

YARBONTER

Toronto



ONLY THE SHADOW KNOWS...
SURE YES S S S S S S

VOL 2 NO. 10
25¢

HARBINGER

393 Spadina Ave.
Tor., Ont., Canada.
929-9037

STAFF

Volunteers lusting after these exalted positions should drop around and see us.

Biafra Rally

Steve Lang

People came away from the Biafran rally with a lot of buzzing inside of them. It was held Tuesday night, Sept. 16, seven o'clock, at St. Andrew's Church, King and Simcoe Streets.

Stanley Burke was there. It was a rally about Biafra. And the tragedy happening there. And a lot of concerned people came.

Burke was very cool and very real. And you felt he really wanted to be there and really cared. He tried to get a dialogue going with the people there. To a degree, he succeeded.

He didn't stay long enough. He had a church group to talk to and another gentleman took over. They were filming the rally for TV and the TV lights and the whole TV thing sort of took away from spontaneity. But lots of good things were said. One impassioned young man made a long confession of his feelings. He spoke the policy of fed-upness. He was just plain fed-up with Canada's inaction in this tragedy.

Someone else quoted a poem that said the only way to get politicians to listen was not through their ears, but their rears. Make them sweat for their jobs, and they'll do something. That's the only way to put pressure on them.

"A lot of people have bled all over the rugs," the same man went on to say. "But that's not what we want. We want concrete ideas of what to do."

In other words, not just tears of pity. But concrete ideas of what to do, to help starving people.

A young man from Biafra stood up and cut down another young gentleman who said if the Nigerians persisted in the

civil war, then it was their problem if their people were starving. In other words, stop the war and unite the country, to stop the starving. The Biafran boy was probably the most lucid there. He told what it felt like to be a young Biafran. And have your parents killed. And war coming all around you.

He didn't expect to be in a war, he told us. And when he was a young man, he used to put pennies in a box for the poor in other countries. His country was once rich. Nobody was starving when he was young.

June Marks, a municipal representative, asked for concrete ideas which she could present before the city council. "What can you tell me, that I as an individual should do about this tragedy?" she asked.

"What can you tell yourself to do!" someone shouted back at her.

A lot of people talked the uselessness of trying to get government action. Governments don't care, they don't do anything, one young man got up and said.

The Nigerians will solve the problem, if only you don't send the guns, a Biafran woman told everyone. They'll sit down and talk and work it out themselves, if only you don't send them guns, she cried.

And an average meal, which a Biafran might receive once every three days, was given out. It consisted of a handful of brown rice. And a piece of uncooked cod.

My friend couldn't eat his cod. It made him sick. And he used his plate of food for an ashtray. Flicking ashes into it.

Have to admit, the food wasn't much to live on. Or die on.

- Co-editors: Dave Bush, Rev. Wainwright, Ken Wainwright, Bob Seely, J. P. O'Neil
- Culture Editor: Larry Williams
- Business: Pat Rodger
- Poems etc.: Ray Bennett
- Artists: Colin Chisholme, James Jones
- Photos: Larry Taylor, John Phillips, Laura Phillips, Dan Bouillon, Nathan Wolkovitz, Mary Wetzel
- Typing: Rogan, Wrench, Louise and many others
- Helpers: Pat Rodger
- Cover: Pat Rodger

HARBINGER is a community newspaper published monthly by Harbinger Pub. P.O. Box 751, Station "F", Toronto 285, Ontario Canada. Second Class Mail Registration Number 1905. HARBINGER is a member of the Underground Press Syndicate and Liberation News Service. Subscriptions to HARBINGER are 26 issues for \$4.00 or 13 for \$2.50. Volume 2 Number 10 (19) October 1, 1969. National Ad Rep. Concert Hall, Inc. 309 South Easton Road, Glenside Pa. U.S.A.

BROKE?????? Need MONEY??????
Sell HARBINGER Make 10¢ per copy
Pick papers up at HARBINGER Depot Open 2PM to 2AM
128 Yorkville Ave 3rd Floor
Use the SSS in side lane
Or at THE GOLDEN ANT 393 Spadina Ave
STUDENTS call 929-9037 get papers to sell in your SCHOOL

Leather
Vests Sandals
Skirts ~~XXXXXX~~ Belts
11 Baldwin

ARTISTS' WORKSHOP

an independent art school offering courses in:

- sound + light environments
- film • animation • acting • writing • ceramics • print-making • drawing • painting • sculpture • etc.

*
call for information
◀920-8370▶

NOTE: The ink on the cover of this issue is treated with a special chemical, Doseferu Claptate. If inserted in the vagina, it will automatically change colour if V.D. germs are present.

Wee Wee Comix
BY SKIP WILLIAMSON

WITHIN THE CONFINES OF A METRO-POLITAIN APARTMENT TWO STONED REVOLUTIONARIES DISCUSS COSMIC REVELATIONS...

HOT DAMN! HOMOSEXUAL BEATNIKS! I HAVEN'T KILLED ANY SINCE LAST THURSDAY.

LET'S GO 'N' GET SOME FOOD!

EEK! EEEK! EEEK! EEEK! EEEK! EEEK!

AWRIGHT, FASCIST SWINE! RELEASE THOSE OUTSIGHT CATS... OR ELSE FACE SOME AMAZING CONSEQUENCES!

YOU SLIMELY PIECE OF HOMIE POOP! THIS... FOR CENTURY CITY... AND FOR TH' ALGIBERS MOTEL...

AND THIS IS FOR THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AN' SAN FRANCISCO STATE!

AN IT SEZ HERE IN TH' TEEVEE GUIDE THAT "THE BRIDGE CLEVER STORY" IS GONNA BE ON "JULIA" THIS TUESDAY...

MUST MEAN THAT TH' REVOLUTION IS OVER!

OH WELL...

HEY MARTHAI YA OUGHTA SEE WHAT'S ON MOD SQUAD TONIGHT

... I WONDER WHAT'S ON TH' 3:30 MOVIE TOMORROW...

Reprinted from the EAST VILLAGE OTHER



Letters

Dear Children:

Presumably you will one day grow up and become mature adults. By that time I hope you will have outgrown your stupid little hang ups which you now exercise in a prolificacy of four letter words. Meanwhile keep your garbage in Toronto - we have enough of our own in Vancouver - to use an expression you'd understand best its all a load of crap.

Signed,
Mrs. P. Thom

Dear friends,

I knew very little about Canada or her people a month ago, but after Woodstock I decided to see what was going down up there. I got into Toronto and was immediately directed to Yorkville, where I met some very beautiful people (like 'Little Brother' and the cast of Project '69.) And that doesn't begin to express how vital and kind I found almost everyone.

I was very pleased to see such nice things happening to peoples' heads and hearts, and I just wanted to congratulate Toronto and Canada, and to thank everyone for their kindness and interest and love. I'll be back as soon as I can, and if you're ever in L.A., I hope we can be as kind to you.

Thank you & Peace
Sam Allen --
Los Angeles

dear,

incense always smells so different from what it does when you actually burn it. are our dreams of the future always destined to be so different from the way they 'materialize' into 'reality' and why do the little quotes ring themselves around the little words like vultures of some kind of literary predators; do they eat the carrion of fleshy substance and leave skeletons of truth?

maybe theyre decorations.... maybe anything vulgar or diseased is the beautiful destruction of the old into an unimaginable new, a different so beyond the normal that it appears ugly. or frightening. or immoral, unconventional, antisocial, inhuman. part of the reason im writing this letter (and i kid you not when i say i honestly dont know who im going to send it to at the moment hence the indefinite salutation) is to feel that im DOING something at least 1/2 creative. using my mind to some extent. my thinking goes nowhere really when it just lies in my head, and likewise when i do things that almost solely require the use of my body with no mind or soul contributing then fuck thats a drag too eh? well im going to go eat dinner now and its no pity to interrupt this letter cause (and enter stage middle the character of self-pity) whats it saying anyhow. so.....after dinner: now to recall the spontaneous, but of course the pure joy of something not new -- not to the universe -- but something newly discovered by a mind yet still STILL closed to everything open only to its own limited capacity. but i would put these words on paper to create. but the creation comes purely from my mind. these words speak but they have no mouths. its we who speak, who use words to talk for us. taking their jagged edges and building pyramids of ideas, cities for the lives of thought, and smooth rounded deserts, winds blowing sand everywhere a blinding rough storm. chaos or unity, depends where your standing. christ, beauty is not all thats in the eye of the beholder, the experiencer. everythings is in his mind, even his own existence. he creates his life as he sees

his world and recreates his world in his mind. like a circle flowing between the mind and absolutely everything else. which is almost monomaniacal. maybe the thing to do is break this circle so that every point of reference on the circumference dissolves into all those points we are unaware of. that we may become aware of all else and it will -- quite willingly-- let us float back to it. im going to give this little letter to you whoever are reading it now. its a gift for you, and a necessity for me. really! its good to know there will be people who might understand it, and gratifying to feel there are some who will appreciate and maybe be happy with what they have -- for if so, they have something eternal:



by eugene schoenfeld, m.d.

QUESTION: My old lady is a light sleeper and she can't sleep because my snoring keeps her awake. I've never heard myself snore, but those who have say I'm really loud.

What causes snoring? Is there anything I can do about this problem--other than separate bedrooms?

ANSWER: Mark Twain wrote, "There ain't no way to find out why a snorer can't hear himself snore." His intimate friends (victims) can.

Rarely, the cause of snoring can be traced to an obstruction in the nasal passages. But usually no physical defect is found. Snorers usually sleep with their mouths partially open. If your old lady were really uptight she could make your jaw up-tight with a scarf.

Gently nudging or turning a snorer will cause the din to stop--at least temporarily. Some partners of snorers wear ear plugs to bed. My apprentice suggests wax, rather than rubber ear plugs. They're available at most pharmacies.

She also advised that gently pinching the nose of a snorer will cause him to awaken. (Be

certain you're on good terms.) "Him" is used only in a grammatical sense, of course. Many women snore too.

Are there readers with other suggestions?

QUESTION: My roommates and I were wondering whether you answer non-sexual questions. So here is mine.

I have insomnia for weeks a at a time several times throughout the year (maybe this is a sexual question after all). The rest of the time I sleep well.

I've tried mild sleeping pills, counting sheep, etc., but nothing short of drinking a six pack of beer every night gets me to sleep before 3 AM.

Any suggestions?
ANSWER: Since you have insomnia only at certain times during the year, you might try to examine your activities during these periods. Are you facing pressures from schoolwork or a job? Personal social problems perhaps?

Most people find that exercise followed by a warm bath gives relief from insomnia. Relying on drugs like alcohol or barbiturates for treatment may lead to serious problems.

QUESTION: Because I work full time, am a part-time student, and at the same time try to carry on a decent social life, something's got to give time-wise.

I find myself whittling away hours from sleep, hoping to "train" myself to manage on 5 or 6 hours of sleep per night. I'd love to continue to burn my candle at both ends but won't wonder whether this can go on indefinitely.

Although I'm already in my mid-thirties, I've never attained a particularly stable like pattern. And I don't see seem to have the kind of body awareness that a lot of the younger crowd have. Half of the time I don't really know whether I really feel well. I know when I feel very, very good, or very bad.

P.S. My father carried on an enormously busy and stressful medical practice, slept 4 hour hours a night and lived to be 71.

ANSWER: Body awareness techniques have been developed for several years at the Esalen Institute. Some of these methods are described in Bernard Gunther's *Sensory Awareness* and William Schutz's *Joy*.

Sensitivity to one's body and feelings may be achieved in many ways. You could change your surroundings at periodic intervals, for example. The original trip is a trip. A vacation alters the things your eyes see, the sounds heard, the smells, the feel of air against your body.

The average person sleeps 7 to 8 hours a night. Some people seem to do well with a little less sleep. Older individuals commonly sleep less than younger people.

But candles burned at both ends won't last very long.

QUESTION: Whenever my boyfriend and I have intercourse, during each stroke his balls slap against my body.

In addition to this being painful to him, the slapping sound is so amusing that we have to momentarily stop because we start laughing.

We have thought of taping his balls to his torso. Is there any other solution to our problem?

Slap Happy
ANSWER: There is certainly a place for humor in sex, but if breaking up threatens to break you up, I'm sure you'll find a way to handle the problem.

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. \$5 at your favorite bookstore.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him c/o P.O. P.O. Box 9002, Berkeley, California, 94709.

Weary of your drab existence?



Fill it with Music!

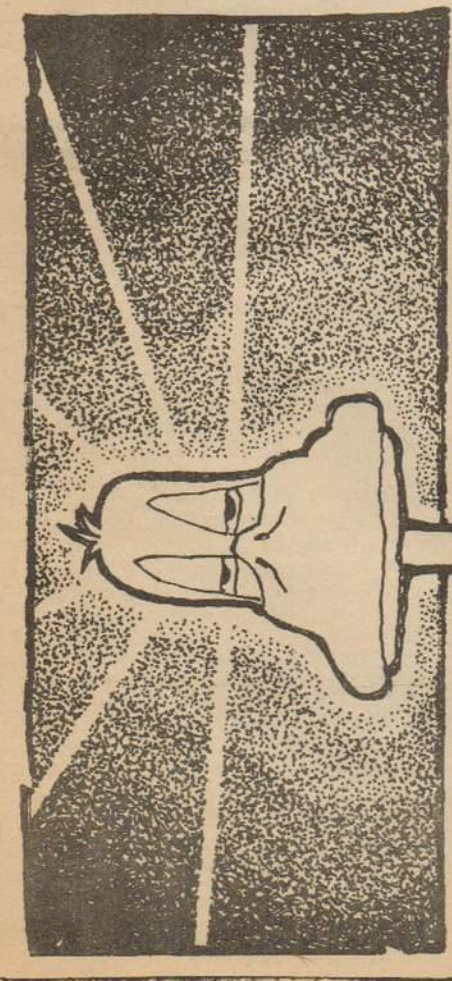
VELVET RING **NON-NARCOTIC**
Now OPEN at 629 SPADINA AVE.

THINGS HANDICRAFTS

CLOTHES
LEATHER
JEWELRY

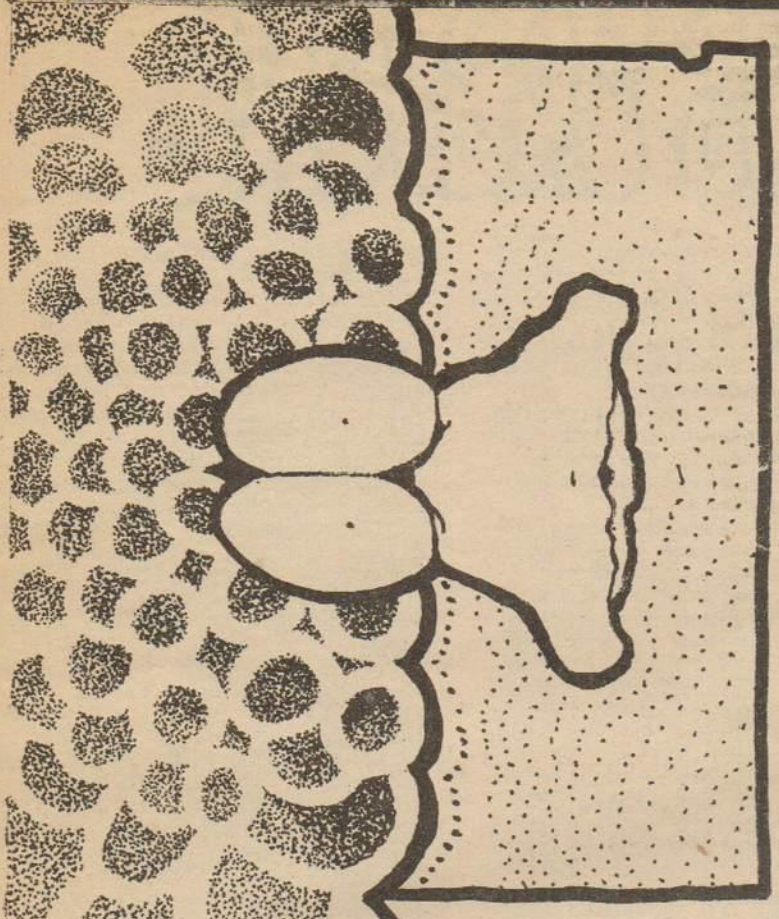
368-7571

Kensington



SPACE DUCK

SON OF EXPANDBO



SURE



WELCOME
PARDNER
TO
SOUTH
DUCOTA



FISTFUL
OF
DUCKS

MEETING ROBERTA'S URBANO

Henry Miller came to Montreal in June to record an interview for the CBC programme Le Sel De Samine. A living incarnation of his works was to give a press conference at the Ritz Carlton Hotel. Miller, the author was to be formally interviewed and later a cluster of the curious would meet the man behind the author, the flesh and blood of the protean phantom already as familiar to Miller readers as a close memory of a friend always away on a trip to some distant place.

The Ritz Carlton second floor salon was set in the grand tradition of a French literary salon where everything looked like it had been arranged and put in place before the world even knew there was a constant visitor called Henry Miller. A table covered in white tablecloth was laden with vintage bottles waiting to be emptied for the Miller communion augmented by delicate biscuits topped with delicate fishes and meats. Food for thought, physical appetizer for the spiritual appetite soon to be temporarily appeased by a man who indulged himself without reservation; without due respect to time or place; a man who would have gorged such a spread in his Paris Tropics when he was just beginning to practise fullfillment with a geist. The fashionable men and women seemed to be out of harmony with the Miller memories now present in the room looking too formal for any kind of monetary resurrection. The hotel man in charge of arrangements looked too formal, dressed in a sombre blue suit. He looked like he was an ex president of the French academy checking the vowel inflexions of every guest who entered the room to wait for Miller's arrival. My French speaking friend introduced us to the man who still looked like he had a right to be constantly suspicious, especially on this occasion where everyone seemed so formal. The man's responsibility was great. After all some could be assassins practising our profession at the expense of decorum. The chairs were formally arranged for Miller, a man of informality. Oscar Wilde might have appreciated the arrangement but not Miller. Even Wilde would have been bored eventually...

But always there are the arrangers, people who set the props without having consulted the leading players or player. Miller was the rasin de etre for this gathering composed of attractive young women and formal looking men who seemed to scan each face to see if they could recognise a great or a near great just coming into recognition of sorts. Each man seemed to be someone who was composing his own prologue to Miller's visit; sifting the information about the man perhaps in order to know their man, for to each one there he was and is their man and surely nobody's else...not just their man but themselves in cognito perhaps masquerading in his name...It was apparant everyone would become secondary once Miller came into the room. I could sense that people were probably wondering who I was... my hair is long and I have a distinct look...that of course made my wait a much more intimate wait since I didn't have to bother contending with anyone...just myself and my own excitement which I tried to contain with Martinis dispensed by a young waiter who seemed to be wondering just what was going to happen here other than a transfusion of the senses...Yes the damn chair did look too formal. Surely Miller would want to walk around and sample the wares and

whatfores without this arrangement of straightback chairs. Another glance at the door; Miller still hadn't arrived. Henry Miller, hero out of proportion to childhood or manhood heroes, arrived in a very undramatic way, just the way you expect such a man to arrive.

In height Henry Miller is about five foot nine. He walked to the front of the room and sat down on that ornate couch where he looked like a man suddenly alone with his thoughts in the centre of the curious, scanning the visual incarnation dressed in brown suit and bright yellow tie, almost looking bemused by all the attention. He looked through his glasses at the Frenchman who asked if Miller was writing the script for Tropic of Cancer now being filmed in Paris by Joseph Strick.

"No I can't write a film script. But they're going by the book. There's a young guy, Rip Torn who's better looking than I am playing the part of me. Almost like looking at myself through someone else's eyes. Rip Torn's his name."

The curious laughed; my friend asked the next question. What did Henry Miller think about the modern philosophy which said that liberation was just around the corner for many young people revolting against the system?

Miller replied quickly. His voice has a rasp; he sounds like an American, a man used to putting forward his views without hesitation.

"Now do you really give a good Goddamn what happens to those people? You just asked that question for the sake of asking a question. Isn't that right?"

The room was in accord with Henry Miller and my friend agreed that Miller was probably right. The question did sound too academic in the phrasing. Now the young French reporter asked if Miller still painted in water colours or wrote.

"I don't plan my days now. I just do what I want to do. I could go out in the street and be hit by a car for all I know. I don't plan anything.."

The young Frenchman was now sounding like a man wanting to engage in a verbal combat with Miller, who answered some questions in French and then turned to the rest of the room.

"This guy's asking all the questions. Doesn't anybody have any questions they want to ask?"

I asked Miller what he thought about McLuhan and McLuhan's theory about the disintergration of linear thought.

"Well I haven't read too much of him but I think he's saying some interesting things. He's a brilliant man. I believe that in the future we probably will rely upon mental telepathy...The written words seem to be on the way out..."

I got up and walked to the table to get more refreshments as Miller continued to talk. Other questions put to him included the inevitable question about politics.

"Look, I don't bother reading the papers anymore. As far as I am concerned, it's just Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee"...What did he think about the racial situation in the States?

"I think intermarriage is the only answer to that problem..."

Did he read Norman Mailer?
"No, I haven't read the man."

What did he think of Gore Vidal, a writer who wrote an essay critising Miller as a man who was out of proportion to himself? Miller smiled.

"Vidal is a clever man and maybe that's why I dislike him. I don't know...I'm not a clever man you see..."

Wasn't Goethe a clever man? Didn't Henry Miller say that Goethe was clever?

"No, Goethe was a genius. He wasn't clever. He was far more than that. There's a difference between a genius and being clever..."

This questioner realised that the question about Goethe was obviously answered in full; it was just a matter of words, was cleverness a sign or genius or was it distinctly different? The reply to the question about McLuhan and eventual communication through mental telepathy now had added significe. Still Miller wasn't too dogmatic in his reply. He was concerned, concerned enough to ask the questioner if he felt the reply sounded fairly reasonable? The questioner agreed it was a good reply and waited for further answers to further questions. My friend remarked that an old seer, recorded in Miller's book 'The Colossus of Maroussi' said Miller wouldn't die but simply fade away into the distance...

"Well I could be incinerated in a plane crash...Then it wouldn't be simply dying. I really don't know..."

Miller then told an anecdote which concerned a Hollywood movie relating the adventures of a man who went to heaven and come back again. Miller asked if anyone knew the title. Nobody did. The next question: What about Miller's many women?

"Every woman I've been with has given me something..."

Midway through this question and answer period a young woman, unable to contain herself in her straightback chair, leaned over and yelled out to Miller..."I love you."

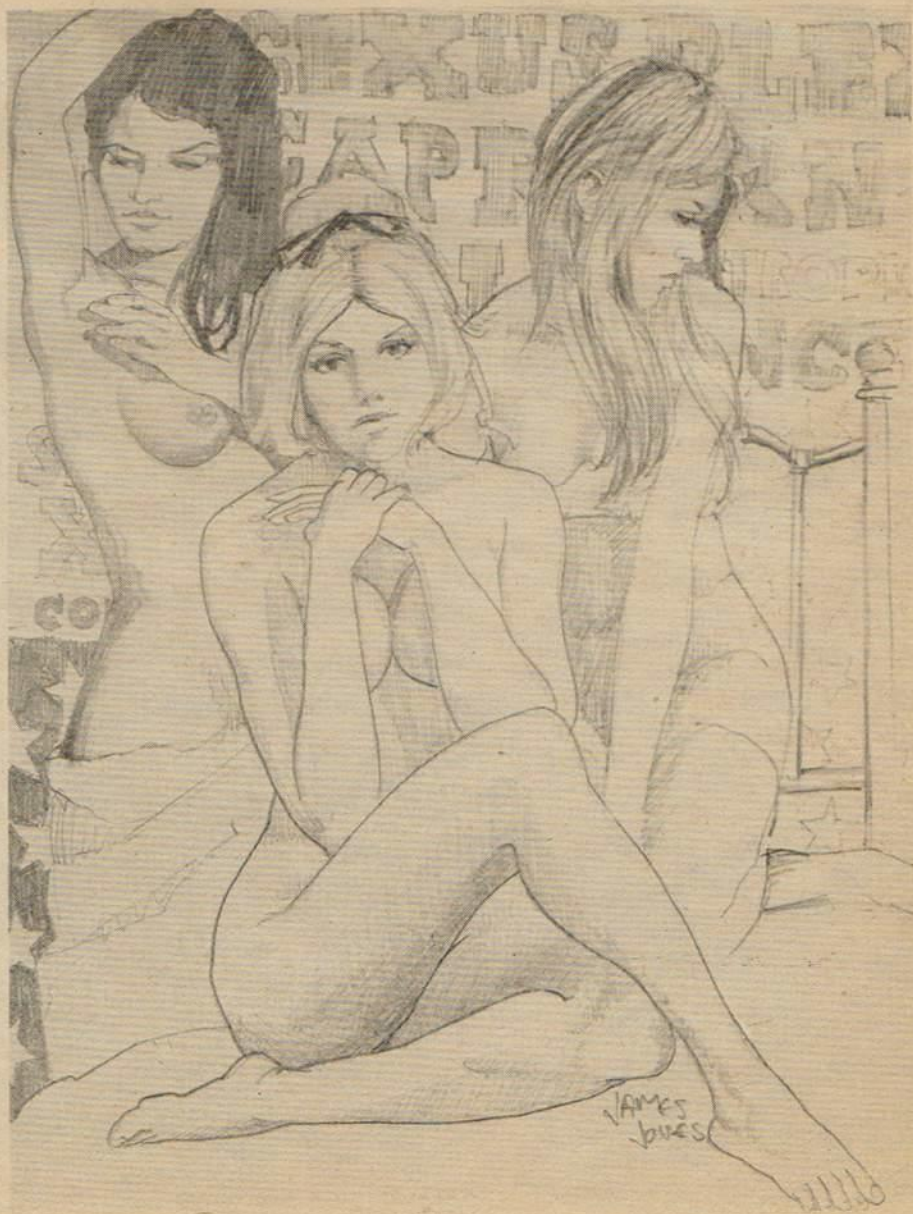
One girl asked what Henry Miller thought of the door. Miller replied that the door

looked fairly ordinary. This questioner noticed that Miller's effect upon the women gathered in the salon was indeed magnetic; magnetic enough to rouse the senses sufficiently enough to be heard and seen; a young girl with a reporter was breathing deeply; the physical rapport between Miller and the people gathered was intense. A man seated on the arm of Miller's temporary seat touched Miller, smiled, and laughed every time Henry Miller said something even mildly amusing. He handed the raconteur a drink almost like a man handing himself a position in the infinity of experiences now talking with a patient voice; accepting a drink, smoking a cigarette and talking in French when necessary. The photographers were clicking pictures like men recording the appearance of a phantom who would escape the negatives of the first reel of film and become only partly captured on the second film reel...Click...pop...click...Gerald Robatille raised his hand to signify to the photographers to stop this incessant pop popping; a machinal intrusion in a gathering now sounding more intimate as Miller continued to talk...Gerald Robetille, Henry Miller's secretary, looked at his watch.

"Two minutes."

The sentence sounded too concise; time was again being acknowledged in this timeless encounter. It was obvious that Robetille, a neat man in appearance was mindful of schedules and annoyed with the photographers. I walked to the table where I had left a copy of Big Sur and The Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch; a copy I wanted Miller to autograph. I was hesitant when I handed the book to the author who just took the book and signed his name after I mumbled it was to be dedicated to a girl friend.

"I think your books are





ARTICLE - BY ALRED RUSHTON

beautiful. What more can I say?"

"Thank you."

"Well goodbye."

"Bye bye."

I walked away with my friend John Chambers, feeling certain that the meeting was concluded; the peak of the

night had been reached hadn't it? Miller still sat on that couch where he talked as if he had wandered in for a drink just to meet some of these people gathered. I looked at a striking blonde and wondered whether she was Miller's daughter Valentine who smiled at me.

DAWN

was a nice thing. Coming in the wake of all the commercial festivals, it was the latest of the increasing number of free Festivals put on by local communities. Some such as the Big Sur Folk Festival are achieving some stature.

The outstanding features of this Festival was not so much the revolutionary consciousness of the participants

as the good organizing and strange location. Etobicoke is not known for its head community (what it is known for other than banality is not obvious to me) and many who attended were from downtown, buy due to a lot of footwork which resulted in many free things, such as pop and peanuts, light show, Harbingers, trees, fresh air and music by some fine local groups. Some of the more experienced people weren't particularly impressed, but the suburban kids had never seen anything like it.

ROCHDALE HAS A FREE MEDICAL CLINIC

Heads & other hip types who don't dig the long hours in sterile waiting rooms at the TGH or a private doctor's office can bring their minor ills to the attention of the Rochdale Clinic in room #1204. The Clinic is run by Rochdale people, primarily for Rochdale people, although outside people are treated as well.

Open 24 hours a day, seven days a week, the clinic is much the same and does most of the same things as a general practice physician's office. Coughs, colds, and general examinations can be handled thru the clinic.

Currently running the clinic are Mike Bilge, Al Reed and Joe Jackson. Dr. Sidney Bender, the on-call doctor, is there two nights a week to see patients free of charge. (Monday and Thursdays at 9 p.m.)

The clinic has a service for getting dope and other drugs analyzed to ascertain their true composition, and from time to time issues warnings to the hip community to avoid this or that type of acid tab or cap as a burn. However, people on bad trips are usually referred to the Yorkville Trailer.

Information on birth control is available at the clinic, but birth control pills and pregnancy tests are not. The clinic, however, will tell people the best places to go for these things.

In case of emergencies, there is a certified shrink living in Rochdale who can be contacted.

When need warrants it, Clinic staff, including both the three primary people mentioned above and several Rochdale volunteers who work without pay, will accompany a patient to a hospital for more extensive treatment.

The clinic was founded in January of this year, largely thru the efforts of Ann Pohl (or Aunty Flo), with assistance from Rochdale and from the Behavioral Science Department of the U of T Faculty of Medicine, who were wondering about the state of health of the freak community. In the intervening period a total of four doctors have "covered" the clinic. Currently Dr. Bender and Dr. Bier are helping out.

Donations of medicine and volunteer work are being sought.

She did look like Henry Miller's little girl grown up to meet her father's visitors. I didn't bother asking who she was. Miller's presence was still predominant. One or two reporters asked who I was? What did I know about this gathering? I mumbled it was just a meeting for Henry Miller who was still talking.

Why not leave and let the meeting become distilled in memory. Wasn't that usually done after talking to a man of Miller's stature; certainly it was done if you wanted to be romantic in a formal way; Henry Miller wasn't a formal man. I still played with my conscience. Damn it, there was a strong rapport with the man who looked around the room as he talked. I walked over with my friend and stood in front of Miller. A man seated on Miller's left got up and offered me a chair.

"Sit down."

I was a bit embarrassed at being placed in close proximity to Miller. I talked briefly about the great discrepancies in life which result in so much unhappiness. Surely Henry Miller agreed that something had to be done to alleviate it? He nodded his head and simply said, "I know...I know..."

It was obvious that Miller was sympathetic and not the infant terrible he sounded like when he answered my friend's question about the revolution just around the corner...a spiritual liberation...

"Why did you change the name Myra in the Rosy Crucifixion to Mona half way through?"

"In Hindu, Myra means hell or anguish and Myra was my Hell on earth...I forgot I had changed the name. I am forgetful sometimes..."

He described how the Tropic of Cancer was almost titled the Ovarian Trolley. He didn't recall the name had placed on the page...Then Henry Miller got up to leave and



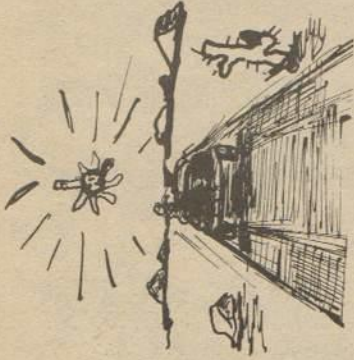
A candid shot of the rarely photographed Mr. Miller.

suddenly walked into the back room to say goodbye to somebody.

My friend and I walked out of the hotel into Sheerbrooke St. where we were suddenly seized with a giggling hysteria, a hysteria of joy making us leap and run like two men on the loose from everything and anybody who wasn't in the salon to meet Henry Miller...It was almost as if we had confronted the man in one of his recorded dreams allowing us to become part of the dream image still vibrating us until we simply shouted. We immediately headed for a friend's apartment to tell them about our friend Henry Miller, a man preparing to leave on another trip while he was still the constant visitor.



Toad escaping on the run
Shifting gears into the sun
Except they say
Here's no such one.



Then old Horned Toad fades into the
night - his last words echoing in the
ears of the humble Toad himself.

That is the Law of Toad
I have spoken!

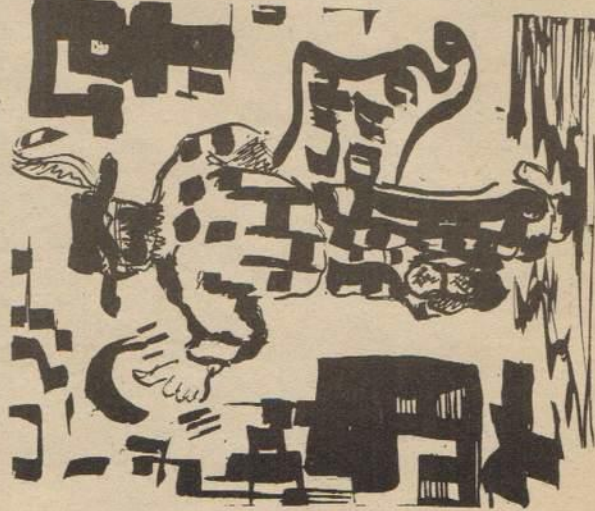
You're cracked! cried Toad, and
stomped out of the desert muttering -
I'll be damned if anyone's going to
eat this Toad!

After Toad had broken every rule
of the Law of Toad, he thought he might
just as well make up his own.

He made up the New Law of Toad Himself
as a song to be sung on the eve of every
Toad Roasting by any Toad who can't make
up a better one.

These words, sung at the top of the voice
and with great feeling are said to have the
power of making the fugitive Toad invisible
to all toad roasters and to have the added
effect of luring the most expensive yellow
motor cars in the area at any time of the
day or night -

(some Toads claim that the power of such
words repeated often enough will
grow a fine set of horns on even
the commonest of bald toads)



Poem by Tora

Drawings by Colin Chisholm

One night Old Horned Toad himself
appear to him and lay the Law of Toad
down saying: To be toad is to be every-
thing that was or is or should be if it isn't.
And Roasting Toads is the only way for
non-toads knowing how to satisfy their
hunger for Ultimate Toad. By eating
toad they will become Toad. Those who
are born into selfless Toadhood are as
pure Toad, to be devoured and reused
in the eternal cycle of Karmic Toad.



Toads New Law

as composed and sung by
Toad himself on the occasion
of his first public roasting.

Behold the primitive Toad alone
Mind burnt out to the very bone
Oh, the Celestial Toad-like head
The Toad in love, the Toad in bed
The Toad with great red bushy beard
The Toad we loved, the Toad we feared.

Who will deny the Toad his own
The heart of mud, the head of stone,
He with the penis standing straight
He with the guts to face Toad Fate

Toad with the heart broke open to all
Long live the Toad of high Toad Hall.

(followed by a chorus of
rhythmic chirping from
twelve pregnant tree frogs)

from the First Book of Toad:

Up come Toad to high Toad Hall
Unreal Toad goes never so small
Jump down dancing total mad
More he gave and less he had.

Some say such don't count at all
Toad game played to the final fall



No doubt about him
Born out loud
Inside turned to outside proud

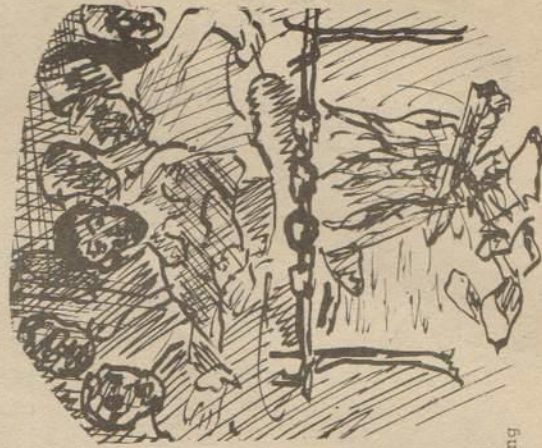


Snatch a yellow motor car
Drive too fast and go too far
Toad gone by, and strong men hide
Hopping mad the Toad inside.

Storm on toad in yellow car
do it to the road inside.
One hand waving free for all
To seek the Ultimate Toad.

The people celebrate Toad's return with a
great festival which they call the Roasting
of Toad.

As they wish to roast him first, Toad split
to the desert. The terrible smell of burnt
Toad follow him all the way. And he
wander on.



South of the Border

I hadn't been in the USA since 1964, when I worked there a year, so it was intriguing to me to go down (to the USA) again. The Woodstock Festival (at Bethel/white Lake) was our object. We didn't make it; we got within 17 miles, it was raining, and reports from heads who had been there and turned back put us off.

We hear it was a nice Festival, if you dig heat, rain, mud, bad acid, no sanitation and drinking water at 75¢ a glass.

We toiled into NYC - but let's not get ahead of ourselves.

No problems at the border. Having ascertained we were not bikers, escaping criminals or undesirables, polite officials gave us the most cursory 'inspection' and wished us well on our Visit to the United States. Nowhere at any time did any cops or officials give us any lip, in spite of our long hair, beards, beads etc. We'd be the first to report it if they did.

Buffalo was the same refuse dump that we remembered of yore. How anyone can live in such a drab, filthy town is beyond us. It has no attractions to offer whatever, except perhaps a drinking age of 18 for beer.

Everywhere we went, even out in the country miles from anywhere, the air stank of shit, rotting matter, industrial pollution etc. At roadside diners and restaurants our coffee was served with synthetic cream and prices were atrocious. What the people of 'the richest nation on earth' have to put up with!

BEAUTIFUL TO BE POOR

New York City was still the same garbage-bedecked melting pot as ever. No one ever fixes anything in New York. It rots and falls apart till someone builds new. New York is the only city I know where buildings are shabby before they are even completed. We raced up and down Broadway in the block-to-block sweepstakes, narrowly frustrating taxicabs looking for free body-work (which they were sadly in need of). In Times Square we checked the junk shops and peepshows and dispatched postcards to senior female relatives - the UN Building, Rockefeller Center, Empire State etc.

Meeting up with a cat who was in transit to England after a brief visit to T-O, we headed for the 'village' and wound up at St. Mark's, commonly known as the ZOO. There, everyone came on to us for grass, of

which there was a gross shortage. If we'd known how we could have come thru' the border, we'd have made a fortune. As it was, we turned them on to Canadian cigarettes, and in response to the usual questions, told them T-o was a cool place to emigrate to, maybe too cool. What seemed to impress them most was our telling them that you could survive in the suburbs with long hair, and our summations of the street prices for dope. In NYC acid was \$3 to \$4 a tab for quantity - and that means quantity, baby.

And baby, this cat came onto us, like we were beautiful and he was beautiful and his boss was beautiful and his chick was beautiful and his boss' chick was beautiful' and he'd been in the marines and he'd been in jail and his hair was beautiful even though they tore it all out in jail; and he turned Leary on in the first place, baby, who do you think turned Leary on to acid? And so he took us to where he worked, a macro restaurant called the Paradox, just around the corner from St. Mark's, opposite the Fillmore, and laid good apple cider on us and tea. We could have had brown rice as well, but not being macro-boppers, we passed on that. We recommend this joint for macro-lovers, however, and we don't mean to put this cat down, even though he reminded us a bit of the Soft Machine: 'I love to drink and smoke and ball... But, most of all, I love to talk about me.' (He might say the same about us, at that).

We went in a couple of clothing stores and dug the stuff - and the prices strictly not for those who prefer unisex theatres with mind bending body carressing bullshit, these stores had worn out floors, old showcases and head salesmen (not plastic dummies). But they sure had clothes. We purchased some hopsack bells which bulged in approved US fashion when we put them on and have been reaching every chick and fag since we got back, giving us good hopes for some free blow jobs.

A tavern which hasn't changed since 1898 and even has the same sawdust on the floor refused to serve us - not because we were heads but because they didn't believe us about age. We proved we were 18, but the Dickensian old codger behind the bar mumbled 'Yeah, but only just 18.'

We found a place to crash, a 5th floor apartment with the bathtub in the kitchen, the shithouse behind a drape in the

living room, and crabs jumping 6 feet in the bed. The cat who lived there was about to drop a half tab of acid he'd bought on the street for - get this - SIX BUCKS. He was a serious type, paranoid about getting mugged on the street and with a fabian social conscience. (Fabians - a bunch of English socialists of the first half of the century who think that to be poor is necessarily to be beautiful).

We didn't crash there but took our friend (the one we met in Times Square) to the bus terminal to catch his bus to catch his plane for London. After that we discovered a spot near Herald Square where you can eat good food and drink beer at a reasonable price. (We will give the name and address of this joint at the end, when we get around to looking it up. Decent and not-too-expensive eateries in the middle of NYC are worth knowing about).

STONED PLUMBERS

We didn't make it back to the fabian acid head's pad, but split for the country after our meal. Being tired, we managed to lose our way repeatedly and crossed the G. Washington bridge

his buddy prefers things strictly straight. Besides, the actors in the male movies are all grease punks, and strictly for masochists and cock-fetishists. So we went to a normal restricted-type movie which was said to be further out than average, and unfortunately it stunk. Consisted mainly of a series of orgies among a bunch of mods (beautiful people) in Rome - no genitals shown - but a fucking scene featuring mainly the male hero's ass, since he was on top and it was taken from above - and some absurd simulations of orgasm-enjoyment. We looked at the outside of the theatre where 'Oh Calcutta!' was playing, just around from St. Marks, but found it cost \$10 to get in. This is a revue - sketches, dancing and stuff - which is frankly nude most of the way. More fun for the cast than for the audience, we figure, and a cool way to raise bread for dope.

After hanging around some more and studying the scene, we split for good from NYC. Incidentally, the daytime cops were friendly, looking like stoned plumbers and electricians more than cops; at night a special squad of sick goons comes out, brandishing billies and snarling through its teeth. And it costs \$15 to get a ticket in NYC - though the cops are quite considerate, and delay awhile or try to find the owner of the car before giving a ticket. They insist you take the ticket off the windshield as soon as



twice in each direction at 50¢ a time. Eventually we got to a layby on highway 80 and slept.

Next day I woke with a hostile virus (or whatever) and puked last night's meal (no reflection on the meal). I also puked two glasses of orange juice, a cup of tea and a glass of water. It was not too surprising about the tea. US tea tastes, and always did taste, like dessicated shit brewed in sea-water.

I could hardly stagger around and my left leg was paralysed, so maybe it was a mild heat stroke. In the afternoon I went to sleep under a tree, thus missing the fun and games when the State Troopers came around. They told my buddy they had orders to search every car with longhairs in it or coming away from the Festival. I wouldn't argue with this because we'd already heard that Woodstock was plagued with bad strychnine acid which had given many heads bad trips. Fortunately, the Man got hung up on our open half bottle of flavored brandy, and did not find our precious good acid.

Next morning the Man called again and woke us up gently with a toot on his siren and suggested we might like to move along, if we were restored to health by now. We went back into NYC, back to St. Marks, and bought 'Screw' and 'Kiss,' two of the city's sex tabloids. Both these (they are the best of the rash of such rags) are 100% open about sex, have unre-touched pictures etc. They are completely unlike the usual sort of prurient-interest pornography and grease/plastic books - the sort of books heads would produce describes them. They are very healthy and very entertaining and sell at 50¢ (Screw) and 35¢ (Kiss).

There is a rash of male skin movies in NYC, which we passed. Your correspondent gets off on skin beauty, M or F, but



you get it, and get hysterical if they see you driving around with a ticket outside; presumably it is a defence to say you didn't get the ticket, it had blown off, etc. etc.

Our next stop was Washington, DC, and it cost us more in tolls than in gas to get there. We were particularly pissed off when we left the highway at a sign which said 'Food, gas, lodging,' only to find there was no food, gas, lodging, and it cost 25¢ to get back on the highway again. The automated bandit which collects the dough swallowed our quarter, but the red light didn't change. We drove through it and set off a battery of flashes, bells, and alarms. We put in some more bread and it still didn't stop. We left it freaking out hysterically. (It freaking out, not us.)

After spending the night in the parking lot of a restaurant/dance hall (we think Zappa must have recorded 'America Drinks & Goes Home there) we went into DC the next morning, where we visited a pornographer of our acquaintance. This man won a case in the Supreme Court some years ago, and since then has operated with impunity. He told us he thought permissiveness had gone much too far, and he did not like to produce crudity. By way of example of the good taste shown in his publications, he tossed us several magazines in livid colour. One consisted entirely of cunts photographed from the rear, between the buns etc. A second featured a teenage boy and chick staring at each others' genitals and assholes. (We remarked that the models looked somewhat strung out and he said, 'Oh, the poor kids are tired, they work so hard.') A third

WHAT SORT OF CAMEL READS HARBINGER?

- de Bonair, unassuming, reticent, explosive, lacy, staunch, crickets, elephantine, byzantine, deb-wair once more, rebid, gay, fun to be with, ugly, febid, ravaged by the years, flea-ridden, happy, old shoes, to find this, and other things.

\$2.50 for 13 issues	HARBINGER	Name.....
\$4.00 for 26 issues	P.O. Box 751	Address.....
Send money by cheque	Stn.F Tor.285
to	Ont. Canada	Amount.....

featured full page closeups of cocks, hard and soft, circumcised and uncircumcised, even tattooed (as well as blued and screwed). He told us it was his #1 bestseller at present, and invited us to send him some good cock pictures if we could. We took a shower at his house (probably got our cocks photographed by a concealed camera at the same time) and went on to the Dupont Circle, where, he informed us, the heads hang out.

PARANOIA

Near the Capitol, on Pennsylvania S.E., a head approached us - a very undergraduate type head, selling Washington Free Press. (Selling this paper and another called Quicksilver is the local chief occupation). He was doing what looked to us like brisk business, selling to govt. workers coming out for their lunch hour. He told us many of them were scared to buy because they might be labeled 'subversives.'

As we proceeded across Washington, we found universal paranoia. Everyone thinks the CIA is selling dope, the FBI is protecting the Mafia, the Army shot the Kennedies, and the establishment is selling scag to heads to destroy the movement. Washington is also paranoid about muggings at night, with good reason. Many coloured people come up from the Carolinas to what they think is a de-segregated area. But jobs are scarce, and segregation is insidious but real. Consequently petty crime is a way of life for many.

Outside the White House we met Miss Fogel. This is a stout lady who bears a placard saying she was extradited from Canada

if you are ever so unfortunate as to find yourself in that city. We dropped the last of our acid and grooved on the show, also on a little dog who trotted around the aisles.

After the show we made it back to the circle. The streets of Washington are low, dimly lit and sultry. Weird characters loom and leer at you as you go along. Knowing the city's reputation for muggings, this jack-the-ripper atmosphere was intensified by the acid we were on. In the Circle, we went into a restaurant where everybody, including the owner, was totally insane. There is no other way to describe it. We wondered what they were all 'off' on, thinking at first it must be meth. But we decided eventually that these people were simply cracked, from the general pressure and insanity of US life. A chick from NY came onto us and was a sort of extravert schizophrenic. Across the counter punks brandished switchblades. A spaced goof asked us if he was in Canada or the USA. A fat spade next to me lined up and drank five large orange juice, and confessed to me he'd been coming in this place for a week and it had messed up his mind already. The owner went around talking - or yelling - to himself, and monologued how last night he had called the cops: 'Two cops came, I threw them out, if I don't close this joint, I'll go insane myself.' Shortly afterwards he did close the joint, but we figured he was too late as far as his sanity was concerned. All the freaks tramped out, and two chicks latched on to us, and while normally we would never discourage chicks, these could not be believed. We found no

another fallie fantasy:

Do your pants look as if they were made in a penal colony?

• IF SO, COME TO •

HOUSE OF LADIES

44 AVENUE RD

925-8955

Our pants won't chain your balls.



Time magazine rather than their own eyes. Everybody is alienated, politically fanatical - this includes both 'sides,' establishment and movement alike. Nowhere on earth is there such pollution, degeneracy, hypocrisy, mental imbalance, irrationality, ignorance, or such poverty - both material and spiritual - in the midst of plenty. It is an oversimplification for a Canadian to say, this country is a garbage dump, that insanity is the only thriving movement. The roots of the American malaise are many and it is complex; but it is also bullshit.

We do not admire the American establishment or military; perhaps it is the big business tycoons and the generals who should be tried for treason, for they certainly are betraying their country. At the same time, we do not think that the CIA shot the Kennedies, nor that the FBI is trying to turn the hippies onto scag. (In the latter case, we do not doubt that the Man sells; US cops are notorious for making a buck any way they can. One of those arrested in a DC dope bust when we were there was a member of the city's dope squad). We do not think that concentration camps are just around the corner for longhairs, any more than that the Woodstock Festival was a plot (as some maintained) to get all the heads in one place, in order to bust them.

We do think that the state of US cities, culture, politics etc. generally is disgusting. Recently Mr. Nixon said the US intended to remain 'an Asian power.' We do not wish to see the US be a power anywhere outside its borders. We do not feel that the US is protecting or succouring anybody, it is only securing and defending areas of economic power. We have knowledge of the mess created in Korea when the US 'saved' that

unhappy country, and we see the mess within its own borders and the psychotic condition of its people. We hope it solves its problems, but we do not wish to see the germs of its spiritual disease spread anywhere in the world. For half a century the United States has been infecting the world with its trashiness, vulgarity, materialistic false values and economic power systems. We welcome those young people who make the big decision to leave their country and come here, and we admire those who somehow stay and manage to decide for 'peace and love' in spite of the hostility and violence all around them.

It is up to us to resist in every way the economic infiltration of our country by US firms; to resist international political pressure by the US: to be discerning in the face of a floodtide of bullshit media from the US; to prevent US takeovers of our resources and control over our money. We must oppose US pressure and propagand on our police forces and courts (the FBI interferes, often illegally, in Canada, England and most western countries, on the basis of false alarms and hysterics re. spies, so-called subversives etc.) We have nothing to lose except maybe to tighten our belts a bit (something Trudeau has quietly been accomplishing when all the experts said it was impossible). The US cannot defend us or protect us in any way - except by the Pentagon policy of 'overkill' which is patent madness.

My buddy, who is normally a cynic, said as we crossed back into Canada: 'It gives me a good feeling in my gut to be here.'

And that's where it's at.

-- John S Cox



because she had the inside story on how the CIA shot the Kennedies. We interrogated her and she told us she had been in Toronto and had spoken to Larry Solway, but CHUM had dropped the matter like a hot brick after promising to investigate. The open-line man at CHIN had been fired for talking to her. Finally the RCMP had turned her over to the FBI, who brought her back to the US, where she had not been charged but was followed everywhere. As we spoke to her a security guard passed and began rapping on his transistor walkie-talkie. We split a few minutes later, sure we were followed, and went on up to the Dupont Circle.

Here at least we were told there was ample grass if we came back later on. 'We'll get you stoned.' said one cat, 'I mean really stoned.' They did, too, in a different sort of way from what we anticipated.

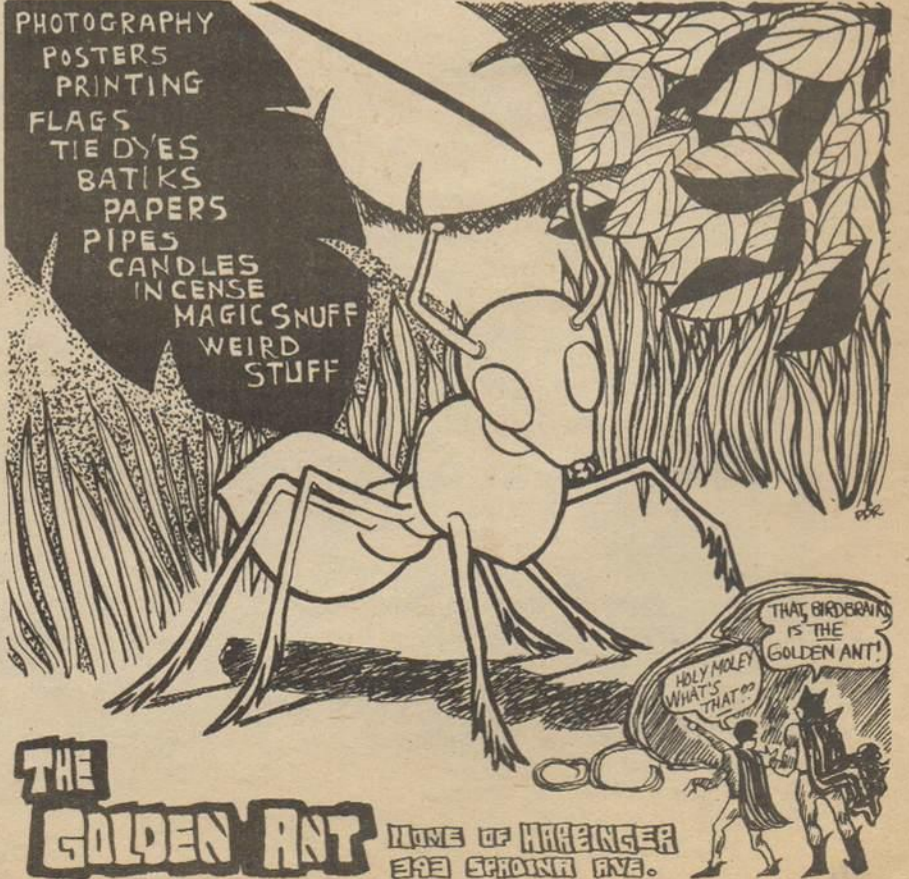
We went to a show, a double bill featuring 'Yellow Submarine' and 'Don't Look Back.' This was in a pleasant little theatre in Georgetown called the 'Biograph' and we recommend it as having the best vibes in all DC,

cab would stop for us so we finally crashed one at a red light and persuaded it to take us back to where the car was parked. We drove out of Washington circuitously (it is a crazy city for direction-finding) and noted, without surprise, that its sinister streets were deserted at only 11 o'clock. We filled up at a service station where the spade manager was paranoid because of a suspicious loiterer who looked about to rob him, if the manager's dog didn't tear him from limb to limb first. (Washington is full of huge German Shepherds, trained to defend and kill). We were slightly freaked out by two police helicopters patrolling overhead with spotlights. At the outskirts of the city we stopped for donuts and chatted with some cops, who told us if we thought Washington was sick, we should try Chicago.

SPIRITUAL DISEASE

At this point we realised that virtually everyone in the United States is sick and paranoid, except certain elements of the middle-class who do not see what is going on but believe

PHOTOGRAPHY
POSTERS
PRINTING
FLAGS
TIE DYES
BATIKS
PAPERS
PIPES
CANDLES
IN CENSE
MAGIC SNUFF
WEIRD STUFF



THE GOLDEN ANT HOME OF HARBINGER ARE SPADINA AVE.

SUNLIGHT THRU CAVERNS

Liberalism and Radicalism; the Multi-Role Identity

First, I am assuming several things about the underground. I am assuming it is humanistic, libertarian, prone to politics a la socialism or anarchism or a mixture of both.

Revolution. One difference between a radical and a liberal is the liberal tries to work in small circles. If he is a psychologist, he approaches the emotionally disturbed with a view to therapy, that their problem is *psychological*. If he is an educator, that his problem is education. If a musician, he doesn't approach him at all, but stays away and does his music thing. Liberals, like most other straight people have assumed a single-rolled identity. One of the unique developments within the Movement has been the tendency for radicals to assume a multi-rolled personal identity of themselves, to think of themselves not as teachers, or students, or musicians, but first as PEOPLE and then as having an identity based on several interests. The author, for example, once viewed himself as a "writer." It was central to my identity and my ego satisfaction was based almost entirely on my ability to create good prose. Now I think of myself first as a person, then as a writer, politico, tennis player, photographer, boat-sailer, art student, etc. My sense of self-worth is derived from all these roles, not just one.

Let's look at how the liberal works, perhaps as a result of being single-rolled, perhaps for some other reason; anyway, he is observed to follow this pattern. The psychologist, say, approaches the emotionally disturbed child and concludes why the child is disturbed. He may even go deep enough to trace the blame to parental abuse or indifference. But why did the old man abuse his kid? Because he had a hot, tough day at work doing a job he hates under a boss he despises. Because the more money he makes the higher prices go. Because he was sucked into the consumer-credit-family-work treadmill and his life's running out and he's got nothing to show for it but a mortgaged house, a car that's built to fall apart in two years, and a quarter-acre of crabgrass next to an expressway. And why is life like this for the old man? Because the present political-economic system is one of the many working for the benefit of the few. The money to pay off the mortgages of everyone is locked up in New York banks; amassed through centuries of slavery and serfdom, the accrued wealth passed through imperial struggles from each failing power to the one succeeding it. The American elite got control of the bulk of the world's gold by tricking the declining pre-

vious empire, the British, who got it through the complex scheme of royal marriages in Europe, the previous source being the Catholic Church who picked up the football from the stumbling Roman Empire, who took it in turn from Greece and the Middle East. Now the treasures of two thousand years of slavery, exploitation, and genocidal wars are gathered with their enormous accrued interest and used for power games, giving the elites the power of life and death (H-bombs) over three billion people. Mr. Liberal Psychologist, meanwhile, pays taxes and votes for people who keep that system going, while salvaging his conscience by doing surface therapy on the disease. Meanwhile the system keeps producing crippled people, in ever-increasing numbers, not to mention starving people out and killing thousands to defend itself.

If we are into revolution we don't waste our time and energy doing the work of liberal shr-

Stuart Roche

dropouts is to regard them as another tragic aspect of the straight society.

However, while they can be viewed as part of the general straight scene, in fact they are in the underground. They are not hip, but they have moved into the same streets and buildings with the existing underground, and adopted our language, symbols, and dress. The wheel turns, full circle again, or

Here We Go Again.

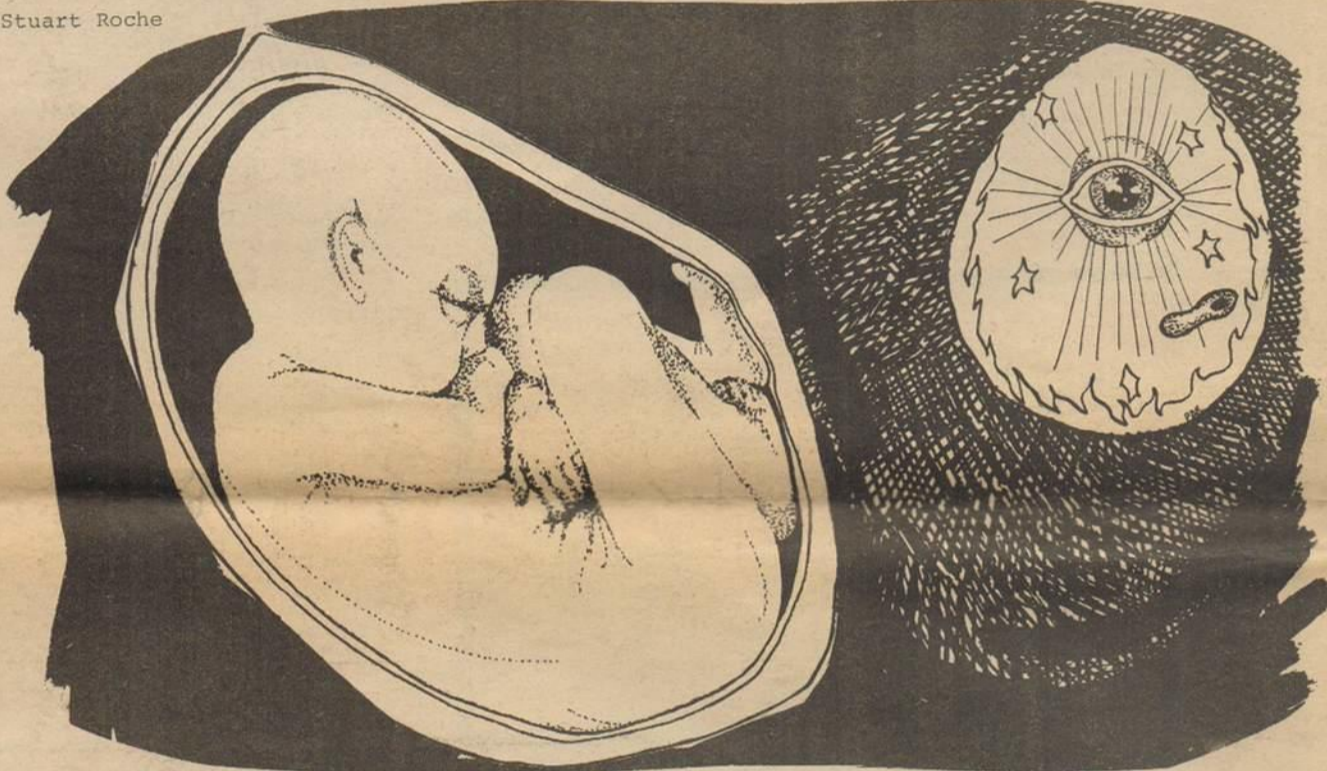
These people, by virtue of having taken our symbols, have effectively prevented any further use of them in communicating our message to the straight scene.

Dress in particular has lost its value as a medium. To put it simply, it no longer says anything to people to wear your hair long, or to wear colorful clothes; it only alienates people, if it says anything at all. This brings us to the broad-

it are attested to by all the discotheques, bars, coffee shops and similar devices recently created to bring these people together. Look at their politics: slightly left of centre, a view of war taken from All Quiet on the Western Front and A Farewell to Arms, which they read in high school. The beginnings of a social conscience, and an openness to major social change (partly because they are Liberalism's Children, partly because they have little to lose.)

If you look closely, these people have a unique life-style and their own symbols. They decorate their apartments in a way that is unique to them. They drive almost every kind of car except the standard Fords, Chevy's, Plymouths. Their clothes are casual, carefully selected, often a little hip-looking. At the city hall pool wade-in, at the Ramsden Park thing, at the Miles for Morals reception in front of Rochdale, we had participatory happenings, and many of these people came to watch. The message I got from them was, We approve, this is really new and we like the vibrations of warmth and togetherness but we feel out of place participating.

Well, that's where it's at. If we want to get together with these people (I do) and in-



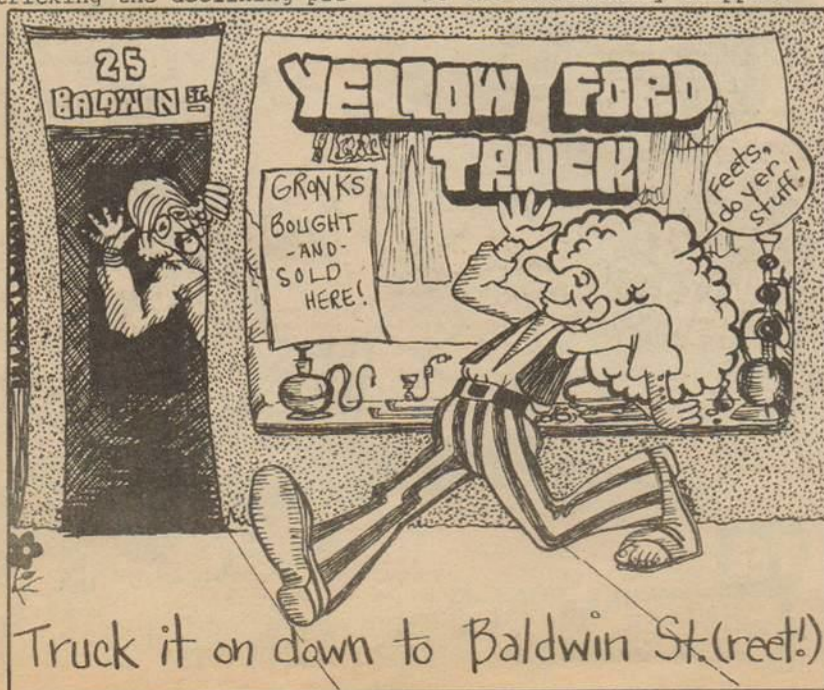
inks, trying to patch up or salvage the system. We should single out those of the new dropouts whose heads are relatively together, and forget most of the others. The others are more suitable to be worked with as social workers (a la CSO) than as politicians or heads. They can be worked with, but to my experience, success only comes when you involve a small number of them at a time in some project that is dominated by very together people. Since this is not usually practical (as things stand now in Toronto), and since this essay is intended only as a generalized theory on generalized phenomena, I would suggest that the best way to relate to the emotionally crippled

er problem: since the underground scene is now out of our cultural control, and therefore of vastly reduced use in building an alternate culture--- might we not think seriously of moving? There seem to be some attractive aspects, in light of the present underground break-up, to seeking a new base and an altered style for constructing a new culture.

High school and university students, of course, obviously continue as primary groups to work with, to draw into our scene. But there is another group of people, which perhaps didn't exist seven years ago, but which is now quite large and growing larger. I am talking of young, low-income white-collar workers--- all those semi-intellectual guys in their twenties who clerk in government offices, banks, and department stores, and those thousands of young office chicks who work downtown. Look at their economic situation: unionless, they are caught in the bind between fixed salaries and rising prices (unlike blue-collar workers). Look at their location: because of where their jobs are, and because of their low pay, many live in the midtown section, often in high-rises. The city is a social scene, unlike the suburbs, the style and architecture of which alienates people into four-person family units. Look at their sexual situation: most are single or newly married. Look at their moral situation: god is dead, Christianity-Judaism largely irrelevant, but nothing have they found as replacement meaning for life. Look at their personal situation: their alienation and constant attempts to break out of

involve them in the creation of an alternate culture, we've got to change our approach. If we approach them from an underground position, we imply in any message that a distance exists between us and them. To involve these people, we have to stop trying to attract them into our underground, and pack up our culture and leave the underground---thus, among other things, leaving the liberal establishment with a ghetto-ized minority group of emotionally ill or valueless people which, by virtue of having become clearly detached from "the movement," will be one more sign of decay of the existing system, one more liability for the establishment. (Obviously, this implies the real motivating point of this essay: if we neither try to change these people, nor detach ourselves clearly from any connection with them, they will be the movement's liability, and a weighty one at that.)

Back to the young white collar types. What we need to do is to bring our culture to them, removing that part of our message which says, This is essentially alien to your life-style. We have to make our idea of an alternate society appear compatible with their life-style while presenting ideas to them which we think they can and will respond to. The rather excited rhetoric of the ideological left won't work, but neither will the hippie-love-drugs-dropout trip. Perhaps some kind of an image--- a true image--- of the radical as a morally conscientious, technically competent, open, rational and warm person, an image already adopted by some, could be assumed by more people. It would be a start.



A Children's Bedtime Story:

BUT THAT'S NOT A DADDY WARBUCKS!

"UNCENSORED" "...the shocking, zesty, true tale of the HIP generation."

GASTON BOPPIN' BALDWIN ST. PIOT



1. CUT ON DOTTED LINES
2. HOLD OVER TOILET
3. PISS



Classifieds

YOUR CLASSIFIED AD printed here for 10¢ per word. Minimum of ten words. Please submit payment with AD. Send to:

Classified Ads
HARBINGER
P.O. Box 751,
Stn. F, Tor. 285
Ont., Canada.

Gay male books, magazines, movies, FREE catalogues. Trojan, Box 2121-FF, Phila., Pa.

Moving, cheap rates call
Wimpy 364-2630.

Dodger Carpenter- left, head shop contractor in Boston needs permanent work 653-7580.

SINGLE TOO LONG: SINGER/SONG-WRITER, guitarist, folk graduate, wants to get together with group, or musicians to form one. Have good voice, and songs, and am serious as hell! TED 425-4718.

Goya Rangefinder hollow-bodied, electric guitar, excellent condition, call Dave 366-0047.

Male 21 calm, only lonely needs girl prefer childlike not childish to help pass time no games 532-4109.

Young man will do almost anything for money. All enquires answered. Write: W. R. O., Box 362, Oak Ridges, Ontario.

Don't Forget The Motor City! Read Detroit's heavy underground paper. Look for it at your local hip merchant. For sample copy send 15¢ to Fifth Estate, 1107 W. Warren, Detroit 48201.

Female "spread" magazines, movies, paperbacks, FREE catalogs. Bever, Box 2373-FF, Phila., Pa.

All Black and White film developing and printing Box 5, HARBINGER.

John Wm. McLeod, hitched to Toronto to find you. Couldn't. Please write me - Sam Allen, 2127 Griffith Pk. Blvd., L.A. Calif. 90039, USA.

Young, nationally known Toronto artist showing exclusively with distinguished international gallery with vanguard London and New York affiliations, requires models. Fee: \$10 per hour firm. Send photograph(s) and brief description to: Willis Romanow
c/o Dunkelmann Gallery,
15 Bedford Road,
Toronto.

(IN) FAMOUS RON COBB POSTERS- from the underground's best artist and political cartoonist. There are only two: "Remember, Uncle Tom Says Only You Can Prevent Ghetto Fires!" 23"x28", and "L.A. Earthquake," 24"x28". Both in full color. \$2.50 each, both \$4.50 postpaid. Coming soon- new Cobb book "Raw Sewage." Free catalogue. Sawyer Press, P.O. Box 46-653, Los Angeles, California 90046.

Send now for your free richly colored illustrated catalogues. Enclose \$1 towards Air Mail cost. Limited offer so avoid disappointment. Write now to: MAYFAIR DESIGN
BOX 9077
12109 JOHANNESHOV 9
SWEDEN.

THE BICYCLE REVOLUTION... AND THE STORY OF ONE

There is a lot to be known about bicycles anymore. Suddenly a lot more people are on wheels and you can really notice this around Spadina here where there are so many bicycles of every kind and people to go with them. The younger kids like two kinds: the multi-geared racers and the famous high-handlebar, small-wheel variety (with a long seat). The old people have old bicycles. My bicycle is an old freak.

The racer is important. People who have one have money, gears, and speed. The racer is designed for poor posture, discomfort, and worry. It is a frail thing.

The other kind with the high handlebars is very interesting. The high steering makes it possible to sit up straight and use the legs for stability rather than the arms as in the racer. The body is able to move up or down, forward or back, in order to vary the pedal pressure and centre of gravity. Balance is not the critical worrisome thing it is on a racer where the rider sits rigidly immobile. Since the body is free to respond directly and immediately, there is no need for elaborate gearing and head calculations. These sturdy little bikes are especially good over bad and bumpy pavement, so riding one is always a comfort.

Everybody knows about old and standard bicycles. They are made for old and standard people.

A freak is a strange thing. It is an assemblage of whatever can be found and got together. The police would like to hold whatever you find in case the owner reports it missing, but if no one does in a couple of months, you can get it back although it still is the property of the owner and can still be claimed.

It wuz wun uv those rare daze, a rare dae in Septembur wen the seezunz chaenj and the are seeminglee iz kwite kleeer and thare iz an extra chil and it wuz on that rare dae that Kaptan came intoo the store and askd: "Annee wun want a bysikel? (mynus weelz)?" Wel I reememberd the bysikel frame that Annette had fownd in the bak allee a cupul uv munths agoe wich Persee the cop took awae and shee had the oreunj reeseet fore. "Its the last dae too get it," Kaptan sed, showing the reeseet. Soe wee went.

Kaptan and I wer raesing



Seven-Wheeled Cycle Constructed to Accommodate Five Riders: The Queer Conveyance was Designed to be Used Chiefly for Advertising Purposes

down Spadyna. Hee weeving in and owt, just weeving, and myself on Maenadz blu bike trying too keep up and ride it eeze beecuz the frunt weel felt like kuming of. Wee made it owt too Stron Avvenu prette fast ware thae keep al thozze lost bysikelz and got it.

Wen wee got bak Kaptan got a cupul uv weelz owt uv a littel shed beehind hiz plase and lade them on mee. Wun wuz a twentee-ate incher (the reer) and the other wuz a twentee-siks incher (the frunt). The frame wuz a twentee-ate incher

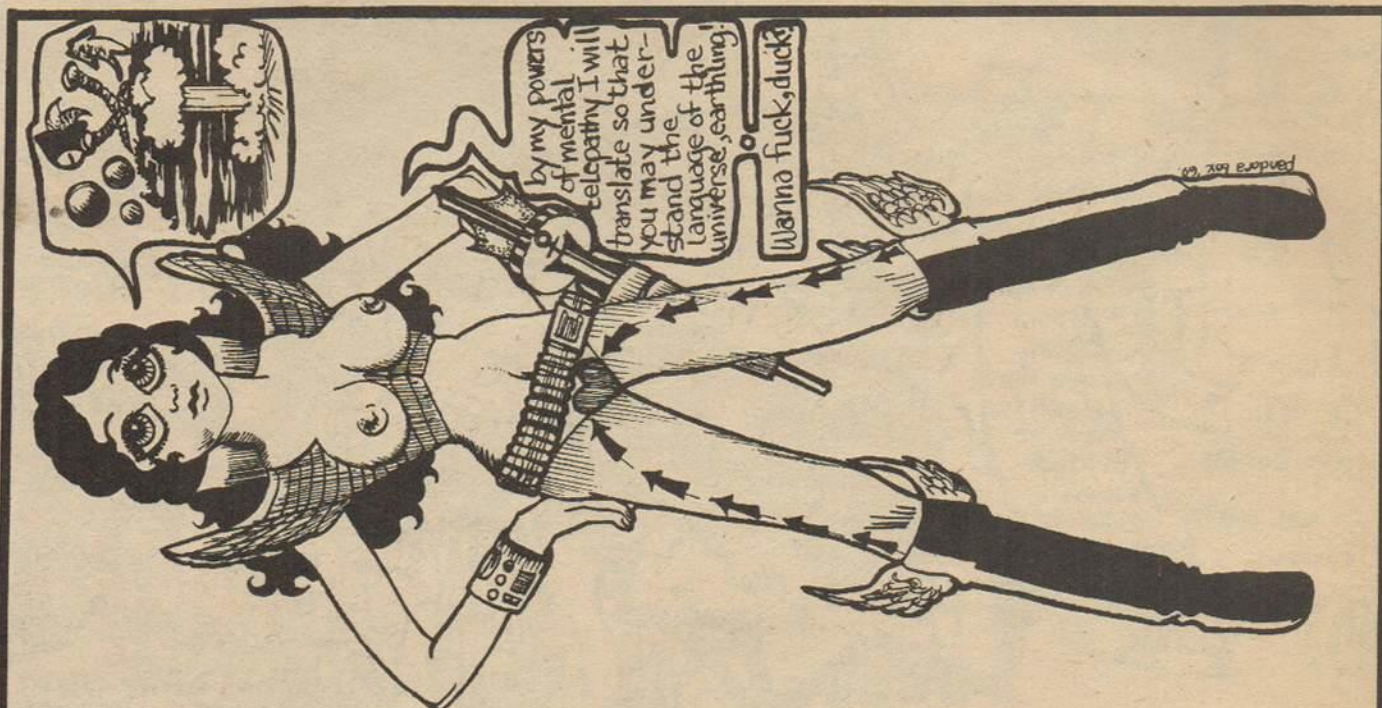
Soe I put it toogether and needed nutz and washerz soe I went owt and got sum. I went too Goodman Hardware acros the street (careeing a weel) and Charlee sed Ide better goe too the bysikel shop around the kornor and soe thatz ware I ended up goeing beecuz the threding iz differrent ore sum-thing.

The littel bysikel shop on Kollej Street wuz soe klutterd and ful uv bysikelz thare wuz hardlee room too get frum wun end too the uther. An old man with a perpetual smile appered. "Yep, shure ar a lot uv them old-timers beeing rezur-ekted," hee sed. "Shure doent knoe ware thare cuming frum but I see em dalee in heer." I bot a spoke too. (*tharez a good bysikel shop on Kensing-tun too).

Wel I put it al toogether, reeversing the handelbarz (after trying too get a bad bend owt uv it with a hammer), titend the koenz, oild it, fixd the seet etc. and it wuz redee too ride. It looks a littel funnee but its reelee kwite eezee ride-ing. And soe now wee hav too bysikelz at the Goldun Ant, and next yeer wee mae hav eevun more.

by Ken

CONTEST WINNER



This will put some color in your book, Spacie,
meet the **Intergalactic Groupie**.....



107 YORKVILLE*

BEEDIS - LEGAL HIGH POSTERS
TOKE PIPES BEADS
AFRICAN MODERN CLOTHING
BELL BOTTOM PANTS/JEANS
@ 6.50

MIN TAM
TRADING COMPANY
282A AUGUSTA AVE.
(COLLEGE - SPADINA)
964-7289

A SLAVE IS A SLAVE
UNTO HIS MASTER WHO
IS A SLAVE UNTO HIS
SLAVE, BECAUSE WITHOUT
HIS SLAVE THE MASTER
COULD NOT BE MASTER
WHICH MAKES THE SLAVE
MASTER OVER THE MASTER.

10% DISCOUNT FOR STUDENTS

ROCK 'N ROLL REVIVAL

The Toronto Rock and Roll Revival was a strange brew, a mixture of 1950's Music, with some of the more important figures from that era; 1960's stars like John Lennon, Eric Clapton, and watched by a young audience that would become prominent in the 1970's. With all its promotion and contradictions, it was a fascinating and educational, but not always pleasant experience. People interested in seeing this event for themselves will even be able to, thanks (?) to a film of the event that was made by D.A. Pennybaker. This seems remarkably appropriate, his film Monterey Pop was partly responsible for the whole Pop Festival craze, his film of the Revival may mark the ending of this phenomenon, certainly, many who attended will never go to another of its ilk.

The Rock and Roll Revival was conceived of after the success of the Toronto Pop Festival. Brower Walker Enterprises, promoters of the Festival were looking for another event to pick up some more bread before the summer was out. It was probably too late (and too expensive) to arrange for supergroups, and there was no certainty that people wanted more of this. What was needed was a gimmick, something that would inspire enough controversy and be unique enough that people would feel they were missing something if they didn't lay out \$7 to get in. The theme came from the fantastic response that Chuck Berry got at the last Festival. The promoters have only had less than three months to get things together. This required a lot of high-powered promotion, where-in lay many of the unpleasant characteristics of the festival.

The old-timers that showed up were Bo-Diddley, Gene Vincent, Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Little Richard. Interestingly enough, all of these people are individuals rather than groups, and are very heavily into "showmanship". We've come a long way. Of these people, Lewis and Bo Diddley had slowed up a little but gave competent performances. Lewis and his band looked very straight--probably because they are so heavily into Grande Ole Opry and they played mostly old Elvis Presley numbers very ably. Gene Vincent had slowed up a lot, and probably will not be successful in his comeback bid after a ten year absence. Chuck Berry and Little Richard made the Revival almost worth going to. Both put on dynamite performances. Berry played all his old hits in great fashion and then went into a long and gross audience participation number that had the crowd as close to a collective orgasm as could be imagined. Little Richard came on wearing skin-tight silver pants, white boots, and a mirror vest (later given away), with make-up and a huge pompadour hair-do. Until he came on things had really been lagging and the people were getting restless. Some indifferent groups had been on such as "screaming" Lord Sutch and musically the whole thing had deteriorated badly. Little Richard changed all that, with a very together black band behind him, he put out a driving sound which made everything right.

There aren't enough old-timers still hanging on to fill twelve hours with good music so some young groups had to fill in and they were often excellent. Chicago Transit Authority, Doug Kershaw, Cat Mother, and the All Night News-boys, and Tony Joe Smith gave first rate performances. They were probably the only groups there who could create new music and produce albums.

The headliners of the show were the Doors. They gave a performance which was largely perfunctory, the songs they played were all two years old.

Jim Morrison didn't pull down his pants or anything; in fact at times he looked in need of some reviving himself, wearing old denim clothes and looking a little over-weight. He could have been Arnold Palmer wearing a wig. They were definitely anti-climactic, some of the old Doors excitement was still there but it was subdued, almost weary.

A last minute addition to the show, which probably added 10,000 people to the crowd (it

almost to distraction. John walked around the stage clowning, and looking for ways to add to the din, and when enough noise was being made, quietly left the stage to Yoko. The audience was thoroughly baffled by the whole show--was Lennon really serious? Perhaps Yoko was, she was really getting into it, but it seems more likely that John considered it a gorgeous put-on of all the extravagant hype and ego trips that had been going

we in the audience just added a background for the film. The artificial excitement attempted by emcee Kim Fowley, a fringe Rock and Roller whose main talent is self promotion and whose treatment of the crowd was juvenile, and the constant turning on and off of the stadium lights to accommodate the movie cameras fattered this impression. At one point or another most of the people were asking themselves: is this real? It was not a good place for tripping as most of the audience were; better to have brought along a case of beer. The jump back in time to an age when most of the spectators were barely out of the cradle, and LSD was unheard of, the lack of meaningful lyrics and the denial of all the development that rock had gone through since the days of simple blues and blue-grass rhythms, brought back some of the outlaw excitement and primitivism that the modern peace pot youth culture were quite unused to. Musically nothing happened. The whole affair changed from a sound medium to a visual one, it was no longer music but theatre or perhaps spectacle. There was little place for the spectators, no involvement, all the action was centered on the stage, people in the audience became isolated again, the good vibes prominent at most festivals were largely lacking, the wonder of being with a lot of other like-minded freaks was missing.

The two groups that typified the gathering were Alice Cooper and the Vagabonds Motorcycle Club. Alice Cooper was a freak group dressed in effeminate clothing who were second rate musically and on stage into theatre far more than sound. They threw watermelons and live chickens into the audience, brawled, sprayed fire extinguishers and feathers around and just generally freaked out. Entertaining but limited. The Vags accompanied the Doors in from the airport, about 100 strong and mounted on big, bellowing, colourful beasts, they were an impressive sight but unnerving. Later they were up on stage jittersbugging when Alice Cooper and Gene Vincent were playing. With their nihilism, social irresponsibility, conformity and glorification of obvious forms of power they were somehow appropriate.

Two things happened at the Revival that were atypical of staid old Toronto; one guy stripped and was dancing around and about 200 people tore off the gate trying to get in. The promoters made a bundle but won't make many more. People were tiring of getting used. The trend of the future was indicated the next day when the local head community put on a free festival in the street. About two thousand people turned up, enjoyed each others' company, danced in the streets, ate free food, and won a show down with the police. Reality was returning. Appropriately enough the event was named Insanity. 1968

John and Yoko and the Plastic Ono Band-photo Nathan Wolkovitz



Below: Real People



was about 30,000) were John Lennon, Yoko Ono, and Eric Clapton and the Plastic Ono Band. Beatle John in a white Colonel Saunders Southern Fried Chicken suit, with long flowing hair and beard, looked like the elder statesman of Rock. Clapton and a couple of others backed him as he sang through a few old Rock 'n Roll songs like "Money", "Dizzy Miss Lizzie", and "Yer Blues". In spite of a lack of rehearsal they sounded good. The crowd sat back in awe. Meanwhile Yoko waited inside a white bag, ready to perform her big act. After belting through his numbers in grand fashion John introduced Yoko by saying "Yoko's gonna do her thing now--all over you." What followed was mightily strange. The Band made all sorts of strange sounds culminating in straight feedback, Yoko produced a strange assortment of sounds: wailing, shrieking, moaning, and screeching through a Japanese funeral dirge. At first it was interesting, but as the gibberish went on almost endlessly--the crowd became bored

down. Considered in that light it was magnificent, although it used the audience solely as the butt of a joke, but they were used to being used, it was their thing.

The whole event had an air of unreality, that was exemplified by the movie cameras,

CHINA

ARTS & CRAFTS INTERNATIONAL IMPORTERS

INVITE YOU TO VIEW THEIR DISPLAY OF A GREAT SELECTION OF CARVINGS, IVORY, STONE, WOOD, JADE EARRINGS, RINGS AND BLOUSES, PYJAMAS, INCENSE & WATER PIPES
650 YONGE, SOUTH OF BLOOR, 921-5735

insanity

occurred Sept. 14. It began in Queen's Park where people gathered and formed a grand procession that went down past 52 Station to Baldwin St., where a stage was set up. The police did not know what to make of this, music and dancing in the streets must be illegal somehow. They tried to stop the bands but lacking formal complaints were ignored, they then tried to clear the street by driving through the revellers. One person was arrested in the melee, the enraged crowd rocked and pounded the cruiser, and the police beat a retreat and watched for the rest of the day. Good music was provided thanks to Buckstone Hardware, Sundance and It's All Meat.

