

# Antinomy

no. 4

FREE

July 15, 1971



Rock

Alice Cooper at Beggar's Banquet

**Rock:**  
**revolutionary**  
**or rip-off?**  
● pages 6 and 7

**Hype:**  
**what makes**  
**you buy!**  
● page 10

**Reiner**  
**Schwarz:**  
**inside**  
**CHUM FM**  
● page 8

**Women:**  
**ostracized**  
**from Rock**  
● pages 4 and 5



# bulletin board

**CONTINUING**

Free food every day except Sunday and free clothing anytime from noon to midnight at New Morning.

The Golden Screw, a rock play on the "exploitative musicology of 1971", plays at the Global Village. Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 pm. Student tickets \$2.

A collection of modern art at the Art Gallery of Ontario, Dundas at Beverly, will be showing until July 18. Admission is always free to students, and free to non-students on Tuesdays and Thursdays. 40 major paintings from the collection of the Canada Council will show from July 24 to August 15.

Short and feature films by the National Film Board are shown throughout the summer at the Ontario Science Centre. Call 429-4100 for information. They are free during the day.

The Red Revolutionary Ken Gass' adaptation of the early Canadian play, Tecumseh, begins preview performances July 21, admission \$1, at the Factory Theatre Lab. All performances run Wednesdays to Saturday at 9 pm.

THOG's Hamlet, a free interpretation, plays at the Bathurst United Church, at Lennox below Bloor, on July 15, 17 and 18 at 8 pm. For reservations, call 863-0275. Free, but donations are requested (July 17 and 18 are benefit performances).

Truckers Coffee House, 300 Bloor St. West, is open Sunday through Thursday from 8 until 1. Cover charge is 50 cents, but you can get in for free if you don't have it.

A Cry of Players, a play, starts at the Summer Centre Theatre, 4 Glen Morris at Huron above Harbord. Call 928-8705 for information.

Free dance concerts at the Toronto Workshop Theatre, 12 Alexander St. at Yonge, take place July 16-18 and 22-25. Reserve by phoning 925-0526.

Toronto Free University (TFU) 237 Queen St. W. — 864-1376. Most events are listed by date. TFU sculpture and writer's workshop call 864-1376.

TFU sumi brush painting Tues-Fri 2-5 pm. at 237 Queen W., Mon-Fri 7-9 pm. at 48 Beverly St.

TFU pioneer leathercraft Tues, Thurs and Fri 11 am. to 2 pm., Tues-Sat after 5 pm. at 237 Queen W. TFU baby care and breast feeding call 924-1749.

TFU DANCE CLASS Mon-Fri 6 pm., Mon-Sat 12.30 pm. at 374 Dupont.

Rochdale College library open 2-12 pm, daily.

TFU silk screen Tues-Thurs 7-10 pm. at 310 Queen W.

**THURSDAY, JULY 15**

Marooned (space adventure) is showing at Carr Hall, St. Joseph St. at Queen's Park, at 8:30 pm. Admission \$1.

Tecumseh, a play by C. Mair, will be presented free at Willowdale Park at 7 pm. by the Toronto Truck Theatre.

Thursday Noon on the Square at Trinity Square presents poets George Jonas, Ted Plantos and John Croose in free discussion.

Ernst Lubitsch films at OISE. "Broken Lullaby" at 7:30, "The Love Parade" at 9:30. Admission for both shows \$1.50.

Pollution Probe open meeting at 7:30 pm. in the Ramsay Wright Building, 25 Harbord at the corner of St. George.

The Fox, a movie based on a D.H. Lawrence novel, is \$1.50 at the Repertoire Cinema, 96 Gerard E. at 7 and 9 pm.

Ideas with R.D. Laing speaking on the politics of the family, is on CBL-FM at 7 pm.

TFU informal French 7:30 pm at 265 Gerrard St.

TFU environmental architecture 8:30 pm. at 525 Dundas W.

TFU astronomy 1pm at the Planetarium (by the Museum).

TFU survival and community farming 7:30 pm. at The Hall.

**FRIDAY, JULY 16**

Marooned (space adventure) is showing at Carr Hall, St. Joseph St. at Queen's Park, at 8:30 pm. Admission \$1

Tecumseh will be presented free by the Toronto Truck Theatre at 7 pm. at Kew Gardens

The Fox, a movie based on a D.H. Lawrence novel, is \$1.50 at the Repertoire Cinema, 96 Gerrard E. at 7 and 9 pm.

John McKay, pianist, will give a free concert at the Edward Johnson Bldg., U of T. Reserve at 928-3771.

Folk and blues jam at the Hall at 7:30 pm.

**SATURDAY, JULY 17**

Sara Band, a rock group, will give a free concert at West Island, Ontario Place, from 1 to 4 pm.

Tecumseh will be presented by the Toronto Truck Theatre at Kew Gardens free at 7 pm.

Phil Nimmons will give a free jazz concert at the Forum, Ontario Place at 8:30 pm.

TFU guitar workshop 1pm. at the Hall, 19 Huron.

TFU birth control 2 pm. at 252 Dupont.

Crafts market in Trinity Square all afternoon, weather permitting.

**SUNDAY, JULY 18**

An outdoor art exhibit is free at Centre Island from noon to dusk. TFU community organizing and media 3 pm. at 331 Davisville.

An organ recital of late renaissance music will take place at St. Basil's Church, 1050 Bay at Wellesley at 8:30 pm.

God's Birthday is World Peace Day and it all happens on Hanlan's Point, Toronto Island, from 2-9 pm. To celebrate, there will be theatre groups (including THOG), chanting and dancing. People are encouraged to bring and share food and acoustical music.

Tecumseh will be presented free at Ramsden Park by the Toronto Truck Theatre at 7 pm.

Iron Temple, a rock group, will give a free concert at West Island, Ontario Place, at 1 pm.

The TSO will perform free at Ontario Place in the Forum at 2 pm.

At 4 pm., the Know India Cultural Society presents Indian music.

**MONDAY, JULY 19**

Antimony open staff meeting 7:30 pm. at 91 St. George, 2nd floor.

Street music as a social learning process is part of the Rochfestival presented by Street Music from 1-4 pm. at Rochdale.

Choker, a rock group, will give a free concert at the TD Centre, King and Bay, at noon.

Factory Theatre Lab Folk Night features Mose Scarlett, Mike Yazzolino, and Ned Jacobs from 9 pm. to 1 am. Cost \$1.

TFU communal education at the Hall at 8 pm.

TFU psycho-biology 8:30 pm. at 750 Spadina Ave.

**TUESDAY, JULY 20**

A seminar on late renaissance and pop music will start at 8:30 pm. at the Rochdale Library.

A jam in which all instruments are welcome runs from 1-4 pm. as part of the Rochfestival presented by Street Music.

The TSO will give a free concert at the Forum, Ontario Place at 8:30 pm.

A Festival of French Films of the 1930's running five weeks on Tuesdays begins tonight with "La Femme Versaille du Boulanger" at 8 pm. at the Central Library Theatre, College and St. George. Series tickets only, \$7 at the door or call 923-6988.

The Canadian, a 1927 film directed by William Beaudine, will show at 8 pm. at the Ontario Film Theatre at Don Mills and Eglinton. Admission is \$1 with \$1 memberships available at the door.

Hart House Concert with Jose Shapero, cellist at 12:45 pm.

Birth Control meeting at 188 Adelaide St. West, 3rd floor at 7:30 pm. to coordinate summer programme. Both men and women welcome.

TFU English literature 6 pm. at 58 Beverly.

TFU pre-natal class 7:30 at 252 Dupont.

TFU survival and community farming 7:30 at the Hall.

TFU yoga 8 pm. at 265 Gerrard.

Checkers with free instruction 8 pm. at 265 Gerrard.

Free duplicate bridge at Hart House at 7 pm.

**WEDNESDAY, JULY 21**

Kids Rhythm Band is part of the Rochfestival from 1-4 pm. at Rochdale.

Guerilla open staff meeting 8 pm. at 201 Queen W.

An open commune meeting begins at 7:30 at the Hall.

TFU crocheting and knitting 1 pm. at 52 Beverly St.

TFU downtown community TV 8 pm. at 265 Gerrard St.

TFU free legal clinic 7:30 at 252 Dupont.

Checkers with free instruction 8 pm. at 265 Gerrard.

Today is God's Birthday, and to celebrate, there will be a gathering at Wacheea in front of Hart House with music, in the evening.

There will be a free country

western concert at 8:30 pm. in Riverdale Park, on Broadview above Gerrard.

Seven Sinners and Dishonored with Marlene Dietrich will show for \$1.50 at OISE at 7:30 pm.

New Morning Centre legal clinic 8-10 pm.

Natural childbirth classes at the Hall, upstairs at 7 pm.

**THURSDAY, JULY 22**

A jam with all instruments welcome runs from 1-4 pm., as part of the Rochfestival at Rochdale.

John Cassavetes' Husbands is showing at Carr Hall, St. Joseph St. at Queen's Park at 8:30 pm. Admission \$1.

The TSO will give a free concert at Ontario Place at 8:30 pm.

Thursday Noon on the Square at Trinity Square will have a speaker at lunchtime. Call 362-2595 for information.

The Smiling Lieutenant, featuring Ernst Lubitsch, shows at OISE for \$1 at 7:30 and 9:30 pm.

Hart House jazz concert with the Henry Cuesta Sextet at 12:45 pm. TFU informal French 7:30 pm. at 265 Gerrard St.

TFU environmental architecture 8:30 pm. at 525 Dundas W.

TFU astronomy 1 pm. at the Planetarium by the Museum.

TFU survival and community farming 7:30 pm. at the Hall.

**FRIDAY, JULY 23**

The finale to the Street Music part of the Rochfestival takes place from 1-4 pm. at Rochdale.

John Cassavetes' Husbands is showing at Carr Hall, St. Joseph St. at Queen's Park at 8:30 pm. Admission \$1.

Pas de Deux is one of three free films showing at the Innis House Drop-In Centre, 63 St. George St. at 7:30 pm.

Summer Centre Theatre presents a performance of Pinter sketches at 12:45 pm. at Hart House.

Folk and blues jam at the Hall at 7:30 pm.

**SATURDAY, JULY 24**

Crafts market in Trinity Square all afternoon, weather permitting. TFU guitar workshop 1 pm. at the Hall.

TFU birth control 2 pm. at 252 Dupont.

**SUNDAY, JULY 25**

Hall flea market at noon. TFU community organizing and media 3 pm at 331 Davisville.

**MONDAY, JULY 26**

Rose, a rock group, will give a free concert at the TD Centre, King at Bay, at noon.

Factory Theatre Lab Folk Night begins at nine. Admission \$1.00 TFU psycho-biology 8:30 pm at 750 Spadina Ave.

TFU communal education at the Hall at 8 pm.

Hart House shows Civilisation at 12:45 pm.

**TUESDAY, JULY 27**

The TSO will give a free concert at Ontario Place in the Forum at 8:30 pm.

W. C. Fields' Old Fashioned Way and Never Give a Sucker an even Break is showing at OISE at 1:30 pm. for \$1.50.

TFU English literature 6 pm. at 58 Beverly.

TFU pre-natal class 7:30 at 252 Dupont.

TFU survival and community farming 7:30 at The Hall.

TFU yoga 8 pm. at 265 Gerrard.

Checkers with free instruction 8 pm. at 265 Gerrard.

Free legal clinic at the New Morning Centre at 7:30 pm., followed by a first aid course at 8:30.

Free duplicate bridge at Hart House 6:45 pm.

**WEDNESDAY, JULY 28**

The National Ballet will give a free concert at the Forum, Ontario Place, at 8:30 pm. Classical and modern dancing.

Free country and western concert at 8:30 pm. in Riverdale Park, on Broadview above Gerrard.

Weekly Hall commune meeting at 7 pm.

Legal clinic at New Morning Centre 8 to 10 pm.

Natural child birth classes at The Hall, upstairs at 7 pm.

Flame of New Orleans and Shanghai Express are showing at OISE. Two shows for \$1.50, first feature at 7:30, second at 9:30.

Guerilla open staff meeting 8 pm. at 201 Queen St. W.

TFU crocheting and knitting 1 pm. at 52 Beverly St.

TFU downtown community TV at 265 Gerrard St.

TFU free legal clinic 7:30 pm at 252 Dupont.

Checkers with free instruction 8 pm. 265 Gerrard.

**THURSDAY, JULY 29**

Antimony's next issue available. Kurosawa's Seven Samurai is showing at Carr Hall, St. Joseph St. at Queen's Park, at 8:30 pm. Admission \$1.

Thursday Noon on the Square at Trinity Square presents people from Toronto Youth Orchestra with free discussion at lunchtime.

**MISCELLANEOUS**

Musicians Cooperative is a service operated by and for musicians to establish a newsletter, workshops and other facilities. It meets every Saturday at noon at The Hall. For information, call 863-0275.

AUGUR is a Canadian student travel program, with a cost of \$50 to go to a Canadian coast and back. Call 491-7734.

Central Neighbourhood House (349 Ontario St.) needs volunteers Tuesdays and Thursdays to supervise children going to Claremont for the day. Call 925-4363.

Summer Centre Theatre at 4 Glen Morris (1 block north of Harbord east of Spadina), needs volunteer help. The people there put on free amateur plays. Call Paul Mulholland at 651-3253.

## unclassifieds

RATES: \$1.50 for 25 words. Phone 923-8171 to insert advertisements.

Furnished apartments — bachelor, two, or three bedrooms. Suitable for students or singles. Free parking. Call 923-9753 or 233-7704.

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Co-operative nursery school and day care for children 2-5 years at Avenue Rd. and Dupont (Church of the Messiah). Registration for Fall now open. Inquire at 922-4173 or 925-8765.

## Now's the time Join us

We've been doing every issue on a different theme — in case you haven't noticed — about things that affect us and all young people in Toronto.

Our next theme is about summer jobs — or the lack of them. If you have something you'd like to say about student employment-unemployment — like, maybe you

have something to say about your job, or about why you don't have one. Please write us (91 St. George St., Toronto 5) or call us (923-8741 or 8742).

Better still, come to our staff meeting on Monday, July 19, and tell us in person what you would like to see in this paper. Make it your paper, too. Join us.

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# Wacheea is here to stay

By AGILUKACS

Against the wishes of the the University of Toronto administration, several hundred young 'transients' and members of Toronto's youth community have invaded the central U of T campus. The tent city where they live is called Wacheea, Indian for 'a place where everyone is welcome'.

The invasion began on Saturday, July 10, following several concerts and meetings held to gain support from Toronto youth.

The coalition which organized Wacheea set up five tents on Observation Hill (between Hart House and the student council building). By nightfall, there were 21 tents, of various sizes and colours.

Conditional approval from the university administration came only late on Sunday, July 11, after some 400 people had slept overnight on the site. The Wacheea residents are still there in force, although there has been some turnover.

Negotiations with the university had been heated for over a week. The U of T's promise to allow the tent city to stay on its grounds, until the university administration could help to find a new site, is a definite victory for Wacheea.

Organizers had spent six months working through 'proper channels' - city and provincial governments - before deciding to occupy the site illegally. After High Park and the grounds of Mercer Reformatory (near the Exhibition and too far from the Toronto core which attracts visitors) had been refused the group, it accepted the U of T student council's invitation to occupy Observation Hill, behind the council's offices. The latter had traditionally been controlled by the student council (SAC), but usually with administration approval.

The SAC considered administration arguments against Wacheea to be petty. The U of T doesn't take kindly to invasion by non-university people, especially freaks; this seems to be one reason for the prolonged disapproval.

Another reason is the idea of community control, which is frowned upon by most authorities. Wacheea people feel Community is both preached and practiced by Wacheea organizers.

The principal organizers have been Grassroots, itself a varied group which has dropped most of its liberal supporters (such as the United Church and the Board of Education), as it has found it necessary to take radical steps, to assure its project's existence.

Associate organizers in the coalition mentioned above are SAC, and a radical group called Red Morning.

But Wacheea is intended to be run by all of its residents. Wacheea residents were described by one organizer as "the Toronto youth community and its travelling sisters and brothers from all across Canada".

"It's time to take Wacheea out of the hands of Grassroots, which has brought it so far", urged a Grassroots member at the first of nightly general meetings held on Observation Hill after Wacheea's opening.

The meeting was also told: "Wacheea is not welfare. It is being built by the labours of the people who use it."

Participation in Wacheea projects is necessary to the success of the tent city. The bulletin board has one sign which reads: "If you want to help with medical work or want to learn (how to help)...introduce yourself to whoever is on (duty). Warm bodies and good ideas are needed and welcomed."

The response has continued to be good. Services now under way include: free medical and legal aid, one free health-food meal a day (featuring a high-protein main course, salad and an orange, -served from a table on the site) and internal security. Programs include: classes in gymnastics, photography, leatherwork; seminars on rock music and sexuality. Seminars with U of T faculty are forthcoming. The bulletin board encourages people to start new courses.

The bulletin board gives an idea of the sense of community at Wacheea. For example, suggestions include: "Do not litter. We enjoy the clean place." and "People who tear up grass shouldn't. There won't be any, in two weeks."

The sense of community is discussed at length in the nightly general meetings. Some of the splits among Wacheea residents become evident in these discussions.

For example, when an organizer made a strong statement of policy, one member of the audience expressed scepticism. The organizer said: "People need to develop collective consciousness, to realize if they work together, they can change the world." "A small part of the world", someone near me mumbled under his breath.

The discrepancy between the two ideas illustrates the main split in Wacheea. The most radical people, Red Morning and some other individuals, are deeply conscious of their society's



Harriet Kideckel — Antinomy

Wacheea residents erect tent on their newly captured site at U of T.

coercion—e.g., the possibility of police invasion of the tent city (which Sword would have to authorize, as the university is legally inviolate).

Others, whose commitment is less overtly political—and many Grassroots members could be so described, as they worked for a long time through 'the proper channels'—worry about internal coercion. They hesitate to prevent people from 'doing their own thing', as long as their 'own thing' doesn't interfere with the building of community.

Drugs are an issue in this debate. The use of drugs endangers the community, as it may result in police invasion. But to prevent drug use is internal coercion, some felt. (However, to prevent exorbitant drug prices would not be overly coercive, people at several meetings seemed to feel. This would provide an alternative to a capitalist, profit-oriented society which is based on 'rip-offs'.) Also, some drugs are anti-community: "Smack and speed kill, separate", a Wacheea

resident said.

Another somewhat controversial issue is the degree to which community control is practical. Most agree to it in theory. Yet, other coalition people held a press conference a few hours before the first general meeting (on July 10), and only established organizers participated.

These divisions can be written off as part of the birthpangs of Wacheea, but only in part. The rest of the problem, I think, is the gap between organizers' good intentions regarding community, and the slowly developing level of all Wacheea residents' consciousness.

"There is a lot of work to be done", said someone at the first general meeting.

The problems are not only internal. The occupation has not solved all hassles with the powers-that-be.

The idea of the tent city is supported by 13 Opportunities for Youth projects, including Grassroots, Guerilla, and Antinomy. The first two had received

no concrete funding from Ottawa by press time. A notice on Wacheea's bulletin board titled "an accounting to the people" explained that Ottawa had authorized a \$5,000 bank loan to Grassroots, but had not sent a cheque for any of the \$40,000 the group was promised.

The 13 sent a telegram to Ottawa on July 10. It read in part: "we condemn the Government policy of cutting grants as soon as a group becomes so effective as to be politically embarrassing. (An example is the Regina paper, Prairie Fire.) "The Government should consider itself accountable to the coalition for any actions it takes to interfere with a single project."

Power to the people through collective action. Not always just jargon. "People in power don't want people who are not in power to get together", said a Grassroots member. But sometimes the powerless people do get together.

Wacheea is alive and well and presently in retreat at the University of Toronto.

# There's more money than music in festivals

By David Boulding

By the time we got to Woodstock it was all over. Much of the touted phenomenon of youth and their peace and music festivals was over, sold out! Like Rock itself, the flower children were no more; the qualities of Monterey or the very first festival, in 1967 Fantasy Fair, near San Francisco, have eluded us. Festivals have become a microcosm for the counter culture, not just rock-oriented youth.

Promised a musical overkill, hundreds of thousands of kids appear at each festival. These gargantuan populations bring with them problems of violence, food and health facilities. What caused the changes between Monterey and Altamont?

First, half the North American population is under 25. Second, promoters realized there was money to be made selling the festival concept. Third, like fraternities and football games, festivals had become a scene one "had to make." For the outdoorsy youth, why not outdoor music? Music festivals became the

national summer outlet promising a drug and electronics amplified NOW.

The capitalized counter culture took this and ingrained it into the psyche. The older festivals, Newport Jazz and Memphis Blues were robbed of their names and reputations by the promoters. The vicious circle of performer-promoter inflated prices and caused overflow crowds which resulted in the violence of gate-crashing. To put on a festival or to be at one was paramount, regardless of quality of sound, health and sanitation and the earlier ecstasy of the smaller Monterey. Like tie-dye shirts, love beads and other psychedelia, music festivals could be bought from Eaton's with your father's charge plate.

First Monterey was conceived as a money-making venture by Alan Pariser and Ben Shapiro. Shapiro opted out with his \$50,000, leaving Pariser and John Philips of the Mamas and the Papas in control. Monterey Pop was staged by performers the way they thought it should be, including taxes, sound

systems, seating, tickets and security.

With the news of Monterey, the entrepreneurial sense in every longhair jerked up. There was money to be made here. How? It took Woodstock and Isle of Wight to answer. Woodstock had half a million people, a triple album, a double album, two films and an overkill of top performers. Isle of Wight had Dylan.

After the disaster of Strawberry Fields, critics predicted the death of the super-festival. The promoter's dream, Eaton-Walker's rip-off Express, had already flopped in Toronto, Winnipeg and Calgary, and had cancelled out in Montreal. Generally, last summer, large festivals did not have the elixir of previous festivals, but they still happened.

In 1967 at Monterey, it was the Flower Children and the Mamas and the Papas. In 1971 it is Callous Speed Freak and his counter-culture consciousness.

The Madison Avenue psychology of more and much more promises everything to everybody. The

everything concept manifests itself at Altamont. Here you got music dope, murder, birth, films, and records, thousands of people and the Stones. Why is Jagger screaming, "I can't get no satisfaction?" The promotion for a festival involves some highly priced graphics, a list of the top fifty acts and, in boldface at the bottom: "AND MUCH MORE".

Live groups demand a better sound system than your sister's transistor. Again Monterey was ahead. In the flick "Monterey Pop" the shot of Dave Crosby flapping his arms screaming "Oh goodie — a good sound system" illustrates two points. First the sound was true to what the performers version of what they wanted you to hear. Second, it was that way because the performers chose it.

The man responsible for the sound and lighting at Monterey, Chip Monck, also did Woodstock. Again there is that progression. Woodstock's sound was atrocious, but loud.

The smaller festivals usually have excellent systems. The

earlier Newport Jazz Festival was legendary.

Mariposa's fame rests not only on its sound system, but its smaller size, lower price, and the relatively paltry, flat \$75 given to each performer. Mariposa has remained truer to its purpose of presenting music and folklore rather than opting out for profit.

Sound is important in festivals only on the premise that you want to hear the music first, then experience the ecstasy. Most of the population at festivals, unfortunately, are there for that NOW experience amplified by dope and the violence of crashing.

There comes a point where amplification and distortion levels are so high that projecting to a Woodstock-size crowd guarantees poor sound. It seems that size is a factor in the appreciation of sound quality. Of course the idyllic setting is under a tree with ten to fifteen people listening to Bruce Cockburn, but still there's a great difference between the sound systems at Toronto Pop 1968 and Rock Revival and Festival Express.

see page 9





Graphic by Morgan Webster

I grew up on Peter Tripp, the Curley headed kid in the Third Row (an AM DJ in the late fifties in New York City). I spent a lot of time after school following the social life of the kids on American Bandstand. Then in high school I spent most of my time in my room with the radio avoiding family fights. Rock became the thing that helped fill the loneliness and empty spaces in my life. The sound became sort of an alter world where I daydreamed — a whole vicarious living out of other people's romances and lives. Sally Go Round the Roses. Donna.

In college rock was one of the things that got me together with other people. Hours spent in front of a mirror learning how to dance, going to twist parties — getting freakier — tripping off the whole outlaw thing of My Generation and Satisfaction. I was able to dance rock and talk rock comfortably in a college atmosphere where everything else was mystified and intellectualized out of my comprehension and control. You didn't have to have heavy or profound thoughts about rock — you just knew that you dug it.

A whole sense of a people together behind their own music. It was the only thing we had of our own where the values weren't set up by the famous wise professors. It was the way not to get old and deadened in white Amerika. We wore hip clothes and smoked dope and dropped acid. Going to San Francisco with flowers in our hair.

Don't you think there's a place for you in between the sheets...

Come on now baby, don't you want to live with me

Rolling Stones

For a couple years when I was with a man I remember feeling pretty good — lots of people around, a scene I felt I had some control over — getting a lot of mileage off being a groovy couple. For as long as I was his woman I was protected and being a freak was an up because it made me feel like I had an identity.

# W

## No sisters

When I split from him a whole other trip started. It got harder and harder and harder to be a groovy chick when I had to deal with an endless series of one night stands and people crashing and always doing the shit work — thinking and being told that the only reason I wasn't digging being a freak was because I was too uptight. Going to Woodstock all but bare-breasted somewhere in the middle of all that and thinking I was fucked up for not being able to have more fun than I was having. In a world where the ups were getting fewer and fewer, rock still continued to turn me on.

Then I connected to the women's movement and took a second look at rock.

Lay, lady, lay. Lay across my big brass bed.

Bob Dylan

**THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE:** It took me a whole lot of times of going to the Fillmore and listening to records and reading Rolling Stone before it even registered that what I was seeing and hearing was not all these different groups, but all these different groups of men. And once I noticed that, it was hard not to be constantly noticing all the names on the albums, all the people doing sound and lights, all the voices on the radio, even the DJ's between the songs — they were ALL men. IN FACT, THE ONLY PLACE I could look to see anyone who looked anything like me, was in the audience, and even there, there were usually more men than women.

It occurred to me that maybe there were some good reasons besides inadequacy that I had never taken all my fantasies about being a rock musician very seriously. I don't think I ever even told anyone about them. Because for the female 51 percent of Woodstock Nation that I belong to, there isn't any place to be in any creative kind of way. It's a pretty exclusive world.

Woman, I been hearing bout the things you say.

Woman, I don't want you talkin' that way...

I want to make you...

James Gang

There are, of course, exceptions. I remember hearing about some "all-chick" bands on the West Coast, like the Ace of Cups, and also remember reading about how they were laughed and hooted at with a general "take them off the stage and fuck them" attitude. And how were they given the spot in between the up-and-coming group and the big name group — sort of for comic relief. Or the two women I saw once who played with the Incredible String Band. They both played instruments and looked terrified through the entire concert. (I kept thinking how brave they were to be there at all.) The two men treated them as backdrops — they played back-up and zany harmony, and in fact they were introduced as Rose and Licorice — no last names. The men thought it was cute that they were there, and they had such cute names. No one either on stage or in the audience related to them as musicians. But they sure were sweet and pretty.

It blew my mind the first time I heard about a woman playing an electric guitar. Partly because of the whole idea we have that women can't understand anything about electronics (and we're not even supposed to want to), and also because women are supposed to be composed, gentle, play soft songs. A guy once told my sister when she picked up his electric guitar that women were meant to play only folk guitar, like Joan Baez or Judy Collins, that electric guitars were un-feminine. There are other parallel myths that have kept us out of rock — women aren't strong enough to play the drums, women aren't aggressive enough to play good, driving rock.

Deep down inside, one more time, you need love.

Led Zeppelin

And then there is the whole other category of exception — the "chick" singer. The one place, besides groupie, where the stag club allows any space for women to exist. And the women who make it there pretty much have to be incredible to break in, and are — take for instance Janis Joplin and Aretha Franklin. It's a lot like the rest of the world where women have to be twice as good just to be acceptable.

**WORDS OF LOVE:** Getting all this together in my head about the massive exclusion of women from rock left me with some heavy bad feeling. But still there was all that charged rock energy to dig. But what was that all about anyway? Stokely Carmichael once said that all through his childhood he went to the movies to see Westerns and cheered wildly for the cowboys, until one day he realized, that being black he was really an Indian and all those years he had been rooting for his own destruction. Listening to rock songs became an experience a lot like that for me. Getting turned on to Under My Thumb a revenge song filled with hatred for women, made me feel crazy. And it wasn't an isolated musical moment that I could frown about and forget. We are cunts, sometimes ridiculous (Twentieth Century Fox), sometimes mysterious (Ruby Tuesday), sometimes bitchy (Get a Job), and sometime just plain cunts (Wild Thing).

my love she speaks like silence, without ideals or violence.

Bob Dylan

And all that sexual energy that seems to be the essence of rock is really energy that climaxes in fucking over women — endless lyrics and a sound filled with feelings I thought I was relating to but couldn't relate to — attitudes about women like put-downs, domination, threats, pride, mockery, fucking around and a million different levels of woman hating. For some reason the Beatles' "rather see you dead little girl than to see you with another man" pops into my head. But it's a random choice. Admittedly there are some other kinds of songs — a few with nice feelings, a lot with a cool macho stance toward life, and a lot with no feelings at all, a realm where, say the Procol Harum shines pretty well at being insipid or obscure (A Whiter Shade of Pale). But to catalogue the anti-woman songs alone would make up almost a complete history of rock.

This all hit home to me with knock-out force at a recent Stones concert when Mick, prancing about enticingly with whip in hand, suddenly switched gears and went into Under My Thumb with an incredible vengeance that upped the energy level and brought the entire audience to its feet dancing on the chairs. Mass wipe-out for women — myself included.

Who wants yesterday's papers?  
Who wants yesterday's girl.

Rolling Stones

Contrast this with the songs that really do speak to women where our feelings are at, songs that Janis and Aretha sing of their own experience of being women, of the pain and humiliation of love. And it's not all in the lyrics. When Aretha sings the Beatles' Let It Be she changes it from a sort of decadent sounding song of resignation to a hymnal of hope. A different tone coming from a different place. The Great Pretenders; The whole star trip in rock is another realm where macho reigns supreme. At the center of the rock universe is the star — flooded in light, offset by the light show, and the source of incredible volumes of sound. The audience remains totally in darkness: the Stones kept thousands



# in Woodstock nation

waiting several hours till nightfall before they would come on stage at Altamont. The stage is set for the men to parade around acting out violence and sex fantasies, sometimes fucking their guitars then smashing them, writhing bare chested with leather fringe flying, while the whole spectacle is enlarged 100 times on a movie screen behind them. And watching a group like the Mothers of Invention perform is a lesson in totalitarianism - seeing Frank Zappa define sound and silence with a mere gesture of his hand. There is no psychic or visual or auditory space for anyone but the performer - even if 400,000 are gathered. This intensity could be fantastic if it is abused - I remember Jesse Colin Young of the Youngbloods turning to his audience with disdain "the least you could do is clap along." First you force the audience into passivity and then you imply that they are fucked up for not moving.

Just don't want you around...Please don't you bother my wife.  
That way you won't get no help...You're rather course and common, anyway...Don't want you out in my world. Just you be my backstreet girl.

Rolling Stones

**SMILE ON YOUR BROTHER:** Something else about the audience - even after I realized women were barred from any active participation in rock music, it took me a while to see that we weren't even considered a real part of the listening audience. At first I thought I was being paranoid, but then I heard so many musicians address the audience as if it were all male - "I know you all want to find a good woman." "When you take your ol' lady home tonight..." "This is what you do with a no good woman" etc. etc. It was clear that the concerts were directed only to men, and the women were not considered people but more on the level of exotic domestic animals that come with their masters or come to find masters. Only men are assumed smart enough to understand the intricacies of the music. Frank Zappa laid it out when he said that men come to hear the music and chicks come for sex thrills. Dig it!

It was a real shock to put this all together and realize rock music itself - all the way from performing artist to listener - refuses to allow any valid place for women. And yet I know there would never be rock festivals and concerts if women weren't there - even though we have nothing to do with the music. Somehow we're very necessary to rock culture.

Under my thumb, there's a girl who pushed me around.  
Under my thumb, there's a squirming dog who's just had her day.  
Under my thumb, there's a girl who's just changed her ways.

Rolling Stones

Women are required at rock events to pay homage to the rock world - a world made up of thousands of men, usually found in groups of fours and fives. Homage paid by offering sexual accessibility, orgasmic applause, group worship, gang bangs at Altamont. The whole rock scene (as opposed to rock music) depends on us being there. Women are necessary at these places of worship so that, in between the sets, the real audience (men) can be assured of getting that woman they're told about in the lyrics. And what is that woman supposed to be like? Well it's not enough to be just a plain old cunt-

we have to be beautiful and even that's not enough - we've got to be groovy - you know, not uptight, not demanding, not jealous or clinging or strong or smart or anything but living in a way that never cuts back on a man's freedom. And so women remain the last legitimate form of property that the brothers can share in a communal world. Can't have a tribal gathering without music and dope and beautiful groovy chicks.

Oh baby I know. Baby I know how it feels.

Janis Joplin

For the musicians themselves, there is their own special property - groupies. As one groupie put it:

"Being a groupie is fulltime gig. Sort of like being a musician...you have two or three girlfriends you hang out with and you stay as high and intellectually enlightened as a group of musicians. You've got to if you're going to have anything to offer...you are a non-profit call girl, geisha, friend, housekeeper- whatever the musician needs."

This total disregard and disrespect for women is constant in the rock world and has no exceptions. Not even Janis Joplin, the all time queen of rock. She made her pain evident in all her blues - that's what made them real. And the male rock world made her pay for that vulnerability in countless ways. Since women don't get to play the instruments, it means they're always on stage with nothing to relate to but the microphone, and nothing between them and the audience but their own bodies. So it is not surprising that Janis became an incredible sex object and was related to as a cunt with an outasite voice. Almost everyone even vaguely connected to rock heard malicious stories about how easy she was to fuck. This became part of her legend and no level of stardom could protect her because, when you get down to it she was just a woman.

Because she was at the top and a woman, her success was so threatening to some pig interviewer that he had to hammer her with accusations about who she was sleeping with until he broke her and she cried saying, "I thought you were my friend."

AND WHO COULD BE FOOLIN' ME? And

whoever thought this was all the brothers were offering us when they rapped about the revolution? Why do we stick with it? Women identified with youth culture as the only alternative to our parents' uptight and unhappy way of life. We linked up with rock and never saw how it fucked us over. Partly this was because we had no sense of being women together with other women. Partly this was because it was impossible to think of ourselves as performing as exhibitionists in macho sex roles, so we didn't wonder why there weren't more of us on stage. Partly because we identified with the men and not other women when we heard lyrics that put women down. And a lot because we have been completely cut off from perceiving what and who really are on our side and what and who don't want to see us as whole people.

We have been told until we too believed that we are crazy and weak and dependent and irrational and frivolous and unattractive and stupid. In culture after culture, men have destroyed our minds and fucked over our bodies.

In a world of men, Janis sang our songs. It is time for us to reclaim the Janis Joplins and the Billie Holidays and the Marilyn Monroes that belong to us and have always belonged to us even if we didn't always see it. As Billie Holiday said,

"It's the easiest thing in the world to say every broad for herself - saying it and acting that way is one thing that has kept us behind the eight ball where have been lining for years."

There is no reason for us to go back into the alienation and isolation of Woodstock Nation. Not in Woodstock and not in any of the other cultures men have forced and will try to force on women. It can't be now. We don't want to force a culture on anyone - we want to make space for every human being to be real in.

I FEEL AWE AT OUR possibilities, wondering where our unhampered feelings can lead us to - what culture, what society, what education, what music and dance, what ways of living will be ours. Inside each woman is an energy that is glorious and wild. Our combined energies can change the world.

From Liberation News Service

## antinomy

is a free bi-weekly newspaper published by and for high school and university students in Toronto.

As an alternate medium of communication for Toronto youth, Antinomy encourages anyone who is interested in working on any aspect of the paper to participate in its production. Come on down folks, we're just people.

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David Lloyd - Antinomy



Rock concerts are booming. There seem to be three or four big ones in Toronto every week now. And as you look out at the thousands and thousands of groovy, sun-tanned, long-haired rock freaks, getting their thing together, you could almost believe that **The Revolution was here. Almost.**

Yet at some rock concerts, girls have been knocked around (and even raped), guys have occasionally been robbed, knifed (in one case even murdered). Booze has been flowing so freely that it threatens to drown out grass, bottles have been thrown back and forth, and greasers have rumbled with freaks. All is far from perfect.

Obviously the rock- and folk-fests often have overtones of the youth culture coming together as a community and asserting some sort of more liberated life style. But many of the festivals also have overtones of a mass consumption spectacle, typically kicked off with gala advertising campaigns in the media, with ripoff ticket prices and cops surrounding the stadiums to keep out crashers, with 'stars' on the platform and a passive 'audience' at their feet, and top-down sexist communication all the way. The only thing remotely comparable in intensity was probably the amphitheatre in ancient Rome where giant gladiatorial circuses kept the masses passively entertained and drugged, and managed to keep the tottering empire on its feet for another couple of centuries.

Not only are rock concerts a great opiate in themselves, but they are also a great little seller for other opiates. Have you ever listened to the lyrics? Every 'drug' under the sun (from acid to 'groovy sex' as a be-all and end-all of existence) is being advertised at one time or another. We are constantly being told that the only way to live is to grab a 'chick', grab a kick, flip out, forget, escape. Implicitly or explicitly, the message is: you can't really change anything, so don't try; just run away from it all, in whatever way you can. For example, even in the Jefferson Airplane's 'revolutionary' album *Volunteers* (which includes the powerful thrusts of 'We can be together'), there is also the very languid, beautiful and thoroughly narcotizing song about 'Earth 1975' which includes:

You must try some of my purple berries...  
Sail away where the mornin sun goes high  
Sail away where the wind blows sweet  
and young birds fly  
Take a sister by her hand  
Lead her far from this barren land...  
Somewhere where we might laugh again  
We are leavin  
You don't need us...  
Go ride the music  
C'mon and ride it child.

So, of the nine songs on the *Volunteers* album, two call for us to put the mother-fuckers up against the wall, and the other

seven do their best to make everyone so drugged and escapist-minded that they will wind up against the wall themselves. Indeed, the general situation in rock is even worse — for every song that calls for militant action, there must be a few hundred that call for more tranquilizers (of whatever kind).

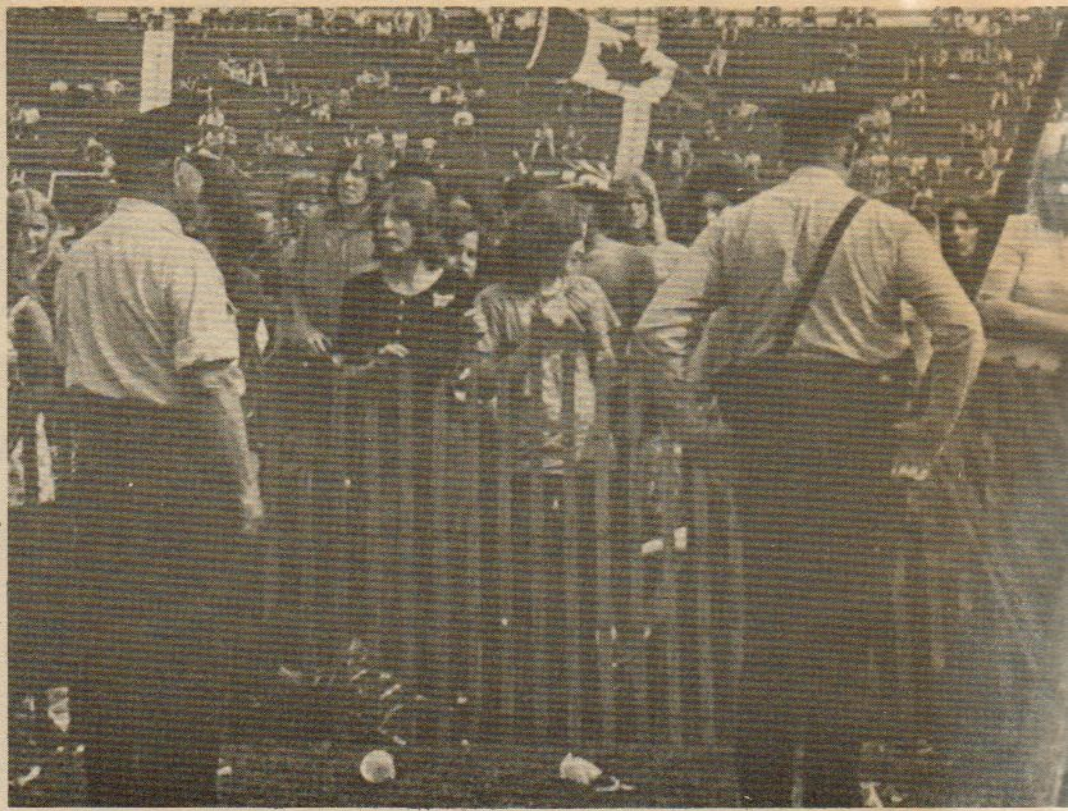
Of course it is true that in the frozen Cold War atmosphere of the early 60's, the advent of rock, dope and the accompanying more frantic, less structured dance styles (in which the people actually wiggled their asses), did help to break down certain modes of conformity and knit youth together, as never before, in a kind of counterculture. The difficulty was that the establishment tended to appropriate this culture, tone down its more rebellious political thrusts, and then sell it back to the people as the meaningless baubles of a hip life style.

When you talk about this with music freaks, you get three kinds of comeback. The first goes, "Granted, that most of the stuff goin' down is crap. But 'we' know what's going on, and we're into the good stuff." Needless to say, this is the elitist bullshit that comes from people who think they've got a more-hip-than-thou corner on reality, and don't give a damn for anyone else. (The irony is that these super-hips are being sold their recorded visions of superiority by music magnates who laugh at them.)

The second refrain goes: "So what if it's not revolutionary! We're groovin'. And it's just the greatest!". Granted that — even with the heavy vibes of chauvinism and sick sexuality that characterize the atmosphere of most rock fests and also permeate the lyrics, mannerisms, and styles of the male cock rock performers — a lot of groovin' undoubtedly does go on. Unfortunately, not everyone manages to groove that well. Even the few that do, sometimes have to face the real world of jobs and pollution and advertising and hatred. The question becomes: will the passive pseudo-world of the rock-fest help them to deal with the real world well or ill? In what ways will it give them the collective strength to make that world more human, or in what ways will it put them on a hip treadmill to nowhere?

The third comeback — expounded at a recent Grass Roots meeting, in fact — says: "So what if the kids are into music. They just don't want to get political, that's all. Maybe some of the rock groups are apolitical, but who cares. It's just music."

To properly deal with this red herring, we should first notice that there is no such thing as 'music', distinct from the people who produce it and the people who consume it. In turn, the processes of production and consumption of music are decisively shaped by the social system in which they occur. Conversely, they react to that social system in general, either to reinforce it or to disrupt



Harriet Kideckel — Antinomy

Rock festivals have become more of an oppress...

# THE POLITIC

it. Thus, it was clearly no accident that in former periods (and to some extent today) the aristocracy was willing to put substantial amounts of money into the production of Strauss waltzes, Mozart concertos, or Bach cantatas. As part of the process during which aristocrats' sons learned the 'superiority' of this kind of music, they also took in a sense of their own 'superior' sensitivity, and hence their right to rule. They were really learning, not about music (or not just about some 'pure' etherialized music), but about the sort of cultural elitism which forms the ideological crutch of aristocratic political dictatorship.

And, even today, the elite prep schools are teaching the same sort of 'music' sensitivity. Aspiring social climbers fill the seats at the O'Keefe Center and at Hart House concerts.

Moreover, the sort of music listened to by a particular society depend not just on the disinterested impressions of particular elites regarding 'what is good'; but on what sort of music is actually produced and distributed. Record companies and the mass media are controlled, either directly or through their advertisers, by the owners of large corporations. What we have is the ruling class deciding what sorts of music shall be distributed to the young people of the working class.

Such songs as the Rolling Stones' *Street Fighting Man* or Country Joe's antiwar satire on Vietnam were heard infrequently on the commercial radio stations (despite their popularity). With ever greater intensity, even such stations as CHUM-FM have been under heavy pressure to tone down on the 'political' stuff — i.e. the stuff whose politics differ from that of the station owners.

To take an example from the consumer's angle: suppose we have three rock groups, one which can only play in an empty park, another which can play its numbers over television, and a third which is invited to play at a giant commercial rock fest. Of course, the first group is least likely to have much impact on the pattern of music consumption.

The point is that the music most people 'choose' to hear reflects the pattern of marketing, distribution, and consumption facilities available to different kinds of groups. This is, to an overwhelming extent, in the hands of big business. As John Lennon remarked in a recent interview:

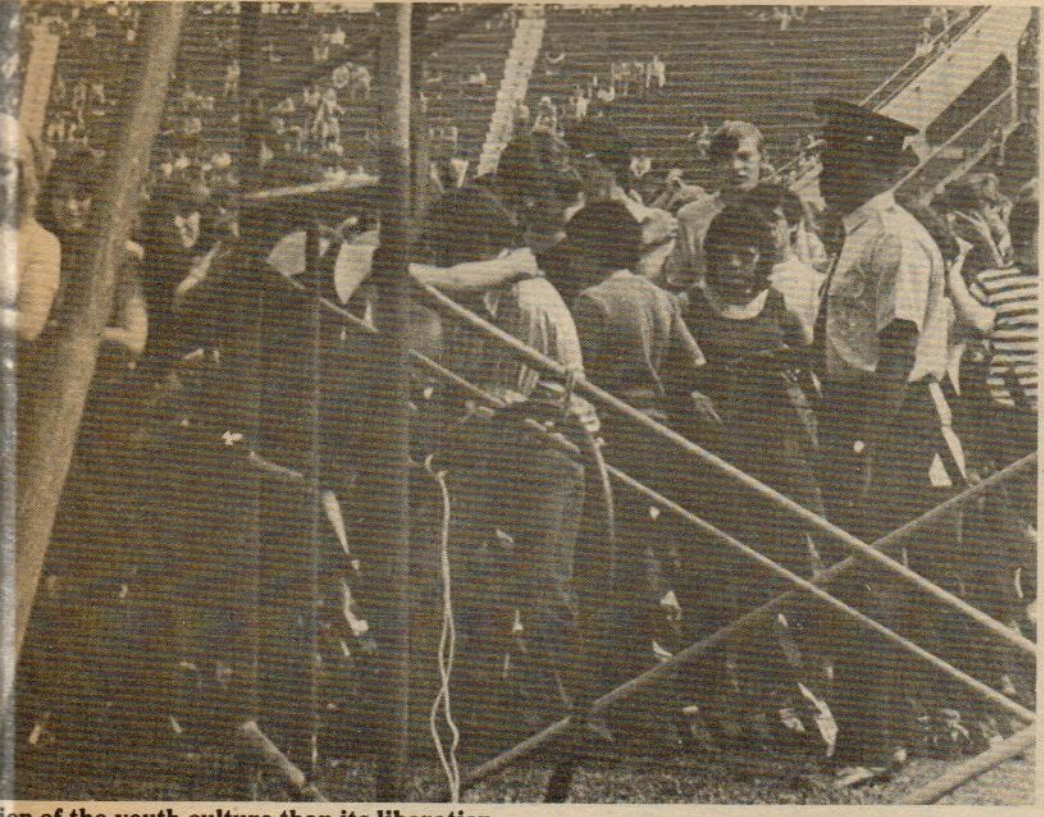
'Yes, they own all the newspapers and they control all distribution and promotion. When we (i.e. the Beatles) came along there was only Decca, Phillips and EMI who could really produce a record for you. You had to go through the whole bureaucracy to get into the recording studio. You were in such a humble position, you didn't have more than 12 hours to make a whole album, which is what we did in the early days. Even now it's the same—if you're an unknown artist you're lucky to get an hour in a studio; it's a hierarchy, and if

## Several youths crash recent Beggars



David Lloyd — Antinomy





ion of the youth culture than its liberation.

# S OF ROCK

you don't have hits, you don't get recorded again. And they control distribution. We tried to change that with Apple, but in the end we were defeated. They still control everything. EMI killed our album, *Two Virgins*, because they didn't like it. With the last record they've censored the words of the songs printed on the record sleeve.

Lennon has also realized that all music serves the interests of a particular class of society, and has stopped producing dreamy escapist drivel (such as the stuff in the *Sargeant Pepper* album). This kind of music serves the interests of the ruling class by teaching young people that nothing can be done except flipping out — and instead Lennon is now producing such working class oriented numbers as *Power To The People* and *Working Class Hero* instead of escapist

music. If you believe that there is an ideological and cultural struggle now going on for the control and direction of society, then all music — whether by uniting one side in the struggle (in the way that classical music cemented the aristocracy and their followers together) or by dividing, or by diverting the other class into romanticism or escapism — is an extremely important cultural weapon in that struggle, more important at this stage than guns and bullets. Clearly it is possible to have music which expresses, stimulates and concretizes the aspirations of revolutionary groups and classes — e.g. such songs as *We Can Be Together*, *Power To The People*, or *Graham Nash's Chicago*.

In a similar way, the blues movement in American folk music was able to express and concretize the anguish of the black working class, foreshadowing the development of black nationalism.

But, it is also possible to have folk or rock music that serves the aspirations of the ruling class, either directly as in *The Ballad Of The Green Berets* — or indirectly, such as when particular songs stimulate such things as competitiveness or sexism (the most potent weapons, along with racism and nationalism, in keeping the working class divided). Escapism, romanticism, pacifism etc. also emasculate the ruling class's opposition.

All the music is political. All groups are political. (The so-called apolitical ones are basically those whose objective function is to throw dust — possibly stardust — in the potential opposition's eyes.) When you're in the middle of a war, your actions will serve one side or the other. There is no neutrality.

Thus, it was a little surprising that the recent 'Build Wacheea' concerts of July 2nd and 4th (arranged under the sponsorship of 'life-style revolutionaries') consisted of virtually the same sort of romanticist, escapist and male chauvinist drivel as one would hear at a commercial festival. With the exception of one or two of the Red Morning women with the presence to heckle

at some of the most blatant sexist lyrics about what cock rockers should do with 'their chicks', the whole show went down with nary a protest from the politicians. One could even see the amusing sight of 'revolutionaries' dancing to lyrics celebrating the futility of revolution and the subjection of women. Incredible.

One had the impression that if some of the 'musicians' were to deliver their lyrics in the form of a speech, the Wacheeaites would certainly be heckling. Some might even be annoyed enough to throw things. But, evidently, since the advertisements for sexism and opiates came in the form of 'songs', all was permitted. 'Music' is sacred. When the subject was raised at a morning meeting of Grass Roots the week after the concerts, one comrade claimed that on no account must one ever screen out particular sexist, escapist or pacifist rock groups because that would be 'censorship'. (But if the pollution into our minds is to go unregulated, why quibble about the industrial pollution into our bodies?) Two others claimed that one should never, ever, under any circumstances, hiss or heckle the lyrics at a rock concert, because that would be impolite to the musicians. If one has a gripe, one should politely go up and talk to the performers afterwards. (This is like being allowed to write to your MP!) One comrade also argued that, since it is important for the people to be together, it is counterrevolutionary to interrupt rock musicians since they are 'part of the people'.

However, rock musicians are people on an elevated platform, with microphones, guitars and amplification systems, and their relation to their 'audience' is an essentially authoritarian one. One side is totally coerced by the power of amplification systems and social pressures into listening to the other (at whose feet it sits). The situation is not much different in a school or university, where the teacher (often a working-class guy himself) uses the power of exams and grades to force a primarily one-way dialogue with the students. Are we to assume that students should never interrupt their teacher? That people never heckle at political rallies? That workers should never take over their bosses' factories?

Behind all these spurious arguments about politeness to musicians and the inviolability of the rock performance, lies the acceptance of the ruling class worldview that everything we have today — in this case, 'entertainment' in which a few people perform and a great many passively consume — is natural, and inevitable. Yet, amazingly enough, with the exception of certain small performances for ruling class audiences, until about a century ago there was no mass entertainment. The masses of the population were being worked too hard and too long, and at overly skimpy wages, to have the time and money for commercial enter-

tainment. They hadn't been socialized to be interested either.

It was only in the second half of the 19th century, with the rise of mass-production, mass-consumption-oriented monopolies and a militant trade-union movement that working people acquired the minimal wealth and leisure necessary for them to serve as a potential market for entertainment industries. But, in itself, this would not have been enough to endow them with an 'audience' mentality: active, creative people, doing their own things, have no need to submerge themselves in the 'audience' of a mass consumption spectacle.

The ability of entertainment entrepreneurs to socialize people to that kind of mentality reflects the fragmented, bureaucratized and unfulfilling nature of the work made available in those same mass-production industries. People, who could find no outlet for their creative energies on the assembly lines of a system that produces to gain profits rather than to meet human needs, could gradually be induced to look for some pseudo-creative escape in the consumption of spectacle, and in overconsumption generally.

From the system's point of view, the attitude of passivity learned at a hockey game or a concert or in reading a newspaper, is an ideal socializer for the sort of deadened passivity necessary to function in a capitalist factory. Lennon puts it very well when he notes that the powers-that-be try to encourage the notion that there are really only a few 'creative' people. All the other 'uncreative' people can thus be persuaded to let others make their decisions for them, rule over them.

The point then is to break down these feelings of passivity, of inability to create. The aim is not to perpetuate such feelings by offering people a futher opiate, in the form of a rock concert. Change will not come overnight. People who have learned to be passive will look for passive entertainment. But we can begin to move in the right directions.

The tyranny of 'stars' can begin to be broken down by music co-ops which encourage more and more 'local' people to play and perform. The mass spectacle of the rock fest can be alleviated by eliminating the microphones and decentralizing into small groups in different areas. Ideally one should strive for a situation where everyone would play the guitar or sing at some time. When we are on the road to eliminating the permanent audience, we will be on the road of cultural revolution that will eliminate the subservience of working people. And, most importantly, we should stop regarding music as some sort of sphere unto itself, recognize it as political, and integrate our music into our political struggles. If we don't integrate it in this way, that music will be used as a cultural weapon against us. —an Antinomy staffer



CHUM

CHUM FM was a classical... in July of 1963. After 7 years of... broadcasting a new era was... In July of 1968, CHUM was... progressive FM station that... After a one-month trial period... listeners were expected to... were now heading... Response was overwhelming... every indication the new life... and not very far from a... such a burst of energy... returned to the station... Toronto was to what one... station... With such a fine... and almost inevitable that... class of listeners... and that... lined up to... as we really don't... what it seems... Of the first... Michael, Kim... — only the... began operating... Patrick... Kenner Schmitt... part-time... To try to... leading on a... reporter David... CHUM's more... following is the...



# CHUM FM

a downhill slide to AM noise

CHUM-FM was a classical music station when it began back in July of 1963. After 5 years of basically unknown, typical FM broadcasting a new era was started at CHUM.

In July of 1968, CHUM made its second debut, calling itself a progressive FM station. But, it was a cautious step forward. After a one-month trial period of broadcasting in its new format, listeners were requested to voice their approval of the way things were now heading.

Response was overwhelming and CHUM-FM burst upon an eager audience who were ripe for a change from the harsh, loud, and not very personal AM noise they were so used to swallowing.

Such a burst of freshness over the air waves was heartily welcomed by Toronto listeners. It was the closest thing that Toronto had to what one might call an underground radio station.

With such a presumptuous debut into the Toronto hip scene it was almost inevitable that the station's programming would fall short of listeners' expectations.

And, that is basically what has happened. CHUM has not lived up to its hype as a progressive radio station. I know a lot of us are really down on the station for its failure to provide us with what it seems CHUM-FM could never have provided.

Of the five original disc jockeys — Peter Griffen, Walter Michaels, Kim Calloway, Mike Shepherd and Murray Kauffman — only the first two are still there. Shortly after the station began operating, it was joined by Tim Thomas and Dave Dave Pritchard.

Reiner Schwarz first appeared in April of 1969. He worked part-time until that summer when he took over a regular shift.

To try to understand some of the reasons why CHUM-FM is heading on a downhill slide to an AM counterpart, Antimony reporter David Lloyd interviewed Reiner Schwarz who was one of CHUM's more popular jockeys until he left early this spring. The following is the basic text of the interview.

**Antimony:** Where do you think CHUM-FM should be going and where isn't it going right now?

**Reiner:** The first thing that has to be considered is that CHUM Ltd. budgets and to some extent operates CHUM-FM and therefore CHUM-FM is a commercial enterprise much like any other radio station. Being a commercial station and having serious commercial objectives — success on the dollar — they are going where they should be going.

As far as their objectives are concerned, they are acquiring the listening audience that they want, the listening audience that will make it possible to sell as much time as an FM station can sell. Already the hours are crowded with commercials. I don't know what I would do with a commercial radio station to try and make it progressive.

**Antimony:** It is sort of a contradiction, isn't it?

**Reiner:** Yes it is to some extent. But you can do it. You can operate a radio station on a commercial basis and have it quite free form, but you have to consider your profit a lower priority. When profit is the first priority, you can't do it. There are ways to produce commercials so that they fit into the format (or lack of format) or at least into the run of music.

**Antimony:** It seems to me that in the last six months the commercials have gotten crasser, the music has gotten poorer, and generally it is declining to an AM station. Is this what you see too?

**Reiner:** Oh definitely. That's why as far as format is concerned the guys that are still there have very little freedom to do anything. We don't have operators — we never had operators — each man did his show. He researched it, operated it, he produced anything he might want to interject; he had to do it all himself. This was alright when there wasn't too much commercial thinking going on, when you didn't have to plan your music so that it would fit in between the commercials. It was the other way around: you'd throw a commercial in whenever it came up. But then it got so busy in the control room that... man can only do so much, the amount of energy required to do a show there now, if you are going to try to involve yourself, is phenomenal.

**Antimony:** What would you like to see at CHUM -FM?

**Reiner:** Well, obviously I'd like to see the epitome of the underground radio station as I don't think anyone has ever seen. Everyone imagines a certain type of radio station. I'd like to see a radio station where honesty is the prime requisite. The first consideration is "Are we being honest with this issue? are we honest with the public?" In order to do that you have to eliminate a lot of things that radio is doing, particularly in advertising, but also with the amount of freedom that announcers have, even with the amount of opinion that a radio station will allow over its air waves relative to the CRTC regulations which allow much more than most radio stations will venture.

**Antimony:** When did you begin to think that you might want to leave the station?

**Reiner:** In the last seven or eight months there I knew that I was getting tired of expending my energy on spinning records, programming commercials, identifying the station, and giving time checks and so on; all the things that became necessary because of the fact that the whole sound was changing. I had all the freedom theoretically that I could want but I didn't have much energy left because of the work that was involved. Also some of the pain was involved in talking about a current issue and then having to run a commercial which was a direct contradiction. If I did go back there, I could probably handle it as a job but I don't know for how long.

**Antimony:** It is interesting to note that at about the same point that you were getting really tired your popularity was growing in leaps and bounds.

**Reiner:** Well, I was trying much harder toward the end. I think that my program reached its fruition last spring — spring 1970.

**Antimony:** And it was from here that you felt that your show was declining?

**Reiner:** I was losing the essence of my ability to feel a program. I think that is what made my show something personal to some people — because it was something personal to me and I didn't usually hold too much back; some nights

I'm sure I looked like an ass — I know I looked like an ass. Sometimes I brought people down — if I happened to be tired, depressed or pissed off. I usually couldn't walk in there, just turn a switch and flip into a happy radio announcer. Consequently, there were nights when people would call and say, "Jesus Christ, do you have to do this to us."

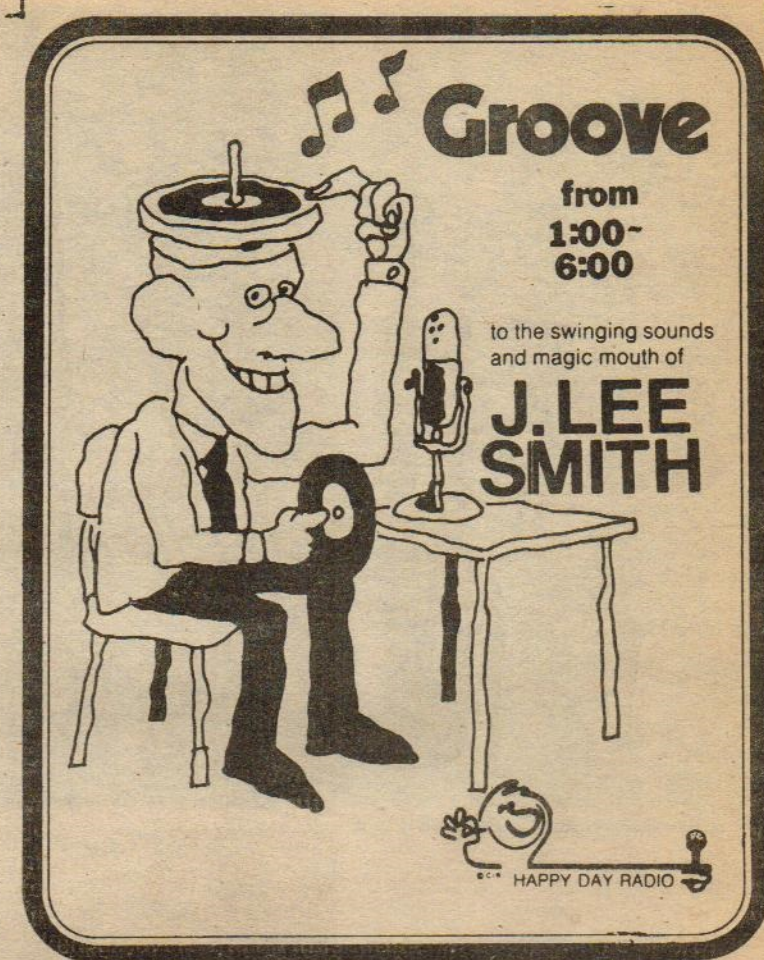
After a while, I couldn't feel the music any more because there was no time to listen to the music and play around with it. And the programming as far as I am concerned, was of utmost importance because the way that the songs flowed, the way that they followed and the contrasts and changes in colour that I tried to establish were the things that either turned people off or turned them on. And likewise when I was turned on by the first hour of the show, it would grow. But usually I was so turned off by the first or second hour because of the heavy commercial load and because of the other pressures that were developing that I couldn't do it anymore.

**Antimony:** It was sometimes pointed out that you were getting much too political for CHUM-FM to handle.

**Reiner:** I never had any feedback of that nature. I was abstractly political, I never really zeroed in on particular things very often. It just seems to me that the fuck-up is so incredibly large that to aim at particular things was more or less the same horseshit every time around.

No, I didn't have too much trouble that way — every now and then there would be questions about what I had done and I would have to explain my impressions of why I had done something. Sometimes, I had to explain spontaneous things which you invariably can't remember as they happened because they are happening there on the moment and on the air. Which is another thing — after you have finished you wonder what you have done.

I was pretty comfortable there in my last year in the studio. I felt pretty much at home. But it was still radio. I often forgot that I wasn't in my living room and that I wasn't sitting around with some friends' which indeed I thought I



was. It was a pretty good relationship with the listening audience that responded.

**Antimony:** What was the incident that eventually led to your leaving?

**Reiner:** I resigned. It got to a point where I was incredibly tired of the bullshit. I gave them an alternative that I thought it was impossible to fill: I asked if I could work an afternoon show. I had been working the shift that I most wanted (late evening until 2 am). I found out as well that it was the most difficult shift to work because it's that time of day when most people are listening. You have to work twice as hard if you care at all. So the alternative that I gave CHUM was to cut my time and give me an afternoon show. One of the stipulations was however that nobody else be inconvenienced. If there was one beef on staff, then I wouldn't accept it.

That was on a Friday and that week end I said everything that I wanted to say. Sunday, I was pretty discouraged with the whole thing and did a very slow, depressing show — said a few more things that were on my mind about broadcasting, about advertising, about radio, about the world... I still wasn't sure that this was it, but Monday morning I suggested that I was prepared to give them my two weeks notice — they accepted my resignation effective immediately. So that was it. Sunday had been my last show.

There wasn't much choice. I would have made myself sick if I had stayed there.

I wanted to say something about the editorial I did last Feb. against censoring records with obscenities. It got me to the point where I thought, "OK, something has got to be done somewhere or this is going to go on forever". By then we had accumulated a fair amount of music that was being kept off the air by a word — one word somewhere in there. The one that particularly got to me was when we weren't able to play "Working Class Hero" by John Lennon which I thought was one of the more important editorials of the last few years. So I decided that I was going to do an editorial. It was well prepared. There were all kinds of legal loopholes; the way I treated the word 'fuck' was within the context of the editorial.

The final outcome of that was that the CRTC approved the whole issue to the extent that they said, "Well look, we are not about to define obscenity...we are prepared to start letting you play music gradually, maybe starting in the later hours of the day and we will see what kind of reaction we get."

I was really surprised with the audience reaction to the editorial. I didn't think it would be as

favourable, as strong, or as well-rooted as it was. The CRTC got something like 300 letters — there was only one letter of complaint. It was from the same man who apparently wrote a letter to the Telegram and ended it with "I am sorry if I sound like an obnoxious old man, but I am a little shaky. I am 56 and this has upset me to the point where I don't know where to go next."

I got about 80 copies of letters at the radio station. There were letters from lawyers, doctors, families, family people, people that identified themselves as being over 30, professors — an audience that I didn't know that I had. That was a bit of a surprise. The guts of that mail were people who could make a decision and decided with a clear perspective that the language I was talking about was not considered obscenity any more. So, there was some foundation to the mail response.

In that case, we did a thing on the phones that night for about an hour and a half later on after the editorial; and it was amazing. We really discovered that the listening audience at that time was adult oriented — older people. We hadn't swept in on the teeny bopper as yet — which is happening now. The audience is growing and a lot of people are saying, "Hey, this is almost like AM except that they play a little more music". This is a natural progression for most FM stations. CKLG in Vancouver a year ago restricted their music to the 100 top albums with five per cent of the programming the announcer's choice. But, management decided that they were going to draw up some policy on that and decided against it.

In my particular case, everyone was involved right up to Mr. Waters, the president. He was very broad-minded in the situation. He was very clear as to why he didn't like it, as to why he thought it was a thing that shouldn't be done. So, that whole thing sort of became futile. The government said OK, law permits you to do it. We were a progressive station, a free form station that deals to a particular audience and yet we were not able to, play for instance, "Working Class Hero". And at that point I was able to see that whatever fight was going on was a futile thing; in the long run we would be short cut or curved on certain issues.

**Antimony:** Larry Solway left CHUM about the same time. Was there any connection?

**Reiner:** No, in my case it was entirely my own thing. It had nothing to do with the obscenity editorial other than I did it and was severely criticized for it. Then, shortly after, Trudeau whispered



# Prices up as record companies' control increases

By ERIC MILLS

Why did James Taylor's latest album, "Mud Slide Slim", cost less than 40 cents to produce and yet \$4.49 or more at your favorite record store?

Yes, it's true. The executive vice-president and general manager of Warner Brothers-Reprise in the United States, Joe Smith, told "Rolling Stone" (July 8, 1971) that "it costs maybe 30 cents to 38 cents" to manufacture a typical record.

The rise from 38 cents to \$4.49 is a tribute to the oligopolistic corporate structure of music in Canada, which is directly controlled by a small number of American record companies.

Smith went on to list the costs involved in a record before it leaves a company:

- 22 cents goes to the artist;
- 18 to 24 cents to the publisher;
- 6.6 cents to the American Federation of Musicians (to which the Toronto Musicians' Association is affiliated);
- and 75 cents to \$1 as profit to the record company.

Smith explained that this profit is set against costs of approximately \$50,000 for a first-album group, and \$25,000 as an advance to the artist (from which he must pay the tremendous costs of recording the album). The rest cover promotional hype and other expenses.

Smith claimed that the company doesn't actually make a clear profit until an album sells 75,000 copies, which he said only about one-eighth of the 'youth' albums do.

The above amounts total between \$1.62 and \$1.95, which should therefore be the price at which record companies sell to distributors.

Not so, says Smith. "We sell to our distributors... (at) about \$2.10 an album," he asserts.

One can only speculate where the missing money goes, and what profits really are.

However, the profits are so great that a large business in "bootlegging" records has sprung up.

Joe Smith told Rolling Stone that unauthorized producers of name artists' records net "about 130 million dollars" a year. "We sold 400,000 James Taylor tapes; they (bootleggers) probably sold 200,000!"

Bootlegging is almost negligible in Canada due to higher costs and tighter laws. Given some leeway, however there would be a strong "black market" in records, says Larry Ellenson, proprietor of Round Records.

One blackmarket record did appear in Toronto about a year ago. "The Great White Wonder", with its badly recorded tapes of Bob Dylan, sold for about \$15.

Most records used to have a standard list price of \$5.29 in Canada. However, this is no longer the case, as a variety of different price structures have appeared.

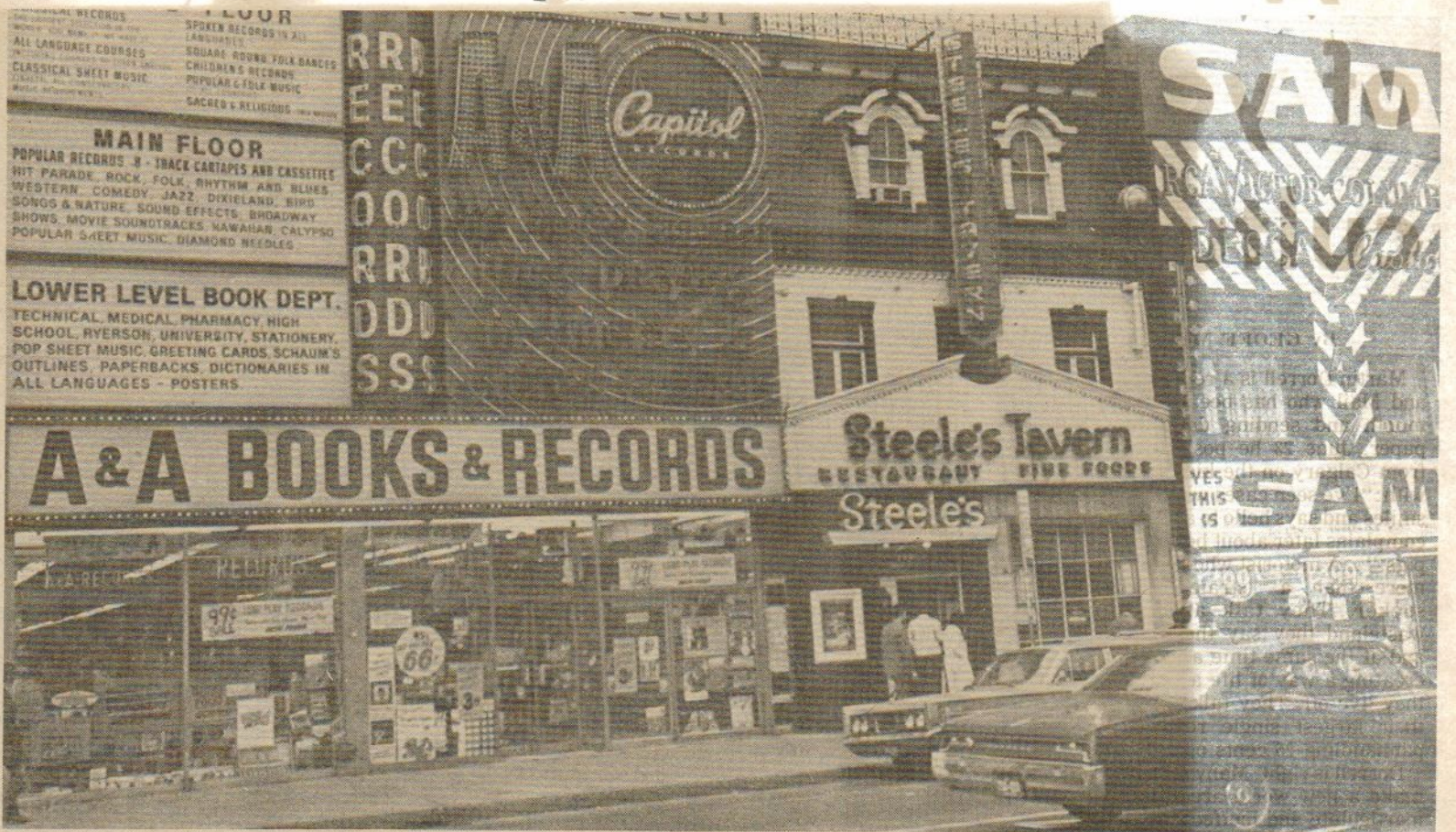
One cause of the discrepancy in list prices is the profit motive, pure and simple.

A company often raises list prices above the norm for very popular records. The standard here is approximately a \$6.29 list. Artists such as Dylan, Baez, Beatles, Stones, James Taylor, Joni Mitchell and the Moody Blues become so well established that their records will sell at a higher price. The outstanding example is the Beatles' "Abbey Road", which listed for \$7.29, the highest ever for a single album.

"The record company makes an extra 35 cents or so", says Smith, and everybody else also gets his cut.

"With Frank Sinatra, we always got a dollar more (on the list price). We tried once to bring it down to regular price and sold no more," Smith reveals. Smaller price hikes also occur.

In Canada, Columbia recently raised its basic list price from \$5.29 to \$5.49. Both Polydor and RCA raised corresponding lists to \$5.98.



Pat McQuade, Sales Manager for RCA, told Antimony Columbia has just met an increased sales tax. He said the large RCA hike offset cost increases that had been simply absorbed during the past two years. McQuade also claimed that RCA had increased the size of the discount given to retailers. But this made only a difference of 12 cents.

Another company, MCA, raised its prices in an unusual way. It left the basic list prices at \$5.29, but lowered its discount so that the wholesale price went up. However they do it, all companies are likely to raise their prices soon, said RCA's McQuade. Columbia might raise theirs again.

As a record passes into Canada from the USA (usually in tape form, to be manufactured here), the cost is likely to go up; because of costs related to the size of market (hence risk), and difficulty in distribution and taxes. Yet the American figures do have proportionate meaning for Canada.

Record distributors are really only an extension of the production end of the company. Nearly all of them are owned by the main record companies. They sell the records to "rack jobbers", and increasingly, to large record stores directly.

In the US, Joe Smith claims that the rack jobbers have about 70 percent of the distribution market. He also says that the companies get in on distribution directly, presumably because there are fewer middlemen.

The record companies are big, and therefore powerful. "The rich are going to get richer and the poor are going to get poorer". In other

words, the small jobber will get squeezed out.

This is also happening in Canada.

Large stores, such as Sam's and A&A, already are their own distributor, because of the large volume they handle.

Columbia Records recently set up its own retail store, the Record Treasury. A cash register feeds directly into a Columbia computer; roughly half of their ten daily specials are Columbia (or subsidiary) records; and Columbia records are prominently displayed. Record Treasury seems to have firm links to its owner.

A spokesman at Columbia told Antimony that one main reason for owning Record Treasury is to ensure that a large amount of the Columbia "catalogue" (a wide variety of artists and records) appears in retail stores.

He said catalogue is being less and less exposed in retail stores, as jobbers carry predominantly major sellers. He claimed that this is also happening in the U.S. Rack jobbers are being bought out in the States by record companies.

The spokesman also said that Columbia simply thought that retailing records was a good investment, generally. That, it probably is.

Rumors are circulating in Toronto that Columbia has gone one step further and is negotiating to buy A&A Records. The reputed price is \$4 million. The Columbia man refused to confirm this.

"It's not true", he said. "It's not definite".

The manager of A&A, a Mr. Martin, would not confirm a sale. "That would be only our business", he said, but he did admit that there is "some talk of it".

Whatever the ownership, record stores in Toronto seem to be doing very good business.

Following the lead of Sam the Record Man, Sayer's and Shopper's Record and Tape Mart have set up satellites in the suburbs, in addition to their main stores.

Although land rent in the suburbs is less than downtown, record prices outside the city core are nearly always higher than corresponding downtown prices.

Perhaps this is more due to relative absence of competition, than the presence of higher costs.

They also make juicy profits with small costs by acting as ticket agencies for festivals and concerts. A uniform practice is to add a 25-cent service charge to the cost of a ticket to a customer.

Ellenson suggests that as in any oligopolistic industry there is a chance of corruption. But there is little hope of discovery.

And the situation for record companies is similarly rosy.

In Canada, there are only four main companies. There are Columbia, Warner Brothers-Reprise, Capitol and RCA. Smaller companies include MCA, Polydor and GRT.

With so few companies controlling a substantial market at all levels of the music industry, there are indeed many lucrative opportunities. Rolling Stone claims the record business is growing at the rate of 20 percent to 30 percent annually.

As Joe Smith says: "We don't have any major problems...the horizons are so bright".

## continued from 3

It all leads to the myth of the counter-culture. The theory of the counter-culture depends on a new life style. Woodstocks become a symbolic Acropolis of this new culture. Yet they are as establishment as Standard Oil. They have a product; it's promoted, sold to millions at inflationary prices to satiate the profit motive.

In the aftermath of Woodstock, you can see the pollution, the garbage, the dead, the injured—all

relatively unimportant compared to the extent to which it has furthered the myth of peace and music. Woodstock was beautiful because you were told it was beautiful. Time Magazine, New Yorker, even National Review said it was a sociological event of the decade. The fact that there was no fighting during the three days, so it was all Peace and Music, provided the necessary incentive to make the myth reality.

The terms Peace and Music are used by the powers that are to keep

the minds of the American Empire's children off what's really going down. Woodstock was a year after Kennedy, King and Chicago and a year before Kent State, Jackson State and Chicago 8. Yet if you believe in the myths of "youth culture", it was the greatest happening of the decade. It subordinated all these other seemingly meaningless events because, as a money-making venture, it posed no threat to the powerful succession of Johnson, Nixon and AT&T.

Name	Address	list prices:	\$5.29	\$5.49	\$5.98	\$6.29	\$6.49	\$6.98	\$10.58
A and A Records	351 Yonge St.	retail:	3.79	4.29	3.79	4.49	4.99	5.95	7.90
Sam the Record Man	347 Yonge St.		3.79	3.79	3.79	4.49	4.99	5.95	7.90
Goodies Records	252 Yonge St.		3.78	3.78	3.78	4.38	4.38	4.38	6.90
Round Records	110 Bloor W. (2nd floor)		3.49	3.60	3.95	4.15	4.25	4.60	6.98
Record Treasury	131 Bloor W.		3.79	3.99	4.49	4.79	4.79	4.99	8.49
Eaton's	190 Yonge St.		3.79	3.79	3.79	4.50	4.49	5.95	8.95
Shopper's Records & Tape Mart	Esplanade, Towne and Country Plaza, 59 Avenue Rd.		3.77	4.77	4.77	4.77	—	—	7.97
Sam's Satellites	5 locations in suburbs		3.95	3.95	4.49	4.49	4.99	5.50	7.98
Sayer's Records	Yorkdale and Don Mills Shopping Centre		3.98	3.98	3.98	4.79	4.79	4.79	8.59
Music World	Fairview Mall		3.95	4.15	4.79	4.95	5.15	5.49	8.95



# Hype: the selling of youth culture

By GEOFF MEGGS

Martin Dorrell is a reporter for the Globe and Mail who has been hitching west this month and sending daily reports to his paper. June 23 he posted this meditation from Calgary on the kids he was traveling with: "I've seen cases where a police officer smiles and says hello to a hitcher and the kid complains later about being 'hassled by the pigs.'" ...A motorist who gives them a ride is more than a "straight dude" he's a sucker...They talk about the cultural wasteland they say they're running from and at the same time are in the process of creating a way of life as barren as the one they live off. They talk of revolution when their largest single revolutionary act is panhandling 25 cents off a little old lady."

Dorrell is right. Many of us in a position to make a new world are culturally wasted; inarticulate and ineffective in our personal and social lives. Many of us substitute Dorrell's articles for really hitting the road and many of us think panhandling strikes a body blow to the materialistic life. But what Dorrell fails to realize is that the kids he describes haven't really rejected the old culture at all, but have been deceived by its multiform manifestations. Ever-vital capitalism will do anything to make a buck, including selling revolution. Big Business will advocate its own overthrow and promote groups whose songs "preach violent revolution" because there's money in it. The way it's done is called hype.

Hype is artistic advertising, psychological guerilla warfare. It creates beliefs and attitudes rather than communicating a sales pitch.

A hyped consumer buys a product because he believes it is a consistent extension of his own personality, a necessary part of him and others like him. He never acquires objects. He buys "underground" magazines, "acid rock" records, "Joe Cocker" shirts and watches "three days of peace and music" on widescreen.

With hype, big business took over youth culture and has built one of the continent's richest industries on the youth market. The most visible aspects of our "culture" are controlled by our enemies and are therefore no longer ours. It's a good thing. Hannah Arendt writes that "an object is cultural to the extent that it can endure." When we live a life that's so hot it can't be bought, packaged, sold and consumed, revolution is assured.

**"The role of culture in the revolutions is to pave the way ideologically for the revolution; in some sense it is a preview of coming attractions, in another sense it is the primal swarm which generates a biology of opposition to the existing culture; it creates modes and forms of rebellion, and an atmosphere in which to nourish the rebellion."**

**Craig Pyes, on why Rolling Stone is counter-revolutionary**

Rolling Stone could once be called somewhat revolutionary because it didn't make a profit. No more. Now it is read by a quarter of a million and by the end of the year expects to clear over \$1,000,000 in ad revenue alone. Rolling Stone is the underground arm of the biggest hype organization in existence, the music industry. The music industry produces all the rock music around which youth culture revolves. As the president of Capitol Records puts it: "we are heavily involved in merchandising with and communicating with youth."

It pays. The industry was worth \$1.8 billion in 1969. Last year Columbia made profits of \$25 million, fifty per cent of which came from sales of rock music.

Hype makes it all possible. Traditionally advertising has served to stimulate demand to absorb overproduction, to create desires for unnecessary items and to develop loyalty to a product in the face of standardization. All these roles demand emphasis on the product or the message. Hype, on the other hand, emphasizes the medium.

For example, here's a Columbia press release: "Columbia Records'

'Revolutionaries' program...is being extended through April by field demand...The Revolutionaries campaign is an all-out merchandising program on Columbia's rock album product and has served as the launching pad for a number of outstanding contemporary artists...There have been special "Revolutionaries" display racks, window streamers and posters."

Hype makes it possible for the record companies to market a product which both artists and "consumers" believe is a cultural object. Some of the best hypes are in Rolling Stone and the trade magazines. Try these from Rolling Stone: "Cynara — a very important first album"; "Music that covers every known expression and form to create those of its own. To be precise, it's an excursion of musical ideas. Listen to 'Dinosaur Swamps'. It's the sound of Walden Pond today. And tomorrow." "Listen to Joe South, The man with insight into pseudo people who think having is being."

So many records come out that important disc jockeys may have literally dozens of new records a week to listen to and choose for the play list. What often puts a record on the air is heavy cover or the huge ads that appeared the week before its release. After all, what company would blow money on a two-bit group?

Notice how the hype builds the reader's ego by appealing to him with jargon and underground cliches he'll be "be hip to". The ads assume everyone knows what is meant by a musical excursion and that the reader is so well versed musically that he'll know what is meant by "the sound of Walden Pond today." Finally notice the record company's hip nudge with the phrase "insight into pseudo people who think having is being." The company is trying to say that Joe writes songs about those that cool people like us find such a drag.

Unfortunately hype isn't simply a creation of an industry diabolic in what it will do to sell (take paragraph above). A starry-eyed interview with Warner-Brothers executive Joe Smith in a recent Rolling Stone underlined the importance of good hype in record sales. The company throws in \$50,000 to a good group to cover advances and studio time. With that kind of investment, the executive reported there was no profit until 75 - 80,000 records had been sold for the company. However, because the group itself may make only seven per cent in royalties the stars don't break even until sales top 100,000. To hustle that many records, good promotion is indispensable, and as a result, the promotion clauses are often the key to rock contracts.

For instance, Black Sabbath signed with Warner Brothers when they came to the States because they were promised that "their tour would receive an "A" treatment in terms of what our company would do promotionally...That we would spend \$7500 above and beyond our normal promotional costs...I knew that was such an academic figure anyhow because if I had said \$30,000 it wouldn't really matter. We wound up spending over \$50,000." That extra cash bought AM, FM and magazine advertising and sold over half a million copies each of two records.

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To the chagrin of the industry, hits can't quite be programmed despite the quantities of money spent to that end. Good groups make it without heavy hyping and some groups like Lighthouse can't make it despite lavish promotion. But the industry is about to become one of the most important in the country and to quote Joe Smith, "the horizons are so bright, God..." Smith means the profit horizon, of course.

Rock music is firmly in the grip of monster corporations like Kinney Shoes and CBS. Five corporations have music nearly tied up. For companies like this, revolution is a remote concern. If it does get out of hand, there's always the hype to keep things in hand. Editorial writer Ralph Gleason of Rolling Stone is a classic industry toady, laying down lines like "cops are not pigs" and the "far left and the far right are the same."

This kind of mystification is coupled with a rock ideology that holds that if you shake your ass hard enough to Elton John, the Revolution will happen. Gleason even gently mocks pot-heads these days: "...today you can drop in anywhere and have a window into a circle of friends in no time flat. Dope helped, of course, but it was the music first and it still is. It's a lot easier to groove with a dude who doesn't get high with dope than with one who doesn't get high with music."

In other words, if everyone forgets dope, forgets Vietnam, forgets racism, claps on their stereo headphones and listens to music produced by the rock industry we'll have a revolution. Honest.

**I'm talking business, because there are 70 million homes in this country, of that 56 million, i.e. 78 per cent have record players...Why should we jump up and down to sell a million records?...It's wide open. My God, we've got such a future to look ahead to it staggers me."**  
**Joe Smith, Warner Bros, Reprise.**

Is there any other place you'd rather be? The success of the music industry in the development of hype as an instrument of mystification and oppression has not been missed by the rest of the establishment. The fight for women's liberation has been a particular target, as the ad at the right testifies. Making a black woman the object of sado-amso masochistic sex fantasies is truly obscene. Another example is the recent CFRB ad which asks, under a picture

of a woman with a weight-lifters' torso, "Do women really want their new image?" Suggesting the aim of feminists is to become strongmen obscures the real direction of their work and completely confuses thousands of men and women.

Politicians have been examining the quickest way to snatch at hype to win votes. Of course, elections won this way are a testimony to good advertising and have nothing to do with democracy. The Globe and Mail reports that a sociologist named Martin Goldfarb has been helping Canadian politicians in and out of power for several years. On the basis of "marketing studies" Goldfarb plots a strategy for his client, in this case William Davis. If too many voters disagree with the government, Goldfarb will design strategy to change the mind or tell the government to change its policy. "Mr. Goldfarb rejects any suggestion that issues like education costs, regional government or unemployment could be campaign problems for Mr. Davis. "Baloney. Davis' problem is not issues. Davis' problem is getting people to feel there is a new breed here even if you handle it in the same old way."

Again hype creates a state of mind which identifies the consumer with a group created by the business selling a product. As more and more people accept the fantasies they are given as reality, the easier they are to control.

Real 'youth culture' is not barren; rather it is so violently fertile it can't be co-opted by business for its own profit.

We can only have our own culture if we own it, if we produce it and if we share it by our common way of life. For a long time this way will have to be defined by what destroys the "culture" of big business and its hype.

**..Make war on machines of corporate death and the robots that guard them. The duty of a revolutionary is to make love; that means staying alive and free. That doesn't allow for cop-outs. Smoking dope and hanging up Che's picture is no more a commitment than drinking milk and collecting postage stamps. A revolution in consciousness is an empty high without a revolution in the distribution of power.**  
**Abbie Hoffman, Steal This Book.**



# 'We couldn't play Working Class Hero!'

● from page 8

his motherfucker to the boys in the Commons: I was applauded for my editorial. But later still I was criticized for it because of the press that it got and some of the press looked a little shaky...The headline that the Telegram used was "Obscenity OK'd by CHUM-FM" because I was still on the air. All the requests made in the editorial were denied and that spurred me a little closer to resigning.

**Antimony:** There should be a good market in the generation of 19 to 27 so that a good progressive station could exist.

**Reiner:** Well Kim Galloway last fall tried to promote the idea of a subscriber station. They accumulated pledges of close to 100,000 but they felt from the research that they did, that public support was not strong enough to carry it. Even the station WBAI in New York is just barely surviving. It operates on the same structure — the number of listeners that send in ten dollars a year or whatever. But, there are an awful lot of problems with that kind of a station because every subscriber-listener is in a position where he has the right to come in and give people his opinion at any time.



Reiner Schwarz: 'OK, something has to be done or this will go on forever'.

Everyone has the right to come and take some air time. Of course, one of their problems is keeping people away.

Anyway, Toronto last year did not have the support — maybe it would have it now.

**Antimony:** Where do you think that rock music and festivals are going?

**Reiner:** I don't know. Things spread out and shrink in such tremendous rapidity; it goes in so many directions that it is so hard to predict.

I was really amazed on Saturday (Beggars Banquet 1, June 26) that so many people were as satisfied as they were — sitting in two in-

ches of mud, bad sound and 40 and 50 minute delays. When the lights went on towards the end of Steppenwolfe the field was jammed with people and when they left I noticed that they had been sitting in garbage all day — like broken bottles; tons and tons of broken bottles. Booze might really screw up the festival scene; the smoke of course made it all very enjoyable. That is probably the result of the fact that smoke is much more difficult to get now than ever and a lot of dirty chemicals are around which kids are still eating. But the liquor might change the tone of festivals. Anyway, it is amazing how much people will go through and still enjoy it. So, I guess for the lack of better or other things to do festivals will continue to happen and people will continue to storm out to them and sit there and dig it.

**Antimony:** Do you listen to the station much now?

**Reiner:** Rarely. I occasionally

tune in on Tim (Thomas), sometimes Dave (Pritchard). I respect Pritchard's work to the utmost. As far as I am concerned, he is one of the free form masters. And he seems to be suffering; his show seems to be suffering from time to time because of pressure, because of probably a lack of understanding on the part of management of what the essence of his program is all about. It seems to me that the station is heading to a more standardized, more formatted set-up.

You have to understand that Bob Lane, who is station manager, worked for about ten or fifteen years with AM radio. He has been conditioned by his environment and understands radio of one type. He understands AM radio and to some extent now understands FM radio. But, his AM experience leaves him in a perfect position to make CHUM a commercial success, because he knows how to

promote it — he knows how to attract his AM audience.

Anyone who spends that much time with AM radio will have incredible difficulty understanding the back-bone of FM, which is spontaneity and freedom.

**Antimony:** What, to change the subject somewhat, were some of your more enjoyable experiences at CHUM?

**Reiner:** My first six or eight months were really tense because I didn't know anything about radio. The years where I felt my program reached its fruition was great. I particularly enjoyed the audience involvement. There were so many priceless moments in the control room.

One that comes to mind happened one night after I had been at a meeting for Project 71. I was late and arrived at the station about five minutes after ten. The studio light was on and I figured that whoever was in there was probably explaining that I was late. So I went flying in to find Tim at the microphone and Walter and Steve and they were conducting auditions for my program slot. I fell right in with it and auditioned along with them. They made me read a commercial.

There were moments like that. Some of the great moments with Pritchard when he used to come in at five to two and we would experiment with the building — open up all the doors, raise the microphone level in the control room and float around the radio station yelling back and forth trying to connect or whatever — the imaginary transition from Schwarz to Pritchard. We were doing things that had never been done before; he used to talk to me from the library which was down the hall and around the corner and we would seal off the rest of the building. With the microphone level way up we would get reverb echo and a high frequency buzz and every sound was amplified to a point where you couldn't recognize it. His shout from the other end was a whisper and my whisper was an overwhelming hiss.

David Lloyd - Antimony

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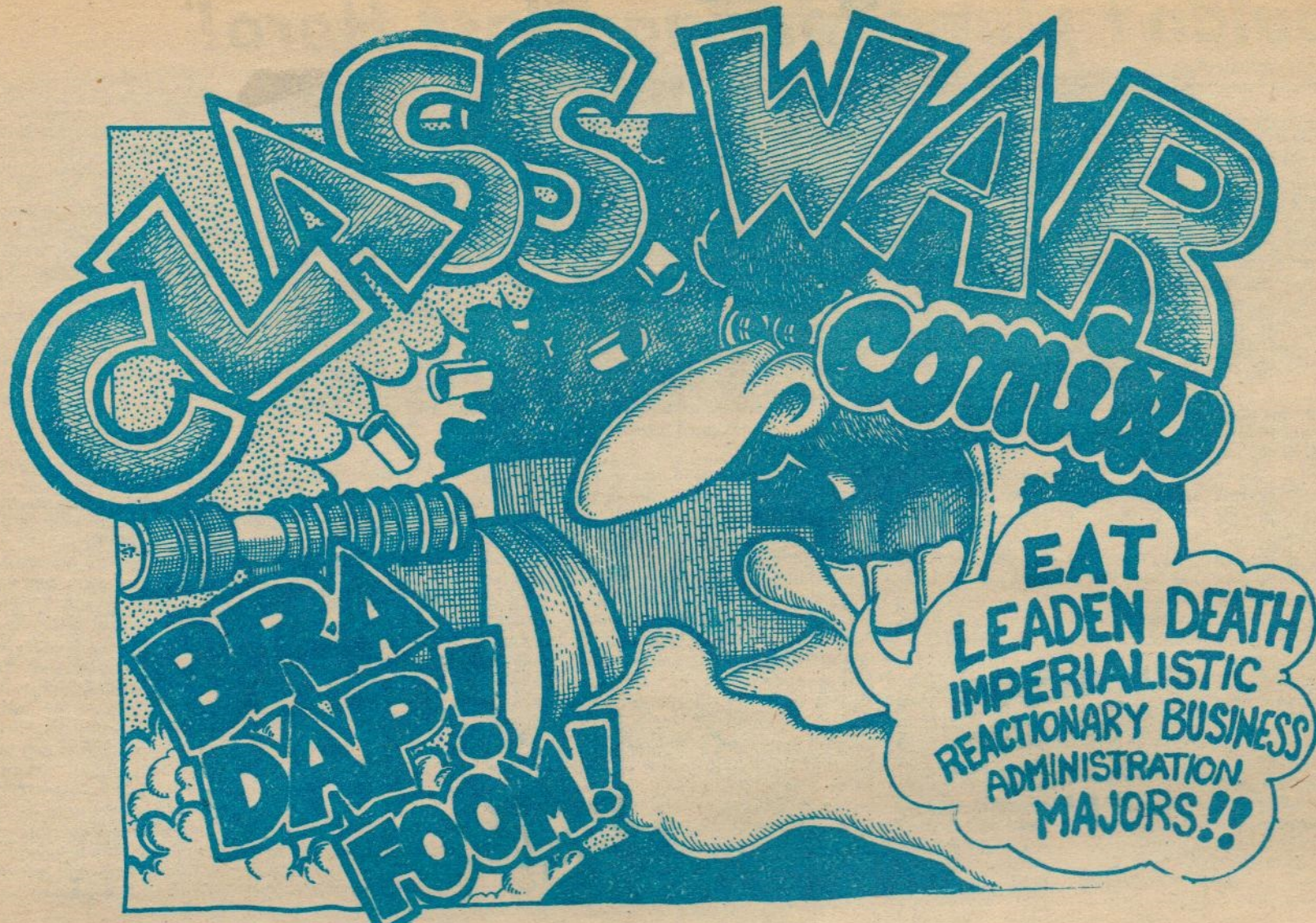
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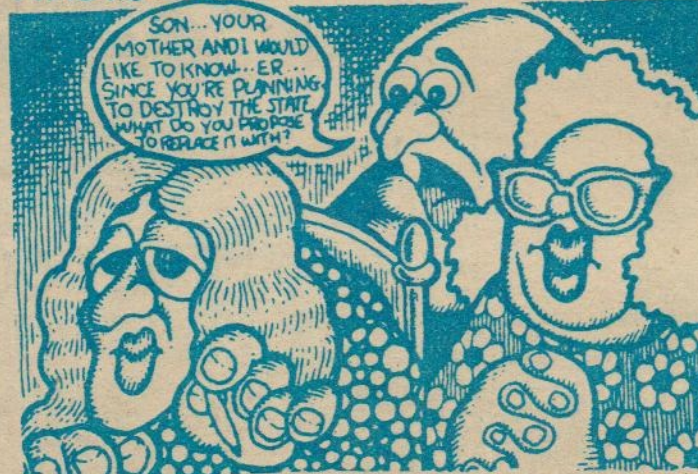
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