

INDEPENDANT PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF ST. MARCHOS

Last Sunday a People's Revolution climaxed as St. Marchos gained its independance from its former tyrannic oppressors, the Grand Dutchy of Fenwick. The people of St. Marchos have been led to this glorious revolution by their great populist leader Emilio Fastool. With great joy and spirit Comrade Emilio addressed the exuberant multitudes, who could not hold back their happiness by screaming the legendary underground name of their revolutionary leader. "Pasta!" "Pasta!", they shouted.

"Dear Comrades, It is with great joy that we celebrate today the liberation of the People's Republic of St. Marchos, a day that also marks the 12th anniversary of the foundation of MACHO (Marchos Communist Heroes Organization), the 4th anniversary of our great victory and Port Letkas, the 2nd anniversary of our capture of General Gonzales, and the Grand Opening of Kelly's Stereo Mart.

Despite the efforts of the CIA we have overcome our capitalist oppressors. They tried to corrupt the leaders of the revolution through personal bribes - jewels, Cadillacs, vacations, and even the promise of a National League Baseball franchise. But Comrades, what did we do with these filthy imperialistic gifts? From them we learned of the stench of the capitalist system. The Cadillacs soon needed repair, and besides they only got 7 miles per gallon. Is this the god of Capitalism that has enslaved the United States - 7 miles to the gallon.

No! The people of the People's Republic of St. Marchos reject the hidden traps of Capitalism. I present to the people a list of

decrees whose observation will put us on the road to true socialism.

1. No tipping.
2. Install and 8 by 10 glossy of myself above mantelpiece in your home and office.
3. All newspapers and radios shall be liberated and placed in the hands of the Ministry of Liberated Media.
4. Everyone to bed by 10:30.
5. Brush between meals.
6. On the seventh day you shall rest.

Fellow heroes of the revolution, now that we have overthrown the shackles of our class ideals we must build for the future. We must set an example for those states still shackled by colonialism, neo-colonialism, psuedo-colonialism, imperialism, neo-imperialism, paleontolligism, classism, hegemonism, and flugelism."

Your Leader,
Emilio Fastool

After following the heroic struggle of MACHO to overthrow their capitalist oppressors it is with great joy that we see the People's Republic of St. Marchos set off on the road to a socialist society.

That same day thousands of happy citizens held celebrations in small villages throughout the countryside. Thousands of baseball cards were burned. That night it was reported that many comrades in the spirit of true socialism went out to paint their towns red.



People of ST. Marchos know how to celebrate independance!!

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Part I

An apple a day keeps the doctor away. That sentence I just wrote - its a lie - complete and utter falsehood. I wrote it, yet I will not change it. Still, it does not matter if I remove it for you shall never even get a chance to read it. In fact, I refuse to write it down, thereby proving my conviction that you shall not lay eyes on that sentence. Absurd, well indeed it is absurd, and I tell you this in the strictist confidence - do not pay any mind to its senselessness.

Did I write that last paragraph? It is lies, all lies, and not even what I really intend to speak about. My true avowed intention in writing anything down is to place in a lasting form my annals as a Marxist-Lenninest revolutionary in Halifax.

Do I detect a scoff from your well stuffed mouth. Even so, you may scoff on. For the day will come when that scoffing gesture will turn to glows of respect, when the Revolution sweeps Parliament Hill to the bottom of the Marianas Trench.

Halifax of all places is the natural question (to

just about any answer). Well let me tell you this - Berkeley was a game of cribbage compared to what Halifax is going to become. All those bozos in California playing revolutionary and eating Sunist prunes at the same time give me a pain in the rectum.

Part II

It is raining. The darkness is wet. Occasionally a car will venture to peer its headlights through the large glass window. Customers come in and go out, ordering pizzas with anchovies and pepperoni.

A dark man, his overcoat collar turned up the brim of his hat turned down, enters the restaurant. "Pizza with Marx, no anchovies", he speaks, in a calm, confident manner.

The man behind the counter replies, "They're in the back".

The crucial meeting is now ready to come to business. The three of us - Marx, Lennin, and Elton (codenames of course) are calmly working out the first act in our revolutionary scenario. (It would be a breach of intelligence for me to

reveal to you the details of that scenario, suffice it to say that Dalhousie may look like a Caesar's Salad when its all over.)

Recruitment is one of the crucial points of our debate. The man whose code name is Elton speaks in a gruff, low voice, "The recruitment of the peasants must be achieved through Party dictates, it says here in the manual that recruitment can easily be achieved through liberation of the oppressed free doctrine enslaving the proletariat masses."

We all nod our heads in agreement. The meeting goes deep into the morning. Finally the three of us are too tired to go on. As inconspicuously as we came in we silently slip away into the crowded streets. Once again we are ordinary Haligonians, going about our daily

business.

Living day to day as a revolutionary is no comic book, believe you me. Each day the revolution progresses a little further. Today I put up twelve posters and told a capitalist pig what he could do with his Olympic Lottery. Did a laundry too.

You may be asking yourself - is he a worker or what? I did work for a while delivering newspapers. Now I don't work, I'm just a student, part-time. Part-time student, part-time revolutionary, but soon it will be all Revolutionary. Soon it will be just me, my protetariat masses, and a good Sony stereo system deftly lifted from Kelly's when the rioting begins.

PLAN 73-B

COMMUNIST TAKEOVER PLAN

written by: Guzzling Gourmet
illustrated by: Comrade Woolley

Long ago: people had feet like this.

Then along came the heel (pronounced A) and the capitalists started walking funny.

But, if we commies ever stole their shoes, they could still tip-toe around.

Then we introduced the EARTH shoe.

At first they walk like this & their feet hurt.

But soon they get used to it and they walk like this.

But after a while their heels wear down and their feet hurt again!

So then they buy steeper EARTH shoes.

OVER NIGHT WE STRIKE

US commies steal all the EARTH shoes!

Now with all of them standing around their sore mangled feet, unable to walk, we will not be stopped!

GURTESY OF THE NORMAN BUFOON INSTITUTE

CLASSIFIEDS - POSITIONS OPEN -

Dictators of the Proletariat

Must be good family man with intimate knowledge of KGB Code of Ethics, vodka, and evil stares.

Apply- MPLA Angola

Dictators of the Proletariat

Must be good family man with intimate knowledge of that little Red Book, table tennis, and inscrutable stares.

Apply- FLNA Angola

Dictators

Must be good family man with intimate knowledge of ITT Code of Ethics, apple pie, and Tricky-Dicky starés.

Apply- Henry's Place Washington

HELP!

Anyone.

Apply - Angola

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