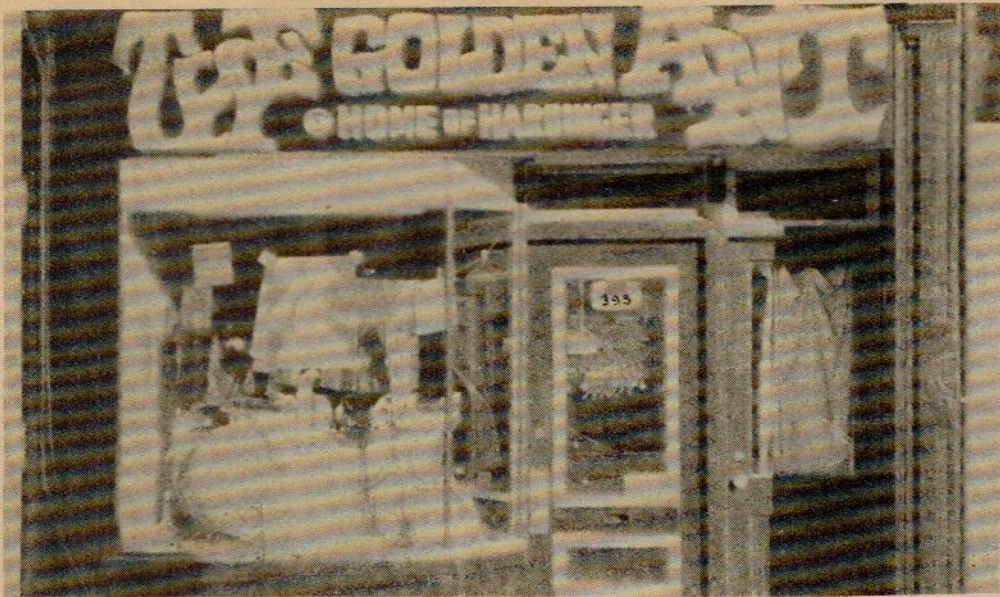


GRABONER

DECEMBER
Vol 11, No X11

25¢





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STAFF: Co-Editors, Dave Bush, Hans Wetzel; Popcorn Man, Ken McRitchie, Piano Player, Dave Findlay, Midwife, Larry Williams; Artists, Pat Rodger, Bruce Meek, Cover Bob Daignault, Helpers; Mary, Steve, Wimpy & Pony, Don & Annette, Dogan, Wench, Patsy, our lawyer and a merry Christmas.

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Edward Bear at the Led Zeppelin Show photo Hugh Crymble

new discs.

SPECIAL BLUES SERIES: Elmore James
 BEARINGS: Edward Bear
 THEN PLAY ON: Fleetwood Mac
 ARTHUR: The Kinks
 NEVER GOIN' BACK TO GEORGIA: Blues Magoos
 ERIC ANDERSEN: Eric Andersen
 RUNNING DOWN THE ROAD: Arlo Guthrie
 OCTOBER 10, 1969: Reprise sampler with Eric Andersen, Denny Brooks, The Fifth Avenue Band, Fleetwood Mac, Ruthann Friedman, Norman Greenbaum, The Kinks, Levitt & McClure, The Mike Post Coalition, & Frank Zappa
 DENNY BROOKS: Denny Brooks
 LIVING IN THE COUNTRY: Levitt & McClure
 YER' ALBUM: The James Gang
 SMOOTH AS RAW SILK: Silk
 EXTREMELY HEAVY! : The Underground All-Stars
 BUTCH CASSIDY & THE SUNDANCE KID: Burt Bacharach
 HOT RAT\$: Frank Zappa
 SEE YOUR WAY CLEAR: Buzz Clifford
 THE BRASS ARE COMIN' : Herb Alpert & TJB
 FUSED: The Mike Post Coalition
 MY DEATH: Mort Shuman
 CONSTANT COMPANION: Ruthann Friedman
 THE DETROIT-MEMPHIS EXPERIMENT: Mitch Ryder
 STAY WITH ME: Lorraine Ellison
 SUPER HITS: The Delfonics



Letters

Harbinger,

What kind of fucking bll-sht (sic) are you trying to hand your readers? Your cover on the latest issue says "Eat Shit." Maybe it means if one eats this issue then one can boast of having eaten shit. Maybe you guys were stoned when you put this one together.

Anybody who reads Harb regularly couldn't give a shit about this rehashed issue but the superimposing and overlapping made everything illegible anyway. This would scare off any new readers. What is going on down there at the Golden Ant?

Why can't you make more articles like the one from the back of the October 68 issue, "The Streets Belong to the People"? Maybe the Spadina atmosphere has fucked your heads. I don't know. If this is the case why don't you move back to Yorkville or Wells Street?

The other day I talked to Alex Cramer and I asked him why he is no longer on your staff. His reply was, "Have you seen the direction they've gone in?" I said no but after I bought volume 2 #11, I realized what he meant. You better make some changes quick or Egg is going to take your place, politically or otherwise.

Harbinger, Tune in or Fuck off. Please don't go into hibernation this winter. I'm an optimist so I know something good will happen down there. I'd rather see Pat's art on the cover than "Eat Shit."

Thank You,
A reader.

ed. Eat Shit was not a regular Harbinger issue. Some Harbinger people worked on it but it was a C.Y.C. information tabloid. If you were a Canadian subscriber to Harbinger you got a free copy of Eat Shit which was sent to you with the hope that we would get your response.

Dear Heads:

Your November issue has got to be your best yet. I've been reading your paper for about a year and it's slowly been getting better. But that last issue was it.

I mean it is the only thing in Toronto worth reading on acid. When I get stoned I can really groove on that issue.

With all the crap that's around it's hard to find a paper that I can read on acid.

I've dropped twice in the last week and both time's I grooved on that cover. That chick is out of sight!

So keep em coming, keep it visual.

I dig your trip.

peace,

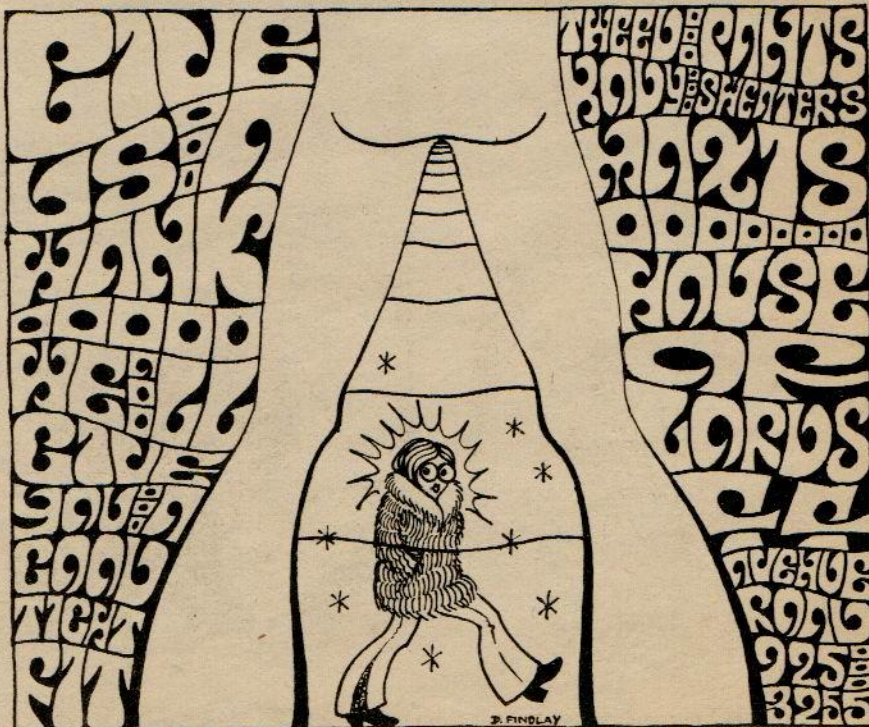
ed. With a little help from our friends.

Dear Heads,

Just what kind of sadistic minds do you bastards have What the hell were you trying to prove by the cover of November's issue of Harb. Man that cover was pure SHIT. Mind you I'm no religious fanatic, but you guys sure know how to kill reality. Man that cover was absolute crapp; I mean I never really looked upon the Virgin Mary as a Satanic bitch. You bastards. What the hell gives you the right as a free (so called) press to degrate God, reality, yourselves, an anyone who is a believer in the virgin birth. What sort of a sick man-gled mind does that Greco bug-gar have. Now honestly I'll level with you; Harbinger has a lot of damn good points I mean it tells it like it really is for mankind and reality in every issue. A free paper full of truth & facts but that cover was hellish. The words he used for that cover implies this theory on the evolution of man. -The Apes.- if this is what he thinks why aren't monkeys turning into people everyday. Don't give a damn of what you think about God. So just keep your shitty opinions (and picture) to yourself Greco. (As for the rest of the Harb. staff you'd do yourself good to get rid of your great cover artist. Keep yourself liberated Harbinger. because your telling it like it is does a lot of heads a lot of good).

Love & peace
Terry W.

ed. Find a bible and read Revelations chapter 12. Our covers are free space for today's artists which we try to give to those who are ignored in so called art circles. Roger Greco is free to draw the way he feels, you are free to refuse to see, yet you are also free to submit a cover.



HOUSE OF LORDS

44 AVENUE RD.

Brew Your Own

If you find yourself, in these days of inflation and higher taxes, unable to keep your wine cellar stocked with the finest brands.

While you brood over your diminishing stocks of Pinot Chardonnay, consider the following suggestion.

You can brew your own wine or beer for a fraction of the cost of most brands now on the market and the process is really quite simple. The advantages to be gained by dabbling are many and varied, not the least being:

-you get to screw the Ontario Government out of liquor taxes.

-you get to compete with Seagram's air pollution wise.

-you can turn out a superior product to many brands now on the market.

-you don't have to produce proof of age to buy the necessary ingredients.

-home brews rarely produce hangovers unless consumed in enormous quantities.

If you start small, say a five gallon batch of dry red wine or light ale, the equipment required is minimal. The first requirement is a primary fermenter. This can be any vessel which holds at least six gallons, and has not previously been used to store diesel fuel. A plastic garbage pail will do the job nicely.

Other equipment includes a hydrometer, fermentation lock, capping machine, a five gallon carboy for aging, and a few yards of plastic tubing to use as a syphon.

Ingredients for both wine and beer can be picked up at the market or else look in the Yellow Pages under Wine.

Wine is easier to make than beer, except for one hardship; it takes forever. Afficionados have been known to store the stuff for five or ten years, but this seems a bit extreme for the first batch.

It takes at least a month to brew anything that tastes better than communion wine, but after two or three months you should have some good gulping wine.


Because the time involved in aging allows the possibility of bacteria developing, it is important to have complete sterility. So, for example, don't allow the cat to doo-doo in your barrel or carboy. This is not so important in the case of beer, as anyone who has visited a brewery will have noticed.

Home brewed beer is a cinch to make and as the procedure is listed on every tin of malt, it need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that the resulting glop will be ready to drink in about seven days, if you disregard the conservative instructions on the tin.

Time and expense can be further reduced by drinking the product direct from the primary fermenter and ignoring the strictures on deisel oil. Wine Ingredients:

1-80oz. tin of red grape concentrate, 5 lbs. sugar, 1-lb. of white raisins, 2 ozs.

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of acid blend, 5 campden tablets, 1 oz. yeast nutrient, 1/2 teaspoon grape tannin, wine yeast.

Dump the whole caboose into the primary fermenter, except the wine yeast and add 4 gallons of warm water. When cool add the yeast and cover with plastic sheet.

Leave for 6 to 7 days or until specific gravity (measured by hydrometer) is 1.030. Syphon into carboy and attach fermentation lock. Rack in three weeks and again in three months.

Beer Ingredients:
1 tin of malt, 1 tin of hop extract, 4lbs. dextrose sugar, 1 teaspoon citric acid, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon ascorbic acid, 1 teaspoon yeast energiser, 1 teaspoon heading liquid, monks yeast.

In a 1 gallon pot put malt, citric acid, salt, hop extract and sugar. Beat to dissolve, Dump into primary fermenter and add water to bring contents up to five gallons. When water reaches room temperature add yeast and leave for 4 to 5 days, Rack and add heading liquid, ascorbic acid and yeast energiser when S. G. is 1 or less. Bottle.

It should be drinkable within 2 to 3 days, Refrigerate a few hours before imbibing.

All considered, home brewing is a challenge and an adventure, another example of western man's ability to explore, to conquer, and to prevail. The same divine hand which helped to lift two courageous man onto the moon will, we hope look after your humble undertakings and guide your two billion yeasties on a successful mission.

A HOAX?

San Francisco (LNS)- The Arizona Peace Festival -- a gala desert event supposedly involving beautiful people from John Lennon to John Lindsay -- turns out to be a hoax. The "festival" got a big write up in Billboard magazine. It was said to have the support not only of the rock world, but also of major corporations and the federal government. San Francisco Chronicle columnist Ralph Gleason checked it out, however, and reported that it is "simply an attractive idea of a New York press agent." He has discussed it with a lot of people, written letters, made phone calls and everybody says, yeah! wow! too much! But nobody at all is either committed to it or actually involved in it. That's the sad truth.

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FOR THE NEW YEAR



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25 BALDWIN



Remember kids, keep the Christ in Christmas... smoke a joint for Jesus... and KEEP ON TRUCKIN!

Candyman, he's come 'n gone, my candeeeeeeman

Hot damn! It's Santy Claus!

Far fuckin' out!!!

ZOUNDS!

WOODSTOCK NATION



If you liked Abbie Hoffman's first effort "Revolution for the Hell of It" you are going to love his latest "Woodstock Nation." A detailed criticism of his book would be inappropriate, as are most criticisms of works of art. Most reviewers of books, films, music, etc. seem to be frustrated writers, actors, and musicians. It is said that the proper response to poetry is not criticism but more poetry. The same could be said of many other things. ("The fifth cut on the album is a little weak, the lyrics are good but the guitar work is sloppy and the organ lacks feeling...") One of course is always free to state one's own opinion towards a subject, but many reviewers elevate this to divine proclamation. Here is one person's opinion of Woodstock Nation, it's great. Hoffman's rambling, humorous and above all intelligent analysis of where America is at, makes fascinating reading. Easy to read ("Da letters is big an dere's lotsa pictures") and short, it was written lying, stoned on the floor of the pub-

Domino. It was all 45 rpm stuff which made for easy swipin, simple under the jacket stuff. The trouble was that very few stores carried the stuff because Patti Page singin about porcelain "old Cape Cod" and Frankie Laine moaning "I Believe religious hymns and Tony Bennett singing funky Tony Bennett Blues was all the stores knew. On the radio too there was just Symphony Sid out of Boston and later Moondog out of New York. We were 250 miles out of New York and had to rig up a roof antenna to hear ol Alan Freed bang a telephone book on the table while he spun out the Sound. The Sound was SAXOPHONE and it was "Unh-unh-stick-it-in-wa-doo-was." Dances were all grunts and belts with names like the Ginny Crawl and Roxbury Mule, and there were very few of us doing it. You just didn't do the Dirty Boogie to Theresa Brewer, no sir, and not at the Totem Pole in Newton, Mass., no man, definitely not. The whole scene except for a few of us hoods-I think that's what we preferred to be called especially if we had read "A Stone for Danny Fisher" and "The Amboy Dukes"-so except for us hoods and Bill Haley and his Comets, the whole fuckin' scene was black. Black-Ass sockin it out and humpin a sax while sweat poured out in buckets. "Shake, baby, shake, baby, shake, till the meat rolls off your bones" and "I'm gonna roll like a big wheel through the Georgia cotton fields, Honey Hush"-God that music sure gave you a boner and gettin laid then wasn't

sing it from the guts out. They sang it obscene, fake commercial, phoney. I don't know what it was, but the group, they were clean as all hell, whiter than Ivory Snow and Grace Kelly and they were called the CREWCUTS. Motherfuckin WASPS buzzin around and they were all related to that bitch Patti Page and worse Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. Their leader was a lean corn flake named Pat Boone who ran around rippin off black-ass, rock and roll and dressin it up with White Bucks! WHITE BUCKS! Steppin on punks white bucks as they came home from school was in fact among my first political acts, but even this didn't repay the feeling of wretched puke you felt when you pictured Snookie Lanson singing "Earth Angel" on the Lucky Strike Hit Parade.

Woodstock Nation
by Abbie Hoffman, Random House

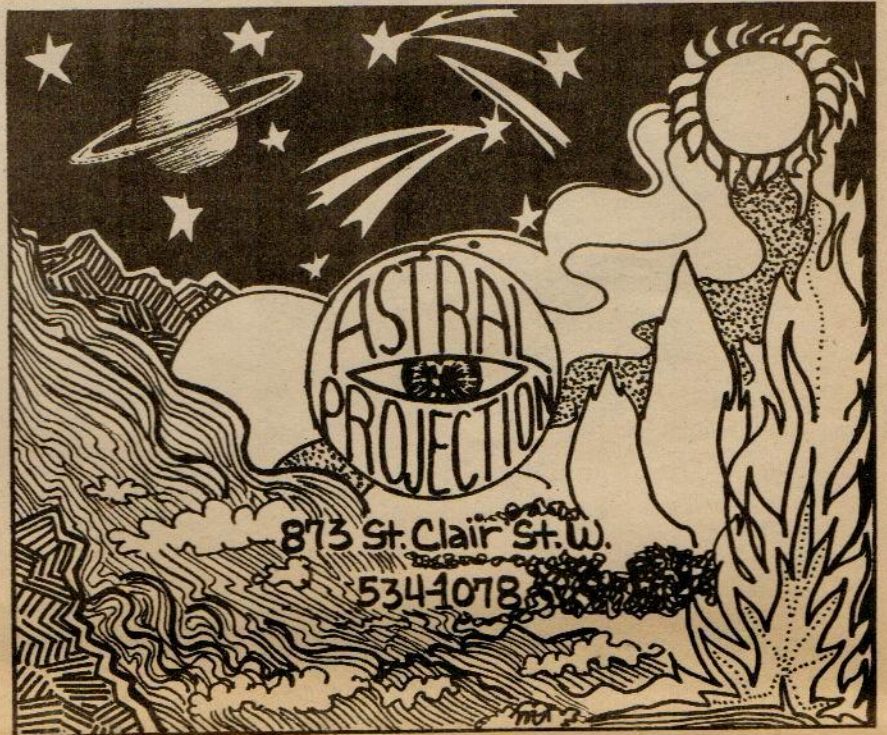
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WE NEED TO GET TOGETHER THE MACHINERY OF RESPONSE

You can get together with your brothers and sisters and build a compact portable FM radio transmitter with a power output of between one and five thousand watts, for about one thousand dollars. Install the equipment in a 3/4 ton van. Use a portable generator for power drive. If you get enough gain from the antenna, you can hit any open frequency. Its not possible to jam or over-ride frequencies in use; they simply put out too much power. Tape everything you're going to say beforehand. Say it quick and clean and simple, then get out fast. The FCC and DOT monitor all frequencies including SW and USW continuously 24 hrs a day. They have tracking and scanning equipment mobile all the time; so move around, never do it twice from the same location, and work within a maximum broadcast interval of five min. Don't get caught. Governments are really down on people saying things real loud.

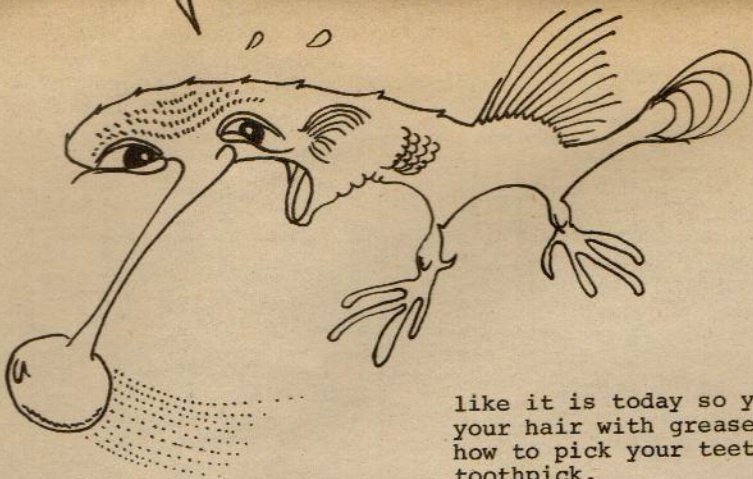
Cutting in to cable TV is a relatively easy gig to get in to. All you really need is to cut into the cable, hook up the required receptacles to a Sony video recorder, and you're in TV land.

There's a lot of big spaces along the Canada-US DMZ. More people are getting heat every day, and they can't make it through normal US crossing points. Maybe you think its cool now, but what if the doors start closing and the wire starts going up? Make a connection north and south. Get a comprehensive map and a quick terrain vehicle. Get to know the geography of the spaces. Fly if you can. If you're a printer; turn out the word, turn out ID, turn on the people with some paper truth.

Be cool. If you don't know how to do it, someone you know does. Know the cat you're rapping with. Confidence is cheap, but don't let it buy you a bust. Love. Hope. Charity.

voices from silence

KEEP IT TOGETHER FOLKS!



like it is today so you'd slick your hair with grease and learn how to pick your teeth with a toothpick.

Then it happened. It was the first taste I got of the Culture Vultures. I didn't know the term then, in fact, I knew shit about any kind of politics except whether or not you were gonna pay up if you lost the game of nine-ball like you said you would. "I didn't know nothin" (to coin a popular phrase of the time). But somehow I smelled a fish. "Sh-boom, Sh-boom eya-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta, Sh-boom, Sh-boom, if I could take you home again, Sh-boom, Sh-boom..." All of a sudden you heard it being sung, not by the Chords but by a strange group that didn't

A review by Dave Bush

lisher's office in five days. Rather than try to summarize the book, a nearly impossible task, here is one of the history lessons from it;

"Back during the 1950's me and the guys I bummed around with when I got thrown out of school wore pegged pants, had DA hair-cuts, blue suede shoes, and hung around pool halls, spitting and swearing a lot. The music we listened to was called race records and then rythm and blues. Varetta Dillard singing "Mercy Mister Percy" was the first race record I ever heard. We dug stuff like Earl Bostic, James Moody, the Midnighters, Joe Turner, and later the Drifters and Fats



Have you ever seen a satisfied woman?

If I'd ever seen a satisfied woman
I'm sure I would have followed on her path
But all I ever saw was secret changes
So I only stopped long enough to show her
What it meant to laugh
Because I never saw a satisfied woman.

If I'd ever heard the silence from a woman
That defied the freedom of her man
I'm sure I would have heard her in my solitude
Inside the soul we must learn to overstand
I never heard that silence from a woman.

Father father woman is the truth
Her light is god and and man contains her youth
Father please see a woman has no place
Without the awe of man for her embrace
The omen think is sadness
Is simply the cry that calls to them to look
Beyond the lie
The lie is only that which we can't see
The pattern of its progress is the tree
The tree is just the way we bear the fruit
And the fruit can touch the taste of everyone
Thought is the direction less for some
We each of us are born to cum
And the universe is rooted by the sun
Since time defined the sun we've been trying to be one.

If I had ever felt a satisfied conscience
I'm sure I would have found myself a place
But no one ever knew enough to comfort me
And I can't recall a man who really loved his face
That's why I never saw a satisfied woman
Because I can't recall a man who loved all the changes of his face
Not as much as I did.

If I had ever felt a heart that wasn't cheated
And omission wasn't louder than the beat
I'm sure I would have satisfied my silence
Knowing woman finally earned her seat
But I never felt a heart that wasn't cheated.

And I never met a woman who knew way
So all I ever followed was the laughter
And I satisfied my heart learning to cry.



(spoken)
If you don't cry you have to lie
If you don't cry its like being emotionally constipated.

The stage of rage is just a page
Deny its turn and you are lie-able
Miss its hiss and fake your kiss
And more the chore in bible
Don't kill the scream that makes you
Dream of what becomes temptation
Simply ride the tide until you glide each chapter's revelation
And the fullness of sensation
...Sense...Pre-sence...Response...Ability.

(resume singing)
So I cried everytime I satisfied the silence
I knowing well every man alive could love his face
And if only there was some way to explain it
We could overstand the meaning of this inrage race
And woman would be satisfied in silnce
And I have come to know that silence
Is the freedom of a man.

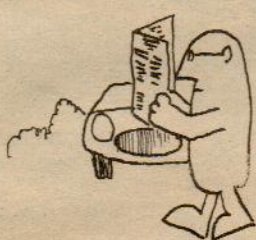


Hans, Mary, Wimpy, and I went to see Ma Haydn at the Vanier Coffee House at York University. Wow! What a far out chick! Maurey sings beside many other wonderful things.

She wrote the song at the beginning of this article. There's so much to say about her and so many wonderful vibrations when she's around that it's hard to know



7.



8.



9.



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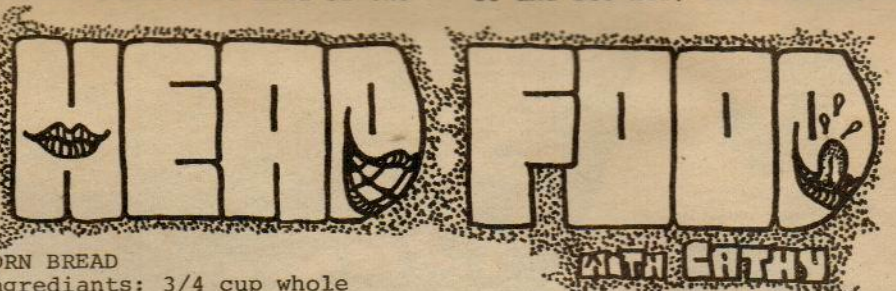
11.

where to start. When we first got to the Vanier Coffee House, there were hardly any people there. But that didn't phaze her at all. She kept saying, "I sang this awful." But we didn't think so because we were digging her so much. The people who were running the joint decided to put Maurey on their closed circuit radio. This was quite a laugh as Ma saw it as a chance to get more people in to watch her so she was asking if they would announce that she was about to give birth and lots of other trippy things. Maurey is by the way going to give birth in about a couple of weeks. She came over to us and let us put our hands on her tummy and we felt her baby kicking. It was a beautiful experience.

After that she came on with some really heavy stuff about reincarnation which strangely enough she doesn't understand herself until she listens to it afterwards on the tape. It's like this you see, she doesn't have anything rehearsed. She becomes a channel for the collective mind of the

audience and such. This is the way I interpret it. You might see it in an entirely different way. One of the things she said that made me think was, "Never be angry at anyone. Or, if you are, just remember that they were tiny babies once. Then you can't be angry anymore." Another thing I really dug though was her overall message that we are all part of one whole. We are all a small part of one whole being. Life is a continuous never ending flow, whose ultimate goal is to come together to the state of unity that is, only reality. The only way we can accomplish this is to treat all living beings not only as brothers but as part of ourselves, as an arm or a leg is an integral part of our physical bodies. If harm comes to them the whole body suffers. Likewise any harm we cause to another creature is harm done to the whole and thus done directly to one's self.

Love is all you need. Maurey is on at the Vanier Coffee Shop again in December. Go and see her; she's beautiful.



CORN BREAD

Ingredients: 3/4 cup whole wheat flour
3/4 cup corn meal
1/2 cup nutritional yeast
1 tsp. sea salt
3 tsp. baking powder

- Mix together in a large bowl.
2 eggs
1 cup milk
- Beat until light.
- Mix #1. and #2. together as quickly as you can. Grease a cake pan and add the batter. Bake 25 min. at 350 degrees (or until firm to touch of a finger in the middle. Cut in squares. Serve hot.

1/8 cup sesame seeds
1/2 cup wheat germ
1 tbsp. torula (not baking) yeast

- Mix honey and oil until smooth.
- Add coconut, sesame seeds, wheat germ and torula yeast.
- Mix in oatmeal until all is very lightly coated with oil and honey mixture.
- Spread mixture into a large, 1 1/2" sided baking pan and bake at 325 degrees (stirring frequently to avoid scorching) until mixture is golden brown. Cool and store in close fitting container in fridge. Good as a cereal, or served on yoghurt or the way it is.

HONEYED GRAIN CEREAL

Ingredients: 1/2 cup Soya Oil
1/2 cup Honey
2-3 cups oatmeal
1/2 cup fresh shredded coconut



6. EARTH READ OUT

A year ago hardly anybody in the U.S. knew what ecology meant.

Today almost everybody has at least a sense of it—and most overground media now are providing the kinds of information ERO did when it began last spring. The psychic changes have occurred with surprising rapidity.

Recent conferences sponsored by old-time politicians (e.g., Reagan's, the State Department's via the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO) indicate the decision already has been taken to initiate massive superficial programs to "clean up" the environment.

Almost certainly we soon will see the slapdash formation of an eco-peace-corps operating both domestically and internationally and created partly to drain off enough youthful energies to avoid a civil war.

It now seems, in fact, that the old-timers—liberals, moderates, right-wingers, left-wingers—are sufficiently aroused to make possible in a few years the phasing out of the internal combustion engine plus short-term patchwork clean-up of certain rivers and lakes plus bans on the more persistent insecticides and on the SST.

All of which provides ERO with an opportunity to take

than good. Nations (including even the proposed New Nation, I think) must be phased out as quickly as possible and replaced with tribal or regional autonomous economies rational in root terms of planet topo/climate/watershed/etc. Boycott the words "nation" and "international."

2—They are about to initiate massive programs within the old frames of a competitive society even though this will prove decisively contradictory in terms of our root insight into interdependence-of-species. Since interdependence can be sustained only in a context of co-operation, competition (capitalism) must be phased out and replaced with cooperative models.

3—They are about to initiate massive programs within the old frames of profit (and recognition, e.g., yr idealistic, militant photo on the cover of *Time*) even though our natural resources already have dwindled to the point where further manipu-

trous. Capitalism, phased out, cannot be replaced with socialism or communism because those forms too are growth-and-progress oriented. We have very little recent politico-economic inheritance to work from. 5—They are about to initiate massive programs within the old frames of faith-in-infinite-technology even though crucial limitations of planetary energy—energy as root solar E—mean the technology, no matter how brilliantly transformed, cannot prevent huge hominids die-backs and extinctions of thousands of other species. This sort of realism is difficult—yet overwhelmingly important—to reach: when we dropped out of the relig-

ions (e.g. Christianity, Judiasm) we were originally trained to accept, we unconsciously transferred our sense-of-an-infinite into science and technology. Even some of the activists who recently have shifted into crime as a lifestyle trustingly assume that the techno-system will con-

post-technocratic heliocentric economic models, eco-models. Thanksgiving 1969 (kl)

ECO-NOTES

ECO-NOTES

1— San Diego has become California's second largest city. Its old-timer mayor Frank Curran wired San Francisco mayor Joseph Alioto his "personal condolences" this week even though the only rational gesture is to congratulate San Francisco on somehow achieving a slightly lower growth rate than San Diego's. Alioto was in Europe. The acting mayor of San Francisco responded to the telegram with this irrational honky witticism: "as Number Three, we'll try even harder."

2— About 1500 persons blocked noontime traffic in Eugene, Oregon, November 18 during a rally called to oppose U.S. Forest Service plans to take bids for timber sale of French Pete, which contains one of the last stands of virgin timber in the McKenzie watershed. The demonstrators held a minute of silence "for 300,000 lumber trees" and made a symbolic presentation of seedling trees to the Forest Service. Among speakers at the rally—sponsored by Nature's Conspiracy and SEARCH—was Ken Kesey. The demonstrators won a 60-day delay during which appeals against the logging plans will be considered. The Forest Service and logging companies have accused eco-

earth

technocracy



new paths, to begin to define a more specifically radical ("root") approach to the emergency.

For openers, let's look at a few "root" mistakes the old-timers are about to make in the context of their new eco-concern. I use "old-timer" not as a perjorative but to indicate anybody—regardless of age—whose frames of reference are products of the old time, i.e., the industrial-revolution phase of history:

1—They are about to initiate massive programs within the old frames of centralized authority, of nation. Nations are such an artificial construct from an ecological point of view that any further energies poured into them are almost certain to do more long-term harm

lution of profit as a work incentive is intolerable. The phase-out of profit, the then money, must follow the phase-out of competition. Survival itself once again is the incentive.

4—They are about to initiate massive programs within the old frames of growth and progress even though the planet's dwindled resources and exploded populations make continued use of those concepts imminently disas-

tinue to produce goods worth stealing. We shall have to use a trasformed technology to salvage what we can—but technology even at its best cannot save the whole scene.

6—They are about to initiate massive programs within the old frames of anthropocentricity even though interdependence-of-species means you have to care equally about all earth creatures. Humanism, despite its sweet surfaces, has been enormously unfortunate. Even worse than contemporary graduate-school humanism is the recent (1890) cook book which says: "Threee days before the turkey is slaughtered it should have an English walnut forced down its throat three times a day and a glass of sherry once a day. The meat will be deliciously tender, and have a fine nutty flavor." Practical considerations of survival force us past humanism as fast as we can make it.

ERO then, is anxious to receive contributions toward the development of tribal & regional cooperative post-monetary steady-state

activists of \$85,000 worth of sabotage to logging operations in the area.

3— From the November 21 *SF Chronicle*: "Mankind is plundering his environment so extravagantly and breeding at so alarming a rate that by the year 2000 the people of this earth will come to realize that the Industrial Revolution was a 'brief and profligate joy ride.' This dismal view of a future only 30 years off was expressed yesterday by Dr. Williams G. Pollard, both a physicist and an Episcopal priest. He told a Stanford conference on 'Peaceful Change in Modern Society,' sponsored by the Hoover Institution, that beginning immediately the moral and ethical imperatives can be reduced to two: '(1) To learn to share and preseve those parts of the environment—"the commons"—which belong to all mankind and (2) to understand and practice a morality of scarcity.'...He said the link between the commons and the morality of scarcity is a 'single primary cause--too many people. Because we are consuming our resources at a destructive rate, our industrial-technological society can no longer axiomatically (be) taken as here to stay.' Pollard envisions not a return to pastoral agrarian society of the 18th century, but forecasts a new era dominated by scarcity and characterized by entrenchment. He anticipates that by this century's end fresh water, petroleum and natural gas, copper,



lead, tin chromium, manganese and iron ore will be in critically short supply. He does not believe that nuclear energy will be particularly useful because of the danger of thermal pollution... 'As we crowd together on the planet, old bitternesses of race and tribe and nation will become increasingly exacerbated. We do doubt face social paroxysms of an intensity greater than any we have so far experienced,' he said."


4— A few suggestions from Ecology Action of Berkeley: "Use biodegradable soaps and cleaners or none at all; don't take a bath every day (unless you are dirty or stink); put bricks in your toilet tank to conserve water when flushing; don't use DDT and other pesticides with long residual effects; recycle wastes—paper, glass, aluminum; refuse to buy products in non-returnable/reusable containers; keep a compost heap of grass and garden clippings and biodegradable garbage in your yard—no need to buy fertilizers; be begin or tend a park; request a free tree from the city for your yard; grass roots survival education; don't drive a

car. More information and suggestions available from Box 9334, Berkeley, California 94709.

5— From the October 20 NY Times: "Because of the ignorant and irresponsible way coal and iron were mined in the United States for more than a century, two million acres of land in 28 states are cracking subsiding, and sinking into the ground, occasionally taking houses and automobiles with them, and another million acres will go by the end of the century. Underground fires—one blazing since Christmas Eve, 1915—continue to discharge noxious gases daily."

6— An angry Berkeleyan November 20 sent the following letter to the editors of the SF Sunday Examiner & Chronicle: "Gentlemen: I have recently returned from an internal-combustion-engine trip along back roads of southwestern Oregon. The rape of the earth there is incredible: Vicious relentless rip-off of trees in the name of more houses, in the name of more and fatter newspapers. Thus, effective immediately I'm cancelling my subscription to the SF Sunday Examiner & Chronicle not because under the misguidance of the Hearst children

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

it is so far to the Right but because it is an accomplice in the rip-off of those trees. I should be happy to receive on Sundays a neat 12 page news summary free of advertising. Please get in touch as soon as you have developed such a thing. Power to the biosphere ..."

7— From the November 24 SF Chronicle: "If human population growth continues unchecked

resulting environmental crisis may well evoke a totalitarian backlash employing such drastic solutions as selective population control. This was the dire message which Stephanie Mills, former Mills College coed and environmental crusader, preached yesterday."

ERO, 439 boynton, berkeley, California 94707

MORATORIUM MARCH

This fall's anti-war march had something for everyone. Jewish mothers, Greek refugees, Maoists, teenyboppers, cops, fascists, and anarchists. It was the perfect mess, with everyone getting what they wanted, except an end to the war. The Vietnam Mobilization Committee didn't publi-

of the marchers were, young, hip, committed, knowledgeable and not about to be part of any of the straight socialist groups who were there.

The march began in Queen's Park where someone in keeping with the new mood of the anti-war movement had written on

had cut off the organizers microphones. The more militant of the marchers promptly headed for the U.S. Embassy where they were met by a sizeable contingent of men in blue. The police departments major concern seemed to be to protect the Embassy from bombs etc. At times they had as many as thirty cops guarding the place, and that was after the marchers had left, there was even a cop left on duty there all the next night. If they worried more about people and less about property they would have an easier time stopping the revolution, but of course then there would be less need for one, so they continue to worry about bombs.

After a bit things started happening in City Hall Square. Some speeches were made which few people listened to, having heard it all before, small groups of people gathered and danced

by Dave Bush
Photos by Maenad

the proceedings. Looking super-straight and uptight, they showed their distaste for the marchers by shouting insults and swinging their picket signs. A few scuffles resulted which the police broke up by almost always siding with the right-wingers; not unexpected. The Burkers further annoyed people by buying whistles and trying to drown out the music. At this point everyone was pretty pissed off and the police would do nothing except occasionally remove one of the disrupters. This was done by swoopin in on horseback, grabbing the person by the collar and dragging them away before anyone knew what was happening. The day ended with about 100 protesters and about 30 Burkers yelling at each other with a row of police in between.

Without the Burkers it would have been a pretty dull day, as it was enough happened to keep most people interested.



size this march as much as they have past marches, they didn't need to, the spillover from the mass media exposure of the U.S. Moratorium brought out the largest number of marchers yet, about ten thousand.

They were a remarkably varied group, many older people were in attendance which is reassuring, but as usual, the bulk

of the side of King Edward's horse, "Imperialism Sucks" and sprayed its balls red. The police realizing that so many people were more safely helped than hindered, escorted the march down Bay Street to City Hall.

At City Hall the march rallied (and disintegrated). The Edmund Burke Society in its first offensive of the day,



and sang, police pulled one person out of the crowd, reportedly for smoking dope. This rather incensed the demonstrators and they tried to stop it, police moved in with their horses to restore order.

Later a rock band, the East West Project came on, and people showed their preference for music over speeches by dancing around madly in long chains.

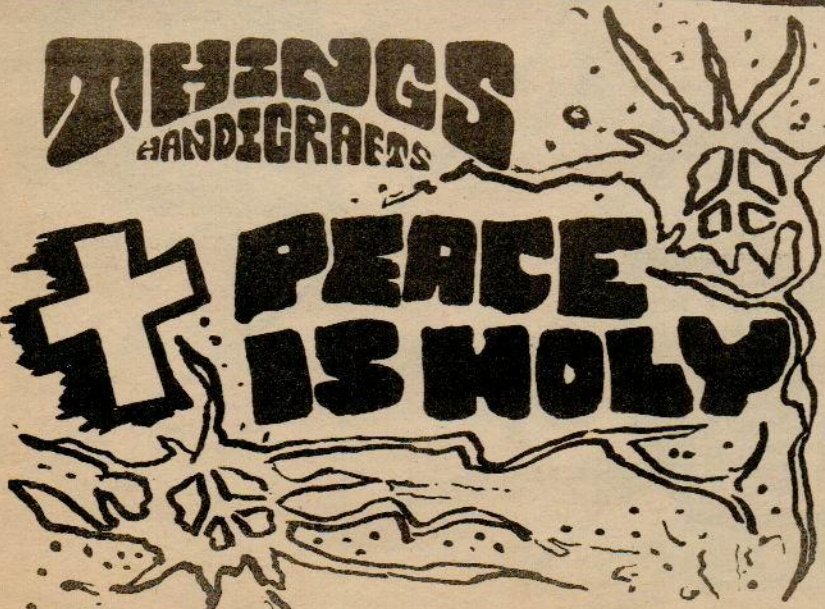
At about this point the full contingent of the Edmund Burke Society showed up, about 50 strong, having given up trying to defend the Embassy. Carrying Canadian flags, green EBS flags, and signs making liberal use of phrases like, Reds, Commies and Traitors, they enlivened

Meanwhile, U.S. casualties have risen over 45,000, Vietnamese, casualties 20 to 30 times that and the war goes on.

THE EDITORS URGENTLY REQUEST OUR READERS TO SUBMIT ARTIST'S CONCEPTIONS OF A WOMAN GIVING BIRTH TO BE USED IN A SPECIAL DEFENSE ISSUE OF HARBINGER

THINGS HANDICRAFTS

PEACE IS HOLY



368-7571 49 KENSINGTON

A HARBINGER XMAS PRESENT

CAN'T RELATE TO MONOPOLY, TIRED OF FISH, CAN'T SPELL FOR SCRABBLE, THEN PLAY THE NEW EXCITING GAME FOR ALL THE FAMILY, CHEAPER THAN DOPE, SAFER THAN BALLING, MORE FUN POLITICAL MEETINGS. IT'S KARMA.

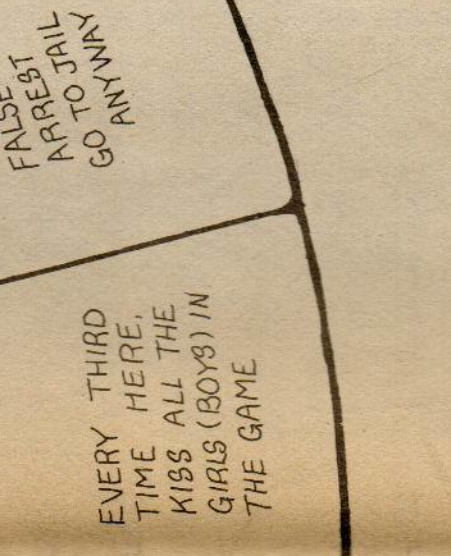
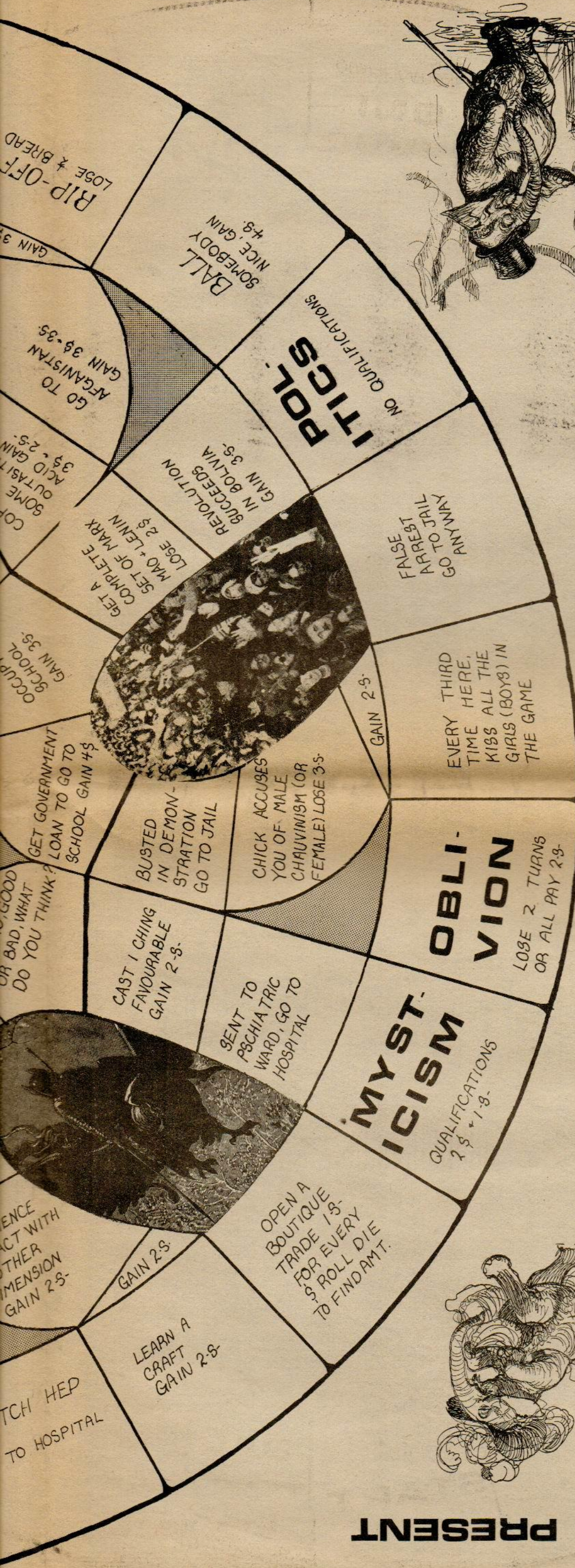
Each player starts the game with five dollars and no satisfaction. Anything may be used for the dollars and units of satisfaction (-\$-), including chips, monopoly money, bits of paper or even real money. At the start of the game each player rolls one die to find his quota of money, and two dice (doubled) to find his quota of units of satisfaction. One needn't stick to these amounts but the proportion of money to satisfaction should remain about the same (4 to 1).

When each person's quota is fixed all the markers for the players (monopoly pieces, salt shakers, animal crackers etc.) are placed on start and the game may commence. When traveling around the outside ring, both dice are used to tell the number of spaces advanced (as an added twist, when a five is rolled, you go backwards). As each player passes start they collect a dollar (the reserve funds of money and satisfaction are sat on each side of Yin and Yang in the centre).

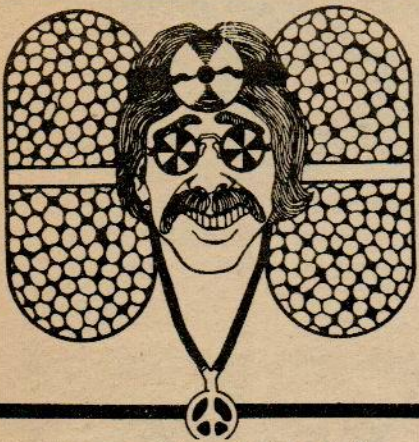
When traveling on the inner loops, only one die is used. To enter these inner loops one must first meet the qualifications shown on the entrance square, note one must be on the entrance square, to go into loop. An example of the qualifications is: to go into dealing one must first have gotten through plastic hippie and pay \$4 into the bank. Four times a game a player may trade units of satisfaction and bread for an equal number of spaces of advance. When sent to the hospital or jail, one does not collect wage in passing start. Landing on jail or hospital is the same penalty as being sent there.

As you leave each loop, you pick up the number of points shown in the wedge. There are three squares, kiss all the... tell a story, and make up own are self evident, change them if you wish, as a matter of fact, change anything if you wish. "Ball somebody nice" may be taken either literally or fictionally. When losing half of bread or whatever, you have the benefit of the half, you cannot go into debt.

The game may be played in two different ways, competitively or co-operatively. In the competitive game, players must meet their quota exactly, no more or less, if you go over you must lose some, the first player to meet their quota wins. In the co-operative game, the object is for everyone to meet their quota, players may give money and satisfaction (!) to each other in order to achieve this and they may help each other out of jail etc. by meeting the qualifications i.e. in jail each person pays one unit of money and one of satisfaction to get someone out of jail. A few twists may be added, such as when two players land the same square the first person there goes into oblivion, also if doubles are rolled the person may roll again. If you have any doubt about any of the rules, make up your own.



HIP POCRATES



by Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

WARNING: Analysis of LSD street samples has at times indicated the addition of strychnine, a deadly poison. The drug is apparently added to LSD because of its stimulatory effects on the spinal cord. No longer used in medicine, strychnine is used commercially as a rat poison. Some tripsters take high doses of LSD because they know its toxicity in man is very low. Should the tabs or capsules contain strychnine, they might die like a rat. Symptoms are similar to tetanus poisoning—extreme sensitivity to light, sound, or touch. Death results from asphyxia or exhaustion after a prolonged series of convulsions.

Gefilte fish can be as lethal as it appears, according to an article in the October 13th Journal of the AMA. A Chicago housewife served a lunch of homemade gefilte fish to herself, an employee, and her daughter-in-law. All were stricken with botulism, a particularly virulent type of food poisoning.

"The fish patties had been prepared from raw, unprocessed Great Lakes whitefish purchas-

ed in a supermarket...Whole fish were ground at home to a fine paste...blended with raw eggs and onions, reground and made into patties approximately four inches in diameter. The patties were 'simmered' for about four hours in a large open pot partially filled with water."

The gefilte fish was served cold with horse-radish on toast (presumably, a piece of cooked carrot rested atop each piece). The housewife ate two pieces and died in a hospital five days later. Her employee, perhaps recognizing the gefilte fish as somebody else's soul food, ate one piece, was hospitalized but survived. The daughter-in-law who was seven months pregnant, ate only half a portion. She suffered dizziness, weakness, nausea, vomiting, and a slight distortion of hearing, but recovered without treatment. Two months later she gave birth to healthy twins.

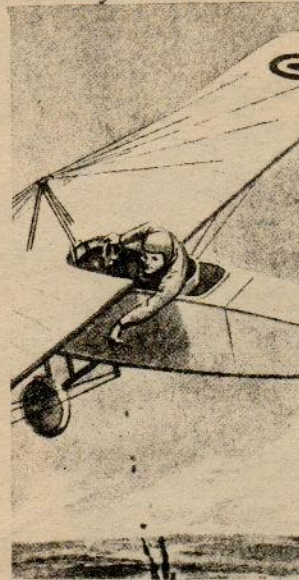
Botulism organisms have been demonstrated in 9% of all fish caught in the Great Lakes. They are not killed off by horse radish, red or white.

As a medical student, I learned about another danger of gefilte fish. Housewives sometimes ingest tapeworms while flavoring and tasting the uncooked fish meal.

Stanley F. Yolles, M.D., director of the National Institute of Mental Health, believes mandatory jail sentences should be eliminated in connection with the use and sale of all drugs, including heroin.

Testifying before the House Crime Committee, Dr. Yolles said, "I am convinced that the social and psychological damage caused by incarceration is in many cases far greater to the individual and to society than was the offense itself...It is in dealing with drug abuse and especially in cooling the marijuana problem."

The San Francisco Chronicle recently published an article about one of history's immortal but unsung heroes, Thomas Crapper, inventor of the flush toilet. The story of Mr. Crapper's life, "Flushed With Joy", has been published in England.



Crapper's invention has not been free of hazard, however. Several cases have been authenticated, for example, in which live snakes have emerged from the bowels of sewer lines. In one instance, a python slipped into the plumbing of a college student's apartment and surfaced from the toilet bowl of an adjoining apartment. Its occupant was caught with his jaw down.

'Medical World News' of October 17th reported a deep-sea diver's terrible experience in a decompression chamber.

"Unaware that the valve of the flushing mechanism on his commode was open, and that another diver was occupying the commode next door, he was in one of man's most vulnerable positions when the other diver, through a speaker to a control operator in a booth above the chamber, said "flu-

sh"...Boone was exposed just a moment to tremendous suction. Popping off the commode like a cork out of a bottle to break the vacuum, he staggered to a nearby bunk, trailing his everted intestines, and called for help."

Two physicians were flown to the oil barge decompression chamber. Operating in silence because the chamber's atmosphere of 95% helium and 5% oxygen make voices sound like Donald Duck's, they saved the patient's life. They performed the complicated surgery hunched over in a stiflingly hot, humid seven-foot diameter chamber. All three were required to remain within the decompression chamber for 62 hours because of the high atmospheric pressure.

Thomas Crapper's invention may also lead to enactment of Gestapo-like drug laws. The Nixon administration's Justice Department has asked for a 'no-knock' law empowering police to crash into homes without knocking if possession of drugs for trafficking is suspected. Police have complained that suspects flush evidence while the officers identify themselves.

Poet Lew Welch reminded me the other day about the mythical "Manhattan Silver" marijuana. According to underground legend, so much of the weed has been flushed down New York City sewers that strange silver plants grow in the great sewer pipes. Guarded undoubtedly by the Manhattan silver alligators.

Dear Dr. HIPocrates is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. \$5 at your favorite bookstore.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him care of P.O. Box 9002, Berkeley, Calif. 94709.

Violence and the Commuter Protest

by Abbie Hoffman
LNS

The swarm of people massed around the Washington Monument to protest the war in Vietnam left a lot to be desired. In size it was probably the same if not a bit less than the multitude that marched on the UN in the spring of 1967. If it proved anything, it proved that mass transportation was improving and people's consciousness about flying down to Washington to rally was about the same decision as to get on the subway and whiz up to Central Park. Our subways have grown wings.

The demands have not shifted in two years, the speakers have gotten considerably worse, and the music has taken a downward trend. Peter, Paul and Mitch (Mitch Miller) leading sing-alongs (follow the bouncing Mitch) does not exactly convey the idea of cultural revolution.

Seeing the Rolling Stones bang it out at the Amphitheater in Chicago the next night was more intense than the Washington Rally. There were also more fists flying in the air and one got the feeling that the revolution would come from the screechers at the Stones concert before it resounded from the ranks of the Mobe. Its dignity had earned it back the "e" which hopefully it had lost at the Pentagon and in the streets of Chicago. It was sort of like stitching up the hymen of a violated virgin. With its "e" intact the Mobe was now free to once again mingle with its liberal friends on the Hill. It also made it easier for them to forget and abandon two of its own officials, Dave Dellinger and Rennie Davis, on trial for conspiracy in Chicago.

Dellinger and Davis could be forgotten. Why not? Now the Mobe was on friendly terms with the Crematorium or Moratorium or whatever it is.

The Moratorium is nothing more or less than a front for a "Mcgovernment", -- a campaign for George McGovern for President in 1972. Their officers -- both the Mobe and the Moratorium -- have an unhealthy look of permanence, sort of like a massive antiwar business, "PEACE, INC."

Saturday morning, just hours before the March, saw so much mixing of people "from the Hill" (as politicians and their flunkies are called in Washington) in the Mobe's Moratorium offices that it looked less like working from within and more like being within the within.

In the lobby, "clean-for-Genes," left over from the last year's attempt to regain Amerika's youth, were passing out in a very pushy way thousands of Amerikan Flags in a desperate effort to wipe out the stain of seeing Viet Cong Flags in the Kapital.

It was as if the U.S.I.A.

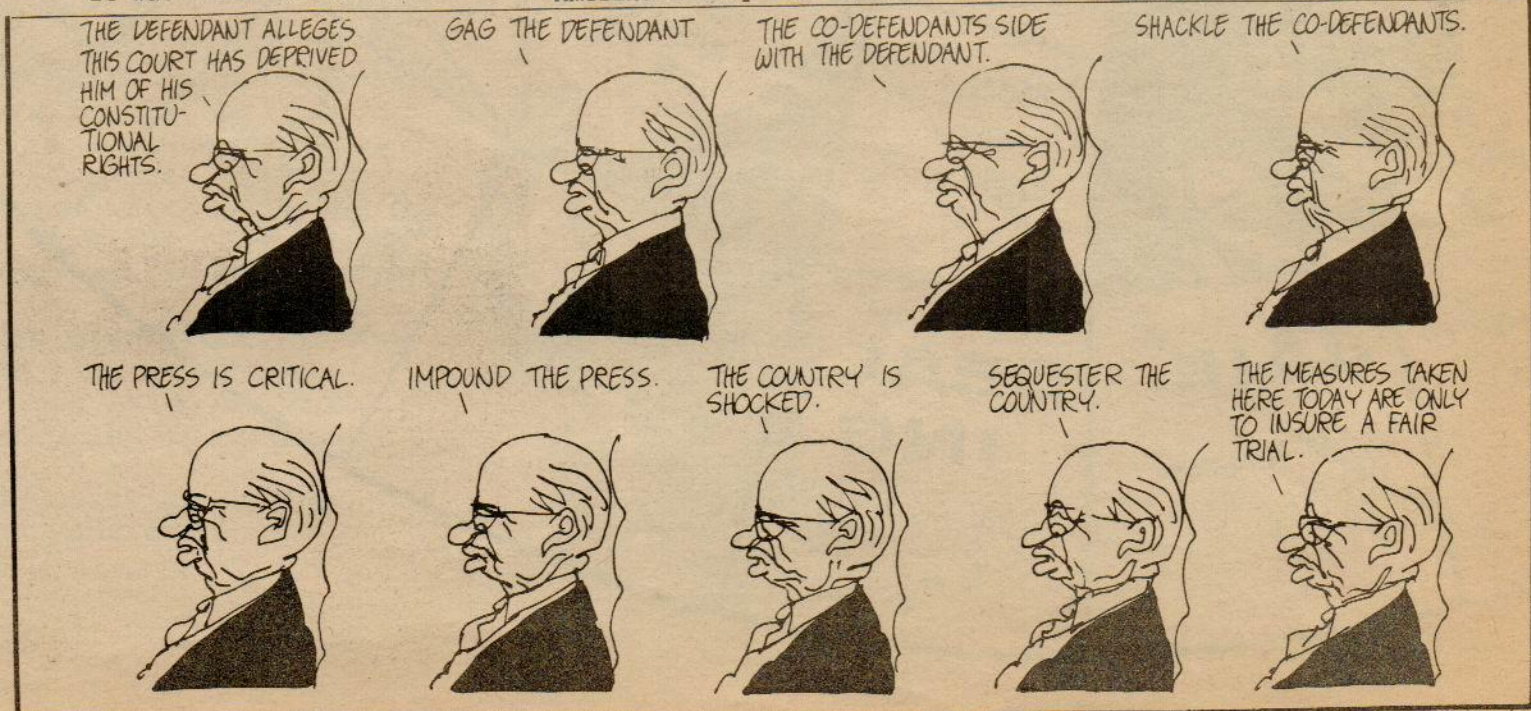
was arranging the props, the F.B.I. must have had a hand in the security. Two days before the event headlines appeared saying "Peace Movement Not Communist-Led, says FBI," and officials in the Mobe-Moratorium coalition breathed easier and seemed to thank God there was still a sense of decency left in J. Edgar Hoover.

Was this in exchange for Mobe Marshals taking over the security of the city? From now on every yippie that goes to a mass demonstration is forewarned that the Mobe Marshals are paper pigs and should be regarded accordingly. Mobe paper pigs redirected people away from the Justice Department demonstration, assisted police at every opportunity and pointed out known "troublemakers" in the crowd. They performed their role of paper pigs so well that they were singled out for praise by Nixon's chief doorman, Amerika's only non-elected may-

or, "Mayor Walter Washington of Washington, D.C.," a negro who makes Whitney Young look like Lumumba.

The basic politics of the event were dissent. Over and over, the M-and-M-ers were to proclaim this: "We do not march against America. We do not march against the system."

Dissent, aside from being the name of a boring magazine, is obscene politics. The Vietnam War didn't just happen when John Kennedy rolled over and whispered in Jackie's ear, "Let's get involved with Vietnam." Isn't that how it's put, the genocide of two million people. I mean, isn't it called "getting involved"? It isn't just Kennedy's war or LBJ's war or Nixon's war, it isn't just an accident like an inflamed appendix in a basically sound body. Vietnam is the natural offspring of a mating between imperialism and racism. They are the senile parents of a chrom-



osome-damaged child -- the Vietnam War.

So the peaceniks came to bear witness in the 9 to 5 time slot that the commuter buses allowed. Woodstock was a bigger "peace" demonstration and at least had a chance in the three days to experience a living situation. To survive one had to get involved.

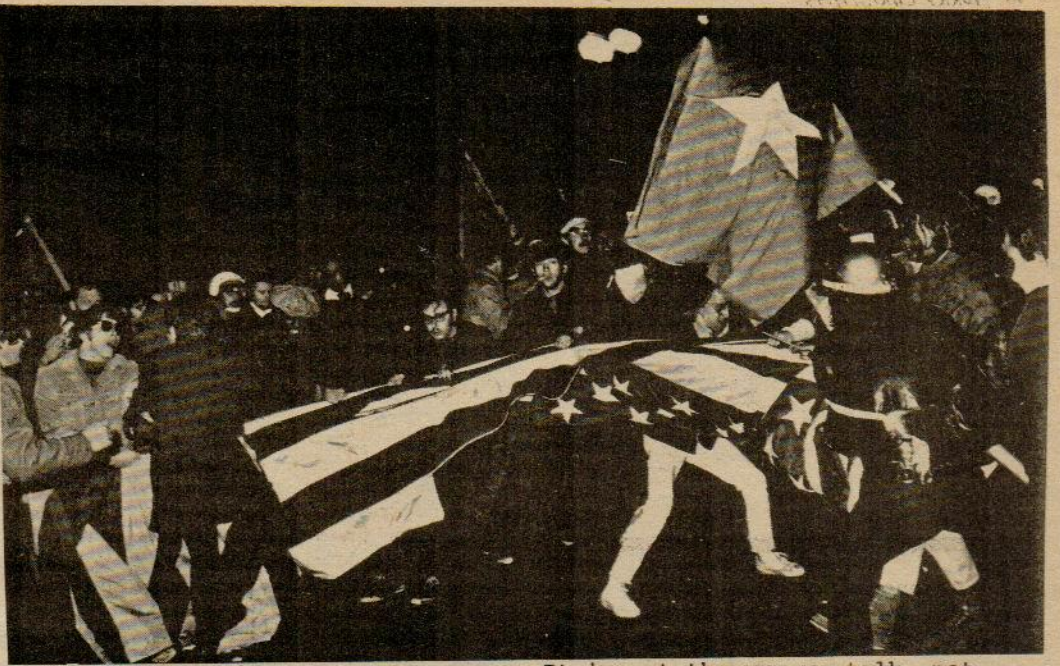
The commuter movement that went in and out of Washington with the respectability crowds reserve for the Rev. Billy Graham really didn't allow for much participation on the part of the audience. That the government does not heed larger gatherings of dissenters has been apparent for the past six years, ever since the 1963 civil rights march and through the countless of Mobilizations held during the Vietnam War.

The system in power not only can deal with such mobilizations, it can actually thrive on them. To quote Mayor Washington of Washington, "Once again the government has reaffirmed its commitment to free speech." Look how tolerant Amerika is!

pure marshmallow, designed from the beginning to gain a pat on the back in the pages of The New York Sunday Magazine and benefit only the button sellers.

From a revolutionary point of view the only drama is "Sex and Violence." Check out the movies. See what people go to view, especially young people. See what they get involved in. Peace equated with non-violence is boring. You express Peace by Fucking. You express War by Fighting. We want a future world of Peace but presently we are at War. You cannot express outrage at the policies of the Amerikan Government by raising a V sign. Outrage takes on a meaning when you see someone throwing a rock through a window. Hip Yippies understand this. Hip Yippies understand the Theater of Cruelty.

Yippie Violence is different than Weatherman Violence. The Weathermen want to do hand to hand combat with pigs. So they pick the biggest and best known around, pick a random date for obscure reasons and an



achieved the object of showing their outrage by throwing a few rocks through the Justice Department windows. The level and intensity of violence used should be carefully balanced in relationship to the desired effect and the risks involved. In language as well, the same principle of using only as much force as is necessary to create the desired effect is important. One should never get into a trap, as did, say, the weathermen.

Check the difference in relating to the press:

Reporter: Why are you going to Chicago?

Weatherman: To fight the pigs.

Compare that to the following:

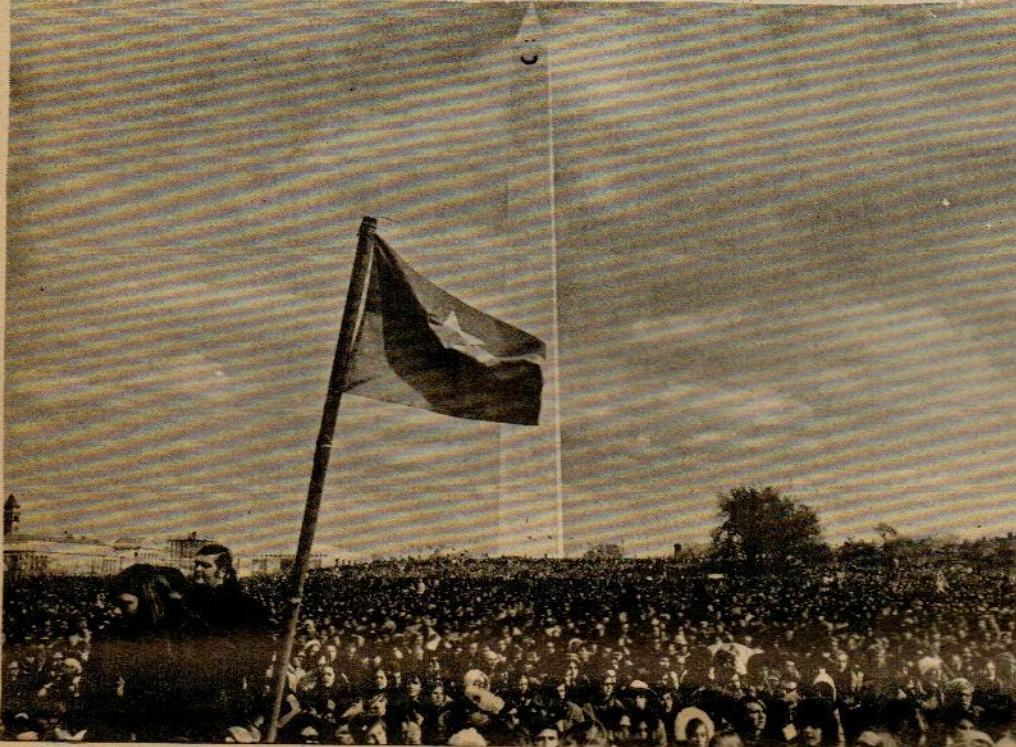
Reporter: Why are you marching on the Justice Department?

Yippie: To give it an enema.

Enema is kind of a nice image. It's vague on the question of violence, but not really. If you were a mother in the tradition of Amerikan home care: the image of giving someone an enema (only children get enemas) is a healthy, wholesome act. If you are a kid, on the other hand, an enema means something quite different -- it means an act of violence, or more specifically, an act of revenge.

Also the indictments of the government look rather foolish when people are put on trial for "giving enemas". That would be apparent to anyone who sat in on our conspiracy trial in Chicago. The Mob (The 'e' doesn't fit the Chicago action) and the Yippies are equally guilty, but the Mob, even though their tone was less militant than the Yippies', were definitely more "serious" -- and serious means conviction and guilt. Words like staff, organization, marshals, fund-raising apparatus, co-ordinated planning sessions do not easily fit when applied to the Yippies. "Serious" is a word that reflects the Establishment; we should consider it verboten.

One aspect of the rising revolutionary youth culture is a new use of language. We talk like television commercials, non-linear images are run together in a haphazard way. The evidence of speeches used against us here in trial has been translated by undercover agents.



Let's give the system a chance.

The huge crowd was about as effective as it looked, huddled at the base of the Phallus on the Potomac. It looked like, and was, a huge mess begging the president, the Pentagon, the State Department, all these war criminals... "Just give peace a chaaaance..." Nixon will sing that tune within a year. It took LBJ two years after the 1963 march to announce, "We shall overcome" to Congress, but everything gets geometrically speeded up in the World of Pop Politics.

Nixon has the slickest Media Men in the country on his team. All those dissenters came to Washington, and it was Agnew, not Nixon that emerged the chief villain. It was peaceful D.C. Transit Buses that surrounded and protected the White House and not menacing Army Vehicles.

Read Selling the President, 1968. McGinnis's book is a complement to McLuhan's Understanding Media. If McLuhan is the god of media, McGinnis is Moses, for his book is the ten commandments on relating to the desert-wasteland of television.

Nixon does not understand the media. His speech the week before was one of the colossal political blunders, timed as it was to come a week before the Mobilization. Even though he doesn't understand the media, Nixon, being the shrewd used-car dealer that he is, knows enough to pack his staff with men that comprehend it completely.

Nixon's whole ad campaign is similar to Volkswagen's. Security, low-price, permanence, tricks in editing and tonal qualities to announcer's voice that are so subtle they go unnoticed--Nixon is the best value you can get for your dollar. He even looks like a Volkswagen!

Media is a battle of images. The image of the huddled masses convening beneath the Monument listening to speeches is one of

arena the way sportsmen would, and then go into battle. It might be termed Ghandian Violence for the element of purging guilt through bearing witness is quite apparent. Yippie Violence is unplanned. It is always spontaneous and dependent on the situation. Yippie Violence is directed against the system of the pigs, the institutions through which the Amerikan system gets its nourishment.

The image of people pounding on the doors of the Justice Department with STOP THE TRIAL flags, of rocks being thrown through the windows of the building, the gassing of Attorney General Mitchell by his own troops, all this conveys spontaneous outrage felt. The Weathermen would have done well to wait until Washington, but still violence in hand-to-hand struggle does not seem to be as effective and as readily understood or even as political as symbolic attacks on sanctuaries of power.

It does not have to always be violent, although it does always have to be disruptive. The image of "business as usual" must be disturbed. The confrontation at the Pentagon was disruptive, even though the protesters never got into the building. It was as disruptive as the action in Chicago.

When myths are made, closure is provided by the viewer. One can do a front-flip 50 feet in front of the Federal Building in Chicago and by the next day it becomes done in the presence of the jury on top of the defense table, 23 floors above the sidewalk before an astonished, tyrannical judge.

In Revolution for the Hell of It, I wrote that revolutionary theater is to use as much force as necessary, no more, no less. If you can create the circus atmosphere by doing acrobatics outside the building, by all means do it. However, be prepared to do that trick right on the judge's bench if need be. In, Washington, People a-

It is not the way we talk, not at all, for to reveal the exact way in which we speak would be devastating to the government's case. So, although they have multiple recordings of every speech, press conference, and even phone calls, the government needs translators.

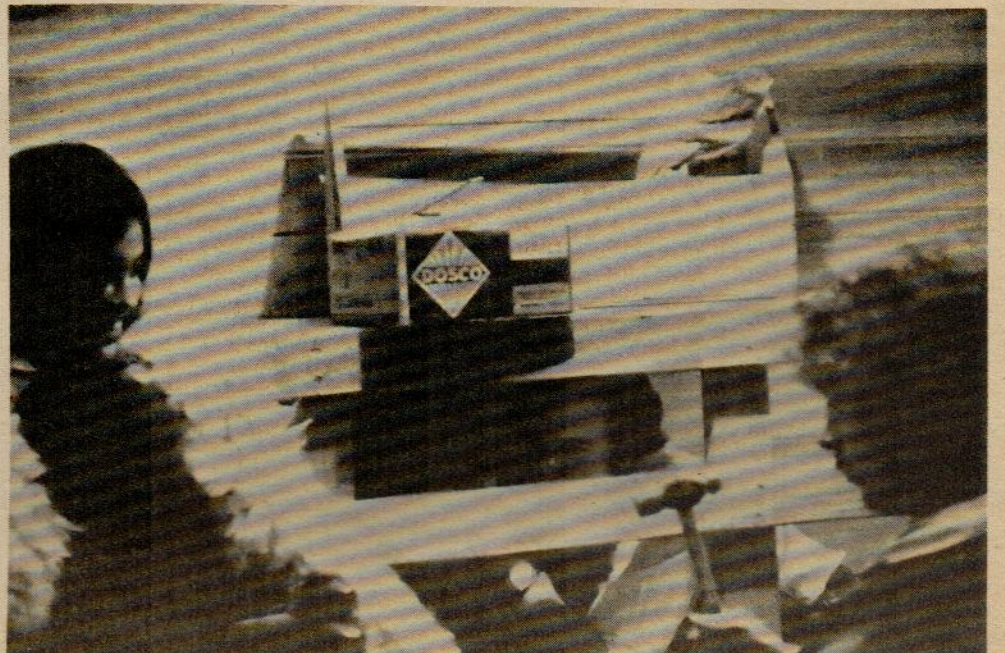
Speaking in symbolic language is necessary to crack the word mush that the people in this country are exposed to daily.

The word competition is fierce. For example, the average person in Amerika within a normal day is exposed to more than 1,600 commercials through a mass of billboards, television flashes, and colorful spreads in magazines.

People who wish to raise the revolutionary consciousness of youth are not the only ones aware of the need for strong imagery in their statements. Spiro Agnew refers to his own speeches as employing "punchy language to create the visual impact desired". George Wallace in his recent campaign for president, was full of expressions like, "If demonstrators lie down in front of my car, I'm gonna run 'em over."

This isn't even advocating self defense violence such as that advocated by the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense. Punchy language, it seems, can only be used with impunity by the conspiracy in power. So as here in Chicago, and probably again in Washington, for Conspiracy Number 11, we are tried for our language.

The language and imagery of our generation is on trial. The National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, like the National Mobilization Committee to Improve Our Highways, cannot relate to our language or our culture. No one associated with the Youth International Party will waste energy decrying the minimal, spontaneous violence that occurred in Washington. We do not indulge in apologetic language. We are not "responsible". Responsible, like "serious" is in the lexicon of Administration and the Mobilization. Us freaks can't understand what you button-down respectables are talking about. The gulf is wider and deeper now that the Washington Commuter Protest is over.



The workers are building a sauna. At the PENNY 112 Yorkville

PIGAMERIKA (LNS) -- So Mick Jagger, by all accounts, a rather bad mothuhfuckuh, came home. Grotesque, lewd, and de-ranked. Satisfying.

Jagger's sassy struts and faggoty pirouettes, black leotards and black muscle shirt (Omega in the place of the Superman 'S'), and a flippant red floor-length scarf decorate the heavy, hard-driving rock pulsar like lace draped over a lathe. Madison Square Garden's 20,000 rightful owners gape, scream, crawl up on the arms of their seats, dance, charge the stage, wave fists and other less organized clumps of fingers, and when Mick bawls we all bawl with him: "I can't get no-o-o... SA...TIS...FAC...TION!"

Positively a fire hazard. His Securityhood the Peeg drags from the stage a girl reaching the violent climax of masturbation while a thousand others who charged the stage and didn't make it mash one another in the pit. -- a freaked-out amoeba of human flesh downing joints and chewing minced poppy seeds. Convulsions, spasms, fists -- Jagger answers with an affected post-nasal drip, belly shimmies, and a spine whose erectness he probably owes to his father Joe, a physical education teacher. It's no capital crime.

But Satan is barefoot, a homespun boy, society's child.

He dances the disease which this place is. He's the total impostor. The last of the great movie queens. The last of the great white pricks. Wealthy -- the tour will pay for two-million dollar bashes Lazy, narcissistic, a good businessman -- the boy next door. Satan is the boy next door -- and the boy next door has made art out of indecent exposure. He lets it bleed and the slow songs crawl out almost menstrually. He beats it off and we all pour w ch him. Bad. Bad.

The only satisfaction that's left in the old culture is watching it writhe and collapse, watching Jagger imitate its writhing and collapse, hearing Jagger's moan, which is a death moan, and not the moan of orgasm. The old culture wasn't just a sneeze. It's been around for a long, long time, it's a grand old lady, it's a dirty old man. And today it's Mick Jagger, Madison Square Garden, tripping out three stories above the tubes of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Moaning. And bad.

The performance is pure ritual. Jagger bounces around; he's effeminate. He's like a peacock, flinging and flapping his red scarf. The rhythms are hard, the music is tough and violent, but Jagger comes on soft and curvy. He projects the complete inversion of the Beatle's All-American Bungalow Bill. He's everyone's pervert, the King and the Queen.

And "Satisfaction" does it all. Everyone surges forward, everyone leans toward the one figure illuminated in the darkness. The words say one thing, but the message is out of control. "Satisfaction" feels good

MICK JAGGER

because it says how really bad things are. There's no satisfaction in school, in bed, in the army, on the job, in the movies. And the wild response of the crowd is the thing that proves that's true. The whole audience is moving heavy 'cause the song is something they can feel. Total revulsion at the death and sterility of bourgeois life and the demand for some way out.

The lights go on. Everyone is up out of his seat, hands clapping, people are dancing. Everything is ready to bust

It's a turn-on, badness. Don't matter how nice we were at Woodstock or Washington. Every one of us knows somewhere inside that the time will come when we'll have to be very bad indeed. Eldridge Cleaver: "Huey Newton is the baddest mother-fucker ever to step inside the pages of history." White history is just a few years behind. Our badness is coming. People gotta have satisfaction. People don't wait too long. People pick up guns. People smash states. People make the Revolution.



loose. And then comes the Stones' last song. It's always "Street Fighting Man" -- in San Diego, in Denver, in Chicago, in New York. In Chicago, Mick introduced "Street Fighting Man" with the words: "This is for all of you and what you did to your city." In New York, a Amerikan flag hangs over the audience. And then there's that line, he sings it more than once, "The time is ripe for violent revolution." So our fists fly and Mick grins at the salute. And Mick snarls something bad.

But that's not what happened at the end of the concert. In fact, the way Jagger put things together, it wouldn't even have fit very well. They finished their street-fighting song and left the stage. People shouted for more; but the Stones were gone for good. Everyone went home missing what might have been an appropriate ending. Mick Jagger's last song could have been "Come to-

gether right now over me." He'd drawn the sexual energies of a coliseum full of people onto his parcel of flesh -- and the crowd, both male and female -- seemed seemed a lot more ready to come all over Mick Jagger than find their way to the discipline, modesty, and restraint necessary to make a real live Revolution. A decadent air hung over the Garden.

And our current level of struggle -- clapping hands, cutting up, busting loose, fucking, blowing weed, and breaking windows -- is a far cry from siezing state power. The Vietnam war drags on. We aren't half as miserable as most of the world. And a lot of the Revolution so far is just a hip ego-trip. What do groupies, pimps, PR men, and ticket-takers have to do with the Revolution? Micky Jagger is still our wet dream, our illusion of release, a half-assed, male-chauvinist prick, not a stone communist revolutionary.

But this audience, and audiences like it all over the country have struck terror into the hearts of Amerika's parents. The music critic of the New York Times is terrified. He sees Mick Jagger as the Hitler of the 1960's, the audience as tomorrow's storm-troops. To him the emotions of Rock are the stuff of fascism. It's like a rally in Nuremburg. Jagger raises his fist and thousands of kids raise their fists. A lot of V signs at first, but the fist spreads around.

And the Times man, besides feeling left-out, also feels that Jagger incites kids to violence. He sees a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde in Amerikan youth. On peace marches, he overhears talk of love, pacifism, and non-violence, but at Stones concerts it's all fighting, revolution, and blood. Beware the youth of Amerika he warns, and turns to put on his reviewer's copy of the new album by that nice California group, The Jefferson Airplane. What does he get? "We are all outlaws in the eyes of Amerika/In order to survive, we steal, cheat, lie, forge, fuck, hide and deal./We are obscene, lawless, hideous, dangerous, dirty, violent, and young."

And they sing it so sweetly. The Times man doesn't like it at all. It isn't exactly the Revolution, but it's close enough to scare 'em.



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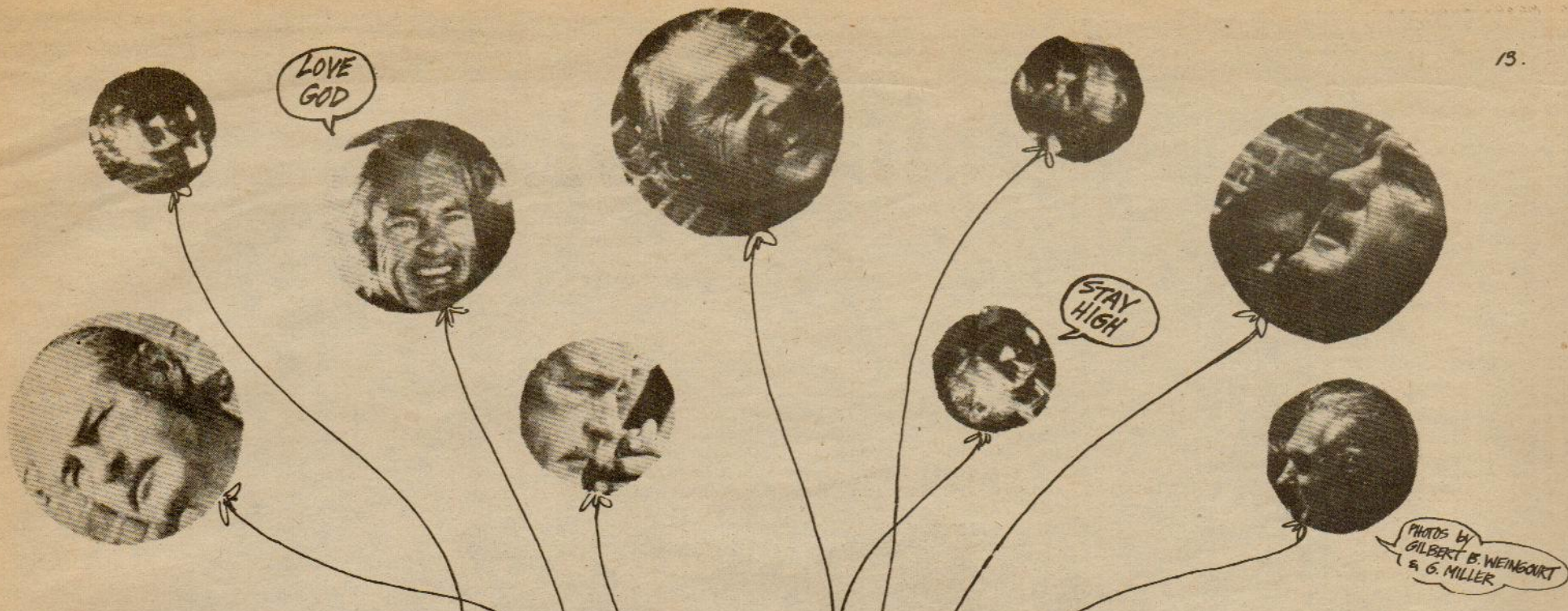
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DOPE DEALER-NEW ROBIN HOOD

TIMOTHY LEARY

There are three groups who are bringing about the great evolution of the new age that we are going through now. They are the DOPE DEALERS, the ROCK MUSICIANS and the underground ARTISTS and WRITERS.

Of these three heros, mythic groups, I think the dealers are the most essential and important. In the years to come the television dramas and movies will be making a big thing of the dope dealer of the sixties. He is going to be the Robin Hood, spiritual guerilla, mysterious agent who will take the place of the cowboy hero or the cops and robbers hero. There is nothing really new about this. Throughout human history the shadowy figure of the alchemist, the shaman, the herbalist, the smiling wise man who has the key to turn you on and make you feel good, has always been the center of the religious, esthetic, revolutionary impulse. I think that this is the noblest of all human professions and certainly would like to urge any creative young person sincerely interested in evolving himself and helping society grow to consider this ancient and honorable profession. The paradoxical thing about the righteous dealer is that he is selling you the celestial dream. He is very different from any other merchant because the commodity he is peddling is freedom and joy. You expect your car dealer to drive a good car and you want your clothier to be well dressed and so it logically holds that you expect your righteous dope dealer to radiate exactly that joy and freedom that you seek in his product. So therefore the challenge to the dealer is that not only must his product be pure and spiritual but that he himself must reflect the human light that he represents. Therefore never buy dope, never purchase sacrament from a person that hasn't got the qualities you aspire for.

Rosemary and I just came back from a trip to the Middle East. Naturally we spent most of our time with Sufis, cannabis alchemists, and magicians. It was a great joy for us to see that the Arab dope dealers that we contacted actually did shine forth as the grooviest people you could find. I recall the night we wandered out into the native quarter and found ourselves in a little Bazaar shop in the SOUK talking to a dude named Mohamed who had the reputation among the international set as being the finest dealer in town. We walked into Mohamed's shop and immediately realized that we were stepping into a psychedelic stage.

Beautiful costumes, gold embroidered vests, dangling, shining jewelry, silver bracelets and what not. The room was a retinal orgasm. Mohamed was standing behind his little desk and he himself, in his grooming and dress was telling you that he was turned on cat. He was wearing an outrageous shirt. His hair, instead of being close clipped as most Arabs have it, was in soul brother natural style and he had a spectacular fluorescent scarf around his neck. I knew that I had seen him in the market place earlier, weaving his way through the crowd. You knew right away that here was a magician. Here was a guy who was announcing with his mere presence that he was a flipped out dealer in some sort of wondrous magic.

As he sat down, the first thing he did was rummage around in his beautiful leather pouches and started to fill a hash pipe with great skill and dexterity. At the same time he was laying the typical Owsley alchemist rap on us. He was telling us that he was not a businessman but sent by God to turn people on. His product was not to intoxicate you but to give you what you were looking for—freedom and joy and that indeed his Keef and Hashish were the best in the world. He had different varieties that would turn one on to food, turn you on erotically and give you visual and musical enhancement. All this time his eyes were twinkling and even before partaking of the sacrament one became turned on by the man himself. Your trust in his product is therefore greatly enhanced.

The paradox of the dealer is that he must be pure. He must be straight and he must be radiant. The socioeconomics of dealing psychedelic dope is extremely curious. Here we have this enormous, billion dollar industry going on in the United States, all of which is essentially run by amateurs. I know no one who had dealt psychedelic drugs over a period of months and survived without being busted or being freaked out who wasn't pure. You have to be pure. You can't be doing it for the money or the power and you can't do it on your own. Most, if not all, righteous dealers work in groups or brotherhoods. This again is the ancient message of the Middle East. The brotherhoods or groups of men who are engaged in this spiritual journey together, which is always, of course, against the law, always has to be ille-



(reprinted from L. A. Free Press)

gal and always has to be the object of persecution by Ceasar, the Sultan or by the police.

I have spent a lot of my time in the last eight years looking for turned on people, holy men to find out where they were at and to learn from them. I have been in India, Japan, all through the Middle East and Europe. I have talked to the Swamis, the Rishis, the Maharishis and I can say flatly that the holiest, handsomest, healthiest, horniest, humorest, most saintly group of men that I have met in my life are the righteous dope dealers. They have got to be that way because they have to continue to use their own product. That is one of the interesting psychopharmacological aspects of dope dealing. A dealer has to know his product. He has to know what these different dopes do to his head, otherwise he doesn't know what he is selling. This means that your righteous dope dealer has to know about the effects of acid, mescaline, DMT, Grass and Hashish. He has to be able to break off a little lump of Nepalese Hash, smell it, chew it and light it up and then decide whether it is grade A, B, or C. He has got to take an acid tab, swallow it and observe on his own detecting instruments whether it is acid, whether it is good acid and roughly what the microgram quantity is. This means that he has got to be a master Sufi. The dealer has got to be a completely accurate, straight spiritual detective. He has got to be free of his own hangups. He can't be riddled with paranoidias or he is going to take a puff and scream for the psychiatrist. This means by definition that your righteous dealer must have a pure head and a holy heart. Otherwise he is going to be freaked out by his own product. It was of great interest for Rosemary and me to discover, after ten

years in the psychedelic medicineman business, that increasingly most of our friends turned out to be dealers, which we now see is not accidental but indeed inevitable.

There is a great deal of hypocrisy throughout all levels of the establishment as well as the underground about the dealer. There are many psychedelic liberals who say: "Well, it's OK for young people to experiment with grass and acid. We don't want to have laws against them, but we should have laws punishing the dealers."

Somehow the dealer is in a lower moral or sociological category. THIS IS PLAIN BUNK. Let's be straight and honest about it. The thirty million people in the United States who are turned on to psychedelic drugs—anyone of them has been a passive collaborator in an illegal act and everyone of the thirty million people who have used grass or acid in this country in the last few years has got to face up to the fact that it was a righteous and courageous person who took great risks to make the acid or smuggle in the cannabis. Not only does it take courage and dedication but it takes skill. After all the amateur LSD chemist has to have the knowhow to spin the molecules together. He had to have the efficiency and organizational ability to bring together a laboratory in secret and perform a minor chemical miracle. This requires a heavy, together sort of person. I think it is a moral exercise that everyone of the thirty million who are using psychedelic drugs should take a turn at dealing. I think it is almost symbolically necessary that sometimes in your spiritual psychedelic career that you do DEAL. Not for the money but simply to pay tribute to this most honorable profession.

I remember talking recently to a group of clear eyed, smiling beautiful dealers. They were young men in their twenties, as all dealers have to be young. At that time their life situation was close to perfect. They were living together with their families in nature and there was no reason for them to leave the country on one of these thrilling missions. They were planning another scam. I asked them "Why are you doing it? You know that at this particular time, with the Nixon administration waging all out war on turned on kids, with all aid of border guards, secret agents, it's just not a cool time to do it. You have got all the land and dope to center your own lives. Why take chances?" They thought for a minute and their answer was interesting. "We deal because that's our thing. We believe that dope is the hope of the human race, it is a way to make people free and happy. We wouldn't feel good just sitting here smoking the dope we have and saving our souls knowing that there are thirty million kids that need dope to center themselves. Our lives have been saved from the plastic nightmare because of dope and we would feel selfish if we just stayed here in our beautiful utopia. Our brothers and sisters out there should be as liberated and loving as we are." As far as the police network that is being built up against them, they just laughed. "We are smarter and wiser than the FBI, the CIA and the Narcotics Bureau put together. We have to be. We just can't admit defeat just because they have more and more equipment against us."

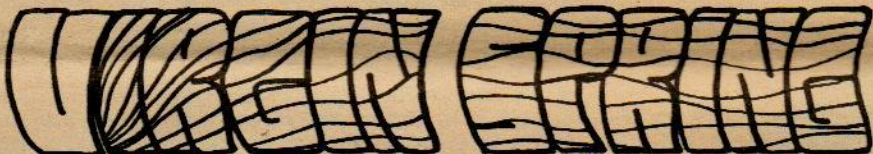
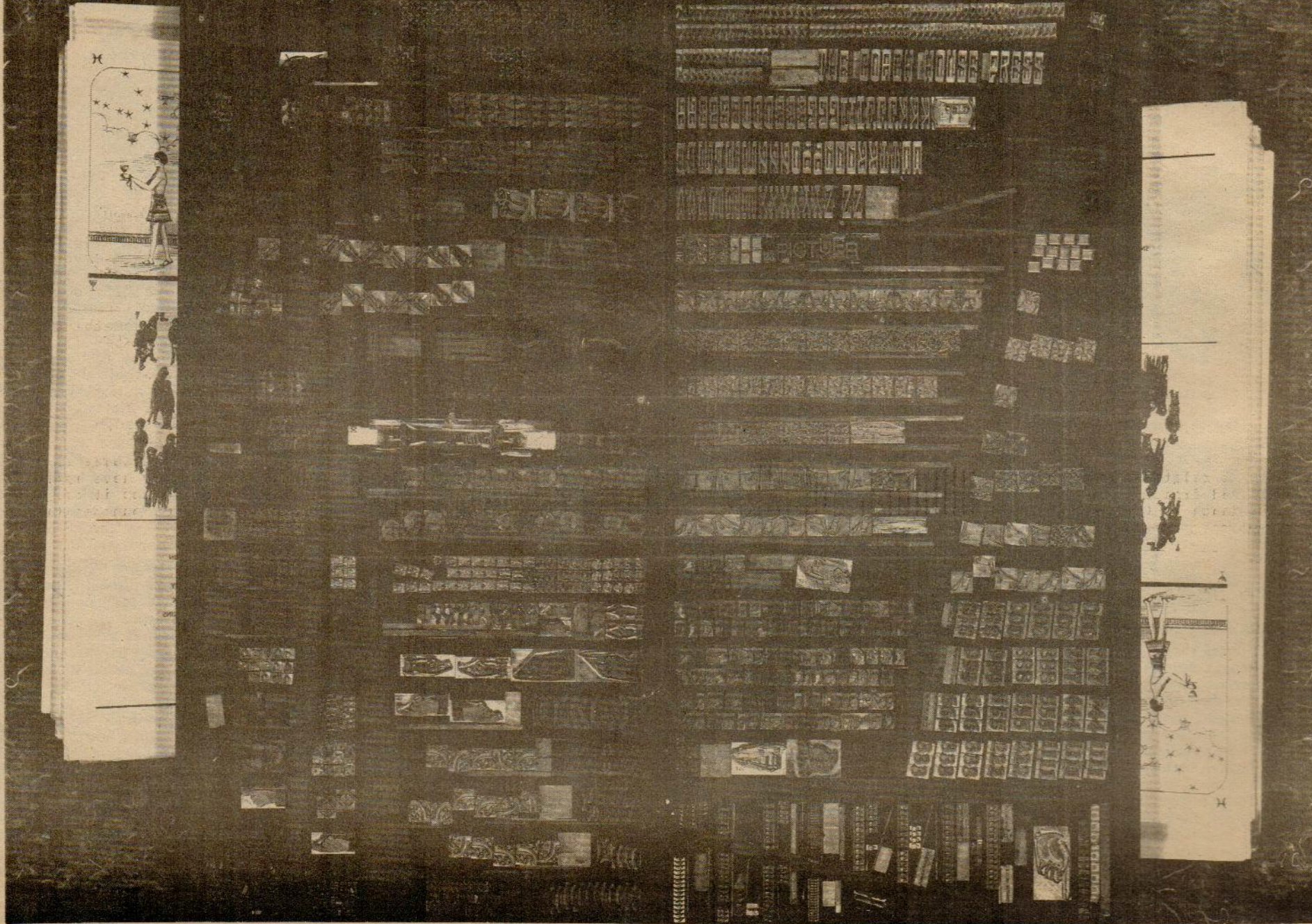
There was no use for me to argue with that point of view and then they took off for the Middle East with my blessings.

I think of the most remarkable acid chemists. Ones who arranged their laboratories like shrines. They pray constantly while performing their chemical miracle, that the acid they are making will bring freedom and liberation to the people who will take it. Praying that there will be no bad trips and paranoidias in the mysterious molecules that they were brewing.

The acid chemist is in a particularly vulnerable position because you can't make acid without being constantly exposed to this powerful molecule. You have to get high. They are floating on 10,000 mikes while performing their magic. They have got to be pure. They have got to be centered to accomplish their technical achievement. I don't know of one successful psychedelic chemist who doesn't have a feeling about how he does it. None who doesn't attempt to purify his mind of negative thinking and who doesn't believe that the acid is influenced by the spiritual and psychic status of those who make it and distribute it.

I don't know one righteous and successful dealer who doesn't. Don't ever buy grass or acid from a dealer who doesn't lay a prayer on you while he takes your money.

IT'S POWERFUL MEDICINE, IT'S MAGIC, AND IT HAS GOT TO BE TREATED THAT WAY.



"Director's Festival" at International Cinema Yonge and Manor Road. "The 1) / Virgin Spring", Directed by Bergman

Bergman is an exacting decadent: He knows that bad manners are forgiven if there is sufficient tragedy. May I link, for the first time, the names of Bergman and Wagner; "The Virgin Spring" and Tristan and Isolde"?

Technique and pyrotechnique: The Christian love of blood turned to water: No miracle - it happens all too often. Blood on the outside for martyrs, on the inside for heroes. The blood of Adonis is a blood-red flower; heroes are remembered for what they held inside themselves. But, are there any Christian heroes? or Christian tragedies?

The slave girl prays to Odin, the raven is one of Odin's familiars, the proud father is Odin himself. Yes, there is tragedy here; can many sense it? When the father kneels and prays to god.

Until his daughter is raped and killed by three herders, he lets his wife suffer her religion and stands apart. He perceives it for what it is: An indulgence for the tired, energy for the unjustified.

He is content as a law unto himself, a self-justifier. But surrounded by such darkness as his wife and her crucifix he discovers in his confusion: Guilt. "I don't understand you, god." He vows to build a church on the ground where his daughter died. Historically, churches are graves.

He is noble enough to kill the herders without revenge: A sauna-bath, clean clothes, the holy slaughter-knife, he waits for them to awaken. One is a sickly youth whom the wife tries to protect from her husband's anger. (The moral is that when children are scarce and property too, even the weakest must live: A Christian moral, let us admit). Not so for the father: He hurls the boy against the wall and kills him.

It would be cheap to regard this theme as a morality play on furious fathers who avenge their daughter's inexperience. Had an equal to himself brought the daughter back (with or without her virginity: What does that matter?), claiming her as his own, there would have been no battle, but feasting....Odin is most proud of those who can steal from him.

Larry Williams

Odds & Ends

Know India Weekly, a local publication has an interesting item concerning a 34 year old Sikh who was forced to cut his hair, dispense with his turban, and shave his beard in order to get a job. These things were all part of his religion and of course became part of his personality.

It appears that Canadian employers can't tolerate someone who doesn't look like a clean-scrubbed robot, if they look different they may just start to think differently. Of course if one person is allowed to grow their hair then everyone would be allowed to, and in business circles that would be tantamount to revolution. The Department of Manpower (sic) as part of its policy advises Sikhs to conform to Canadian standards if they want jobs, such as the one gotten by the man in the article i.e. a parking lot cash-

ier, so that in their off hours they can "wheel around the city in a brand new automobile."

Sign put up by the liberal candidate in North York, "You'll get there sooner on the Spadina" Nice to know who the enemy is.

An interesting new production is opening at Studio Lab Theatre. Its called Dionysis 69, a Living Theatre type thing that leans heavily towards audience participation. The morality squad isn't expected to be sympathetic towards it, their fear of enlightenment may put a halt to it.

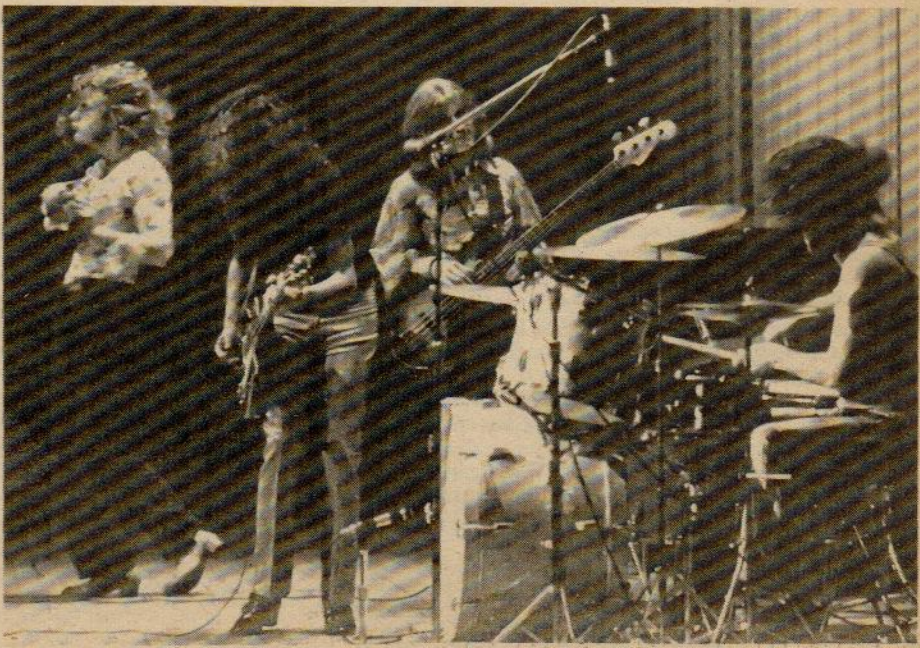
There's a lot happening at the Global Village on weekends now. They have had to stop serving liquor, and have had to institute an admission charge, but the quality and variety of the entertainment make it well worth it.

Also starting soon at the Village are two kids shows, Copper Mountain and Punch and Judy which are suitable for older children as well.

RAGNAROK!

Leather

11 Baldwin St.



Led Zeppelin at O'Keefe photo by Carol Evans

BACK FROM HIPPYLAND

Every kid reads comic books, it's part of growing up. It seems harmless enough, mostly they are absurd fantasies or simple humour. Not much as a propaganda vehicle one would think. But the defenders of the North American Way of Life have overlooked nothing in their zeal to indoctrinate youth in the virtues of the good life. A prime example in this area is Carlton Comics, purveyors of a whole series of romance fantasies. Quite aside from their deformation of the whole concept of love and male-female relationships they are getting into even heavier things. A recent edition of "Teen Confessions" illustrates this. There are four stories in this issue, along with various ads for pimple creams, reducers, doll houses, and high school study courses. The first story is "Back From Hippyland", it relates how a girl was saved from a fate worse than death in Greenwich Village and returned to the good life. "Off The Beach" describes how a beach wallflower blooms at night (with the help of her mom), and "When Love Dies" tells how a girl falls in love while her boyfriend is off fighting a terrible enemy. The cover story is called "Summer Without Love". Annette finds Harvey "the most beautiful mod man", "who was always well-dressed" with a bunch of dirty footed weirdos, protesting the U.S. Marines, for goodness sakes. She is rightfully shocked "I wouldn't go within twenty feet of you without dusting you with

DDT first," (DDT indeed!) along comes Gus the "organizer" of the protest and tells Harvey to "tell that capitalistic chick to bug off". Annette wants Harvey to come back and stay at the family cottages where they would "have a ball." Annette can't get Harvey

off her mind even though she goes out with other guys (evidently she's a waste of time as Jerry says "If I wanted frost-bite I would have dated an Eskimo"), meanwhile Harvey is "spending a dismal summer growing a beard and carrying protest signs." To try to get Harvey to see how much of an idiot he appears, Annette disguises herself and goes to the village. She succeeds admirably in looking like an idiot herself in beads and sweatshirt along with

pedalpushers and permanent hairdo. She meets Gus (the organizer) and joins his demonstration (held daily). A quote from Gus at the demonstration, "Get the fuzzi to shove you around Annette, there's a television network camera crew here... give them something to look at. Most of the demonstrators are kind of scruffy and sad looking, all except handsome Harvey, but then he's the hero. As Harvey tries to bust into the building being demonstrated against, Gus admits that he is being paid to do this and that he's gets his orders from some outside source. At this Annette screams help, Harvey rushes over, pushing everyone out of the way ("One side Punk") Harvey smashes Gus ("I'm going to break your neck") because Annette whispered something to him. The police are standing by and see all this, and promptly arrest Gus for disturbing the police. Oddly enough, this is quite truthful, and the behavior shown is condoned, it's O.K. for people to smash other people and police to make false arrests, because they have right on their side. To top it off, the reason Harvey punched Gus was not because Annette told him about Gus' being paid to cause trouble, but because he insulted her (which of course didn't happen but she had to "tell him something".) The story ends with Harvey and Annette admiring each other, "With a haircut and shave, Harvey is once more my shining knight! and Mom is delighted too!" In the last frame they are in the inevitable clinch, "once more I can enjoy a movie at the drive-in and the summer without love is ended!"



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WHEREAS you have been charged before me that you on or about the 27th day of November 19 69, at the Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto, in the County of York unlawfully did publish obscene matter for the purpose of distribution, to wit: Harbinger Volume II, No. XI,

contrary to THE CRIMINAL CODE. THIS IS THEREFORE TO COMMAND YOU, in Her Majesty's name, to appear before the presiding Provincial Judge or before me on Tues day, the 6th day of January next, at two o'clock Toronto time in the afternoon in the Provincial Courtroom #34, Old City Hall, at 60 Queen Street West, Toronto, or before any justice for the said County who is there, to answer to the said charge, and to be dealt with according to law.

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Justice of the Peace in and for the Province of Ontario



U.S. federal narcotics arrests, including marijuana, totalled 3,600 in 1968, up 14% from 1967, while the FBI's most recent report shows drug arrests up 60%. California shows a 324% increase in "dangerous drug" violations and a 40% increase in all drug arrests, with a solid majority of drug users under the age of 18. Washington State, with incomplete figures, indicates a doubling of arrests, and New Jersey reports a quadrupling also with incomplete figures. Utah's drug arrests were up 260% and Oregon records show an increase of 120%. Colorado's drug arrests figures, not yet complete have apparently quadrupled since 1967. Hawaii's figures show a 90% increase, Alabama reports a 30% rise, New York reports a comparatively low 23% increase, and Illinois indicates a 25% increase with a 20% drop in the number of LSD and pep pill arrests.

ECOLOGY

THE INITIAL "E"
 e LOWER CASE - TO SYMBOLIZE THE PASSIVE YIELDING OR FEMINE ASPECT OF NATURE THE "PRIMA MATERIA" OR "NO-THING" OUT OF WHICH ALL "THINGS" ARE MADE TO APPEAR BY DIVISION.

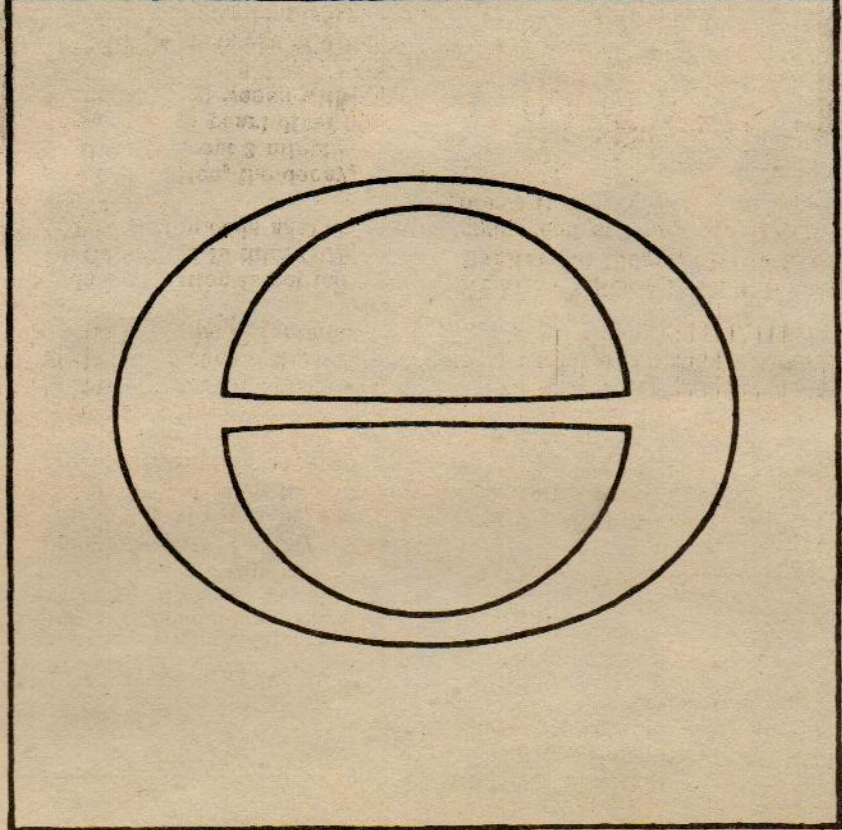
ecology (i'kol'əji) n. 1. THE BRANCH OF BIOLOGY WHICH TREATS OF THE RELATIONS BETWEEN ORGANISMS AND THEIR ENVIRONMENT; BIONOMICS 2. THE BRANCH OF SOCIOLOGY CONCERNED WITH THE SPACING OF PEOPLE AND OF INSTITUTIONS AND THEIR RESULTING INTERDEPENDENCY. [FORMED FROM -MODIFICATION OF -GREEK OIKO(=) HOUSE + LOGY] (HOUSEHOLD)

THE CIRCLE OR THE LETTER "O"

environment

- EARTH
- EDEN
- ETERNAL
- EVOLUTION
- ENCIRCLE
- ENRICHMENT
- ENLIGHTENMENT
- EROS
- EDUCE
- EMPATHY
- EVE
- EMOTION
- ECSTASY
- EXISTENCE
- ETC.

A SYMBOL



ORGANISM

- ONENESS
- OASIS
- OM
- OMNIFIC
- OMNIPRESENCE
- OMNIPOTENCE
- OMNISCIENCE
- ORIGIN
- ORACLE
- OPEN
- ORPHIC
- ORGY
- ORGASM
- ONTOLOGY
- ETC.

THE ELLIPSE

A SYMBOLIC DEMONSTRATION OF THE TRANSCENDANT UNITY THAT PERVADES ALL DUALITIES (ELLIPSE - THE SET OF ALL POINTS THE SUM OF WHOSE DISTANCES FROM TWO FIXED POINTS IS CONSTANT.) ALSO THE FORM OF PLANETARY ORBITS. (MACROCOSM)

THE CIRCLE (MANDALA)

THE UNIVERSAL SYMBOL OF WHOLENESS OF HARMONIOUS UNITY - THE CENTERING OF PSYCHE WITH COSMOS - THE RESOLUTION OF ALL OPPOSITES (GOOD + EVIL = GOD/ MALE + FEMALE = LOVE) SANITY, PEACE, BEYOND TIME AND SPACE, THE SOURCE OF ALL CREATIVITY AND POWER.

THE SQUARE

SAME AS CIRCLE BUT MORE AS CONCEPT OR IDEA THAN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE. (C.G. JUNG)

EQUINOX (ASTROLOGY)
 VERNAL MAR. 20 21
 AUTUMNAL SEPT. 23-24

TAOISM (CHINESE)
 KNOWN YANG
 UNKNOWN YIN

THE 4 ELEMENTS (ALCHEMY)
 A → F FIRE "MALE"
 ↑ ↓ AIR
 W ← E WATER "FEMALE"
 ↓ ↑ EARTH



An editorial by US (United for Survival, 2775 Courtenay St., Vancouver 8, B.C.)

Survival is at stake - Canada's survival as a country, and our survival as HUMAN BEINGS.

Canadians pretty much agree that United States influences are taking over Canada. Concerned citizens are saying that Canada cannot survive as a separate country unless it becomes independent of the U.S.A.

However, the majority of voters think of "survival" in terms of KEEPING THEIR STANDARD OF LIVING. They fear that becoming independent of the U.S.A. would reduce their hard-won standard of living. And they will reject an independence that threatens their "survival", as they see it.

Is there any realistic way for Canada to survive as a country? YES - to trade very much less with the U.S.A. and AT THE SAME TIME to trade instead with countries that are not in the arms race, that feel threatened by what the big powers are doing. This would be a Common Market for NATIONAL survival.

But, important as it is, the survival of Canada as a nation is not our top priority. Today the stark reality for all Canadians is this: OUR SURVIVAL AS HUMAN BEINGS IS IN DOUBT. And the odds against survival are getting worse.

Our continued existence is threatened by the pollution, the decay, the destruction of our environment. We can live for about 2 minutes without air to breathe (possibly 3 minutes if you are a pearl diver), for about 4 to 5 days without water to drink, for several weeks without food to eat.

Yet even as you read this, the oxygen supply in the ocean of air in which we live is threatened. The plankton in the ocean, the plants on land, both of which provide us with oxygen, are unable to replace it at the rate we are using it up. The life-sustaining elements in our rivers, lakes, and oceans are dwindling. Our soil, forests, natural resources are being stripped, depleted, and exhausted. There is no point at all in asking: WHEN will we take action for survival? Ask instead: Is there ANY TIME LEFT to halt our accelerated race to extinction?

When we have wrecked the balance of nature, no government, no crash programme, no science, no amount of money will bring back to life the billions and billions of natural organisms which keep us alive in our environment. When breathable air, drinkable water, nutritious food are only a memory, there will be no one around to remember.

Is there any realistic way for us to ACT to protect our survival as human beings? YES - to unite for action through our conservation

and anti-pollution societies, environmental councils, and supporting organizations such as trade unions, consumer groups, etc. We unite for nation-wide mass action on these demands:

1. The immediate setting and ENFORCING of standards of purity for air, water, food, etc., that will restore their life-giving properties;
 2. The protection of workers and consumers from financial hardship while these survival standards are enforced;
 3. The health and well-being of all our people to take priority over every other consideration in planning the use and development of natural resources;
 4. Canada to act at once to start a COMMON MARKET for HUMAN SURVIVAL which unites in trade countries opposed to armaments and ready to control pollution and population growth.
- Any level of government not responsive to our requirements for survival is IRRELEVANT and must go.

READ - SING - MAIL this petition to: Prime Minister P.E. Trudeau, Parliament Bldgs., Ottawa (no stamp required), Have other concerned persons read and sign it. Have the organizations to which you belong endorse it and ACT on it.

I ENDORSE AND SUPPORT THE DEMANDS FOR SURVIVAL ACTION PRINTED AT THE END OF THIS CITIZEN'S EDITORIAL, AND EXPECT YOU TO ACT ON THEM IMMEDIATELY!

NAME: _____ ADDRESS: _____
