they read in part "to prevent the use by pupils of textbooks that are not approved under the regulation;" and most infamous of all "to suspend any pupil guilty of persistent opposition to authority, habitual neglect of duty, the use of profane or improper language, or conduct injurious to the moral tone of the school," which just about covers everything, kids.

PART THREE deals with "School Trustees" and Teachers' Board of Reference. It concerns methods by which teachers may resign or be fired and procedure thereof; it refers the reader to the individual contract for exact procedures. Board of Reference are boards set up to adjudicate disputes between the individual school boards and teachers, or vice-versa.

PART FOUR, "Board and Trustees" is the largest section and deals with the duties, powers and mechanics of the aforementioned Boards and Trustees, delegates to the boards the power to appoint a psychiatrist, establish and maintain school libraries, expel students, set the amount of student fees, establish cadet corps, operate cafeterias, as well as many other administrative prerogatives. It also lists methods by which the boards shall be set up, and maintained.



PART FIVE was repealed in 1967.

PART SIX, "School sites," reveals that the boards, like too many other organizations, have the power to expropriate land. It deals with methods of land acquisitions, compensation to persons whose land has been expropriated and taxation.

PART SEVEN, "Offenses and Penalties," Despite the imposing ring of this section, it turns out to be quite tame. The only clause with even a little bite to it is one which levies a \$25.00 fine on "any person who wilfully interrupts or disquiets the proceedings of a school meeting or a school by rude or indecent behaviour, or by making noise either in the place where the meeting is held or in the school of so near thereto as to interfere with the proceedings of the meeting." Agitators beware?

The rest of the section deals mostly with slaps on the wrist for clerks who "neglect or refuse to prepare and furnish the school maps of the school sections of his municipality as required by the Public School Act."

PART NINE, Miscellaneous, seems to deal mainly with the rights of trailer drivers to stop for either the public or separate school system and be taxed accordingly. It also outlines complex procedures to make sure that once the trailereer has committed himself to one system he will not be able to avail himself of the other.

'Pia, Costa, Dumont' named in Boycott

Scab Juice each!

TORONTO. The United Farm Workers boycott against juice grapes imported from non-union California growers picked up steam this week as the crop started to filter in.

Juice grapes are grapes shipped for sale to individuals creating home-made wine. Toronto is the largest receiver of juice grapes in North America, accounting for 39 per cent of the entire crop.

The U.F.W.'s Toronto office designated 3 non-union growers which they asked a boycott. They are:

Lamanuzzi & Pantaleo, marketing under the label "Pia".

Felix Costa & Sons, under the label "Costa Special".

Dumont Packing Co., using the label "Dumont".

The U.F.W. further stated that the juice grape business in Toronto is controlled by Culotta and Darrigo. They set the prices and determine the brands sold. Other smaller companies follow their lead.

In the past, table-grape boycotts in the U.S. have been so effective that non-union grapes have been shipped and unloaded to and in Canada.

This was done, the U.F.W. explains, because wholesalers believed that Canadians neither know nor care about injustice and scab labor.

The U.F.W. predicted that wholesalers who bring in the above-mentioned non-union grapes will be picketed, and their customers leftlessed.

They also issued a plea for volunteers in this task. Any interested people may call the U.F.W. in Toronto at 923-4625, or drop in at their offices on 11 and a half Spadina Road. Jeffrey Masudal



PART TEN, "Finances," deals not so surprisingly with finances. Not very revealing, it merely lists the sources from which a board may draw funds: e.g., from municipalities, individuals, etc. It also indicates the limits on the amounts a board may borrow and fees for non-resident students.

PART ELEVEN, "Reduction of School Taxes on Residential and Farm Assessment." This section is pretty dry and academic. It sets down methods of land assessment for school taxes.

PART TWELVE, "Retarded Children's Education Authorities." This final section details how schools for the retarded may be set up. Basically it says that "where in a municipality there are resident at least ten retarded children whose parents are represented by an association, they may request the council to establish an

authority to operate a school or schools in the municipality for the education of retarded children." The section then goes on to detail the ground rule under which such an authority must conduct itself.

Further comment hardly seems necessary. Part Two is obviously a hold-over from the Britania Rules the Waves Era, but its continued inclusion indicates something of the education establishment's zeal to gear the school for social change. The part which makes "Juvenile Delinquents" out of kids who refuse to accept this conditioning erases any doubt that modern public schools are, in fact, jails.

I can't think of any more appropriate action of high school radical groups than to take this fall to begin organizing by passing around as many copies of the act as possible to students.

Toronto Alternate Press Service



Photos by Scott MacDonald



HIGH-SIGH-RISE

Slowly but inexorably, anti-high rise development is changing the political and environmental character of Toronto.

Last Sunday night at least 300 people from about six different ratepayers, resident and tenant associations came together in Holy Trinity Church to organize tactics against City Hall. City Hall was planning zoning approval for high rise apartments, street widening and other unpopular forms of block-busting.

Specifically condemned were the 30-odd storey high rise apartment building by Cadillac and Greenwin developers in the Quebec and Gothic streets area of the Humber Valley, three 20-odd storey high-rise apartment towers by Meridian developers on Bleekers Street (St. James Town West); another 30-odd floor high rise apartment building by Lionstar developers in the Bloor-Dufferin area; a low rise, high population density development by Windlass in the McCaul-Cecil-Beverly area; and a proposed widening of Wellesley Street between Church and Parliament Streets.

There was a legion of reasons advanced against each development - destruction of homes, blocking out skyline, increased traffic congestion, undesirable sociological effects on people (such as psychiatric and criminal deterioration of character), noise and other kinds of pollution - just to

mention a few. The meeting was actually a special session of Citizen's Forum. It included Aldermen Reid Scott, William Kilbourne, John Sewell, June Marks, Archie Chisolm, David Crombie, Arthur Eggleton, Karl Jaffary, Trustee Doc Yip of the Board of Education, and the NDP MPP for 'High Park', Morton Shulman. Accounting for most of the people present were the HumberSide Residents' Association, the Havelock Street Tenants' Union, the North Jarvis Community Organization, the Grange Park Residents' Association and the South of St. James' Town Tenants' Association. Others were represented too. There are over two hundred ratepayer, resident and tenant associations in the City of Toronto.

It should be noted that HumberSide is one of the richest community associations in Toronto while Grange Park and South of St. James Town are perhaps the two poorest. Thus it signifies that both rich and poor are coming together to fight a common enemy. One speaker said, "We must know what eachother is doing. We must become familiar with what is going on in other parts of

Toronto." This was echoed by Morton Shulman who said, "Ratepayers should organize behind reform candidates (in December, 1972 elections) and fight the aldermen who vote the wrong way.

Sewell suggested that people start lobbying civic politicians the next day because three of the controversial developments were on the City's agenda. This was accepted by the meeting.

LOBBYING THE NEXT DAY

The lobbying got pretty hectic as Tuesday wore on and, at a City Hall committee meeting, Roberta Sankey, president of the South of St. James Town Tenants Association, and James McCallum, Meridian's lawyer, scuffled in the council chamber. Mrs. Sankey laid charges, claiming she was brusled by McCallum, and the case will be heard October 20. McCallum is six foot three, 190 lbs.; while Mrs Sankey is five foot seven, 120 lbs.

Wednesday was an important day. There were many items of contention on the City Council agenda as well as high rise development.

The meeting was not characterized by the t y p i c a l every-conservative-in-the-house-versus-John-Sewell but all five or six of his closest vote-alikes were much more vocal than usual too. An extra element of the hatred was added when Bill Archer threatened resignation from any and every Mall Committee - that Ying Hope might be appointed to. There was all kinds of laughter, boos, hisses and free advice from the audience - in spite of the repeated threats from the chair to clear the chamber.

Finally after a 7-hour wait, the Quebec-Gothic project came up. Three hours of information and accusation later, it was approved 12-8.

These persons voted for it: Beavis, Brown, Dennison, Rotenberg, Marks, Archer, Piccininni, Wardle, Lamport, Bruce, Clifford and O'Donoghue. Ben Gryvs did not vote or talk at all since he is being

prosecuted for profiteering at public expense on this project.

These aldermen voted against it: Hope, Eggleton, Scott, Chisolm, Crombie, Kilbourne, Jaffary and Sewell.

So: Council is split into two groups that may, or more or less accurately, be called "The Dirty Dozen" and "The Honourable Eight".

Because Wednesday night's fight carried over to Thursday morning, the meeting was adjourned to Friday morning.

On Friday morning, City Council resumed its meeting. After a six-hour debate, St. James Town West was approved. The vote was 12-9 as the same people voted the same way as on Wednesday night - with two exceptions. Gryvs voted this time - in favour, but O'Donoghue, waffling under anti-high rise pressure according to Crombie, voted against St. James Town West.

Sewell told Guerrilla, "A year ago votes like them were 18 - 4 (in favour)." The Bloor-Dufferin development was struck from the agenda because it required more committee work.

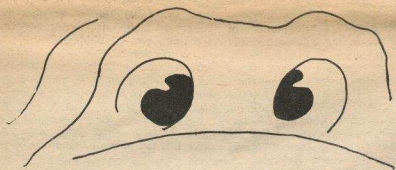
As a backdrop to all of this, the negotiation over the eviction between South of St. James Town tenants and Meridian has gotten no where yet, according to the tenants' lawyer, Jeffrey Sack. Recently David Rotenberg was accepted as a mediator at the talks in an effort to get them moving. The tenants have introduced proposals but Meridian has been silent.

In the meantime a court has ruled that Sewell must start paying Meridian \$100 per tenant per day that Sewell's sub-leases have stayed on since the August 31 eviction deadline. Sewell is a tenant of 20 Meridian houses which must be demolished for the construction of St. James Town South. All his sub-leases are in the South of St. James Town Tenants Association.

And at the height of the Wednesday night debates, Karl Jaffary publicly stated that a Greenwin executive told him "we have helped 23 election campaigns (in the 1969 Metro elections)." He did not elaborate.

The polarization continues.

Roger Carter.



The Community Switchboard at the Hall thinks that you should know...

that the Switchboard (not the Hall) is temporarily closed for:

- *updating of all information
- *re-evaluation
- *reorganization
- *rest and relaxation (???)

During this time we need to find out from you if the Switchboard has been of value to you-if not how can we (all of us) improve it. What can we as a community contribute to make a Switchboard a co-operative people's information centre?

We need feedback so that the Switchboard can represent the collective interests of co-operative community.

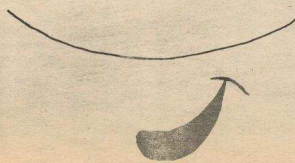
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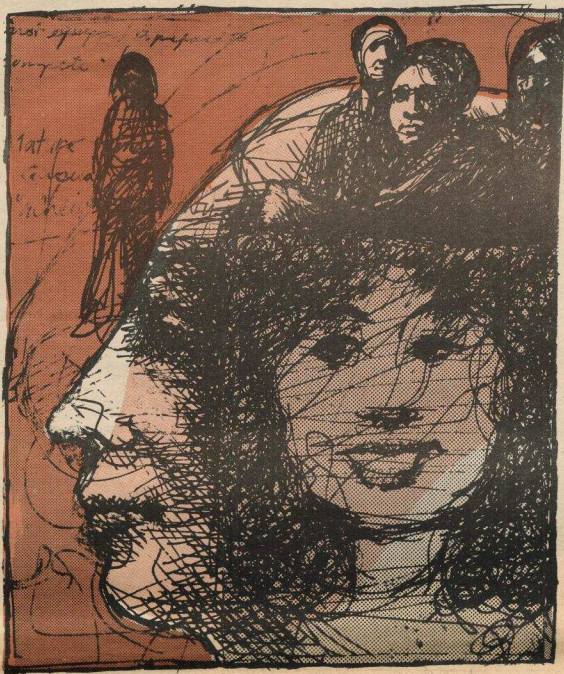
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There was probably a time when the world lay open to me, when all things were possible. I remember that at about 4 years of age I asked my mother whether two girls could grow up and marry each other. I don't think I had a crush on any particular woman at the time; just asking. She said, "No!" So that was that. It soon became increasingly clear that my choice of marriage partner was not the only restriction placed upon me. There were lots of things "young ladies" couldn't do. They couldn't grow up and join the army like their daddy. They couldn't become airplane pilots. They couldn't wear overalls to church, or even put them on after church because people were coming to Sunday dinner. They couldn't go down to the swimming hole when the older boys were there because they might see something they shouldn't oughta. They couldn't camp out in the woods overnight—only boys could do that. Nor could they wear topless bathing suits after a certain age, nor blue-jeans to school. Two things seemed chronically to come down hardest on me. One was the restriction on "adventure." I was raised in the country and was inevitably drawn to roaming the woods, hunting, climbing, camping and relishing the thrill of stepping into unexplored areas—the hidden waterfall, the abandoned farmhouse, the place where the log lay across the river. But when my imagination leapt from simple back-yard exploration to exciting careers of the future—sailor, pilot, adventurer, hunter—I was made aware of the fact that these pursuits were inappropriate to a woman. "Adventure" (in all its meanings) is the domain of the male. The other hardship was clothing. I can never recall an occasion when I enjoyed wearing a dress. Never. Even the simplest childhood dress was binding under the arms, or in the waist, impossible to get into (th buttons were always in the back) and invariably carried with it a new code of how one was to sit and use one's legs where one was not to go for fear of getting dirty, and some mysterious injunction against rowdy, cross, or ill-tempered behaviour.

I don't remember being told in positive terms what I could do. All that I picked up was a certain premium on

quietness, aggressiveness, and manners. "Ladylike behaviour" was a nebulous concept. About the only reward for it was having a few fussy old relatives beam at me. I noticed that the powers-that-were (my mother and grandmother) always had a certain hovering, timorous quality to them. It was obvious that while I was supposed to be pleasing them with ladylike conduct, they were busy pleasing somebody else. I never knew quite who, God, maybe. None of the men in the immediate family ever "beamed" at the women, and when strangers, outside men, showed up and flirted when the ladies they would go all a-twitter and I would feel uncomfortable, like there was some tantalizing secret that grown-ups shared with each other but that my family was keeping from me. It was also pretty clear that the powers-that-were were a whole hell of a lot more pleased by one flirtatious piece of male attention than by all the ladylike behavior a five-year-old could muster.

My mother and grandmother must have been almost subversively intent on showing me what a lousy lot the female role was because I rejected it as soon as I was old enough to string two thoughts together. When my sister and I paired up to play games and assume make-believe identities, I was always a male. (She was sometimes female, sometimes male—quite often we were adventurous together.) The fantasy set in that if I worked diligently at it night and day, prayed to God, thought the right thoughts, kissed my elbow or what-have-you, I would change into a boy. It still wasn't too late: I would be saved from what would otherwise be a lifetime of incredible dreariness.

It almost worked. Working in rough concert, my sister and I won concessions. We won concessions all over the place. We were allowed to wear blue-jeans to school, to roam the woods and local construction sites. We got boys' bikes at our insistence; and baseball bats and gloves, and cap pistols. I got into fights with the neighborhood boys and nobody said a word. The two of us wrote adventure stories and illustrated them with action-packed cartoons—then

NOTES

beamed at our creativeness.

This indulgence went on until I was about ten. Then I found that the family had only been fighting a delaying action. My folks are provincial after all. They believe in God and the American way of life. I guess they just thought that since sex role is a law of nature then pretty soon nature would take its course and change me into a girl. When it didn't, and puberty loomed near, they suddenly started trundling out the myths. It was assured that wasn't that I couldn't do certain things or that I must do certain others, it was more that as I got older, ahem, I *wouldn't* want to do these things but instead *would* want to do others. Then I started experiencing some real downers just on my own: the neighbourhood boys started winning winning the fights I picked with them; my brother-five years younger-got better at baseball than me; my male cousins who had been my adventure buddies for years began to go off on adventures of their own which I wasn't invited to. Most crushing of all, my sister, chief supporter of the "boyhood" fantasy, began to desert over to the "feminine" side. I asked her didn't she want to be a boy anymore. She said, "No... I don't like all the roughness, I can't be that way." "Well, but do you want to be a girl?" "Well, I dunno, I just don't care care so much anymore. You'll get over it." One day, in an orgy of "roughness" I laid into my brother with a rawhide whip. That was the first and only time my father stepped in. He took the whip and turned it on me while the rest of the family watched in silence, embarrassed approval. After that something went clink inside me and I withdrew, beaten, from the game. A depression set in that didn't lift for years.

Oddly enough my fantasies of "boyhood" and my early crushes on women, which also started about age 4 or 5, were two quite separate issues. In my dreams I was Robin Hood, but I never courted Maid Marion. I was much more apt to have courted (in fantasy) another woman dressed up as Robin Hood. Do you see? I had rejected femininity not just in myself but in other women too. It was the silly, blushing, dim-witted helplessness of it that disgusted me. The only flaw in the westerns and war movies that were my loved Saturday night fare were those inevitably coying moments of "love interest" ritually injected into an otherwise impeccable adventure plot. My heart used to sink when the woman appeared on the screen. Frilled, long skirted, and high-heeled, she would somehow—*for no reason*—I could ever fathom—manage to distract the hero from his purposes. "She'll never be able to run in those heels," I unconsciously would flash through my mind because I knew that it was only a matter of time before the dizzy, frightened thing would land square in the middle of

S OF AN OLD GAY

some situation she couldn't cope with and have to be rescued by the hero, adding what I felt was a rather artificial and tedious bit of suspense. I remember the intense satisfaction I experienced when I ran into one movie (a John Garfield war-movie) that had no women in it at all!

Heterosexuality eluded me as a concept. (Not to say that I didn't experience some personal attraction to men.) I failed to see why women would want to make such dismal failures of themselves in front of men, or why men, having witnessed the dismal failure, would respond to it with love. My own attractions to either sex-always involved admiration and a longing to be admired. How then did the conventional man and woman situation get off the ground? I concluded that it was over some mysterious aberration that overlooked some people but not others. I was one of the "others."

As for my early crushes themselves, I cannot say that the ones for women were any more intense than the ones for men, only that they were marginally more frequent. In either sex I fell for competence, self-assurance, and kindness; and my response in either case, was a wish to appear "impressive" enough to win the other's love. I had been adequately warned, of course, by the culture, all my girl friends and not a few of the dates in whom I had no interest, that "impressive" behavior does not impress men. I therefore severely inhibited it on dates with a boy I liked.

On the other hand, my skills at the femininity game were very low, so I always wound up occupying an uneasy neutral territory—unsatisfactory to everyone including myself. Those males who managed to project femininity onto this inhibited stance caused me to feel like a masquerader; those who didn't, either gave me little lectures on "role" or became brotherly friends.

The women were a lot easier because, to begin with, the stakes were different. No one, least of all me, expected a woman to fall in love with me in the conventional sense. Nor was my interest in her apt to be interpreted in this light. The upshot was there was a lot more freedom for getting to know her and develop a mutual admiration. The only barrier, besides the physical, was the possibility that she might be inspecting my style for either parentally or competitively—for an appropriate display of "femininity," but since my crushes were generally on the self-assured and competent, whose capacity for overlooking such details is high, even this hurdle was slight.

As time went on, my crushes on women began to

prevail—partly be default: there seemed no adequate way to relate to men and still be myself; partly by circumstance: an all girl private school followed by a women's college rescued me from the vicious heterosexual jockeying of the high school/co-ed world and provided me with an increasing number of admirable female companions. Had lesbianism been considered legit then, or had I not been so acutely sensitive to the stigma of "unnaturalness" (I lived in fear that my forbidden aspirations to "manhood" would be exposed) I probably would have had my first affair when I was 14 or 15. As it was, I avoided it, by skillful self-deceptions, until I was 24.

Nowadays, whatever hassles there may be—real or imagined—between gay and straight sisters in the movement, Womens Liberation has made it a lot easier to be a lesbian. Feminist reasoning has given lesbians a better understanding on a head level and not just a "gut" level, their departure from the restrictive false-defined ideals of "femininity" and their heretofore rather mysterious admiration of their own sex. The new view of lesbianism holds that because she (the lesbian) is a woman, because she has been subjected to the humanly intolerable pressures of a sexist world, she has turned to lesbianism not only in a gesture of defiance but also as the only life-style that grants her a means of sexual and emotional expression without extracting from her the price of her dignity and self-respect. (It is no co-incidental that a society run on the male ethic takes an even dimmer view of her than it does of the conventional female—she's not just a slave but an insurrectionist as well. The correctional device usually described for her is the sexist lynch-ropes of a "good fuck.") Where once there was only stigma, confusion and apology there now exists an argument for lesbianism, one that converts the lesbian's sexual preference from a source of shame into a source of pride. It is not surprising to find this argument strongly asserted by those women—sometimes referred to as the "new gay"—who have discovered their lesbianism in the course of becoming feminists. (To read some of their accounts one almost gets the picture of a woman suddenly putting down her feminist books and lecture notes or leaping up in the middle of a consciousness raising session and in one binding moment of satori rushing out to find a female lover.)

So compelling is the "new gay" reasoning that I am tempted to wonder sometimes (a) why all women are not lesbians and (b) why I never thought of this line of justification myself, when I was first becoming one. I became actively gay back in the "old days" when all it meant was seeing a psychiatrist. The only special support I had for it, for the first few months, was my lover and her

rather apologetic explanation of her own case. All that I remember being able to formulate in the way of rationale was Well, I don't seem to be getting it on with men very well so I may as well give a woman a try. After that I never bothered with men again, but I can't say that I didn't sweat this decision.

I read all the usual psychiatric shit and found deviance writ large in my personal history: inadequate identification with same-sex parent; infantile narcissism (how this ties in with inadequate identification I never stopped to wonder); penis-envy; penis-fear; body-shame; "urethral" personality; fear of adult intimacy (read "heterosexual intimacy"); degradation fantasies; equation of sex with dirt; etc. In short, I had "introjected" our culture beautifully; now I had to be cured of it. I took all the bits and pieces to my psychiatrist and he while not being hung up on the fancy labels and syndrome-spotting, was duly concerned with my inability to dig men. (Typically, he didn't object to my lesbianism, just to my rejection of males.) We worked a lot on my "self-respect" and my "distorted" view of male-female relations. I think his line of reasoning was that it was either my lack of confidence in my "feminine powers" or my persistence in seeing the male as out to subordinate and humiliate me that was preventing the old hetero chemistry from working. Not a bad theory. Substantially correct, in fact. But then neither I, nor certainly he, was able to see the inherent paradoxes (what kind of powers are "feminine powers"? wherein lies the "distortion" in my view of male-female relations?) What emerged from my 2½ years of psychotherapy was an appreciation of the depth of my determination to stay gay. When I quit therapy, the apologetic, self-pitying stance I had been chronically adopting towards my shrink, all men, and towards people in general suddenly lifted and I haven't been bothered with it since. Odd?

I see now that I, in line with the society around me, my psychotherapist, and all my friends (gay and straight), was firmly resisting any interpretation of lesbianism that would bring into question the essential rightness of the male sexist ethic, or suggest the kind of drastic overhaul our society really needs. When I review my childhood again, as I did so many times before in a desperate search for the thing that "went wrong" I find that the facts have not changed, but my reading of them has changed dramatically. What seemed before to have been a perverse tendency; to view my situation in a "distorted" manner and to adopt "immature" solutions, seems now to have been an essentially accurate comprehension of what lay in store for me as a woman and a willing resistance along the only route that lay open to me.



**"the truth, like syphilis,
is....obscured"**

attica: Racism & Murder

Attica, N.Y. doesn't look much like the scene of a massacre. Or maybe it does. Sunday's streets glisten with the effects of a steady drizzle falling all day giving the town a depressing bleakness which cuts like the wind. The town is comatose. Or in shock. There is no-one in the streets except for the occasional villager hurrying home with a parcel or a newspaper, and the groups of prison guards—blue uniforms, patrolling—guns in holsters, talking conspiratorially to each other, laughing nervously. A town under siege.

You drive slowly into town and the first thing you notice are the flags. They are everywhere, some at half-mast, most dangling limply from their staffs. Some houses have two of them—as if trying to make up in sorrow what couldn't be quite understood...

out-of-state licence plates, strangers, enemies. And Attica HAS enemies. Most of them are locked up in the maximum-security prison on Exchange St., about a mile outside the village centre. Thursday, Sept. 9 about half the prison's 2,237 inmate population rioted, taking control of cellblock D and taking 38 guards and civilian prison workers hostage. The whole world knows the rest. After four days of bargaining (in absentia, although they begged Rockefeller to come he wouldn't) with the prisoners, 90% of them black, most of the rest Puerto Rican, Rockefeller lost patience and ordered the troops in and 1500 National Guardsmen (of Kent State fame) sheriff's deputies, and State Police, covered by helicopters belching tear gas stormed the prison. Firing at anybody that moved, they killed 32 prisoners and nine of the hostages. The massacre took ten minutes—the lies are still going on. *The prison looks much like you expected, 30-foot high walls topped by gun-towers at 100-foot intervals. Flag at half mast on the lawn outside. But now with the weeping gray sky overhead and the awful knowledge inside you of just*

what happened here the scene presses in on you like steam in sauna-bath, but strangely—it makes you cold...

Minutes after the troops had regained control of the prison Russel D. Oswald, State Commissioner of "Corrections" has his statement ready for a naive press. The guns were ordered in, he said, after a State Police sharpshooter saw an inmate cut the throat of a hostage and opened fire. All the dead hostages had their throats slashed, he said, and two of them had been "emasculated." All lies. Unfortunately the lies were printed and for 24 hours the heat was off the authorities. Not 'til the next day, when Monroe County Medical Examiner John Edland made his report on the autopsies he had performed on the bodies did the truth come out. All the dead died of gunshot wounds. "Absolutely not," said Oswald.

The prison has been virtually sealed since then. Lawyers, some of them from civil liberties groups, were finally granted entrance Saturday after obtaining a court-order. They came out telling of prisoners' reports of beatings after the slaughter, running the gauntlet of guards and police with clubs and guns.

A shout from somewhere above you stops you cold getting out of the car. The voice sounds hoarse and nervous and comes from the uniformed guard leaning out over the parapet of the guttower high above the words ATTICA STATE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY on the wall. "You from the press?" "What're you doing here?" There is only suspicion on the face glaring down at you and the guard raises his rifle in the air just to show he means business. Somehow you are not inclined to doubt him. So you answer his questions—carefully, offering to show your press card and praying quite silently that he didn't quite catch the name of the newspaper you represent.

Somehow you don't think he'd understand and as he turns away you can't help but wonder just what part he played in the drama and you force yourself not to shout the question you and everyone else there has been asking yourself, "Hey, man, what's going on in there..."

Nixon called Rockefeller and congratulated him on his victory. Rocky called the press and said, "There was no indiscriminate shooting by the police... The hostages were caught in the cross-fire." Too bad. Dr. Edland received telephone death threats until 5 other pathologists reports confirmed his findings. William Kunstler, Chicago lawyer extraordinaire who was on the bargaining committee which tried to avert the disaster by working out a settlement with the prisoners spoke at the University of Buffalo. Weeping freely, he called the Governor a murderer and challenged him to sue for slander. The governor to date has not made a reply.

You stand watching the fortress from the outside. A moribund silence prevails and is only broken by the mutterings of reporters huddling together, frustrated by the silence and inactivity, and the small groups of tourists who braved the curfew to drive up in their cars—wives and children, pointing at the medieval barred entrance—pointing and wondering... Speculation about the cause of the riot is endless, of course. From the familiar cry of "outside agitators" from the cops and

authorities to the liberals' lame explanations of overcrowding and poor recreational facilities the truth, like syphilis, is carefully shunned. No one seems to want to talk very much about racism, and murder.

Attica is a village of just over two and one-half thousand people and the prison is the town's largest employer. Over one-half of the town's male population works, in one capacity or another, in the prison. Attica is a white town. Attica's mayor, Richard Miller is a guard at the prison. Attica does not consider itself a very racist place and the residents react indignantly when someone suggests racism as a factor in the events. But when the riot was over and the death-count began, when State troopers filed from the blood-bath shouting, "Niggers 28, whitey 10!" they were answered by the cries of "White Power!" from the crowd, and some say there were cheers. Bobby Seale attributed the riot to "A growing political consciousness among the prisoners" and in this he was probably closer to the truth than anyone. For oppressions breeds violence, and in this institution, where over two thousand black and latin men, mostly most from the ghettos of New York are held captive. Where the guards have long had a reputation for brutality, where NOT ONE OF THE PRISON STAFF IS ANYTHING BUT WHITE, the oppressed of America was personified—and violence was inevitable.

vancouver

"No Justice From Police"

The official investigation into the Gastown riot on August 7 started last Monday and the Georgia Strait, Capital's counter-part in Vancouver, is expecting democracy and justice to be defeated.

B.C.'s Attorney General, Lester Peterson, has appointed a supporter of Mayor Thomas Campbell, Thomas Anthony Dohm, as the judge to head the inquiry, and a member of one of Vancouver's elitist legal firms, Allan McEachern of Russell & DuMoulin, to represent the Crown.

"Hardly a people's lawyer," the Strait writes that McEachern is a former director of the B.C. Lions Football Club, a former president of the Canadian Football League and has represented Vancouver racetrack owner Jack Diamond who is also governor of Simon Fraser University. McEachern's other clients have included Kaiser Coal, the Benguet Corporation (allegedly having connections with organized crime, Medicorp (which owns the Vancouver Canucks of the National Hockey League), and allegedly Marathon Realty (owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway). Russell and DuMoulin are retained by MacMillan-Bloued Ltd., giant monopolists of the Canadian pulp and paper industry.

According to the Strait, Dohm is reportedly a 52 year old 'Horatio Alger' type. He worked summers for the CNR while studying law. During the fifties and sixties he was engaged as a defence lawyer in major conspiracy trafficking trials.

The Strait writes, "however, the Liberal Party was not his only political affiliation as he was a director of the Non-Partisan Association (NPA), the municipal political group that has ruled Vancouver since 1936, and supported (Mayor) Tom Campbell in the last election. . ."

"Indeed, when the Georgia Strait sought an injunction against the city a number of years ago, Justice Dohm heard the case. The city had taken away the Strait's business licence, and we were claiming that it was a breach of 'natural justice'. Dohm found that there was no breach of natural justice, and went on to praise Mayor Campbell for taking justified action, and said that the Mayor deserved a pat on the back for not passing the buck. Despite the fact that Dohm was over-ruled by Mr. Justice Verchere on the ensuing case, it is not a precedent that indicates any great sympathy for dissent."

The Strait mentions that, at their press time, there was much uncertainty regarding the ability to testify under the Canada Evidence Act which means that people won't be prosecuted on the strength of their testimony.

Also represented at the investigation will be the Vancouver Police Association, the Civil Liberties Association, a labour union still undisclosed, the Police Commission and perhaps other groups.

Subpoenas to some people have already been issued (as of about two weeks ago) including Dan McLeod of the Georgia Strait.

The Strait comments on the enquiry's format:

"Justice Dohm is to look at "(a) the nature of the said disturbance, the motivation of the persons involved, whether the purpose of the disturbance was in the public's interest, the conduct of the members of the public present and whether any such conduct was in defiance of law and order. . ."

"Section (b) of the terms of reference may even be narrower, if Justice Dohm interprets it technically. It requires him to investigate "the nature of the police intervention and whether or not such intervention was appropriate in the circumstances." Again, no scope is left for an investigation of police actions and the methods of Operation Dustpan, or perhaps

even for the exposure of police methods in dealing with potential 'civil disorders' "

Operation Dustpan is the name given the current police assault on drug use in Vancouver.

One of the outgrowths of the Gastown Police Riot of last month has been for formation of a group known as "The People's Coalition For Community Control of the Police." Last week the coalition, which has been one of the most active groups in Vancouver lately, attempted to present a brief to the Vancouver Police Commission which addressed itself to a number of rights on points which a police force serving the interests of the people should be able to answer. The Coalition brief demanded answers to six specific points:

1) Explain why the police in Vancouver work with Federal agencies to investigate people for their political beliefs when no crime has been committed, nor is there probable grounds to believe one will.

2) Explain why the procedures of the Vancouver Police, Department and Police Commission are kept secret when in fact under section 138 of the city charter they are determined to be public information.

3) Explain why, in direct contradiction of recommendations of the Attorney General, the Vancouver Police Commission does not allow the presentation of certain evidence.

4) Explain why, when there has been so much public outcry against the police actions in Gastown that the Attorney General, based on Mr. Fisk's report, has made prejudicial statements against the organizers of the smoke-in, made clear his intentions to investigate them, but said little of investigating police activity.

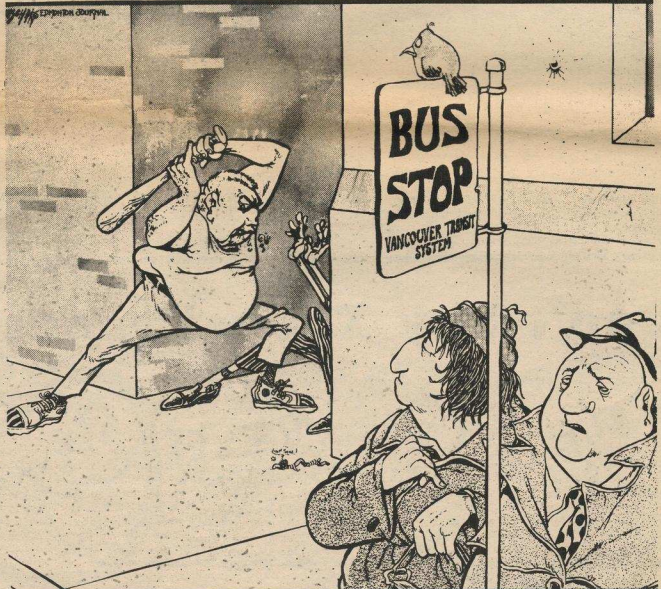
5) Explain the recent 'Opportunities for Police' grant of \$50,000 to be used to set up

a 'Police Secretariat' in Ottawa for the purpose of lobbying for the legalization of wiretapping and the fingerprinting of all citizens.

6) Explain why the Vancouver Police Commission concentrates its efforts on controlling the young and poor and turns a blind eye to a tripled crime rate in non-youth-related areas and a booming heroin industry.

Although the Commission hearings are supposed to be open to the public by law, when a delegation of 20 from the People's Coalition arrived at the Board Room to present their brief, they were met by a large group of plainclothes police and police photographers, who took their pictures and refused them admittance. When the representatives of the coalition explained that they were there to present a brief and they had been told earlier on the phone that the hearing were open, they were told it was up to the Chief Commissioner (Tom Campbell) to decide. Campbell said that only six would be allowed in. This, of course being unacceptable, six members of the coalition went in and registered their disapproval over the closed nature of the hearings and walked out, leaving behind the brief. A reporter for the Georgia Strait stayed behind for the discussion, which had one commissioner announcing that the brief 'verged on libel' and another saying that the information was totally incorrect and had nothing to do with them anyway.

Outside, the coalition announced their intention to continue organizing for community control of the police, saying "The people of Vancouver have got to organize themselves to get justice - they're obviously not going to get it from the Police Commission."



"We'd better not get involved—he might be a plainclothes policeman going about his work!"

MR. NATURAL
THE GREAT
SEX LIFE IS TO
HAVE A GOOD
SEX LIFE?

IT'S NOT A
DICKING!
DICK?

HE OTHER
ONE LET
THE HEAVY
LOST!

EDEN
DISC JOCKEYS, GROUPS,
MC'S AND DRAG QUEENS
Renee Eden: 767-9790

BREAD FOR HEADS
AVERAGE \$15 A NIGHT
SELLING ART
NO HASSLES
217 Avenue (above Davenport)
9 27-3750
after 11 AM

CARAVAN
105 Avenue Rd. (at Davenport)
& Yonge ST. Mall—Stall 105
MOROCCAN SHIRTS, DRESSES, CAFTANS,
JEWELRY, PIPES—PLUS INDIAN CLOTHES
SPECIAL—WIDE MOROCCAN BELTS
\$4.00

We recently obtained the following document:

August 17, 1971.

Mr. Mark Halpern
92 Ossington AVENUE
Toronto, Ontario

Dear Mark:

There is something suspicious about your new tenants that is creating an insurance policy. Companies, to prevent libel and slander suits will not divulge the information they have, whether it is a fire or even a life insurance matter, but for your own protection, I would suggest you personally check out the nature of the operations, etc. Right now I can not get you five cents of fire insurance.

Sincerely yours,

G. D. Cockburn
Sinclair-Cockburn Insurance Agency Limited
218 Sheppard Ave. E.
Willowdale, Ontario
Telephone 223-8810

Guess which new tenants, citizen Cockburn is discussing?

We find the contents quite interesting and in keeping with the trends of prejudice which are following our operations. Also, it proves the point that the Co-op is stepping on a helluva lot of toes that deserve to be stepped on... and we are not backing off.

Since the formation of the Co-op, WE have tangled with the big con artists and the little con artists, involved ourselves with over eight car lots, among them DOWLING at CRAN'S PLAZA MOTORS, we have picketed such places as the English Trade Commission, in support of the SCOTCH CLOVESIDE WORKERS, went after Vic Tanny, fought with the Computer Institute, continually criticized the Ontario Progressive Conservative Party, for their unfair labour legislation and the immoral private employment agencies, which they allow to flourish, and continue a never ending war with the pro strike breakers like ANNINGS AND CO. and the Canadian Drivers Pool which infest the trade union movement during labour disputes....

We were at A and P Parts... at Trane... and in a more limited degree because of the distance, at Taxpack....

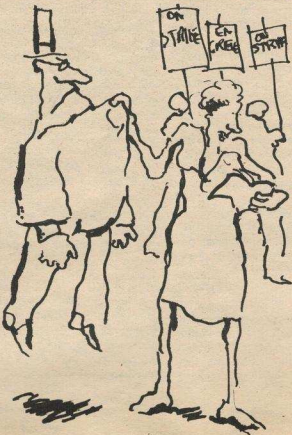
Within our ranks are some of the finest most dedicated trade unionists in Ontario, who continually strive through mutual efforts to support the causes of the working people of Ontario, regardless of the criticism of any political party, when it interferes or obstructs or exploits the workers of this province, or any other province.

As for the unknown companies mentioned in the above document, and to any others who seek to throw monkey wrenches in our path, go and commit a sexual impossibility....

To all the dear hearts and gentle people and the gutsy people and supporters and sisters and brothers and Guerilla Staff and Readers,

In keeping with the aforementioned document, the Co-op is again looking for a place to call home... reasonable rent, central to centre west location and we are easily satisfied... please contact 532-4008 or leave a message at Guerilla, care of ze Bear...

Bear's Lair



---PICKET LINE MANUAL---

Foreword

Since, it has been reported in the establishment press, the Mr. Bourne of the Super Snoop Snoop Department of the Federal Government is going to scan all the underground press, I wish to offer greetings and salutations because it will further add that big brother image, which we find satirically comforting... so to all watchdogs, wherever it whoever, I give you the beginning of the PICKET LINE MANUAL.... *****

Part I...

While Shakespeare once put together a classic play, called Hamlet, and contained therein the immortal words "To be, or not to be, that is the question"... During a contract situation the members of union might possibly say, "To strike or not to strike, that is the question"... While I go one step further and say, To win or not to win, that is the question."

So, the time for talking is over... after countless meetings, the union and company have reached an impasse and the union calls for a strike vote... Various members of the bargaining unit get up and discuss the possibility of strike action, the company offer, etc... pro and con.

Finally, the call for the question and when the vote is cast, the majority rules in favour of a strike.

The die is cast and you find yourself out on the bricks.

RULE I... This is when each and every member of the local union in question, should look at one another and say, "WE ARE GOING TO WIN THE STRIKE, OR KNOW THE GODDAMN REASON WHY?"

(a) Previous personality clashes, old grudges, etc., should be forgotten, until after the strike, the workers as a team should join together and gain strength from each other.

(b) Picket captains should be elected by the strikers, with the idea of durability, dedication and a singleness of purpose.

RULE II... Attitude

The attitude of the strikers are of the utmost concern for the winning of the labour dispute. And whether one wants to accept the definition or not the fact is, that you are at war. Your jobs, your livelihood, the betterment of your working conditions, the ability to improve the conditions of your family all can centre around your attitude during a strike. And if that attitude is one of apathy, or if that attitude is divided or not sincere then this will have a telling blow on the strike.

RULE III... Unity

When involved in a strike, one should remember that the company in question usually has control of the police, 99 per cent of the bogus labour legislation, sometimes Pro Scabs, while you have the possibility of only one major advantage, the one and very important, unity. And without some kind of unity no union can ever really win.

RULE IV... Strategy

In labour disputes, strategy should be applied whenever and wherever possible. Weighing procedures, taking advantage of every more and of every opportunity, to achieve moral and significant victories, in a step by step offensive.

(To be continued, next week, the picket line in depth)

PROVINCIAL ELECTION

On October 21st comes the provincial election. For over 28 years we have been saddled with a Conservative Party, that because of apathy of the worker voter, keeps on "shafting" the working people of our province year after year...
Vote N.D.P....

Don't Buy These Brands:



THE KRAFT BOYCOTT

Tired of Kraft dinners, those sludgy noodles wrapped in a surrogate cheese dribble, served up by cads on their cooking evenings?

Well, here's how you can stop this sort of nonsense. The National Farmers' Union has declared a boycott on all Kraft products.

The action, centering in Ontario, deals with the price farmers receive for their milk form, one of the largest food corporations in the world, Kraftco.

Kraftco, with sales of 2.6 billion dollars last year is a greater corporation than Dow

Chemicals, or Republic Steel and owns Sealtest and Dominion Dairies. The farmers are seeking to deal directly with this monster of corporate endeavour through collective bargaining. At the moment the farmers sell their milk to the Ontario Milk Marketing Board, which is ideally to act as a wholesaler to the dairies, supporting a price paid the farmer (should the milk market flounder). This would be a fine arrangement should they be a great number of independent dairies, the Marketing Board, in that it controls the total supply of milk could bargain on price, to the benefit of the farmers, but that ain't the case. Kraftco

holds a virtual monopoly on the milk market, if the Milk Marketing Board doesn't sell it to Kraft, it doesn't sell it, practically speaking. This Board is a creature of the Ontario Conservative Government, which isn't exactly a St. George in its dealings with dollar dragons.

The Farmers' Union says "pack it," the Marketing Boards are a fraud, and if the farmer is going to be producing milk, their goal to say who the hell their selling it to, and at what price.

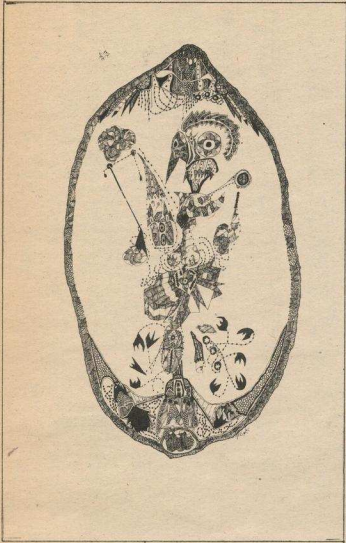
Here the farmers have two choices. Either withhold their milk, which is a valued food, or boycott the source of their problem,

corporate capitalism (agribusiness on the market) good old Kraftco.

So there are a few things you should do without for a little while; Velveeta cheese, Cheez Whiz, Cracker Barrel cheese, Kraft Peanut Butter (yuk), Parkay Margarine, Kraft caramels, jams, Miracle Whip etc., as well as any Sealtest or Dominion Dairies products.

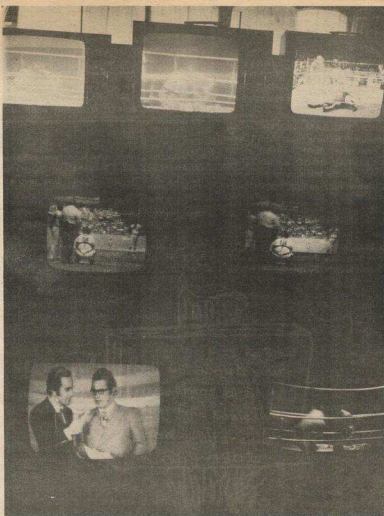
There is a little odd ditty from the thirties that's coming back:

The banker and his cook
Go walking by the brook,
But the farmer he's the man that
Feeds them all!



STEVE McCABE





3 WAYS TO VIEW Pro Sports

... (1) Just suck it in, like your typical American or Canadian master of a t.v. addict. (2) Regard it as a science — and sponder its tiniest detail. (3) Look on it as a religion — and become one of the faithful apostles. Or, you could sappy ...

PRO SPORTS ARE SUPER-COMMERCIAL RIP-OFFS. AND THEY'RE DYING.

The World Series is a-coming, so let's begin with baseball.

Branch Rickey once said baseball could remain great if 3 things continued in supply. "All you need," he whispered, "is a bat, a ball — and a boy with a dream."

Ah, dreams! But Rickey, a doyen of diamond history, was speaking his wisdom to a bygone era. Things were simple then. It could've been a lousy spring day in 1947. Only one appointment on Rickey's entire morning calendar. Its purpose: to sign one Jackie Robinson, black man, to a contract to play the infield for Brooklyn.

Less than a quarter-century ago. But after Mays, Campanella, Aaron, Newcombe, Stargell, Doby, Grant and so on — it seems so long.

Maybe it also seems so long because it was the last progressive thing major league baseball did. After it let in the black man, it went for the dollar.

In so doing it had to purge several people. Ironically, one of the first to get the ax was Branch Rickey.

Rickey's crime was protesting (in private) that Brooklyn Dodgers' owner Walter O'Malley had no right to turn his back on 75 years of baseball tradition in Flatbush. Especially if it meant moving to Los Angeles.

O'Malley was dreaming of this back in 1953. The cattle — mean, ballplayers — were to accompany him. The only squawk came from Rickey. So O'Malley fired him and moved the team 5 years late.

In 1955 O'Malley was worth about \$400,000. Three years ago he reportedly nixed an offer of \$28-million for the Los Angeles Dodgers.

In 1956 a kid with a quarter could get into the centrefield stands at Ebbets Field. From this perch, heroes (and bums) like Snider, Reese, Hodges and Furillo were within ounces-shouting distance.

This year it will cost a kid 2 dollars to get into Chavez Ravine Stadium's outfield bleachers. And that's not the only hangup. Chavez is such a cavernous, antiseptic TOMB that you can't shout anybody. Even if you had a bullhorn — and could pronounce his name — you couldn't raise Dodgers 3rd baseman Bill Grabarkewitz.

HITTING CLOSER TO HOME

All this wasn't merely a nostalgia riff. (In fact, I detected the Dodgers — a Yankee, were my team.) It points up the end of baseball as a sport, and its birth as an integral part of an exploitative, profit-heaven economy.

Other sports quickly followed suit. Profootball, which had been a shoe-string, stolen-cleats operation, discovered television. Television in turn discovered advertisers. And advertisers discovered Y.A. Tittle, Jimmy Brown, Gale Sayers, Joe Namath, etc.

We may lag behind the States. But not far. Why, our own homebrewed plucotoc parasites have induced Angelo Mosca to try t.v. A dozen times a week he comes out to

threaten me — and he's not even in uniform. It's all for some razor blade.

And of course, in the big world of NETWORK t.v., the CFL rules allow no time outs during play. Except, why do we "pause for a moment" twice each quarter? Gimme an A, gimme a D, gimme V, an E, an R, a T, an I, gimme an S, an L, an N, a G. Whattayou got? MONEY!

So what? Can't a professional team's owner make a profit? I think there's good reason why he shouldn't — and I'll answer this later on.

But even if I DID allow that a pro owner could make something, the question would still be: who does he make it for?

The answer is simple. He makes it for you — the fan, the aficionado.

And is it worth it? Judge for yourself: \$7 for a good seat at an Argo game. For \$7 you can bet three times at Woodbine, lose ... and still buy subway tickets to get home. You can buy a pretty fair ticket to "Hello, Dolly!" or "Swan Lake" at the O'Keefe. You could get two tickets to Kadar's newest flick at the Cinecity. Or you could drop into Cole's buy 3 Nero Wolves, Mordcael Richler's "St. Urban's Horseman", and the Playboy Joke Book ... all in paperback.

Ask yourself this: is your Argo ticket still worth \$7 — in contrast to the cost of other entertainment?

MAPLE LEAFS BEAT FANS, \$650 · 0, AS BASSET RETIRES

The National Hockey League is something special. It has most of the world's best players. It also has many of pro sport's most poorly paid players.

Why are they poorly paid? The answer depends on who you ask.

Owners will insist it's because they're not worth more. Players' representatives will say it's because of chiselling owners. The players themselves seem to have little to say. Let's peer into these angles one by one.

When owners talk about a player's worth, they don't know fuck-all what they're talking about. (How many NHL owners have ever played in the NHL? Damn few, I bet!) Besides, "worth" means different things to different owners. Derek Sanderson and Walter Tkaczuk are two fine centres. Sanderson's flashy but erratic style might be "worth" more if Las Vegas was in the league. But to play in, say, Dallas or Toronto, Tkaczuk's dogged approach would be of more value.

Who knows about "worth"? Surely not an owner. On the other hand, as player agents insist, do the owners chisel the players? It's hard to say — mainly because the owners guard their secrets like a Swiss bank account.

But we do have inkings. After 3 fine seasons, ex-New York Rangers defenceman Arnie Brown held out for \$50,000 ... and pretty much achieved it. How many years do you think it'll take Toronto's Him McKenny to reach that salary? Then again, had Brown been with Chicago, like Keith Magnuson, he might've gotten \$50 thousand after two years.

The point I'm raising here is not the problems of fat-cat stars like Brown and Magnuson. It's the quandary of a man like McKenny, who's stuck on a team that regards players like Scrooge regarded Bob Cratchit.

Why don't players say something in their own defence? Several reasons. First, they can always be "suspended" by

their club, for acting contrary to the best interests of the club. Secondly, many NHL players are not that far advanced in schooling, and feel awkward about articulating complex issues in public.

After all, most NHLers are Canadian. The junior system in our country virtually ensures that a kid who is serious about pro hockey gets up a shot at college. (This is changing now. But it'll take time, many NHLers didn't even finish grade 12.)

Is it any wonder they feel cowed by the owner's slimy-slick PR rep? They ought to — the PR guy could out them verbally into shin-splints.

Of course, owners will claim that they're not responsible if a guy doesn't finish school. If you believe that, you'll also believe the NHL has nothing to do with perpetuating the junior system. And that is a lie.

Why are salaries so consistently lower in the NHL? Is the average career-span of a hockey player that much longer than some other sport? You've got to be kidding! Is the profit-margin for owners much more Toronto? Bullshit; otherwise why did each expansion city have at least two groups fighting for the franchise?

Are the players being duped? Right on. Exposito, Orr and Hull might each be worth \$100-thousand. But isn't Brian Spencer or Bill Bairbairn worth 1/3rd of that?

THE STAT CHART

We've seen how the pro sports power structure fucks over you, the spectator/fan, and the player. Why is this happening? Several reasons.

First, pro sports is a protected industry. Anti-trust legislation both in the U.S. and Canada makes an exception for the NHL, major league baseball, CFL, NFL, and so on. They're allowed to run as a monopoly.

Every now and then someone hints at a change in Parliament or Congress. But you have to be retarded, or a weather forecaster, to take such hints seriously.

Secondly, a reactionary power-group has found that pro sports are an invaluable outlet. Even a black man being screwed in an Oakland ghetto has nightmares when Willie McCovey is injured. Better he sit at watching the Giants than planning to bomb a police station.

And in fact, millions of oppressed minority peoples do. So the political establishment gangs from their preoccupation.

Thirdly — all together, now — pro sports are big business. Hundreds of millions of dollars are at stake. And this doesn't even take into account the INDIRECT monies ... such as \$65-million a certain Ontario city is willing to shell out for a domed stadium.

POINT OF ORDER, POINT OF DEPARTURE

As undesirable as it may be, until life styles change we're glued on spectator sports. Abolishing them might make for more political ferment. But it might also lead to counter-productive, selfish, introverted "recessing".

So let's decide what is needed in pro sports, and what isn't.

What's needed is more community involvement — and more community control. Why should an individual, syndicate or corporation own a team? Why can't shares of the Toronto to Maple Leaf be held by the people — Torontoians' hands? Could our annual meeting select worse administrators than Stafford Smuthe and Harold Ballard?

Furthermore, if every pro team in North America was community-owned, we'd be in a far better position to bargain with the owners. At present, a sponsor worries about his market, but isn't always sure what it is. With community team, he'd know — it's the whole damned town.

Teams in a community-owned league should also be able to redress the imbalance of salaries being paid to players.

There is no major pro sports league in North America which is entirely community-owned. So it's hard to say whether it would work quite this way. But anybody who doubts that a given team could be reorganised this way can stop doubting. It's already been done ... with some success. I might add.

The team I call the Green Bay Packers.

We also need to re-examine the entire profit motive behind pro sports teams. Obviously, if it's a business, it should show profit. I guess. But as a community enterprise, it would be just as unseemly for a pro team to show a profit as it would for the public library to make money.

Because that would show that the people are ripping themselves off. And that would be counter-community.

Is this feeling of community non-existent? I don't feel so. Talk to some Brooklyn Dodger fans about the Bums going west. And how would we feel if the Maple Leafs picked up and went to Miami?

The feeling is there — but it's misdirected. It's directed at coldheaded profiteering sports businessmen whose idea of community is a Consumer Spending Index.

In other words, it's almost a socialist feeling, aimed at capitalists.

Of course, playing on community feeling has a limit. Pro sports in North America are fast arriving at that limit. Soon they'll run out of communities to exploit.

If we want to maintain professional sports as a legitimate source of spectator enjoyment, community involvement must supplant profiteering.

Teams and leagues have to be seen as services and resources. If they must be profitmaking, the profit has to be community-controlled.

Apart from that, pro sports are dead. This year, some lucky corporation will win the World Series. And the Grey Cup. And the Super Bowl. And the Stanley Cup. And the ...



I am tired of being second class
I am equal in the kitchen, bedroom
but not allowed to say how I feel.
Oppressed people are not easy to live
with. Sick of sucking cock to prove
I am equal. Sick of having to repress
myself (even in bed) Sick of having
to yes the man in order to get along.
I sick of street hassles. "I'd sure like
to spend 15 min. with you!"
Reaching for my breast, you
sure have nice tits, you
can have everything in my wallet.
Sick of sexist male attitudes:
men do most of the speaking at meeting.
How much longer, can I
be backed against the wall. Why do
it that I'm always wrong. Why do
I have to make the peace. how much
longer can I pretend to be dumb. How
much longer can I hold myself down. I
love my man (if you can honestly call him that)
but how much more can a person be repressed
and still call it love. I'm completely confused

I'm a masochist, I must be or I wouldn't hold
on. How can a man be worth all the frustrations
I'm feeling.

Tom said my boobs were hanging
low, it is funny isn't it that men still like
to keep women in their places, by putting a
label on their physical form. He really did
get nasty with me, but I had no one to defend
me. I guess women are supposed to nod &
Look dumb and spread their legs when they
Have something to say. I guess women talk
through their cunts. My cunt is tired and
Sore and if it speaks anymore, one of these
Days it won't fit me or anyone. I can't talk
to my man to make him listen. He has cock privilege
so he doesn't have to listen to anyone. No one seems
to care what happens. I just want to be loved
and Respected like Roberta and Jennifer. Why is it that I'm
the only one who has to beg for what I want or need.

Christmas is over and I'd like to call
my parents, but if I do, they'll ask me what my man
got me for Christmas. I hate to say that my man
doesn't really care if I had anything, that he
couldn't make it in time. I got his shirt
awake or so before. I've never had a worse
Christmas in my life. I just want to love
like anyone else. No one listens to me
when I talk, so I'm telling you, Mr. Wall
What goes on exactly in my head. I think
that if someone was nice for a
change I could get along better. No one
will listen to me. I don't know a lot of words
to put together to make what I say interesting,
so if I raise my voice a few octaves higher maybe
I can be heard. I don't know. What am I going
to do when I run out of wall-space? It just isn't
Right to write on other people's walls and ceilings are
hard to reach. I hope that maybe when I finally
fill up this wall I can write a book. Let's see what I can call
it. If I call it "Oppressed Woman", my man
will say that I'm using Women's Liberation as
an excuse. An excuse for what? Maybe
An excuse to say what I think instead of
mimicing words. It really makes you feel
good to know that there is someone who loves
you enough to take heed in what you say. My
I Q at one time was 138. I just fucked
up by sniffing glue, but still I know that
One person can't be dumb and still retain
fragments of intelligence. I know that I'm smart enough
not to let myself be fooled into
believing that I'm inferior. I Refuse
absolutely Refuse to be accepted as second
Rate. I'm too far gone now. I can realize
How and analyze things. Unless something
is done or unless I can find someone who
will love me for what I am and not for what I
repress, I can't hold myself responsible
for what happens in the future. It is
out of my hands now. Steve can play
with it now until repression is
bent and molded, but I don't fit

any mold anymore. I seem to

leak out through the edges.

I will talk to you again, wall when
someone refuses to listen, which

will probably be soon, so keep your
ear peeled

When the black portal of the
prison's main entrance swings open
there is an appreciable, expectant hush
from the watchers outside. But this
time there will be no briefing, no story
for news-hungry editors and the public.
The man comes out, supported by a
guard. He is white, in his forties, baggy,
stained work pants, matching T-shirt.
He staggers a bit as he comes towards
you and you wonder if he's drunk. But
he comes closer and then you see—the
great sobs shaking from his frame. He
leans on the guard now, trying to
speak—the other making soothing,
"there, there" noises and holding his
arm. Suddenly overcome, he presses
the handkerchief to his face and
doubles over, moaning his agony, some
of his words audible through the sobs,
"He's been in there thirty-five
years...he's sixty-two years old..."
Unknowning, you can do nothing except

remember your role and your
camera—snap a couple of quick shots,
trying not to be inconspicuous, trying
to disappear. The shutter clicks like
gunshots in silence. He hears you and
straightens up. "Bastards," he says
brokely. "Why do you always have to
take pictures of everybody?" "You don't
know what to say so you say nothing,
feeling guilt. The guard knows what to
say. "There, there," he says, "there,
there." A blue-and-white prison
station-wagon pulls up and they ease
him into the front seat, drive away. You
stand and watch them go—wondering
again, the silence once more pressing in,
finally broken by the reporter standing
next to you, Accusation on his face in
his face. "Hope you realize you just
blew an interview," he says.
Richard van Abbe
from Attica

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MUSIC



Toronto is fast becoming a city of rip-off artists, not just of the establishment but of everybody.

The King Curtis Memorial Concert at the Royal York Hotel turned out to be just that. The price of the concert was ridiculous considering the size of the Canadian Room. The promoters stuffed more than 2,000 people into a room that should have held only 1,000.

Advertised guest stars Wilson Pickett and Sam and Dave didn't show up. The promoters knew this before the day of the concert but they didn't take it off the billboard.

Members of the standing room only audience booed and hissed, demanding their money back as none of the advertised groups appeared after five hours.

Two white groups from Toronto, Prohibition and Leigh Ashford performed and neither of these groups were classified as soul performers.

Leigh Ashford was booed off the stage and interrupted during their performance.

The situation became even more explosive as New Jersey group US played and didn't come across with soul music. They tended to play too much electric rock and the audience didn't like it.

Shouts of "I want my money back", and "We want soul music" were heard throughout the auditorium.

The crowd started moving towards the front of the stage. One member of the audience punched a promoter and another grabbed Billy Arnold.

Arnold tried to calm people down by telling them they could get their money back from the ticket agent.

"If you're not satisfied, you can go back to the ticket agent where you bought your ticket from and he will give you the money.

One agent said that Arnold already had the money and they didn't. No agent would have given a ticket holder anything back he said.

Arnold also kept telling the audience that the groups were in the hotel and resting, but would definitely be on.

The audience booed some more and one person left.

CHIN D.J. Willie "D" told the already

went dead. The amps went off and all one could hear was static. The girls, all sisters couldn't be heard even after the mikes and sound were fixed.

After more trouble, a Memphis group called The Barkays livened the audience up with some electric rock and soul. They got the audience to their feet with Sly and the Family Stone's Higher - Woodstock style.

"All right I'm going to get everybody -

He called three young girls up to the stage and they did the Funky Chicken, a song and dance that Thomas invented.

Thomas also added love songs with a bit of suggestive sex and. He kept asking the audience to feel his love and asking them to take him with them.

The final rip-off, establishment style happened when two more artists advertised didn't show. Lora Lee and the Dramatics didn't perform and I think people left with a bitter taste in their mouths.

The soul concert could have happened. The groups were good but the production was bad.

The concert ended at 1:30 a.m. leaving people a bit disappointed, but still hoping that some thing good could happen if the promoters stopped worrying about money and began to serve their audiences that paid them in the first place.

ROLL OVER: KING CURTIS

tense audience that neither Pickett or Sam and Dave would be there because they wanted to be paid for saying hello. The audience booed some more and more left. Willie "D" also said that King Curtis' widow wasn't too happy about what was going over. She told them to be patient.

The show started again with some soul music, but more rip-off things began.

An all-black group from Memphis, The Emotions began to sing and the mikes

Higher." People that had stayed danced in the aisles and on their chairs. They clenched their fists in the Black Panther sign when Higher hit them.

The Barkays backed some single performers including the man that a lot had been waiting the whole evening to hear, Rufus Thomas, the walking representative of forty years of Memphis soul.

Thomas proved his soul by giving the performance everything he had and more.

...AND THEN FOR FREE

Something for everybody was the theme at the Hall benefit concert held Wednesday afternoon and evening at the University of Toronto campus.

The benefit was part of U. of T.'s orientation week. All the groups performing donated their time and talent.

Toronto groups like Backwater Blues Band, Huron and Washington, Mother Fletcher's Jug Band and Abbreviated Sixth Band, featuring Washboard Lee performed electric rock, blues and jug band music.

The evening was devoted to folk music and some jazz. Cans were taken around during the performance to collect money.

The benefit ended at twelve. Sherilyn Marshall

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Urbania



Imagine, vegetables superior to concrete. We had no idea that 14F-903, known by McAnuff as Athena (Carolyn Prue), had such a fine soprano. In the finale "Every Single Moment" she soared above the others. And in her "Gone, Gone, Gone" she dares to mask her treasons (freedom, liberty and voluntarism) in the beauty of near-perfect singing.

We're also glad we could hear 13R-708 before her death. 13R, otherwise known as Noreen (Laurie Byce), has a very pure sound. We willingly admit to Noreen's talent, but we shouldn't be strained as she was.

We of the Urbania Council do not quite understand the obviously-hilarious allusions to Bartholomew's (15P-337) homosexuality. But McAnuff is entitled to his hang-ups. The parts of "Urbania" which included this interplay snacked of vaudeville — and may explain why the latter is now dead.

Apart from this reckless sedition, we Lord Protectors find only two good things about "Urbania".

First, the play is politically about "greening" — the dreams of individual freedom. We're pleased to see this. Any search for individualism is selfish. Therefore it prevents group action. Therefore we are not threatened.

It's precisely this kind of political naïveté which we beg Des McAnuff to keep. He's young (19), and will write many more plays. If he stays at the personal level, he'll allow the establishment a free hand.

The second thing the Urbania Council is happy about is that the play is running in Toronto. With the exception of Dallas, no other North American city is so selfish. No other city lets the individual prey on the good of the general public as much as Toronto.

Some of the clichés in the songs seemed to be aimed right over Toronto's head. That's exactly where they landed, too. But we think Des McAnuff will get over this tendency. If the play goes over to New York, we're sure it will be made achingly apparent to him.

THIS WE, the Urbania Council of Lord Protectors, do declare and MAKE INTO LAW, through our Faithful Agent,

47K-179
(Jeffrey Masuda)

PROCLAMATION: The Council of Lord Protectors of the City of Urbania, TO: the public at large of North America, Toronto branch, **NOW LET IT BE KNOWN TO ALL MEN THAT:** in the matter of the fame and notoriety given our futuristic city by one Des McAnuff and his colleagues, **IN THE ROCK MUSICAL, "URBANIA",** playing at the Poor Alex,

It is the decision of this Council that Des McAnuff should be permanently barred from Urbania.

Since the great thinker and social radical Adam Riley founded us twenty years from now, we have never seen, such trash written, sung and danced about our fair city.

Ed. note: None of the 7 Lord Protectors in Urbania has ever seen, let alone wanted to see, a rock musical.

The depiction of our futuristic society as full of pill-induced happiness is so much folderol. Actually, much of our happiness is now intravenously injected.

Using names rather than numbers for certain of our citizens is an anachronism which we discourage. After all, numbers are much more poetic. Therefore, anybody seeing "Urbania" should remember that Thaddeus Able (Lorne Hamade) is really 535-488.

At this traitor's number we shudder. Before the end of the play, his hard-rocks performance shows he has become deranged. He wants to blow up our all-weather dome. He breaks the stick of one of our Lord Protectors. He actually feels that planting vegetables would be superior for our streets.

JUICE FREEK

Spent a pleasant, if somewhat expensive evening at the Horseshoe Tavern and saw Stompin' Tom Connors do his stuff—"Bud the Spud", "Sudbury Saturday Night" etc—and even some Canadian verses of "I've Been Everywhere".

Every reference to the Maritimes brought whoops and hollers from the jam-packed crowd of Easterners who flock to the Horseshoe to hear their favourite singer. We quickly met and began talking to the others at our table—a couple from P.E.I. and a bunch of young guys from Newfoundland who invited us home for drinks. Really very friendly people there.

I noticed one or two other shaggy heads in the place, but no one seemed to mind. A good show; get there early and get a good seat, it's hard to see from way in back. Cover is \$1 (weekends) and beer is 90 cents a bottle. Tom's there until Sept. 25.

Of course, if you're really into country music, you can take the Horseshoe's Grand Ole Opry tour. The next one's on Thanksgiving weekend, it costs \$70, which includes bus fare, accommodations and tickets to the Opry shows right there in Nashville, otherwise known as Mecca to country fans.

SHORT BURPS

Statistics show that the French are drinking less wine every year...but hang-overs still account for fully 51% of all missed workdays in that land.

Liquor is cheaper (most brands) in Ontario than in Quebec, but it's just the opposite with wines.

Been noticing a lot of students in the pubs around noon-time? Since the age-change in the laws, many high-school kids have been drinking lunch. Principals of several high-schools have decided it's all right, as long as they don't get too wiped.

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Need two couples to share communal home call 537-5070 ask for Ron or Sandy.

Where can Ray stay with some good folks in a friendly commune? Prefer modest house, Phone 920-3383 evenings.

Co-op Logan and Queen; room \$30-\$45 a farm and would like to share it with one or two other freaks. If interested call 705-924-2106 or write Gnadenhof Warkworth Ont.

A freak couple, living the good life on a farm and would like to share it with one or two other freaks. If interested call 705-924-2106 or write Gnadenhof Warkworth Ont.

Sisters wanted to maintain male-female-ratio in Palmerston Commune, 533-4090.

(its time to say...)**FOUCK THIS CITY.** And here is the pitch folks. There is five of us out there in North Ontario on our farm suffering from the absence of womenfolk all so if you want to try at footing it out for a while write us at: McDemott Brothers, RR no. 1, St. Charles Ontario, No hassles and we ain't to perverted no electric and no running water but nice cows, chickens, dogs, pigeons, marijuana, and snow.

Rooms available in friendly co-op \$50/month plus \$1 per room per day for food (believe it everyone eats well) 925-1295.

High Park area co-op, 2 blocks from subway, 2 rooms available for \$1. Suitable for couples or singles \$65/month. Call 920-762-3028.

Girls needed on beautiful 350 acre farm. Phone Doug or Judy 864-1902.

Young freak wants to share downtown apt. with same. Leave note for Jim at Guerrilla.

One person or couple to complete c/o family in house near Donlands and Danforth. Non smoking vegetarians only, children and kids fit 487-1897.

Student couple needs flat or one bedroom apt by Oct 1. Call Bill or Cece 630-2178.

Room in house to rent end of month - nice person or people - need your own bed/chest of drawers. No pets, unless dog stays outside or on collar. Call 487-4042, Marilyn

Two couples with children looking for third couple (also child 3-5 years old would be nice but not necessary) to live communally Also nice cheap house centrally located. Gloria 531-2834.

Yerklostent (female) looking for co-op house to join, or folk to start one with. **Shelly 781-0596**

2 fellows want 4 male bedrooms - 2 rooms with 2 twin beds each full - 2 room and laundry - \$25 per person. Ideal for students. Kingston Rd. and Woodbine. Call 684-5367.

One person or couple to complete co-operative family in house near Donland and Danforth. Non-smoking vegetarian only. Children and kids o.k. Michael 023-6988.

Couple (20's) required to share expenses of my spacious antique dwelling in Parliament-Carlton St. Area. Must be responsible and clean (prefer non-smoker) my thing! Your own bedroom with lots of working space. Some furniture required. Everything on a co-op basis, with absolute freedom. Rent and utilities about \$85 per month split three ways. My cat doesn't pay. Available immediately Murray Summer 24 Geneva Ave. 964-8836 after 5.

We have, to share, a garden, pigs, cows, and 250 acres of clean New Brunswick air. ROOMS available in our commune. Brande 533-1433 (Toronto) or write Nic/Roger RR 1 College Bridge N.B.

Guy, owner of large private woodlands on Highway 17, Northern Ontario between Sudbury and Soo, very scenic, hills, meadows, valleys, wishes to establish secluded camp or commune where hikers can rest and where folks losers or others in place of rest can relax, rap, play music, grow gardens, study wildlife, in seclusion and security. Would require help to beautify for a camp, develop small mine, and protect and encourage existing wildlife such as bear, deer, etc. Anyone with constructive comments, suggestions, and who can handle an axe or chainsaw and live in own tent while building, please write. Would especially welcome blues guitarist who can dig back/blues folk mouth harp nut. PEACE. Write Box C-2 Guerrilla 201 Queen St. E. Toronto.

Want people for sharing two bedroom apt. on Spadina. \$55/month. Prefer vegetarians Call Sandy 363-9873 cays only.

People needed for friendly house in Parkdale. Call John or Yvonne 534-7247.

Two large rooms in a friendly house from Sept. 10-30 for about \$15 each. Available after Sept 30 for \$40 month each. Call before Sept. 15. 366-9635.

SEriously minded yagi couple (expecting third) looking for any information about spiritual farming commune anywhere in Canada. Call George or Judy 4461-3405.

Single room available in small co-operative house, \$45 month near Queen and Bathurst. Wants to make it a home? Call 363-4872 or leave a message at Guerrilla for Chuck, Lucy, Ernie, or Roger.

I have a large farmhouse between Markham road and Stouville and need real people to share it with. Singles \$17 weekly doubles \$29 weekly. Call Jackie 536-4950.

DomVale food co-op 91 Winchester Thursday 5-9 Sat 2-4 Monday 6-8 Pure foods, interested volunteers welcome 962-3958.

Anyone interested in teaching a rewarding bunch of enthusiastic students eager to learn English, physics, Biology, German, Math at the grade 11-13 level please call Barry Biggs at Life School 863-0062, or come down to Trinity Square.

Anyone who would be willing to help with picketing at Texpac in Brantford call Waffle at 531-1503. Leave name and phone number.

Day care centre needs equipment to be in. If it is safe for kids maybe we can use it. (Clothes, hats, musical instruments, etc.) Bring items to 92 Bedford Rd. or call Leslie 468-9791

Volunteers needed for ecological action. General heavy duty labour, industrial artist, printer and artist for letterhead design. Call Greg Brown at 366-6305 after 6 pm

Free pipes - 586 Yonge St. in the rear only. Behind the Globe Village.

Day-care centre starting up in St. Clair. Vaughn area for children one year and over. 854-0683 Sonia.

Free pipes - 586 Yonge St. in the rear only. Behind the Globe Village.

Bass player needed. Late jazz-rock-blues classical influence. About to go union. Rudy or Allen, 362-3309.

Sturdy Traynor Bass Master amp. Best offer. Call Richard Boleau at 9623311 during the day.

Theatre Passe Muraille wants people who can sing and do for a play, 366-3376.

12 string guitar Yamaha 2 months old, cost \$159 must sell immediately for reasonable price. With case, capo, strap, etc. 486-7014 Brian leave message.

Les Paul style Flamin' - never used easy playing action \$115 Also rebuilt and refinished Hofner \$80. 621-3057

Bongo player needs to play music for spiritual survival. Want to play for group or individual, folk, jazz, or rock. Just jamming or permanent hookup. Don't let me die. Call Ron 864-1902 or 366-0193.

Tenor sax player, keyboards too, looking for money-making gigs, playing all and anything. Read music and will go union. Call Duff 763-7429.

Slightly used Weston Guitar and York amplifier. \$66. Call Maxin at 259-3816 after 5 p.m.

Auditions - Theatre Passe Muraille. We are looking for musicians to perform in a play about Charles Manson. Blue and black rock. Guitar, drum and things like that. Call 366-3376.

Ludwig super classic outfit with a double shell tom 3 matched. Avedis Zildjian cymbals plus one 8-inch splash. Heavy duty cymbal stands and extra one ghost pedal. Call 924-0539 between 5 and 6.

Man in 40's with job in Toronto and a farm, would like to take a man, 35 to 50, a write, outdoors type who would enjoy sharing weekends (sometimes of hard physical labour) at an interesting place in the country. The person being sought is probably a quiet and sincere type. Please write, giving particulars and how to contact, to Box C-05, Guerrilla, 201 Queen St. East, Toronto.

Ramsay or Candy: Sharon's in town. Call 964-0175.

Anyone knowing where Butch Wilsen of Hamilton is tell him that Ronnie still wants to see him. Phone Len 651-6219 for her address.

Jim and Wayne, Emery and I are waiting for you. Call my parents They'll give you the phone number. Ingrid.

LISTEN! I am a young male freak and I dig chicks and other male freaks. There is no hassle meeting chicks in the city but are there any dudes who are together enough to dig this trip (one dude digging another)? If so please write Brian L. Box c-04 Guerrilla 201 Queen St. E.

Aetherius Society Group starting in Toronto. Call Hugh if interested, 964-6192.

Simbs: It was good but short. Rosie

FTLBBAPPI

Mercury will be in Taurus this fall no matter what the horoscopes say. No retrogrades probably. And what with the moon being full (so conveniently) at about the beginning and end of September, the usual pejorative influences of the tides and man will be augmented. IF we remember how to swim D.

Interesting, but will it fly?

Volunteers needed: together people needed to work with teens in the inner city. People with patience, good humour, enthusiasm. Drop by the cellar at 265 Gerrard E. or call Valerie at 921-8674.

Co-op (food) in Toronto Mississauga (Port Credit, Streetsville, Cooksville) 2396 Cavithra Rd. 279-0791. Roseville Community Centre 80 Winchester, 921-6710

Lawrence Heights (Yonge, Eglinton, Dufferin) 503 Marlee St. 781-6793 in planning stage. Flamingo Park (Don Mills and Eglinton) 491-0639 WEST Metro (Rexdale and surrounding) 247-3918.

Massey Hall is scheduled to be torn down within five years. Anyone interested in saving it call Marty 533-2037.

Information exchange co-op. Each member lists a special interest and we watch for information on the topic. Box 261, Adelaide St. Post office.

Guerrilla needs good artists: d: art work. Graphics, cartoons, photos, prints, etc. Drop by and see Holly or Jeff.

Space available for artists and craftsmen in one story workshop. Casting and ceramics available. Also one room for living. 123 Carlaw. 463-9511.

Working mother and 20 month old daughter looking for do-operative sitting. Possible sharing of large home in Beaches for benefit of our soul. 699-5279.

I'm wandering west and in a van around the beginning of October and would like to see with a woman who could share experiences and expenses. Call Steve after 6 at 366-3370.

Wanted one or two people to share gas and driving down to Miami. Leaving Sept 29. Call 783-6274 if interested. Henry Grayman

A couple needs lift to west coast after mid-Sept. Share driving expenses. 861-1233

Guerrilla needs ride to Frederick at end of Sept. Call Walter at 864-1902.

Wanted one or two people to share expenses to Mexico via Vancouver. Leaving beginning of October. Call Susan 366-0193.

Need a ride or hitch to Miami. Call Lee 920-0241, or come to 68 Roncesvalles.

Anyone having a copy of Dreadnaught number 1 (with the psilocybin recipe) contact Dan at Guerrilla.

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PERSONAL

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Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Richard Sasnow, call Mr. and Mrs. Sasnow collect 516-379-3388

Jackie please phone me at 767-4277 nights. Tony

WAWA?

RIDES

Guy wants ride to NYC Sept 24 or 25. Can share gas. 962-6184, leave message for Peter.

Driving to S'P' Bay area in spring, and have room for 3 - to share expenses and driving but not necessary if you can't do either. Must dig 1 gentle dog, 3 houseborn cats and a meditation freak. Contact: Leah, Box 335, Teulon Manitoba.

Guy and chick, with one 4-month-old dog need ride end of Sept. to Louthville gas & driving. 307 Murtal Apt 3.

I'm wandering west and in a van around the beginning of October and would like to see with a woman who could share experiences and expenses. Call Steve after 6 at 366-3370.

Wanted one or two people to share gas and driving down to Miami. Leaving Sept 29. Call 783-6274 if interested. Henry Grayman

A couple needs lift to west coast after mid-Sept. Share driving expenses. 861-1233

Guerrilla needs ride to Frederick at end of Sept. Call Walter at 864-1902.

Wanted one or two people to share expenses to Mexico via Vancouver. Leaving beginning of October. Call Susan 366-0193.

Need a ride or hitch to Miami. Call Lee 920-0241, or come to 68 Roncesvalles.

Anyone having a copy of Dreadnaught number 1 (with the psilocybin recipe) contact Dan at Guerrilla.

Man in 40's with job in Toronto and a farm, would like to take a man, 35 to 50, a write, outdoors type who would enjoy sharing weekends (sometimes of hard physical labour) at an interesting place in the country. The person being sought is probably a quiet and sincere type. Please write, giving particulars and how to contact, to Box C-05, Guerrilla, 201 Queen St. East, Toronto.

Anyone knowing where Butch Wilsen of Hamilton is tell him that Ronnie still wants to see him. Phone Len 651-6219 for her address.

Jim and Wayne, Emery and I are waiting for you. Call my parents They'll give you the phone number. Ingrid.

LISTEN! I am a young male freak and I dig chicks and other male freaks. There is no hassle meeting chicks in the city but are there any dudes who are together enough to dig this trip (one dude digging another)? If so please write Brian L. Box c-04 Guerrilla 201 Queen St. E.

Aetherius Society Group starting in Toronto. Call Hugh if interested, 964-6192.

Simbs: It was good but short. Rosie

FTLBBAPPI

Mercury will be in Taurus this fall no matter what the horoscopes say. No retrogrades probably. And what with the moon being full (so conveniently) at about the beginning and end of September, the usual pejorative influences of the tides and man will be augmented. IF we remember how to swim D.

Interesting, but will it fly?

BUY &

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND!

SELL

CRAFTS



AND

SERVICES

Bicycle repairs cheap; pickup and delivery; 920-5209 anytime.

Tutoring-Counseling, Tutoring in French, English, some Spanish; Counseling high school level by priest-teacher. No money wanted. These services are offered in exchange for a share in freedom. (Father) John Hanrahan, 1515 Bathurst at St. Clair, 653-3180.

Photographers: come and photograph models at our studio; 923-5957.

Am a candle-maker with four years experience - plus have many other talents - need a job desperately - write or leave a message for Sandy at BC-24 Guerilla.

Commercial art or fictional illustration done by me - must have some money because am a refugee - am paranoid so contact me through V. Box C-25 Guerilla.

Need posters, notices silk screened? Call Dave 533-2881. Fast.

Guys and chicks-if you can't find the clothes you like in stores or boutiques, design your own or tell us what you want. We can make your gear at non-profit prices. Call Sadie and Helen at 488-5025.

American couple with references need live-in domestic work. Write Celinda c/o Guerilla 201 Queen St. East, or leave message at 964-1902.

TUTOR will teach German, Russian, French-conversation and University levels. Call 924-5305. Darya.

Guys dating association, gay boys and gay arts, wide choice, fully-identical. Call 536-7529 3pm to 10 pm.

If you need a work bench, kitchen table benches or any furniture, fine hand-crafted items (also boxes) call Charlie at 368-5386. (He's a fine guy)

Bisexual dating service; let us introduce you to others who think the way you do. 921-3594 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Cheap pottery and pottery lessons: Sam at 368-6284. 286 Queen St. W.

Community Auto repair; European & American cars & vans, etc. Expert on Volvo and VW. 60 Beverly St. (in rear)

Getcher silk-screened T-shirts from Mike & Martha. Official silk-screeners by appointment to Guerilla and Wachea. 364-0539 or 363-3953.

JOBS

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

(anyone who finds any of these jobs not to be on the level-please call us and we'll take it out.)

Baby sitter for one-year-old on weekdays; 533-4090.

Babysitter wanted nights for 4-year-old child; call 533-7632 between 11 and 3 PM; Bloor and Dundas area.

Female models needed for photography; 923-5957.

Factory Theatre Lab needs people for lights, sound, construction, typing, office, administration (etc.). Pay not worth mentioning but massive fringe benefits. Call 921-5980 or 921-5901.

Photographer requires male (physique) and female models. Please contact Mr. D Lees, P.O. Box 43, Erobicook, Ont. Enclosed: a new model photo.

Wanted: nude model. Experience an aid but not necessary. Send photo, age and measurements with a short description of yourself to Mr. S. Betesh, 254 Florence Ave., Willowdale, Ont.

Models required: photographer requires girl for nude and semi-nude modelling. 429-2693, between 8 and 11 am.

If you are 18 or over and interested in **ANTI-PEOPLE** creative and interpretive tripping, call Bill at 924-4747.

Blind woman needs full-time job, preferably taking care of children. Switchboard and other jobs acceptable. Call Len 962-3815.



65 VW bus, recently overhauled, new paint job, 45,000 on second engine, certified. Also Bulova Caravelle watch, Frank Hellwell, 37 Dacotah St., St. Catherine, 682-4883.

Boy's bicycle, 20-inch wheels, best offer. 920-1337.

14" mag rim for sale or trade; also treadle sewing machine in working condition. Best offer, 922-6083.

AM-FM clock radio with extra speaker great shape. \$10. A good sized guitar \$5. Aquarium 10 gal \$5. (Fish free; perch and crappies) and one algae eater. Everything in good shape. Will trade or barter for used 3-speed bike. Drew Pederson, 161 Beverley St., basement apt. between 4-7 PM only.

'66 GMC One Ton Van; good condition, camper or personnel, seats 13. Call 533-2470.

Good stove; we have a van to move it. 487-3726 after 6.

Water bed frames \$65. 921-5272.

1961 VW; good engine and tires going for \$85.

Gas Stove \$10

3 seater chesterfield; green brocade, walnut trim \$45; 921-4057 for all three articles.

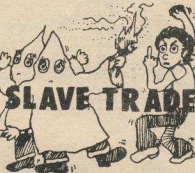
Two airline tickets with Toronto-U.K. portion unused. If you can use them, yours for \$100 each. 763-1229.

LET JOE TRUCK DO YOUR TRUCKIN 366-0193

20 gallon aquazarium with good fish complete equipment, pumps, filters, etc. \$60. 925-0063. Big John.

Gardening business for sale. I have a full-time job and two jobs are more than I can handle. For \$1000 you can have all the equipment (truck, cutters, etc.) plus an already established income of \$320 per month with potential for more. Call Jim at 429-0281 or Jackie at 424-2045 for more details.

An electric stove; excellent condition. Guaranteed. \$26. Call 963-4872 or leave message for Chuck at 864-1904.



Older guys turn you on? Professional, 39, without hangups, sterilized, wild pad, bread no problem. No life insurance guarantee, but I'm a doctor, who knows a thing or two about sex. "America's men don't bother to call. Any thing especially Cancer, Prises, Virgo or Uranian call collect or write Mike (personal), Box 8, St. David's, Ont.

Young man looking for woman (20-25) who enjoys late evening out. I'm a doctor, who knows a thing or two about sex. "America's men don't bother to call. Any thing especially Cancer, Prises, Virgo or Uranian call collect or write Mike (personal), Box 8, St. David's, Ont.

Tall Aquarian male roadie desires very strong female. Must be a good cook. Write offer to: Mike, Box 8, St. David's, Ont.

CONTRADICTION

in late Sept. Mike, Box 8, St. David's, Ont.



3 kittens (female) 536-4370 8 weeks old, FREE.

My name is Georgia, I am a 7-month-old female mutt. I love all peoples. My needs are simple, a home and lots of love. Please save me from the zap of the humane society. Call Bill or John 920-6759.

For kittens: there are 2 ready immediately and 6 babies will be ready soon. Call 922-2502.

I am a 4-week-old kitten, my name is Desi. I'm lovable. I don't make any trouble and I'm house-trained. If anyone can give me a good home please call 781-2637, ask for Debbie.

Mother cat and two kittens need saving from "humane" society. Part Persian, grey. Call Pat 496-6316.

Anyone finding a not-yet-fully-grown all grey with a white spot under its belly male kitten, PLEASE return him to 84 Madison. Our heads are fucked over without our Lucifer. Missing on Aug. 30th, 1971. Reward. Basement apt. 920-2614.

ETC.



ETC.

Wanted-one motorcycle helmet-cheap but tough. Phone John 364-0539.

Lost - a black plastic case with handles. Inside is a black photo album, a paperback book, some Rolling Stone magazines. \$35 - reward. Call Art-486-7014 or 268-1019 (during day). Bill/94-1926; Ken.

If anyone finds a black and white purse lost in St. George & Bloor area, please call Judy at 921-3085.

We need a fridge (badly). 38 Darcy Street.

We have a huge piece of skylight glass, the thick bumpy kind with wire mesh inside. Do you need it? 920-4492.

Needed desperately: Warm coat, fur, afghan or whatever; please call at 397 Huron St. (nr. Rochdale) any time in the evening and ask for Anthony or leave message. Will pay \$.

Wanted 1 or more used but still usable 660-13 tires. Call Holly at GLueria 864-1902.

Looking for a yone who knows the South Pacific or who has been down there. Am going there myself. Les, 481-5414.

YOUNG WORKER BIRTHDAY DANCE Oct. 2 585 CRANBROOK AVE. singles \$1.50 couples \$2.50

ODEON THEATRES
MILKFULLY AIR-CONDITIONED!

Smoking rifles can stunt your growth.

Bless The Beasts & Children

COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents STANLEY KRAMER'S Production
Screenplay by MAC BEIBER Based upon the novel by GLENDON SWARTHOUT
Produced and directed by STANLEY KRAMER

Next Attraction at the...
HYLAND ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
YONGE AT ST. CLAIR-982-1891

1971 CANNES FILM FESTIVAL AWARDS
SPECIAL JURY PRIZE
INTERNATIONAL CRITICS' PRIZE
ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY GOLDEN GLOBE
1971 ATLANTA FILM FESTIVAL AWARDS
GOLDEN BEST OF FESTIVAL
GOLDEN BOY

make love - he did.
make war - he did.
make it - he didn't.
johnny got his gun.

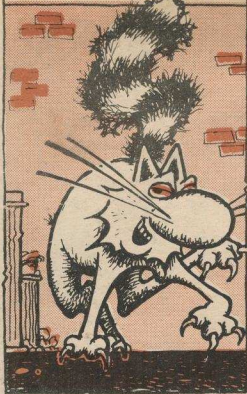
Timothy Bottoms
Kathy Fields
Marsha Hunt

Jason Robards
Donald Sutherland
Diane Varsi

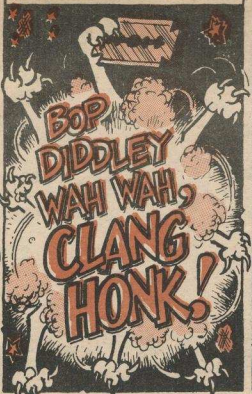
17
Dalton Trumbo's
JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN

A Bruce Campbell Production Jerry Gross Presents A Cinesation Industries Release
STARTS FRIDAY **YORK I** **ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY**
EDMONTON E. OF YONGE-418-5650
A Division of MCA Inc.

I'M FAT FREDDY'S CAT
AND I'M MEAN AND TOUGH;
I TAKE NO GUFF
WHEN I STRUT MY STUFF;



I'M AN ORNERY CUSS
AND I'M SO FULL OF PISS,
IF I DONT LIKE YOUR LOOKS
I'LL HIT YOU WITH THIS:



WHEN YOU SEE ME COMIN'
BETTER STEP ASIDE;
A LOTTA CATS WOULDNT AND
A LOTTA CATS COULDNT HAND A



LICKIN' TO A CHICKEN
OR A RAZZIN' TO A RAT,
AFTER THEY FINISHED MESSIN'
ROUND WITH
FAT FREDDY'S CAT!



FAT FREDDY'S CAT

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HEERE KITTY
KITTY KITTY
KITTY KITTY
KITTY KITTY

I'M FAT
FREDDY SCAT
AND I AIN'T
NO KITTY!

HEERE KITTY
KITTY KITTY
KITTY KITTY
KITTY KITTY!

DONT EMBARRASS
ME IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE CITY!

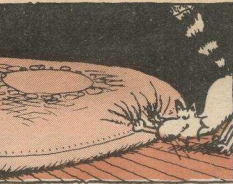
HERE KITTY
KITTY KITTY
KITTY KITTY
KITTY KITTY!

I CAN MAKE IT
ROUGH ON YOU
IF YOU'RE GONNA
BE SHITTY...

I'LL TRACK YOUR RECORDS UP
WITH MY PAWS;



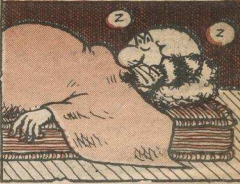
AND POP YOUR WATER BED
WITH MY CLAWS;



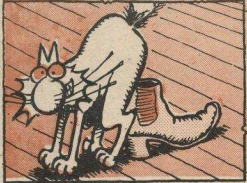
I'LL SHED MORE FUR
EVERY TIME YOU SWEEP,



AND I'LL SIT ON YOUR FACE
WHILE YOU'RE ASLEEP;



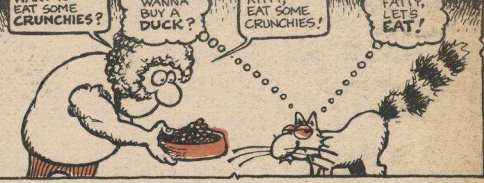
I'LL SHIT IN YOUR SHOES
AND PEE IN YOUR HAT,



AND SPRAY THE WHOLE HOUSE
WITH ESSENCE OF CAT;



DO YOU WANT TO
EAT SOME CRUNCHIES?
DO YOU WANNA
BUY A DUCK?
C'MON, KITTY,
EAT SOME CRUNCHIES!
C'MON, FATTY,
LET'S EAT!



FLAPDOODLE KITKABOODLE KITTY KITTY COW COW!



MOWPOTOLE MAMMYDOODLE OOM PAPPA MAU MAU!

