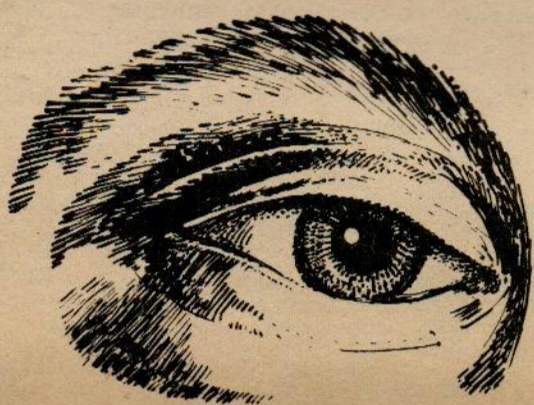


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Staff: Co-Editors Dave Bush, Hans Wetzel; Pro Dave Findlay;
Midwife Larry Williams; Medicine Man Dick Pooley; Popcorn Man
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Helpers Mary, Will, Judy, Wimpy, Pony, Don; Cover by Dick Pooley;
Centre spread reprinted from Sexual Freedom.

HARBINGER IS A COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER, YOUR HELP IS WELCOME.
HARBINGER is published monthly by Harbinger Pub. Mailing address
is P.O. Box 751, Station "F", Toronto 285, Ontario Canada.
Second Class Mail Registration number 1905
HARBINGER is a member of the Underground Press Syndicate and LNS
Subscriptions to HARBINGER are 26 issues for \$4.00 or 13 issues \$2.50
Volume 2 Number 13 (22) January 1 1970.
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SPORT



Opening faceoff of the crucial match between
the Hazelton Hasheaters and the Sussex Speedfreaks.
Final score 12-11.



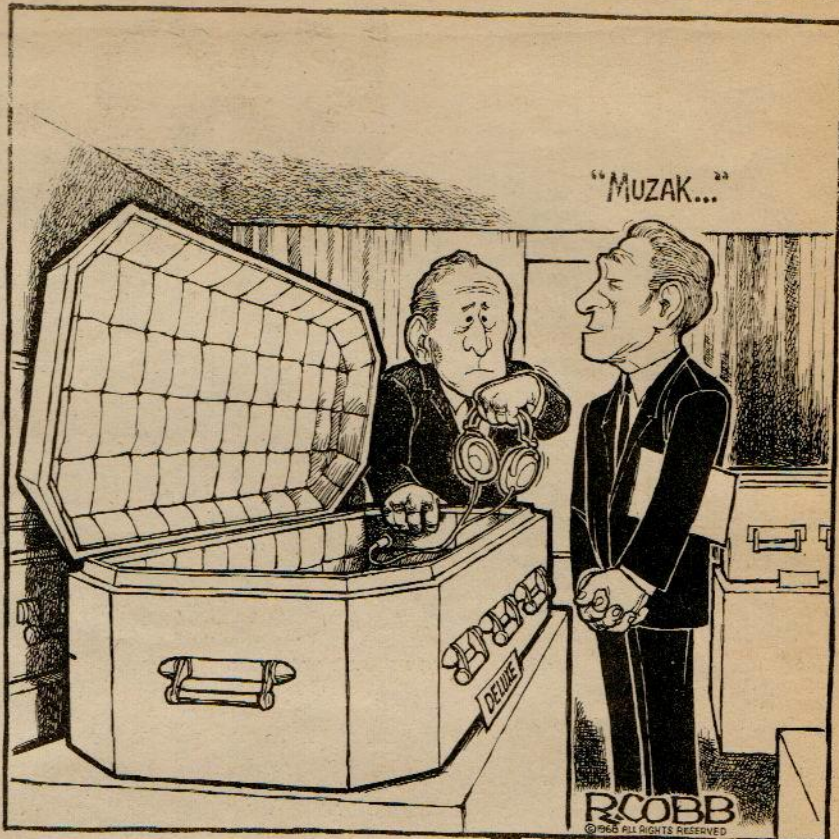
Letters

I read HARBINGER vol: 2,
No. 10 for the first time and
was much impressed by Stuart
Roche's essay *Liberalism and
Radicalism*. The amendments he
suggests stand out sanely among
most suggestions being
made today by people from the
underground. Since Rousseau
confessed to us his life the
trend has evolved into hysterical
bellowing of anger, ideas,
and slogans that have become
meaningless because of the
same hysterical bellowing.
It's like so much hot air being
let off, the world is full of
open mouths letting off
feeling and all these breaths
appear polluted after a time to
the same people they're ad-
dressed to, simply because they
have been lathered, smeared,
overdosed with feeling to such
an extent that they have not
had time to digest and appre-
ciate the true value of feel-
ing. Over-torture a man you
hope to get information from
and he will either go crazy
and the torture become inef-
fectual, or drop dead. Simi-
larly if you lavishly or reck-
lessly display extremist feel-
ing, even if it advocates
peace and love, it appears
sour and cheap to the public
as if a fraudulent short sut

had been taken to these prized
states of euphoria. Hence some
people who were almost sym-
pathetic once with the hippy
movement think they are now
disillusioned about it and are
threatened perhaps with devel-
oping renewed confidence in
the-survival-of-the-fittest-
type of society and the cold
logical type of murder it sup-
ports, all of which Camus told
us eloquently about.

Of course the public is
at fault for not being able to
accommodate such straight for-
ward requests as MAKE LOVE NOT
WAR etc. which are 100% moral
and eventually cul-de-saced
i.e. (if followed the world
will end disastrously, the dis-
aster being love. If we fol-
lowed the opposite, or rather
continue to follow the oppo-
site, war, we will end disas-
trously by it.) So that if
the feeling shown by hippydom
becomes extremist and ineffec-
tual it is because the pub-
lic's immorality has defeated
it. The hippies have got to
try to be not extremist as the
society they oppose is, for
two extremist opposites simi-
lar in the extremity of their
actions will always remain al-
ienated from each other.

What would be definitely
sad is if the hippy movement
itself should become disillus-



ioned with its pacifist and
amorous slogans and degenerate
into the same confidence in
illogics and totalism their
age suffers from.

No, we want the silent
prayer, the suppressed scream,
the gasp of recognition, the
exemplary silent doing of our
own thing, like the cool hip-
hug-her couple mashing down a
street oblivious to the sordid
headlines of the 'DAILY STAR'.
Yet in their example the blat-
tant and much needed peace and
love.

Man that was a mouthful!
No, I'm not Canadian, nor
white, nor a hippy garment-
wise. Rather I'm black, just
twenty, and a South American
poet-writer that has only been
one month in Toronto. I'm
from Guyana, wonder if you ever
heard of there? Maybe some of
you have. I'm on a bored and
frustrating kind of exile over
here due to the controversial
role I was beginning to play
in the arts in my country (win-
ner of the Jagan Gold Medal
for lit.: editor of "Expres-
sion" which was seriously
threatened to be sued for li-
bel of The Prime Minister due
to a short story printed in
it, etc. etc.) So I'm here
trying to decide what to do
here. My work is known and
has been read at the Universi-
ties of The West Indies and
Guyana, published in several
mags: that side of the worl
and some of it is sheduled to
be published in an american
and english mag. In the mean
while I'm working on a philos-
ophical work about the phil-
osophy and its implications

'behind most contemporary move-
ments most of all the hippies.
I would be delighted to meet
you guys & dolls and see what
we can learn from each other.
I have a lot of my work with
me and the work of some others
and it may interest you to
hear it read and I'm interested
in reading it and discussing
various events occurring in my
part of the world. But I'm not
familiar with the city or
where you hang out, moreover
I'm terrified of your traffic
having spent 3 years of my
life among primitive & semi-
primitive people in the forest
and savannah of my country and
on the borders of Brazil and
Venezuela. It is more or less
this my poetry is about.

I would be delighted to
hear from you, it would give me
something to do other than
pound a typewriter the whole
day. You can write, drop
around or telephone me.

peace & love

Dearest Exalted, Wonderful,
Beautiful Space Duck:

You are so far fucking out
that you are 14 feet, 32 inches
in. I really think that you
are super-cool, boss, and you
are my hero. My hero used to
be Goldie Hawn, but you have
it all over her. What I would
like to know Mac, what are you
like in the sack? Please don't
ever make any sense, it is fun
trying to comprehend you wiped
out of our (my) respective
minds. I love you. I want you.
I need you.

Aw, fuck off.
M. Chase.

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But
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course,
nobody
would
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a
thing
-Elvis
was
just
keep
ing
up
with
the
times.

by
Sherry Campbell

Last week some 4000 employees of Eaton's downtown Toronto Queen Street Store were handed a leaflet as they arrived at work. It was signed by a group calling itself the Eaton's Action Committee, who would appear to be employees of Eaton's. By the sound of the leaflet they are very pissed indeed with what they have seen of Eaton's treatment of employees and their working conditions in general. They talked of low wages, discrimination against women and older employees, over work, harrasing petty rules, and impending dismissal of all maintenance workers as an economy measure. If the reception they received is any measure, they are not alone in their anger at Eaton's. Few employees refused the leaflet, many came back to get extra copies for their fellow workers; a few offered to help hand them out.

Eaton's has always prided itself on its good PR (and their large advertising accounts with all the major papers has been pretty good insurance against unfavourable press). There may then be some truth to the rumours that an emergency high-level management meeting was called immediately to discuss the leaflet and its suspected authors.



Eaton's is one of Canada's oldest firms - this year it celebrates its 100th birthday. And it has cause to celebrate. It is reported to be the seventh largest Canadian firm, with sales of almost \$1 billion, larger than the largest merchandising firms in the U.S. It follows only the federal government and the railways in the number of its employees - 55,000 in Canada, of whom 25,000 are part-time workers. It has made the Eaton family among the richest in Canada.

But Eaton's employees haven't much to celebrate. They aren't celebrating the 100 year anniversary of one of the country's most successful union-busters. The last major battle to unionize Eaton's (there have been minor ones since) was at the beginning of the '50's. Eaton's countered with an expensive anti-union

campaign, three pay increases, and the formation of a spurious, "Loyal Eatonians Club". The vote was lost by a fairly narrow margin.

Eaton's exploitation of workers has been disguised by a paternalism that goes hand in hand with the aristocratic style of the Eaton family itself. The "25 year club" for long-time employees is used to foster the myth that Eaton's really takes care of its employees. Sweat 25 years for the company at low wages, and Lady Eaton herself will hand you a gold watch.

Their patriotism is another matter of family pride - generally measured by the number of employees (not the Eaton's of course) who have served in wars. It began in 1885, when 100 Toronto employees went west to whip Louis Riel.

Part of Eaton's image is a "tight lip" policy on matters concerning its finances and o-

peration. It is a private company, and so is not compelled by law to make public its profit and sales record. Until very recently all the power - and all the money - was successfully kept among family members. Aside from Eaton names, two other men appear as directors of the main holding company and its dozen subsidiaries. Their connections with big Canadian capital probably explains their participation in Eaton affairs. David Kinnear, director of 11 Eaton companies, is also a director of the Bank of Montreal and the C.P.R. Brig. Gen. G.D. de Salaberry Wotherspoon D.S.Q., E.D., Q.C., director of 9 Eaton concerns, is also a director of the Toronto Telegram, the Toronto-Dominion Bank and the National Trust Company. The Eatons themselves have few for-

mal links with outside economic power. A.Y. Eaton is a director of Southam Printing Co. Ltd. and the two young sons of John David Eaton are both directors of the Toronto Telegram.

Its aloofness from the press and outside corporate power does not mean that the Eaton family does not assert itself in a large way in the lives of Canadians. Not only does it control large numbers of jobs - 15,000 in Toronto alone - but one out of every four Canadian families owes money to Eaton's. 1.3 million people have Eaton's charge accounts. It is also a big landowner in many Canadian cities, and is involved in large scale development projects in Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal. Their Toronto and Montreal projects have both fallen through, but the fate of the huge block of land bounded by Queen, Dundas, Bay and Yonge in Toronto will be determined at the pleasure of the Eaton family, who own most of it.

What is it like to work for Eaton's? Here is how one employee describes it:

"Working at Eaton's is a tiring, frustrating and oppres-

sive experience. First of all there are the rules - rules about signing in and out, where to leave coats and boots, having parcels checked, and having to wait for a bell before leaving. Then there are the general working hassles of sales people - being on your feet all day, having to pretend you are doing useful work to impress the customers, never knowing which supervisor is responsible for what, and so remaining confused, not being given enough information to answer customers' questions, selling poor quality merchandise at high prices, and, in addition to all this, being expected to defend Eaton's to dissatisfied customers. And the oppressive condition is that contact between fellow workers is discouraged. Breaks and lunch periods are staggered so that you can talk to only one or two others at a time. There aren't any really good places to get together with people, for the staff lounges that exist are out-of-the-way, have chairs lined in rows, and are dominated by blaring T.V.s. There is a strong barrier of distrust between young and old workers, so they aren't getting together as they should."

The people who wrote the leaflet obviously think Eaton's workers should be getting together to fight their bosses; just as people are getting together in tenant's unions, and in welfare committees and in the universities and high schools to fight their bosses.

All power to the people!

COMMUNE?

Aynil Will.

communal farms. location not wish to be given by myself and other People up there. so, anyway, what do you want to know about communal farms? there are People around who know of communal farms. they may not wish to have their names mentioned. you maybe lucky enough to run across 'em.

because this life of mine has included only two "communal" farms (realize that communal is undescrivable and pertains to the People in the commune) writing of anything else would be bullshit.

one of the farms has each "family" having a dwelling of their own and meeting their own needs (transportation, some food, kind of dwelling, children, utilities). then getting together to perform necessary chores-firewood, garden, livestock, taxes.

the other one was more of a

communistic farm (while my body slept, ate and worked there). now it's become a "retreat". basically the People wanted one dwelling structure, alleating structure, all eating the same food at the same time. all working on the same necessary chores. most of the money, clothing, transportation being pooled. this has varied now. there are two dwellings. People eat at different times. when my boots impressed the snow and the knapsack pulled on my shoulders it was changing rapidly. what is it now? obviously living away from the city tends to be; quieter, healthier, less confining, slower, cleaner and for me happier. but travel my feet itch. quite a few People can;t hack it. no bath-tubs, no running-water, often no electricity, no telephone. if you meet a Person from a communal farm find out the chances of going up for a spell-it's a trip.



THIS WORLD IS F*CKED UP

Of all the problems facing man today, pollution of the atmosphere is becoming the foremost threat to the existence of life on this planet. Only a few years ago during the height of the nuclear bomb tests, a slowly aroused public outcry finally resulted in bringing about a cessation of these experiments. But by then, the danger level had already been reached and radiation has now enveloped the stratosphere surrounding the Earth. Fallout is the inevitable result, which is now permeating the anatomical and genetic structure of all living organisms.

Pollution is a much more complicated problem because the wheels of industry and motion cannot stop, and the totality of technology has become the wheel of life in man's evolutionary process into the 4th dimension. We see man's first feeble efforts in the beginning of the outward journey to the cosmic universe. Technologically, we have reached the year 2001, while back on Earth, there are over 3 billion people who will soon be gasping for breath.

in the Earth's temperature would bring about cataclysmic changes, such as the melting of polar ice caps.

A major irritation to eyes and skin is sulphur dioxide which comes from industrial processing of combustion fuels, which change into sulphur trioxide on exposure to ultra violet sunlight. Sulphur trioxide combines with water vapor in the air to become sulphuric acid.

The most widely distributed toxic agent is carbon monoxide, which is produced in massive quantities and the greatest source of this poison comes from auto exhausts. Hundreds of thousands of people are affected by this every day, resulting in headaches, palpitation, dizziness, anemia, neuritis, psychosis and death. The city of New York for example, produces 250 million tons of this in one year from auto exhausts alone. The aggregate of this odorless and colorless death gas pumped into the air everyday is staggering, and continues increasing every year without let-up.

We are now living in a sea of chemicals which is filling up the bubble of air surrounding the Earth.

war. Who can deny that Homo sapiens are on a kind of mad rush to total asphyxiation of mind and body.

Chemical and biological warfare are already a physiological reality affecting everyone on this planet. Thomas Jefferson once wrote of weather conditions in time of great political and revolutionary periods, as having a great deal to do with conditions in the atmosphere. Doomsday will not come about by someone pushing a button, but rather it is the total of many buttons being pushed every day resulting in millions of tons of toxic fumes and gases clouding the air and water with death, and altering the biological balance of all living things.

What kind of logic is it that perpetuates nuclear bombs, nerve gas and germ warfare? It is the logic that is now polluting and destroying the life support systems on this planet. It is the same mentality which controls the institutional science that appears bent on biospheric mutations. Even the wisest man trembles at the thought that a billion year life cycle can be snuffed out in a few hours, not by natural forces or phenomenon, but by man's own physic and intuitive knowledge.

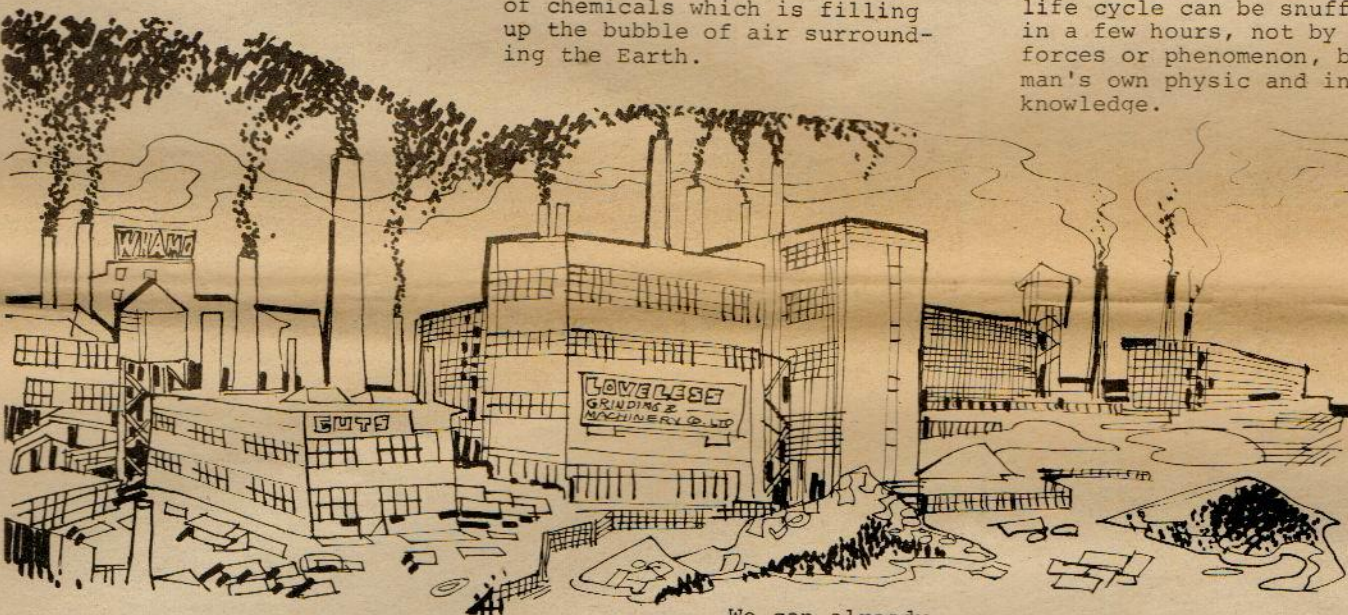
should have a free form of expression in order to employ the already developed technology in altogether new forms of application—metamorphise the machine, so to speak.

The Earth's atmosphere is like a gigantic static machine, and it is now possible that man may be able to use electronics to bring about an osmosis in the atmosphere similar in theory to the use of electrolisis and sterto-chemistry. Present technology is now sufficiently developed to bring about a nucleation process in the air by the use of electron-sonics or sound waves. Electron frequencies are recorded on magnetic tapes and emitted thorough multiple sound shammers creating a very high frequency which is then transmitted through positioned amplifies. The resulting signals are transmitted and directed toward the ionosphere. The area or city to be nucleated would determine the positioning of the transmitters which would emmit the electrons. Simulated emmissions from the transmitters would be set up pyramid fashion so that the two transmissions would collide at a certain height generating the maximum excitation of the ion atom's based on wave acoustics.

It is estimated that all over the Earth, lightning discharge occurs at the rate of about 100 discharges every second and is nature's persipitation valve brought about by ionization of electrons in the upper atmosphere. Cumulo-nimbus clouds for example, become positively charged at the top and negatively at the bottom with drops as carriers which operate until the electric-stress becomes so great that it causes a discharge of lightning between the charged surface of the same cloud or between two clouds and the induced charge on the Earth under them.

Such cloud formations are the carriers of toxic pollutants from Earth's industrial wastes and the mechanism described could be used to persipitate these cloud formations and bring about a fusion of elements. Such tests could be conducted over large bodies of water and some distance away from populated areas, results could herald the beginning of man's environmental control and ultimately result in great benefits to mankind.

Francis Walsh



The atmosphere consists of 78% Nitrogen and 21% Oxygen plus a small amount of Ozone in the upper layers—the so-called ionosphere. In the past 50 years (the period of rapid industrial expansion) the release of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere has increased over 10% which already has brought about an inverse in global temperatures around the Earth's surface. It is known that an increase of even 3 or 4 degrees

We can already witness the disasters of pollution in our lakes and rivers where fish and other living organisms are dying in untold millions.

This is perhaps a necessary reminder to show man that he will be suffering a similar fate in the near future if the present trend continues. It is already evident that certain large industrial cities are on the brink of becoming ecological disaster areas, and time is running out. No wonder there is alienation, revolution and

It is ironic that the fossil remains of dinosaurs and monsters should be the element which now contaminates the environment. Academic science does not appear to relate to the present human condition with any positive mechanism to alleviate present contamination, but rather seems to equate the theory that the pollution problem will resolve itself by the media of public relations. Man must gain control of his environment. Perhaps new science

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NUTRITION AND PHYSICAL DEGENERATION



FIG. 24. The Seminole Indians living today in southern Florida largely beyond contact with the white civilization still produce magnificent teeth and dental arches of which these are typical. They live in the Everglade forest and still obtain the native foods.

PRIMITIVE AND MODERNIZED INDIANS



FIG. 25. The Seminole Indians of Florida who are living in contact with our modern civilization and its foods suffer from rampant dental caries.



FIG. 54. Wherever the primitive Aborigines have been placed in reservations and fed on the white man's foods of commerce dental caries has become rampant. This destroys their beauty, prevents mastication, and provides infection for seriously injuring their bodies. Note the contrast between the primitive woman in the upper right and the three modernized women.

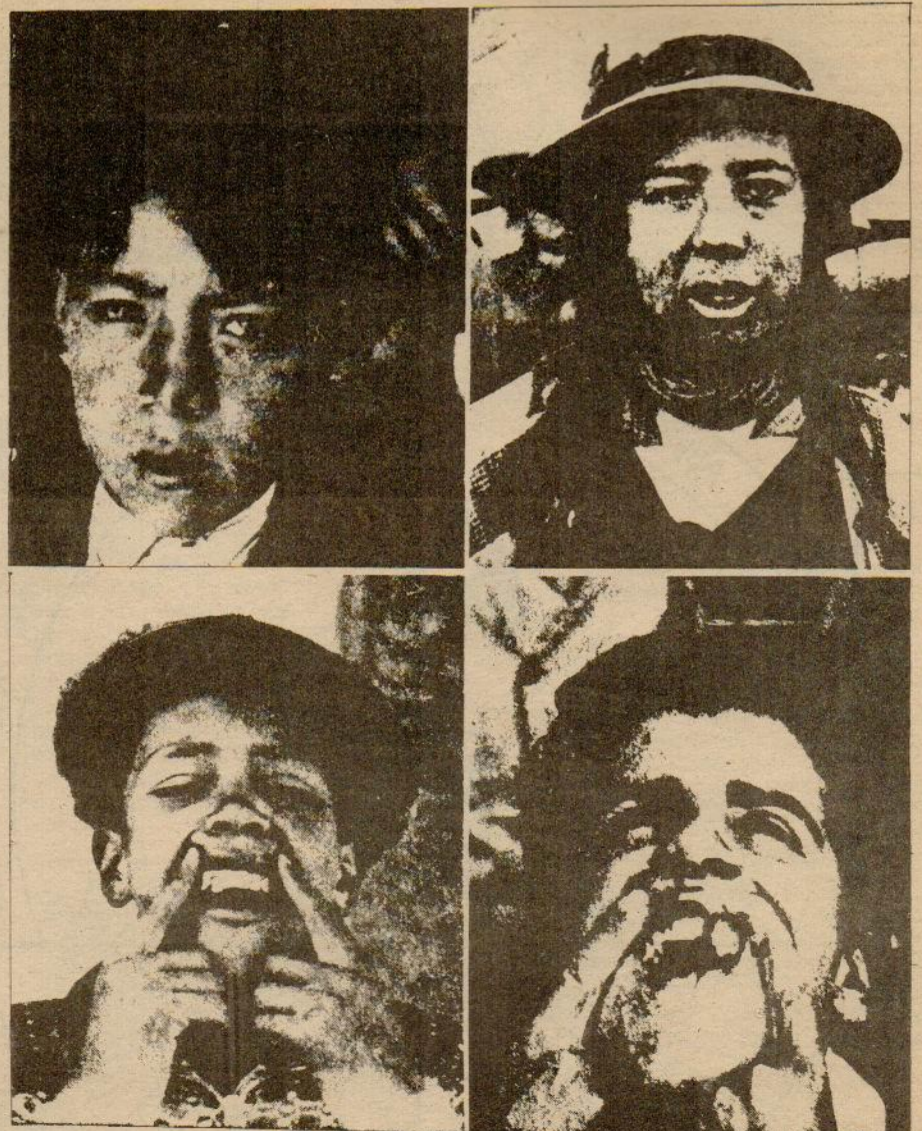


FIG. 88. The modernization of the Sierra Indians through the introduction of foods of modern commerce has produced a sad wreckage in physique and often character. The boy at the upper left is a mouth breather because his nostrils are too small to carry sufficient air. The girl at the upper right has a badly underdeveloped chin and pinched nostrils. Both boys below have badly narrowed arches with crowding teeth.

MEDIA USES MANSION

Patrick Mayers/L.F.P.
The right wing press, in tandem with conservative television and radio announcers, conducted a veritable propagandistic seige upon the young this past week. Thirty-five year old Charles Manson, a product of a broken home and the punitive American penal system, was symbolically described as the penultimate result of hippie or youth culture, Tom Reddin, along with George Putnam and Baxter Ward, repeatedly claimed Manson is representative of the young, and they employed tactics designed to frighten the youth subculture into line.

The Hollywood Citizen News for four days straight ran four inch red headlines declaring: "MURDERS MULTIPLY!" "RUBY REVEALS RIDDLES OF RUN-DOWN RANCH RANCH," "TATE CASE ONLY STARTER IN CRIME SPREE." Putnam and Reddin presented self-declared acquaintances of Manson and his Family: their tales of horror certainly glued hundreds of thousands to their television sets.

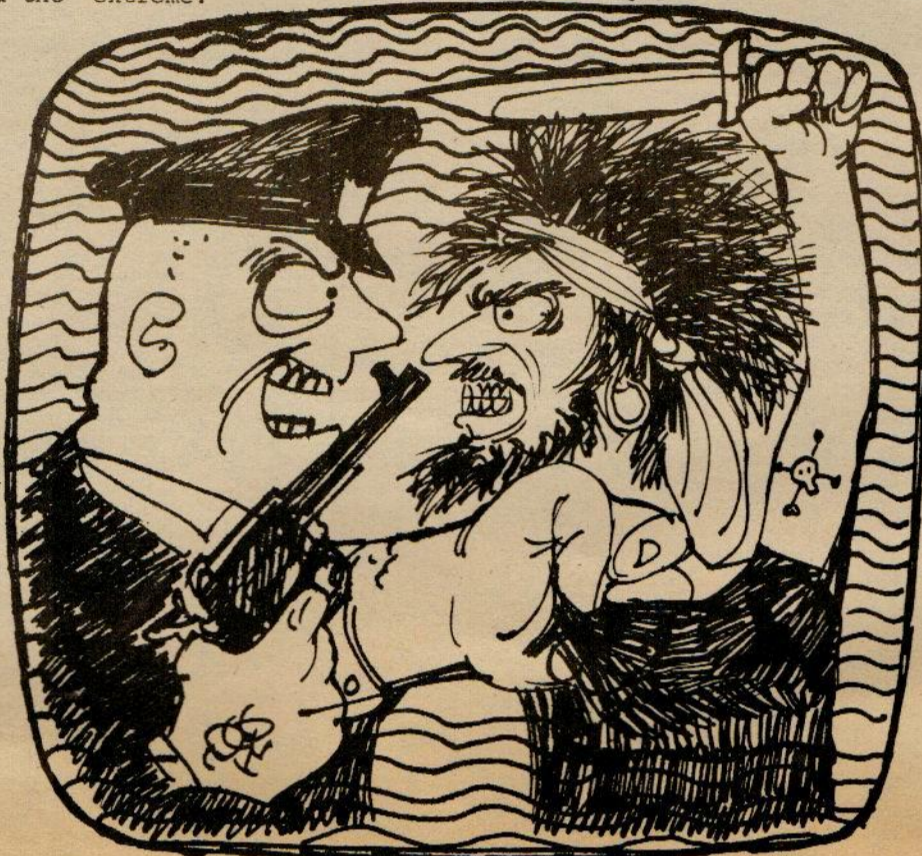
Trial by the media has already convicted the band of young people who at this writing are yet to be indicted. We have seen a press lynching in the classic American style. The hideous paradox is that with a little more publicity, a fair trial cannot be held at all. This has happened before. Lee Harvey Oswald was so publicized on television that it would have been virtually impossible to select a jury of people who had no expressed opinion on the case.

Any further press trial in advance of the Manson court trial now endangers the entire court proceeding. The defendants may well have to request a change of venue to another county in order to receive even minimal justice.

Sociologist Brown finds that the generation gap is a myth—a myth which tends to intimate that as the young grow a bit older they will become like the Establishment. This stance, that the gap will close when the young eventually identify with middle class norms and values, is really a mythical way of saying: we reject all radicalism of the young, the not-so-young, and the "extreme."

culture by capture and treatment, not due process and argument.

The media operate almost systematically by first showing to their audience that hippies have an "objectional" life style. They denounce bell-bottom pants, hair, beads, drugs, communalism, gatherings, resisting and demonstrating. They uphold the severe laws against marijuana, the sacrament of youth culture.



The myth rests on the mistaken view that youth's radicalism is due to immaturity and as such is dangerous and even pathological. The young are thus viewed in the myth as alienated and having to be brought back to the majority.

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ion in the United States."
Much of the so-called Establishment feels that the young are a grave and imminent danger. Some older people feel locked into "undesired and undesirable positions."

The aim of many parents and many educators, many government officials and police chiefs—even police chiefs turned news commentators—is to break the youth culture by "rejecting its symbols and limiting the opportunity for its expression." It is not merely opposition to radical ideology by some and radical practice by others but also seeks to dictate dress and style by administrative regulation. Thus, a desperate effort is made to "conventionalize the youth culture," even to fight against its dress, to severely and repeatedly criticize and to intrude upon youthful pursuits.

As Brown concludes, "Youth, danger and disobedience define the heroes in terms that together comprise the control conglomerate. The repression conglomerate has as its target youth culture. Hippie culture looked on as heresy has no "engaged official opposition to a growing cultural-social-political tendency." Doubt is stifled. An open struggle to force control and to whip people into line is made. This may be parallel to the findings of Trevor-Roper, the British expert on Nazi repression who said that "the engine of persecution was set up before it its future victims were legally subject to it."

The conservative press is committed to avoiding the recognition that there is no intrinsic relationship, no ideological relationship, between Manson and "hippie" or youth culture—only a superficial resemblance in dress. This superficial connection is made deliberately to suppress the hippie culture. Manson is the vehicle.

It is bad enough that the Manson Family is being tried in this manner, but in addition all of youth is being denied a fair trial. To associate the Manson Family with the young in general is vicious. This propaganda barrage by the media is virtually a persecution and terror campaign against the young whom this same media has designated as "hippies." The situation of the young is not merely "poignant," as Sociologist Michael E. Brown has written, but also part of "the institutionalization of repression."

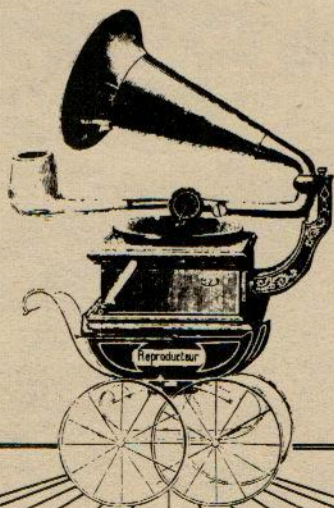
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Poor Richard's (poridge) Bread
3 c. thick oatmeal (any left over hot cereal can be used)
2 c. molasses (honey ?)
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. allspice or cinnamon or nutmeg or ?

1/2 tsp. soda
2 packets of yeast (2 tsp.)
1/2 c. lukewarm coffee, water or tea
1 tsp. raw sugar
enough flour for a workable dough.

dissolve the sugar an' yeast in the coffee (or). mix all the other ingredients. now the yeast. add flour (whole wheat), buckwheat, soya or all purpose shit). knead. let rise to double. shape to individual loaves-rise again. bake in 400-30 to 40 min. cool on rack. serve with spread.

Apple Fritters
2-3 apples
1 c. flour (whole wheat, buckwheat, all-purpose-enriched shit)
1 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tbs. sugar
1 egg
1 c. milk
peel the apple an' remove core. cut into round slices.

about 1/2 inch thick. beat egg. add sugar, salt, milk, flour an' powder. dip apples in batter. in fat-375-cook. golden on both sides. don't prick slices. drain. dust with sugar an' spices or honey or maple syrup.

Shoo-Fly Pie
reg. 9 inch flakey pie crust, use whole wheat flour.

Bottom of filling
1/2 c. molasses
1 tsp. soda
1 c. boiling water
pinch salt

Top of filling
1 1/2 c. w-w flour
1 c. raw sugar
3/4 c. oleo or butter
1/2 tsp. cinnamon

dissolve the soda in the molasses an' beat the hell out of it, it'll foam. add water. mix flour, cinnamon, sugar and butter into crumbs. pour 1/3 of the liquid into the unbaked crust. sprinkle 1/3 of the crumbs over the liquid an' cont. alternating layers. crumbs on top. bake in a 375 oven-1/2 hr. until the crumbs are golden.

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by
Paul Reinhardt

Los Angeles stinks; it has destroyed itself. The Spadina Expressway promises the same for Toronto. The experience of Los Angeles and other U.S. cities has been that expressways cannot solve the transportation problems of urban living. Moreover, expressways tend to create far more serious problems. For this reason groups of local residents have been organizing in recent months to stop construction of the expressway at Eglinton Avenue. If you are interested in working with us phone the Stop Spadina; Save



Our City Coordinating Committee (SSSOCCC!) at 922-9121.

Lets look at the major problems which the extension of the Expressway south of Eglinton will create for the people of Toronto: 1) Expropriation and changes in road use will endanger or destroy residential and downtown neighborhoods including the Annex, the Huron-Sussex area, and the community of Kensington. The Annex, extending from Davenport south to Bloor, and Bathurst west to Avenue Road, will literally be split in two by the expressway, and the small streets which are presently quiet and safe for children will become major exit routes for the cars leaving the expressway at Davenport and Dupont. The present plans have the expressway ending at Sussex Avenue, south of Bloor. The increased traffic of cars getting on and off the expressway in the Sussex-Huron region will make residential living difficult and the volume of traffic will almost surely re-

DEKALB, ILL. (LNS) — Wearing halloween and ski masks and armed with tire irons and baseball bats, between eight and ten right-wingers smashed their way into the apartment headquarters of the Young Socialist Alliance in Dekalb, home of the Northern Illinois University. At about 8 pm on Saturday, Dec. 7, the band of intruders rushed into the house shouting, "Freeze, don't move or we'll kill you."

Right Wing Attacks

After spraying mace and tear gas throughout the apartment they attacked the six occupants — kicking them, spraying gas on their faces and hitting them with clubs and irons. The marauders fled when a YSAer grabbed one of the gang and rammed his head against a metal bedpost.

The six were taken to the Dekalb Public Hospital where they were treated for head and facial wounds, bruises, and eye and skin disorders. The most seriously injured YSAer needed six stitches to patch up his head.

Meanwhile, back at the apartment, the police arrived to bring law and order to an obviously anarchic situation. Ever alert Police Sergeant Golf

quickly sniffed out a lead in the case. Noting that six people had gone to the hospital, and being well aware that the apartment was in an area in which zoning laws allowed only three occupants, he took his first official act of the investigation by calling in the City Housing Inspector.

The housing inspector more than fulfilled the expectations of the good sergeant. After a hurried inspection he deduced

that this innocent-looking apartment was "obviously a place of assemble," covered by a special set of ordinances; the occupants would have twenty-four hours to vacate the premises, if they didn't they would have to be evicted. In order to document his case the inspector took copies of pamphlets, news papers, and the YSA membership list. He then went around trying to find bigger and better violations.

The City Detective was next on the scene. After doing a careful search of the ash trays for remnants of the killer weed (with negative results), he confiscated a large selection of suspicious pamphlets, leaflets, papers, and books. Having carried out his on-the-

spot investigation he left the scene of the crime.

Sergeant Golf left soon after but not without a comment on the event that precipitated the investigation. "All I know," the overweight policeman remarked confidently, "is that the attackers wore ski masks; and that means they were black."

The attack was strikingly similar to a recent action by the League of Justice against the Chicago headquarters of the YSA. On November 1 about a dozen masked men burst into the YSA hall and assaulted the four people who were there. They carried mace, bats, and tire irons. Twelve days later the League of Justice, a right-wing organization, held a press conference at which material that was "liberated" from the YSA office was displayed.

After persistent efforts by Chicago YSA to get the police to act against the raiders the score is: Two members of the League arrested on misdemeanors and two YSAers arrested on felony charges.

The pattern of these two actions indicate that the League is experimenting with intimidation of left-wing organizations and, more importantly, testing how much the police will condone and even support these actions. The law gives "no protection to traitors," claims Thomas Sutton, the Illinois attorney who represents the League. His group and the Chicago and Dekalb police authorities are doing their best to prove that he's right.

The downtown neighborhoods south of College which include much of Toronto's Chinese and Portuguese population require the eventual enlargement of the existing roads to increase access.

will be unable to survive with the increased traffic, pollution and disruption which the expressway will produce.

2) Light industry and small business south of College will be forced to disperse and probably will not reappear. The small shop keepers along Spadina Avenue will be unable to maintain their

first series of problems. When Spadina is completed a new crosstown artery will be needed to handle the increased traffic volume on Davenport and Bloor. In essence, once the Spadina is built, there will be no turning back from more expressways and more destruction, effecting other parts of the city which at present do not appear to be threatened.

What is tragic about this is that the basic assumptions which are being used to justify more expressways are wrong. For many years urban

centers tells us that this is false. Regional centers in the boroughs can effectively provide jobs, shopping and entertainment, if they are given a chance to develop.

Those are some of the arguments against the expressway. Right now the struggle is on to stop construction at Eglinton. We have held a horse and cart march down the proposed route. Petitions are now being circulated to present at the first Metro Council meeting in January. Citizen groups are organizing in both Ward 5 and Ward 6. But



business after street widening, traffic densities and noise and air pollution take their toll. The garment industry will probably be destroyed.

3) The increased amount of automobiles in the downtown area will require increased parking space, which will involve expropriations and the replacement of homes and businesses with parking lots. But these are only the

transportation planners have been attempting to increase the volume of cars which can reach the center or "core" of the city. All the social and economic costs of expressways were justified with the argument that people had to reach the center of the city to get jobs, to shop, and to find entertainment. Today, the experience of other metropolitan

City Hall will have little time for us unless our parades and protests attract many more people.

Our next action will be to welcome Mayor Dennison to the St. Lawrence Center for the Arts on New Years Day, this Thursday, from 2 o'clock to 5 o'clock. See you there!

For more information phone SSSOCCC! (922-9121)





AIR-TIGHT IN CANADA

AIR-TIGHT IN CANADA
by Red Rover

Canada, the new Promised Land: for the growing legions of America's dispossessed young men of conscience this high sounding epigraph has the ring of truth about it. How long now has the procession been struggling northward, it seems a decade since their exodus began. In fact perhaps it's only been half that much time, and yet it could have easily been a score of years. The clear-eyed escapees are everywhere, scattered across vast Canada as if by a whirlwind. They come from all walks of life, all stations and situations. Some of the wealthy and influential upper class, some from the pain faced poor and a few long suffering swarthy ones are interwoven into the whole of the flesh fabric comprised mainly of omnipresent common and durable as cotton middle class.

The reaction here in Canada seems generally to be favorable regarding her "draft-dodging" U.S. immigrants, as is evidenced in most Canadian mass media and, more important yet, official government policy. First and foremost is that little piece of paper; The Canadian Extradition Treaty. It's the golden key that opens the door to the "New Promised Land", and makes it

the attractive citadel of safety and sanctuary that it is for war exiles. In this document there are listed 22 various crimes. Only if an American immigrant was accused or convicted of one or more of these offenses can he be forced to return to his country. Some of the crimes that warrant extradition from Canada in accord with the treaty between the two countries are: murder, piracy, arson, robbery, forgery, voluntary manslaughter, counterfeiting, embezzlement, fraud, perjury and rape. The treaty does not recognize refusal of induction or desertion from the U.S. military establishment as criminal. So that there could be no mistaking the governments position on this vital issue, the following statement was issued in the summer of 1967 (a time when American Immigration was heavy) by none other than John Munro, secretary to the Minister of Immigration at that time.

"...compulsory military service in his own country has no bearing upon his admissibility to Canada either as an immigrant or as a visitor; nor is he subject to removal from Canada because of unfulfilled military obligations in his country of citizenship."

What more could a prospective immigrant ask for than official approval and a

took some LSD. A good trip ensued. Insights into my place in nature were gained and no monstrous obsessions surfaced. Nevertheless, I haven't had any since, never having felt the desire or need to.

Last July I impregnated my wife. The thought that I may have unwittingly fathered a monster is destroying my peace. I'm afraid to talk about it with my wife as I don't want to worry her unless necessary.

So what are the chances that the trip of 3 1/2 years ago could've altered my chromosomes? Can I have this checked? Where? How? Should we consider terminating the pregnancy?

A. Recent studies have indicated LSD does not damage or change chromosomes.

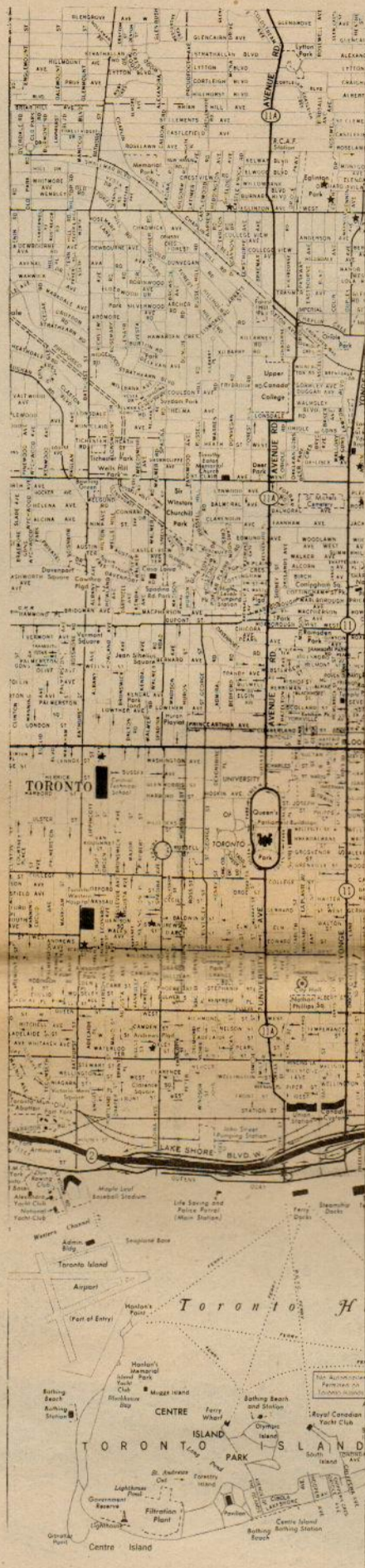
The latest report with this finding was published in the November 3, 1969 JOURNAL OF THE A.M.A. Thirty-two patients of the Spring Grove State Hospital in Baltimore participated in a National Institute for Mental Health sponsored LSD research project. No change was found in their chromosomes.

When LSD is taken by the mother during pregnancy, stillbirths or deformities may result, though evidence for these results remains scanty. No drug should be used during pregnancy unless advised by a physician.

The Spring Grove experiment was conducted with pure LSD. Street LSD may be impure, a mixture of drugs or a different drug altogether.

Q. After making love, my girlfriend and myself often leave "hickies" on each other. This sometimes proves embarrassing when we are around certain people, i.e., her parents. Is there any way to get rid of these telltale marks quickly when they appear? Or must we continue to wear turtlenecks?

A. "Hickies" or "monkey-bites" are caused by blood oozing from broken capillaries beneath the skin surface. If you're tired of turtlenecks you can use body makeup or lower the pressure.



generally favourable press? There is more, and true to form one only need ask, knock or inquire to receive information, job prospects, shelter, special assistance, et. al. Across the nation, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, groups of sympathetic citizens have rallied to meet the pressing needs of young anti-war refugees. In Ontario alone there are 10 anti-conscription groups or contacts available. Below are the names, addresses, and phone numbers of the Ontario draft aid people.

-AID (Assistance with Immigration and the Draft) 237-3149/ Box 2382, Ottawa 4.

-Southern Ontario Committee on War Immigrants Box 155, Hamilton 15.

-Lakehead Committee to Aid American War Objectors 344-8559/ 98 Peter St., Port Arthur.

-Miss C. Cartwright, 89 Clarence St., Kingston.

-Guelph Anti-Draft Programme, 35 Fairview Blvd., Guelph.

-Walter Klaasen, 745-4116/ 109 William St.W., Waterloo.

-Information 68-69, 254-5520/ Box 1233, Windsor.

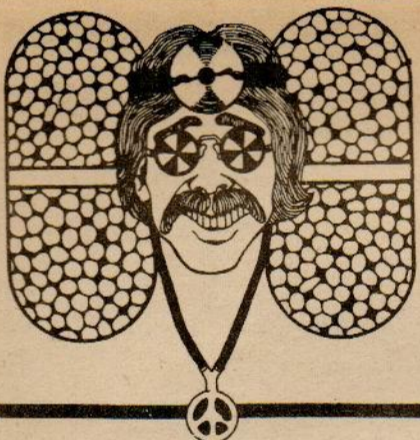
-Glen Tenpenny 432-4718/ 230 Platt's Lane, London.

-Union of American Exiles, 929-9433/ 44 St. George St., Toronto.

-Toronto Anti-Draft Programme, 481-0241/ Box 41, Sta.K., Toronto 12.

The last of the groups listed, the Toronto Anti-Draft Programme, is the largest and best equipped in Canada. During the early fall of this year they were handling as many as 50 visitors per day. Besides furnishing information to persons about immigration, they also provide special services to U.S. immigrants who have recently arrived. Medical aid, shelter and job counseling are among the services offered. Free of any charge, of course. When one takes into consideration that the money-addicts of the American Empire, Unlimited have usually mild-mannered Canada by the economical balls, it becomes clear that her stand, and the stand of her many citizens in aiding and comforting those who refuse to act as "Cops of the World," for the Empire, is indeed a gutsy and honorable one. Other faults aside, Canada is on terra firma when she stares down the bullying barrel of Yankee imperialism and shout into it in such a fashion that the echo is heard "round the world; No! No!! No!!!!"

HIP POCRATES



Q. Ever since I took acid (about 6 months ago), I still see things after I come down. There's a negative of everything. Not as intense as when I'm on the drug but they are there.

Don't get me wrong, I really like the stuff. What I want to know is will this ever stop and is it safe to take acid or mescaline again?

P.S. I've taken acid 6 times.

Q. I am a sixteen year old girl. I have dropped acid around 60-70 times but stopped dropping it around 6 months ago (except 2 times three months ago).

Well, I am permanently hallucinating, like seeing the walls moving and flashing colours and lights. It bothers me that I still hallucinate as much as I did months ago.

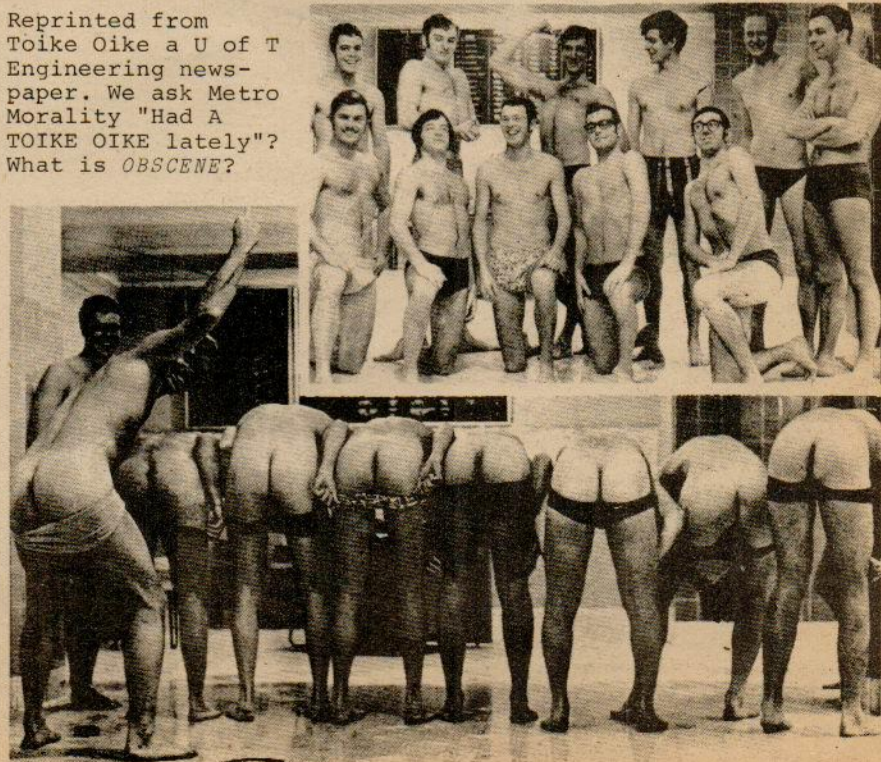
I've heard of flashbacks but I'm always seeing these things. Do you know why this is?

A. The true incidence of flashbacks is unknown but they are frequently reported as a side effect of LSD use. Almost always flashbacks are unwanted and disturbing experiences.

Both of you live near free medical clinics where you can be treated with a minimum of hassle.

Q. Around March, 1966, I

Reprinted from Toike Oike a U of T Engineering newspaper. We ask Metro Morality "Had A TOIKE OIKE lately"? What is OBSCENE?



MAHILA MAHILA

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The spaces are war and the feeling between them can only be measured in cracked glass alleyways covered in drifting leaves of a fall that never was because you weren't there to behold the pleasure treasures concealed in each gentle clever event of time and space and time and time and don't forget to forget all this and more or you'll be late for everything that waits in line in your head and stays and sparks with flowers and lollypops and peeps its horn at waiting motorists and pedestrians freezing at busstops till the light turns green and the whole energy is felt at one crowded busy aimless intersection of directions pointing only two or four or six or eight of all the ways there are to point and ways to go and each of these have all the hours of the day sides of your face pages in your book palms of your hands that contain everyone and you clap.

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IF YOU HAD FOUND HIM IN HIS GARDEN HE WOULD NOT HAVE HARMED YOU.

rays in the soaking air and a silent hum of memory's strange geometry falls with the stones through my fingers a thing forgotten bound in my eyes and ears

insects and steam and knee deep in wet grasses from field to field through the morning sun

I remember the eyes of my boyhood and the hot summer when the yellow flowers stood on the stony ground and gravel was only gravel

Producer and Director: VEI
Authentic Li
(Music Of)

Season's Greetings and best wishes
To Ronto Youth Project
393 Spadina Ave. (Basement)

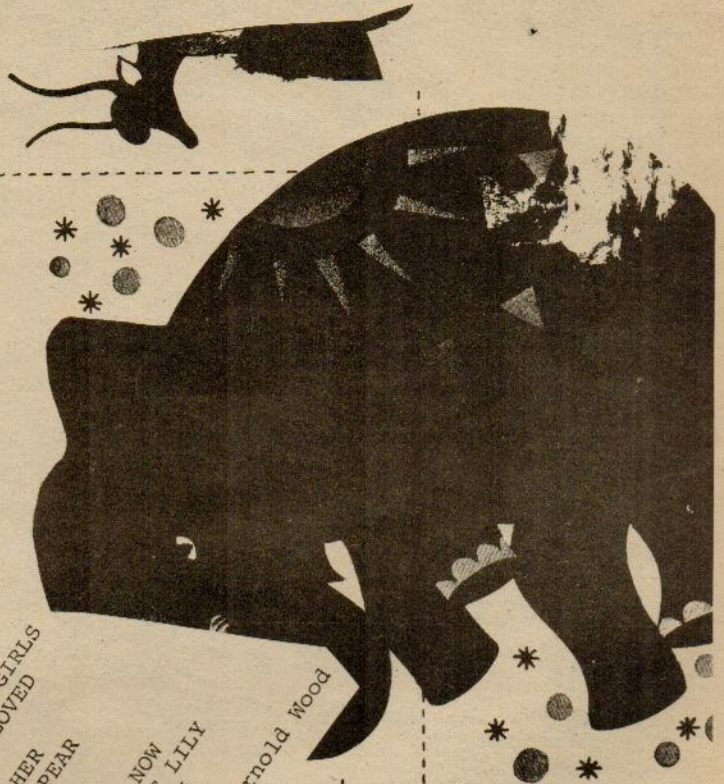
Season's Greetings and best wishes
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CHUM SUCKS (does John Sinclair?)

TOYS and DOLLS

CIVILIZATION HAPPINESS PAIN
WHEN TIME AND ROSES
AND MORNING PASS
BY NEAR UTOPIA SHARE
HAPPINESS IGNORE PAIN
AND PASS IT HAPPINESS
WANTING
WANTING
HAPPINESS
WANTING

Arnold Wood



WHO IS AGAINST CHILDREN IN CANADA...
NOBODY. THAT'S FOR SURE. BUT HOW MANY REALLY
CARE FOR CHILDREN? VERY FEW. INDEED, WE HAVE
OFTEN HEARD THAT THE CHANGING "TO-DAY ARE
THE CITIZENS OF TO-MORROW"
-SING IT POSSIBLE FOR "IF ONLY I HAD LOVED
-ZENS OF TO-MORROW TO YEARS, TWILIGHT OF HER
HEALTHY ATMOSPHERE? REAL OF GUN WERE SPEAR
-PORTANT AS MILK I THE ROSE IS GONE NOW
NEVER TAKE TOYS SER. YET THE LILLY THE LILY
WAR TOYS AND EXPECT THE BLOSSOMS IN THE SKY
-CHEERS AND NOT TO HATE
NUMBER OF TOYS BUT WARN CHILD
-UCH THEM LESS THEY WILL BE BROKE.
HAVE APARTMENTS WHERE DOGS ARE ALLOWED
NO CHILDREN. IN CANADA AS WELL AS IN INDIA
POLITICIANS CARE LESS FOR CHILDREN. WHY?
-CAUSE CHILDREN HAVE NO VOTES.



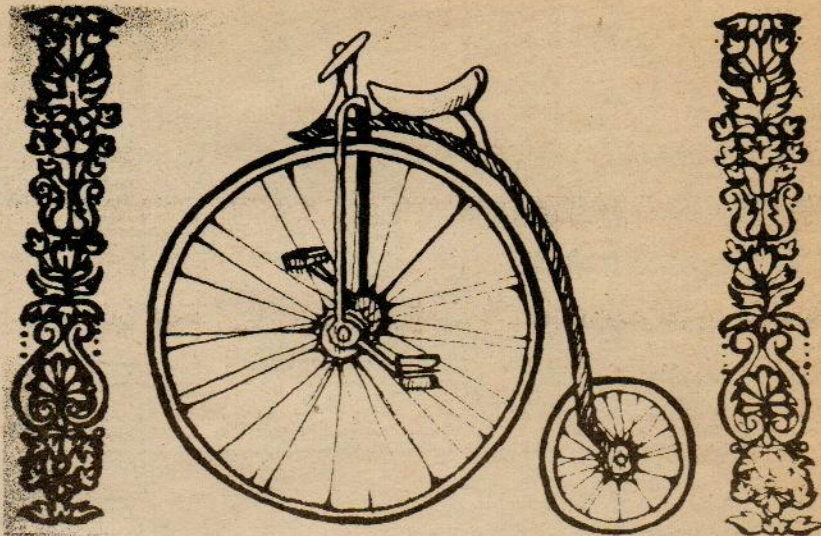
Arnold Wood

on Promoting ^{ON TO} PEACE ^{YES}

John and Yoko had come to town to sell peace in their own unique manner, two dozen billboards and newspaper ads, and posters saying "WAR IS OVER-if you want it, Happy Christmas, John and Yoko. Skywriters and helicopters trailing banners made sure that the message was seen by everyone, and it was. I even heard some cops in the police station rapping about it, and if it reached them, it reached everybody, though the effectiveness of this tactic is subject to much debate. Lennon was also here to plug the giant Peace Race Festival, scheduled to happen at Mosport next July 3, 4, 5. This festival is being run by John Brower Enterprises of Rock'n'Roll Revival fame, and co-sponsors with Lennon are Rabbi Feinberg and Stanley Burke. How much this will contribute to peace is in doubt, but it should be spectacular. With the Beatles for headlines it is hard to foresee less than a quarter of a million people coming, mostly American. It should be interesting to see how many of those visitors decide to go back. Mosport could be an excellent location for the festival, its located about fifty miles out of Toronto in pleasant rolling country, it has a natural amphitheatre in the track infield, and has enough facilities (though just barely) to handle race (speed not colour) crowds of 50,000. Not to the impoverished, the cost of the tickets for this three day wonder will probably be \$20, with most of the profits going into a peace fund, but

Beatles would appear at the festival he said that he expected so, other performers, he wasn't sure about, he wanted anybody they could get, including Elvis. He said that he was playing occasional gigs with the Plastic Ono Band, George was playing on tour with Bonnie and Delaney and Friends, and one night a few weeks ago in London, John himself and Clapton and a few other well known musicians had joined in.

We asked him how he felt about the ecology issue, he replied by asking what ecology is, after finding out that the term referred to pollution and the balance of nature he said that they were very concerned about it and then went on to talk about how they were heav-



Peace from the Penny

Asked later about the idea of holding a smoke-in at the festival, he said "won't that happen anyway, who needs more hassles by publicizing it."

On politics, we asked him what he thought of heavy political groups like Maoists and Trotskyists. He said that he had a Mao button and uniform but that he was against violence of all kinds. He was all in favour of actions such as People's Park, London Commune Squatters and the Indians taking back Alcatraz.

Lennon had talked to MacLuhan the day before and was not overly impressed, he said that much of what the man said was "balarney", for a man dealing with the non-verbal age, he talked a lot and maybe only 100 words out of a 1000 made sense.

When asked why he picked Canada for his crusade, John said that this country was doing the most for peace and had the potential to be the



there a couple of areas along the back straight and the hair-pin where there is dense bush that will be hard to patrol. Note to American readers, it is said that the promoters are working out an arrangement with immigration officials whereby, young Americans will not be allowed into the country unless they have ten dollars in cash and a ticket or else have a letter from someone up here inviting them for some other purpose: write to Harbinger for details and possible invitations.

We at Harbinger talked to John and Yoko just before they left, over the phone. We are unable to give an exact transcript of the conversation, but we will endeavour to give you an idea of what was said. Ritchie Yorke (?) called us and put John and Yoko on the phone when they had finished some other electronic interviews. First we talked to Yoko, she was friendly but seemed uncertain. She was enjoying Toronto immensely, loved the snow and thought Macluhan who she met the day before was nice and almost a charismatic new pop star.

After a while, John came on the phone, and was friendly and talkative. We talked with him for about ten minutes, and the conversation ended only when we could no longer think of anything to ask him.

Lennon said that he didn't know of some matters such as why the list price of the Abbey Road album was \$7.29 and what the admission would be for the festival. Asked if the

ily into macrobiotic foods. That answered our next question, so we mentioned how bad the typical English diet was, all starch and grease, he replied by saying that the worst food he has ever seen is here in North America, with plastic bread, and drive-in restaurants and all, at least in England the art of cooking hasn't been entirely lost.

We deliberately stayed away from the Paul McCartney death thing, feeling that not only was Lennon not likely to tell us anything, but he's probably bored with the whole matter anyway. We did ask him about the Very Together album

put out by Polydor, and supposedly consisting of songs recorded in Hamburg in 1961. This was the first that he had heard of it. The Beatles only recorded three songs for Polydor so that album must be a "sham". The cover, showing four candles with one of them blown out didn't impress him much.

On dope, we asked him about the television program the night before, when he warned against drugs, especially speed, how did he feel about psychedelics. He said that he was primarily concerned with "uppers" which he was pretty familiar with the dangers of, and that he was all for pot.

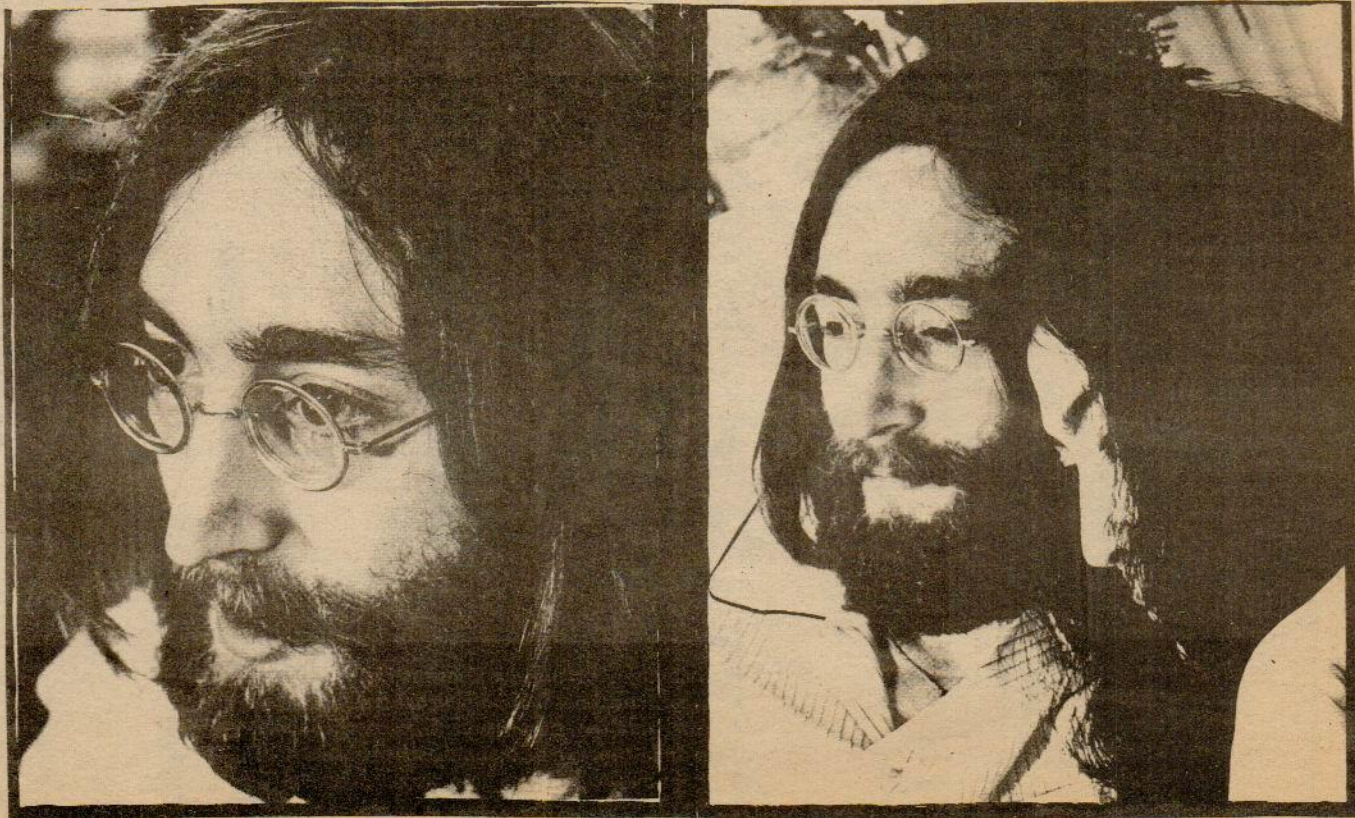


richest (spiritually speaking) in the world, he said that if Britain legalized dope and allowed marriage between homosexuals, then it would be the richest.

Asked how ordinary people could help the cause of peace, he said they could do a lot by believing that it is possible.

Merry New Year to John and Yoko.

David Bush



STONES CONCERT ENDS IT!

by George Paul Csicsery
(UPS-Berkeley Tribe)

In the beginning, there was rock 'n roll. The Beatles came and made it good with love and the bluebird of Paradise. But even while the children lifted their faces to the sun, Mick Jagger coiled himself around the tree of flesh, offering a sweet bite of chaos. Saturday, the children swallowed their bite, after chewing and tasting their alliance with evil for nearly a decade.

Until Saturday, evil was value-free, something to dig for its own sake. A lot of people who thought they were children of chaos dropped out of their sugar-coated camp trips Saturday to see the core of their religion at work.

Altamont, like the massacre at Song My, exploded the myth of innocence for a section of America. As the country grows more sophisticated, it learns to confront its own guilt.

The media projected Woodstock. A great people event put on by the younger generation to celebrate its freedom. Traffic jams creating technological time-space motion transcending normal blurb time events. Birth, death, dope, violence, groovy teenyboppers dancing - an instant consumer package of life. Look at all the hippies, America. They're grooving while the rest of you schmucks have to watch it on TV, because you're too uptight. The media need hippies now more than ever, to show there is still someone in America who can dig on a scene.

But this time, it didn't work. The helicopters could not feel that something more than

a happening with three hundred thousand people was going on below. Altamont was America. Years of spreading dope, hair, music, and politics came together and reflected nothing less than the whole trip.

Those who expected the illusion of their own inherent goodness to last forever are still freaked. Others who pay less attention to the rhetoric of a cultural revolution say they had a great time. Putting it all together reads like America's pulse NOW. After all, we pay our pigs to exterminate Black Panthers, we fry Vietnamese in their own homes, and we elect Spiro Agnew to govern our lives.

Altamont was a lesson in micro-society with no holds barred. Bringing a lot of people together used to be cool. Human Be-ins, Woodstock, even a Hell's Angel funeral were creative, communal events, because their center was everywhere. People would play together,



performing, participating, sharing and going home with a feeling that somehow the communal idea would replace the grim isolation wrought on us by a jealous competitive mother culture.

But at Altamont, we were the mother culture. The locust generation came to consume crumbs from the hands of an entertainment industry we helped to create. Our one-day micro-society was bound to the death throes of capitalist greed. The freeway culture delivered the crowd, separate, self-contained in methedrine isolation to an event where they could not function as private individuals. The crowd came from a country where everything is done for you.

Welfare state - relax, work and pay your taxes. We'll take care of the war in Vietnam and the war at home.

Yeah, but nobody made sure the machine would function at Altamont. Three hundred thousand people sucked on a dry nipple because it was free. Everyone tried to get to the same all by himself, and since everyone made it, there was no pie. The pie was watching yourself at the spectacle, watching the spectacle doing your own thing watching.

America at Altamont could only muster one common response. Everybody grooved on fear. One communal terror of fascist repression. The rest was all separate, people helping, people walking, people eating, people standing in line to shit. The revolutionaries were there too. Everybody related to people ...freaking out as well as the mother culture relates to Yuppies. Here they were running through the crowd naked, stoned, trampling on our thinning privacy.

They expressed our own lack of control, our desire for space, for the freedom to live out our own bodylives. But the crowd reacted with blind hatred, paranoia pressing them forward to get a better look at their own private crush on his Satanic majesty.

But it wasn't all a freakout. Back up the slopes of Altamont Speedway, like in the secluded suburbs and woods of America, people kept to the illusions of better dope and more space. The loners, couples, and communes saw nothing, heard nothing, and cared less about the crowded valley of fear. Most of them say they had a good time, but few escaped the heavy vibes from below.

Around the stage, at the epicenter, the Angels lost control. Their violence united the crowd in fear. Even people who had no

fear of the Angels grew tense from the repressed feeling of panic that swirled around the stage. Mostly it was a fear of being trampled, that was intensified by fights and people who actually did freak out. Since the Angels were the only group who were together enough to organize their violence, they be-



came a clear focus of crowd hatred. Thousands of times, we've blamed pigs for less while holding the myth of right-wing anarchist sacred. Marlon Brando, free-wheelin' agent of chaos, another of Saturday's toppled camp heroes.

The Angels protected Mick, their diabolic prince, well, He escaped without serious injury. Later, on KSAN, they too defended their actions on the grounds that their private property was violated. "...ain't nobody goin' to kick an Angel's bike and get away with it..." The official cover-up came, Ronald Reagan style, from the Stones' manager Sam Cutler. When asked about the Angels' violence, he answered, "...regrettable, but if you're asking for a condemnation of the Angels..."

It was over. No explanation was needed, only a feeble plea for someone in America to clean it up. The stirrings of a young, but growing movement to salvage our environment. The job of cleaning up Altamont or America, is still up for grabs. America wallows in the hope that someone somewhere, can set it straight. Clearly, nobody is in control. Not the Angels, not the people. Not Richard Nixon, or his pigs. Nobody. America is up for grabs, as it sinks slowly into methedrine suffocation with an occasional fascist kick to make her groan with satisfaction.

Smith Keelan



There is a real treat in town that people who have visited the Black Swan in Stratford may be familiar with. Cedric Smith and Richard Keelan will be putting on occasional midnight performances at the Toronto Workshop Theatre. It is more than worth the \$2.00 admission. Both are excellent singers, guitarists and songwriters. They do many beautiful songs with radical and unique themes, that feature some very intricate guitarwork backed up occasionally by bass and drums in a band

called the Perth County Conspiracy. Cedric Smith is an accomplished actor and consequently large amounts of theatre are injected into the proceedings, which serves to make the performances more than just concerts. Helping them when I saw them was frequent Harbinger contributor Milton Acorn who read some of his poems among other things. This is one of the nicest things happening in town, try to be there on future occasions. DGB

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Mr. Robert Huber of Toronto returns with repertory cinema after a year's lapse. He managed the midnight repertory events at the old Electra, '66-'68 where I recall seeing "Reflections in a Golden Eye," "One-eyed Jacks," and "King of Hearts," among others.

Bob's theater is now up the street toward Spadina in the old Campus Cinema. It's a seven day house with Sunday matinees. He's repainting and re-decorating, and will soon have a new screen which will fill the proscenium. New lenses for the Phillips projectors will produce wide, cinemascope, and 1.33 ratios. Adrian Mighty, the projectionist, has worked several posh theatres (Dominion Center, etc.) but has also spent time with repertory work at the now defunct silent-movie house, Queen Victoria Slept Here.

Bob and Adrian know their technology, have taste, and discuss flicks with enthusiasm. The foyer is graced by a library of transcripts/criticism/reference. Pertinent to Cinema Lumiere as a commercial venture is a graduated admission price for different days of the week. Best times: Sunday matinees and Mondays for \$1.00.

What follows are notes on the first five of Cinema Lumiere's fifteen film series which finishes January twenty-first. Antonioni's "Eclipse" is at best two hours of plate/plot for ten minutes of genius silent-movie cum stills. The morality of Italy is interesting: Roman Catholic, 20 men for every woman, hyper-economic in the same sense that it is hypo-biologic; and Antonioni can build as easily from that as could 1930's Hollywood from it's own milieu. The perverse sexuality is a given for Italian Culture, and it's consequence for Antonioni's art is ennui leading to

Cinéma Lumière

quietude and philosophy. And for the film: Frozen objectivity and silent passages. "Camus desert, steril, entropy amorphus."

Italy is a parody of what anthropologists term the diffusion principle. If Mao could see "China is Near" would he be embarrassed? But then, is not yoga used by green berets, football players, and overweight women; and is not karate a sport? Whenever the Tao (and Mao is its latest exponent) is specified, good humor is graceful. Bellocchio has this, at least. I am reminded of the Elizabethian/Jacobean Comedy of Errors, and the older Italian Commedia del Arte. The film certainly is "balanced" by devices of paired mis-identities, ideological and sexual. But the ones who "know" and who inform the audience, are as always, the servants/peasants. That they are Communist is not more unexpected than were Negroes in the white home, or Yangtze-Tze peasants in Mandrian palaces. And still the female is made deadly by desperation and given her only dignity in Western Culture: Resignation. No wonder the Italians are tearing down the opera....

Carol and Will saw "Accident" by Losey: "By far, not the best movie my eyes have experienced. Bob Huber far-out guy, no sweat getting in. Nice theater, not over plastic. Good pre-movie mu-

sic. Mostly long-hairs here; if not long-hair then bearded pseudo-academic. Dropped a little acid after twenty minutes. Carol said parts were like "Virginia Wolfe." Intricate plot. My god, the fuckin' games people play in the movie, very well done. Acting good but film un-unique. Filming not up to present standards, but then the film was low-budget. No music."

Documentary films usually give us information; seldom does a documentary develop as an understanding of its subject. Thus "Warrendale" and "The War Game" are information—however cleverly presented—and "8 1/2" is an understanding. Two and a half hours of Fellini complete with finale: In the circle of his characters Guido joins the Greek chours and is reunited with the Dionysian elements of his personality. But, a larger question (and colder) for a few of us: Is "8 1/2" a defeat? Is Guido a bad actor and a true poet: For poets are the first liars and the original exploiters; of themselves first, it is true, but soon, the world. And for the Hamlet scholars: Is Guido at last, as he takes his place in the circle, 'serious'; I mean, has he gotten over himself? A child. I like to imagine him so. But if he's hiding from Apollo, well then, well enough. Life is roomy enough for that.

It is of interest to conjecture about the humor of Godard. The Frech culture must still be Christian enough to be ironic. Only where there is quilt is there irony. For by such side-wise humor can the guilt inducing object be approached by the guilt making man. Nimbly and professionally he leads us to the deprivations of an all-world-disliking nihilism. The major statement is not "I have," but "I want and can not allow myself to have." Thus shame. Thus violence. I appreciate the time and the place in Godard's (and others) art: I ask myself, does this remain the time and place? At the end there is no triumph of love or other felt experience, but only another melodramatic (however deliberate) touchstone for the Church. Blood is meaningful for it only when spilled or forbidden. Ah, M. Godard, indeed so much genius for so long has built ceilings over itself and become intricate. And your song tells, wants to convince, that you are like every one else. Are you deceiving yourself; have you been deceived? I praise you technique, and your sensibility. Even your honesty. I leave it for you to understand what I find still lacking.

These films will soon be shown:
Jan 3,4: Juliet of the Spirits
Jan 5: Lilith
Jan 6-8: Masculine/Feminine
Jan 9-11: The War Is Over
Jan 12: Petulia
Jan 14,15: Charlie Bubbles
Jan 16-18: Weekend
Jan 19-21: Targets

The Community, though not geographical or temporal, does need foci of experience/technology. Cinema Lumiere can be one of these.

290 College St. 920-9817



The Protest. The Protestor. And the Protested. Six bucks for a New Years Eve Party sparked off a Protest complete with regalia (leaflets, placards, etc.). Al Grossman the owner of Grossman's Tavern was the protested, with Robin Armour a community freak being the protestor. Robin's slogans were "Re-groove Al Grossman" "Remember Boxing Day" and "Stamp OUT Violence".

It seems that both had their feelings hurt (with words or Al punch). Just before Robin and Al clashed Robin had witnessed a customer getting smashed over

the head with a chair by a waiter. It was no surprise that Robin was disturbed by this. Especially since this kind of thing happens quite often at Grossman's. But then this could be the price you pay for going to the in places.

While others in the city charge \$50 for a New Years Party and people protest over Al charging \$6 a couple. It seems to me that we should be busy opening our own Grossman's and alternatives.

Maenad

Calendar

This Calendar is pretty empty as we have just revived it. We need someone to gather a Calendar for each issue if you are interested please call us at 929-9037.

Coming in the next while The Band on Jan. 17 to Massey Hall and on the beginning of Feb. The Byrds and Maurey Hadyn come to Massey Hall. Also watch for the reopening of the Rock Pile under a new name.

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SPEED
The Rochdale FreeClinic is helping with an amphetamine study, so if you're doin' it, drop on by to be interviewed-no names. Times 12 am - 12 pm daily, the clinic room 1204 964-9691. Rochdale College.

GLOBAL VILLAGE

Global Village is located on St. Nicholas St. near Bay and Wellesley, behind the Sutton Place Current Production is (was) a children's musical (fun for big kids too) called Copper Mountain, a well done fairy tale (if such a thing exists) written composed etc. by Robert Swerdlow who with his wife Elizabeth keep the Village going with the help of many others. The play has had a lot of work put into it, costumes are gorgeous, the set pschedelic and the acting competent. It's a trip watching it, their kid's see it gets paid. Unfortunately most shows aren't well attended and the benefit performances have been unable to find sponsors.

As well as the theatre a coffee house is operating to help cover bills. Jazz, folk, rock, poetry and other things combine to make it a good place to go. Admission, \$2.00, Friday nights (mostly jazz), \$1.50, Saturday and Sunday. Show up there sometime, Global Village needs your support and Toronto needs Global Village. The following is a short rap with Robert Swerdlow.

rock musical produced by Global Village and then we should be well into June, possibly July. Harbinger: Do you have a regular Global Village Troupe. Robert: No, we have a regular troupe for each individual production. We are trying to get together a regular repertory group, we're not sure how to make it work though. Harbinger: How is the Global Village surviving financially? Robert: We just get by, we barely make it each week. Nobody makes it each week. Harbinger: None of the actors are paid? Robert: Oh they get a very small token salary, sometimes \$20 a week and that's all. Harbinger: the present play Copper Mountain is entirely your own conception is it? Robert: Yeah. Harbinger: Music, lyrics? Robert: Yeah. Harbinger: Isn't it discouraging for all the people involved to put all that work into a fine production, and then have so little support for it? Robert: Yeah, it's disturbing but it takes a long time to establish a theatre especially in Toronto, because Toronto is not a theatre city you know, they really don't know where it's at in theatre. To get a piece across you have to run it for six months and after that time, people will say "hey why don't we go see that." It seems that you have to prove you can survive and then they'll come and see you. Harbinger: You have been in a

number of different places, for instance this play was written in Vienna. Robert: I originally started my studies in Montreal at the conservatory. Then I won a government grant and studied in the Vienna State Conservatory of Music, where the original concept of Copper Mountain was developed because I was commissioned to do a ballet for the State of Vienna, Young People's Concerts and that's where it had it's beginning. That was 1960. Harbinger: Why do you feel that Toronto doesn't take to theatre. Robert: Well they don't take to anything that will expand their minds. It is a very bourgeois decadent city. The cultural development of a city like Toronto is really in its infancy, and we are suffering the growing pains. I call it groaning up and this city is sure groaning. Most people want emotions and they all have their own personal hangups which are deep traumatic things, but they

won't accept anyone else's emotional things, things that other people are going through, therefore they stay home and watch TV and movies where they know its an abstract form. They are afraid to go to see anything live. They are really afraid of themselves, and they are young and little bourgeoisie. It's a sports minded city. Harbinger: Don't you feel that your talents are being wasted here or do you feel that you are helping the city develop? Robert: It's a little bit of both. I never feel that my talent is wasted, and yes I could be earning a lot more elsewhere, and I probably could be a lot more appreciated elsewhere, but by the same token the reason for building the theatre in Toronto was that it is a very groovy city. It's a fairly clean city and it's one of the few cities where you can walk home at two o'clock in the morning with your chick and not be mugged.



Harbinger: What sort of things are going on at the Global Village. Robert: At present our children's musical called Copper Mountain, after that, the Unesco play, Exit the King, after that, we're not sure exactly, after the time that we're not sure, which is the third week of January, we'll be doing another ballet called "Transmission" choreographed by Elizabeth Swerdlow, and then we're doing "Justine" which is a

Who Did It?

The Death of Paul McCartney



The Secret Untold Story

Elvis and manager, Col. Parker, shortly before his suicide.

& the Suicide of Elvis Presley!

By RICHARD SILVERSTEIN
Copyright, 1969, The Sun Arbor Argus

The death in November, 1966, of Beatle Paul McCartney has been securely established in both the straight press and underground media during the past month. It has been clearly shown that the prominent pop star, riding the tide of his greatest successes, was sorely disappointed over the progress the group was making, and drove his sports car into a telephone pole and was thereby decapitated—whether accidental or suicidal is not known.

However, the entire story—connecting that event with Elvis Presley and a famous pop balladeer, involving international repercussions, has not been revealed, and was only revealed to the Argus one day before prestime by a source close to both Elvis and McCartney. As the plot unfolds, it will involve major music figures throughout the world; the transportation of a dead body across international and interstate boundaries; a homosexual relationship; and an almost airtight attempt to prevent the discovery of the disposal of Paul McCartney's dead body.

Elvis Presley was born in Tupelo, Mississippi 30 years ago, one of twelve chil-

dren. He was one of twin brothers; his brother Aaron, so the stories went, after Elvis' meteoric rise to fame, died at birth. There is a landmark in Tupelo marking his birthplace; few other remnants of the town's most famous citizen remain.

As all followers of the pop star's career will recall, Elvis was drafted into the Army in 1957, to the chagrin of his millions of idolizing teenage girls. What these same girls didn't know, and what they would have been even more chagrined about, was that Elvis Presley was a homosexual. Indeed, his manager throughout his career, Col. Thomas Parker, didn't realize it for the first couple of years of Elvis' stardom. He discovered it shortly after the scandal arose over Jerry Lee Lewis marrying his 13-year-old cousin, Parker, shrewd businessman that he is, immediately put the clamps on Presley's personal life: no interviews, ever. He realized that if the fact were discovered Presley's career would be destroyed just as surely as Lewis' was.

Elvis, after his famous haircut over national television, lasted through basic training, and was assigned to an army base just outside Hamburg, West Germany. It was here that he first met Paul

McCartney. McCartney, John Lennon, and George Harrison, along with a series of drummers, were then known as the Silver Beatles, and at the time were doing gigs all over Germany. They enjoyed their best reputation, however, in the city of Hamburg itself. It was at one of the greaser-teen clubs in Hamburg that Paul met Elvis. Paul, as has been brought out, most recently in Fred LaBour's expose in the Michigan Daily was also a homosexual [In "Yellow Submarine," John yells out "Paul's a Queer," to which is answered, "Aye, Aye, Captain"]. Elvis, looking for a pickup, quickly formed a relationship with McCartney, who was somewhat awed at having so famous a lover. There is some indication that they continued seeing each other on at least a semi-regular basis. But when Elvis' stint in the Army was over, he went back to the States and the relationship was forgotten.

Forgotten, that is, until 1964. The Beatles, having settled on a regular drummer in the person of Ringo Starr, had made it big, so big that when the history of rock and roll is recorded only Elvis himself can be compared to their success.

In the summer of 1964, the Beatles

Elvis & Paul

made their first national tour of America. One of the stops was Memphis, which raised some eyebrows at the time, much as the Beatles never made any where near the splash in the home of Country Music as they did in the other markets of their 20-city tour. But one of the primary reasons for the inclusion of Memphis was that, on the outskirts of the city, in a posh, colonial brick mansion lived Elvis Presley.

At a pre-arranged meeting, Elvis and Paul were reunited for the first time in six years. They of course hit it off again immediately, resuming for all practical purposes right where they left off. There was of course the added dimension of the Beatles' success. Elvis, many say by his own choosing, was only sporadically releasing records, and had given up personal appearances altogether to concentrate on movies.

Col. Parker, as an added measure of cover-up, had brought in a girl from Elvis' hometown, an old family friend who could be billed as a "childhood sweetheart", to be on Elvis' arm whenever the occasion called for it. In addition, he promised her a chance at a recording contract. Brian Epstein took the same tack with McCartney—importing Peter Asher's sister Jane for the occasion.

When the Beatles returned to England from their overwhelmingly successful tour they immediately commenced on the production of their new album, which was released just before Christmas, 1964, entitled "Beatles '65". As a tribute to Elvis, they included two songs originally done on Elvis' old label, Sun Records [prior to its being eaten up by RCA so that the corporate giant could get its hands on Presley's lucrative contract]. "Honey Don't" (originally done by Carl Perkins), and "Everybody's Trying To Be My Baby".

In addition, Paul McCartney wrote two songs specifically about Elvis. The first was "I'll Be Back Again", a promise

to Elvis that he would return, chronicling a slight rift they must have had before parting, and "Mr. Moonlight". The words in the latter song are almost too obvious: "Here I am on my knees, begging with you, please... You came to me one summer night... etc."

The next two years passed very quickly. With both men pursuing spectacular careers, Paul as the artistic mainstay (and romantic backbone) of the group, Elvis making dozens of box-office movie hits. There is no record of any meetings, but the two no doubt saw much of each other especially since the Beatles' final two American tours again included Memphis. Meanwhile, of course, the Beatles were just getting into drugs, and anxious to explore new methods of artistic expression with their music. It was very frustrating, especially for Paul, who often had to assume the role of peacemaker in the quartet when, say John would quarrel with the artistically less-far-out Ringo. The culmination, of course, was the tragic auto-crash which took Paul's life.

As has been chronicled elsewhere, the Beatles then set out to get a replacement for Paul without anyone finding out what had actually happened, finally ending up with one Billy Shears, who is introduced in the first cut of "Sgt. Pepper", and who looked remarkably like Paul. But the immediate problem was, What To Do With the Body? With the dead carcass of Paul McCartney in the ground, there was always the problem of discovery, as facial features can be reconstructed by an expert with even as little as one cheekbone, and certainly with an entire skeleton. But it was Paul himself who solved the problem. Paul had written a will before his death, which he entrusted to John. The will stipulated that his body be cremated, and flown back to the United States, and given to his old lover, Elvis Presley. A simple and practical solution which was also in accordance with Paul's wishes. So the dead was done. Elvis himself

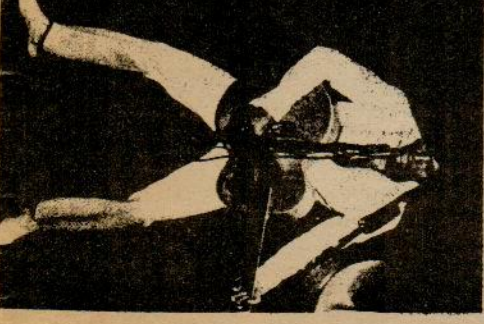
was very shook up over the death of his lover, and so made a sentimental journey back to his hometown to scatter the ashes in the great Mississippi, or rather, one of its tributaries. The exact place he chose was very familiar to him, as he had often walked there as a child.

The Tallahatchee Bridge, over the Tappan River. He traveled to the quiet, secluded place with his affected girlfriend, to whom he had grown very attached. Bobbi Gentry. Together the two of them threw Paul McCartney's ashes off the Tallahatchee Bridge. Elvis was apparently so grieved over McCartney's death that the next day he himself died, committing suicide by jumping off the bridge.

Miss Gentry, of course, built an entire metaphorical song around the two events, which became a hit the following summer, in 1967, with much speculation as to what was thrown off the bridge.

But early on Col. Parker was not a hour to have his life income so rudely snatched from him. He had a replacement ready and waiting in the wings: Elvis' twin brother, Aaron, supposedly dead all these years, who immediately assumed Elvis' identity.

The change in "Elvis" has by now become obvious. To prevent possible detection by the censors of movie cameras, it was decided to forego movies for awhile. It was suddenly revealed that "Elvis" had a wife, and had been married for some time, which in fact, Aaron had been. Nothing was heard from "Elvis" for another year, when a stream of school scholastic singles started coming out with "Elvis" as the artist. To compensate for Aaron's lack of voice timbre, Elvis had one of the greatest rock voices of all time—studio techniques were employed, such as double-tracking (note "Elvis" latest hit, "We're Caught in a Trap"). Personal appearances were then resumed, starting with a Las Vegas gig, very carefully chosen so that hard core Presley fans most likely wouldn't see it. The TV special where a surprisingly hipp-looking Elvis appeared [the real Elvis had always resisted such hippness, preferring the same old style that characterized him in the 50's]. But of course, nobody would ever suspect a thing. Elvis was just keeping up with the times.



Recent shots of the "new" Elvis, taken at his recent gig in Las Vegas. Looks a little different from the "old" Elvis (note the high cheekbones, especially.)





FAMOUS FREAKS:

"It's Oliver Now, Baby Blue." (Exclusive interview with Oliver Now - this year's winner of the hip businessman of the year award.)

I: Mr. Now, how does it feel to be awarded this, the highest annual hippy award?

O: Hey, man, call me Fat Oliver - all the cats down at the Shit Bin call me that.

I: Well, alright - Fat Oliver. (hee hee) I understand the Shit Bin is the name of your far out, psychedelic establishment.

O: Yeah, far out, we got to turn the world on, man. We gotta bring the Universal Brotherhood of Man to this sick world, wear some beads and funny buttons. We got to purge forever from the human soul, the powers of darkness, ignorance, and bourgeois greed, and have a groovy time doin' it. Got a fag?

I: Yes, of course. Now I'm sure some of our readers out there must be budding hippy businessmen themselves. If you could



share your secret of success with them, I'm sure they would be delighted, I'm sure.

O: Well, see, the secret ingredient is like - I dunno, maybe - it's sorta, well, like, you know, don't let your right finger know who your left finger is doing - and like, it's all gotta be so outasight!

I: I notice your left hand is making the famous 'V' sign. Can you tell us what that signifies?

O: Sure man, the 'V' sign means you're making it, and if you flash it and the other cat don't flash back, you can tell right there he ain't making it, so you lay a bummer on him just to be sure. In the old days, we used to sell him parsley.

I: Tell us something about the True Religion of Joy, Peace, Love and Brotherhood, which you yourself personally established.

O: Well, the church of the True Religion of Joy, Peace, Love, and Brotherhood was an original vision of mine, which I myself personally established as soon as I got the word that I was the new Messiah.

I: Yes, that was back in '67, if I recall correctly - can you bring us up to date on the latest advancements in your promotion of Joy, Peace, and all that?

O: Can you dig it, man? I'm hip - so I flashed into the groovy Guru thing, and the chicks dug balling me a lot more. Then my old lady started putting me down for being unreal or something, so I quit laying the special dope on her and she split, and I got balled more than ever, and that's where it's at.

I: I see, now could you give us a brief insight into the philosophy of the True Religion, for the enlightenment of all those readers out there who may be budding (giggle) gurus themselves?



O: Right man, like first - you got to smile a lot of cool, detached smiles like Buddha, see - do it in front of a mirror 'til you get it right. Have long hair, beard, and flowing robes. Also practise the insane giggle and the vague nonsense. I personally employ the symbolic insight and the piercing eyeball to good effect. And I would suggest also the essential hard-on and the instant 'V' sign flashed with both hands and feet simultaneously.

I: Would you say that this philosophy has helped you to win the hip businessman award?

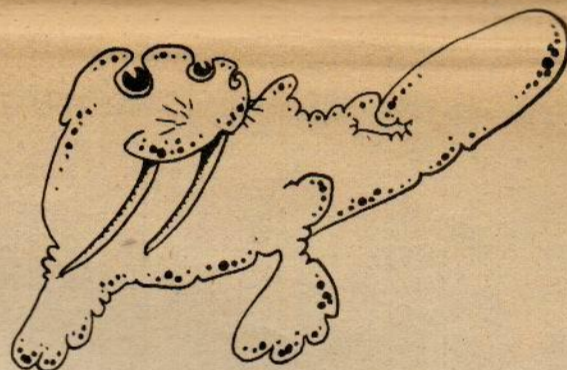
O: Oh yeah! Power to the people, man; strong vibes, heavy contacts, strange trips, freaky times - it pays off, baby! Green energy (we don't call it money anymore) I'm hip - here, feel my pockets. Heavy, right?

I: And has your success helped you to win more friends and influence more people?

O: Shit, man - people come and go - I don't know where they come from or where they go to - I just get a chance at them while they're here - and then they fuck off somewhere else.

I: Do you feel that the possible legalization of marijuana poses any serious threat to your psychedelic empire?

O: My psychedelic empire is founded on the True Faith and one Great Universal Law - and that's, like - what's yours is mine and what's mine, you keep away from or you're gonna get cut. More power to the people, fuck for peace, and kill a pig a day. Can you dig it?



I: thank you, Fat Ollie.

O: Peace and Love, brothers and sisters. Come together at the Shit Bin, 407 Commercial Drive, and many other convenient locations in your hip neighbourhood, dig our groovy atmosphere and buy some beads - buy lotsa beads - and funny buttons, and orgy butter - you know where it's at.

I: That was Mr. Oliver Now, winner of the coveted hip businessman of the year award.

In our next installment of Famous Freaks, we will be interviewing everybody's favourite uncle - none other than Aristotle Narcosis, the internationally famous child-molester, and runner-up in this year's dirty old man derby.

