

WITCHAMAZON

VOLUME II, NO. XI

25¢

...THE HEAVENS STAND IN
AWESOME, AS THE SATANIC
BITCH BEARS THE
BASTARD SON OF GOD...



R. GRECO

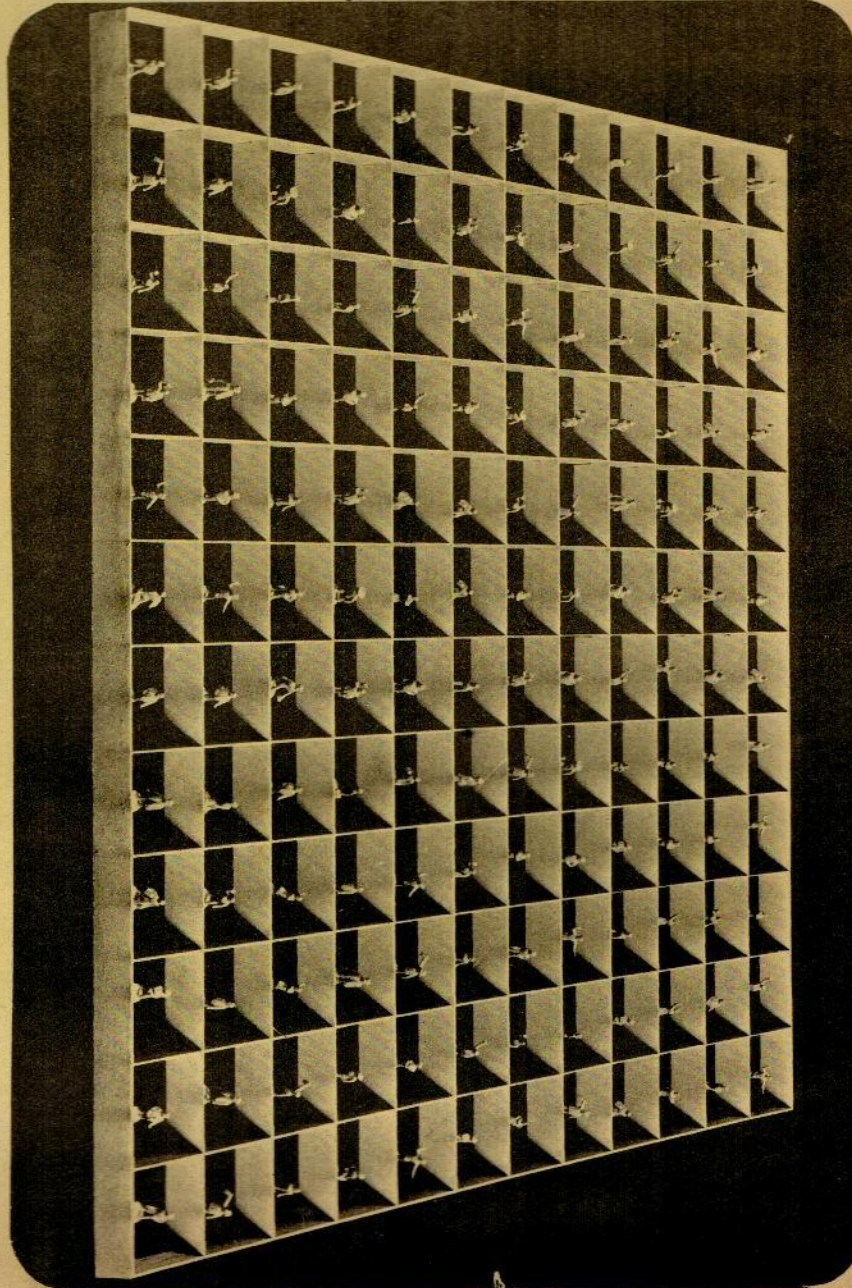


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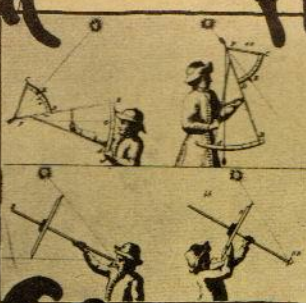
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BIRTHDAY CAKE CONSPIRACY

YOU CAN ARREST A BIRTHDAY CAKE, BUT YOU CAN'T ARREST THE REVOLUTION
CHICAGO (LNS) -- Bobby Seale, chairman of the Black Panther Party and one of the Conspiracy Eight, celebrated his 34th birthday Oct. 22. His co-defendants tried to have a party and to give him a birthday cake to eat in his Cook County jail cell, but courtroom pigs cut the party short and arrested the cake.

The festivities began after the lunch break. When Seale entered the courtroom, a contingent of Black Panthers said: "Happy birthday, Bobby! Power to the people!"

Seale replied, "Thank you, brothers, I'd forgotten it was my birthday. It's a hard struggle and you have a lot of things on your mind."

Moments later, a marshal decided to expel one black man from the courtroom, which moved Seale to say: "You're a pig for kicking him out!"

"Right on!" the Panther spectators said in unison. Judge Julius Hoffman looked on darkly. Defense attorney William Kunstler then made his birthday cake motion.

"Your honor, we'd like to bring in a cake..." Hoffman wouldn't hear of it. "I don't even let anyone me a cake in this courtroom," he said, though it's hard to imagine why anyone would want to give that hangman a cake.

The judge wanted the jury brought in right then, but the

other seven defendants -- and the cake -- were in a little conference room across the way. The press and many spectators pushed past marshals to go out to see the action.

The defendants came out like a football squad, protecting the cake in the middle. It looked like a first down, but the cake was intercepted by an astute marshal, who held it over his head and ran down the hall. (The cake, with "Free Huey!" and "Free Bobby!" written on it, was eventually bailed out.)

"It's a cake-napping," Abbie Hoffman shouted.

The defendants walked into the courtroom, and Rennie Davis said, "Hey, Bobby, they've arrested your cake."

"They've arrested a cake," Seale proclaimed, "but they can't arrest a revolution!"

The Panthers shouted "Right on!" and raised their fists.

When the judge called for silence, Seale turned to the Panthers and said, "OK, brothers, sit down and listen quietly to the proceedings."

Hoffman didn't like that: "Mr. Seale, I am the only one who gives orders in this courtroom."

Seale: "They don't take orders from a racist judge."

The judge made another of his oft-repeated contempt-of-court threats against Seale,

then said, "Bring in the jury."

Seale: "Please do."





MUMMY FOOD
 1/2 cup chopped pitted dates
 1/2 cup chopped Dried Black Figs
 1-1/2 cups water
 1 rounded tbsp. corn meal

Cook over low heat, stirring frequently, for ten minutes or longer. Serve with milk or cream. Serves 2 to 4.

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD
 5-1/3 cups lukewarm water
 1 pkg. or cake yeast
 2 tbsp. salt
 1/3 cup vegetable oil
 1/2 cup honey
 3-1/2 lbs. (12 cups)
 unsifted whole wheat flour

Dissolve yeast in water, add salt, oil and honey, and stir. Add flour all at once and stir until thoroughly mixed, then let stand for 20 min. or longer before

kneading. Knead on floured board until smooth and elastic and place in well-oiled bowl or pan (at least 6-qt. size). Cover (plastic wrap or a thin sheet of plastic is good for this) and let rise to double its bulk. Punch down well to remove all gas bubbles. Continue to let rise, punching down each time as soon as double in bulk until ready to make loaves, preferably about 5 hrs. from time or mixing. It should rise at least twice in this time. Turn out on floured board, knead a few minutes and divide into 4 equal portions. Knead and form into loaves, place in well-greased medium size loaf pans, lightly grease top surface with vegetable oil, and cover loosely with plastic wrap. Let rise until not quite double in bulk and bake at 325 about 45 min.



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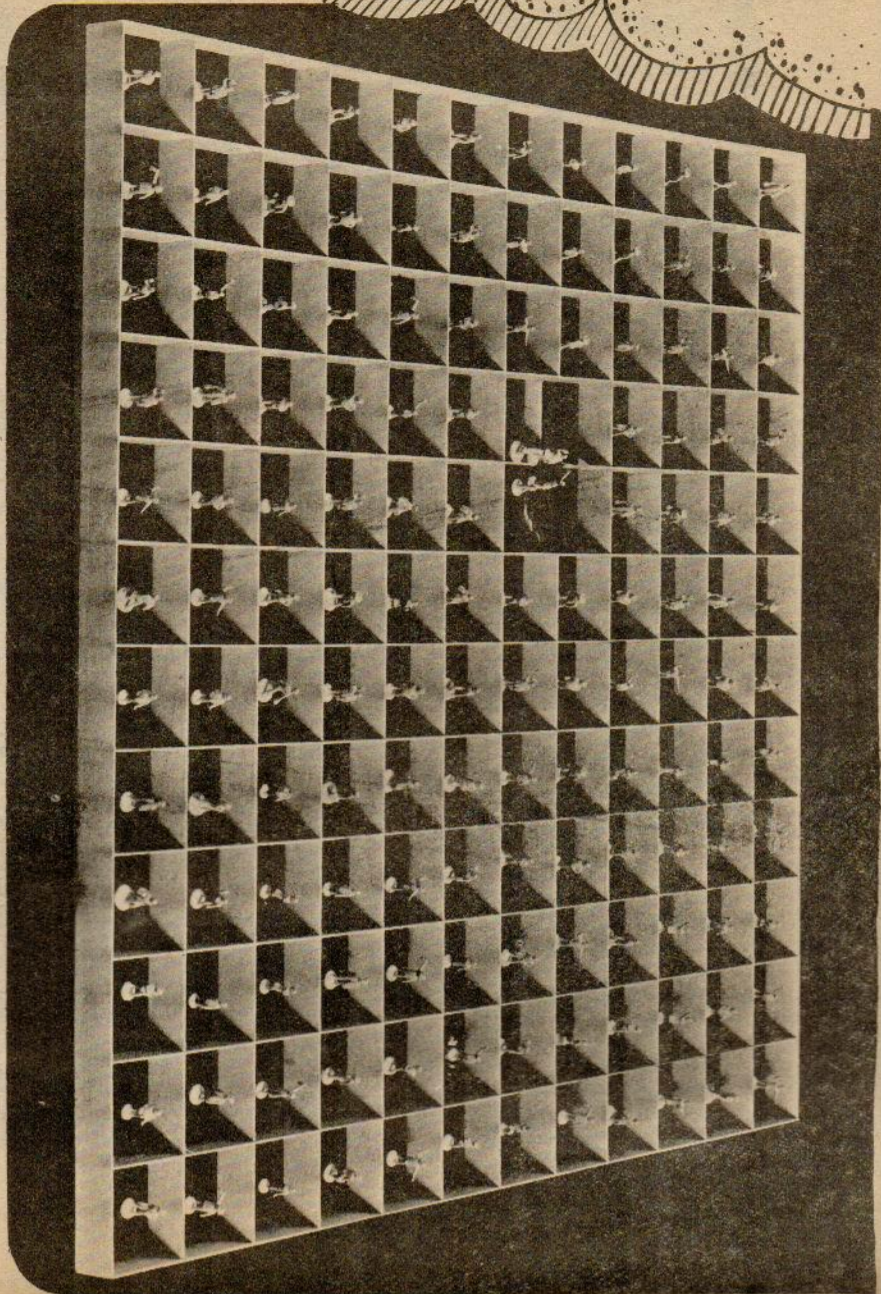
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occult books and mysticism

Wayzgoose is an entertainment given by a master printer to his workmen in the month of October, marking the beginning of the season of working by candlelight. An annual festivity held during the fall by the employees of a printing establishment, which usually consists of a feast and an excursion to the country.

The second annual Wayzgoose was given jointly by Coach House Press and Harbinger. It was held on Ward's Island and about fifty people showed up, not many of whom were connected with either of the sponsors, but all of whom added to the pleasant atmosphere that prevailed. A fifty pound lamb was cooked and nearly everyone brought their own special dishes. A number of tables were just sagging under the weight of the food. A fine time and a full stomach were had by all. Many more of these occasions are planned for next spring.



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GLOBAL VILLAGE

Global Village, located on St. Nicholas near Wellesley has up to now been concerned mainly with theatre and dance presentations. Although this has been important to Toronto, it has its limitations. Now however, Global Village is using its space to much better advantage with the addition of a coffee house called Waiting for Teperman and the beginnings of what is hoped will be a regular bazaar. The first bazaar was held October 18, it was a fine affair with a lot of funky items for sale and many satisfied customers. Future events are tentatively planned so watch for them.

The coffee house is being held in the back of the warehouse. It has a cozy two-level arrangement, and on the upper level is a bar. The Village has devised some scheme where they are only holding a private party and payment for drinks is actually a donation to the Global Village. Entertainment is provided by various jazz and rock bands and folksingers.

There is no admission cost, just the donations for drinks. A membership thing is being planned so get in touch with them. The first night there was a sizeable crowd to hear a number of groups including some of the City Muffin Boys. It looks like it may be one of the few places in Toronto worth going to.



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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.

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SEXUAL FREEDOM, new quarterly publication of the Sexual Freedom League, \$1.00 SFL, Box 14034-H, San Francisco 94114.

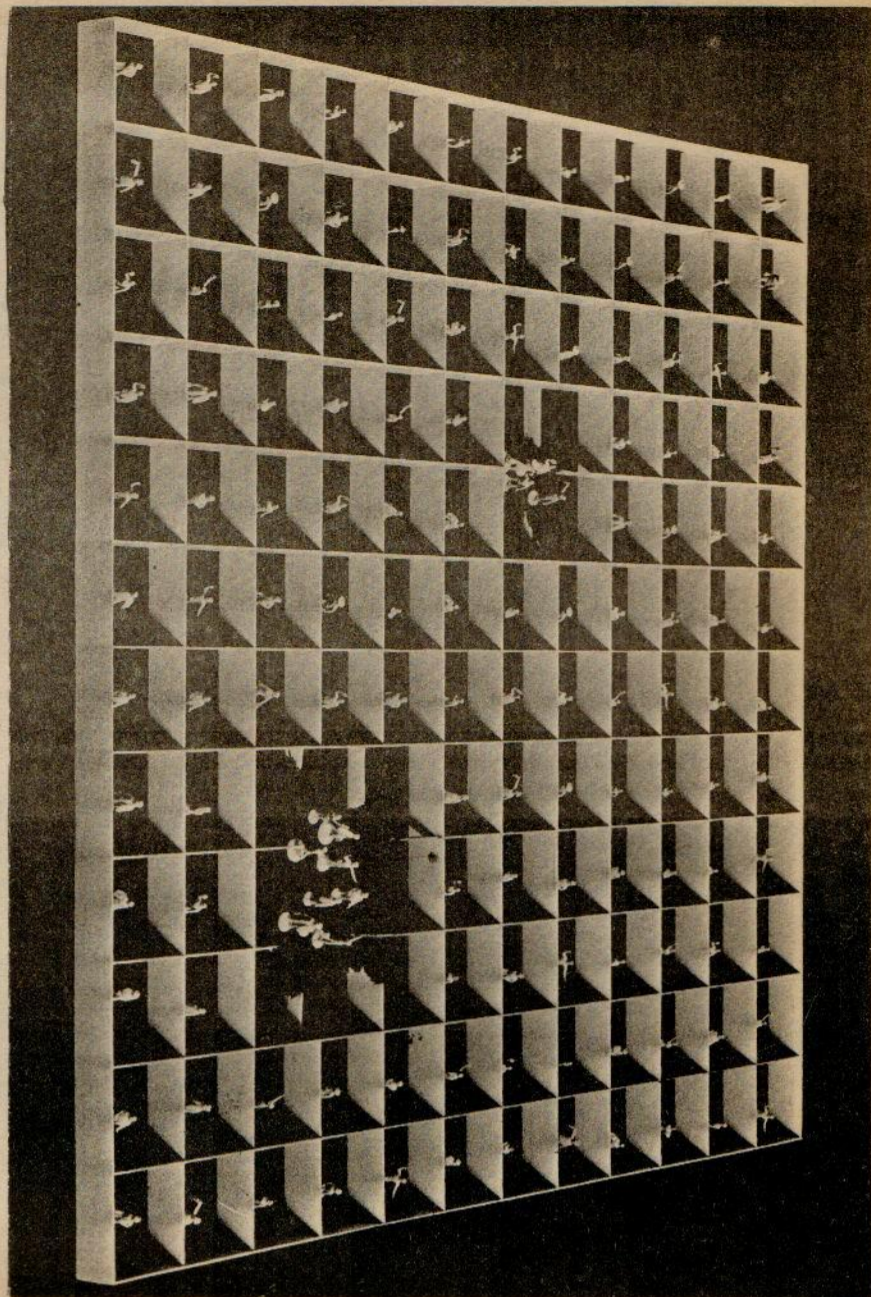
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Young, nationally known Toronto artist showing ex-

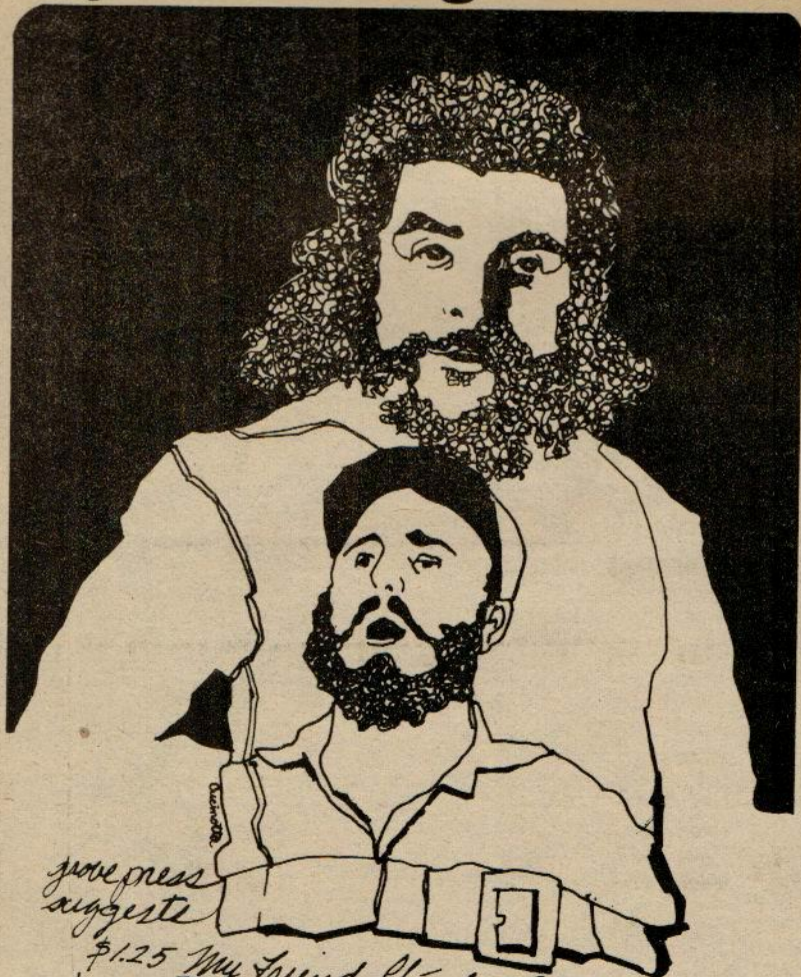


clusively with distinguished international gallery with vanguard London and New York affiliations, requires models. Fee: \$10.00 per hour firm. Send photograph(s) and brief description to: Willis Romanow, c/o Dunkelmann Gallery, 15 Bedford Road, Toronto.

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

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

required reading for radicals



give press suggests
\$1.25 *My Friend Che* by Ricardo Rojo
\$7.95 *The Great Rebel* by Luis González and Sánchez Salazar
Fidel Castro Speaks Edited by Martin Kinner & James Petrus
\$8.50 hardback
\$1.45 paperback



Letters

Dear Harbinger (of..?)

You people scare me, oh my God how you scare me. Somebody who modestly didn't sign his name, has written a horrifying fascist manifesto in your Oct. issue, and left me with my stomach crawling. "Sunlight Thru Caverns" my ass. It's still the same old bloody shadows.

Because most heads and freaks are sadly fucked-up people who left the system because of the horrible things it did to their heads, your supercool "radical" (writer, politico, tennis player, photographer, boat sailor, art student etc. "what frat is he in?) wants to abandon all these blown out minds (the ultimate putdown: "They are not hip") and go start all over with those nice office workers and receptionists downtown. The Clean Revolution?

DON'T YOU KNOW YOU BETTER FREE YOUR MIND INSTEAD???

As soon as we start seeing individual people (even, yes, pimply speed freaks) as a bunch of extra crap to slow down the more important things like Da Revolution then we're setting up an inhuman system of our own. With all his bullshit about "them" (the emotionally crippled drop-outs) versus "us" (very together people) and how they have fucked up "our media" (I never knew clothes were a message/medium of revolution; I always thought they were pretty colours to keep you warm and

make people smile)--with all his, as I say, bullshit, your big radical begins to sound more like a Nixon yes-man than a liberated freak.

Sure extending the revolution to include clerks and office chicks is a lovely idea, but let's not leave the screwed up kids (i.e. moneyless kids) to rot uptown in another latter-day Hashberry, while "we" or "you" or whoever the new Freak Elite is splits downtown.

Listen: they can be worked with, but to my experience, success (whose?) only comes when you involve a small number of them ("them" again) at a time, in a project that is dominated (of all words--not led, but dominated) by very together people. Who decides who's going to be together and who's going to be apart?

Wow. Animal Farm time. Apparently some of us are more equal than others. What would we say if the above quote came from the mayor or the police chief? Wow man!

Look if you don't print this, then the revolution is guilty of misrepresentation through its own media--I'm talking your language now. But fuck the revolution! Fuck all systems, including revolutionary ones! It's all bullshit. The only real slavery or freedom goes on behind the eyes.

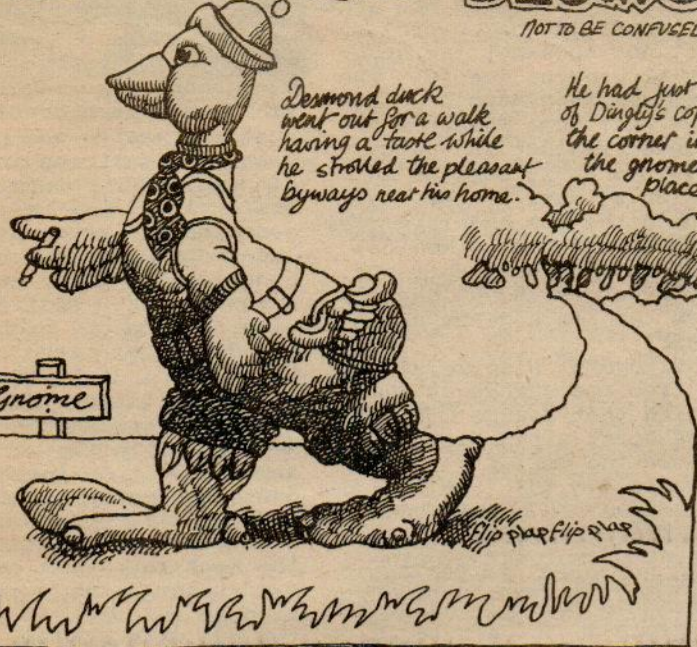
Love and Peace
John Lazarus.

Natural By-Products Present:

NICE

DESMOND DUCK

NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH A SIMILAR ANIMAL OF DIFFERENT ORIGIN.



Desmond duck went out for a walk having a taste while he stroked the pleasant byways near his home.

He had just come out of Dingy's corpse and turned the corner in the direction of the gnome's house. A small place, and hard to find.

When he at last found the tiny door

He looked at it wondering why he had come to gnome's house. But, slightly puzzled he tapped on the door with his quack. Gnome didn't like this, although being an old hard back of Italian descent with a fair voice one would imagine he was ideal. Anyway, gnome wasn't home.

"Oh well" he said, throwing the rock in the river, "I didn't have to see gnome anyway. Misty recollections of a plan entered his ears, but what had happened since then he couldn't remember. "It's always like that," he thought, perhaps ducks have poor memories. "Yes they do" said a voice behind him, for he had been thinking in a loud voice. He turned around to see who had spoken. Underneath a large hat

with a purple feather in it stood the gnome, carrying a sack over his shoulder. "I told you three run ago that today I would be at the jumble sale at Percy's house. "I, uh, forgot," mumbled Desmond, looking at his big flat feet. Still I can swim better than him he thought looking at gnome's neat red boots. "I came over to borrow some tools," started Desmond, "I'm going to build a thing, I had this great idea, I'm sick of living in that old river house, it's so damp at nights, it'll have powdered roofs, several rooms, windows and a porch and a shower to wash that filthy river shit off me." Gnome just listened, he had heard it before.

Reader! What a load of shit, not even original, why, there's been a Donald, Raw, and Space Duck comic strip already, and probably more. When's this newspaper going to get some interesting features, biting satires and etc. instead of this trivial drivel. And other thing, how ab

EUROPEAN FESTIVAL

Just in case you think the American Cultural Abyss was dug in a decade, this excerpt stolen from an article on Johann Strauss in an old edition of the Montreal Gazette:

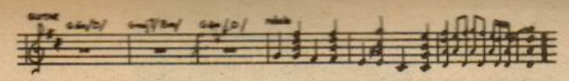
"The "Blue Danube" has been played on countless occasions, but no performance ever surpassed the grotesque grandeur of an 1872 rendering in Boston. Before an audience of 100,000, the lilting waltz was attacked by a task force of nearly 2000 musicians and a chorus of 20,000 augmented by anvils, fireballs and chimes, consisting of odd lengths of railroad track suspended on frames.

"In the giant auditorium constructed for the occasion, Strauss was located in a sort of lookout tower, watched by dozens of subconductors who were to follow his movements with binoculars and relay them to the players. A cannon shot was to be the signal for everyone to start. Unfortunately, the cannon went off prematurely, and Strauss described the ensuing performance as "an unholy row such as I shall never forget." But, the audience loved it.

"This musical monstrosity was perpetuated by P.S. Bilmore, a Massachusetts bandmaster to bolster America's claim to musical glory."

The "Blue Danube" was, as you may recall, the soft and beautiful piece of music used for the space floating scene in "2001."

I used to joke that the American concept of the true Christmas spirit could be summarized as: 23 Symphony orchestras, and 50,000 voices performing a neon lit, plastic-draped version of "Silent Night". Now this seems more like a threat than a joke. Georgia Straight



by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld, I am presently in the U.S. Army and stationed in Vietnam. Although I had served one year here, I extended my duty time six months after a thirty day leave in the United States. The reason I returned to Vietnam was because I found myself addicted to opium.

I thought that smoking opium couldn't cause addiction. I began smoking it about one year ago because of my close relationship to a Vietnamese. Since then, I have probably smoked one ounce every single day. During my leave, the small amount of opium I had with me soon disappeared. Twenty-four hours later, an ordeal of pain began which lasted until I returned to Vietnam two weeks later.

I've tried to give up opium by going "cold turkey" but this failed because of the pain. I've also tried the "ladder" bit by smoking a decreasing amount day by day. This didn't help either.

The symptoms are clear: everything from a running nose to an aching body. With four months duty left you can imagine my concern. I even went as far as to ask advice of a team leader who is so straight that he almost got me busted. Turning myself into a military hospital is hopeless as it is an automatic bust by the MPs and the CID.

Is there any advice you could give me?

ANSWER: Opium is the parent compound of more potent narcotics such as heroin and morphine. Infrequent use of opium will not cause addiction.



But regular use causes true addiction in a significant number of people.

Withdrawal from narcotics can be done abruptly or gradually but many obstacles are placed before addicts seeking treatment. Most hospitals refuse to treat narcotics addicts and those which do must report the cases to police. Out-patient treatment of narcotics addicts in the United States is greatly restricted by federal law.

Synanon used the "cold turkey" method of withdrawal with members giving comfort and encouragement to the addict. Since you are in Saigon, perhaps you could be seen by a privately practicing Vietnamese physician.

Narcotics withdrawal causes acute discomfort for several days. But the most difficult part is resisting further use of the drug. If your friends are all using the drug, you'll probably do the same.

DEAR DR. HIPPOCRATES:

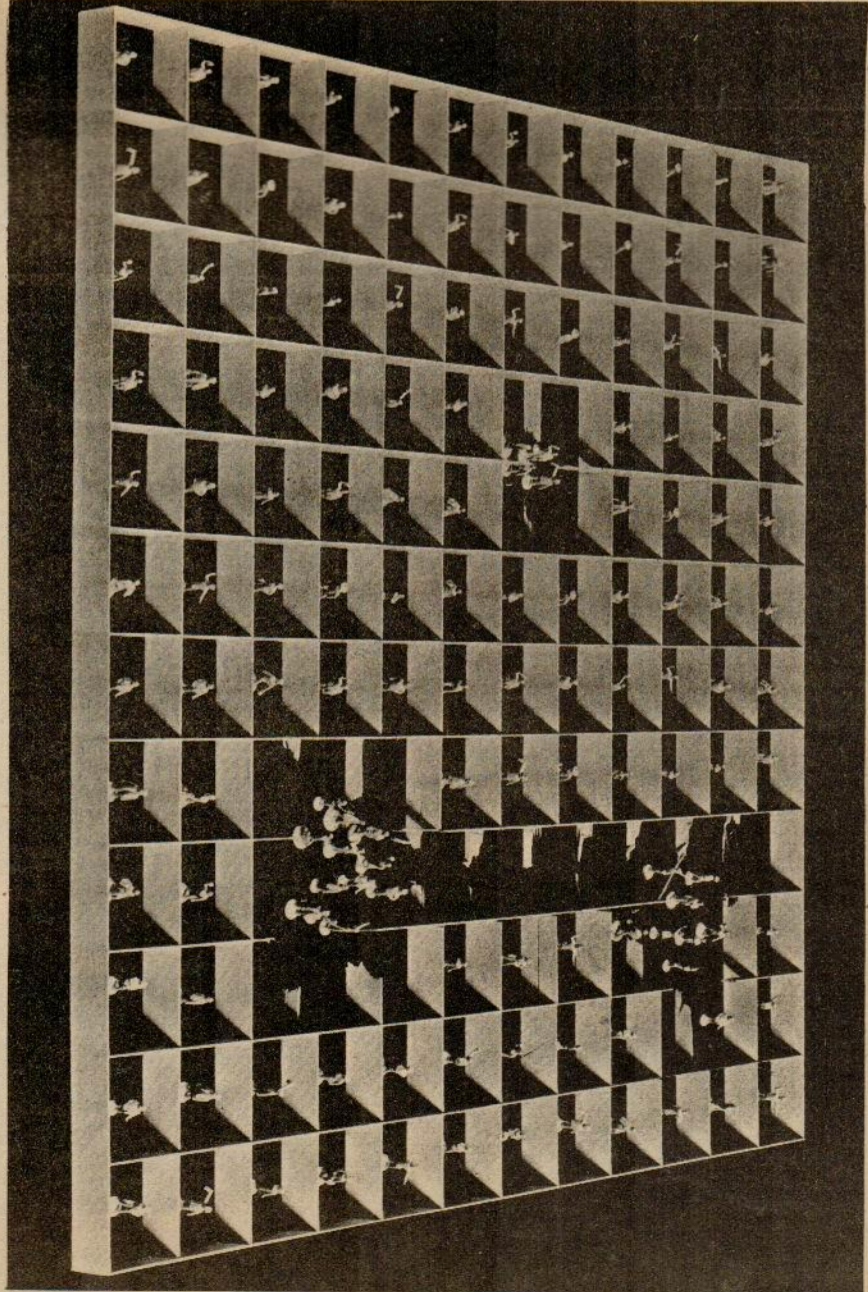
My man likes to have his testicles massaged when his stomach's upset. He says it makes his stomach feel better.

Is there any physiological reason for this or is it just psychological? Is this common among men or unique to him?

ANSWER: You didn't say how often your man's stomach is upset. I don't know of any physiological relationship here. Nor whether the response to this treatment is unique to your man. The treatment you have described is not taught in medical or nursing schools to my knowledge. If your man's stomach is upset frequently he should have a check-up by your physician. Saves on antacids I guess.

***** DEAR DR. HIPPOCRATES 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. Box 9002, Berkeley, California 94709. *****



The reference to denial of the right to athletics is explained more fully in the July-August ENVIRONMENT:


During heavy smog conditons Los Angeles County students are asked by the Air Pollution Control District not to excercise strenuously or breathe deeply. The non-exercise, non-deep-breathing requests will come when the ozone count reaches .35 parts per million, as it does on an average of 21 days a year, according to the Los Angeles Times. The Los Angeles County Medical Association estimates that air pollution forces 10,000 persons to leave the Los Angeles area each year.

ENVIRONMENT also relays a report from the Vancouver Sun indicating that Mexico City may have the worst air pollution p problem in the world: Researchers say that the carbon monoxide level is higher than that in midtown Manhattan and the amount of sulphur dioxide is greater than that of London. The amount of general industrial contaminants in the air is 10 times higher than in the heavily industrialized Rhine River Valley in Germany.

A National University of Mexico study claimed that an average of 26.2 tons of "floating garbage" settles on each square kilometer of the city each month. A UNESCO study of the problem stated that 1.46 million tons of air polltuion is poured into the city's air each year and that the amount is increasing by 250,000 tons a year.

The grand total of this current estimate of waste doing lethal damage to the earth's atmosphere from the U.S. alone, is 142 million tons! Add to this the waste from the other industrial countries on this Continent, and in the world, and one can only conclude that the thin envelope of atmosphere around the earth, approximately 15 miles thick, is rapidly being filled with waste products that imperil human life. . .

While the political factions of this Continent scrap among themselves for control of

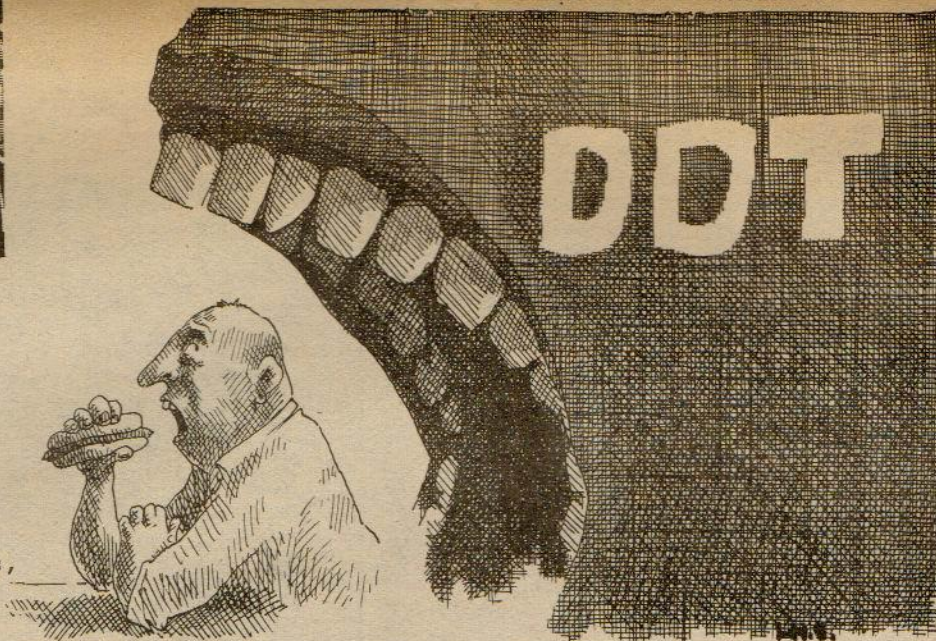


aging because of their effect on body tissues. . . The carbon monoxide from moter vehicles, space heating, industrial wastes and other sources transforms into carbon dioxide. But before completing the cyclical change, some of the monoxide and accompanying dirt and wastes pass through the lungs as the first swipe at human health. Individuals with respiratory problems can and do die of heavy concentrations of dirt-laden air. As the pollution increases in volume a 'greenhouse' effect is developing in the earth's atmosphere. An increasingly dense concentration of carbon dioxide will permit the sun's rays to reach the earth, but the heat rays from the earth cannot escape as readily (much like an automobile standing in the sun with windows rolled up) into the atmosphere to maintain a vital balance in earth temperature. The list of scientists concerned with this trend is impressive and growing. The fear is that if pollutants going into the atmosphere are not severely curtailed, and soon, a warming trend of the earth may be accelerated to the point that the polar ice caps may begin melting which, by the year 2000 (a mere 31 years away), will not be reversible. If carried to this stage and a conclusion of the melting, the ocean levels will rise 300 to 400 feet, inundating great areas of arable land. Put this condition together with the prospect of a doubling of the earth's population by the year 2000 and it is quite clear that irreparable catastrophe would befall the entire earth. Either one of the conditions would be a disaster, but both at once could seal the fate of the human species, without question. . . As if the exhaust into the atmosphere of waste products was not severe enough, the human animal is busily destroying vast areas of greenery which functions to absorb carbon dioxide from the atmosphere and converts it to more plant life. The plant life is responsible for generating the oxygen we must have to survive. As an example of human stupidity at work, there has been talk about draining the Amazon River Valley and replacing the vegetation with cities and industry! The problem has grown to international propertions. Certainly the entire world will have to cooperate in order to reverse deadly trends of air pollution. But first and foremost the North American Continent is called upon to lead the way toward the answer. What is the greatest impediment? Business is. There is no profit in controlling or reducing air pollution. The silly but expensive advertising of many automotive and other business concerns saying how they are doing something about air pollution is just more propaganda. The problem is being graphed, charted and analysed. The trend is toward a worsening condition.

The August 23 issue of SCIENCE NEWS has this to say about poisons in the air: Nitric Oxide, a main ingredient of Los Angeles-type smog, may seriously diminish the blood's capacity to carry oxygen under prolonged exposure. A series of tests at the University of California's Air Pol-

government, while big business conspires and intrigues nationally and internationally for a heftier share of profits from commerce and trade, and while the Whites and Blacks threaten one another with annihilation, problems of simple human survival close in on this earth... A human cannot live longer than a very few minutes without air. Breathing quietly, an individual will take in 500 cubic centimeters of air with each breath, which is equal roughly to one pint. At this rate of breathing an individual may over the course of a day be expected to require 20,000 lungfuls or more of air. The weight of the air consumed is considerably more than the body weight of the individual. Traces (in the amount of about .03 percent) of carbon dioxide are necessary to stimulate respiration. Larger amounts of carbon dioxide increase the breathing rate. Further, ozone and nitrogen dioxide--increasingly present in the atmosphere around us from pollution --are suspected of accelerating

520,276 signatures, is an amendment to the State Constitution and simply states 'All persons have the inalienable right to live in an environment free of pollution and contamination. Conversely, no one has the right to pollute the air, land, and water of this State. The people find and declare that the condition of the environment at the time of the

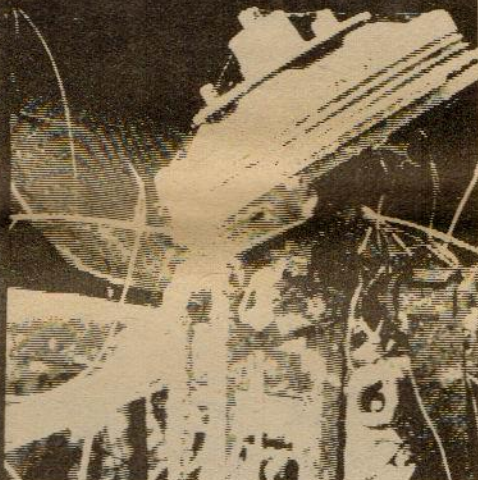


enactment of this Section is intolerable and deadly. The primary responsibility for eliminating enviromental pollution rests upon the manufacturers of pollution-producing products and industries which cause pollution in their activities. The burden of pollution control shall not be placed upon the individual citizen by exhorbitant profiteering, excessive taxes or otherwise.'

"The second is the Statute Revision, which requires 325,173 signatures, and is a highly technical document that will force abatement of all air pollution from stationary and automotive sources.

"PEOPLE'S LOBBY INC. needs help to carry this out. RE-EVALUATE YOUR PRIORITIES--because we and our environment are slowly dying. It is an indictment on our society that our children are denied the right to athletics on 'smog alert' days. It is an outrage that we are teaching our children to live in pollution instead of changing the pollution so we can live!"

Earth Read-out

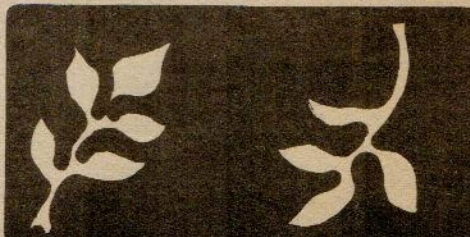


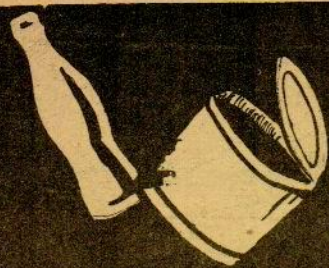
About 400 persons demonstrated alternatives to the internal combustion engine in Berkeley September 27, during a Smog-Free Locomotion Day parade through the downtown and campus areas of the city. Among alternatives exhibited in the parade were a Stanley Steamer, an electric car, unicycles, pogo ctkics, an electric motorcycle, bicycles, electric scooters, roller skates, shoes. The parade was followed with a picnic and rock concert. The events were sponsored by Ecology Action (1701 Carleton, Berkely).

The parade came just two days after air-pollution levels reached a new high in the Berkeley area: a "combined pollutant index" of 121 indicating--even within the coy terms of the Bay Area Air Pollution Control District--"severe" pollution.

Meanwhile in Los Angeles a group called People's Lobby Inc. (5504) Hollywood Blvd, Hollywood Calif 90028) filed two initiatives which "If implemented by signatures and votes in the 1970 General Election can effectively eliminate all forms of air pollution in a technologically feasible period of time.

"One initiative, which requires





lution Facility in Los Angeles exposed rabbits to photo-chemical smog of roughly the same concentrations encountered on Los Angeles freeways on a smoggy day. Prof. Albert F. Bush of the UCLA School of Engineering and Applied Science reports the blood's oxygen-carrying capacity was reduced by an average of 20 percent, and up to 38 percent, after the third test run.

Prof. Bush says the body's protective system will apparently withstand a single smog exposure, but weakens under continuous assaults. The blood's hemoglobin is believed to have 300,000 times greater affinity for nitric oxide than for oxygen, so that only a few parts of nitric oxide can present a threat.

The dangers of nitric oxide increase, rather than lessen, with the use of current anti-smog devices that were fixed about 10 years ago when driving was slower and standards were not aimed at nitric oxide emission.

Dr. Samuel S. Epstein of Children's Cancer Research Foundation, Boston, some months ago told the annual science writers' seminar of the American Cancer Society that in cities with a heavily polluted atmosphere a man could inhale enough cancer-producing substances in four months to develop a liver or lung tumor.

* * *

So What would you like to do about all this? What would we like to do about all this?

My attempts to answer this for myself are fouled by the persistent feeling that the few men who control America are no longer merely rationally corrupt, rationally exploitative or aggressive--but in fact under huge and complex stresses have been driven very literally mad. More specifically they often seem masochistic: I do not think we can explain Operation Intercept of the plans for larger explosions on Amchitka or the attempts to appoint Haynesworth to the Supreme Court as mere acts of stupidity or recklessness or defiance.

It's hard to avoid the terrible conclusion that the

poisons in the environment have already affected the minds of these men--and that for them there is little chance of escape from the cycle. Probably nothing short of an enormous natural catastrophe can provide the jolt--the therapeutic shock--they need.

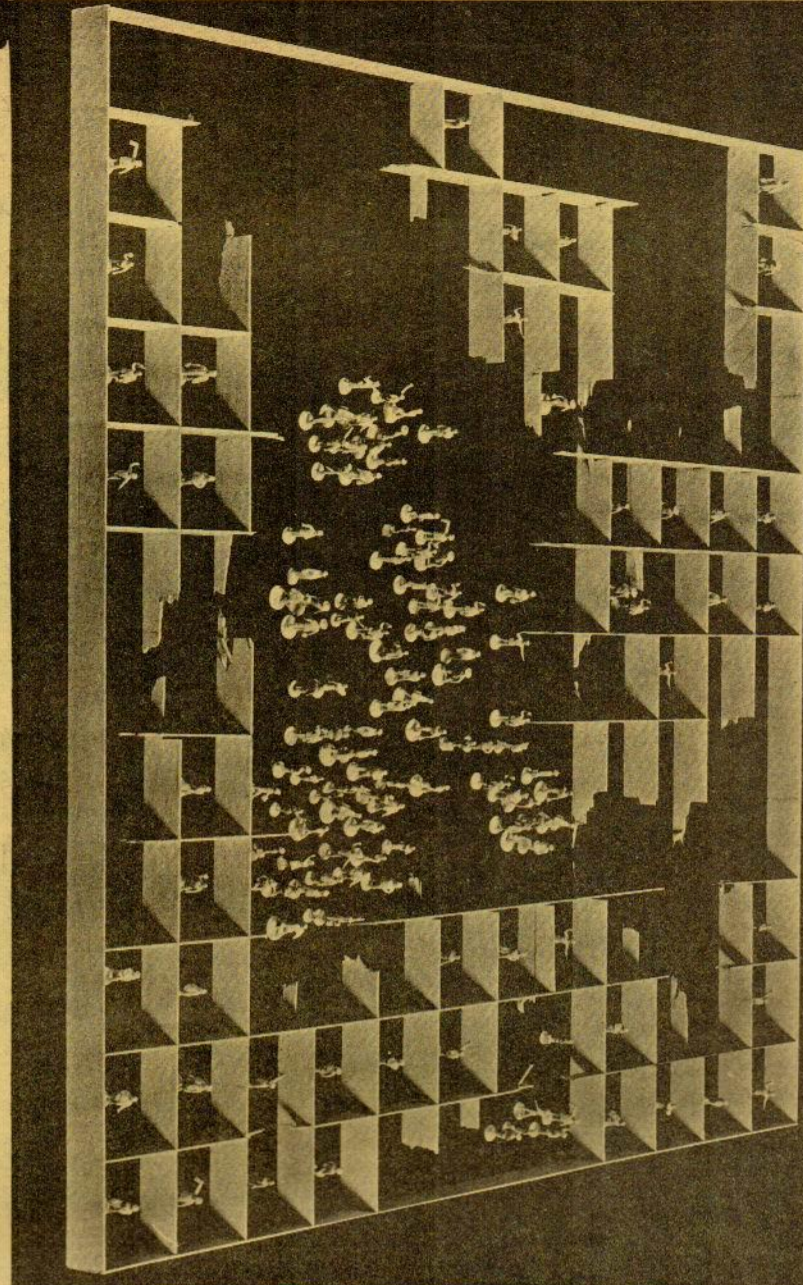
The Toronto Star and SF Chronicle--unlike the NY Times--often provide relatively frank reports and assessments of what's going down ecologically. Here are excerpts from a piece in the September 13 Toronto Daily Star:

Dr. Donald Chant, a University of Toronto professor, said yesterday he may sue the provincial government's pesticide advisory board if it does not soon ban the sale of DDT. Citizens should take the same action against government officials who allow pollution of land, air or water, Dr. Chant, chairman of the department of zoology, told a conference organized by Pollution Probe, a Toronto group set up in February to promote pollution control.

Dr. Chant said there was "absolutely undebatable" evidence that DDT causes cancer in mice, kills birds and changes the sex organs and the ability to learn in other creatures. He said the pesticide advisory board, which reports to the provincial Department of Health, was composed of four civil servants one retired civil servant and four representatives of agricultural service industries--including one from a manufacturer of pesticides. "The bias in that group is so great," said Dr. Chant, "It's a wonder they don't fall over backwards." The board, he suggested, could be sued for conflict of interest.

Chant said four countries had already banned DDT, and other political entities had either banned it or stopped its use for limited periods. Dr. Chant said that despite evidence that DDT was harmful to animals, governments, health officers and agriculturalists alike maintained that DDT was still indispensable. He said there were substitutes for all of its uses--including cutworm control in tobacco crops. He said more than 200,000 pounds of DDT were used by the tobacco industry in Ontario last year.

Dr. Chant said if man doesn't soon stop polluting the earth's land, air and water, doomsday could well arrive before the end of the century. He said there were at least five answers to the question, "How did we get into this mess?" The first is that the whole economy still operates at a



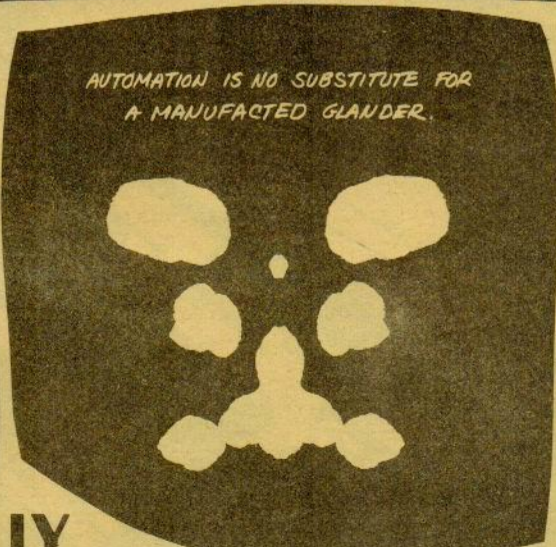
pioneer stage. "The pioneer economy says there's always another river to dump wastes in. It's the idea that there's only one kind of economy--an economy of growth. Get bigger and you get better." But Chant said society now must "organize to live at a plateau situation, not a growth situation. Here we are, going around the country mining new mines and cutting down the trees without determining our real needs." A second factor that has made the world easier to pollute is government, he said. "Governments are set up to do certain things--they are susceptible to pressures and to organized interests. Put pressure on government and government responds." The trouble, he said, is that only those polluting the environment were so far using those pressures--not those battling pollution. He called for a better "balance of biases." Civil servants were a third reason. "I have a feeling,"

Chant said, "that civil servants represent a very large fly in the ointment. They become creatures of the agency they serve. They develop a possessive feeling about the department policies." They tend, he said, to shrug off facts. Public indifference is a fourth factor in increased pollution, Chant said. He said people tend to get alarmed from time to time about it, but have an "emotional reluctance" to accept the fact that it could lead to catastrophe. A fifth reason was the citizens' "abysmal failure" to develop effective programs to combat pollution...Dr. Chant said that besides "suing the bastards," immediate steps in the pollution war should be "a major program of public information, as well as education of government officials."

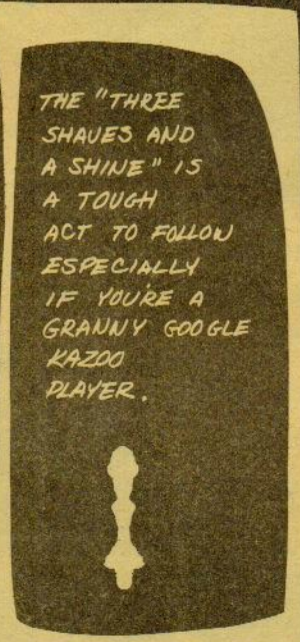
The following appeared in the July-August ENVIRONMENT: The death of birds continues to give warning of trouble in the environment. Fort Jefferson in the southern tip of Florida has recorded a major reproductive failure among sooty terns. According to Biologists at the National Park, 98 percent of the population of 40,000 terns failed to reproduce successfully. Other bird species, including other terns, did not encounter any difficulty this year. First speculation as to causes of the failure centered around chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides, such as DDT, which are known to affect the reproduction of some birds. However corroborating evidence for this speculation has not been obtained. According to Boyd Evison of the Park Service some specialists now think that sonic booms are implicated in the failure. At recent hearings in Madison, Wisconsin over whether to ban DDT in that state, a poultry expert testified that sonic booms could cause changes in bird reproductive success. Investigation into the tern's problem is continuing.



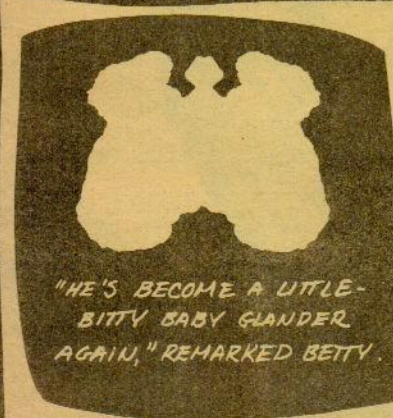
A GOOD CLAM NEVER HURT ANYONE!



AUTOMATION IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR A MANUFACTURED GLANDER.



THE "THREE SHAVES AND A SHINE" IS A TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE A GRANNU GOOGLE KAZOO PLAYER.

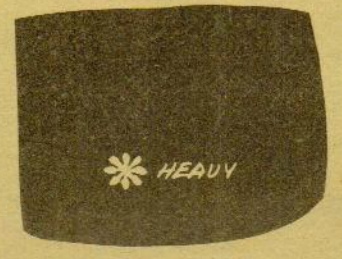


"HE'S BECOME A LITTLE BITTY BABY GLANDER AGAIN," REMARKED BETTY.

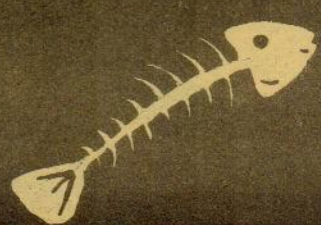


BILLY AND BETTY

BY TWIGGS JAMESON A REAL TOGETHER BROTHER-SISTER THING!



* HEAVY



(The Noveau Politacal Exodus Circa '68)

August 20

Cat is neurotic under the back seat
and I, braver, sitting up front
with sunglasses
am making orange juice in a thermos
lighting cigarettes
trading California for Nevada
out my window.

We stop in Lovelock to eat
where your mother was born
and thinking she is
(how many miles?) behind us
we laugh for the first time
though we are still serious
with the seriousness of what we are doing

Over night in Winnemucca
we stay in a trailer camp near the train yards.
In the night I think the coupling is thunder
and you hold me

head to your chest
as earlier
(sitting on the ground near the car in the afternoon)
we hold each other,
the lack of home dizzying us t like the lack of gravity,
to keep from falling...
we are one day free.

August 21

In the morning Utah

I need to stop and taste and stand
on the salt flats to believe their desolation
and later find that they are less desolate
and more real than the cities
and the signs along the road—
"The Lord Cometh - where will you spend Eternity?"
and I can remember hoping
it would not be in Utah.

Outside Salt Lake we picked up a hitchhiker
a little would-be freak
who made up for his hair
which was not quite long enough he thought
by telling us a lot about dope.

We are tired and want to crash
and before we let him off this little cat
turns us on to a shop where
"they will take care of you man."

And we need to talk with someone
(and we pass the Great Temple
surrounded by blocks and blocks of tourist parking)
we need to see people who will understand who we are
or only why we are leaving.
But they must have been Christians too—
the sad eyed chick with a baby
and her old man...
they left us talking to ourselves at their door.

We slept that night in a room with green walls
outside it is raining
and we make love on the bed that creaks and sags

and can hear people in the next room doing
doing the same

August 22

Wyoming is beautiful like an opium dream by Fellini
we stop to buy firecrackers and licorice
off a heavy desert road
and sand blows in our teeth and hair.

Now it's raining again
I cooked you such an awful dinner
and we slept in the car on top of guitars
in the back seat
and killed mosquitoes most of the night.

August 23

We cross into Nebraska and there is nothing much to see
it is just America and could as well have been Russia—
fields of wheat, small farms and more wheat.

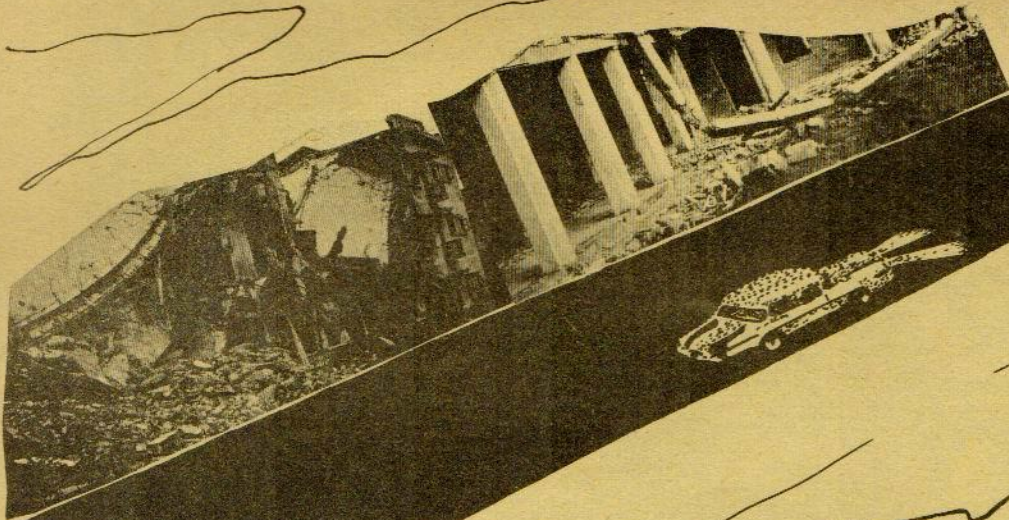
We listen to local news on the radio...
"Nellie Henshaw of Ogallala died last night of pneumonia
survived by sister Rena Jean Black...
services held..."
(commercial)

"Buy Hawg-Rich, Hawg-Rich
Makes your hawks fat and happy
Buy it now, make it snappy."

They mention the Chicago riots in passing
"Yippies arrested for bringing livestock
into downtown area...Yippies jailed...
pig rescued by the humane society..."

We have stopped for lunch
in every A & W root beer stand
between here and the coast.
I am greatly hungry for cheeseburgers
and eat still another in North Platt.
and think this ritual is some small and funny way
to protect myself from the holocaust of changes
that we are undergoing.

We camp in Wood River — this is more like it...
we eat steak and onions and pancakes for dinner
under trees filled with insects
that sound like electric shavers—
I ask the old man camp owner what they are
and he says "Well -them's some kinda bugs."
There are 2 camp dogs -- a great slobbering
St. Bernard and a lady collie with a pretty face
and one of them steals a carton of milk from us
in the night.
Cat comes out from hiding and explores
but thinking it against the rules
to go to the bathroom on territory
not his own -- dutifully takes his evening shit
in his box filled with sand





CANADA
is
WONDERFUL
it really makes



August 24
Into Iowa
which is just hundreds of miles of corn.
There are more trucks than cars on the road.
Truckers chewing cigars and dropping cartwheels
thinking of the fat assed waitresses
waiting to be pinched at the next coffee shop.

We feel like the grapes of wrath.
Our car is filled with trash
cat milk spilled on the floor
and we are dirty with split lips
and bites covering our arms and faces.

It is so hot and this road so goddamn boring
we've run out of things to say and still,
wishing to entertain the driver,
I see that there are no cars coming
and I unbutton my shirt and show you my breasts
and it is so silly we laugh.

We stop at the Coralville Reservoir for the night
and later find that it is owned by the army
which really spoils it for us.
We pee in the woods
(there are pit toilets but they smell awful)
and wash in water from a pump.
The bugs eat us again
before getting under the sleeping bag we try
insect repellent everywhere.
We begin to make love and touching each other
wonder if this medicine still on our hands might hurt.
I come looking up in the sky and the stars.
I have never done this before.

August 25
We see the Mississippi river this day
and stop on the Illinois side to touch it.
It is still early morning and the water is moving fast
and catching the sun - moving it.
The sight fills me - fills us.
The river is the last beautiful thing we see
in Illinois.
We do not wish to stop in Chicago
we are scared, very far away from the news
and are not sure what is happening.

We cross into Indiana
in Elkhart we need a lube job
we go to eight stations and no one will do it
Ed's hair is too long - I am ragged and barefoot.
We stop for lunch
and stare back at the people staring at us.

We finally go just into Michigan
stop at a station run by a high school boy.
He does the lube - anxious to hear
about Berkeley and California.
He is a car freak with a dream
to open a gas station in San Jose.
He's very funny, very nice and we are feeling better.

We cross another border into Ohio
we are traveling toll highways
and getting pissed off having to pay money
to use a road.
The toll takers and drivers are all assholes.

We get to Toledo and I get us lost
we drive for hours and find a motel finally
where the lady at the desk is sure we're not married.
We cook on our Coleman stove in the room
I cut Ed's hair and we wash ourselves
with the border on our minds.
It's funny to be in bed
I can't get to sleep till late...

August 26
Into Michigan and then across at Windsor
we get the heebie geebies in Detroit
and leave dope in some restroom.
The immigration office ingests us and spits us out
in ten minutes.
I am so flipped out by now I am answering
all questions before Ed has a chance to
and before the official even asks them.
The customs office is much the same --
"Have any liquor -- guns?"
"nope, we have a cat
a bunch of grapes, some cigarettes."
and we're out.

In Windsor we stop
meet two freaks and go to their place to change.
We get pretty money at the bank
all purple and orange
and then go
We stay that night at Point Glasgow
on Lake Erie
and keep telling each other WE ARE HERE!
We walk through the woods to the Lakeshore
which is lined with bodies of dead fish.
Cat has followed us and on the way back
to camp we loose him
we return to the lake where he is sitting in the bushes
looking at the water.
In the night the cat battles a woods animal
we awake in time to see him fall from a tree in flight
in the morning he seems fine but is tired.

August 27
We drive into Toronto
wow - big city - bigger than Berkeley and San Francisco
together.
I get us lost again trying to find the Anti Draft Programme
and my head hurts.
Allen there gives us a number
where we might call to crash
and we do - drive to McCaul Street
and get out of the car and there to meet us
is this cat with yellow glasses
he grabs our hands
welcome to Canada
and smiles because he can dig it
and how it is to leave what you have
and come to something new.
The man is waiting for him
and still he smiles and we know him
we are home free

Fuck you U.S.A.
catch us if you can...

Sheila Streit



STARBUCKS

STARRING



GALAXY DAN

AND HIS PET ASTEROID:



EDGAR

EXPLORERS OF THE INNER SYSTEM: TRAVELERS TO THE NEBULONIAN ETHERS

WELL SHOTS, JOIN US NOW AS GALAXY DAN SHOTS THROUGH THE COSMOS AT $E=MC^2$

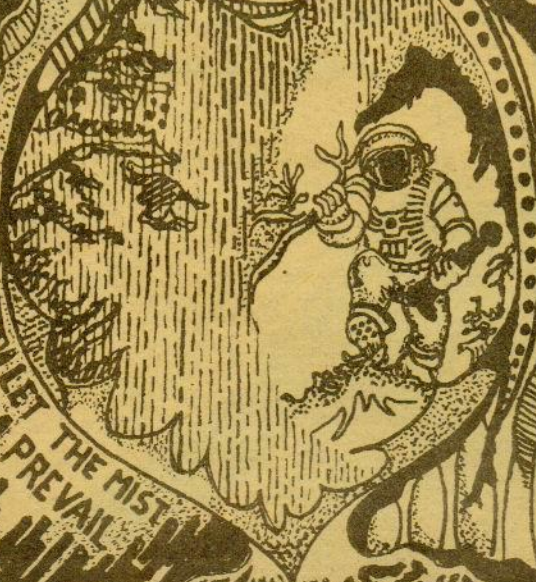
FOR YEARS HATH I, GALAXY DAN, ENVOY OF THE AMERICAN EMERAL SPATIAL LEGION, BEEN IN PURSUIT OF THE TREACHEROUS AND IMMORAL... GRIMP!

... AND AT LAST THE SEARCH IS DONE... UPON THE WORLD OF WEED HAVE I TRACED HIS DESTRUCTIVE PATH - AND HERE SHALL HIS INSURGENT MURMUR PERISH!

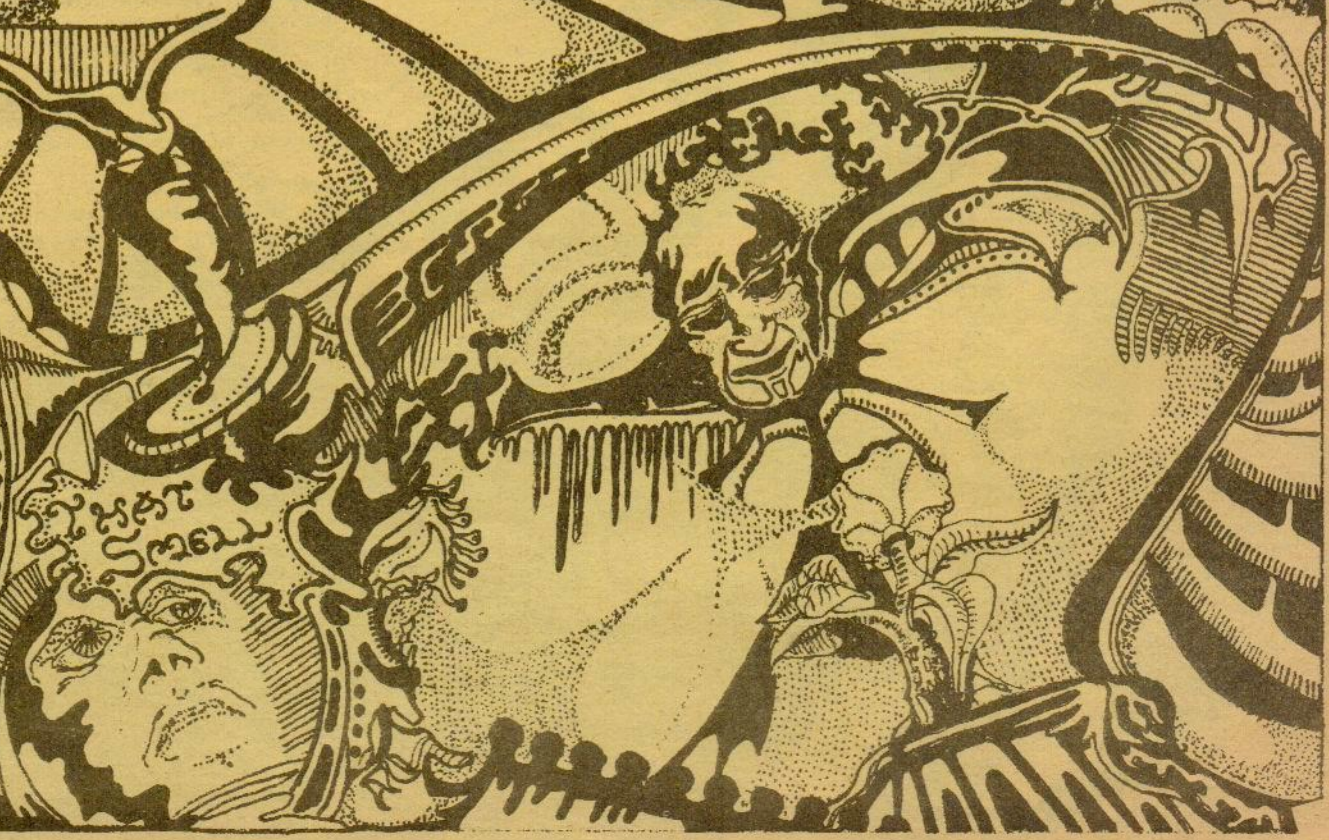


... LIGHT TUNE'S CONSCIENCE OF AM-EMP approach: MUST ACTIVATE PROGRESS SAID AGENT!!
"The Grimp Prepared and Produced..."

IT IS HERE ON THE GRIMP'S ANCESTRAL WORLD THAT THE FATE OF LAW and JUSTICE WILL BE WON! I MUST BE EVER READY..



LET THE MIST PREVAI



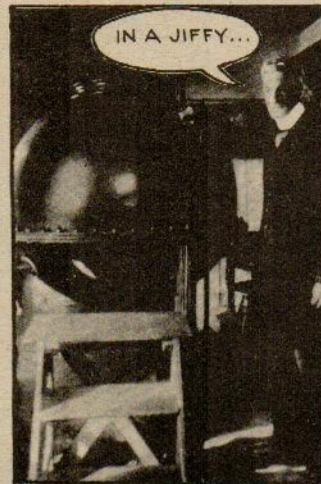
BORDER CROSSING COMIX

KDM

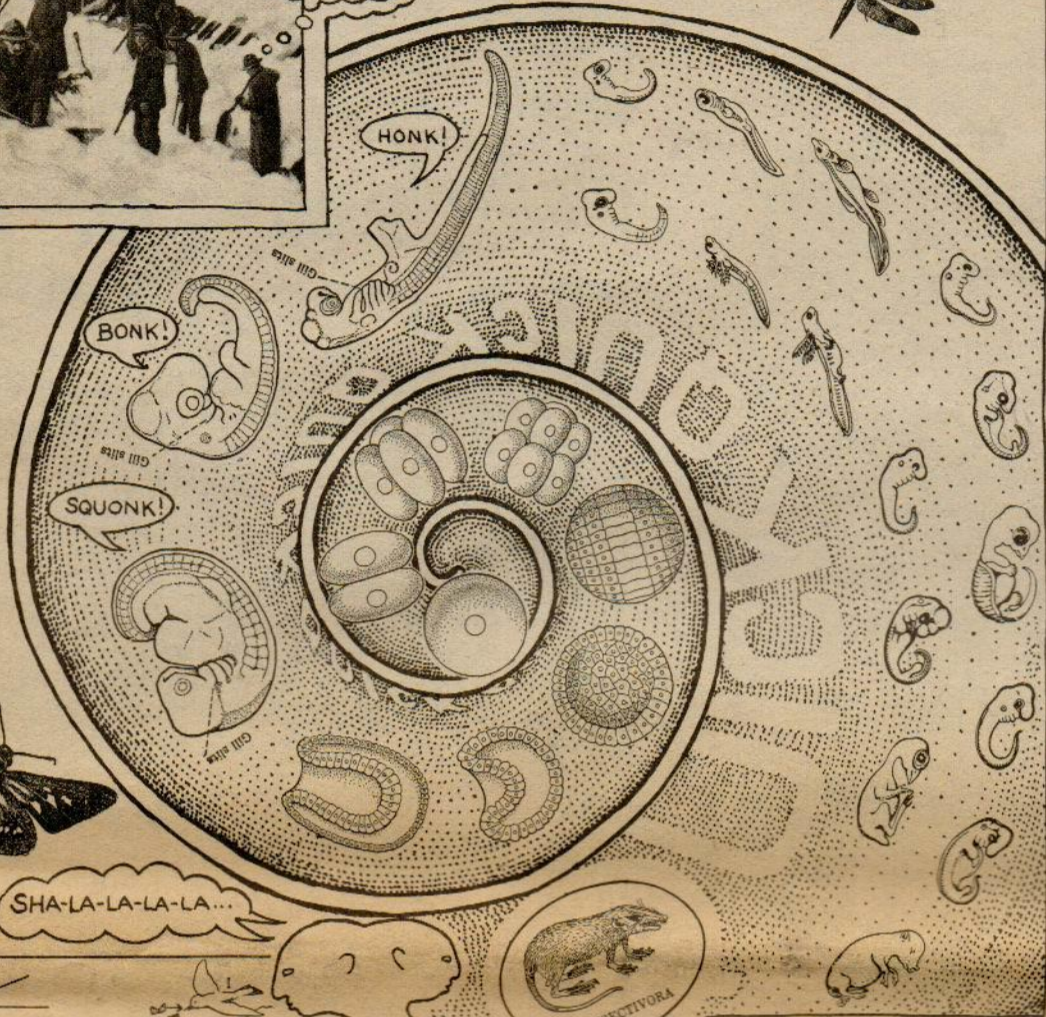
ALAS, WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE BRAVENESS
OF MY DREAMS
THAT THEY SEEM CRUEL AND CRUMBLE
IN WHAT WINDS I KNOW NOT WHERE...
THAT MY HEARTS LIMBS SO DANGEROUSLY THINK
INTO THOSE ELABORATE DUNGENS OF THE SPELLBOUND..?

CERTAINLY MY SOUL MUST QUICKLY
CLOAK ME IN THE GRACIOUS GARMENT
OF THE INFINITE ETERNAL COSMOS...

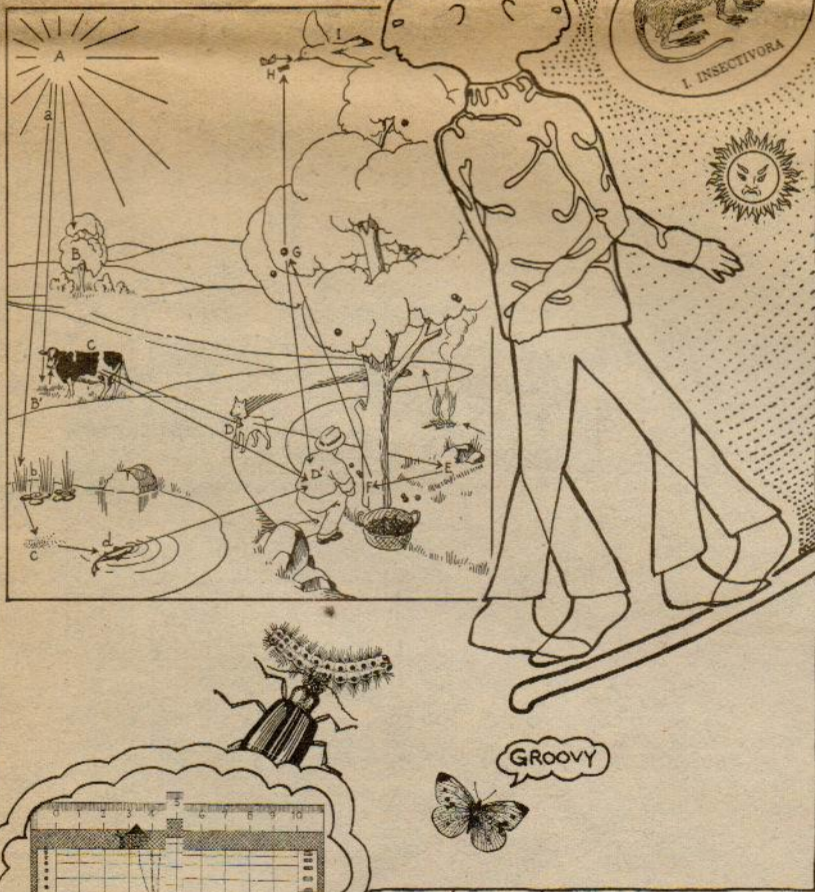
TIME IS NIFTY



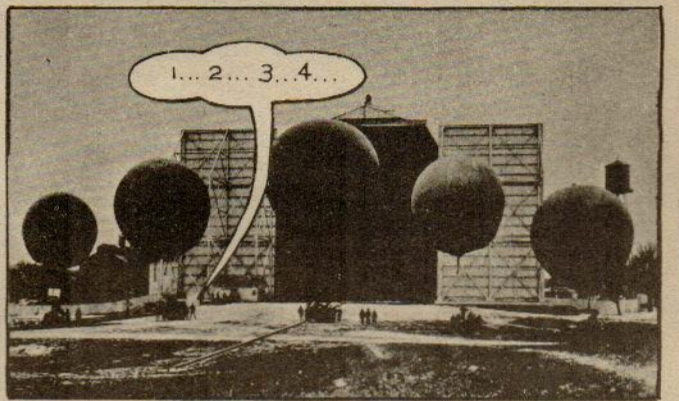
IN A JIFFY...



SHA-LA-LA-LA...



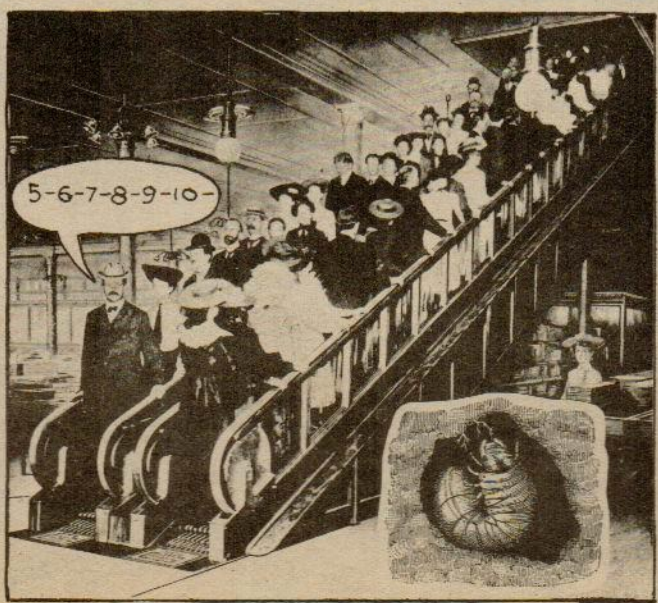
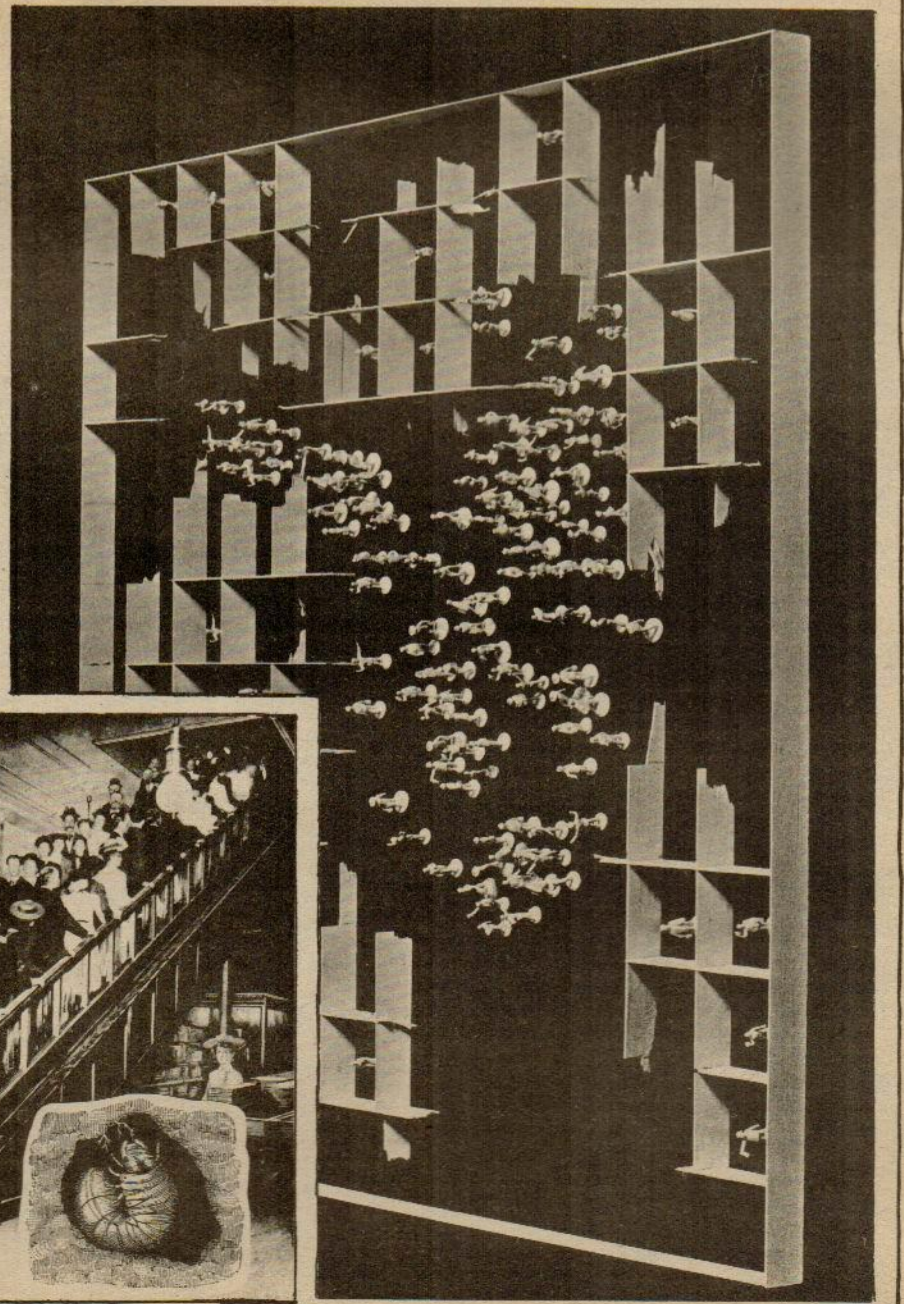
GROOVY



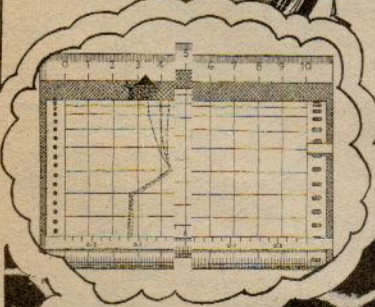
1... 2... 3... 4...



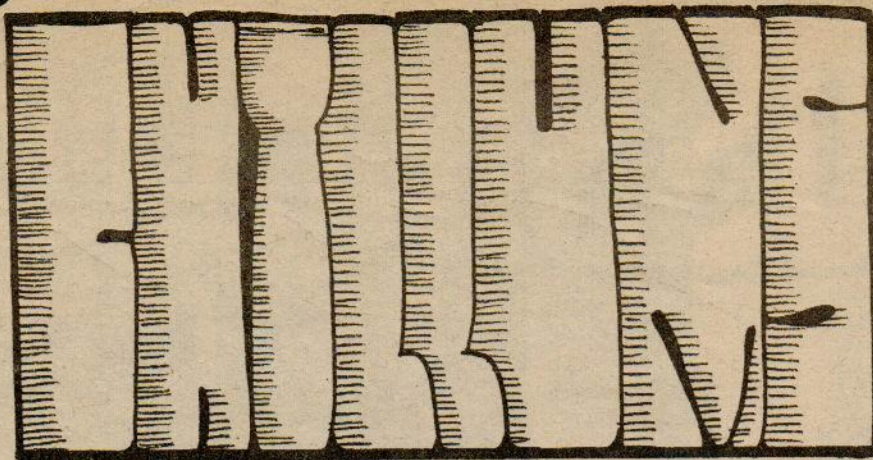
CAN I HAVE A LITTLE MORE..?



5-6-7-8-9-10



I LOVE YOU



The chillum is a simple one-piece funnel-shaped pipe. It comes from Afghanistan, and is used mainly for hashish. It is made of fired clay, and is glazed many times on the inside of the bowl.

It is usually three to four inches long. The bowl is 1/2 to 1 inch deep with a 3/4 to 1 inch diameter at the top. The chillum's stem is two or more inches long, with an outside diameter of 1/2 to 1 inch. Its bottom is roundish and smooth. The hole running through the stem is approximately pipe-cleaner sized, up to about 1/4 inch in diameter.

The function of a chillum is more important than its shape. The bowl should be deep enough to prevent the dope from falling out, but not so deep that a match dropped into it will go out.

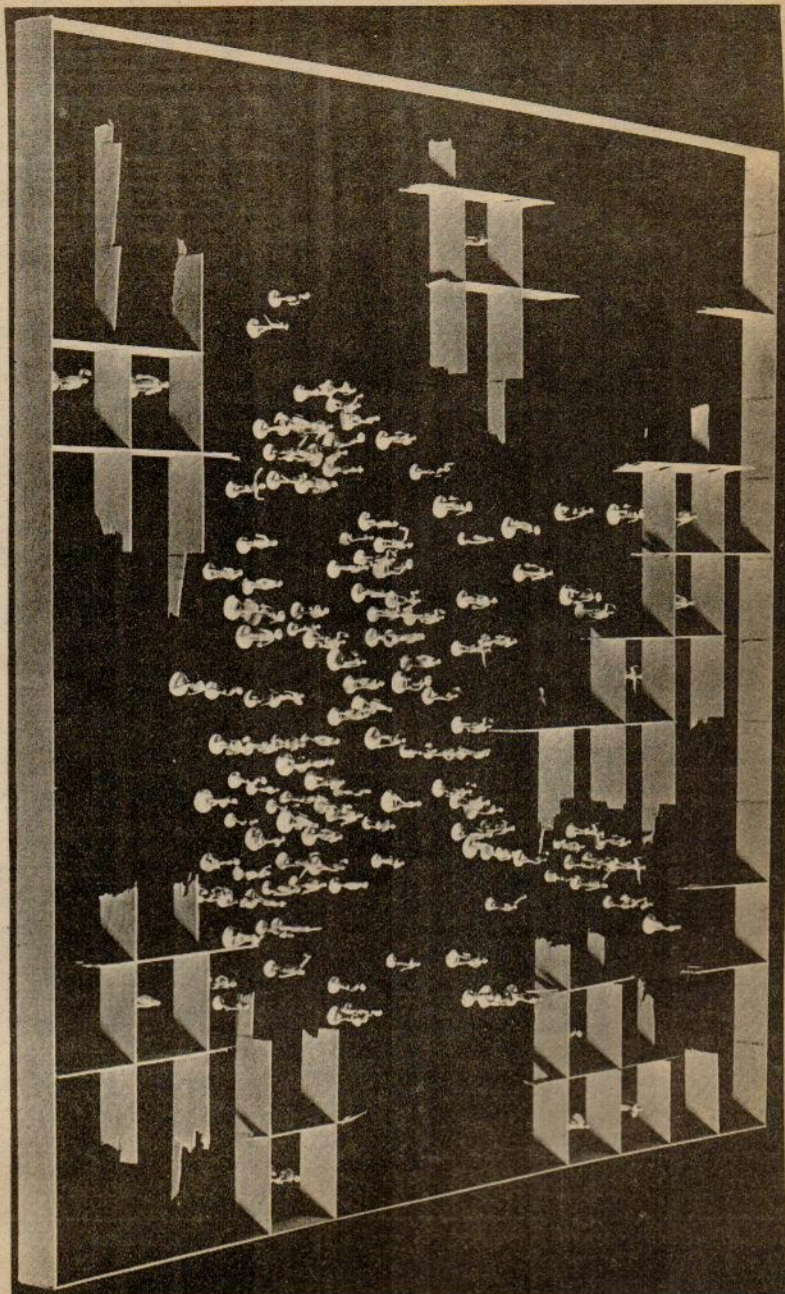
The stem should be long enough to avoid the danger of setting your hair on fire when you light up the chillum, but not so long as to make it easy to tip out the contents of the

crumbs. Place the stuff on the palm of the left hand, and put a drop or two of water or spit on the dope. Roll and press the dope into a ball using your right thumb. Do not make the dope too wet. Then drop the ball into the chillum.

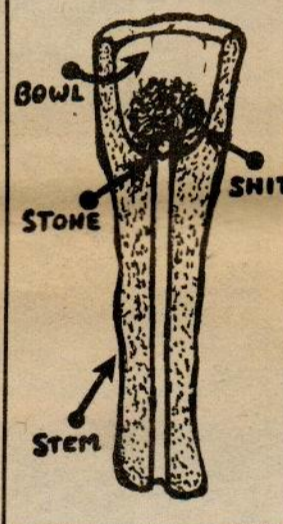
Get a piece of cloth about 3 inches wide and 4 inches long. Wet it and ring it out. Wrap this around the bottom part of the stem, and it will serve as a cooling filter.

Now you are ready to smoke the chillum. Drop a lit match into the bowl or have a friend light it for you. Prime it by inhaling and exhaling a few times in quick succession. Keep the chillum up-right, and tip your head to one side to breathe through the pipe.

To take an orthodox chillum toke, squat on the floor and prime it two or three times, then inhale mightily and at the same time stand up. Do not worry about your throat. Concentrate on your lungs. Make sure that your hands have closed off all air leaks ex-



(CUT-AWAY) CHILLUM



STEP #1



STEP #2



you've ever been on hash. Used incorrectly, it is just another way to smoke dope.

I haven't seen any chillums for sale around the bay area, and I've only met two people who had them. They are extremely easy and inexpensive to make, however, and can be shaped, painted, glazed, or etched beautifully. The chillum can be a real boon to the serious dope smoker, and also to the not-so-serious dope smoker.

A makeshift measure if you don't have a proper chillum is to break off the neck of a bottle, roll up a strip of cardboard for a filter, put in a small amount of tobacco and then the dope. If you don't have grass, and don't like the taste and dangers of tobacco, you can substitute a large number of substances such as parsley, dried lettuce, and tea, especially camomille.

bowl.

The hole running through the stem should be wide enough to give an easy draw, but not so wide as to allow the dope to be sucked through it.

Except for these requirements, a chillum can be any size or shape, and be decorated or not.

Although the chillum is an extremely simple pipe, using it is a more complex affair. The chillum is first of all placed in the left hand. Hold the left hand palm up, and close the fingers together to form a tent over the palm. The chillum is placed bowl-up between the fingers, the stem coming down to around the first finger joint.

The right hand is wrapped around the left, to squeeze the fingers shut so that no air comes through them. The wide space between the thumb and little finger on the left hand is covered by the large thumb muscle of the right hand. Only the space between the thumb and index finger of the left hand is left open. It is through this opening that the smoke is inhaled.

To smoke the chillum, first get a small stone, and drop it into the bowl. This serves to stop the dope from being sucked out. The stone should be rough so as to not block the air passage too much.

Then take a generous pinch of marijuana, and mix in a judicious amount of hash-

cept where you breathe through.

If you do it right, your lungs will feel like a cast-iron furnace as you inhale. You will not be able to hold the smoke in at the end. A peculiar automatic breathing reaction will occur, and you will involuntarily exhale in a specific way. This is the point of the chillum. I will not attempt to describe the breath action more elaborately. When it occurs, you'll know it. You won't be able to help it.

It is not the volume of smoke inhaled that makes a chillum a chillum, although the volume of smoke is quite considerable. It is the automatic breathing reaction that really makes you high.

There is a knack to smoking the chillum that is learned only with practice. If you do don't smoke it right you won't get any higher than with a pipe or joint, except to the extent that you take in more smoke. It is the automatic breathing reaction that occurs when you inhale properly that makes you HIGH.

No fair just sucking on the end of the stem. The chillum must be held properly in both hands, mouth against the opening between the left thumb and index finger. The chillum is most efficacious used with hashish mixed with pot, but pot alone or hash and tobacco can be used in a pinch.

Used correctly, the chillum can get you higher than

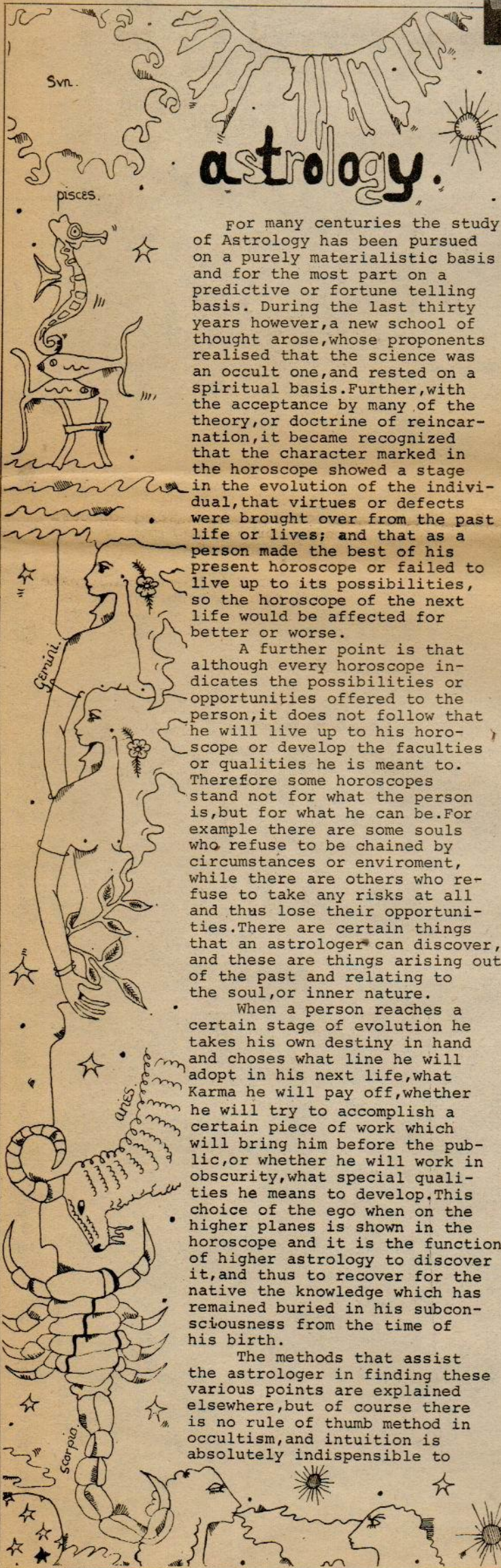
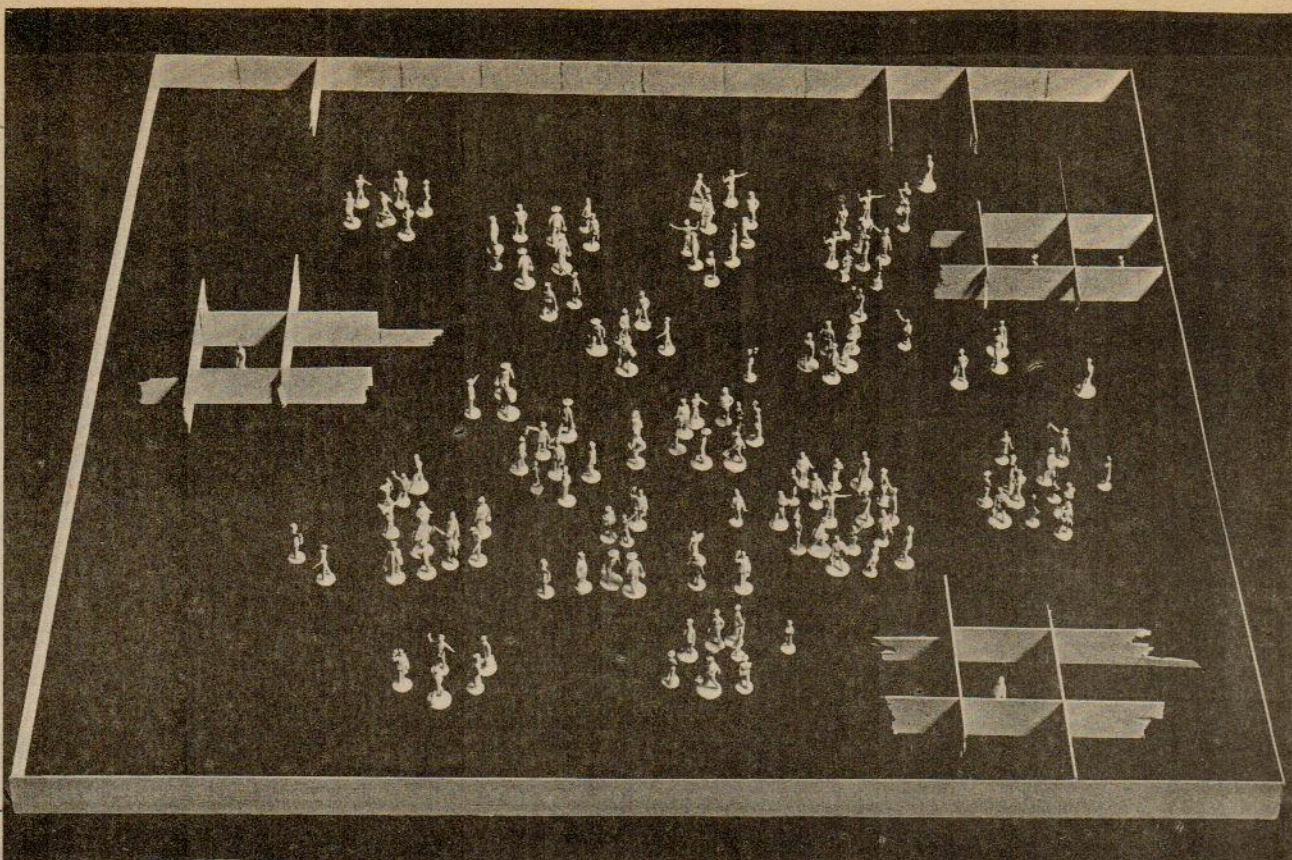
Handwritten advertisement for 'THINGS HANDICRAFTS' featuring a peace sign, a hand holding a pipe, and the text 'CLOTHES LEATHER Jewelry' and '368-7571'.

VENDORS



Sell HARBINGER
make 10¢ percopy
Harbinger Depot
128 Yorkville Ave
3rd floor
Use the SSS in side lane

or
The Golden Ant
393 Spadina Ave
or
call 929-9037



astrology.

For many centuries the study of Astrology has been pursued on a purely materialistic basis and for the most part on a predictive or fortune telling basis. During the last thirty years however, a new school of thought arose, whose proponents realised that the science was an occult one, and rested on a spiritual basis. Further, with the acceptance by many of the theory, or doctrine of reincarnation, it became recognized that the character marked in the horoscope showed a stage in the evolution of the individual, that virtues or defects were brought over from the past life or lives; and that as a person made the best of his present horoscope or failed to live up to its possibilities, so the horoscope of the next life would be affected for better or worse.

A further point is that although every horoscope indicates the possibilities or opportunities offered to the person, it does not follow that he will live up to his horoscope or develop the faculties or qualities he is meant to. Therefore some horoscopes stand not for what the person is, but for what he can be. For example there are some souls who refuse to be chained by circumstances or environment, while there are others who refuse to take any risks at all and thus lose their opportunities. There are certain things that an astrologer can discover, and these are things arising out of the past and relating to the soul, or inner nature.

When a person reaches a certain stage of evolution he takes his own destiny in hand and chooses what line he will adopt in his next life, what Karma he will pay off, whether he will try to accomplish a certain piece of work which will bring him before the public, or whether he will work in obscurity, what special qualities he means to develop. This choice of the ego when on the higher planes is shown in the horoscope and it is the function of higher astrology to discover it, and thus to recover for the native the knowledge which has remained buried in his subconsciousness from the time of his birth.

The methods that assist the astrologer in finding these various points are explained elsewhere, but of course there is no rule of thumb method in occultism, and intuition is absolutely indispensable to

correct judgement. Intuition is based on or composed of the following qualities; open-mindedness, or freedom from preconceived ideas; the capacity for imagination; receptiveness to impression; the power of deduction; mental adaptability; and accuracy in detail. It is a faculty which has its origins in the heart rather than the intellect, though intellect is necessary to guide it and give it form. But a person whose intellect is strongly material cannot expect to have intuition, since material intellect always seeks for logical proofs or scientific reasons, which of course it cannot get; hence it always questions intuition and doubts it.

But besides pure intuition, there is another psychic faculty which some people possess, which assists them to make accurate delininations. This is a faculty in the nature of psychometry, and is a sort of mental clairvoyance. To people gifted with it a horoscope becomes more or less a medium or instrument through which this faculty is aroused, (a Mandala) just as a crystal is to clairvoyants. But without either intuition or this mental clairvoyance no accurate delinination is possible for astrology is an Occult science and not just an exact one, and therefore cannot be defined by a rigid set of rules. It is from this psychic gift alone that an astrologer can ever obtain accurate impressions of past incarnation. The essence of these is woven into the general colouring of the horoscope, and can only be traced psychically.

It cannot be stated too emphatically that a horoscope is NOT fatalistic, since the way that a person will respond to it depends on his soul-measure, and difficulties which might overwhelm one person may be conquered by another.

Some students do a great deal of harm by predicting definite events - usually unfortunate - from progressed aspects or transits. But any experienced astrologer knows that not only do these often pass over without bringing any effects, but that the same aspect or transit may bring infinitely different results in different cases. From this we can deduce two axioms: (1) Definite prediction is impossible. (2) The more highly evolved a person is the more he can rule his stars. Occultists know that when a person has exhausted his Karma, an eclipse or a lumination occurring on a sensitive point on his horoscope cannot bring any misfortune, it will either bring a benefit or have no effect.

The horoscope is extremely interesting when considered from an Esoteric point of view. Just as the biological make-up of the parents forms the genetic heredity of the individual, so the astrological factors in the parents' horoscopes will form the infant's horoscope. Besides heredity, another important factor to be considered is environment. This is naturally a result of the parent's environment also.

The horoscope itself has two main power points: The Rising Sign; and the Sun Sign. The Rising Sign is constant through every incarnation and represents the soul's higher self. The Sun Sign is the sign that the soul has chosen to manifest through in this incarnation in order to work out certain forms of Karma, and to experience life from a certain point of view.

Astrologers speak of the influences of the planets; every planet has a higher order of vibrations and a lower, positive and negative. We may respond to either or both, but as the evolving soul becomes aware of itself it responds more and more to the higher order of vibrations. Until recently, Astrology postulated that the Sun Sign was the most important factor in the horoscope. Even today, the popular daily guides are based on the Sun Sign, but astrologers are turning more and more to the belief that the Rising Sign is the real driving force in a person's horoscope.

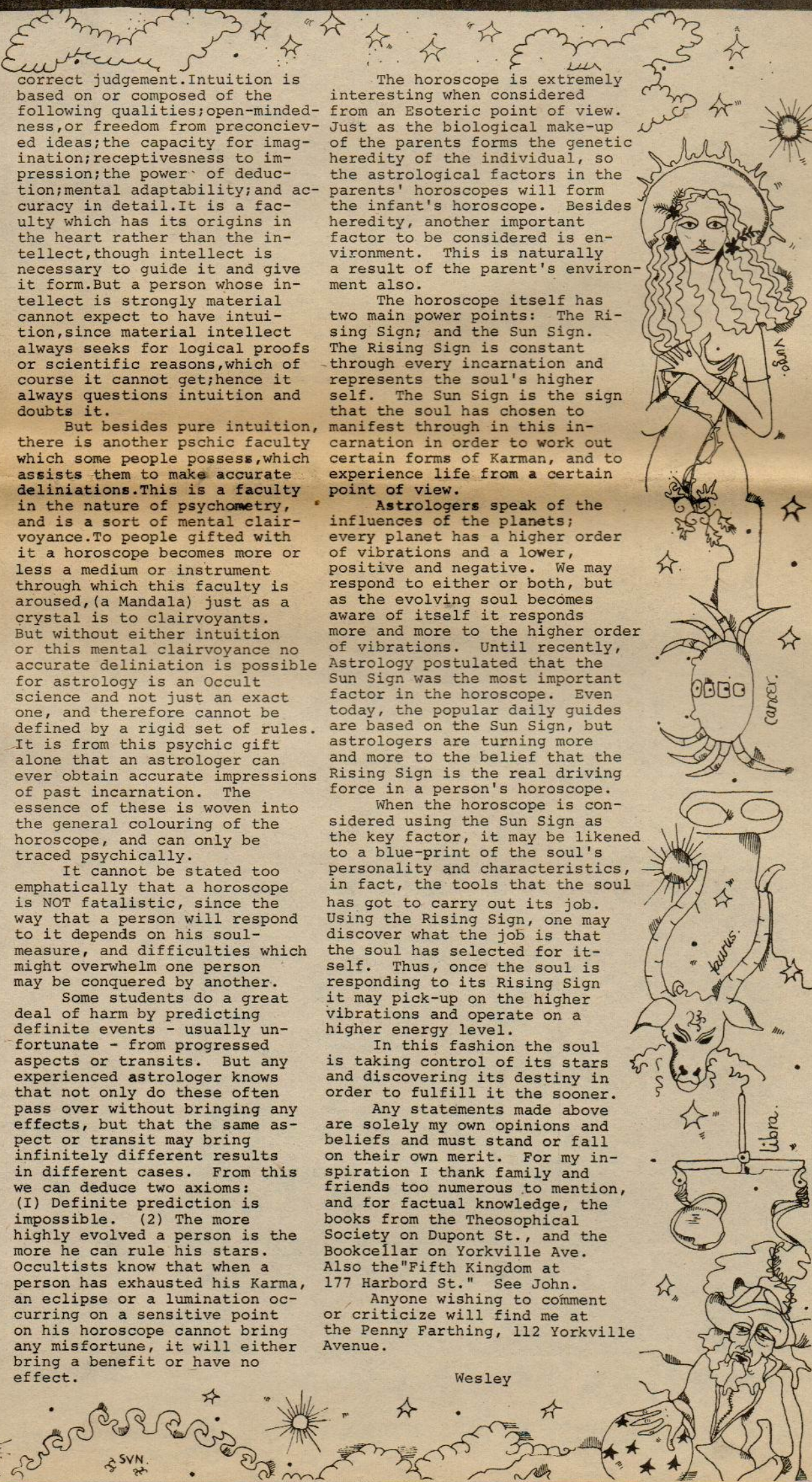
When the horoscope is considered using the Sun Sign as the key factor, it may be likened to a blue-print of the soul's personality and characteristics, in fact, the tools that the soul has got to carry out its job. Using the Rising Sign, one may discover what the job is that the soul has selected for itself. Thus, once the soul is responding to its Rising Sign it may pick-up on the higher vibrations and operate on a higher energy level.

In this fashion the soul is taking control of its stars and discovering its destiny in order to fulfill it the sooner.

Any statements made above are solely my own opinions and beliefs and must stand or fall on their own merit. For my inspiration I thank family and friends too numerous to mention, and for factual knowledge, the books from the Theosophical Society on Dupont St., and the Bookcellar on Yorkville Ave. Also the "Fifth Kingdom at 177 Harbord St." See John.

Anyone wishing to comment or criticize will find me at the Penny Farthing, 112 Yorkville Avenue.

Wesley



THE MYNAH BIRD



Most visitors to Yorkville pass by the Mynah Bird without going in. They perhaps pause outside and look at the signs and wonder just what goes on inside. The signs promise a lot in the way of sensational sex, but for most people curiosity isn't worth

buy a drink (required, non-alcoholic, and overpriced, coffee, \$1.10) and a show which gets pretty strange according to a girl who worked there.

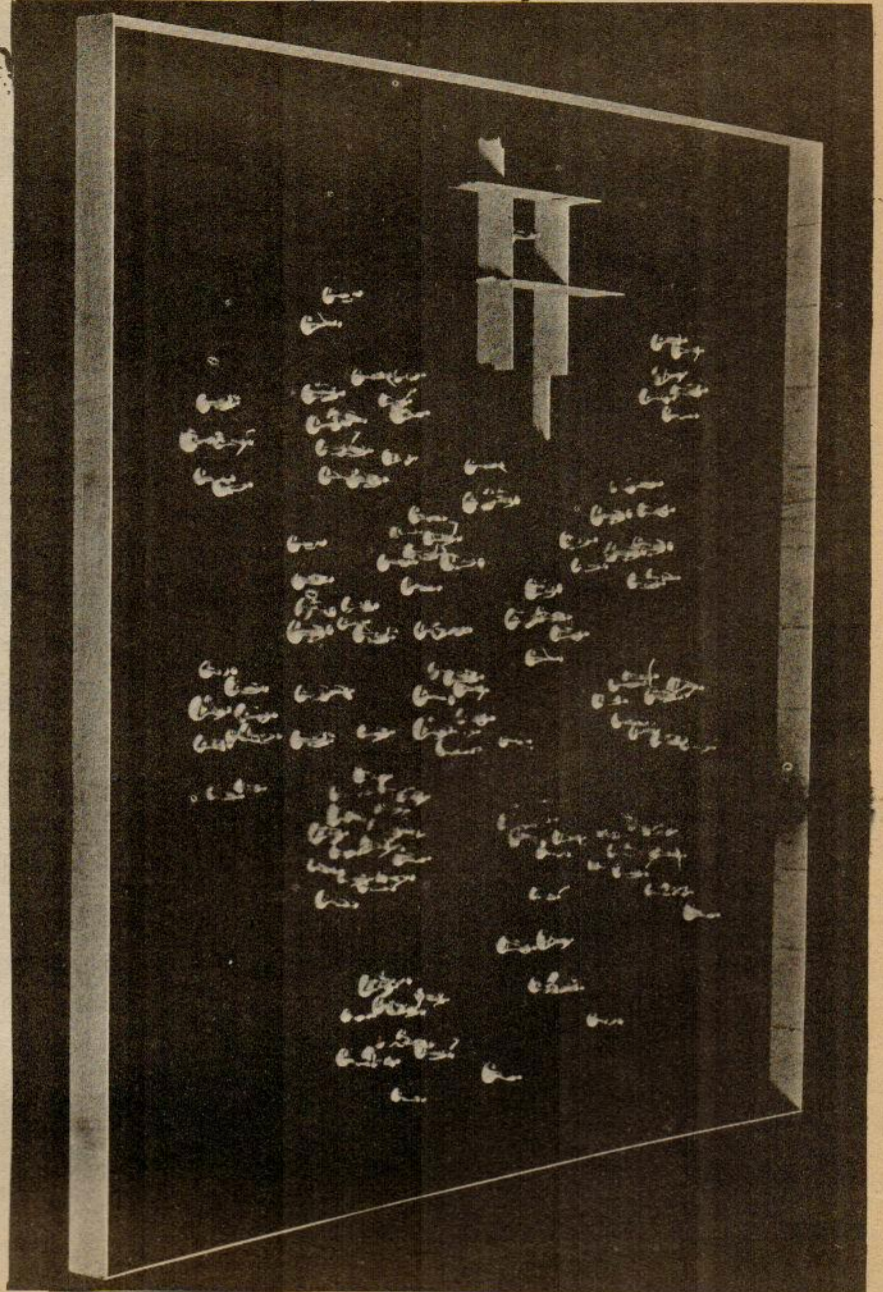
The show consists of some skin-flicks which are typical of their genre, body painting, a nude girl in a goldfish bowl and photography lessons (?). The body painting consists of filling in the petals of flowers drawn on the breasts of the girls (one petal per customer, four petals per tit.) the girl in a goldfish bowl is actually a projection. A nude



girl lies in another room and her image is projected into a bowl which the customers see. The photography thing is the strangest bit, it only just started recently and costs two dollars extra. Six customers, usually men are taken into this room where a naked girl strikes poses for them as they take pictures with a camera provided by the management, which may or may not have film in it. The camera is just to get around the law, no longer are the customers merely gawking at a nude chick, they are artists in photography.

We can probably expect a lot more things in this vein from the Mynah Bird as they exploit the sexual hangups of the majority of our society. Longhairs and youth are noticeably absent from the audience, they are probably out enjoying the real thing. D.G.B.

four dollars satisfying. Enough people, mostly middle aged and middle class do lay out the bread to keep the place full to its 35-40 person capacity, six nights a week. What the customers get for their price of admission is the right to



NEWS FROM THE GOLDEN ANT.

The Grass famine of 69. The grass supply has been low, the shortage being blamed on Operation Intercept and the large increase of users of the beautiful weed. Yet the supply of Hash has not been affected in fact more hash was available this year than last year (even though more people were demanding the stuff.) People are discovering that they can buy pounds of Hash in the middle east for \$50. a pound and bring them back to Canada and then sell it for \$700 to \$900 a pound. A much better profit margin than buying kilos of grass for \$30 to \$40 in Mexico and carrying them through the States and Hash is much smaller volume-wise as compared to grass.

Maybe that's why there was a shortage of grass, since all the importers are busy bringing in Hash and not bothering with grass.

Support Canada, buy Hash.

It seems that certain dealers are selling Kief that is really only finely ground-up grass.

The dealers buy pounds of grass (\$125-175/lb) then grind the grass into a powder. This so-called Kief is then sold at \$700-\$900 a pound. The profit margin then is 6 or 700%. So that ounce of Kief you just bought for \$75. is probably only an ounce of grass worth at the most \$20.

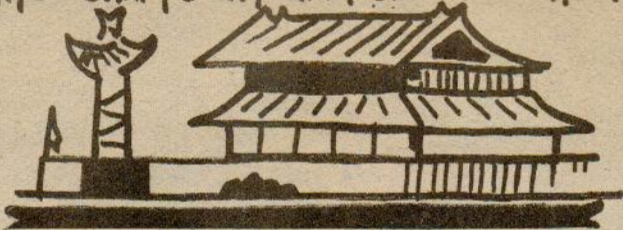
Don't buy that so-called Kief for more than \$20. per ounce. Power to Heads. Fuck Capitalism.

A Toronto company just supplied 3,500 billy sticks to the Metropolitan Toronto Police Dept. It seems they wear out their old ones or else they wanted the 1970 model. A Toronto motorcycle club requested 200 of the billy sticks costing \$6.50 a piece and constructed from a bar of lead covered with leather.

But the company refused to sell the sticks to the bikers since the Police Dept. forbids them from selling the billy sticks to the public.

CHINA

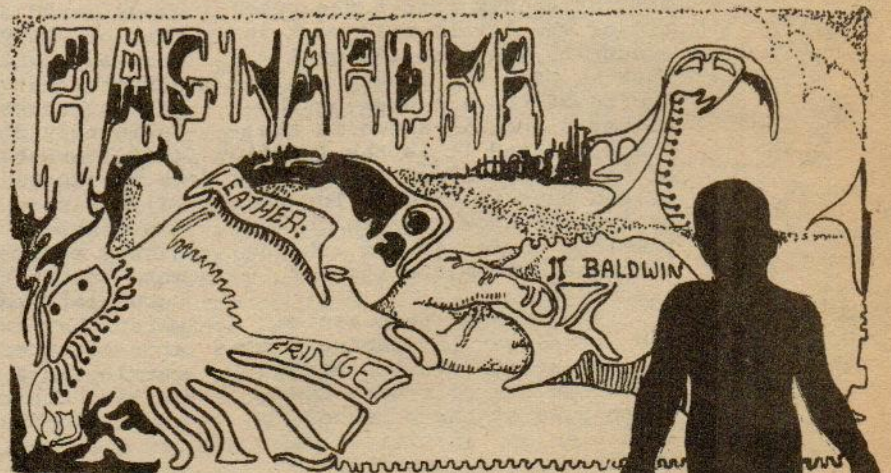
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HOUSING CRISIS SOLVED



BUCKSTONE BUST

On Thanksgiving night the quite of a beautiful farm exploded with the invasion of 9 police officers. The farm rented by the Buckstone Hardware (a 5 member rock band) served both as a place to live and a place to practice undisturbed being far away from cities.

Eighteen people were on the farm, they had just finished their Thanksgiving dinner when the cops came in. Everybody was herded into one small room while the cops systematically searched the house looking for dope. The cops started in the living room where they ripped all the barnwood off the walls, tore down tapestries and knocked over bookshelves. Then they went upstairs where they emptied out dressers dumping everything on the floors.

During the time the cops were tearing the house apart, others were questioning the people they held in the room. All the guys were taken into the wash-room where they were stripped naked and bodily searched. When the cops had finished their little show of power they had one member of the Buckstone Hardware under arrest for possession.

The cops told the band "That when you live in Chinguacousy Township you live the way we tell you to live or else get out". They also remarked that they did not want a hippie hav-

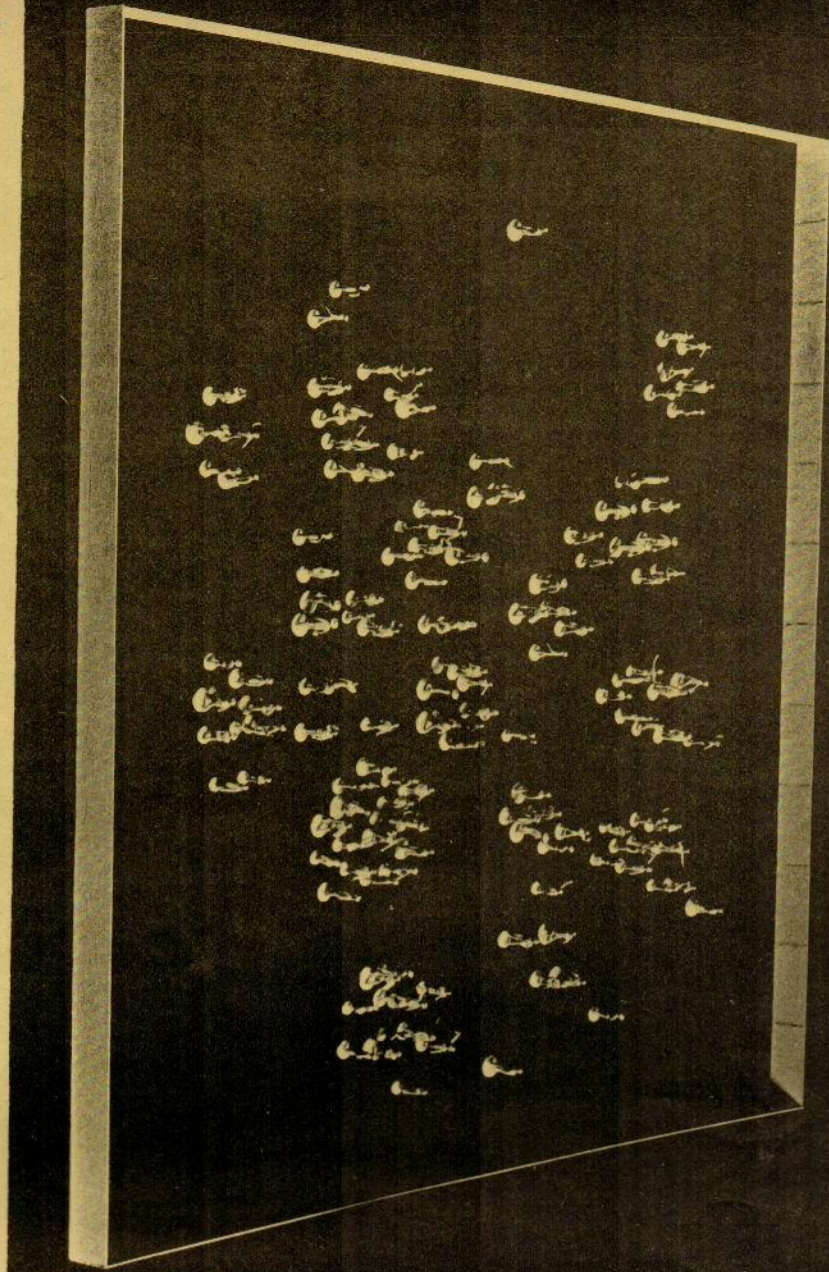
en in their area. When the band asked the cops who was going to clean up the mess they had made the cops said "Guess you will".

After the police left quiet again came to the house but the water taps did not work. The band called the owner of the farm who in turn called the plumber that had originally put in all the pipes. He came and said that the water pump was broken and needed to be repaired. After a week of not having water on the farm it was discovered that the pump the plumber was fixing was not the water pump. It seems that the cops had shut off the water pump. The plumber was just acting out his part of the plot to get the band off the farm. The water pump was turned on and cool water ran once more.

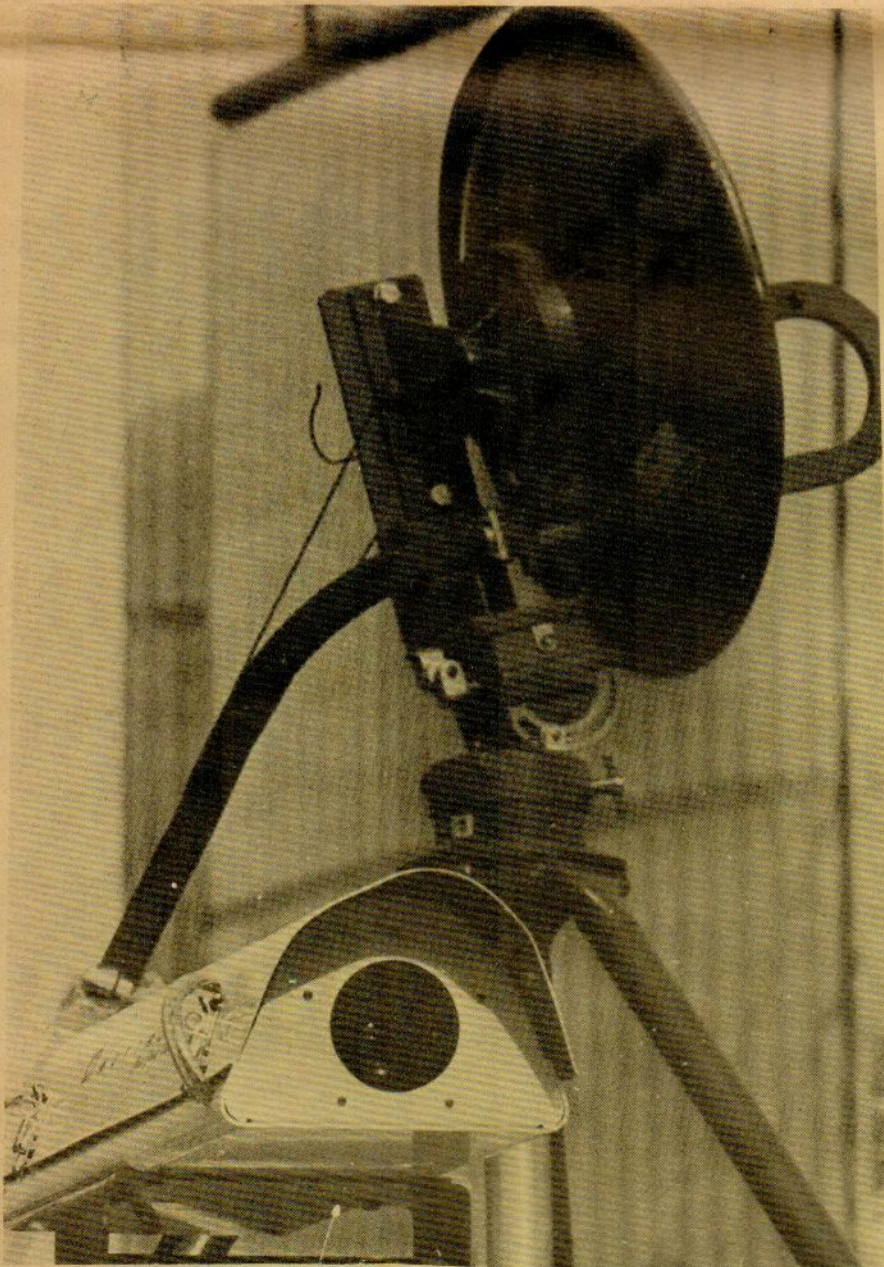
To add to their misery the band has had numerous threats from area car jerks telling them "To get off the farm or else" and has had their mailbox stolen twice since they moved in.

The Buckstone Hardware still lives on the farm making no plans to leave, still finding the vibrations less hostile than in the cities. The band only comes into the cities to play a gig.

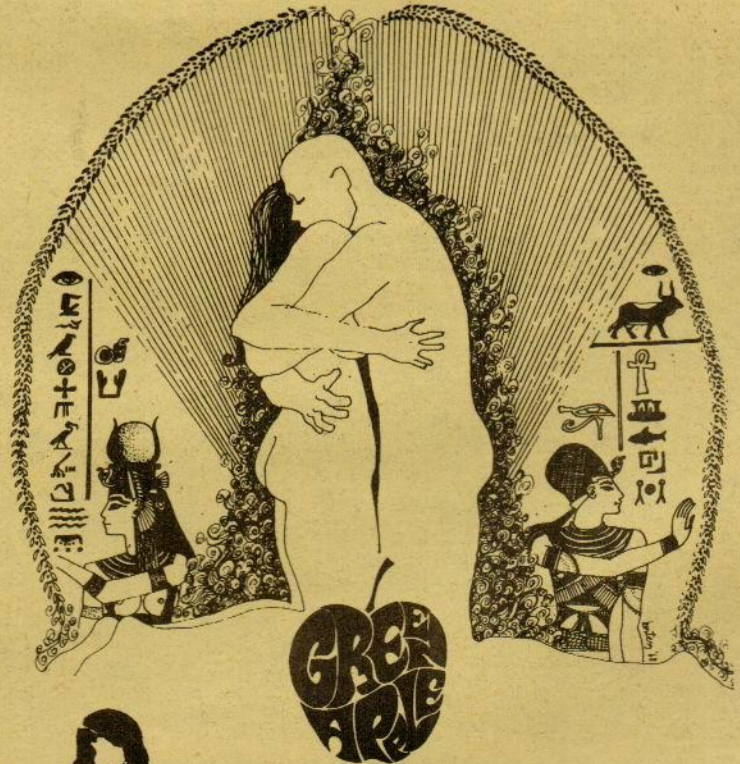
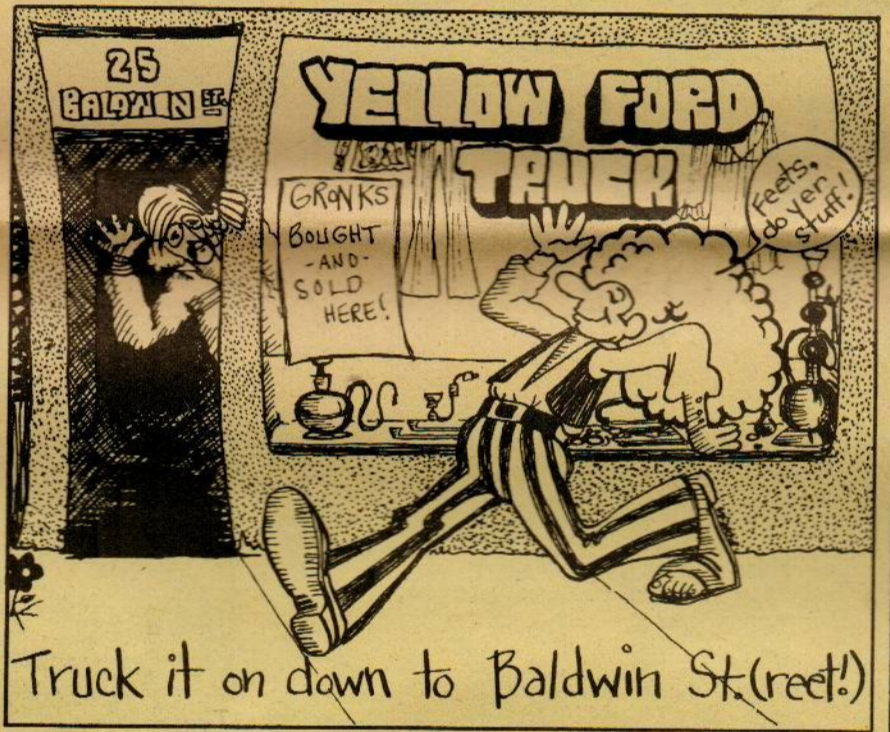
Perhaps this tells us something of the trend to move into the country and the reception that awaits us, at least in Chinguacousy Township beware.

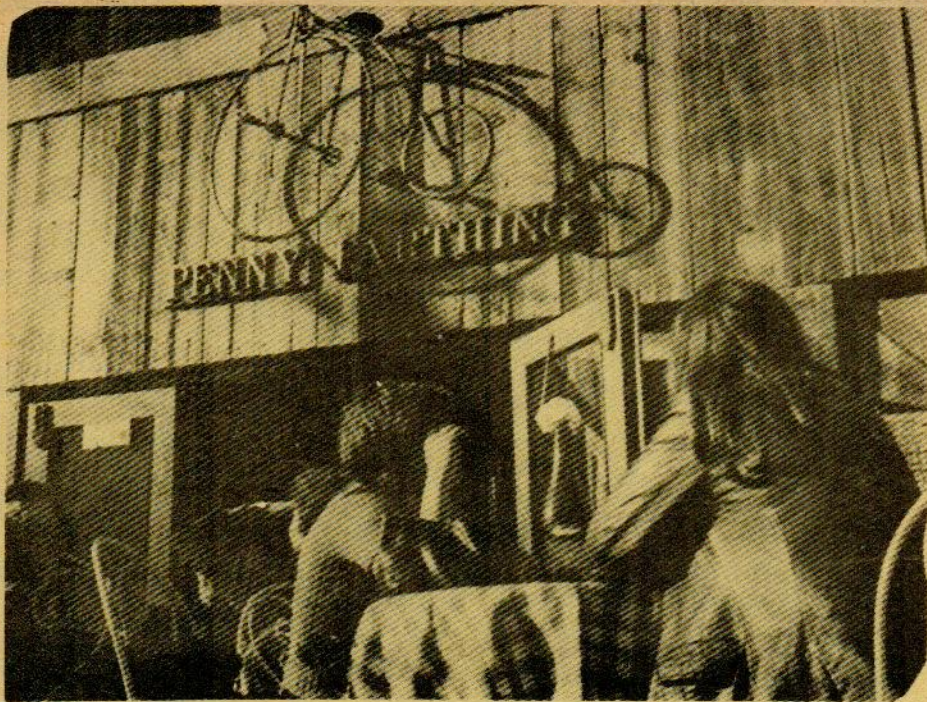


BIG BROTHER....?



Metro Police Dept. new eye in the sky as it appeared at its first outing.





NOTE TO PEACE-CREEPS & BIO-CRUDS

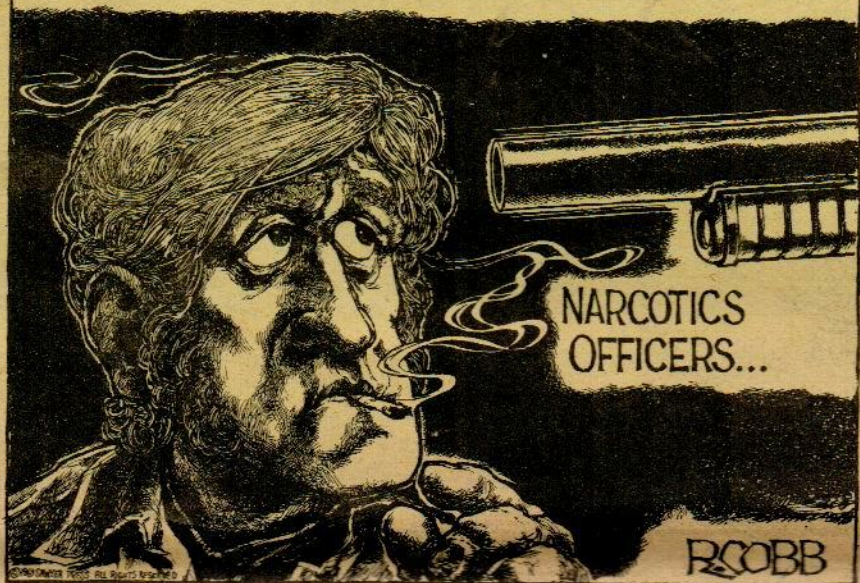
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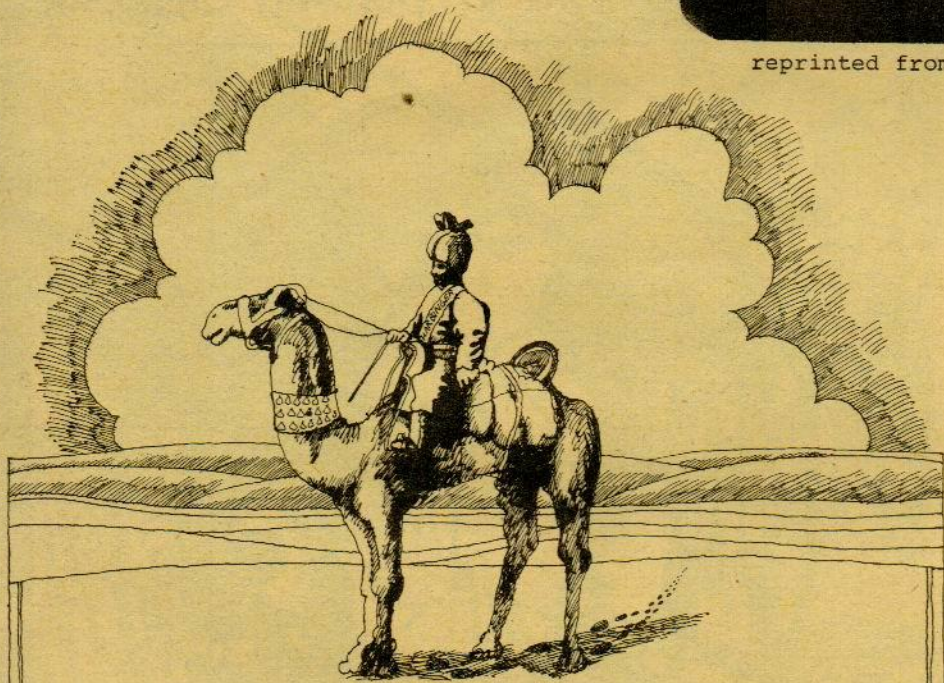
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