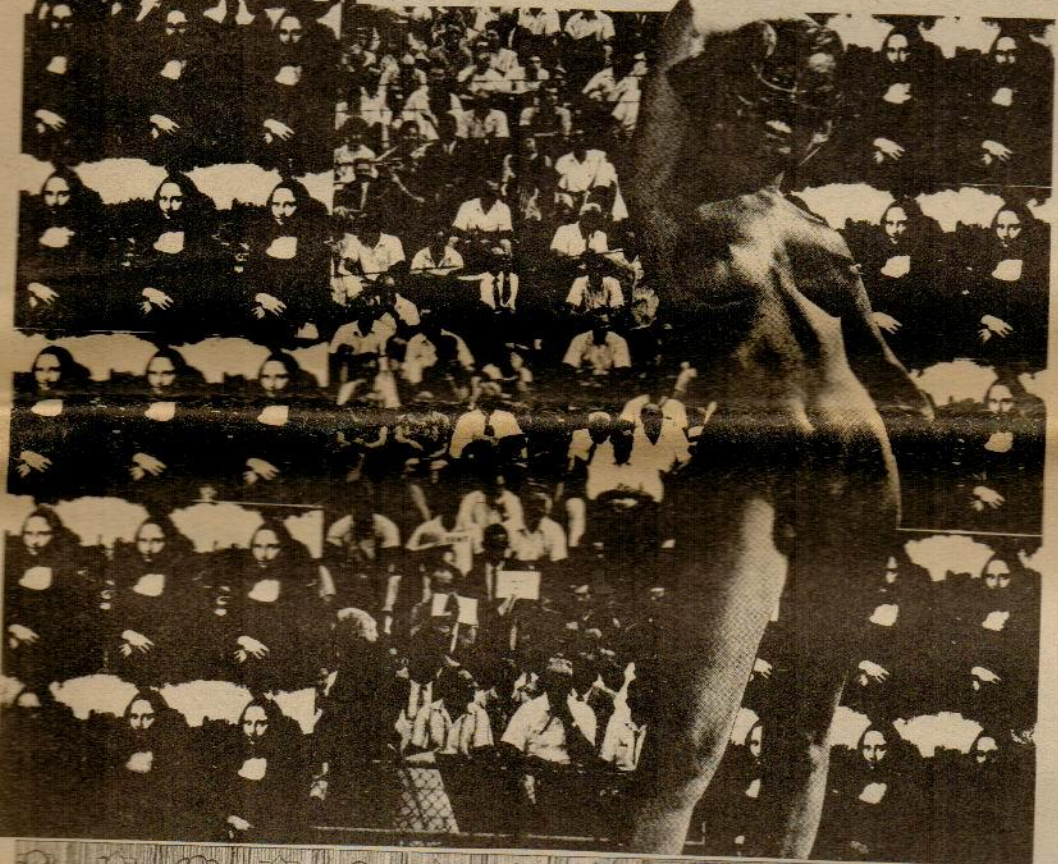


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Liberation?



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HARBINGER has a new phone number- 921-2046

STAFF THIS ISSUE

Dave Bush, Rev. Maenad, Larry Williams, Ken McRitchie, Blues Cressy, Al Gordon, Dick Pooley, Dogan, Ray Bennett, Rick Bates, Pat Rodger and countless others, Cover from Roger Greco, Special Thanks to Ragnarok for page 8 and Rainbow Bridge Trading Co for page 12 And Coach House Press for page 13

Harbinger--393 Spadina Ave -- Vendors inquire her about papers--commission, 15¢ per paper, 10¢ on consignment.

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, Tor. 285, Ontario Canada--Second Class mail reg. # 1905 Harbinger is a member of the Underground Press Syndicate and Liberation News Service. Subscriptions to Harbinger are \$2.50 for 13 issues, \$4.00 for 26 issues--National Ad Rep. Concert Hall 309 Easton Rd. Glenside Pa. Volume III number 2 (24) March 6, 1970.



ART READ OUT

ERO had not wanted to waste space criticizing the Earth People's Park (EPP) project; however it has come to our attention (via New York City) that certain promoters are fond of implying that ERO supports EPP. Absolutely untrue. Further, we know of no reputable Bay area ecologist who does support EPP. It is only slightly oversimple to characterize EPP as a bunch of urban media junkies (old-time McLuhanists) hopeful they've discovered a way to get their pictures in the big magazines without risking arrests, beatings and gassings. They are rouge on the cheeks of the police state. These excerpts from a piece published anonymously in the Feb 13-20 Berkeley Tribe get to the heart of the matter:

people who are really concerned about revolution & counter culture don't announce what they're doing to the media, drawing down the hawks & vultures of the establishment on their heads/ bringing the eyes & ears of the bureaucrats & bosses, searching out the centers of the people's attempt to create a new life/ so that the pigs & other beasts of the power structure can come in & smash it it.

people who really want to live on the land do not move in ways which turn the people of the land against them. a media distorted Earth People's Park could be just the force to destroy the delicate political ecology of hip life in New

Mexico/ & deals with pig governor Cargo only serve to alienate us further from the indo-chicano people with whom we must eventually stand or fall against the forces of honky society.

the people who are really concerned about hip life/ the future of the communes/ our survival & the survival of our life-style/ are people who work quietly to built the real living units, the new institutions of of a hip society/ they bake the bread, fix the cars, grow the gardens in city & country, deliver the babies, & start the schools for young children/ they create new forms for people getting together, new forms of free exchange between individuals, between com-

unes, & between city & country/ they hunt their own meat, fish their own fish, arm themselves for survival & eventual struggle, practice herbal & organic medicine to heal each other, yoga to put their minds back in their body, & karate to defend what they build.

the creation of real earth people's society cannot come about thru the media games Earth People's Park is playing/ but the real search for new life & the creation of a viable future goes on unabated/ everyone who loves life dearly, struggling within themselves to find the primal life energies with which to build a new world.

Let ten thousand earth people's societies bloom in all regions of the subcontinent. Let them bloom quietly. Off camera. Off the camera.

THE DEFENDANT HAS HIS CASE LOADED AGAINST HIM UNDER THE NARCOTICS ACT!

Chap. 35. Control of Narcotic Drugs 9-10 ELIZ. 11.

1960-61. Control of Narcotic Drugs. Chap. 35. 3

PART I.
OFFENCES AND ENFORCEMENT.
Particular Offences.

Possession of narcotic.

Offence.

3. (1) Except as authorized by this Act or the regulations, no person shall have a narcotic in his possession.
(2) Every person who violates subsection (1) is guilty of an indictable offence and is liable to imprisonment for seven years.

Trafficking in narcotics.

Possession for purpose of trafficking.

Offence.

4. (1) No person shall traffic in a narcotic or any substance represented or held out by him to be a narcotic.
(2) No person shall have in his possession any narcotic for the purpose of trafficking.
(3) Every person who violates subsection (1) or (2) is guilty of an indictable offence and is liable to imprisonment for life.

Importation of narcotic.

Offence.

5. (1) Except as authorized by this Act or the regulations, no person shall import into Canada or export from Canada any narcotic.
(2) Every person who violates subsection (1) is guilty of an indictable offence and is liable to imprisonment for life but not less than seven years.

Cultivation of opium poppy or marihuana.

Offence.

6. (1) No person shall cultivate opium poppy or marihuana except under authority of and in accordance with a licence issued to him under the regulations.
(2) Every person who violates subsection (1) is guilty of an indictable offence and is liable to imprisonment for seven years.

Destruction of plant.

(3) The Minister may cause to be destroyed any growing plant of opium poppy or marihuana cultivated otherwise than under authority of and in accordance with a licence issued under the regulations.

Prosecutions.

Burden of proving exception, etc.

7. (1) No exception, exemption, excuse or qualification prescribed by law is required to be set out or negatived, as the case may be, in an information or indictment for an offence under this Act or under section 406, 407 or 408 of the Criminal Code in respect of an offence under this Act.

(2) In any prosecution under this Act the burden of Idem. proving that an exception, exemption, excuse or qualification prescribed by law operates in favour of the accused is on the accused, and the prosecutor is not required, except by way of rebuttal, to prove that the exception, exemption, excuse or qualification does not operate in favour of the accused, whether or not it is set out in the information or indictment.

8. In any prosecution for a violation of subsection (2) of section 4, if the accused does not plead guilty, the trial shall proceed as if it were a prosecution for an offence under section 3 and after the close of the case for the prosecution and after the accused has had an opportunity to make full answer and defence, the court shall make a finding as to whether or not the accused was in possession of the narcotic contrary to section 3; if the court finds that the accused was not in possession of the narcotic contrary to section 3, he shall be acquitted but if the court finds that the accused was in possession of the narcotic contrary to section 3, he shall be given an opportunity of establishing that he was not in possession of the narcotic for the purpose of trafficking, and thereafter the prosecutor shall be given an opportunity of adducing evidence to establish that the accused was in possession of the narcotic for the purpose of trafficking; if the accused establishes that he was not in possession of the narcotic for the purpose of trafficking, he shall be acquitted of the offence as charged but he shall be convicted of an offence under section 3 and sentenced accordingly; and if the accused fails to establish that he was not in possession of the narcotic for the purpose of trafficking, he shall be convicted of the offence as charged and sentenced accordingly.

Procedure in prosecution for trafficking.

Read this damn site

UNDER SECTION 8, THE DEFENDANT MUST SHOW UPON A "POSSESSION" CONVICTION THAT HE DID NOT INTEND TO "TRAFFIC"

a bookshop ...

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alchemy . zen . herbs

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occult books and mysticism

Happenings

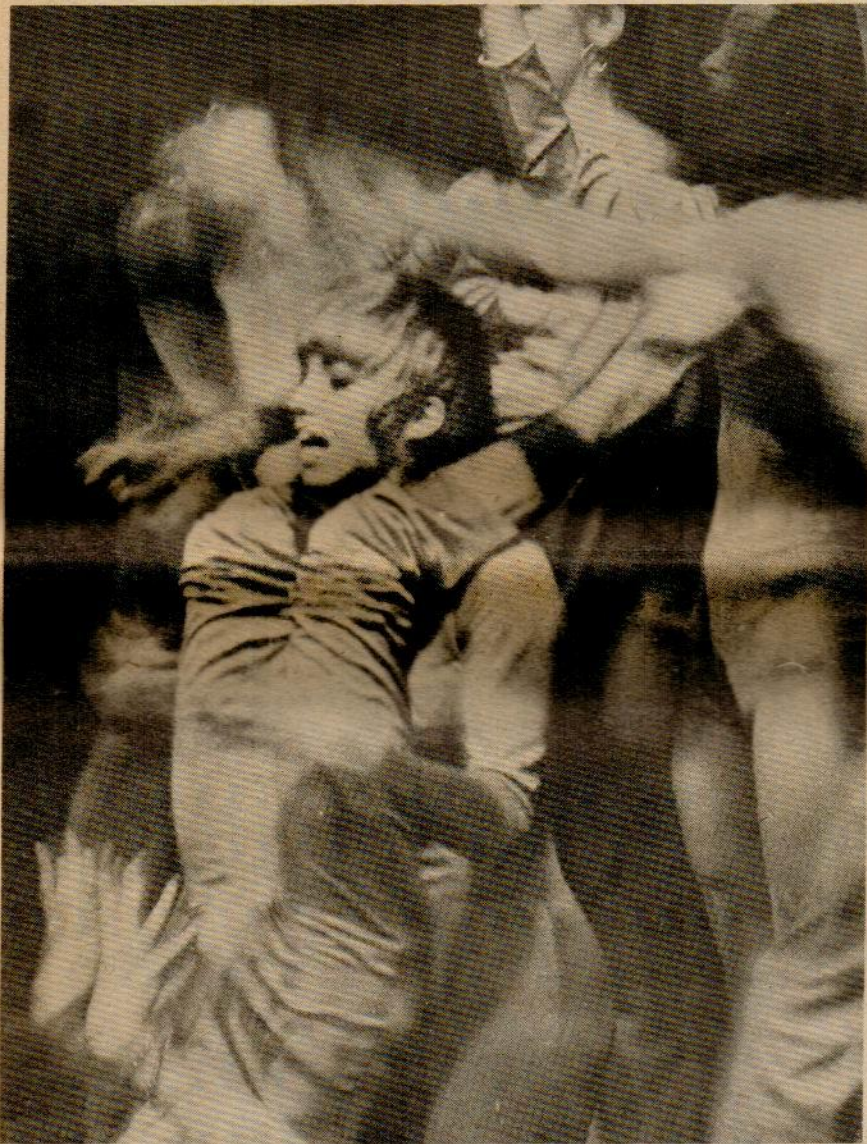
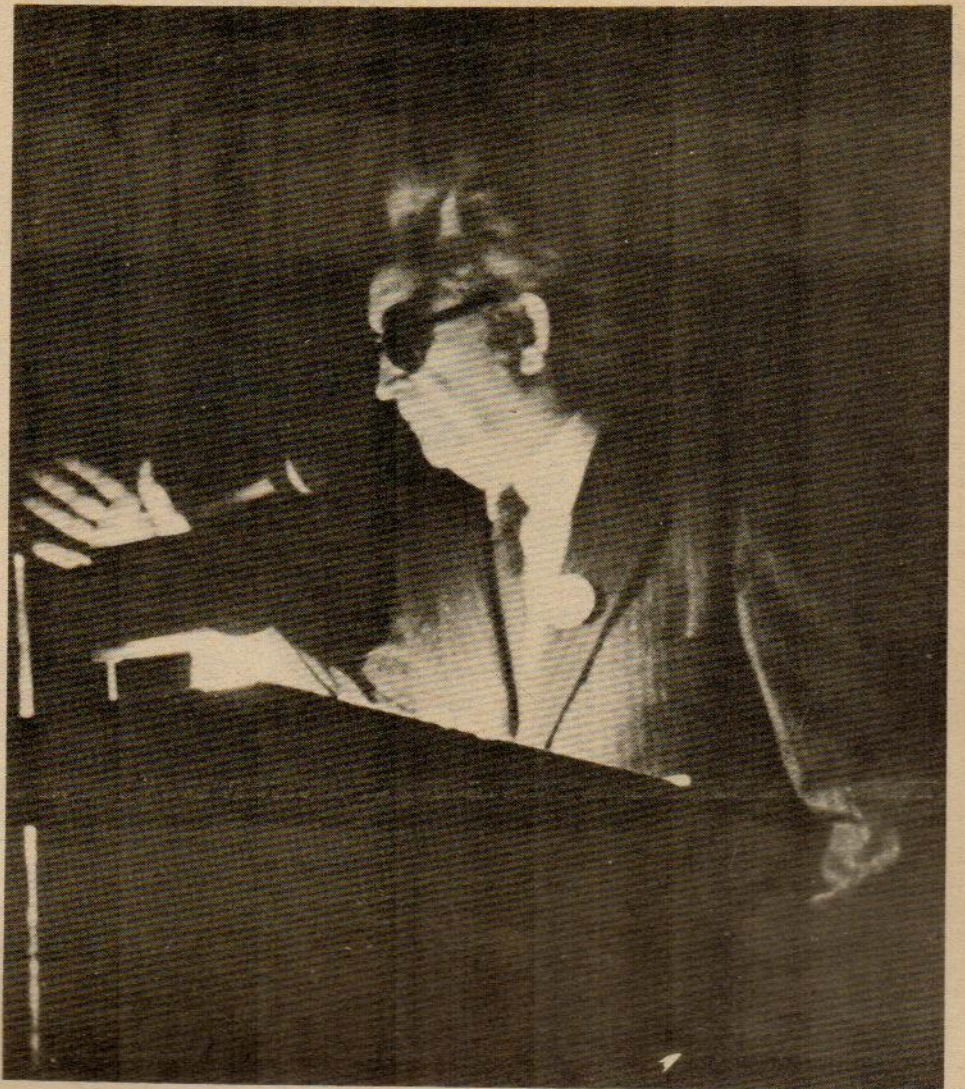
in Toronto

Toronto's entertainment scene is looking up. Fairly large scale productions such as the Rochdale Peace Centre Festival are being put on entirely with local talent and for purposes other than the lining of promoters pockets; places are being established such as Global Village where musicians can jam and create new sounds, New plays and forms of theatre are being founded in the city's small theatres and there is even some slight competition for Grossman's (probably not harmful, G's was already overflowing.)

The Peace City Festival at Convocation Hall was the most noticeable occasion. Starting off the evening were a contingent from the Toronto Hare Krishna Temple. They played on their drums and cymbals (symbols?) and danced around on the stage. It has been a long cold winter for the audience, many familiar faces from some of last years happenings reappeared,

seeming refreshed and dancing joyfully up and down the aisles. The first band was Mother Tucker's Yellow Duck with their funky original sound. Following them was Bruce Coburn and then three people from the fourteenth floor commune in Rochdale. More fine sounds although the show was nearly upstaged by a naked child who played on the edge of the stage. Next up was Luke and the Apostles, a reincarnation of a very popular Toronto group of a few years ago. They were a bit ahead of their time then but the enthusiastic response of the audience showed they are right on now.

Rabbi Feinberg came on to talk of the virtues of singing, dancing, long hair and protest and the horrors of war, it was a bit windy, but mostly okay. He started off in a very robust and funny way and had the audience on his side and then he started putting down dope which thoroughly confused e-



veryone. In spite of this, this 70 year old rabbi is closer to where its at the most people half his age.

The whole show had a schmaltzy air about it, rather naive almost, but the good feelings that were generated were undeniable. Ending off the Convocation Hall show were Lighthouse, who were impressive as always, though a bit overpowering at times. Before the show there was another very good show at the Electric Circus and afterwards more goings on at the Global Village.

Talking about the Circus, they have had a change in man-

a play based on the Conspiracy trial called Conspiracy 70, Also at T.W.P. are frequent appearances by the Perth County Conspiracy.

Another entertainment scene is starting at the Paramount Tavern on Spadina, two blocks south of College, a new and competent group yclept Milligan is playing there

Also beginning now are two exhibits that sound interesting. At the Baldwin Street Gallery of Photography is a display by Laura Jones on the Moratorium, and at Rochdale for the first two weeks of the month is a dis-



agement and are trying to be more in touch with the youth community rather than catering to the older richer "beautiful" people.

There is a lot happening nowadays at the Global Village. The weekend coffee house is becoming very popular and some fine musical talents are joining in. Already, one good band has come out of this creative milieu, this is Scarecrow, who feature large doses of theatre in its show. Another extremely fine group that appears there frequently is God and I, a two man group on acoustic guitars that produce some of the best blues I have heard. Also at the Global Village is the dance-drama, Transmission, a strange but entertaining amalgam. Coming up is the rock-musical, Justine.

Theatre Passe Muraille and Studio Lab are continuing with their experimental theatre and Toronto Workshop is beginning


play called Children of Rochdale.

- Coming up at the Town Hall in the St. Lawrence Centre:
- March 6 - Coming Apart, Cinema Verite. FREE
- March 8 - The Travellers, Malcolm Muggerridge.
- March 11 - Mixed Media
- March 14 - display of underground stuff.
- March 17 Loblaws
- March 22 Michael Cooney
- March 23 - Toronto Film Society
- March 28 - Japanese Culture night

So far at the Town Hall there have been a number of good shows, such as the ones but on by the Black community and the people from Regent Park.

Coming up on March 21, weather and other factors permitting will be the Equinox Rites of Spring in Queen's Park.

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INSANITY IN THE COURTS



THE STORY OF THE HARBINGER OBSCENITY BUST TRIAL

HARBINGER - shelter for an army, one who is sent to purvey lodgings, one who announces an approach
OBSCENITY - filthy, indecent, offensive to modesty or decency, disgusting

Larry Williams of CYC notoriety, who is poetry editor of Harbinger, and Ken (the Beep) McRitchie, culture hero of the same rag, are both unpaid volunteers who have yet to make a penny through writing for Harbinger. Both were working at the Golden Ant, when the Toronto Police depravity squad, acting on a hot tip from Rev. Leslie Tarr, searched the Harbinger office last November. Also present at the time was co-editor, Hans Wetzel. Not wishing to discriminate, the police charged all three with "having obscene material for the purposes of cir-

a speech full of obscenity cliches, like; depravity, perversion, drugs, sex, dirty pictures, protect our children from this low priced smut etc. At the mention of this the judge was expected to slobber like a Pavlovian dog (not intended as an insult, merely as an example of conditioned response).

The judge was predictably impressed, but showed some imagination in the heaviness of the sentence. The judge specified NO TIME to pay the fines of \$1500, and had the Harbinger people handcuffed and led off to jail, presumably for haircuts and 90 days of Don Jail harassment and hospitality.

Fortunately, Harbinger has some friends, the money was gathered inside of two hours and the people set free.

Benefits are being arranged for the Global Village, March 8, and the Electric Circus, March 12, to get the money to pay the people who put up the bread and to enable the paper to keep publishing.

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

culatation."

The result of these charges was the conviction of all three and fines totalling \$1500.00 or three months in jail, each.

At the trial, the testimony of the two moral officers and Tarr was heard. Appearing for the defense was the cover artist Roger Greco who stated that he felt the drawing depicted the struggle of good and evil, with man as the product of this struggle. In summing up the defense attorneys stated that to be obscene the issue must in its entirety, have undue exploitation of sex. As is the procedure in most obscenity trials, the Crown Attorney held up a copy of Harbinger, and made

FOOTNOTE... Rev. Tarr, hot after having tried and he thought succeeding in killing Harbinger, went to a meeting concerning the anti-hate law, and said "a small mob could effectively silence any spokesman for the opposing group, and the law enforcement officers and the courts would be unwitting allies".

We don't need any new laws for that to happen, reverend, but I hadn't realized that the Baptist Church was a mob out to silence opposition by "hippies" (his word for non-straight-people) to the Sunday School and War as Usual morality of the uptight Protestants.

Dogan



Letters

Dear Editor:

I am of 16 years, female, and I dig any thing underground, I enjoy the reading material of Sudbury's paper-Cabal-which you've more than likely heard of. Often enough I see an article pop up in Cabal from Harbinger, that's cool!

I am splitting from Sudbury in July, cause I feel closed in, which is of course the reason behind this letter. I want to expand and find out a little on what's pulling off in the city which I'm heading for.

Right now I'm sitting at an old typewriter, with a dim light, in a musty cellar. I'm listening to the relaxing sounds of Led Zeppelin Vol II and loving every minute of it. I'm staying at my girlfriend's joint for the better part of the winter.

This letter may seem quizical; being that I don't know you: Many thanx for reading it.

LUV
Jean

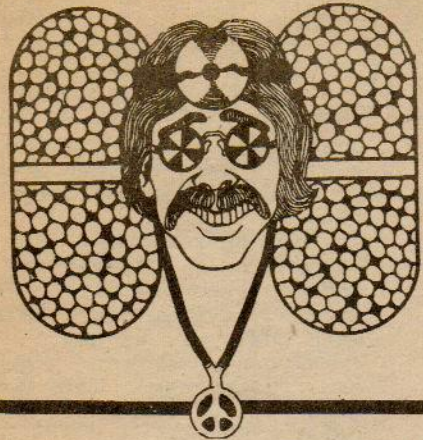
PROVINCE	BARBER SHOPS	BEAUTY SALONS	POPULATION
Newfoundland	129	114	493,396
P.E.I.	52	45	108,535
Nova Scotia	383	447	756,039
New Brunswick	334	375	616,788
Quebec	2980	3966	5,780,845
Ontario	4045	5066	6,960,870
Manitoba	518	532	963,066
Saskatchewan	560	469	955,344
Alberta	812	848	1,463,203
B.C.	879	1124	1,873,674
Yukon and N.W.T.	14	8	43,120

Question: How many feet of hair are cut off each year in Canada, closest answer gets a free haircut.

The Golden Ant now has a large selection of health foods; Brown Rice, 20¢ a pound, Buckwheat 30¢, Raisons-40¢, Dates 30¢, Figs 20¢, Raw Sugar-15¢, Corn Meal-12½¢, Whole Wheat Flour-12¢, Rolled Oats-15¢, also sea salt, teas, and soapstone 25¢ a pound.

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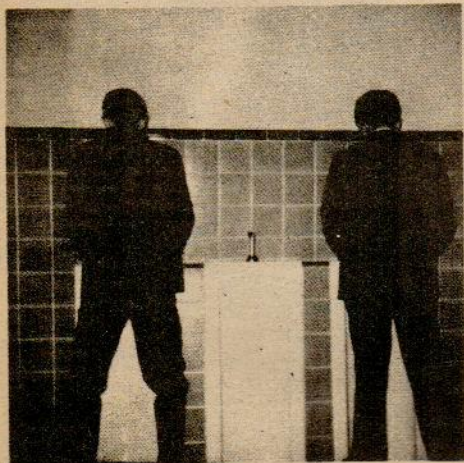
HIP POCRATES



Dear Dr. Schoenfeld: About fear of one's urinal neighbor during public latrines: Or, if his eyes should wander into your urinal and maybe come to rest on your naked penis! If that penis should become uncontrollably turgid! But often fear prevents turgidity and sillily lets flow nothing. One remains before the Urinal altar with burnt-offerings of embarrassment.

It may be the case that this dampening of one's urinary need through awareness of another's presence is fear that penis will become the subject of harsh appraisal, that in 'competition' one may lose....

ANSWER: My brother the psychiatrist says you've made a sound diagnosis. But if there's a problem initiating urination also in private a visit to a urologist is in order, speaking of sounds.



Dear Dr. Schoenfeld: Three months ago I went to the hospital with a terrific pain in my side and a discharge. I thought I might have had the clap but the doctor said that I only had a bacterial disease in my sex organs and pre-

scribed a suppository. I still have the bothersome discharge and I experience great pain when I have a sexual contact. What is wrong? P.S. Don't tell me to give up sex." ANSWER: A pelvic examination for the symptoms you describe should include microscopic and bacterial culture examinations. Gonorrhea often involves a woman's uterus, fallopian tubes and ovaries, causing lower abdominal pain and/or pain during intercourse. Inflammation and scarring of these organs may cause permanent sterility if the disease is not treated with penicillin or alternate antibiotics. Don't delay seeing a gynecologist or the Venereal Disease Clinic of your local health department.

Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates: I am a twenty year old college student with a problem. I am fairly handsome except for the acne scars which are quite deep on the right side of my face. I also have a scar on my chin which is partially covered by a light beard. I have had acne for about 5 years so I should be about over it, I hope.

Is plastic surgery possible? I've tried a "light peeling" but it doesn't seem to help. The peeling was done at a beauty salon. I've been taking treatments for a couple of months. My acne is much better but the scars are still there.

I am quite conscious about my problem and hope you can help me with a little advice."

ANSWER: Acne scars can often be reduced or eliminated through a procedure call "dermabrasion". Portions of the face are anesthetized and a fine electric sander applied to the affected areas. The resulting crust or scab may cause you to stay indoors until it falls away but most people are pleased with the final result.

Ask your family physician, nearest medical school or local medical society to refer you to a dermatologist.

In my school and, I'm sure, many other schools, we, the women, have been indoctrinated to think we are the weaker sex. We've been told that our only place is in the home because that is what our body was made for. I am very curious to know, CAN A WOMAN, THRU THE SAME EXERCISE AS A MAN, ATTAIN THE SAME PHYSICAL STRENGTH? This only seems logical to me that this would hold true, Free the woman of her false chains of weakness!"

ANSWER: Physical strength in both sexes can be increased through exercise but, in general, males have greater muscular strength. Women are stronger in other ways, for example they tend to live longer than men.

Most jobs today don't require brute strength. Females would be equally represented in all professions if equal opportunities existed and if women chose to enter these roles. On the other hand, few jobs are as demanding, important and rewarding as properly caring for a house and children.

Many true biological differences besides sexual characteristics distinguish men from women. So what? Vive la difference!

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press, 95¢ paperbound.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 680, Tiburon, California 94920.

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Did Sun Myong Moon open the Age of Aquarius? Unified Family, 924-8011.

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RAGNAROK!

11 Baldwin St.

RED WHITE & BLACK

RED WHITE & BLACK was born out of the growing needs of a growing community. Not just draft-dodgers, deserters and dissenters, but a broad spectrum of political, creative and religious refugees, are streaming across the U.S.-Canadian border in a second great northward migration in search of the old American dream of civil and ethical freedom away from the kind of 'Americanism' which is perpetuating the Vietnamese War and persecuting dissenters at home, exploiting the resources of other countries and destroying the resources of its own.

RED WHITE & BLACK originated, almost inevitably, in Toronto, where the greatest concentration of exiles and expatriates now exists. There are at least 20,000 and possibly closer to 40,000 in the Toronto area alone, according to the estimates of the Toronto Anti-Draft Program. Judging by the current flow of deserters and dodgers through the TADP offices, this number will more than double in the next two years. No one knows how many disaffected Americans are in Canada altogether: until now there has been no cross-Canadian information centre. In the last few years, several organizations have grown up in response to the needs of the 'Ex' community, but all of them have been limited in scope - regionally, ideologically, and/or functionally.

RED WHITE & BLACK is a broad-based organization - non-dogmatic, ecumenical, inter-racial, inter-national - created to bridge the gaps - cultural, social, economic, organizational, educational, political - between the expatriate and the exile, the idea and the act, the old involvements with the crisis in the U.S. and the new involvements with Canadian life. RW&B is designed to serve primarily as an information and communications exchange, both inside the 'Ex' community, and between it and the other people of North America.

RED WHITE & BLACK hopes to provide a variety of opportunities for mutual and self-help for refugee-immigrants. New arrivals usually need temporary housing, jobs or job offers, and extensive counselling to help them become landed immigrants. In the Toronto area, most of these immediate problems are handled very effectively by the Toronto Anti-Draft Program, at 2347 Yonge St. Similar organizations exist in Ottawa, Montreal and Vancouver, but more are needed in other Canadian cities; and a central information and co-operation exchange is badly needed. Meanwhile, there is a whole new set of problems to be faced by immigrants after they achieve legal status in Canada: all the consequences, practical and emotional (many of them unforeseen) of leaving, perhaps forever, one's native country, family, friends and associations.

RED WHITE & BLACK is concerned with resolving these problems in such a way as to make the influx of immigrants an asset, rather than a liability, to Canada. We hope to direct people to the jobs, communities and social milieu where their backgrounds and training best suit them for a productive, participative life in the new country - while providing a communications channel with ties and commitments in the old. As the 'Ex' community grows, so does its two-fold responsibility: to help keep Canada the free and beautiful country that it is, and to help remind the U.S. of the freedom and glory it once had, and hopefully will have again, by making sure Americans never forget why so many thousands of their fellow citizens felt compelled to leave their native country.

RED WHITE & BLACK was just one month old on Washington's Birthday, 1970 - but the response from local groups and individuals has been so warm that we expect our first major projects to be functioning regularly within the next two weeks. We are now working out of a temporary headquarters donated by the Students' Administrative Council of the University of Toronto in the basement of their building at 44 St. George St. Two other more ambitious projects are planned (probably an unused church in downtown Toronto, hopefully, within the next month):

- 1 - The RED WHITE & BLACK FREE SCHOOL FOR NEW CANADIANS: Seminar courses in Canadian history, politics and current affairs, as well as French, will begin early in March at 44 St. George. Americans should know that although Ontario is mostly English-speaking, many Canadians are at least partly bilingual, and a speaking knowledge of French is useful for 'landing points,' job-hunting, and good citizenship.
 - 2 - The RED WHITE & BLACK NEWS BUREAU - which in a sense begins with this statement. Eventually, we hope to issue publications of our own. For now, we are concerned with establishing and maintaining a steady flow of reliable information within the 'Ex' community throughout Canada, between it and the U.S. and Canadian press and media.
 - 3 - The RED WHITE & BLACK DROP-IN CENTRE - a 24-hour hospitality and information centre for new arrivals and a meeting place established residents, and headquarters for social, cultural and informational activities: library, coffee house, counselling service, etc.
 - 4 - The RED WHITE & BLACK BOARD - 24-hour telephone information centre for the Toronto area. Modelled after the successful 'free switchboards' in Los Angeles, London, and San Francisco, it will provide general information on the city's entertainment, educational, housing, cultural, welfare and market facilities, as well as data specifically oriented to the needs of new arrivals.
- RED WHITE & BLACK is here to be used. If you want help - if you need help - if you know people you think we can help - if you want to join, donate or look us over, - stop in, write in, phone in. Our address (for now) is 44 St. George St., Toronto, Ontario. Our phone number is 416-925-2615.
- Let us know who you are, and let us keep you informed as we grow.

word and...

Fuch Yew Kunt!

in thought

deed

HO HHHHHH
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AHHHHH
Squish squish
unh unh
unh unh

THE Yellow Ford Truck
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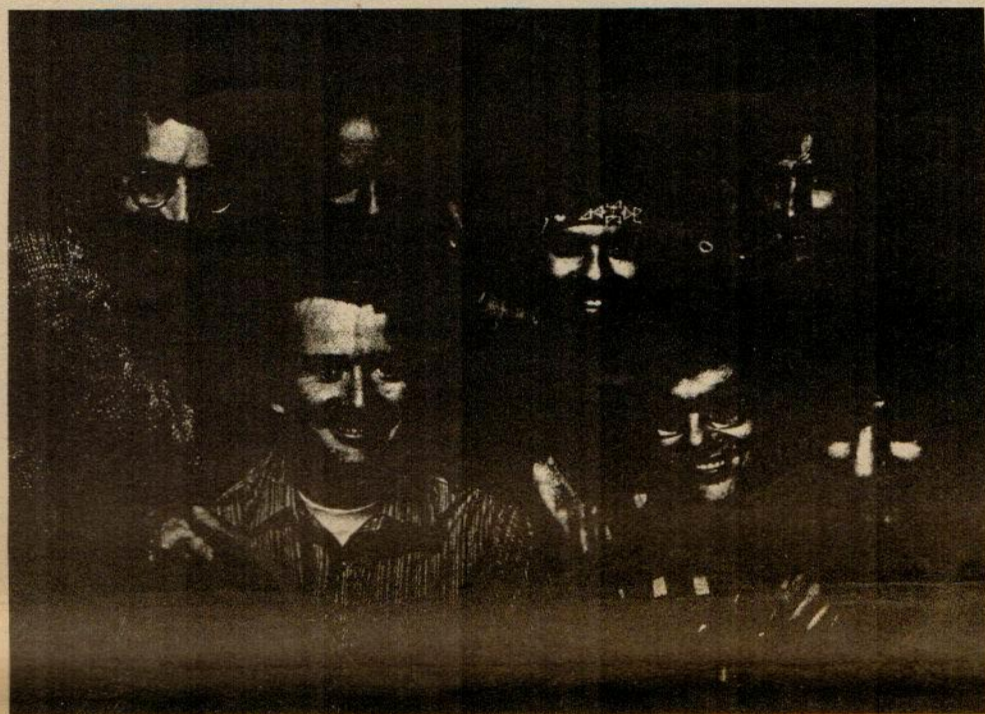
The Masked Man's
Bosom buddy,
the Stoned Indian,
Yellow Ford Zonker
sez
"Kemosobbee say
no matter
what yew dew or
whare yew go,
yew better be
CLEAN...."

CONSPIRACY IN CONTEMPT

CHICAGO (LNS) -- The cluttered defense table at the trial of the Conspiracy Eight in Chicago was finally cleared of defendants Feb. 15, as the last of the men on trial for conspiring to riot at the 1968 Democratic National Convention were sentenced to prison terms for contempt of Julius Hoffman's court.

Hoffman, who gagged, chained and jailed Black Panther leader Bobby Seale for contempt last October, also sentenced both defense lawyers, Bill Kunstler and Len Weinglass, to prison for "attempting to sabotage the Federal judicial system."

Kunstler's 4-year, 22-day sentence is the longest that Hoffman has yet imposed—longer even than the four years that Bobby Seale is now serving—and the harshest contempt jail term ever given out anywhere in a U.S. court.



The government's justice machine ground the trial to a close Feb. 14, sending the jury out to deliberate after it listened to summations by the government prosecutors and the defense, and to the judges' charge. Hoffman then spent a harrowing two days reciting his account of the defendants' and the lawyers' sins against the court.

With the jury's deliberations only minutes old, Hoffman was already reading 34 counts of contempt of court against Dave Dellinger.

Reading verbatim from the trial's transcript, the judge scored Dellinger's shouted support of Bobby Seale when the Black Panther leader was shackled by the judge. Hoffman ran through instance after instance when Dellinger spoke out against the political nature of the trial, the lies and the distortions.

When Hoffman was through, he gave Dellinger a chance to speak. Dave talked about the war against Vietnam and about racism in this country.

The judge told him that the trial was not about politics.

Dave told the judge that that is exactly what the trial is about.

Judge Hoffman warned him not to go on talking about things like that.

But Dave kept on talking: "You want us to stay in our place, Judge Hoffman, but we won't. Just like black people won't stay in their place, or poor people, or women won't stay in their place. First you wanted us to be like good Germans and say nothing about the evils of this decade. Now you want us to act like good Jews and go quietly to the slaughter."

"The record is an indictment of you, not us. If you had any sense, Judge Hoffman, you'd realize that this trial will be

the rallying point for a whole new generation."

Shouts of "Right on!" rang out.

Curiously, Judge Hoffman himself has had to shout "Right on!" many times during this part of the trial, as he has read the court reporter's record—especially when there were references to Bobby Seale's ordeal, when people shouted support to Bobby. Hoffman has done so with a bizarre, distorted gusto.

"Sit down, Mr. Dellinger. Mister Marshall, have that man sit down," the judge said.

Dave's daughter, Tasha, applauded her father. Judge Hoffman looked at her, furious, and ordered her thrown out. She had been excluded from the trial the day before for an "outburst," and was allowed in only when she promised to "behave" herself.

Tasha gripped the back of her seat as a burly woman marshall pulled her to the ground.

The courtroom exploded. Several Conspiracy staff members hurled themselves into the middle of the melee to protect Tasha. Screams and shouts rang out and the entire room was on its feet.

Dave tore himself from the marshalls and ran up to Tasha, shouting, "That's my daughter! They're hitting my daughter! Leave my daughter alone!"

Two staff members were arrested and held on a total of \$35,000 bail—one charged with a felony for "assaulting an officer."

As Tasha was dragged from the court, she shouted, "You fucking Hitler!" at Hoffman, while the marshalls, spectators, reporters and staff exchanged punches and shouts.

Bill Kunstler made his way up to the bench, tears running over his cheeks, and accused Judge Hoffman of destroying his life and everything it stood for. The judge sat imperiously and kept asking for order in the courtroom.

He leaned back in his leather seat and planned to turn over the next six defendants into the custody of the Attorney General of the United States—a as he had just done in sentencing Dellinger.

As Dave was taken from the court, he turned, raised his fist, and said, "Right on, beautiful people! Right on, black people, poor people, young people. Right on!" Just before he got to the door, he turned, smiled, and said, "Not to mention Latin Americans!"

Several spectators and reporters clapped, and were ejected from the court.

Hoffman smiled: "Well, then let's talk about you next, Mr. Davis."

Rennie got 23 counts (which amounted, he said, to 22 minutes of "disruption" in a trial of five and a half months), and he was sentenced to 24 months in prison.

One contempt citation came down when Rennie brought into court a birthday cake for Bobby Seale. It was confiscated before he could bring it into the courtroom, so when he saw Bobby inside, he shouted, "They've arrested your cake, Bobby."

But the incidents of good humor which the judge could not abide and for which defendants went to jail are not the key thing. What the judge could not abide a thousand times more is that one after another, the remaining defendants, in their pre-sentencing statements, referred to their solidarity with Bobby Seale. In fact, each of the seven defendants is now in jail at least partially because he spoke out on Bobby's behalf—before the judge ordered Bobby out of the courtroom and into jail on contempt.

"I've heard enough about Bobby Seale!" shouted a purple-faced Hoffman at one point in Rennie's statement. "Do you know what that man called me?"

"A racist, a fascist and a pig," shouted Rennie.

"You know how many times he called me that?" the judge asked.

"Many times," said Rennie, "and not enough," adding:

"You represent all that is old, ugly, repressive and bigoted in this country, and the spirit at this (defense) table is going to destroy you."

Tom Hayden's contempt sentence will keep him inside (aside from whatever time he and the other defendants spend on the conspiracy charges) for 14 months, on 11 citations—for raising a fist in greeting to a friend, for refusing to stand for the judge, for mentioning, in front of the jury, how for-

bout being shipped off to prison. "I want to have a child," he said between two very long pauses.

Hoffman recovered from his seeming half-sympathy for Tom and remarked nastily: "The Federal system can't help you with that, Mr. Hayden."

Hayden retorted: "The Federal system can't help you stop a new world from being born, Judge Hoffman."

Abbie Hoffman's contempt sentence was surprisingly short, eight months on 23 counts. The charges came down for Abbie's running comic commentary, for his bitter though sometimes laughing attacks on the judge, for baring his body, for donning judicial robes in court, for refusing to stand, for dancing, for making noise.

Abbie, too, had a statement. He stood facing the judge as two big marshalls came to stand behind him. "Say, what are you guys getting nervous about?" he asked. Then he spoke to the judge in a loud, strong voice.

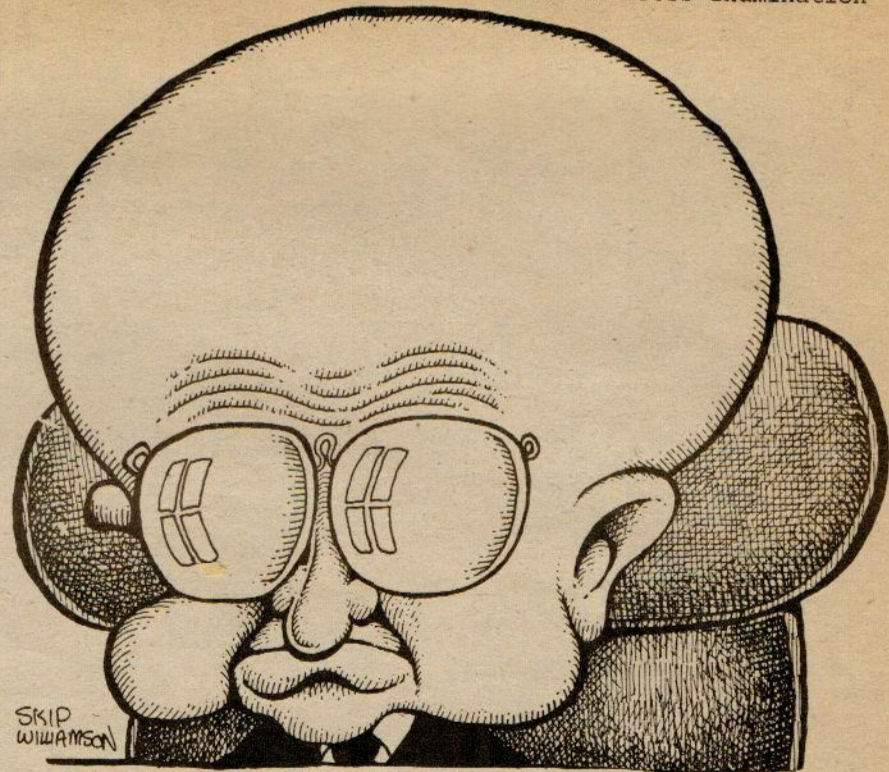
"The only way you can win this case, Julie, is by putting us in jail for contempt. And we are in contempt. Of this system, this court—and of you, Schultz. That's how you win this fucking case."

The marshalls closed in on Abbie as he voiced his support for Bobby Seale. The judge told him to shut up.

"No, I will not shut up. I'm not an automaton like you. 'The best friend the Negro people ever had,' huh? How many black people in the Standard Club? How many own shares in that war munitions company you own?"

The judge ordered him into his seat.

"I can talk from here, too." Abbie said to a marshall. "Where decorum is repression, the only dignity that free men have is to speak out. When I was a witness, the prosecution asked me on cross-examination



mer Attorney General Ramsey Clark was barred from court as a defense witness.

Tom's pre-sentencing statement ran for 15 minutes, in measured, intellectual tones. He primarily ran down what he knew about the Ramsey Clark incident, mentioning how Justice Department officials had tried to convince Clark not to testify.

The judge seemed to be able to maintain his cool when confronting Tom, at least up to a point. Smiling, he told Hayden, "A fellow as smart as you can do pretty well under this system."

Finally, Tom talked about how punishment would affect him. Tears welling in his eyes, he explained that there is only one thing he regrets a-

what I was wondering about at a certain time. I've never been on trial for my dreams before. How can I have respect for what you call the highest court in the land when it puts me on trial for my dreams?" Said Abbie with a strained voice. "The people are the highest court in the land!"

As Dave left for the lock-up, Rennie Davis looked at the judge and exclaimed, "You just jailed one of the most beautiful, courageous people in the United States."

Judge Hoffman then ran off the contempt sentence and marshalls led Abbie out. Just before he left the court, Abbie went up to his wife, Anita, kissed her, and said, "Don't forget to water the

plants."

Judge Hoffman was getting tired, so Abbie was the last defendant to disappear into the pen that afternoon. Jerry Rubin, John Froines and Lee Weiner were saved for the next morning, a Sunday. So were Bill Kunstler and Len Weinglass; Hoffman had already announced that they were in for it also.

When Jerry's turn came, he got 25 months. He said to the judge, "Everything that happened in Nazi Germany was legal. It was all done in court courts like this, by judges. They said, 'This is law. Respect it.' This is the closest thing I have seen to Nazi Germany." Jerry's wife, Nancy Kurshan, cried out to him as he was being taken off to jail, and Jerry shouted, "Sadist! Sadist! Sadist!" at the court. Later, at a press conference, Nancy said, "Julius Hoffman is the hangman for a death culture."

Lee Weiner, who said very little during the trial (which filled 20,000 pages of official transcript), received two and a half months, the lightest of the contempt sentences. Lee told the courtroom, "I sat here quietly for the most part as I've seen you abuse and bury the childlike notion that in the courts of America justice is somehow attainable. I sat in a quiet rage as I've seen the best men in America belittled and attacked in small and large ways."

Hoffman spoke to Weiner. "Years ago," the judge said, "I was a teacher at the same school as you," (referring to Northwestern University, where Weiner taught sociology and Hoffman taught law).

"I know," Lee said. "Now there is an auditorium named after you there. Hoffman Hall."

"Yes, there is a Hoffman Hall; it's kind of you to mention it here," smiled Judge Hoffman.

"No, my intention is evil," answered Lee. "The plaque with your name has been ripped off the wall, and I wouldn't advise you to visit any law school after this trial is over."

Staff members of The Conspiracy were excluded from the courtroom. The last row of the spectator section was filled with plainclothes cops from the Chicago Red Squad, who smiled to themselves as Hoffman read off 24 citations of contempt against Kunstler (who has represented Martin Luther King and H. Rap Brown, favorites of Red Squads everywhere.)

Hoffman cited Kunstler for contempt for asking questions "designed to delve into the substance of a document" after being ordered not to; for referring to the chaining and gagging of Bobby Seale as a "disgrace" and a "medieval torture"; for defying a court order to sit down after protesting that Bobby's chains and gag were reminiscent



Another day, another dollar "of 300 years of slavery"; for asking witness Mayor Daley "83 questions which were objectionable"; for accusing the judge of prejudicing the jury against the defendants and saying "I'm sitting down under protest"; for interrupting Assistant U.S. Attorney Schultz, who was arguing to exclude Ramsey Clark as a defense witness, and saying, "Mr. Schultz can't represent anything in its proper perspective"; for calling a ruling by the judge "outrageous" and adding that he was going to say my piece and you can hold me in contempt right now....You have violated every sense of fair play in this courtroom. This

privileged—being punished for what I believe in."

Clenched fists shot into the air, and people applauded. Those who did were pulled from their chairs and ejected. Then Judge Hoffman declared as though he couldn't believe the disorder, "Only the record can reveal what has gone on here." More shouts of "Right On" echoed through the courtroom.

Hoffman went into a monologue of several minutes about crime in the streets, and how men like Kunstler and Weinglass are responsible for it:

"Rising crime in this country is due in large part to lawyers waiting in the wings, who are willing to go beyond professional right and professional duty in the case. The fact that criminals know that such a lawyer is there waiting for them has a stimulating effect on them."

The Judge chastised Kunstler for not controlling his clients, particularly Bobby Seale (who was not in fact ever granted his right to his own counsel, as he demanded). "Never once did he say to Mr. Seale, to calm him down. 'Bobby, come on, sit down.'"

The trial but for the verdict ended with Len Weinglass' statement before sentencing. He said that the court for the past five months had provided him with the "richest, warmest associations in my life." He praised the people who "slept on the floor of my house and made do with only \$20 a week to work for the defense."

Hoffman gave Len an Admonishing glance; your conduct in court the Judge said, must have caused the people you worked with to lose respect for you.

Ann Froines, the wife of John Froines, jumped up and shouted, "There's no man in this courtroom I respect more than Len Weinglass," and she walked out. Immediately, Mickey Leiner, of the Conspiracy legal staff, a young black woman, got to her feet and exclaimed, "Judge Hoffman, you are a racist and a fascist and a pig." (Back in October, Hoffman had scolded Mickey for holding hands with Bobby Seale while he was shackled and gagged.)



Bill Kunstler molests young Michelle Dellinger—Time photo

As Mickey was thrown out of the courtroom, Kunstler stood up and embraced Weinglass and kissed him on the cheek. In the back section of the courtroom, (Abbie Hoffman calls it the 'neon oven'), the Chicago plainclothes pigs snickered to themselves and called Kunstler a "faggot".

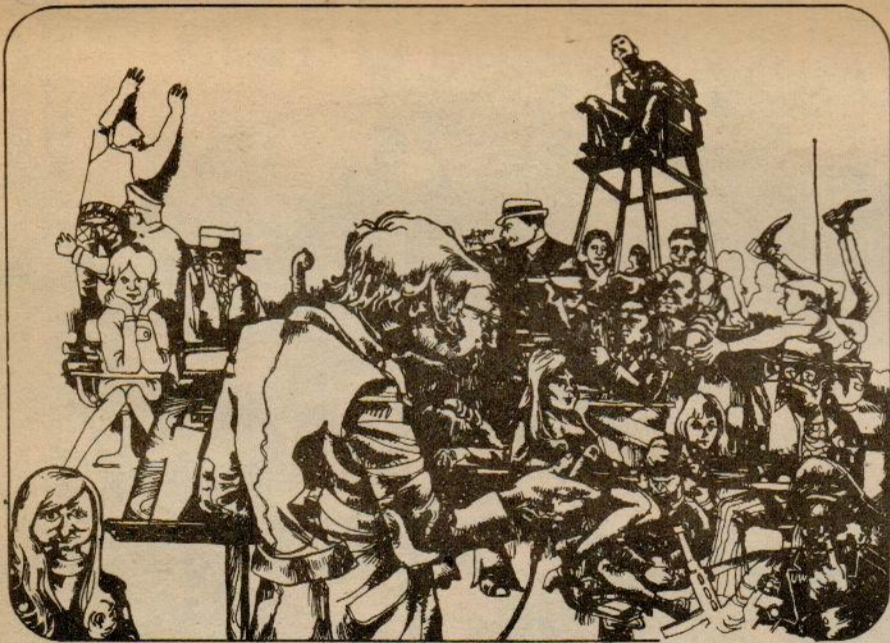
That afternoon the lawyers, relatives and friends of the defendants, and people who had been working for months on the Conspiracy staff, sat eating dinner at a restaurant in Chicago's Loop near the Federal Building. A large crowd of people just finished picketing at the building, passed by and recognized Kunstler. They stopped, rapped on the window, raised their fists in unison, and cheered.

Until they are sentenced on the Conspiracy charges—if they are—the defendants will stay incarcerated in the Cook County Jail—also known as Warden Moore's Dungeon.

The following is a note written by Abbie and signed by Tom, Rennie and Dave, as they waited to be shipped from the courtroom to the jail:

"All goes well!
"They can never hurt us, no matter what they do. For what they have jailed on this most infamous of Valentine's Days, is not men but an idea.

The dream of freedom is in prison now, but there are no prisons in the land strong enough to hold it...for its time has come. Seize the time!"



If some of you plainclothesmen, RCMPs, narcs and campus cops would drop this course, I think we could solve our over crowding problem.

ver."

John Froines was sentenced last, before the lawyers, to six and a half months. Hoffman was in such a hurry to get at Bill Kunstler and Len Weinglass that he almost forgot to hand down a sentence after reading off John's contempt citations. Assistant Prosecutor Schultz had to remind him to do it.

"When history is written," John said, "the men who sat here at the defense table, those in the spectators' section, those who sat outside all night to get in, they will be the heroes."

He was taken away after ending his short statement, in which he said simply that he would like to go and join his brothers.

When it came to Bill Kunstler's turn to listen to Judge Hoffman's litany against him, the long listing of "contumaciousnesses," ten extra marshals were brought into the courtroom, filling up most of the aisle space in the spectator and press sections.

is not a fair trial. If I have to lose my license to practice law and go to jail, I can think of no better cause to go for. These men are going to jail on a legal lynching, and you are responsible for it."

Kunstler got four years and 23 days; much of what he did and said was done and said by the defendants too, as well as by Len Weinglass, who was sentenced immediately after Bill and received 20 months.

Kunstler told the judge about his long legal career, about how he had never before been disciplined in a court, even though much of his practice has been done in hostile southern courts.

"I am sorry if I disturbed the decorum of the courtroom (when he broke down and cried after Tasha Dellinger was dragged off), but I am not ashamed of my tears. Neither am I ashamed of my conduct for which I am about to be punished.

"I may not be the greatest lawyer in the world but I think that I am, with my colleague Leonard Weinglass, the most

Commission on Post-Secondary Education in Ontario

THE COMMISSION ON POST-SECONDARY EDUCATION IN ONTARIO

invites communication from all individuals and groups who feel they have a contribution to make to the work of the Commission.

The Commission is concerned with the following issues:

- learning and teaching
- aims and objectives
- functions and viability of institutions
- decision-making
- costs and benefits, to individuals and to society
- alternatives for the future

This announcement may be of interest to those who would like to:

- indicate intention to submit a brief
- make available to the Commission the results of previous work
- develop discussion papers for presentation to the Commission
- initiate studies in their field of competence
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A schedule for public hearings will be made known at a later date.

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THE SECRETARY / COMMISSION ON POST-SECONDARY EDUCATION IN ONTARIO / SUITE 203 / 505 UNIVERSITY AVENUE / TORONTO 2 / ONTARIO

THE SPIRIT OF BALDWIN STREET

THROUGH THE EYES OF A COUPLE OF GUYS

Food Cooperative

Soon after Christmas, some of the people from the stores on Baldwin Street and from several of the housing cooperatives in the area began to discuss plans for a food buying coop. The idea which apparently originated with some of the local women's liberation element was to set up some kind of operation that could offer food at reduced prices to all the people in the neighborhood including the Chinese and Mediterranean groups. As it stands now it is not likely to attract any people other than the predominately American exile-Hippie elements in the area.

Given these limitations, the Coop does work and the meetings, which are still taking place every Wednesday evenings at 8 PM at UNIV. SETTLEMENT HOUSE, bring together more of the local people than any similar meetings.

For the first time in a long time, someone has started something that seems to be creating a real sense of community for a great number of people in the Baldwin Street district. There are other projects to be sure; including the stores, the housing coops, the craft and theatre groups, the "School" project, Downchild's Band at Grossman's and Milligan's Tongue with Lloyd, Brian and Jamie at the Paramount Bar, but the food coop has the widest appeal and the greatest chance, at the moment, of affecting the most people.

School Project

In January, a group of the locals from hereabouts started getting together on Sunday's at noon to discuss our intentions with regard to the fabled exodus to the country movement. Most of us agreed right away that it sounded good.

The reasons were the usual—the sportsmen wanted elbow room, the leather workers blue sky, the mystics, unpolluted rocks and trees and water, and the educators, a free school. Mainly, we wanted a less expensive environment and we wanted community. So to most of us, it sounded good.

At first, we talked about a school of some sort. On the second Sunday, we encountered the Vancouver Street Theatre people who questioned our use and meaning of the word "school", so we developed a slight paranoia about the word. Later, we came to use the word and meaning "community" to better describe our projected institution.

On the third Sunday, the consensus, although very vague, was that until we accumulate a good bit of money, there was little to be done. So we adjourned.

In retrospect, I think that the meetings were premature in that too many people came expecting to be handed something, and too few understood the long hard struggle that is going to be necessary to start a rural community that will be any better than the one we have on Baldwin Street.

Despite our indecisions, the January meetings got our project off to a start. Since everything was left entirely open, everyone has been able to decide for himself how or whether he will participate. So far we have acquired the usual beat-up VW van and are attempting to salvage another, and we are beginning to accumulate money. People are relating what they are doing now to what they call the "school project". They are beginning to designate certain things as belonging to that community, and they are beginning to think of themselves as being involved in the same community project with the twenty or so other people in the project. In fact, it may make the move to the country unnecessary.

Downchild's Band

It's hard to separate the maturing of Downchild's Band from that of the entire Spadina-Baldwin community. It could read like a story out of China Pictorial: the unfolding story of the heroic struggle of five guys and a progressive-minded local businessman to bring real blues to a town whose (one) established white blues band is Whisky Howl. A struggle not won overnight, nor, in fact finished to this day, but always fought with the motto "Dare to struggle, Dare to win" in mind. And always fought with the determination to play the blues.

Or the story could read like liner notes: it all started to come together one night last June. I walked upstairs to Jim's room and I couldn't believe my ears. I thought for sure that he must have been playing a Sonny Boy Williamson record, but when I walked in the door, there was this blond greasy harpman blowing blues like I had never heard any white cat play. None of this virtuosic crap, filling in every beat out of twelve bars with noise, but hard, incredible tasteful dirty old bluesharp. And my main man Jim, just sitting there in that 90 degree heat laying down that old Jimmy Reed bass line, the simplest, and the hardest to play.

But good god, the work it took to make it happen. Personnel hassles and endless practices in that old basement with the six-foot ceiling, running through Off The Wall six times in a row to make the drum solo fit in just right—"hey guys, let's take it from 'red rose tea'"—and months of free gigging—at street festivals, benefits, parties, and, of course, Grossman's.

Of course, because Downchild's with the help of Al Grossman, have made Grossman's the focus of community life. A place where you can get as tight as you'd ever want to

be for a buck, a place for an instant party, a place you can even take your mother to (I did), but most of all, the place where real music lives every weeknight for the people.

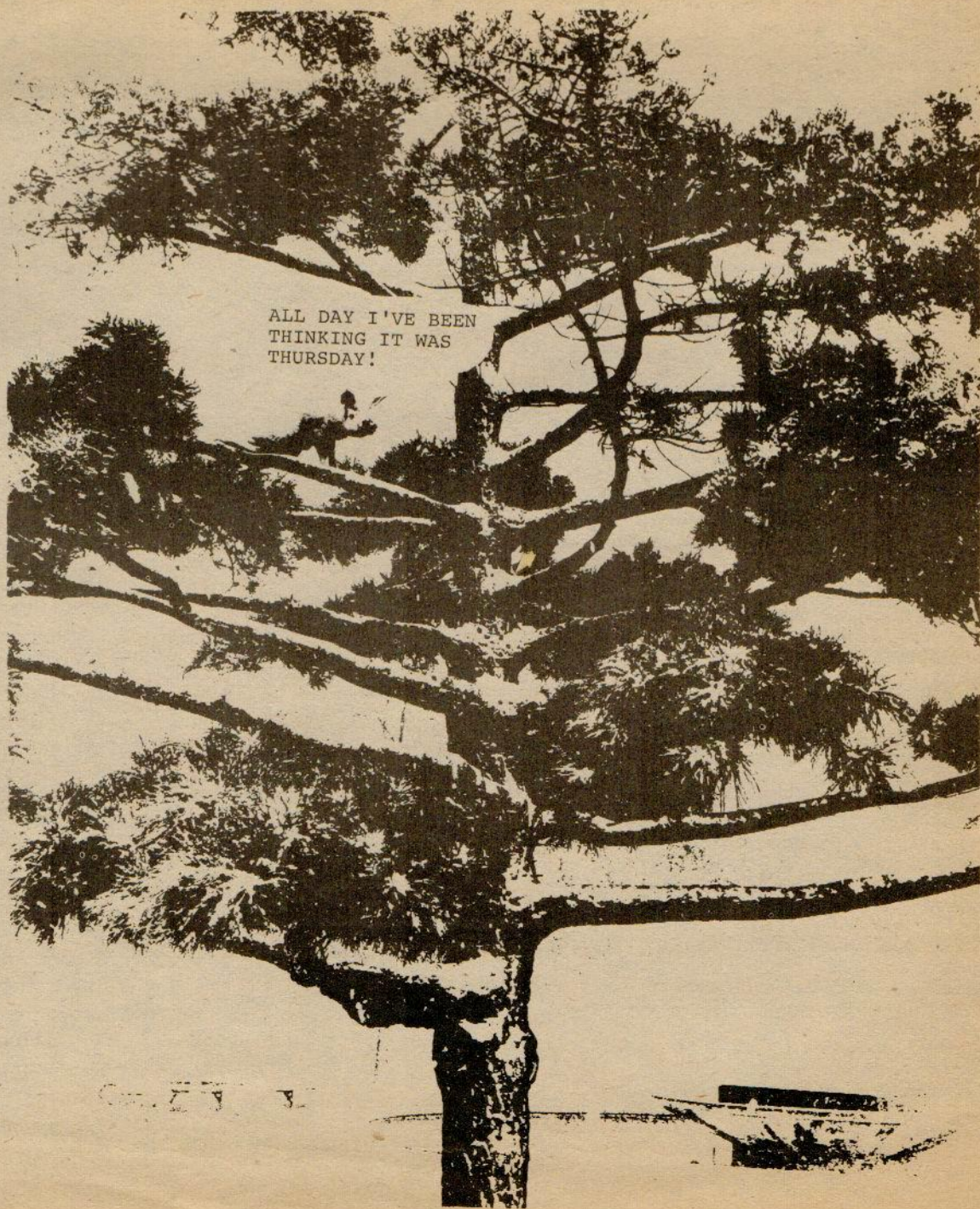
When Howlin' Wolf was in town, his band came down after doing time at the Colonial. When James Cotton was in town, he made it down after paying his dues at the Ex. And when Buddy Miles came down to play, he brought the house down.

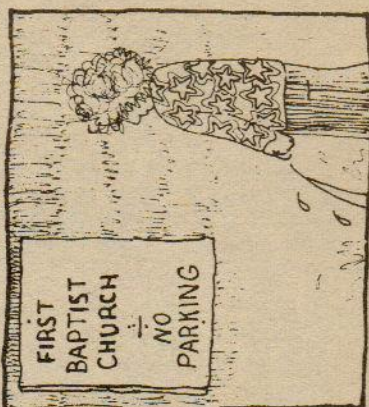
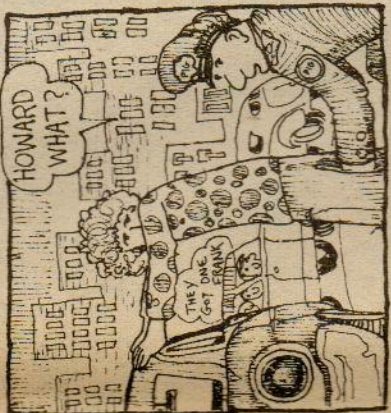
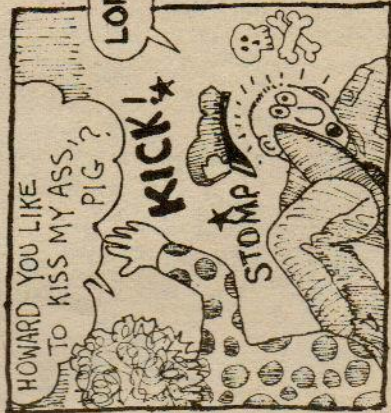
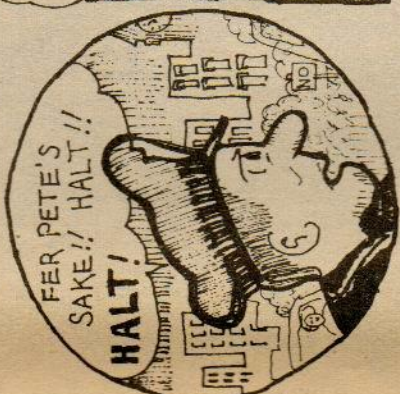
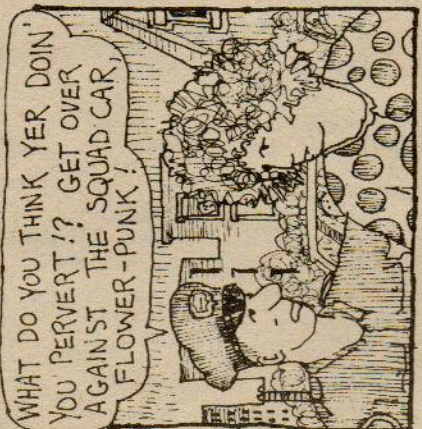
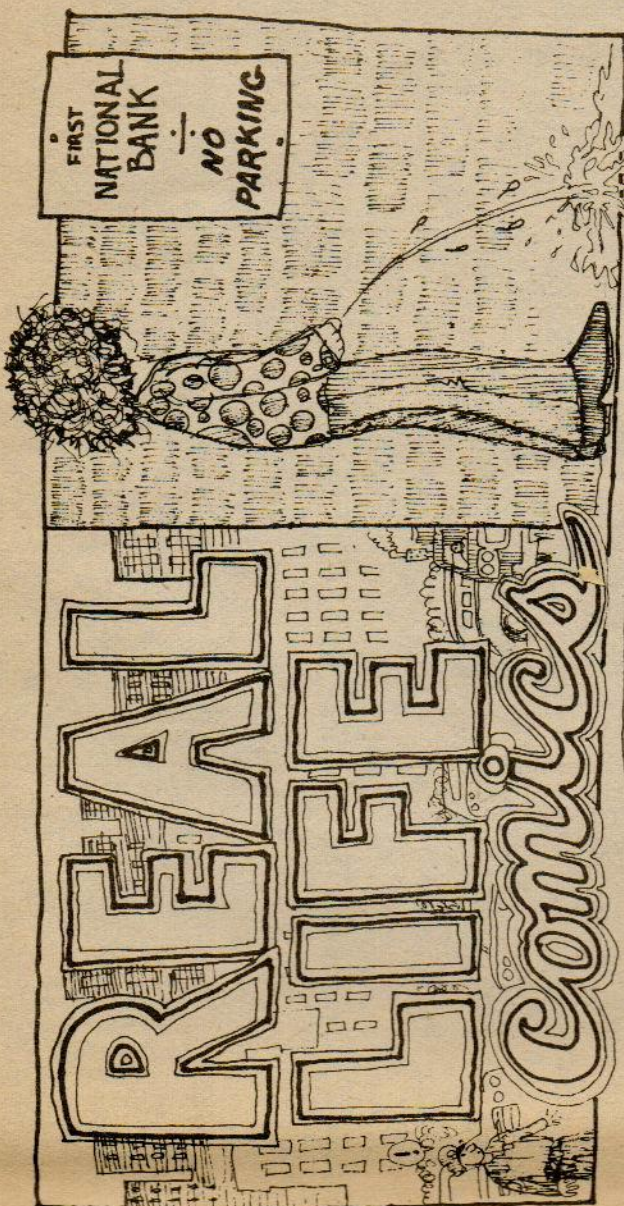
But the scene at Grossman's isn't just for the big names. After awhile, Monday night became jam night, and musicians from all over T.O. started coming down to be a part of Canada's only blues bar. People from McKenna Mendelsohn, Luke and the Apostles, and Kensington Market, to name a few, were always down there, digging and playing the blues.

And the amazing thing is that after nine months of playing "Mojo", Hoochie Kootchie Man, and "My Babe", Downchild's is still playing the blues. More sophisticated stuff, now, B. B. King, Jimmy Witherspoon, Bobby Bland Stuff, but it's still the low-down dirty old blues. The personnel has changed with the addition of David Woodward on sax and the reappearance, in better form than ever, of big Rick Walsh, but the nucleus of John Tanti on drums, Jim Milne on Fender bass, and Don Walsh, leading and playing guitar perfectly with an occasional reminiscence on harp, is still solid.

The band has seen changes, had hassles, and drifted towards rock at times. It's been so poor that they used to have to pass the hat to buy their beer. It has lived through nights where three amps all die within one set. But Downchild's Band is making it. And the Spadina-Baldwin-Kensington community is making it. And to a large extent, determination to make something better is helping the band and the community to make it together.

Pine tree courtesy of Cash Wall
Pig courtesy of Dick Bennet





MEANWHILE...
IN ANOTHER
PART OF
THE CITY...



The great speckled bird

WIGHT IS HEAVY

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Fun with numbers

TOM HAS \$1600 AND WANTS TO SCORE FROM BILL. BILL HAS KEYS OF BLACK FOR \$1000 HALVES FOR \$500.
HOW DOES BILL GIVE TOM \$1600 WORTH OF BLACK?
?

CONNECT THE DOTS

SPEED TEST NO. 3

ANSWER: 160 DIMES

DID YOU KNOW?

IN THE TIME IT TAKES TO READ THIS, YOU COULD HAVE SCORED, SOMEONE, SOMETHING, SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW.

IT WOULD BE A BETTER WORLD IF WE ALL DEDICATED THIS CARTOON STRIP TO AMBROSE BIERCE, WHO GOT HUNG UP IN MEXICO. BUT WE WON'T.

ALI STASH HAS BEEN SMUGGLING DRUGS INTO NORTH AMERICA FOR TWENTY YEARS
AND HAS NOT BEEN CAUGHT YET!

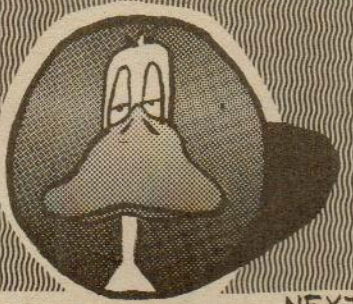
ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S QUIZ
PLEAD
GUILTY

IDENTIFY THIS FAMOUS VOICE

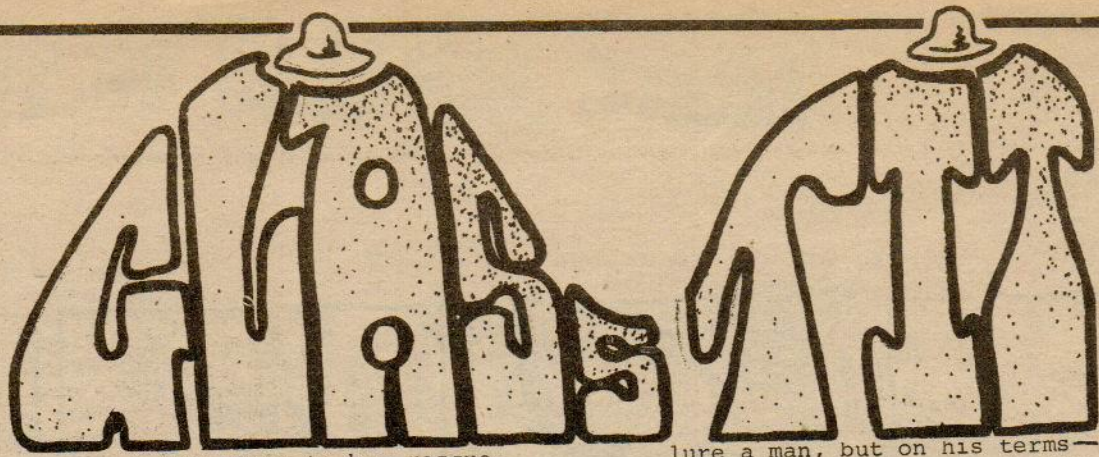


PLACE RIGHT EAR HEAR

BE KIND TO YOUR WEBFOOTED FRIENDS



SPACEDUCK NEXT ISSUE



The

Television is a vast wasteland of quiz shows, soap operas, situation comedies, variety shows and old movies, supported by big business in the form of advertising. Almost everyone finding himself alone at one time or another with the TV, has experienced the inane programming and rude commercials. The networks and sponsors have chosen the blandest common denominator of us all to grind through the cultural pageants. Thus Gomer Pyle joins the Marine; the Beverly Hillbillies come to Hollywood; Maxwell Smart chases the enemy; Marshall Dillon cleans up Dodge City.

Network executives excuse themselves on the grounds that they give the public what it wants. In reality, their main concern is not the public, but the sponsor who pays for the show and wants to sell his products. Big Business is in fact, increasingly dependant for its profits on the medium of television which provides a mass audience of potential consumers. It is important to realize the interdependency of the corporation and the network. Since one cannot exist without the other the product and the program go hand in hand.

Television programs depict us as basically white, anglo-saxon Protestants in search of the middle class dream precisely because it is in the interest of network and sponsor that we aspire to a family life in the suburbs with all the necessary accoutrements to be bought along the way. Although the process of bourgeoisitization has not been fully realized, it is important to realize its effect on people's consciousness. As Todd Gitlan pointed out in a recent issue of Leviathan, "T.V. programs narrow and flatten consciousness--to tailor everyman's worldview to the consumer mentality, to placate political discontent....to level class consciousness."

A dual image of women is projected by television ads. The "house-wife-drudge" is urged to buy detergent, floor wax, furniture polish, food products and other items to make household tasks easier. The "sexmate", on the other hand, needs feminine deodorant soap and spray, hair coloring, cosmetics, padded bras, and girdles.

To understand the full dimensions of this duality, we need to examine specific ads. In one ad a man asks "What is your favourite cleaning cloth?" Woman answers: "My husbands old pajamas." Man, "Why not use Viva paper towels instead?" The ad finishes with scenes showing the woman cleaning every room in the house with paper towels. In another ad, a woman is seen standing in her kitchen, mop and pail in hand, admiring her freshly scrubbed floor. A neighbour bursts in: "Bambi Baxter, how'd you turn your solid floor into stripes?" Conclusions: "Heavy Duty Top Job cleans shades lighter!" In another we hear a soothing man's voice: "We all know how it feels to cook something new...Its scary...Chef Boyardee brings you rice dinners." Again a man's voice assures us: "A mother knows, Love Care and Orange-flavoured Bayer Aspirin for Children work wonders." Finally, we see a bedraggled housewife sorting laundry into two piles--one for cold water wash in a special cold water soap; the other for a hot water wash. She is confused about which pieces go in which pile. Then

a man comes to her rescue with Cheer: "The one detergent for all your laundry. No more sorting; no more special detergents." The housewife smiles, relieved: "Oh thank you sir! Now I don't have to think any more!"

These ads tell us, first of all, that women do housework: we scrub floors, do general cleaning, wash clothes, cook and care for children. These ads tell us too, that women are willing to believe in fantasies (or downright lies): that you can clean house with paper towels, that you can change the colour of a floor with the right detergent. These ads tell us that women are dumb: subtly as in the ad for Chef Boyardee; explicitly in the ad for Cheer. It is not enough to require women to do the drudge work; we are expected to be to syupid to figure out how to do it for ourselves. The ads are presented by men: men describe the products and give directions for their use.

Housework however is only part of the story. In his search for new markets, the capitalist conceives of women as sex objects as a lucrative new field. He designs new products, projects the image to the viewers and increases his profits. We hear for example; What I like about Nice'n Easy--it lets me be me. "And we see a sexy girl with long flowing hair. In another ad we see a husband watching a football game on TV. His wife flirts with him, but is unable to get his attention. Someone is singing: "How long since someone called you Baby?" The wife takes a shower with Skin Mist soap and goes back to her husband who grabs her into her lap. It is halftime in the game.

A man tells us in another ad: "A woman is a harder thing to be than a man. She has more feelings...New anti-perspirant Secret for a woman's extra feelings." In another: "Introducing Fem Iron--the very feminine iron tablet."

We see scenes of sexy women cavorting with men. In another ad a boy relates his concern for skin. His father is a dermatologist; his mother an exotic dancer. His girl has everything--looks, personality, money--but her skin does not come up to his standards. She needs Love Cosmetics

In these ads, a woman's physical appearance is seen as her most important attri-



Madelaine's Modesty Course

bute. She must be beautiful to please her man. Again we are expected to believe in fantasies such as hair coloring, perfume and padded bras which help us really be ourselves! We are told that women are different from men, emotionally and physically, and that there are special products for our special needs. (There is a definite recent trend in this direction. To date we have our own cigarette, soda, iron tablet, deodorant spray and vaginal spray. Who knows what wonders lie on the drawing boards of the major corporations at this moment?) We learn that if we buy the right product, we will be able to

lure a man, but on his terms--viz. the Skin Mist ad, during the half-time of the game. We must be a total package; we must meet his standards; what we are not naturally, we must make ourselves out to be--viz. the ad for Love Cosmetics.

The housewife-sexmate duality in television advertising is very effective because women do not identify with one aspect of the image alone. We go after the whole thing: We clean house, cook, care for the children, trying all the while to maintain our girlish figures, our youthful complexion and enthusiasm. To help us believe, Saniflush presents an attractive, well-dressed woman cleaning the toilet; Lemon Pledge shows us a beautiful woman singing and dancing around the room as she polishes her furniture; Palmolive Dishwashing Liquid suggests that dishwashing can improve our hands. Many of us break our backs trying to realize the dream, the synthesis of housewife-sexmate. Many of us fall down along the way, victims of nervous breakdowns, schizophrenia, and sheer exhaustion. But few realize the oppression of the system which propels them unrelentlessly toward rotten goals.

A number of ads, such as the Love Cosmetics one described above, are aimed at young girls. They are clearly being programmed to be like their mothers: To cook, to groom themselves, to please a man. Teenage boys, on the other hand, are urged to further their education or train for a job. In a public service announcement, a group of drop-

secretary; Julia, a Negro nurse, widow and mother; agent 99, wife of Maxwell Smart, this year pregnant with twins; Samantha, the gorgeous witch. Occasionally a new character is cast into an old mold. This year NBC is advertising Debbie Reynolds as the "Housewife of the Year." Sometimes an outcast will appear, such as Bernadette Devlin on the "Tonight Show," but these are rare exceptions.

Television is controlled and dominated by men. Behind the screen, the top executives are men; the producers, directors, writers, technicians are all men. Look at the credits. Men present the ads and the public service announcements. Men host the game shows. The news is made by men. The cowboys, spies, detectives, cops, lawyers, doctors are all men. Guests on talk shows are predominantly men.

Not only do men outrank and outnumber women, television serves as a mouthpiece for male supremacist attitudes. In one day, the following examples were noted: Steve Allen, interviewing a young woman in the audience, commented on how pretty she was. She explained that she was a student majoring in psychology. His response: "I'll bet your psychology professor is a man!" And his final comment: "By the way, what do you call your hair-do?" Ed McMahon, host of Concentration, was talking to a pretty housewife: "Too bad there's a 'Mrs.' in front of your name." At the end of the game which she lost, he consoled her: "Winning is not as important as how you walk out of here in your mini-skirt." On the Hollywood Squares, the following question was asked one of the panelists: "According to Dr. Joyce Brothers, who generally gets the last word in an argument between a husband and wife?" Answer: "The husband, and that's how the wife wants it to be." Another question was: "According to The Wall Street Journal, is going around without a bra a hazard to amply endowed women?" Answer: "Yes, it speeds her physical decline." Sonny and Cher (the hip singing duo) talked about relations between the sexes on the David Frost Show. Sonny: "A woman shouldn't be placed on a pedestal. She may try to get there, but she doesn't want to make it... In our family, I'm the boss; I run

things." Cher: "I agree. A woman is unhappy if she can push a man around." Frost nodded in agreement and concluded: "A woman may try to fight a man, but she really wants to lose."

A day in front of television--very depressing indeed. For a woman with class consciousness, with pride in her sex, it is a brutalizing experience. It is a brutalizing experience for all women, however, because it forces us to engage in a meaningless and dehumanizing struggle for the cleanest floor, the most delicious meal, and the most beautiful body. It restricts our horizons; it denies us choice. Most important, it keeps us so busy we don't realize we're down.

Women do not exist in reality as we are portrayed on television. We are not as rich, nor as beautiful, nor as dumb. But television has the vast resources to lead us down the path to total homogenization and pacification. Women engaged in a struggle for liberation need to point out (and capitalize on) the disparity between the reality and the dream, as well as point out the rottenness of the dream itself, especially as it applies to women. We need to provide an alternative reality to that of the mass media; we need to provide a reality base based on respect, on choice, on opportunity, on productivity and cooperation for every one. The airwaves belong to the people!

Donna Keck LNS

SPRING SONE

What weather of shelters —
our own or anybody's analogs —
feeds down the icecaps to the computers
its song of fallout
this spring?

What crawl of cobalt
cracks the blood count with bells,
dissolves the crystals
and divides the lovebirds in the laboratories
from the dead?

Grasses that hold footprints of ants,
neutrons where the ladybugs go,
all the jets — missiles — milk and roses
the human ear echoes when it hears
in any isotope
or lover's touch
the song of megatons
this spring

Walter Lowenfels

from GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS:
Reassurance for a young and lonely cheese
cake baby doll

Who, watching flickees,
can hold you tight, hippy?
Boys, or Bowery bums,
can just look, and rich
chickees and neat pimps
foam in their briches.
Swinger, you are beyond
gangbangers from schools,
bottles of burgundy,
groovy garter belts,
short men in black.
Fair blonde honey bunch,
believe an older poet,
a tumbler among Latin bards,
that snappy cheesecake shot
of your great bod that hangs
in a cool, nice guy's pad
will bring your man soon.

Michael Phillips

It was loud.
It was dull.
It was colour.
It was as if a noise had scratched the face
and ripped it off.
It was blood and
rolling things,
bones sheared off like tin-foil dolls,
and cars cut up along the arc of crowd,
a flare sent up like tin-foil dolls, a paper game of
to walk across some eye
that had been walking far
and it was black as hell
inside the shattered teeth.
D.S./69.

that I never started in the first place. When the end of the beginning
meet I shall see the you and realize that was where we were in the
first place. know that the end of it is there from the beginning of the thought.
I never gave a thought is to all core of the beginning I would never
when you want a thing... its always there. maybe that is why if
I understood your hunger I would never be you.

from ROMIOSSINI -- THE STORY OF THE GREEKS

I
These trees will not submit to a lesser sky.
These stones will not submit to a foreign stride.
These faces submit only to the Sun.
These hearts submit only to Justice.

This land, hard as silence,
presses the smouldering rocks to its bosom
hugs orphaned olive trees and vineyards in the sunlight.
Its teeth are clenched.
There is no water. Only the sun.
The road is lost in sunlight,
and the shadows of the village wall is iron.
Trees and streams and voices
turn to marble in the quicklime of the sun.
The root trips on the marble.
Spiny shrubs covered with dust, mules, boulders. All are panting.
There is no water. All have been thirsting for years.
All have been chewing on a mouthful of silence
to choke down their bitterness.

Their eyes have reddened from restless sleep.
A deep furrow is wedged between their brows
like a cypress between mountains at sunset.

Their hands have become part of the rifle.
The rifle extends their hands.
Their hands extend their souls.
Upon their lips is anger
and deep deep in their eyes
like a star reflected in a hallow of salt
sorrow and eternal longing: the Greek kaimo.

When they clench their fists, the sun is assured for all mankind.
When they smile, a tiny swallow darts from their unruly beards.
When they are killed, life surges onward with their flags and drums.

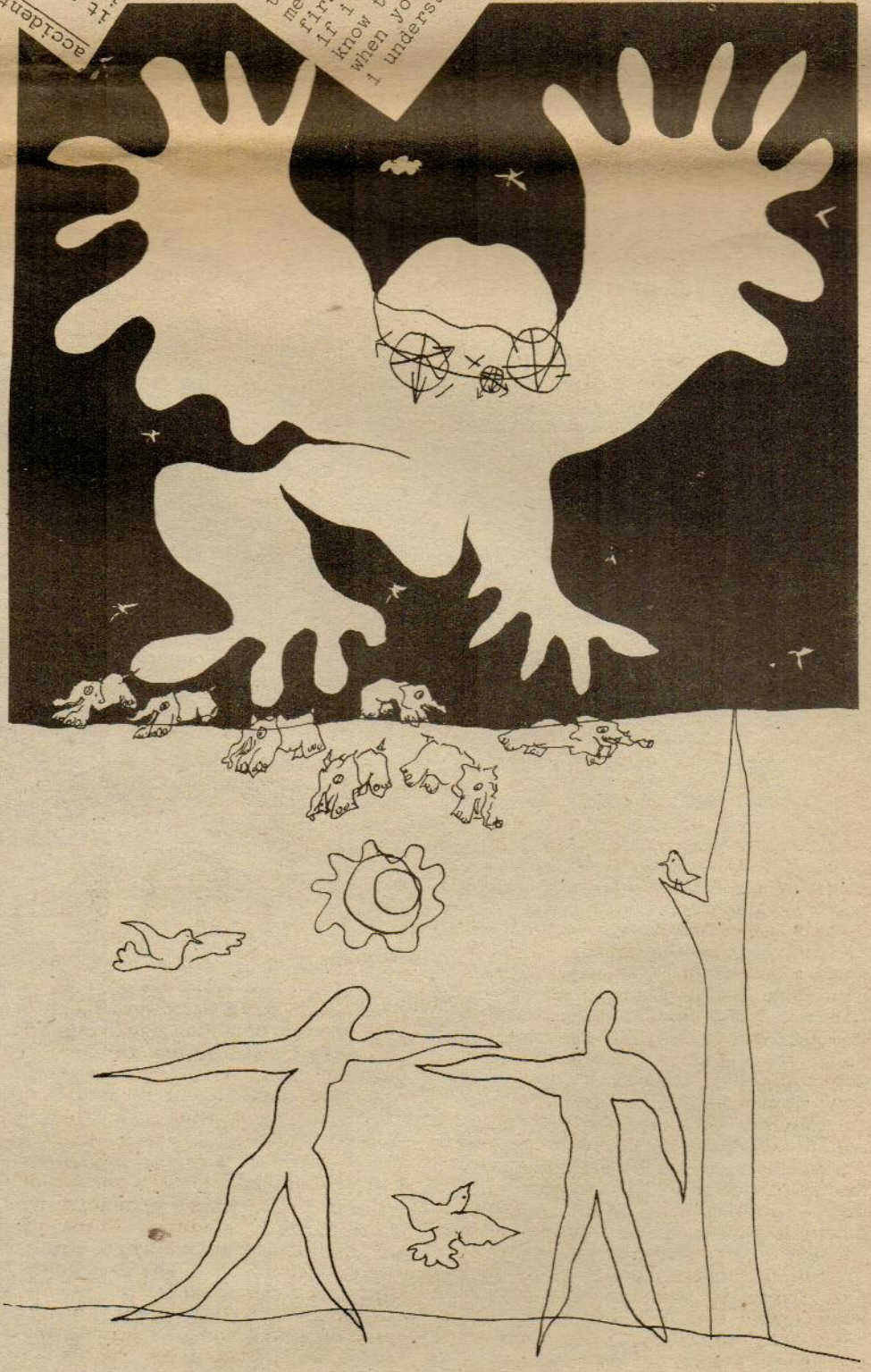
So many years all were hungerihg, all were thirsting, all were bein
all were being killed
in the desperate siege of land and sea.
Flames charred their valleys, Brine saturated their homes.
Winds blew down their doors and scattered the lilacs of the square.
Death entered and left thru the holes in their overcoats.
Their tongues grew acrid as the cypress cone.
Their dogs perished, wrapped in their master's shadows.
Now, the rain beats down upon their bones.

Upon their strongholds they hardened like rocks in silent vigil,
smoking horsedung and the night,
scanning the tormented sea where the broken mast of the moon
was swallowed.

They have no more bread. No more ammunition.
Only their hearts are left to fill the cannons.

So many years beseiged by land and sea,
starved, slaughtered, they have endured.
High up on their outposts their eyes still shine
(a huge flag, a great bright fire)
and from their hands each dawn a thousand doves
soar out toward the four gates of the horizon.

Yannis Ritsos



UNDERBERG

This is a complex service organization in the field of visual communication, concerned mainly with alphabets and words. Fine craftsmanship and a continuing awareness of trends, developments and refinements in graphic design, combined with

BUT...

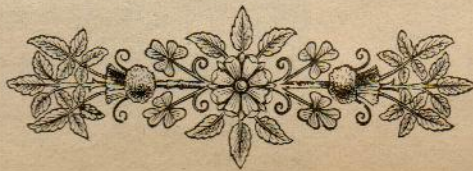


Celebrate everything with it.

“You’d think after all this time they’d have learned to stick the label on straight”

I ARIES—XIII

I am bored with it all.
Here I sit. I am omniscient. I am omnipotent. I am omnipresent. I am divine. I am supreme. I am ineffable. I am, in short, God. But I am condemned to look out interminably in all directions into an impenetrable void.
Small wonder that wretched, horn-tailed ingrate walked out on me.
If only I had *something* to do! *Something creative!*
I am omnibored.



I think I fancy a little miracle...



Dig FOOD? 135 dundas west downstairs

What does douching have to do with your

HUSBAND?

No.



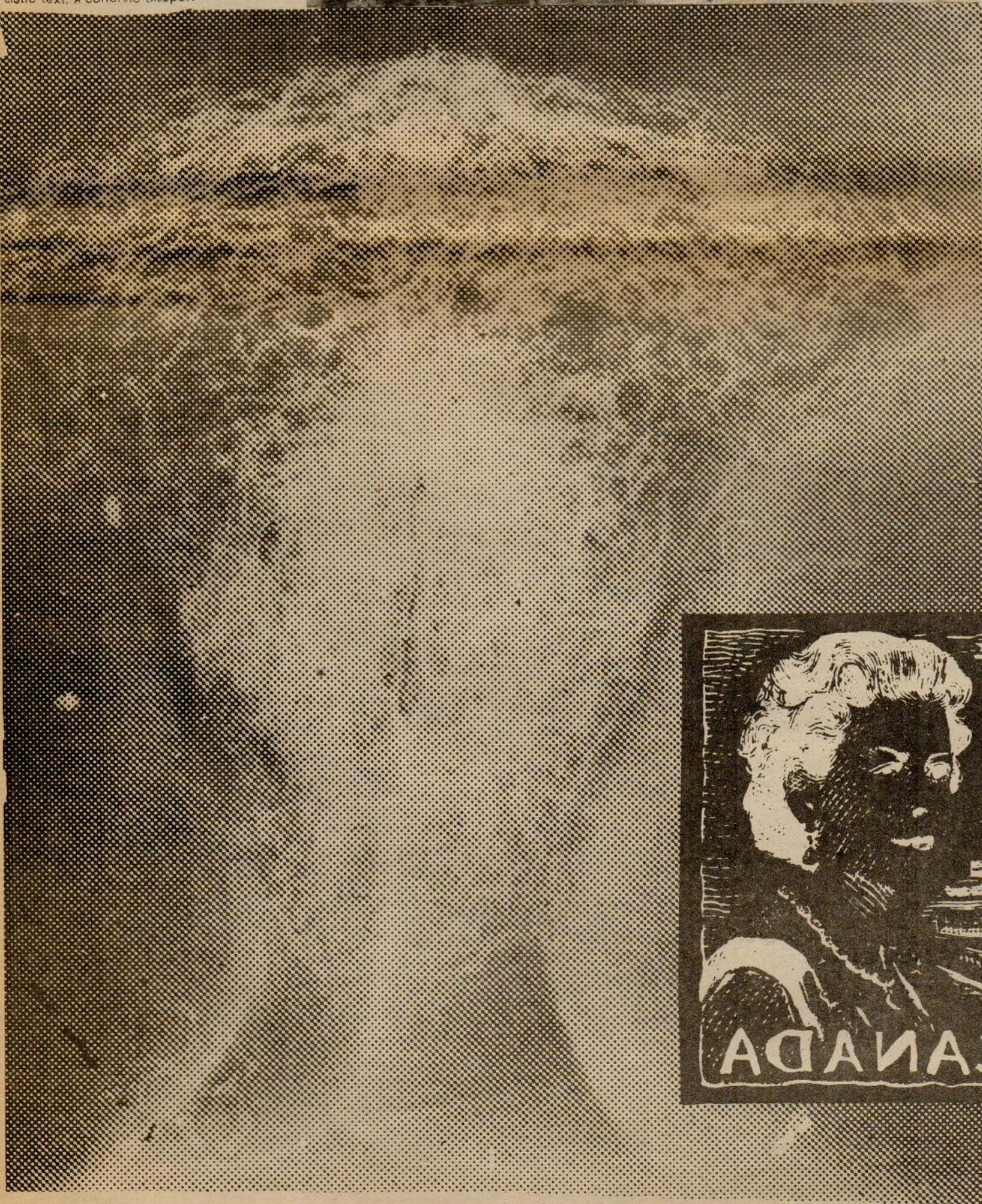
OVER!

SIGNS OF LIFE Tamio Wakayama
 72 pp. cloth, \$4.95
 A book of superlative photographs taken in the southern U.S., of the Indians & Metis of Saskatchewan, the Joukhovure, and of children & nudes. Soon to be available in a paperback edition (\$2.95).

MADE IN CANADA
 from the collection of Michel Lambeth
 32 pp. paperback, \$1.50
 Photographs of Toronto circa 1910 produced by a handful of anonymous Canadian photographers. "A body of work which is astounding in its optic perception of the time in which they lived."

SEARCH FOR TALENT Coach House Archives
 Facsimile edition, \$1.49
 A reproduction of nine glossy 'Artsize' prints found in Spedden, Alberta by Stan Bevington. A revelation of banal photographic images; it is here that The Coach House Press gives voice to Tricky Dick's 'silent majority'

EXCELLENT ARTICLES OF JAPAN
 Assembled in one sitting by David Rosenberg
 Boxed \$1.98
 Created by the editor of The Ant's Forefoot, this Pandora's box of words & images is both an exercise in natural juxtaposition and a linguistic text. A concrete sleeper.



The Coach House Press
 401 Huron Street (rear), Toronto 181, Canada



THE MEDIUM IS A MESS\$

In this brief we could deal with the enormous control of this country's media by a few wealthy groups and people. Newspaper chains such as Southam Press own large numbers of papers in every part of the country and often control other mediums such as television and radio i.e. Maclean's owns a large Toronto radio station among others things. These persons and companies are usually into other corporate adventures outside the media, i.e. John Bassett controls the Tely, CFTO television and part of Maple Leaf Gardens. This practically absolute control over the vast majority of the Canadian media by a few individuals can only be harmful, it is silly to expect these groups to do anything other than protect their own interests and those of their associates. Freedom of the press is very much a joke when the only people who have the equipment for mass communications are the wealthy.

We could also deal with

news to warrant a paper every day of 80-100 pages. Serious consideration should be given to whether or not the daily papers are worth this amount of damage to our trees. Added to this of course is all the advertising for useless products and the promotion of so-called progress which further rapes our resources and environment. Underground papers solve this problem by coming out less frequently and sticking to a smaller size, not that we have much choice at present. Keep Canada green, don't buy daily newspapers!

The printed word is becoming an obsolete medium, people are receiving much more information and entertainment from radio and television. Freedom of the press becomes increasingly meaningless when there is no freedom of the air. Applications for radio or television stations are almost sure to be refused unless backed by some wealthy party, a \$50,000 bond among other things, sees to this. The

costs on the sales alone, what advertisers there are are usually small businesses in sympathy with the ideas of the papers. Some advertisers exert some control or at least try to, it is common for advertisers to be lost because of the papers insistence on being open. A number large record companies including Columbia have discontinued their advertising in the more political papers. This hit a number of papers very heavily, but we should not be dependant upon large corporations as they stand for what we are against.

If one looks through the average daily paper, the amount of news that is of any importance to the average person is shockingly low. We are in danger of word pollution, so much is being said of so little importance that people no longer listen. Much of the news is manufactured, press releases by government officials, speeches calling for this and that, and reports on sports events which seem to be the modern equivalent of bread and circuses. A prime example are the woman's pages which are an insult to any intelligent woman; it is assumed that a woman's whole world consists of fashions, recipes, children and Ann Landers gossip. All of this reinforces the myths that keep this society functioning to the detriment of most of its members.

Daily papers like to give the impression of objectivity in their stories, they try to do this by removing emotions and human responses from the stories, biases remain of course, but they become more obscure because of the ritualized rhetoric of newspaper reporting. Reporters are often sent into situations that they are unfamiliar with and after talking to a few people, are expected to give a fair summary of what is happening. If a true picture is gotten from this process it is an accident. The underground prefers to let people's biases, emotions and sense of humour be up-front, articles are often flagrantly non-objective, but everyone is aware of this and allows for it. Rather than sending a person into a situation, the underground prefers to have a person involved in the situation write about it. Writing quality may occasionally suffer but a truer picture is gained of the event or situation. Good Underground papers are often active in making the news that they write, sometimes so busy that they are too busy making things happen to report on them.

There are often very great differences in the structures of underground and overground papers. Daily papers have the same hierarchal structure as other corporations, where orders and decisions come from the

top, down, and individual initiative ignored and any sort of collective consciousness crushed. Decisions on an underground paper are often made collectively, if a person doesn't like things the way they are, they can leave without losing their income (because staff members often have none!) In many cases dissatisfied staff members have begun their own papers.

Censorship and a sterile format make daily papers an especially uncreative medium, limitations on language extend to more than just deleting fucks and shits. This whole question is dealt with thoroughly in Marcuse's One Dimensional Man and is a bit lengthy for here. People are de-personalized by the use of stereo-typed terms such as hippies (a favourite topic in the newspapers request for something that people will bother to read) or by referring to them as a role, i.e. housewife or accountant. Imagination and emotion are truncated not just by the format and the "responsible" nature of the paper, but as well by the type of people who are able to survive the newspaper system, i.e. unimaginative and unemotional. Except for the occasional outside expert, the community at large isn't expected to participate in the production of a publication. The exception to this is the letters column, and here the letters are often edited into meaningless. Underground papers on the other hand, invite the community to participate in the creation of a communications medium.

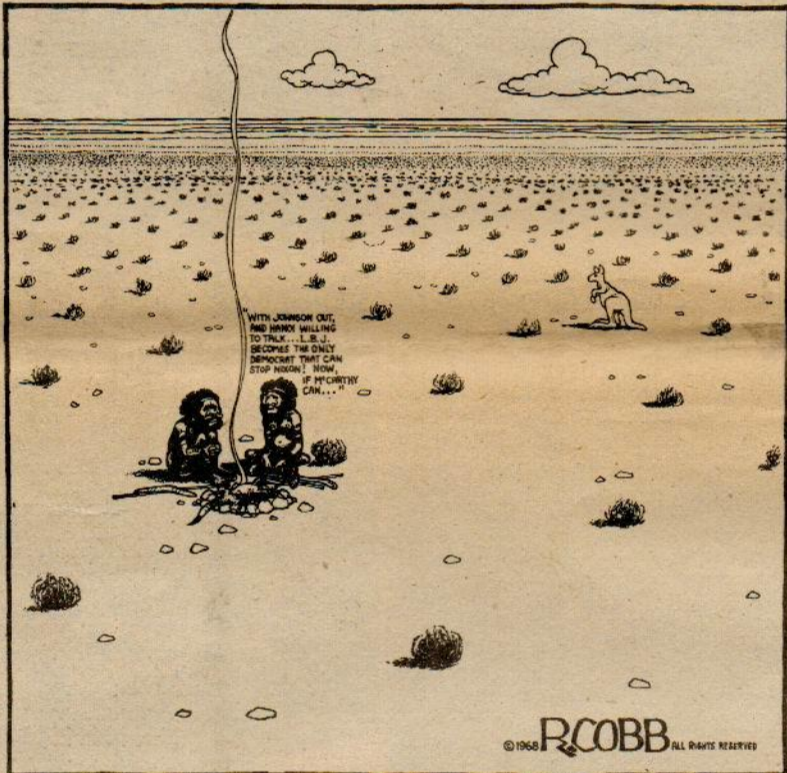
A crass example of blatant press slander against an honourable minion:



Judge Hoffman is said by many to have made dubious judicial decisions.

This is the most important point, underground papers usually arise more or less spontaneously in response to the needs of the community rather than the pursuit of profit. Their goal is a well developed self governing community. The traditional role of the mass media has been to prevent, make money off, or destroy any community.

dgb



editorship, and the distortions that these papers use to maintain and extend the control of this country's ruling elite. There is nothing new in this, its well known, although not always admitted by anyone who is familiar with the media. It would be totally unexpected and atypical if the government did anything about it. It would be wasting paper to deal with this much talked about problem any further. What will be discussed in the brief are the tremendous waste of resources by daily newspapers, restrictions on other mediums, the control of advertisers, the trivial nature of many news stories, the myth of reporter objectivity, the structure of mass media, and the limitations on creativity, involvement and language in the mass media.

It has been estimated that the New York Sunday Times requires 150 acres of trees for one edition. It is a very large paper of course, but it can be used as an example of the tremendous amount of our resources that are consumed. Multiplied by all the Papers in the U.S. and Canada, it is a very large factor in the destruction of our forests. Seventy per cent of the average newspaper is Advertising and of the rest, all but about five per cent is trivialities and manufactured news. A glance through the average daily newspaper shows that there is simply not enough

cost of the equipment for these is of course very high, but one never hears of the government offering to subsidize community controlled mediums, the CBC is scarcely distinguishable from the private networks. As well, radio and television are the most advertising oriented and heavily censored mediums. Free the Air!

Advertiser control is a considerable problem. Eaton's and other large department stores have been among the biggest advertisers, they have also been handing out a lot of shit to their employees, such as firing older ones to give their store a youth image, but one never reads about this. The newspapers obsequiously send out reporters to every Eaton's function and play it up as news, but in other articles it is always referred to as "a large downtown department store". One article told of a bank robber's flight from one large downtown department store south across Queen St. and into another large department store. "Likewise it is unknown for daily papers to deal thoroughly with the destructiveness of the automobile and products of other large advertisers.

In the underground we are far less dependent on advertising, a daily paper costs three or four times what it sells for and the difference must be made up in advertising, an underground paper can often cover

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

STRANGE



THE BIBLE TO-DAY OFFERS ANSWERS TO THE QUESTION WHAT DO I DO UNTILL JESUS GETS BACK

DONT LOOK NOW GIRLS BUT.. IF IM NOT MISTAKEN THAT ALIEN BEING IS A MALE!

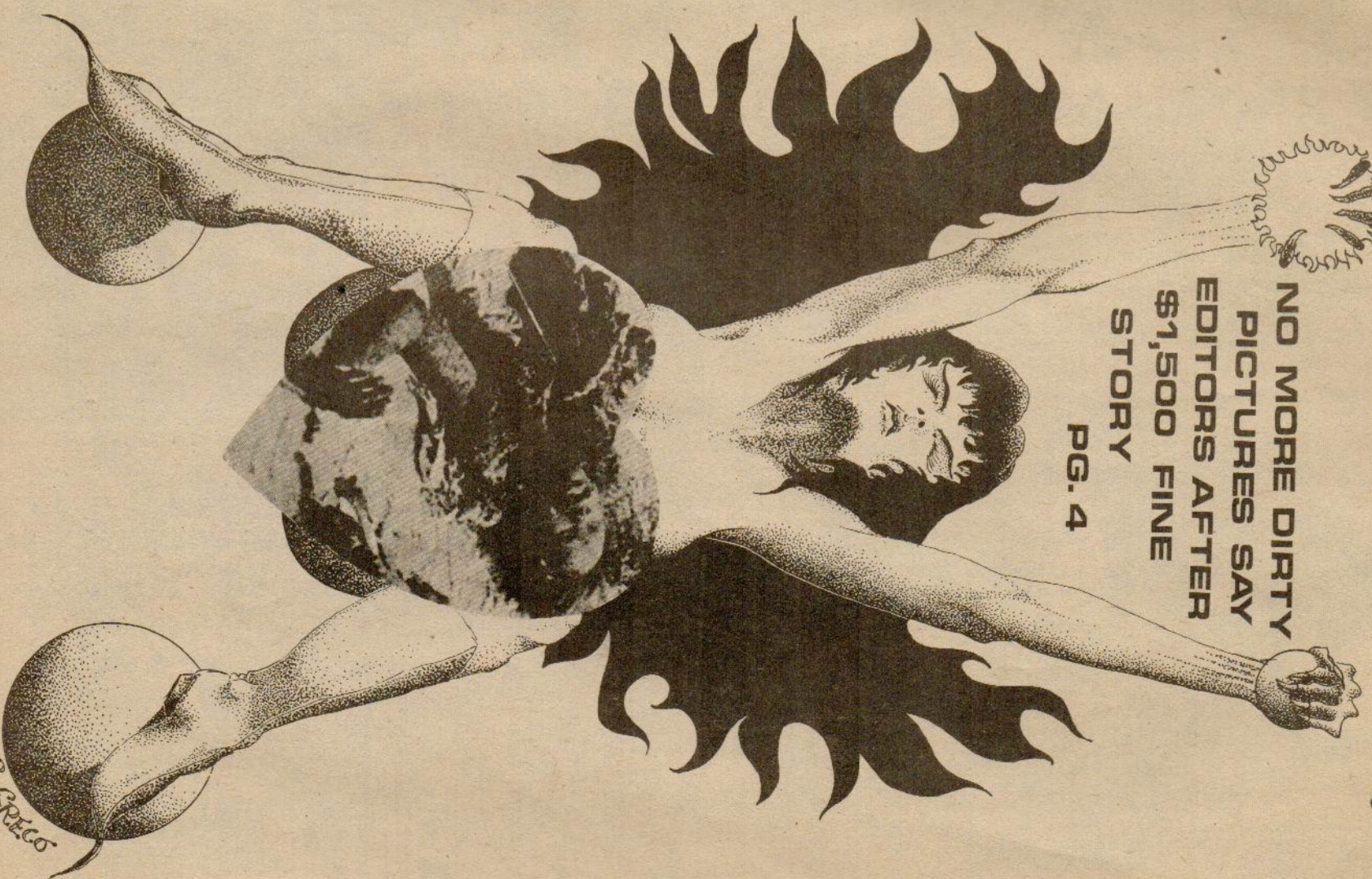
DOOEE I VAUNT MEK FOCK MIT YOU!

RICK BATE

THE BRITISH REPENT'S

NO MORE DIRTY PICTURES SAY EDITORS AFTER \$1,500 FINE STORY

PG. 4



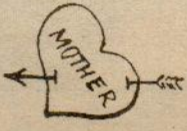
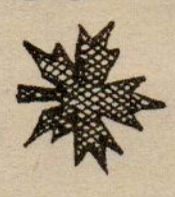
THIS IS A RELIGIOUS PUBLICATION BUY AT OWN RISK

THE BRITISH

THE BOBS KILLER



TORONTO'S BEST ROCK & BLUES BANDS AT THE



GLOBAL VILLAGE MAR-8
ELECTRIC CIRCUS MAR-12

8 PM

8 PM