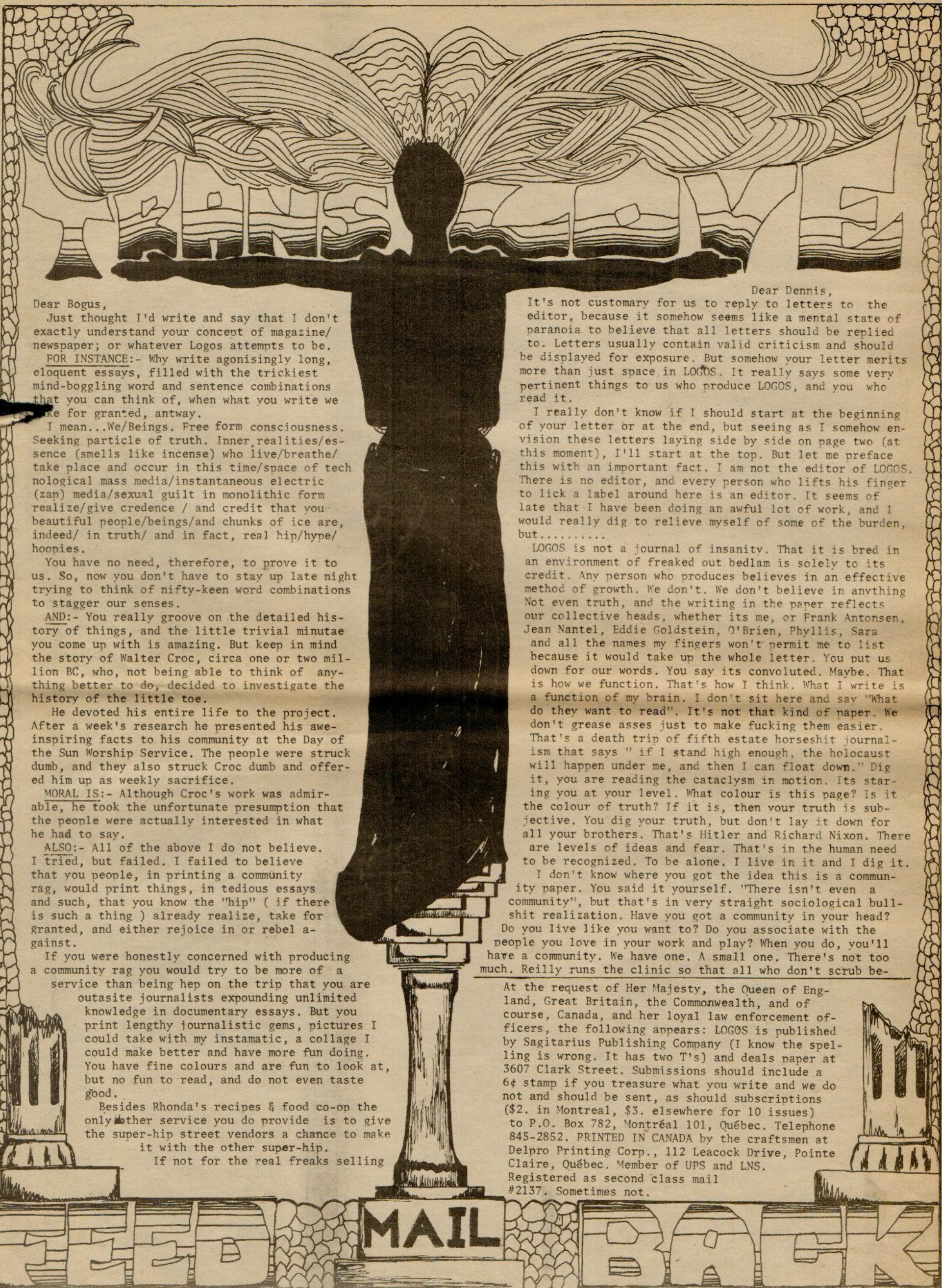




VOLUME 2
NUMBER 4

SEPTEMBER

MEL
25
¢
35¢ ELSEWHERE



Dear Bogus,

Just thought I'd write and say that I don't exactly understand your concept of magazine/newspaper; or whatever Logos attempts to be.

FOR INSTANCE:- Why write agonisingly long, eloquent essays, filled with the trickiest mind-boggling word and sentence combinations that you can think of, when what you write we can be granted, anyway.

I mean...We/Beings. Free form consciousness. Seeking particle of truth. Inner realities/essence (smells like incense) who live/breathe/take place and occur in this time/space of technological mass media/instantaneous electric (zap) media/sexual guilt in monolithic form realize/give credence / and credit that you beautiful people/beings/and chunks of ice are, indeed/ in truth/ and in fact, real hip/hype/hoopies.

You have no need, therefore, to prove it to us. So, now you don't have to stay up late night trying to think of nifty-keen word combinations to stagger our senses.

AND:- You really groove on the detailed history of things, and the little trivial minutiae you come up with is amazing. But keep in mind the story of Walter Croc, circa one or two million BC, who, not being able to think of anything better to do, decided to investigate the history of the little toe.

He devoted his entire life to the project. After a week's research he presented his awe-inspiring facts to his community at the Day of the Sun Worship Service. The people were struck dumb, and they also struck Croc dumb and offered him up as weekly sacrifice.

MORAL IS:- Although Croc's work was admirable, he took the unfortunate presumption that the people were actually interested in what he had to say.

ALSO:- All of the above I do not believe. I tried, but failed. I failed to believe that you people, in printing a community rag, would print things, in tedious essays and such, that you know the "hip" (if there is such a thing) already realize, take for granted, and either rejoice in or rebel against.

If you were honestly concerned with producing a community rag you would try to be more of a service than being hep on the trip that you are outasite journalists expounding unlimited knowledge in documentary essays. But you print lengthy journalistic gems, pictures I could take with my instamatic, a collage I could make better and have more fun doing. You have fine colours and are fun to look at, but no fun to read, and do not even taste good.

Besides Rhonda's recipes & food co-op the only other service you do provide is to give the super-hip street vendors a chance to make it with the other super-hip.

If not for the real freaks selling

Dear Dennis,

It's not customary for us to reply to letters to the editor, because it somehow seems like a mental state of paranoia to believe that all letters should be replied to. Letters usually contain valid criticism and should be displayed for exposure. But somehow your letter merits more than just space in LOGOS. It really says some very pertinent things to us who produce LOGOS, and you who read it.

I really don't know if I should start at the beginning of your letter or at the end, but seeing as I somehow envision these letters laying side by side on page two (at this moment), I'll start at the top. But let me preface this with an important fact. I am not the editor of LOGOS. There is no editor, and every person who lifts his finger to lick a label around here is an editor. It seems of late that I have been doing an awful lot of work, and I would really dig to relieve myself of some of the burden, but.....

LOGOS is not a journal of insanity. That it is bred in an environment of freaked out bedlam is solely to its credit. Any person who produces believes in an effective method of growth. We don't. We don't believe in anything Not even truth, and the writing in the paper reflects our collective heads, whether its me, or Frank Antonsen, Jean Nantel, Eddie Goldstein, O'Brien, Phyllis, Sara and all the names my fingers won't permit me to list because it would take up the whole letter. You put us down for our words. You say its convoluted. Maybe. That is how we function. That's how I think. What I write is a function of my brain. I don't sit here and say "What do they want to read". It's not that kind of paper. We don't grease asses just to make fucking them easier. That's a death trip of fifth estate horseshit journalism that says " if I stand high enough, the holocaust will happen under me, and then I can float down." Dig it, you are reading the cataclysm in motion. Its staring you at your level. What colour is this page? Is it the colour of truth? If it is, then your truth is subjective. You dig your truth, but don't lay it down for all your brothers. That's Hitler and Richard Nixon. There are levels of ideas and fear. That's in the human need to be recognized. To be alone. I live in it and I dig it.

I don't know where you got the idea this is a community paper. You said it yourself. "There isn't even a community", but that's in very straight sociological bullshit realization. Have you got a community in your head? Do you live like you want to? Do you associate with the people you love in your work and play? When you do, you'll have a community. We have one. A small one. There's not too much. Reilly runs the clinic so that all who don't scrub be-

At the request of Her Majesty, the Queen of England, Great Britain, the Commonwealth, and of course, Canada, and her loyal law enforcement officers, the following appears: LOGOS is published by Sagitarius Publishing Company (I know the spelling is wrong. It has two T's) and deals paper at 3607 Clark Street. Submissions should include a 6¢ stamp if you treasure what you write and we do not and should be sent, as should subscriptions (\$2. in Montreal, \$3. elsewhere for 10 issues) to P.O. Box 782, Montréal 101, Québec. Telephone 845-2852. PRINTED IN CANADA by the craftsmen at Delpo Printing Corp., 112 Leacock Drive, Pointe Claire, Québec. Member of UPS and LNS. Registered as second class mail #2137. Sometimes not.

STRAIGHT RAGS SUCK

The most important thing to realize about the straight press is that it's crooked. The second most important thing to realize is that most of the men who own or manage daily papers, and quite a few of the reporters who churn out copy to fill the spaces between the ads, have brainwashed themselves into a sincere belief that they are defending something called "freedom".

Crooks on a crusade.

Contradiction? Not at all.

As one who has pushed his pen for the straight press here in Montreal for eight years, I think I know its faults, and I also think I know why so many newspapermen persuade themselves that the faults are virtues.

Everyone wants to justify his existence, and what he does with it, in some way. We justify what we do in various ways. Some quite simply believe all the myths of liberal democracy. We're the fourth estate, the public conscience, guardians of freedom.

I wrote Cold War editorials for the Montreal Gazette for six years, and for at least four of those years I sincerely thought I did a hell of a job, which, from the viewpoint of the ruling class, no doubt I did.

Others, realizing that what their own paper prints is 90% crap (at least), manage to idealize some other paper, somewhere over the hill and across the dale, which someday they hope to work for. The Montreal Gazette may be terrible, but there's the Toronto Star, or the New York Times, or the ... Real newspapers, that tell it like it is. Like hell.

Then there are other levels of justification. For example, everyone needs bread to live. And there's the argument that you can always hope to sneak something decent into the paper, past the sensitive nose of your city editor -- opposing the system from within. Not to mention the incestuous satisfaction of knowing what the dirt is, even if your paper won't print it. Nor should one overlook the masochistic joys of lamenting the fact you're a whore.

And so on, and so on. For example: I'm writing an article for Logos; now my conscience is clear, isn't it?

I can't really say to what extent justifications like these are also true of the publishers and managers of newspapers, because I haven't known that many. In my experience, the same thing often applies. And why shouldn't it? Why pass up the psychological tranquilizer of a moral justification when it's the easiest thing in the world to think one up?

Where does that leave us? Should we leave the gentlemen of the straight press alone because they too have feet of clay? No. For the straight press is, indeed, as a growing number of people believe, a conspiracy that needs to be relentlessly exposed.

The point is, it's not some sort of dark, secret conspiracy, dreamed up in a plush board room by Scotch-sipping millionaires who abortle and chuckle as they weave their machizvellian web -- not usually, at any rate.

On the contrary, it's a very open conspiracy, if that is not too much of a contradiction in terms, which is precisely why so many people can't believe it's there, or miss it entirely.

There are two basic conspiracies of the straight press.

The first is the usual capitalist one -- to make money. A newspaper, like any other company, is a business that wants to make a profit. And most -- although not all -- of them do.

But this is only a starting point. Sure, a newspaper in a capitalist, profit-based society must either break even, or be subsidized by some other part of the corporation, such as a job printing plant. But this doesn't really tell much about the content of the paper, apart from the obvious, and very true observation, that a capitalist newspaper isn't going to bite very

hard the capitalist hand that feeds it.

The second conspiracy, although derivative of the first, is far more informative.

A straight newspaper is a social control mechanism, a political pacifier, a brainwashing instrument.

Its basic purpose is not to inform people, but to control people -- in the interests of the establishment, the system, the ruling class, the corporate elite, call it what you will.

I do not know of a single straight newspaper that questions, on a fundamental level, the basic assumption of capitalist society in North America. If there were one, it would not be a straight newspaper.

Sure, there are papers that will support this political party as against that one, or call for the reform of abuses here and there, or approve the ideal of disarmament, or support medicare, or what not.

But this is just swatting mosquitoes.

The purpose of a straight newspaper is to preserve social stability, to act as a social control mechanism. If a straight newspaper calls for reforms -- medicare, shall we say? -- the purpose is not to challenge a social order, but to preserve it, to make sure people don't get too restless and ask fundamental questions.

Does anyone know of a straight newspaper that challenges the legitimacy of power in our society, that fights the injustice of a society in which the elites are drawn from a narrow upper social layer, perpetuating themselves from generation to generation, with new blood co-opted from time to time, on the terms of those in power?

Of course not. In fact, that's how newspapers themselves are run. The Montreal Gazette was, for about a century, run by the elitist Peters-White family. Last fall it was bought out by another elitist group, the Southam newspaper chain, of which the Peters-White family is now a loyal, though subordinate sub-group.

Straight papers will embrace, and report on causes and issues that do not threaten the control of society by a power elite -- such as social welfare, pollution (a favorite issue at the moment; Westmount must be worrying about its life expectancy), corruption, crime etc.

Of course, not all straight papers will support even such moderate reforms. Some indeed are so stupid they think social welfare a work of the devil, failing to appreciate that it's a social insurance policy for upper class, a small price to pay for keeping the natives quiet.

Let's take a look at a recent 40-page issue of the Gazette, and break it down in sections.

The first thing to note is that the Gazette, like most straight papers, is scarcely a newspaper at all, even by the most generous of definitions. Only 10 of its 40 pages deals with "news", including in the term "news" the editorial page and opposite editorial page. And some of these "news" pages are almost entirely advertising.

The other three-quarters of the paper are given over to sports, women's, social, entertainment, business and, of course, ads.

Sports is not news; but don't kid yourself that it's non-political. On the contrary, mass spectator, organized sports, is one of the most important social control mechanisms in the hands of the ruling class, and newspapers milk it for all it is worth for that purpose.

This was illustrated by a recent episode in a fascist comic strip called "Dateline: Danger!" published on the Montreal Star's comic page.

The essence of the comic strip has been a war waged by white men and 'Uncle Tom' Blacks against the Black Power movement in the United States. Target in the war -- the heart and soul of a young Black named Lee Roy, nicknamed 'Legs'.

An 'Uncle Tom' named Danny, a U.S. Congressman named Gray and others take Lee Roy to see a baseball game, the all-American sport that all Americans (and

Concordia Estates says that the area bounded by Hutchison, Ste. Famille, Pine and Milton is homogeneous, and under their scheme to turn the area into plastic towers this area will become heterogeneous. To ensure this turn of events, the city of Montreal has offered its assurances to the Ford Foundation, which has granted money to Concordia to make their plan feasible, that the plan for "Cite Concordia" is socially desirable. The key man in this operation, according to informed sources on the Park Milton Committee, a tenants association of the area, is Lucien Saulnier, chief director of the future of Montreal and chairman of the Executive Council. His approval of such a plan, based on such an entire falsity, is the main link between Ford and Concordia. His responsibility for a scheme, which is diametrically opposed to logic and reality, was charged in a letter to the committee from a Ford Foundation employee.

"We've had nothing but hassles with Saulnier. From the beginning, we asked to have a meeting with him, and we did not have any word back. That was when we had the demonstration to City Hall to demand a meeting with him, and he was out of town, supposedly," said Marti Borgmann of the committee. A Logos interview with Harry Blank, member of the Legislative Assembly of Quebec, for the area in which Park Milton is contained, said that Mr. Saulnier was very much alive and well inside City Hall at the time. "Saulnier called us a liar and said that we sent him a letter asking for an appointment that arrived too late for him to meet with us. We asked him for another meeting, and told him we would be prepared to meet with him on the week of such and such. His secretary called back and said we could have a meeting the next day. We told her that was impossible as we did not have enough time to contact our people and prepare. She said it would be a half hour meeting, at which time we could discuss the problems. Then we received a letter saying that since we had refused to have a meeting, we would have to be put at the end of the list of priorities and wait two to three weeks before having another meeting. We wrote that we would like one before that date, but we would wait, if necessary."

But then, Saulnier decided he had enough to do with the committee (after all, can you expect a servant of the people to do more than that?), and he decided to contact people who had signed the Park-Milton petition to save their (our) area from the bulldozer directly, and bypass the committee which is the representative of the community. So far no one has taken him up on his offer. The petition called for an end to Concordia dominance of the area, and asked the city not to give permission to Concordia to build their ugly monstrosities. "He says he's a busy man and the breakdowns in communications is the committee's fault."

The existence of the committee and its hassles with the city doesn't end there. The committee is planning to set up community ownership of their homes. They plan to incorporate, acquire capital, and develop for themselves a community, free of the oppressive pressures of the Concordia people; establish community pools of labour and co-operation. They originally asked Concordia to develop mini-parks on unused lots, which Concordia did; but failing to admit that the pressure came from the people, it issued a press statement patting itself on the back, and claiming benevolence. (What do you expect from men who used to have a social conscience?)

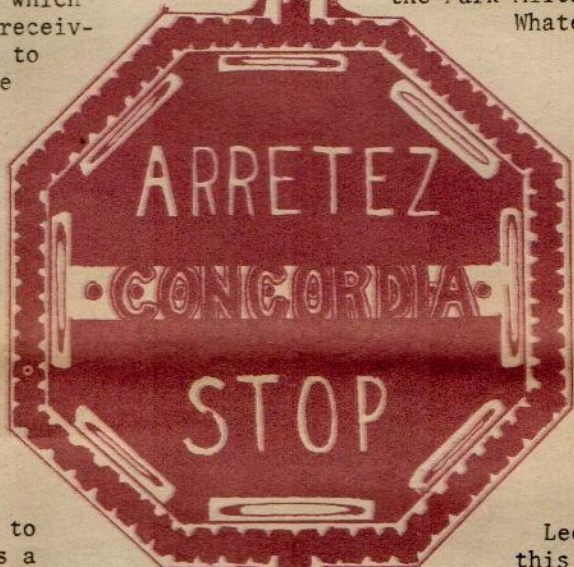
Great West Life Insurance is one of Concordia's backers, financially. Their name has now been muddied with the footprints of Concordia's bouncers, who have been known in the past to evict people forcefully for being a few days late in their rent. The committee hopes that it might be possible to acquire some of Concordia's plans for its own development. But above all, it is the intention of Park/Milton Committee to develop a sense of community. And the initial reaction is excellent. The petition was accepted almost unanimously by Concordia's tenants.

The effects of the Committee have already been felt in the area. Concordia is now embarking on a public relations program (they even invited Logos to a press conference) doing minimal (but well publicized) repairs in the area, increasing garbage collection, but their campaign has had its faults, too. Three fires which caused the death of two people have happened since Concordia announced its plans. But there are buildings in the area that still do not have adequate fire escapes.

Concordia's plans include the virtual demolition of the area to replace it with high-rises and exclusive shops. Presently, there are about 4000 people living in the area, with a minimal percentage living in rooming houses. In fact, the greatest proportion of transient dwellers and single room tenants are in high rise buildings, presently scattered in the area, none of which are scheduled for demolition. Harry Blank claimed that there are many transients and the people who count are families. Outside of the obvious bullshit of this statement, there is still the fraud that this is a cover. It is irrelevant whether a person lives in a room or an apartment or a house.

Hopes for something better are everpresent in everyone whether they live in a room or slumtowel. All the tenants are part of the city, and of Quebec. As such they deserve a fair say in the future of their lives, as far as governments can regulate them. But when businessmen acquire, either through stupidity by politicians, or through the power of their money the right to determine a people's future, it is time to realize that the regulation of commerce is the right of the people, and not vice-versa.

The PARK-MILTON Committee meets every Tuesday evening at 8 p.m. at the University Settlement, 3553 St. Urbain, at which area residents and observers are welcome. They are accessible at 842-1359, and they publish a weekly bulletin called "The Bulldozer", available at stores in the Park-Milton area, as well as at the settlement. Whatever help you can provide is required.



Rags contd...

continued from page three

these days all Montrealers) are supposed to love on pain of being called before the House Un-American Activities Committee. The script explains: "Nobody is aware of the theft of the dynamite from the construction site by Top and Number Two...yet! Lee Roy is standing up in the bleachers shouting at the umpire: "Whatya mean...out? He was safe, ya blind boob!"

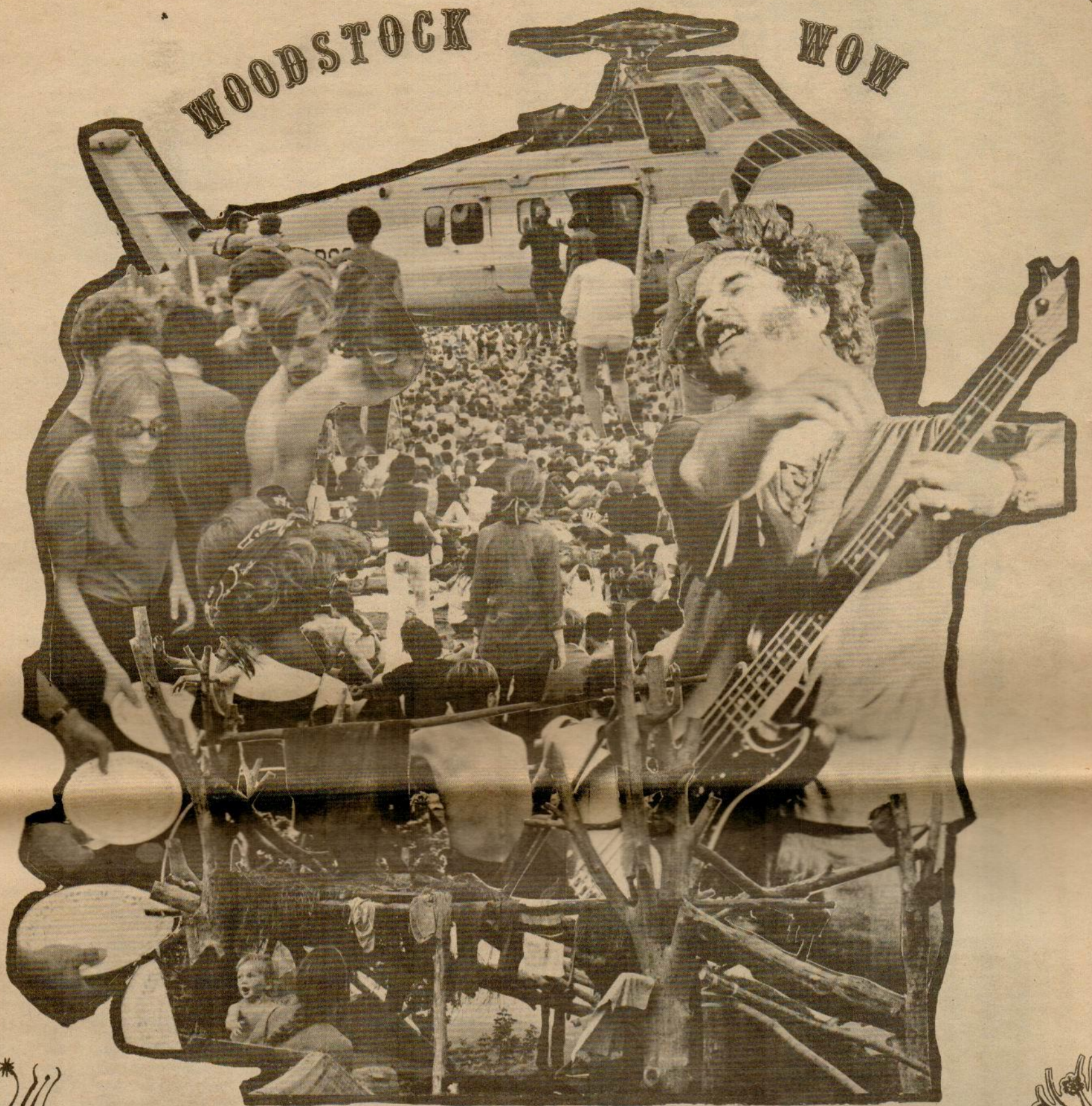
Lee Roy's 'Uncle Tom' gets a little upset by this excessively virile outburst and cautions young Lee Roy: "Easy, Lee Roy! Let's show some respect for authority!" At this point the fatherly Congressman Gray intervenes on Lee Roy's behalf: "Shouting at the umpire is a healthy form of civil disobedience, Danny! Let him enjoy it!" Danny replies (with soul): "Maybe you're right, Congressman Gray, however...when I think of what Legs could be doing, I get cold chills!" And the next frame of the cartoon shows the two Black Power 'fanatics' planting a bomb (cold chills) on the doorstep of, of all people, Congressman Gray, the great white father of all 'Uncle Toms'.

The next issue shows Congressman Gray asking young Lee Roy to his home for a dish of ice cream, and Lee Roy's 'Uncle Tom' guardian, Danny, wonders if this indulgence is wise, in view of the fact that Lee Roy has to be at work early next morning (getting to work early is, of course, just about the most important thing in the capitalist world -- except for the capitalists, that is).

But enough said. Your morning or afternoon straight paper pushes the same message with its sports pages, except, of course, it's a little more subtle than the idiotic comic strip.

What else takes up space in the Gazette so-called newspaper? Social page, "news" for the middle and upper class suburbs, where bored housewives want to know who is marrying whom. Women's pages? No news there, only a message: middle class housewives should spend their lives learning recipes, studying the latest phony fashions, and figuring out how to decorate the House Beautiful split-level. Business pages? Capitalist news for the capitalists (or their managers, assistant managers, and deputy assistant managers) to read on the way to work in the morning. What's left? The news pages proper. These are a little more tricky, even in a second-rate straight paper like the Gazette. But they can

continued on page 5



PHOTOS: NATHAN WOLKOWITZ

be pretty clearly categorized.

First, the "human interest" stories which appear on the news pages, but are not news at all -- for example, a publicity story for Man and His World. In effect, advertising copy, but as long as its pro-Man and His World, good politics as well.

Second, sensation stories -- a bank robbery in Montreal, a mass murder in Hollywood, a hurricane in the southern United States, etc.

Third, all the stories, whether local, national or foreign, that come under the category "what the establishment said yesterday, and wants you to know."

An unbelievable amount of news space is taken up by government statements in or out of parliament, municipal announcements of greater or lesser importance, stories by "informed sources" fed to the press, official versions of what happened yesterday on the world's battlefields, reports of speeches by local businessmen, ministers, and other worthies, and so forth.

Of course, this still leaves an important category of news, especially in the 'better' of the establishment papers -- the reporting of news unfavorable to the establishment, sometimes accurately presented.

Quite often, this is simply too prominent not to

Rags contd...

**SUB-
SCRIBE**

I love LOGOS, so here is my \$2 (\$3 outatown) for ten crazy issues.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

LOGOS P.O. BOX 782 MONTREAL

report it; to think of suppressing it completely within the framework of bourgeois democracy would be ludicrous.

But further, reporting unfavorable news serves the important function of warning those in or associated with the establishment where the problem areas are in the society they dominate.

It serves, in other words, a conservative function, especially since it never takes up more than a minority of the space devoted to news.

Still further, it is often presented in a distorted fashion, with the purpose of getting across a very clear message to the readers.

Yes, that's your daily paper.

A lot more could be said about it. What's the need? It's really pretty clear.

No straight newspaper is going to rock the boat, except to throw tweedledum out and drag tweedledee in.

Its purposes are to control, to defend and to warn -- to control the thinking about news, and the access to news, of the people; to defend the games the system plays to justify itself and keep itself in power, such as the two-party system and the parliamentary game; and to warn the establishment of restlessness among the natives that has to be either bought off, talked off or repressed.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

I arrived early one morning
The phone rang.
Hello, Logos.
Could you tell me if I can sell Logos
Sure, you buy them for 15¢ and sell
them for a quarter. If you haven't got
the bread to buy them, we'll front you
25 if you leave something. ID or such.
When can I get them?

Anytime. 3607 Clark Street. Corner Prince
Arthur.

I walked back to the typewriter. It rang
again.

Hello Logos.

Is there a Hare Krishna in town?

Sure. 3720 Park Avenue.

What time is lunch?

Kirtan is 11:30 each day.

Hare Krishna.

You're welcome.

Should I take it off the hook or should I bother
That was what I was thinking as it rang again.

Hello Logos.

I'm in from Chicago, and I've been here ten min-
utes. I saw your paper (bought one while a pig
was watching to freak him) and think its groovy.
Do you know where we can crash tonight?

How many.

Two

Well we have a list of some but you'll have to
come down to call those people.

Hello Logos.

You're a drug wierdo.

I know and I love it.

You commy.

Fuck off.

Two more calls, one from my cat who wants to know
why the litterbox is filthy and she's hungry.

Back to the typewriter and three wanderers stum-
ble through the door. We're from the States and.
The phone rang.

I'm calling from Ohklahoma. I just deserted. How
do I get there.

Do you have letters of employment, a birth cer-
tificate, your graduating diplomas, about \$200,
and any other papers that will prove to a
straight Canadian customs officer that you'll
become something he thinks are assets to being
his type of Canadian.

Yes. (I'm shocked).

Fly up and apply at entry.

I turned back to the three wanderers.

...a cheap place to eat healthy food.

Au Pti Zoizo, at 2004 Hôtel de Ville, just be-
hind Station 4.

Hello Logos. I think I got VD or malaria or bro-
nchitis or a busted leg. And I'm tripping.

Go to the Clinic. It's free. 3510 Jeanne Mance,
Apt. 2. Its open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fri-
days, and it's free.

65 people walk in here in the meantime to pick
up their supersaleable Logos.

Hello Logos.

I'm a starving artist, and I'm looking for a
craft co-op to get into.

Call the SWARF workshop at the YMCA on Stan-
ley street.

For the next three minutes, the phone did not
ring once.

Hello Logos.

Where's a groovy place to buy records.

Try Phantasmagoria on Park Avenue.

Where can I hear good folk music?

Try the Yellow Door on Aylmer Street, or the
Back Door on Sherbrooke. (call 392-4946/7
for more dope.)

Hello Logos.

Where can I cop an ounce of shit in Montreal.

Bleep.

Whats it cost?

Currently in Montreal, grass, if you can find any is
about 25 or so dollars, with whispers that if the
shipment don't come soon, it might become thirty.
Acid, good stuff at four or so hash, everpresent
at 25 for a quarter, 75 or 80 a lid, and I hear
that theres a lot of coloured pills, somewhere,
but I wouldn't do them.

Is there a free high school?

Try at McGill, a place called Chrysalis, some sort
of free school.

But I think it's over.

Then I sat down to do what I came in early for,

But first.....

The phone rang gently.

Hi, I'm with a band that's coming up from the States
We'd like a place to jam. Do you know of any place?

No. But....

Does anybody out there?

I flipped through some papers of inserts to go into
the paper. The Montreal Council to aid war resis-
ters puts out a booklet called Immigrant Information
about Canada for 2 bucks at P.O. Box 231, Montreal
215. The American Deserters Committee needs poten-
tial employers, crash space, and anything else
(bread) you can do to help. Call 521-4113. Also,
all you lawyers out there who may be proofing for
obscenity charges, give another human the access to
your knowledge. Call us or the ADC or anybody else
that you want to help. Don't wait to be asked.

And in walked Craig from the Higgan's Hill and told
us about LA CLEF, a planned coffee house on St. Paul,
that is being hassled by the man - constables, in-
spectors etc. etc. Hopefully LA CLEF won't be crush-
ed like the PEACE PROJECT was after similar shit
dumping about a month ago.

The Sir George Computer Mashers would like your
financial help for their act of total immersion into
freedom. February 11 Committee, P.O. Box 502, Station B
Montreal.

The Flea Market in Old Montreal is open Friday nite,
Saturday & Sunday and you can cop freaky pipes and
clothes & flowers in the open air. Also you can cop
your Logos.

Keep alive the vibrant spirit created at McGill at
the Fetes des Foux, July 19th. Celebrate your exist-
ence on the lawns of the McGill campus. Sundays are
especially nice. Bring food, joy and love and instru-
ments and sing away the blue meanies that snatch
purses. If you have lots of creative energy you can
help get another BEIN going. Call 845-2852 and lve
yrname.

Four kittens to give away. call 845-2852.

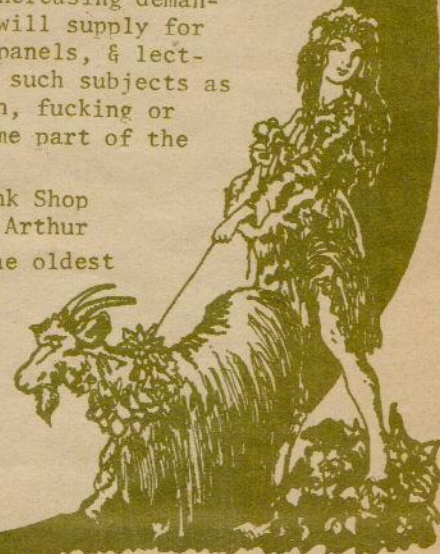
People-little & big, young & old, You can earn lots
of bread and meet other Logos readers as well as
obnoxious and sometimes dirty old men, middle-aged
liberals, friendly and unfriendly police and other in-
teresting types by selling Logos in the streets. Money
mounts up fast at 10¢ ea. selling copy. And we proved
that it's legal.

Deserters or draft dodgers thinking of immigrating
to Canada should contact the War Resisters Council
of Montreal or the American Deserters Committee
(W.R.C.: 482-6825 & A.D.C.: 521-4113)

Logos announces that due to increasing deman-
ds, in future, a request, we will supply for
your social event, meetings, panels, & lect-
uring, a qualified speaker on such subjects as
drugs, rock & roll, revolution, fucking or
whatever. Have your club become part of the
new awareness. Only \$25.00.

Mother Sahar's Leather and Junk Shop
3585 DeBullion, corner Prince Arthur

THE PRAG, at 1433 Bishop is the oldest
coffee house in town. Despite
harrassment and a resulting
slump in business, Kurt is
alive and well, and still
offering fantastic meals
very cheaply. Opens early
and closes late.



THE MAN'S LAW: BY SOL APEL

With this installment, Sol Apel, a Montreal lawyer, begins a regular column on The Man's Law. Next month's trip into the judicial jungle concerns sex and juvenile "crime". Your questions and comments are welcome: P.O. Box 782, Montreal, 101.

LEASES

The point is a lease is a contract. The rule is that it can't be unilaterally dissolved.

Q: From a practical point of view, what can somebody do if they've got a lease and they want to leave?

A: What normally happens, and this is not a cure-all, is that if you offer the landlord 3 months rent, he will be most willing, in most cases, to tear up the lease.

Q: But if the guy does not have the bread to pay 3 months rent, what can happen to him?

Well, he may lose his stuff, if it's there, by the time the landlord send the bailiff and the other machinery of justice ... if you leave today, the landlord has up until eight days from today in which to follow your stuff;

his privilege exists no matter where the stuff is. After that, all he has is a personal recourse; he can sue you in damages. If the place however has been rented in the interim, there is virtually nothing he can do about it. He has suffered very little real damages, he might be able to claim for one week rent, if the

place is rented, say in ten days. So, very often I've told people to split ... if either they had no stuff, or the stuff is in a furnished apartment ... just disappear.

Q: This guy came to Logos the other day, he was a deserter with landed immigration status, and he had rented a place in a furnished high-rise. He didn't have the money to stay there anymore, but he said he couldn't move out because the landlord knows he's a deserter, and would report him to immigration for breaking the lease.

A: He has nothing to fear on that score. Only criminal matter can be an obstacle to obtaining citizenship. Civil matters cannot; you have to have an arrest, there has to be a conviction...

and further than that it has to involve a crime of moral trepidude. In other words, a crime like drunken driving ... although a crime under the Criminal Code would not affect your Immigration status ... the Act definitely says a crime involving moral trepidude, such as any dope thing, stealing, possession of stolen goods does affect your status.

Q: What about evictions, if the guy has a lease and has made some noise in his apartment, and the landlord says "I want you out by the end of the month," can the landlord terminate the lease?

A: If a guy came to me with that problem, I would tell him to stay put. If the landlord is serious enough to institute an action, that's very hard to prove and very hard to establish. You'd have to

bring many other tenants of the building into court to say they'd spent

sleepless nights, etc. ... and that's quite a difficult thing to prove, and most of the time ...

Q: He can't get a bailiff to throw him out?

A: NO ... he can't throw you out without a judgement, it's not one of the cases where one can obtain a seizure before judgement.

Q: What about non-payment of rent, what can the landlord do, or, say, if for the month of August I have not paid my rent for August, what can the landlord do?

A: Well, the landlord at the same time as taking action for resiliation of the lease, and technically speaking the landlord cannot re-let the premises without having a judgement ordering that the lease be cancelled, can take a seizure before judgement.

Q: How soon can he affect a seizure?

A: Virtually instantly.

Q: The day after the rent is due?

A: Yeah, unless the premises are under the control of the Rental Control Board, under act to effect reconciliation between tenants and landlord, which means the Rental Control Board has set your rent.

Q: During the winter months, can you be evicted?

A: Yes, the only person who can't, and I'm not certain of that, is a farmer.

Q: What about the electricity or gas companies shutting off during the winter months?

A: They're in business for themselves ...

there's no law ... it's between you and Quebec Hydro or the Bell Telephone, they can cut you off any time. But generally speaking, a tenant against a landlord in the province of QUEBEC is always at the weaker end. This is something that has been inherited in the Quebec law from when we started using the Napoleonic Code.



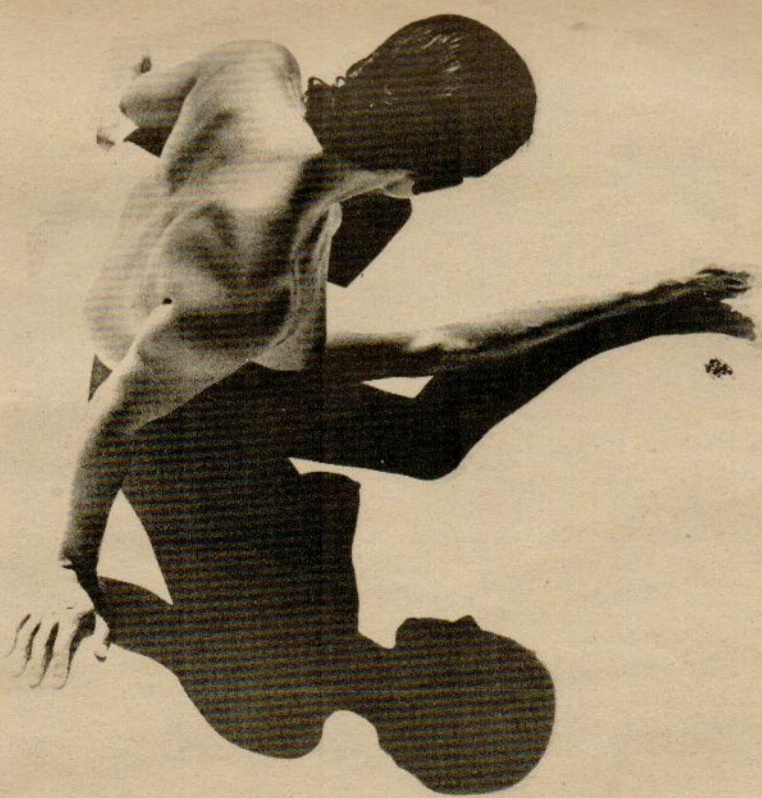
supercharged



ampeg

The fourteenth exciting episode of that truelife drama, "THE NEXT ISSUE", starred the following galactic cast: Imp-Phyllis, "Yes my brain is still in one piece" Andrew, Laird the I Ching hobo, bonny Buffalo Bill, smoke some rope nk, fickle Frank and the living room crashers, and "ah shit" Frank, new editor of THE LOCAL RAG. Love to all. David, Nimus Inc., Jusious Logos Lovlies Claire, Louise and Pam, the magic of Bob and the Rabbl, baker, an the Plumb, Rent-a-Car Jean, baffled by menus Sara, Shutter Bug Eddie, Elizabeth the gypsie, "Are you a transient youth ???"

resario Norm-



NOVA SCOTIA

Wake up Jacob, Peas in the pot and the hoe cakes bakin'. Early in the mornin', Almost day, Better come soon Gonna throw it all a-

way!

The thundering of smog-producing Montreal autos becomes a triangle ringing out through a misty pine forest, a lumber camp, calling me home. Gonna chow down on woods, sea, clouds mountains, streams and valleys. Whistling along a highway out of town. Go screaming down that highway ninety-nine. Bob and I lean over the windshield, shouting *Whoa black Betty, Bam-b-lam, Whoa black Betty, bam-b-lam!* Been couped up too long. Too much city. Too much repression: mother of progress. Too much progress: mother of war. *Black Betty had a baby, bam-b-lam, Damn thing ran crazy, Bam-b-lam!*

Camped on the St. Lawrence the first few nights. Swam in its bone chilling waters. The slimy seaweed fight was good fun but Nova Scotia was calling us this time and we didn't linger on the Gaspé.

Heading South East. We stopped at the Bay of Chaleur. Magic campfire. Alone on the beach at midnight. Swimming through black waters and plunging deep. Phosphorous explosions under water. I dry off sitting on my haunches, naked and alone with the driftwood fire.

On to Nova Scotia. Tourist guides, camping spots, ice, firewood, "Best Place to See the Famous Bay of Fundy Tidal Bore", "See the Magnetic Mountain Where Your Car Rolls Backwards." Bad vibes, slight hesitation and anxiety: Miami Beach? Lake George? Disneyland? Expo? What have we got into? At the border to the province there's this old worn, bald cat dressed up in pageantry: kilts and colors, playing the bagpipes, surrounded by incredibly withered, unhappy looking tourists who really wanted to just keep driving but knew they'd better stop and get a picture of THAT.

We got past all that and soon found ourselves plunging pitch forks into the Fundy Bay mud, digging up buckets of clams- Nova Scotia water pistols- pissing all over us as we guffawed at their abundance and impudence, moving back three feet a minute as the tide came in at Minas Basin.

The tide in the Bay of Fundy is a really strange thing. At Minas Basin it has sometimes dropped 70 feet- quite rapidly. Its not uncommon that someone wandering far out on the flats gets trapped by the incoming tide and drowns. I asked a lot of local folk about it but no one seemed to know why the tide was so great. I finally found an answer that satisfied me. It was explained to me by an old man called Gramps, who had travelled around the world several times as a cook on a 150 foot schooner.

"Way back before I was born there was a great huge, powerful Micmac Indian chief named Glooscap. He is best known for creating those five islands over there when he threw some dirt at his pet beaver, Goliath." (It was hard to tell how much of this story Gramps was making up, he was a pretty foxy old salt.) "Anyway, one day Glooscap,

who had a monstrous appetite, went fishing for a Salmon and caught instead Welamadox, the evil medicine-man, who had disguised himself as a twenty pound salmon to fool our

friend Glooscap ate him - Ugh! What a thought! - Welamadox began to perform all sorts of strange magic in his stomach. He had just finished the herbal preparations for his favorite dish- kidney stew- and was building a fire, when suddenly, and this isn't too surprising under the circumstances, Glooscap developed a terrible thirst. He ran to the water's edge and, leaning way out over the basin, drank up all the water, putting out Welamadox's fire and nearly drowning him. All this was just too much for even Glooscap's stomach and he soon found himself spewing the Minas Bay back into its basin. And from that day on the water has never quieted down- it just keeps rushing in and out."

Gramps was the eldest member of a wonderful family known as the Berrys, who own a healthy chunk of land in a sparsely populated area of Minas Basin. They were superb. I grew up loving country folk for their cheery vigor and unashamed music- Gid Tanner & the Skillet Lickers, Charlie Poole & the North Carolina Mountain Ramblers, Mainer's Mountaineers, etc., but as one may guess from the musicians listed, I knew the U.S. Southern Appalachian folk, and couldn't help but despise their undercurrents of racial prejudice and narrow mindedness. The Berrys were all there- complete people- real, warm, solid, whole, good, concerned people. Healthy and high on the seasons, and ready to share their joy. Before we left the Berrys we'd steamed clams with them, picked blueberries with them, played the banjo for them, danced the Nova Scotia step dance with them, baked a pie in their wood stove oven and caught a salmon in their weir.

We spent a lot of time with the Berrys and my brother and his wife and daughter didn't have too much time left so we decided to move on and see the part of Nova Scotia near Halifax. We'd heard a lot about Peggy's Cove and everytime we heard about it we got the same good vibes. Peggy's Cove was a rocky, barren, windswept fishing village like nothing I'd ever seen before in North America. The impression the geography gives you is that the people are cave dwellers- burning kerosene lamps at night and cooking over driftwood fires with their fishing nets hung over the mouth of the cave for drying. The sea comes crashing in on the rocky graveyard coast and you can't tell if the thundering in your ears is the wind, the sea or an overwhelming sense of peace.

And then all of a sudden it was over. Bob and Annabelle and Sally were driving back to Rhode Island and I was staying at this sociology project in Halifax, subsidised by Dalhousie University and claiming to be a digger house. They fed and housed all kinds of freaks but there were so many signs on the walls with incredible rules like: NO women upstairs, NO men downstairs after 11:00pm, NO locals in the house

KARAMOJA

If western technological bureaucracies have played havoc with their own natural environment, they have also spread their tentacles to what is often referred to as the Third World. Not even the Karamojong has been spared the despoiling influence of the monster. The Karamojong are a tall, black, cattle-keeping people who live in the northeastern part of Uganda, East Africa, and the following article describes how their lives have been affected by contact with bureaucracy and technology, contact that is usually to their detriment. The author Calvin Welch has spent several years in Uganda doing research on Karamojong.

Counting cattle is important to the Karamojong for they are pastoralists and therefore live by and for their cattle. While being less well known than their brother pastoralists to the south, the Masai, the Karamojong of eastern Uganda are larger in number and inhabit a much larger area than the Masai. They also have more cattle. There are three and one half head of cattle for each of the 172,390 men, women and children in the district. Yet, like the Masai, they still maintain a way of life and a personal style that brings them nothing but admiration from any member of the over-bureaucratized, hip, "Mailer-ian" totalitarian civilized world. The men wear no shirts or trousers, only a cloak (the translation of the Karamojong word is "to walk free"). They herd their cattle, search for water, sing their songs, discuss all and sundry, and keep a keen eye out for the Man. They also suffer from fly-borne trachoma that blinds them, droughts that starve them (for they do have permanent homes with fields that are well attended when the rains make such attention worthwhile), and a world which, since the British were discovered by them in 1897, refuses to let them go blind, starve, and be free to attend to their own lives by themselves.

Ever since Lt. Hanbury-Tracy of the Royal Horse Guards, the advance man for a British column trying to get the Mahdi and the French out of the Sudan, bargained for food and pack animals in 1897, people have been trying to get something out of the Karamojong, while giving them very little in return, except a hard time.

The first to come were Hanbury-Tracy's fellow Britons, with their offering of membership into the British Empire. The British, being experienced club men, knew that all new members to the Empire first had to be taught to respect law and order for the benefit of other, more senior members. The British, being a democratic people, also saw the need for a proper local government for the Karamojong. They thereupon set about to shoot all the lawless and disorderly, and to appoint great numbers of chiefs. That the Karamojong had gotten on for years and years without chiefs, that they had no provisions in their society for the office of chief, that the Karamojong chiefs themselves had to learn what chiefs were supposed to do, did nothing to suppress the activities of the tradition-loving British.

The "need" for chiefs soon became quite clear to the Karamojong. Chiefs were needed when the British needed porters to carry head loads for British travellers, or workers to build roads to British Imperial outposts, or farmers to grow food for the British travellers and outposts. Chiefs were to be contacted when such tasks need to be done and were expected to produce the labor. The needs of the Karamojong seemed to be ignored. They needed men to herd their cattle. Cattle, unlike crops, demand constant attention. Finally, in 1923, the needs of the people as opposed to the needs of the chiefs and the colonialists, came in sharp conflict. Six chiefs were hacked to pieces by their "followers" after the chiefs tried to get up a work party to build a road when the cattle needed to be moved to the western plains for water and grass.

The British, being polite guests, took the

hint. Henceforth no new chiefs were to be appointed without the consultation of the elders, the traditional governing body of the Karamojong. Also, the Karamojong were to be "left in peace to tend their herds", and there would be an "absence of any energetic administrative action calculated to cause resentment", in the words of the Governor's report on the matter of the chiefs' killings.

The final report on the events of 1923 would have been applauded by all those who favor the romantic notion of the "noble savage". The British, after paying little heed to the uniqueness of the Karamojong and foisting upon them a wholly unworkable administrative system, then decided to do nothing but seal off the district and "give them what protection we can under the British flag".

Again, it seems to be a case of offering the Karamojong little that they really needed. The Karamojong had been protecting themselves for hundreds of years. This protection was at times less than effective, but it did seem to be sufficient. Moreover, in the rest of Uganda a foundation was being laid for other tribes to one day be in a position to demand the British to leave with some hope of being able to rule themselves as any other "modern" state. But not Karamoja. The district was sealed off and little was done to lay even the most basic foundation that was being done in other areas. The backwardness of the British in Karamoja was later said to be the backwardness of the Karamojong.

British colonial administration, with few exceptions, showed little interest and less ability to deal with cattle, the economic heart of the Karamojong. Cattle were viewed as a way to control the Karamojong, not as a possible source of wealth for the people of the district. Taxes were collected in cattle. Cattle were seized if law and order failed. But no new, improved stock was introduced into the district. Little concern was paid to the health of the cattle. Range management improvement schemes were never tried. It wasn't until 1938 that the colonial government started buying, that is paying for the cattle that they once merely seized, in a regularly defined manner. This was for tinned beef for Her Majesty's Forces in the Middle East.

Yet, while nothing was being done to help the cattle economy of the district, steps were taken to worsen the situation. The Karamojong are not nomads like the Masai. They have a central home area with permanent houses and fields. Young men take the herds out of the home area during the dry season to search for water. They roam far and wide for about 8 months of the year. Using this method, grass was preserved and rotational grazing was practiced (a very inefficient form of rotational grazing that did not use the potential of the land to the fullest, but rotational grazing nonetheless).

With the coming of administration, with its demand for labour, taxes and boundaries, all this changed. The land of the Karamojong became Karamoja District, with county boundaries, sub-county boundaries, parish boundaries, international boundaries (the district borders on Kenya and Sudan), and, of course, district boundaries. The lines were drawn and the borders patrolled (part of the protection of the British flag). The point is that the land that once was used for grazing was reduced. To the west, other Ugandan districts had their borders



and thus large areas that were once used by the Karamojong became Acholi District, or Lango District or Teso District, or Sebei District. They weren't open to Karamojong anymore.

Perhaps the most important decision affecting the long range welfare of the district was the ceding to Kenya (and the subsequent resettling of a Kenya pastoral group, the Suk) a large area in the southeast of the district in 1927. This large area (known as Karasuk) was used as a dry season pasture by the southern Karamojong. With resettlement of Suk in that area, the Karamojong could no longer use it, for the Suk themselves were cattle keepers. It took a long time, but by the fifties, the long term affect of the British juggling with the boundaries of the district produced a serious situation of over-grazing and destruction of the grass cover. Of course the social system of the Karamojong, with its heavy reliance on cattle for other than pure economic utility, added to the difficulty. The point is, however, that while the British, with criminal ignorance, did all in their power to upset the balance of the range, they did little or nothing to offset the problem with a policy of improved stock management. This is in marked contrast with their attempts, successfully adopted, at agricultural innovation in other parts of Uganda.

The other problem of the district stems from this "cattle blindness" on the part of the British. With the advent of European colonial rule, there was a marked decrease in inter-tribal warfare. The use of the King's African Rifles not only provided employment for large numbers of young British officers, but also produced the desired affect with an unexpected result--a rapid increase in population. The first figures on the population of Karamoja District, the result of a census done in 1919, and the first adequate census done in 1948, show a phenomenal 120% increase in the population. Comparing the 1948 census with the last colonial census in 1959, both of which are fairly reliable, there was a hefty 63% increase in population. Since the Karamojong still rely on cattle and since there are so many more of them and a good deal less range than before, one needs go no further for the basic causes of the raiding and stress in present day Karamojong society.

On October 9, 1962, Uganda became an independent nation, with a Parliament, a constitution and a hell of a lot of problems to solve that the British had no desire, need or ability to solve themselves.

The British left Karamoja "untouched", except for major, fundamental problems. They did build many primary schools (or missionaries built them for the British), but no secondary school. They did, however, leave a Club, complete with two tennis courts, a dart board, a picture of the Queen, and crates of empties out back. They did leave a system of administration that was bureaucratic to the core, a network of chiefs who had long ago learned that they were in business for themselves, and a series of police posts to keep the lid on.

The Independent Government had many things on its mind other than Karamoja. In the meantime, it decided that Karamoja needed a "strong" administration and so passed a law that gave the district an "administrator" with more powers than the British ever gave their District Commissioners, and increased the number of police as well as (in 1964) stationed a full battalion of the Uganda Army there. But they, too, did nothing to tackle the basic problem of Karamoja--cattle. Indeed, it may be said that they worsened the situation.

Most of the administrators sent to Karamoja are agricultural in outlook. They firmly believe that until the Karamojong, as one non-Karamojong M.P. put it, "settle down, give up their roaming ways and start toiling in their fields", nothing can be done. Yet rainfall in Karamoja is so unpredictable and slight that agriculture, on a large scale, is impossible in the district. In 1968, a U.N. report on beef production in East Africa flatly stated that beef offered the only viable long term economic chance for Karamoja. Yet, while the U.N. expert's advice was well taken in other districts of Uganda, it was ignored in Karamoja. There is not one demonstration ranch, not one head of

of improved stock, in the whole of the district.

There are two reasons for this. First, contagious bovine plural pneumonia (CBPP) was introduced in late 1963 when cattle from the southern Sudan entered the district. There is, at present, no known cure for CBPP other than killing the infected stock. A quarantine has been thrown around the district and the presence of CBPP has been cited as the reason for no improved stock being introduced into the district. Yet this does not stop the police from seizing Karamojong stock and redistributing it to others, outside the district.

The second reason for little progress shown in cattle development is given as "lack of security". The non-Karamojong administrators (which includes all of the central government personnel) drive about armed. They are afraid to walk the streets of Moroto at night and hole up in the Moroto Club (yes, it's still there, with new squash courts to replace the picture of the Queen.)

Cattle raiding has reached an alarming scale. Hardly a session of Parliament goes by without an extended debate on the "security" of Karamoja. Turkana from Kenya raid, various Karamojong raid, and, it seems, the police raid. Chiefs and, in one case, an M.P. have been



arrested for raiding. Yet the root cause of this seems to be the impact of the population explosion that exceeds that in any other district of the country. The demand for cattle is high, for the simple reason that there are large numbers of people needing cattle. Yet efforts to reduce the dependence on large numbers of poor-quality cattle are completely lacking, even though the old saw about pastoralists not recognizing quality was finally laid to rest by the U.N. report.

The present government has tried, and is trying, harder than any other foreign government (and it is foreign to the Karamojong as the British were) to deal with the problem, but its efforts seem misdirected. Policy is decided in Moroto or the capital city. Karamojong participation in policy-making at all levels is non-existent. There is an artificiality of policy in the district that rivals the Pentagon's ideas of what is happening in Vietnam.

Social change does not come from the top down. It comes from people deciding to change. No one has asked the Karamojong what he thinks, and, while he has had a lot of time to think, he seems to have little time to live.



Ecology, in the scientific world, is the study of living organisms and the way they relate to one another. With characteristic irreverence to things sacred (and any "ology" is indeed sacred) we are yanking ecology out of the context of pure science and using it to describe the ways that man relates to his natural environment. We undertook to do this special issue on ecology to emphasize three specific concerns.

Survival: Man is systematically destroying his environment. Some scientists warn that life on Planet Earth is seriously endangered by man's living habits. The horror stories are by now becoming familiar. The Rhine River poisoned by insecticide, Lake Erie polluted to such a degree that it can no longer sustain life, DDT and other pesticides poisoning water systems, making food products unfit to eat, killing off wildlife. City air unfit to breathe. So much garbage and waste material that there is no place for it to go. Rampant destruction of the wilderness and with that a serious disruption of the ecosystem, often with disastrous consequences for man. The list is endless and we've done little to stop it. Nothing less than the survival of mankind is at stake. And if it is characteristic of man to unite in time of crisis, then here is one issue that transcends nationalism.

Life Style: We have to experiment with new ways of relating to the environment even as we protest the old ways. This summer a small tornado whipped across the land where some friends are living in teepees and tents. Nothing happened to the teepees. All of the expensive, store-bought umbrella tents were destroyed. The Indians were very wise about living close to the land. We can learn from them, as we can learn from other more "primitive" cultures and societies. We need to re-examine the meaning of the word "civilization". Maybe we, without advanced technology, our power and our wealth, are the barbarians. Maybe the culture of the Plains Indians represents the highwater mark of civilization. I don't know, but the point is that nothing can be considered sacred. We have to view everything from afresh and look beyond our arrogant western ways. Not that we should all become Luddites and start smashing machines. Technology can be a boon to man. It isn't now. Why? In our experiments with new life styles we ought to keep ourselves open to the experiences of the past as well as to the possibilities for the future. It might well be that we have to go back one million years if we are going to advance or even survive through the next decade.

Ecological Consciousness: More important than radical or political consciousness is the understanding that we are a part of something larger than ourselves, a part of the totality that is Planet Earth. The ecosystem is structured cooperatively. Species don't compete with one another, except for man. They support one another, each functioning to sustain the chain of life. Man is the odd-ball. Not only does he compete with his fellows, he views other species and indeed all of nature as something to conquer and manipulate. This thinking, and it is found in most political ideology, has got to end. We've got to begin thinking of ourselves as part of a community of living things. And this consciousness must pervade everything we do, even the most mundane aspects of our daily lives. "Men, women and children," Gary Snyder writes "all of whom together hope to follow the timeless path of love and wisdom, in affectionate company with sky, winds, clouds, trees, animals and grasses - this is the tribe." And our family to be kind to.

- Martin Jezer, reprinted from WIN, August issue.

The most fundamental question facing us today is whether or not life will continue on this planet. Too often, movements for social change are caught in rhetorical traps which are peripheral to the more basic issue of life and death. We may debate economic alternatives until we become cold and numb, but the undeniable ecological reality is that an unlimited, infinite

nod
in agreement; his total experience with the revolution having been, perhaps, a two minute film strip of police-student riots, played to the tune of "Fascist Pigs Off Campus", followed by a brief Huntlev-Brinkley melancholy monotone on the problems of youth. John Q., having had this sole experience with the movement, and seeing the fabric of society seemingly so threatened from every side, lends his reluctant approval to the witch hunt.

Increasingly, it becomes evident that unless we begin to clearly articulate what the revolution is for in terms that can be understood by everyone, some of us may well be "burned at the stake." At the very least, the revolution will be tarred & feathered, and forever banned from the village commons.

In our guts, most of us know what the revolution is for. Indeed, Senator Nelson told it like it is: "The ability of the whole world..." The revolution is for Life and against Death. The issues were clear, for once, in the April 3 Movement against defense research at the Stanford Research Institute at Stanford University this spring. Their theme was: Research Life, Not Death! As a result of educating and organizing around the clear-cut issue of life and death, and avoiding the use of violent tactics which confuse the real issues, the April 3 Movement had a fresh spirit much like the feeling of the civil rights movement in the early 1960's, and enjoyed a tremendous sympathy and following, both on and off campus. They had more student, faculty, and community support than any campus movement in recent years. It was much later that part of the movement began resorting to simplistic slogans, rock throwing, and meaningless disruption - playing the game of cowboys and Indians with the cops. Then the issue became law and order and destruction of property; the focus of attention of life vs. death was lost, and with it, almost all community support.

In light of the particular Stanford experience, and remembering the changed tone of demonstrations in the last few years, we are faced with another important question: why are so many young white radicals turning to tactics of violence? I think the answer is simple: many of us, if we are honest with ourselves, feel hopeless - afraid that there will be no future. It is our growing sense of hopelessness and frustration which leads us to resort to violence. But how can we possibly affirm life by destroying?

I believe that the only way we can create a meaningful human future, and overcome our own individual hopelessness, is to concentrate directly on the issue of life and growth, within us and around us, that we are daily reborn - becoming life; thereby enjoying each day, as well as feeling a rational hope for the future. This is the ecology of man.

If the revolution is to survive the witch hunt and develop into a meaningful and effective means of change, with the backing of the educated majority, and if we are to overcome our own hopelessness, then we must make the issues crystal clear: the primary question is not who is going to have the power, nor is it moral or immoral war, and it is not capitalism vs. socialism. The first question is life! The primary question is the recognition of an undeniable ecological reality, and its understanding, which dictates a "radical" political stand. The question is the re-creation of a total environment which encourages life and growth, rather than death and destruction. Quite literally what we are striving for is the physical and psychic survival of the human species on this planet. Our politics and our economics must be secondary, nevertheless intimately related, to the real issue of life and death. This is the ecology of revolution.

Just how can we focus our attention more concretely on the ecology of revolution? First of all, many of us will have to become much more deeply acquainted with "undeniable



even the most mundane aspects of our daily lives. "all of whom together hope to follow the timeless path of love and wisdom, in affectionate company with sky, winds, clouds, trees, animals and grasses - this is the tribe." And our family to be kind to.

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The most fundamental question facing us today is whether or not life will continue on this planet. Too often, movements for social change are caught in rhetorical traps which are peripheral to the more basic issue of life and death. We may debate economic alternatives until we become cold and numb, but the undeniable ecological reality is that an unlimited, infinite growth economy - the economy of spiraling, mindless "progress" - cannot exist in a limited, finite environment for very long. In other words, what good does it do us to postulate alternative economic systems when we haven't come to grips with immediate planetary reality - the fact that we are rapidly running out of such daily necessities as air and water.

We may discuss alternative political structures until we are hoarse, but an understanding of ecology - which I shall define as "the science of household survival" - suggests that if life on this planet is to continue, the only sensible political structure is one which is based upon local and regional ecosystems whose boundaries have already been defined for us. Using the San Francisco Bay area as an example: while movements discuss communism, democracy and anarchy, it is clear to most ecologists here that unless some form of regional government is created soon - a governmental form which would be based upon the understanding of the San Francisco Bay as one ecosystem and thus one political unit - the San Francisco Bay will soon cease to exist. The problem is that every little township which has some access to Bay frontage thinks that its particular needs and desires are most important. They all demand more land for factory sites, new housing, harbor facilities, or an "improved" town dump. Thus each little town is in a great rush to fill their part of the Bay in order to increase land within the township, and consequently increase the amount of property taxes that can be collected. In the last hundred years, over one third of the Bay has been filled. A study made by the Army Corps of Engineers states that up to 90% can be filled. Only a comprehensive regional government will be able to settle the question of whether or not the Bay will be filled. If the San Francisco Bay is filled in, the result would be a severe disruption of the natural balance of the entire region, posing an immediate and direct threat to the quality of life in the Bay area. Clearly then, the issue is life. The politics and economics of the question are secondary.

Finally, we can argue the merits of third party politics, coalition movements, and student-worker alliances until doomsday, but in the coming years, there is only going to be one meaningful alliance - the grouping together of people who are totally committed to the affirmation of all life on this planet; not only human life, but plant and animal life as well.

Backtracking momentarily, it seems that we should address ourselves to the discovery of the missing link in the Ecology of Revolution; we should try to answer a question which appears to have been lost in the shuffle and rush of the last few years. While many of us have contributed in various ways to the "revolution", we have forgotten to continue to ask: revolution for what? End to Oppression, Fascist Pigs Off Campus, and Self-Determination are all advertising jingles of the revolution, but what is behind them? Perhaps it is because this question remains unanswered in the minds of so many that Senator Nelson considers us inarticulate.

The Yippies say Revolution For the Hell Of It. Progressive Labor demands Revolution For Power To The People, and SDS considered the question at their National Conference this summer. When we are asked what the revolution is for, too often, we reply with abstract political jargon, if we answer at all. It's so much easier to say what the revolution is against. And when we slip into negativistic, rhetorical, blanket condemnations, we leave ourselves wide open to charges of "nihilism" and "advocating the destruction of society", thereby assisting such organizations as the FBI and the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, who are on a witch hunt for bomb throwing anarchists. The average citizen, when he hears J. Edgar Hoover talk about "this conglomerate of malcontents... engineering a drive to destroy our educational systems" can only

the recognition of an undeniable ecological reality, and its understanding, which dictates a "radical" political stand. The question is the re-creation of a total environment which encourages life and growth, rather than death and destruction. Quite literally what we are striving for is the physical and psychic survival of the human species on this planet. Our politics and our economics must be secondary, nevertheless intimately related, to the real issue of life and death. This is the ecology of revolution.

Just how can we focus our attention more concretely on the ecology of revolution? First of all, many of us will have to become much more deeply acquainted with "undeniable ecological reality" - the problems of overpopulation and environmental deterioration. Some of us will have to study ecology in great depth. We must learn concretely just who is destroying the quality of life on this planet, and how they are doing it. And we must begin to learn the workings of ecosystems so that we will be able to put destroyed environments back together again.

There are many specific issues which we can bring to the attention of citizens in local communities. The air that we all have to breathe; is it going to cause lung cancer? The river that flows through our back yards; how badly is it polluted and who is it poisoning? DDT on vegetables and in milk at every corner store? DDT in human milk; what will it do to everyone's children, not to mention our grandchildren? And who, we can begin to ask, is responsible for this incredible poisoning of our planet - more specifically, our own back yards, because this is one issue which affects every one of us immediately and directly.

We can have ecology teach-ins. We can have fairs in city parks, which might include displays on pollution, street theatre, and action workshops. We can, in a weekend, create miniparks of our vacant lots - participatory parks which would bring people together in creating, as well as dramatize the need for more open space. We can demand that all high school science courses include some study of the immediate physical environment - how was it 50 years ago, how is it now, and how could it be? And, of course, we should try to bring the issue of environmental problems into local political campaigns, and support only those candidates who are aware of the deterioration of the quality of life. We should support only those men and women who will not only limit mindless expansion, but who will work for a habitat whose scale and quality is conducive to meaningful human life and growth.

We can initiate discussions with our friendly grocer and neighborhood pesticide dealer - talking to them about DDT, and its effects on the human body. We can question the city council about the city's garbage dump - where are they going to haul all that trash in five or ten years when the present dump is filled? What about the small plant on the edge of town - why don't we go and talk to them about all the crap that comes out of their smokestack, or that they throw into the stream?

In our personal lives, we should avoid food which is not organically grown, useless possessions which will soon break down or become obsolete, and goods which have more wrapping than contents. We should stop using detergents which will not decompose through natural processes. Use only bio-degradable detergents. We should seek alternative means of transportation other than the automobile - the number one criminal in air pollution. We can be as much as possible, to create communities which are an active expression of our hopes for the future - small groups of people who are constantly seeking more meaningful individual values, daily activity which is more consistent with these values and aspirations, and who continually engage in dialogue with the larger community in the hopes of expressing a possible alternative way of life.

Ultimately, we can begin to consider nonviolent, direct action tactics. When the larger community understands that it is all of our lives and our children

continued on page 23

ECOLOGY OF REVOLUTION



dear dennis (Cont'd from P 2)

fore eating have something to act as parent/lovefigure. We run a food-coop, where the fuckups are phenomenal. The American freedomrunners have their haven. It's all here. But it won't fit into a textbook. We have our running battles with the police, but we don't talk about it like it was our cause. It happens and we don't like it. But that's not gonna be on page one, or page twenty-four. We only dig rapping about what we would rap with each other about. Its a paper for our friends, and we talk to all our brothers the same way. I don't use the word "pig" when talking about cops; it doesn't appeal to me. But some people can (and do) construe that as support through silence. That is not my concern. I don't care what people read into what I write. The words are before you. Communications require a sender and a receiver. If you want to be a sender, come on down, don't expect a penny in salary, face the prospect of eating irregularly (but often when the paper sells), pay taxes on a business that isn't even that and enjoy it, not from masochism, but that you can participate in producing. If that interests you, come and join us; you're welcome.

Finally, you accuse us of writing a paper about "hip" people for the "straights". When I read that I had a problem in understanding which was which. But when I worked that out (I think I did), I remembered getting into New York and picking up a copy of the Realist. There was an article about acid in it, and it was a state pretty far removed from me, so I decided to call Krassner (he once wrote that all his readers were his friends) and ask him where I could cop some. He told me just about to fuck off, and excused himself by saying something about copping it out of state. Now I realize that this scene goes to his credit, but then I felt very offended. Now I'm blessed by being on the other end of those calls but I can understand what he was talking about. They are your friends and you share your ideas with them. And that's how I feel about Logos.

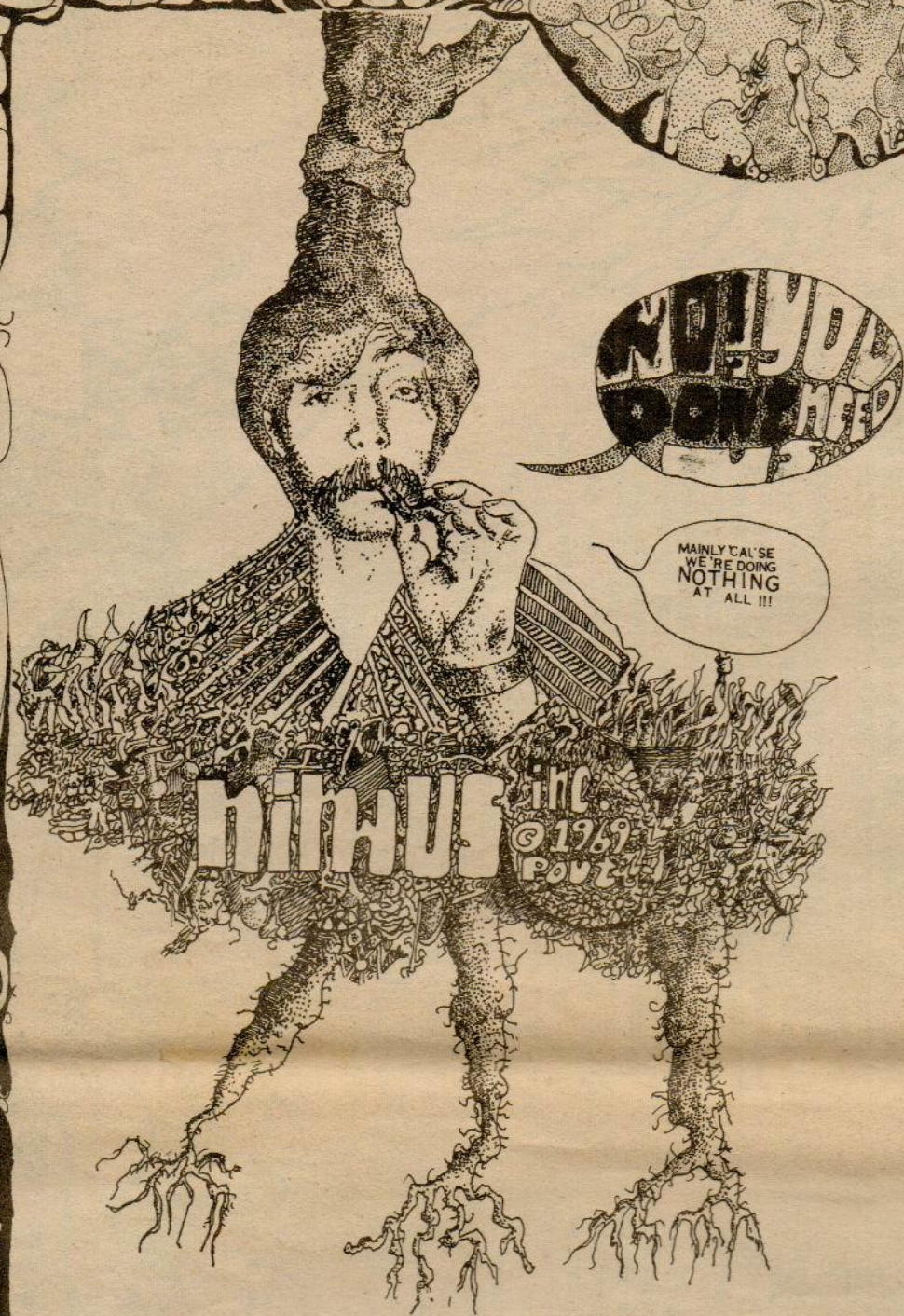
I'll bet you're right when you talk about the Westmount coffeetable copies of Logos. But maybe they read it.

Maybe not. Anyhow, I'm not a missionary. I don't live to convert people. I dig communicating, and I prefer to do it on my level. Its height or depth is relative to the receiver. I'm sorry it doesn't fit your concept for this form.

But I'm pretty sure that one day, I'll pick up this paper and mutter and laugh and know that all that I'm saying is a load of horseshit. I often do that to the things I think are important, but pass.

There is no Truth. Not until people come to understand themselves, each other, everybody for what they are to each other and themselves.

I'm just as important as you.
Peace,
Hy Glustein



dear bogus---

(Continued From P 2)

your thing, I would not pay two cents, twenty-five cents, or thirty-five cents elsewhere for Logos.

What I'm saying is, in short, that you are not even an attempt at a community paper for freaks. (That's where the money is, who can blame you?). To use a common term, you are a sellout.

You write the outasite essays for the straight. You boggle their minds and show them that freaks can think. You try to educate them, make the sympathetic identify more closely, give liberals something "freaky" to discuss at cocktail parties.

That might be nice if there already was a community rag, but there isn't; there isn't even a community.

(Am I going too quickly? Too harsh? I think not.)

So...send those nifty, long-winded documentaries to your old free-forming high school English teacher, receive two gold stars, then put aside your thesaurus so we can communicate.

Sincerely,
Dennis Keithley.

CLASSIFIED

We believe love is beautiful and anything of beauty should be given. All females who feel like we do, send name, phone, age. P.o. Box 182, Montreal 459.

My mother has a terrible body. Looking for girl with better one and proud of it who would like to earn some bread and have fun with camera. Reasonable pay plus all the pictures you want. Write: Eddie, 115 Linwood, Montreal 304.

Logos assumes no liability for classifi-fiums. You peddle your ass at your own risk.

The Erotic Adventures

NARCISSA NORFORM

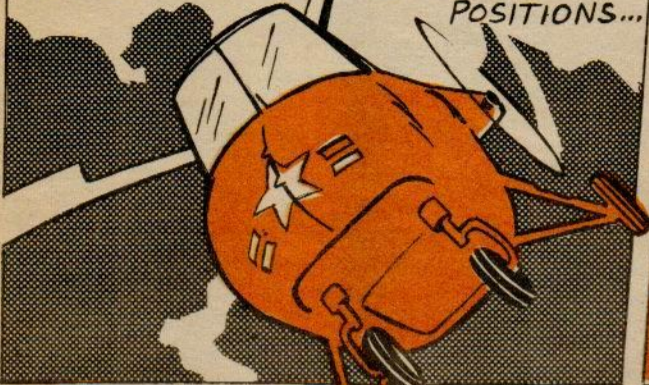
— UNDERCOVER AGENT —

Janner

AS WE WENT TO PRESS LAST ISSUE, NARCISSA AND PEABODY WERE FLEEING THE CHINESE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC AS THE WORLD HOVERED ON THE BRINK OF WORLD WAR III...



THIS ISSUE OPENS HOVERING MENAC LINES — AS BELOW FOR BEACHHEADS



WITH HELICOPTERS INGLY OVER FRONT THE FIGHT RAGES AND FORWARD POSITIONS...

WHILE A NEVER-ENDING STREAM OF TIRED, SICK, AND HUNGRY REFUGEES TRUDGE MILES TO RELATIVE SAFETY — PAST THE BURNT-OUT HULKS OF ABANDONED VEHICLES...



AND THOSE STILL AT THE FRONT, THEIR FOOD AND WATER LINES CUT AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES LOW, HUDDLE IN A SEA OF MUD AND DESPAIR...



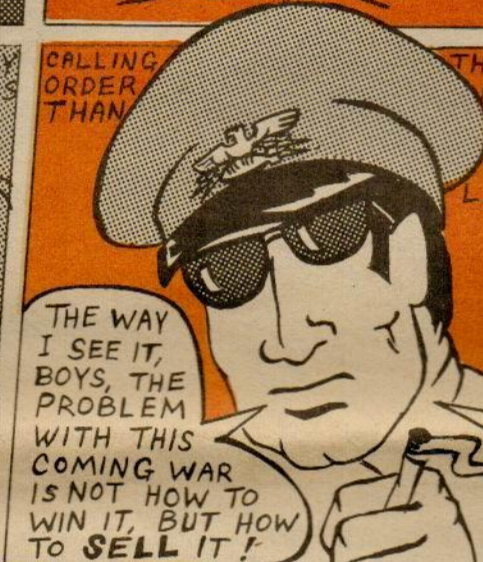
BUT ENOUGH MUSIC CRITICISM FOR ONE ISSUE! COMPLETE AQUARIAN FESTIVAL COVERAGE IS ON PAGE FIVE

BACK AT THE WAR: CUT TO BRUSSELS, WHERE NATO HEADS ARE MEETING AT THEIR SECRET WARTIME HEADQUARTERS



...CUNNINGLY DISGUISED AS A MOVIE THEATRE!

CALLING ORDER THAN



THE MEETING TO IS NONE OTHER NARCISSA'S ESTRANGED FATHER, GEN. LAURIS NORFORM

THE WAY I SEE IT, BOYS, THE PROBLEM WITH THIS COMING WAR IS NOT HOW TO WIN IT, BUT HOW TO **SELL IT!**

PATRIOTISM, MOTHERHOOD AND STUFF LIKE THAT ARE OLD HAT! WE NEED TO MAKE WAR **HIP!**

SEVERAL APPROACHES ARE TENTATIVELY RUN UP THE PROVERBIAL FLAGPOLE

HOW ABOUT PROMOTING WAR AS THE SOLUTION TO OVERPOPULATION? WITH SLOGANS LIKE 'BETTER VICE THAN RICE!'

OR: TOO MANY GOOKS SPOIL THE BROTH?'



IT'S BEEN DONE

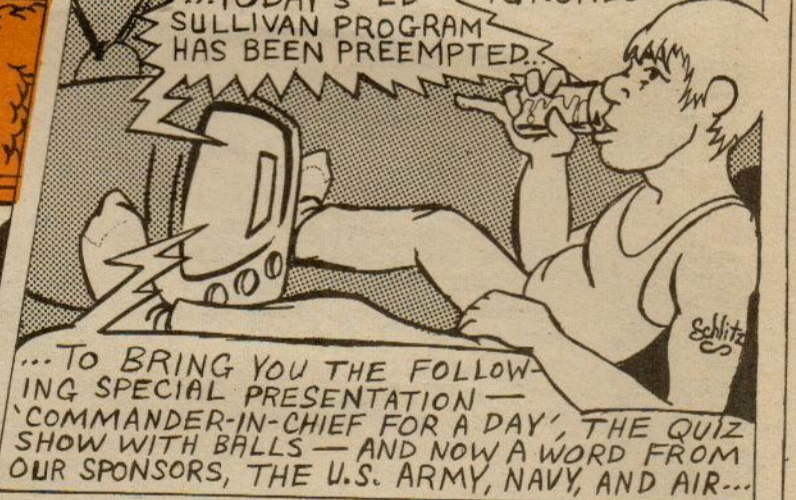
FINALLY, THE AD CAMPAIGN TO END ALL AD CAMPAIGNS GETS UNDERWAY — BASED ON THE THEME 'WAR IS FUN'. SYMBOLS, STICKERS AND SCREW-INS SPREAD THE MESSAGE AROUND THE WORLD...



THERE'S EVEN A SERIES OF LIGHT-HEARTED SLOGANS DEVISED TO ROPE IN MINORITY GROUPS...



...TODAY'S ED SULLIVAN PROGRAM HAS BEEN PREEMPTED... OF COURSE, THE TELEVISION MEDIUM IS NOT IGNORED...



...TO BRING YOU THE FOLLOWING SPECIAL PRESENTATION — 'COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF FOR A DAY', THE QUIZ SHOW WITH BALLS — AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS, THE U.S. ARMY, NAVY, AND AIR...

BUT NOT TO FORGET OUR HEROINE...

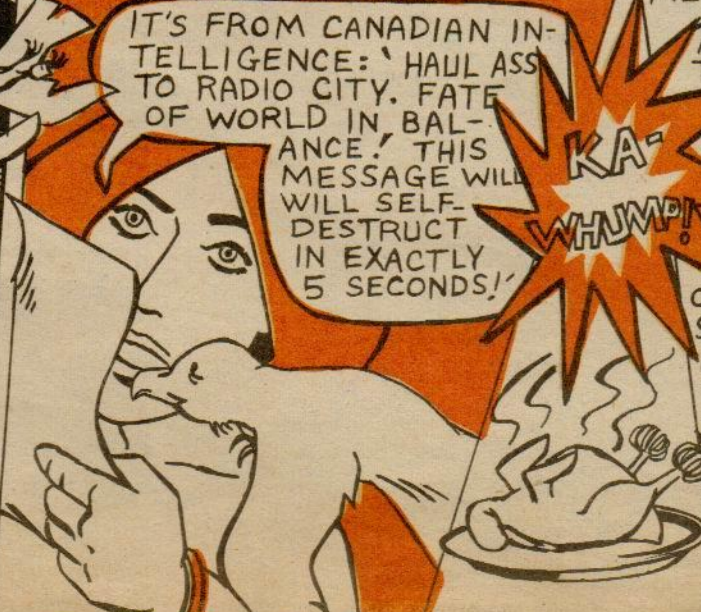


PEABODY! THAT DOVE CIRCLING ABOVE US...

HE BEARS A MESSAGE — PERHAPS AN END TO THIS DOLEFUL TRAVAIL!

BUT NO SUCH LUCK!

IT'S FROM CANADIAN INTELLIGENCE: 'HAUL ASS TO RADIO CITY. FATE OF WORLD IN BALANCE! THIS MESSAGE WILL WILL SELF-DESTRUCT IN EXACTLY 5 SECONDS!'



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE STUDIO...

AND NOW, THE HIGHLIGHT OF THIS EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT... I WILL CALL UPON MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE TO COMPETE FOR OUR GRAND PRIZE — CONTROL OF THE UNITED STATES' MILITARY MACHINE FOR THE NEXT 24 HOURS!...

WHO IS THE MAN BEHIND THE RUBBER-TIPPED PENCIL? CAN NARCISSA WREST ABSOLUTE POWER FROM HIS STEELY GRIP? I DUNNO EITHER!

FOOD

My dear Logos,

Folk often say to me "oh! You are constantly harping on this chemical danger in and around us and our food especially." Yes I admit I am doing so and with good cause. I went to see a friend of mine the other afternoon and was horrified to see her face and hands; they looked as if they were covered in eczema and swollen and I asked what was wrong. She said, "a few days ago she had noticed flies around her screen door, so she got a tin of spray (I shuddered at the thought) and sprayed round the screen door and in 15 min. her face and hands began to burn and itch and her skin became white and flaky and one eye began to swell.

Within a short time she was in a mess and for 12 hrs. suffered considerably and she realized it was the spray. It must have blown back at her. I told her she was lucky not to lose the sight of her eye. On the spray can it said "If this liquid comes in contact with the skin, wash immediately with soap and water" - but the spray was so fine she did not realize it was touching her skin. This is spray for flies and ants, but think of the spray used on the food we eat and chemical fertilizers ploughed into the ground and the vegetables absorb it and we eat it and over the years it builds up in our bodies till finally we get some disease. DDT is the worst and you cannot "see" it build up but build up it does in the body; it is a pity in a way the Good Lord when He made us did not make little windows in the front of our bodies so we could see exactly what the DDT and other junky foods and coloring matter and additives etc., does when it enters the body.

I'm sure the average person today, if and when he prays the Lord's Prayer, instead of saying, "Give us this day our daily bread" now says "Give us this day our daily chemicals" because that is what it's coming to. THINK before you eat, it will pay dividends.

I have said many times how very agitated I am over the use of Insecticides, sprays/chemical fertilizers on our fruit and vegetables and my recent concern is the hidden dangers in some breakfast cereals. As if it is not bad enough having our fruit and vegetables contaminated with chemicals, now we find the following chemicals in some breakfast cereals: Butylated hydroxytoluene BHT, phosphates, sodium acetate, (which is a lacquer solvent) glycine which is used in photography and in the manufacture of varnish! So WHY put it in the food we eat, surely it cannot be meant for our stomachs and as a lacquer solvent as well? Something is wrong somewhere. Medical authorities say the effect may be piling up with a slow but staggering toll in illness. The Food and Drug Administration in the States have actually forced one cereal manufacturer to print a "DANGER" notice on every package of a certain cereal. So I urge those who buy foods and this includes cereals, to take a magnifying glass with you and check what the contents are on the cereal package (or tin or cardboard container, etc.) and if any of the above mentioned chemicals are written thereon, do not buy it, take a CAREFUL look at EVERYTHING you buy, you will be glad you did, because your health will improve. Your health

store is the safest place to buy food in.

What a struggle our stomachs sure do have, when we consider there are 2000 chemicals in and on our food these days.

Why are we, the public, silly enough to allow ourselves to be used as guinea-pigs, before someone in authority finally says "a certain chemical must be withdrawn as it is dangerous to health." How did they find that out? By watching the reactions of you and me!

Yours for the abolition of all 2000 chemicals in our food,

Eileen Marsh

* Eileen Marsh is in the forefront of the campaign against the use of chemicals on foods in the island of Bermuda.

Hot Chick Pea Salad

1. Soak chick peas overnight
2. Cook 1 cup chick peas in water. Add 1 onion-salt
3. In a bowl mix 3 tbsps. oil - 1 tbsps. ketchup - 1 tsp. garlic salt - 1 tsp. honey - thyme & parsley
4. When peas are cooked drain water and pour oil mixture on them. Cut a stalk of celery in cubes & spread over salad
5. Serve immediately

Chapati

- Chapati is a cheap way of making flat bread
1. In a bowl mix 1 cup Graham flour - 1 cup whole-wheat flour - 1 tsp. salt & caraway seeds (if you have them)
 2. Mix water with flour until dough is ear lobe consistency
 3. Roll on a board covered with flour, to 1/4" thick. Cut in circles or squares
 4. In a large frying pan put about 1" oil & heat
 5. Drop chapatis in frying pan one by one with a fork, hold under oil until it rises slightly. Cook for 5 min. & drain on paper towel.

Ambrosia (food for the Gods)

1. Take 5 oranges. Peel them & slice them about 1/4" thick
2. Put oranges in bowl, add 1/2 cup coconut - 1/2 cup chopped walnuts and cover with brown sugar
3. Put in frigidaire for 1 hr., turning oranges 2 or 3 times
4. Serve

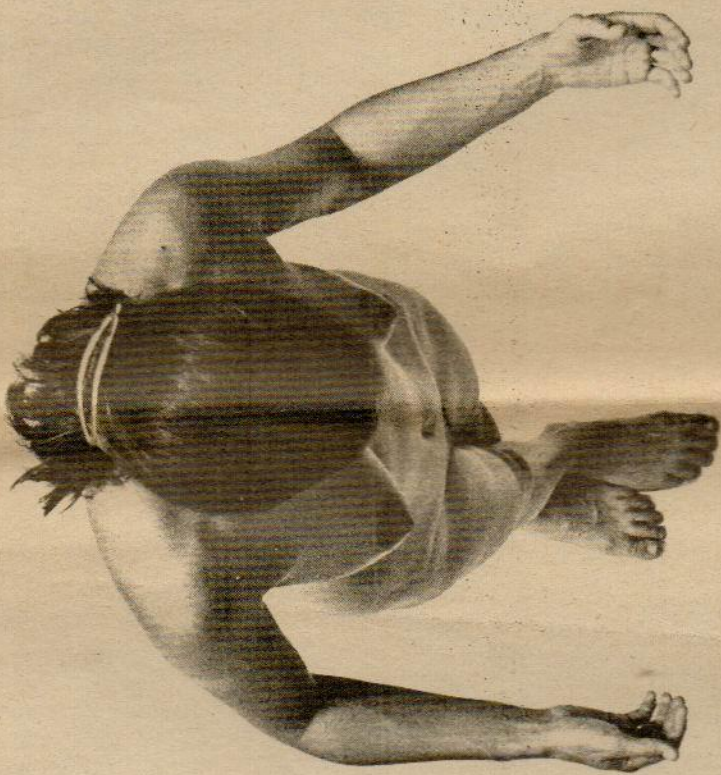
LOGOS Community Food Co-op Food List

3607 Clark St. 845-2857

** All food orders must be prepaid **

Wholewheat flour	1b/14
Buckwheat flour	1b/23
Oat flour	1b/17
Rye flour	1b/13
Oats, rolled	1b/14
Wheat germ	1b/13
Currants	1b/30
Raw sugar	1b/10
<u>Bread</u>	
6-grain	38
raisin	30
wholewheat	35
egg	25
Brown rice	1b/18
Cracked wheat	1b/15
Cashews	8oz/50
12 grain Cereal	21b/75

* partial food list, complete lists available at Food Co-op.



All ye who have faith

A TAROT READING BY LARRY COY © in VIRGO

Please give peace a chance! This plea was issued by my Tarot cards in a reading on August 20th, 1969. There are many good things in store for the head scene if we can learn to devote our energies to bringing people together in creative ways, rather than directing our forces toward purely personal goals.

For those who are unfamiliar with the Tarot cards, let me give an explanation of their function and origin. Some people give the ancient Hebrew Magis the full credit for the creation of this ancient oracle and book of Divine Wisdom. Others credit the Egyptians for their discovery. A more reasonable theory is that the Tarot cards were present during the inhabitation of Atlantis and Lemuria (Mu).

Whatever their origin, their function is much more important. The primary purpose of the Tarot cards is to serve as a key to Wisdom of the Ancients. In this article I have used

them for the purpose of divination (foretelling the future), which is a secondary purpose even though it is the most popular modern use.

In the spread that I read, I used the Major Arcana (the 22 keys to the rest of the Tarot) to explain the area of life with which the other cards dealt. The areas that were dealt with were (a) Masculine, creative energy (represented by Arcanum IV, The Emperor); (b) Morality, fatality (Arcanum XV, The Devil); (c) Divine direction of energy (Arcanum XX, Judgement); (d) Transmutation and purity of combined forces (Arcanum XIV, Temperance); (e) Equilibrium and stability of such forces, results of combining such forces in relation to Divine Justice (Arcanum VIII, Justice).

The corresponding Astrological and planetary forces are respectively: (a) Mars; (b) Saturn; (c) the moon (d) Taurus; & (e) Capricorn. These attributions are made in accordance to the Egyptian method as expounded by the Brotherhood of Light.

First, let us deal with the past as interpreted through the Tarot. The number, suit and astrological correspondence of each card will be put in parenthesis before the idea that it expresses. The question that was asked was, "What are the forces involved with bringing the head community a greater spiritual awareness?"

The Past

(Queen of cups, Scorpio) This card belongs to the area of life designated by The Emperor, and has been a strong reserve of creative energy in the community. The fact that this card was reversed in the spread indicates that this energy has not been expressed in a valid way.

(Nine of wands, Sagittarius - Leo, the Sun) This card lies in the area of The Devil and is also in a reverse position. It indicates that the strong forces that should have been used for evolution of Mankind were being used in involutory ways (In Hermetic metaphysics associated with the Tarot, morality is based on evolution and involution; good and evil respectively).

(Eight of wands, Sagittarius - Aries; general control, Sagittarius) Here a turn for the better occurred and the creativity of the community was redirected into constructive channels. This comes the influence of Sagittarian forces, and their relation to the inspirational planet Jupiter. The major control was Judgement.

(Seven of wands, Sagittarius - Sagittarius, Jupiter) The direction of the creative energy was enhanced by an increased understanding of the methods of creation. The major Arcana that corresponded to this area was Temperance, the indicator of purity and harmonious union.

(Six of wands, Leo-Aries, Mars) This card indicates the people finally achieved a balanced state of polarity which, while not being involutory was mildly stagnant. This ends the sequence of the past. One can see that all the cards were wands except for one. Wands are a symbol of struggle, so we should understand that the equilibrium of the six of wands was the result from a struggle for proper direction of energy. The final correspondence was Justice.

The Present

(Two of swords, Capricorn-Taurus, Venus) The sequence of the present begins with a card that falls under the rulership of Venus. Venus governs social union, but the presence of swords shows that the union is involved with hassling. The card shows a struggle between the people because of preoccupation with earthly and material considerations.

(King of cups, Cancer) Such a card also shows the occurrence of social union by virtue of the cosmic element water. Here too, is shown the predomination of desire for pleasure. This

card falls in the area of life marked by Arcanum XV, The Devil.

(Two of cups, Cancer-Scorpio, Pluto) Under the influence of Arcanum XX, Judgement, the community can re-establish a spiritual and vital union of the people. This must come from a desire for rejuvenation, similar to the great rejuvenating powers of Pluto.

(Ace of cups, Cancer, Moon) Again the tendency for involvement in a search for pleasure, rather than establishing a more lasting kind of social union. This card lies in the area pertaining to Temperance.

(Five of wands, Leo-Sagittarius, Jupiter) A discordant but subtle element is presented here. It is only discordant because it is an influence that is not harmonious with the material levels of pleasure. This is Jupiter's demand for reformation - not on a physical level (that would be more like Mars) but on the mental and spiritual realm of this planet and the realm of Divine Justice.

This concludes the sequence of the present. He who understands the present may control the future. The next sequence involves the near future (approx. September 1st to October 15).

The Near Future

(Four of wands, Leo-Leo, Sun) It is indicated that the community's active strength (creative energy) will be sustained very well for a time. It shows that there will again be an understanding of productive methods of channelling that energy.

(Three of wands, Aries - Sagittarius, Jupiter) The proper control of the vital energy will result in a more balanced union between the people, but it will be necessary to hassle to be able to maintain the control. This area of the future corresponds to Arcanum XV, The Devil.

(Ace of wands, Aries-Aries, Mars) The ace of wands is reversed which implies that the strong physical energies of Mars will most likely bring about a strong trial to the equilibrium represented by the preceding card. It will require a great inner strength to apply true Judgement to the situation.

(King of pentacles or coins, Gemini) The inner strength of the community will be further tried by the dualistic and confusing forces that one recognizes in Gemini. However, these forces will also bring the analytical powers that will enable one to pierce through the veils of the duality.

(Queen of pentacles or coins, Libra) This card is also reversed. It appears that affectionate, generous and unifying powers that Libra represents will be hindered by her other attributes - those of physical desires and preoccupation.

In the near future, then, we should expect another period of difficulty in unifying ourselves, due to the wands.

The More Distant Future

The more distant future will extend from approximately the 15th of October to the middle of December.

(Seven of cups, Pisces-Pisces, Neptune) Such a card indicates a beautiful unity through love. This should be a beautiful time for all of us. This is representation of an intelligent balance of forces on a spiritual, astral and physical realm.

(Five of swords, Taurus-Virgo, Mercury) This is a really strange intervention of antagonistic circumstances. Partially, I'm sure, they are due to the fact that Mercury will go into retrograde in the last part of October. It represents a definite struggle for the community, and a strong desire to escape from danger. Perhaps this is the first manifestation of the death-grip of winter. Although I can't predict the precise nature of this incident because of its generality, I take it as a very strong warning. It lies in the area controlled by Arcanum XV, The Devil.

(Five of cups, Scorpio - Pisces, Neptune) This card represents

REVIEWS

The Gilded Palace of Sin, The Flying Burrito Brothers, A&M SP 4175

Personnel for this latest Byrds' mutation include Gram Parsons, Chris Hillman, Chris Ethridge, and Sneaky Pete. Recorded in a deserted gold prospector's shack in Mendolino California, the Flying Burrito Brothers are grounded for a while with a bound edition of the 1859 Mendolino underground paper, stagecoach tickets for California, and faint memories of The Original Folk Rock Group.

FBB is country and western music, played the tight harmonious way Parsons, Hillman and friends are used to producing. "At the dark end of the street is where we'll always meet" is the general flavor presented. The songs are c&w sung and played in c&w fashion - a true transmutation of form this time.

My Uncle is an uptempo tune about a little conscientious country boy who is "heading for the nearest foreign border. Vancouver may just be my kind of town. I don't need that kind of law and order that tends to keep a good man underground." Resistance already that far into the history of a generation that it is casually entered into its music. It is not an outright protest song but just a situation, as Long Black Veil was a situation. "My Uncle" brings to mind Stephen Stills "Four Days Gone" where "in the gov't madness I ran away, and I hate to say I can't tell you my name 'cause I'm four days gone into running."

The strongest songs on the album are "Hot Burrito #1" and "Hot Burrito #2" both of which were written by Gram Parsons and bassist Chris Ethridge. They are the strongest because of their texture, presentation, and language. In #1: "Once upon a time you let me feel you deep inside/Nobody knew, nobody saw/but do you remember the way you cried?" The melody and appeal of this could send it to the top were it released as a single, but hope it does not get trapped in the bubble gum child protector.

In #2: "You won't be home all night...but you better love, love me, love me--Jesus Christ!" Back to back on the lp, the "Hot Burrito" songs capture a tone in its essence, a process people in Byrdville have always utilized well.

The Flying Burrito Brothers have not received that much attention since "The Gilded Palace of Sin" was released. Their album is a fine piece of country music that makes sin seem like a much better place to be than Mendocino any day - at least sin is something that you can sing about (and with.)

•Bill Horan

When Twentieth Century-Fox executives contacted Michael Wilson in June of 1968, and asked him to do a rewrite of a screenplay concerning the life of Che Guevara, Wilson agreed on one condition: that he be allowed to start from scratch.

Oddly enough, Wilson was, at one time, a somewhat controversial figure himself -- to the same people who find Che objectionable today. One of the many blacklisted writers in Hollywood in the days of the McCarthy scandals, Wilson left the country after appearing before HUAC and refusing to testify. After an eight-year exile in France, Wilson returned to America in 1964. His writing accomplishments (?) include "Bridge on the River Kwai", "Five Fingers", "Lawrence of Arabia", and "Planet of the Apes".

After four months of writing, Wilson finished the script. Shooting the film was to begin that same week. Wilson's services were then "terminated". Sy Bartlett, the producer of Che, began doing a rewrite while the shooting was going on.

"Bartlett made several drastic changes in the screenplay" said Wilson. "I protested to both him and the directors. When the shooting was completed, I read the final script and decided that I wanted no credit for the film. I wrote a letter to the Screenwriters' Guild, telling them that I wanted my name removed from the credits."

"But the director found out and asked me to reconsider. He told me that the picture, as it was shot, did not really correspond to what I'd read. He said most of what I had found offensive had been cut. I was asked to wait and see a rough cut of the film before deciding to remove my name.

"I saw a rough cut, and it was far from satisfactory. I agreed to put my name back on the picture if certain important changes were made. I made up a list of twelve demands, which included cutting certain scenes written by Bartlett and putting back certain scenes I had written. The director agreed to all twelve demands.

"But the promise was not kept. When I saw the picture after it was released, I was appalled. None of the changes I had asked for had been made. And still other key scenes which I had written had been cut."

Wilson admits that the director may not have been altogether responsible for the final outrage. "It is possible", says Wilson, "that the final editing was done by some higher authority. I really don't know."

Paul Cabbell, "L.A. Free Press"

MIDNIGHT COWBOY

"Midnight Cowboy" is the story of an unlikely friendship that flowers between two misfits in the squalor of New York City. "Ratso" Rizzo, played by Dustin Hoffman, is a unique product of the New York jungle. He knows how to live by his wits, making his home in an abandoned building slated for demolition, stealing food and clothes, picking up a buck by fast-talking a gullible stranger. Joe Buck, played by Jon Voight, is a young guy who has left his job as a dishwasher in Texas to come east and hustle women, dreaming of the soft life that rich sex-starved New York women will give him.

Joe Buck meets Ratso, who immediately cons him out of some bread. From this inauspicious beginning, there develops a friendship that is a curious mixture of harsh words and tender feelings. Joe, too much the innocent country boy, can't make it as a hustler. Ratso takes him in and shows him how to survive. But Ratso grows increasingly weak and sick, and it becomes Joe's turn to take care of him.

The acting of both Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight is superb. Neither makes even a single motion that is out of character. The film effectively evokes the atmosphere of New York by including glimpses of such common New York sights as a cop waking up men asleep in an all-night movie theatre, a faggot coming on to guys in the street, passersby stepping over a man lying on the sidewalk, hardly noticing him.

There is a fine scene that takes place at an insane party thrown by Andy Warhol's people. Someone passes Joe Buck a joint, and he, thinking it an ordinary cigarette, refuses to relinquish it to the next guy. The rendition of his stonedness is the best I've yet seen in a movie.

The only thing I didn't like about the movie was the flashbacks that are inserted at every possible opportunity. These all deal with Joe Buck's life in Texas prior to his coming to New York. They add nothing to an understanding of his character; they interrupt the ongoing flow of the story; they are an unnecessary, flashy, and pretentious display of technique. However, I shouldn't be picky about this one thing -- it doesn't come anywhere near spoiling the movie. All in all, a nice sentimental story beautifully told.

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MONTREAL PAPERBACK

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WARREN

Montreal: The first Canadian student film festival will be held at Sir George Williams University at the end of September. The jury will consist of Serge Losic, Jean Chabot, Peter Harcourt, Jean Pierre Lefebvre, and Jean Mitry, with Norman MacLaren serving as honorary chairman of the festival. A social event of this nature has been long overdue in Canada and someone would thank Dr. Losic and the Conservatory of Cinematographic Art for arranging it. For further information, call Sir George.

OF GRAPES.....
The boycott of California grapes is working. Lionel Steinberg, a prominent grower, has quit the grape grower's association, claiming that the group is publishing misleading information to depreciate the boycott. Steinberg has admitted that the international boycott will account for a loss of 20% of the 1969 market. It behooves us all to actively support Cesar Chavez and his non-violent strike. Don't shop at stores that sell the grapes of wrath.

OF SHMUCKS.....
Quicksilver Times.... "we must not interpret these demonstrations (against Rockefeller) as reflections of the will of the people of Latin America". Richard Nixon June ,20,1969.
Make known your thing at Logos. Classified rates are \$1 for the first line & 50¢ for each additional line. There are 40 units to a line.

famous anecdote #1: ah, your father shaves his thighs.

ARMY MEDICAL EXAMINER, " At last the perfect soldier. "

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MEASUREMENT

Robert Minor, The Masses, 1916



To whom it may concern dept: happy rathayatra

The current Green Beret superfuckup will no doubt end up in the conviction of the charged men to give the impression that the righteous forces defending our freedom will not stand for any blatant murders (especially mis-handled ones). While a big deal is made of this one isolated incident the killings continue unabated. People who know will not be impressed by this comical attempt to legitimize the occupation of the republic of Vietnam. No matter how much the asshole justifies the crap, it still stinks.



My dear Friend Logos,
Did you know that the planet Earth is just like a spaceship that goes to the moon? just as in the spaceship there is a limited small amount of clean water, fresh oxygen, food, and fuel, so too on Earth are there limited and small amounts of these same things. When we use up all these natural resources on Earth, such as water, air, food----there will NOT be any more. Life on Earth will DIE. There fore we must learn to CONSERVE and PROTECT these valuable things which make life on Earth possible for all of us. We must stop POLLUTING THE AIR!! We must STOP POURING GARBAGE AND SEWAGE INTO OUR LAKES AND RIVERS!!! We must STOP TURNING GREEN FIELDS INTO CONCRETE PARKING LOTS!!!
You and I must teach friends and neighbours that Earth is not a garbage dump! We must write letters to our Cabinet Ministers and Prime Minister and DEMAND that big factories be forced by law to STOP belching their horrible poisonous wastes out their tall chimney stacks !!!
It is our right, not only as Canadian citizens, but as members of the human race, to be able to breathe clean air, drink pure water, and to have enough food to eat. We should not have to beg our government for these things. They belong to us! We must stand by our rights and DEMAND these things!!!
IF YOU AGREE WITH WHAT I HAVE SAID HERE, THEN HELP US FIGHT DIRTY DIRTY AIR AND DIRTY WATER!!! HOW CAN YOU DO THIS????????? PLEASE MAKE THREE COPIES OF THIS LETTER AND SEND THEM TO THREE OF YOUR FRIENDS. BE A GOOD FRIEND--PLEASE DON'T BREAK THIS CHAIN LETTER.
Your friend,
Gary Leibner

Should the rumors of a fall municipal election prove to be correct, Logos wishes to be the 1st to wish his Worship the Mayor M. Jean Drapeau all the best in the contest. In fact many freaks are looking forward to an election so that they can publicly display the love and affection that they hold for the mayor. There really is no way that we can adequately thank Drapeau-Saulnier-Snyder et al. for man and his world and major league baseball, but we'll try.

Ego-hype of the month: Logos is at present one of the three most widely read underground newspapers in the world.

famous anecdote #2: ah, your mother wears a truss.

OF PANTHERS.....
....Clam's fucker bust.
(but still happy to grow my lice under your fridge of blood)
John Sinclair/McS spiritual fishman, White Panther's minister of Information...
Got busted distributing dope at a teen-age ballroom in Michigan. Than got 10 years of jail/by the pig superman. Were planning a guerilla attack of that cadillac-hamburger-pink place. Giving holy high and eating milky pussies a ten miles around. We need you and your contribution for the fund. Send us everything you have: tooth paste highway, meat, air-force, dope women, horny exposure to face the pure truth.
Come on stand up in your peanut-mind, it's time to justify - drop and fuck.
Send your guns to: John Sinclair Blood-bank, c/o Denis Vanier, White Panther Party, 3607 Clark St Montreal.

OF DOGS.....
GI Press Service: A Labrador retriever named King is in the doghouse in Fort Gordon for refusing to co-operate with the military authorities. It seems that King will not participate in the program to kill Viet Cong guerillas. The commandant of the training school, Col. Henry Gibson, told the GI Press Service that he did not want the miscreant animal represented as a conscientious objector as he was in fact a known Commy agent. The army plans to publicly prosecute King in order to discourage leftist subversive canine cadres from infiltrating the armed forces.

famous anecdote #3: I met your parents last nite. They're both great guys.

OF PIGS.....
The LA free press has been involved in a multi-million dollar law suit for publishing the names, addresses, and job responsibilities of some 80 narcs working in san diego, LA and frisco. They have been harassed to the point where better judgement has led them to move into motels until cooler pads can be found.

TO WORK FOR MONEY IS DEATH
Wild west show cancelled...san francisco's wild west show, a 3 day free rock and arts festival has been cancelled because of bread problems. Intially, all acts had agreed to donate their time and equipment gratis. However, the light shows unanimously refused to work without pay and went on strike. As soon as it appeared that the promoters were prepared to shell out, other artists, who had agreed to play for free insisted on getting paid also. result: no show.

Have Logos sent to you via the Queen's post. Subscriptions cost \$2 in Montreal & \$3 elsewhere for ten issues. If you're into collecting things, or want to give your loved one a gift, a complete set of volume 1 (consisting of ten issues) is available in a leather bound case for \$25 or \$15 for the book-of-the-month club edition.

Mixed emotions dept....CFOX will broadcast a history of rock and roll from Sept.8-15. Trouble is, CFOX is about as underground as the stock exchange, and the documentary may turn out to be seven days straight of Fabian, Lesley Gore, the Dave Clark Five, and Annette Mousketeer. Hopefully the good guys have read the rock article in the last issue of Logos.

Honolulu.....a group of American servicemen are in the Church of the Crossroads in the Hawaiian capital in protest of the Vietnam murders in particular, and American militarism in general. At last report there were 18 men seeking sanctuary, with more arriving every day. In a radio interview the men stated that they realized that it was only a matter of time before the MP's dragged them out to the nearest stockade.

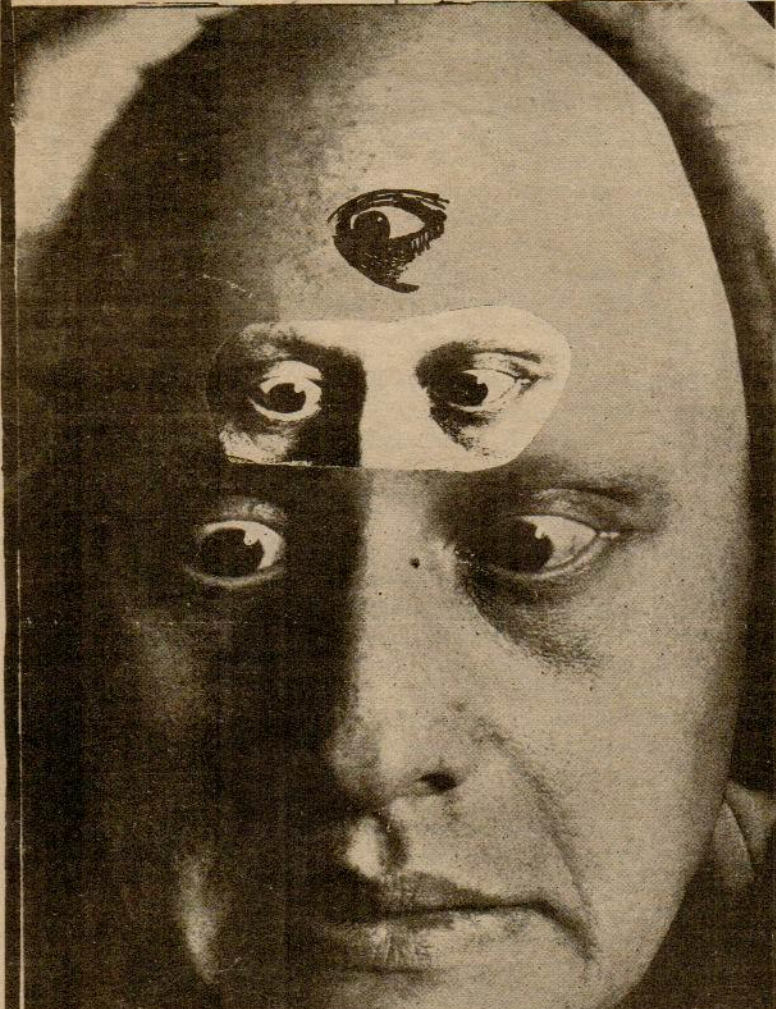
The student mobilization committee to end the war in Vietnam has called for a massive student strike on November 14 in support of the march on Washington. 750,000 people are expected to descend on the American capital on the 15th of November bearing gifts and messages of peace, love, and brotherhood. See you there.

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1/2 pg	125	110
1/3 pg	100	75
1/4 pg	75	60
1/8 pg	40	35

SHIT!!!!!!
The concensus of opinion is that the shortage of smoking dope will be rectified in short order when the autumn harvests come in. In the meantime, the prices for lids of grass are definitely in the bumper category, with the imperialist capitalist dealers doing us a favor for \$25. There is a lesson to be learned from situations like this: plant much and early.

OF BREAD.....
You (too) can sell Logos. Make ten cents a copy and get a healthy tan and ruddy complexion. You can pick up your copies between 10:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m. at the Logos suites at 3607 Clark Street. Do it tomorrow.



1500 mikes? I thought you said 150 mikes!!!



REVIEWS

Pickin' Up The Pieces, Poco, Epic
BN 26460

When the Buffalo Springfield parted ways, a lot of people felt that one of the best groups to come out of the rock scene was gone. Their albums and appearances justified this feeling.

Interested in wandering further musically, Steve Stills did some work with Cooper and then joined up with Cavid Crosby of the Byrds and Gram Nash of the Hollies. Neil Young went solo, put out two albums, including the fantastic "Everybody Knows This-I's Nowhere" and now has also joined with Crosby, Stills and Nash.

Two more members of the Springfield show up now in a group called Poco: Jim Messina and Richie Furay. In many respects the positive style that both showed in the Springfield is overdemonstrated here to such a point that it turns negative.

Furay is a good lead singer, as especially "Last Time Around" proved. But in "Pickin' Up the Pieces" his voice wears thin and wearisome about half way through side one. Having had his hand in all but one cut on the lp, Furay manages to limit the potential full sound of the group simply by flooding the bands with himself.

The entire album is Californis bright, vintage early 1969. Too bright in fact. Whatever is going on inside the songs seems generally reasonless though everybody is together and having a good time. Perhaps the recording engineers walked in late and missed the main point of the general mood, because it doesn't show up on the lp.

Lyrics are weak in many places with awkward phrases skillfully managed by Furay who along the way has really built a strong vocal style. Nearly every song is uptempo, cleanly produced by Messina.

It is the lack of variety and imagination that weakens "Pickin' Up The Pieces". Perhaps in picking them up, Furay and Messina still have a bit of sorting out to do.

-Bill Horan



Photograph: Edward Goldstein

Many winters ago, a few miles out of Montreal, several boys tobogganed down a silvery slope called Higgan's Hill. And then last summer some of those same guys got together a rock band and called themselves Higgan's Hill. There is the drummer, Nick, who is together and free, and David, who plays organ the way you might imagine Jesus would do it, and it is living theatre. A very solid bass is played by Mike, and a six-string is done beautifully by Roald. Vocals, with Mike and Roald, are belted out heavily by Craig, who really gets into his thing, in some ways like Janis Joplin. The sound they all produce is distinctly rock, maybe driving acid-rock. They don't think any one particular thing influences their music, but they do seem to respect such people as Zappa, Jim Morrison, McCartney, Jack Bruce, and Steve Miller. Almost all of their music is originally written and arranged by Roald and Craig, and if there is such a thing as a message, then maybe they're saying: "Do it now! The time is now! Listen, don't read!" Audiences have really gone for the group: they were loved both out at Expo and at the Galerie Café. And they also were at the love-in, a gig they really enjoyed, so much that they want to do lots more free concerts. There are some bands in Montreal who feel that giving free concerts hits too hard on bread they could make through agents, and so don't come out to the parks. Well, Higgan's Hill are no lovers of agents. Said Craig: "I don't like agents who fuck up people", and "Why don't we have more free concerts?-- they help build up the Montreal scene". And the Higgan's Hillers are only too aware of the musical doldrums of a city that refuses to show "Hair". They would really like to see some kind of a music festival set up on the mountain next year, with both Montreal and outside groups jamming. (We are ready to help. Are you?) Craig feels there is alot of talent in this city, but not the facilities for groups to do their thing, i.e., there are not enough clubs, coffeehouses, or halls available. (Montreal really could do with something along the lines of the Fillmore West.) And Higgan's Hill also see the need for a radio station in this city -- all the ones now reek, said Craig. And until those beautiful dreams are fulfilled, Higgan's Hill will be working on getting a better sound. They have just acquired some new speakers (which should get rid of some of the distortion in the Vocals) and there plans for Dave to get a new organ with jenny. RCA in Montreal has done a tape on request from New York, so there are possibilities that the sound from Higgan's Hill will soon be on a record. And on Higgan's Hill there will be tobogganing again this winter.

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REVIEWS REVIEWS REVIEWS REVIEWS REVIEWS REVIEWS REVIEWS REVIEWS REVIEWS REVIEWS REVIEWS REVIEWS

KEEP WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL NICE, Bamboo, Electra EKS74048

Bamboo is Dave Ray (of Koerner, Ray and Glover) and Will Donicht plus six other musicians. Why Ray and Donicht are picked out for the spotlight is puzzling. It is the group that made this album, not two individual people plus-

Recorded at Electra's Paxton Lodge on the Feather River in Calif., (the place conceived as a hideout that can be used by Electra's artists for collecting and sorting out weary heads. The group is together, crisp and into many different types of music that range from rhythm and blues to early rock with some jazz and folk thrown in also.

The country and western influence in the album is obvious, perhaps overly obvious at first, but it does not predominate. "Girl of the Seasons" starts off side one, a breezy roller rink type song that is one of the weaker selections. Immediately Dave Ray exposes a sense of lyrics or point of view that is different than usual, a point of view that remains throughout the lp.

It could be that the album comes on strongly at first because of the type of music that Ray used to play. He in that sense is not Dave Ray now, as the Stones were not the Stones once they got to " Her Satanic Majesty's Request "

In fact one of Bamboo's songs, "The Odyssey of Thaddeus Baxter", comes on like the Rolling Stones although it doesn't stay there for long. "30 Seconds to Nashville" is reminiscent of old bluegrass and "Anything But Love" could have been arranged for Nino Tempo and April Stevens.

"That's My Life" is among the better cuts, containing one of the strongest observations of a situation found in a song in a long time:

"That's my life they're playing on the radio
and now you know
why I said when we met:
'it's a pretty good bet
we'll have to give more than we have yet."

"That's My Life" bears strong resemblance to the Door's type of slow song though the resemblance ends there. Bamboo has a reserved, relaxed sound, which living in a lodge together for a while must have helped. In their own way, they are as informal and together as Neil Young's "Everybody Know This Is Nowhere". One of the better downhome songs is Daniel Lee Hall's "Sok Mi Toot Tru Luv". Like it was lifted off an old Richard Farina record, Hall's vocal, though weak, follows a folk strain that Dave Ray's Harmonica riffs emphasize and finish off.

Bamboo is a sneaky album, which comes on as a crisp and clean at first, plays on and then grows on. It has a fine sound, regardless of the various styles that can be recognized. It would appear that the attitude of borrowing musical patterns from other musicians has finally been accepted as a fairplay practice.

Bamboo has looked around, selected and presented twelve songs. Keep what makes you feel nice. -Bill Horan

DR. BYRDS & MR. HYDE, THE BYRDS, COLUMBIA CS 9755

Another of the confusion pieces to fit into the ever - growing puzzle of Byrd-productions. " Dr. Byrds and Mr. Hyde " is Roger McGuinn plus others.... look at the album cover and decide who you want the others to be, for what it matters.

It is still the Byrd's sound - clean, on, and smoothe. On first hearing, the cuts recognized immediately are "Candy Child of the Universe", "This Wheel's On Fire" and "My Back Pages". Candy and Child of the Universe are both from the movie CANDY of course and will be remembered by many as the best part of that flick.

Child of the Universe is similar to Eight Miles High in imagery. With a familiar Byrds rolling opening, the song moves into a repeating chorus that pushes the point home:

Love for anyone who needs her
Innocence is all that feed her
Rolling through the mist

Floating in a sea of madness
Reaching for the heights of gladness
For this she exists.

"This Wheel's On Fire" sounds like a Dylan tune being done by the Byrds as every Dylan tune done by them has sounded before. The fact that the BAND had included the same song on "Music From the Big Pink" does not get into the way even though The Band does such a smash-up job. And it makes little difference that Julie Driscoll has a version of it out too.

"My Back Pages" is one-third of a medley if that, one familiar introduction, the first verse, then a time change and the rest of the medley continues, onward, never turning back.

Social comment stands out in the humorous "Drug Store Truck Drivin' Man", a portrait of a white southern racist. The cop hassles on the L.A. strip come up in "Bad Night at the Whiskey" where demands of the cops: " so you just make yourself fade and leave my soul in peace because they pushed me off the street today" and keep "bringing my soul brothers down." The guitar work on this cut stands out as exceptional. "Dr. Byrds and Mr. Hyde" is not as country orientated as "Sweetheart of the Rodeo" or The Flying Burrito Brothers. It has some of that flavour, some of the traditional Byrd sound, some new material, and that ever-increasing mood that assures the Byrds of a very long flight. -Bill Horan

Tarot contd.

an interesting displacement of the five swords with five cups and the reduction of the seven of cups by two. There are indications that the community will survive the destructive forces but that its strength of unity will be weakened. This card falls in the area of life indicated by Judgement.

(Queen of Wands, Leo) The Queen of Wands represents the severity and devotion of Leo. It indicates an increased strength in the people to over-come obstacles.

(Ace of pentacles or coins, Libra-Libra, Venus). The final card indicates a very strong union that combines spiritual and material stability. Revolution? The Tarot shows a clear path to EVOLUTION !

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NOVA SCOTIA

E COLOGY

(Continued from P 9)

after 10:30, no drugs or alcohol, everyone up by 10:00 a.m. to pitch in and clean up, no sitting on the stairs etc. (There wasn't a sign that said no masturbating. I guess they haven't caught anyone yet) The place wasn't worth living in and I split real fast.

Back to Montreal. Back to the city. I hitchhiked 50 miles to Truro and got stuck on the road there for several hours. Heard a freight train whistle blow.

*Oh mama, don't you know
Looks like I'm never gonna lose
The freight train blues*

and headed for the railroad tracks. I'd never hopped a freight train before and had no idea how to tell which trains were going where I wanted but I thought I'd check it out anyway. Was walking along the tracks when I heard some music coming up out of a little hidden clearing. I thought it might be some fellow hoboes so :

"Excuse me, can you tell me what time the next train leaves for Montreal?"
"You wanna ride a FREIGHT train boy?"
"You gonna hop a freight train with all that SHIT, man? Is that a banjo?"
"Yeah."

They were drinking rum and Fresca and two of the three were playing a mandolin and a guitar. We found common ground. I started getting out my axe.
"Is it a five stringer? Whoo-ee yeah.
Can you play it boy?"
"You don't spose he'd carry it all over hell if he didn't play it, do you Bassie?"

"The name's Bussie, boy. Best friend you ever had. I'm the thumb pickinest mandolin player you ever seen. Play your banjo, son, have some rum."

We made damn good music together in that little jungle camp. I'd never enjoyed playing so much. Bussie had a wife and kids and a job. He fed the other two guys too. We all went over to his house. When he ran out of rum, they broke out the vanilla (pure vanilla) and downed a couple of shots.

"No thanks, man, I feel fine."
"You think we're trying to get you drunk so's we can steal your banjo? That hurts, man."

And I had to drink the crap.

About 11:00 that night, they loaded up a paper sack for me full of sandwiches and sent me to see a guy they knew in the freight yards. He put me on a fast freight train going west - I rode up in one of the unused units (on long trains, two extra engines are used for power but no one rides in them) sitting in the engineers chair, with a toilet, a water cooler, a big picture window, and a book of Gary Snyder's poetry. I had to change in Moncton but after playing a few railroad tunes for the brakeman there, I worked out the same deal. They just told me to stay low in Quebec City and jump before I get to Montreal.

So a day later, as the sun was rising and the train was slowing down about five miles outside of Montreal, I jumped off the train - Diesel smoke deep in my pores, ready to resume life in the city.

(Continued from P 13)

ren's lives which are at stake, and it is solely expediency and the short term profit motive which permits the environment to be increasingly poisoned, then why not boycott the hardware stores that continue to sell pesticides? Why not prevent the garbage trucks from rolling until the city council considers the effects of dumping on the environment? And why not prevent the delivery of raw materials to that plant whose managers are so intent upon turning those materials into more garbage and poison?

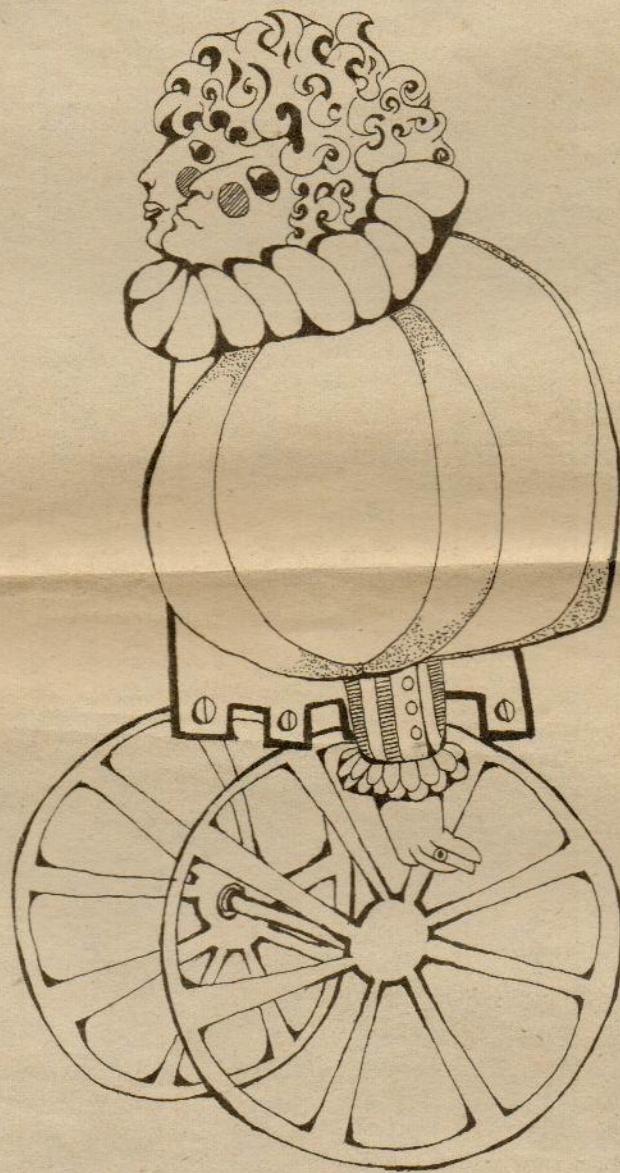
The national-international priorities become increasingly clear from an ecological point of view, also. The planet's resources are limited: we cannot afford such petty and dangerous extravaganzas as wars, armies, and the ABM, especially when, according to most ex-

perts, there will be constant and widespread famine in as little as five to ten years.

It seems probable that, unless we begin now, by 1976 or so, a president will be elected to office who will promise to limit population and clean up the environment by strengthening the power of the federal government, and imposing harsh and arbitrary restrictions -- in a word, instituting a totalitarian system of government in the name of the preservation of life.

There is only one earth! We must all direct our attention towards limiting its population, ending its exploitation, cleaning it up, and generally making it a fit place to live. We don't have enough time to find a replacement. And so the revolution must be an affirmation of all life; our individual daily lives, the life of our community, and our earth

-Tony Wagner, WIN Magazine



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