

'A campaign of hysteria'

# 200 radicals protest Globe Quebec story

By JOHN KING

About 200 radical students from Canada, the United States and Europe, marched on the offices of The Globe and Mail Sunday night "to protest this newspaper's campaign of hysteria against the Quebec people."

Protesting a front page story in last Thursday's Globe quoting Quebec Liberal Party vice-president Anthony Malcolm as saying that separatists in Quebec are being financed by Cuba and Algeria, the students picketed the building for half an hour after a march through downtown Toronto.

The demonstrators offered support to Quebecers who are fighting for:

- freedom for two separatists who have been held in prison for two years without any charges being brought against them;
- the resignation of Quebec justice minister Rene Paul;

— the establishment of French-only schools.

Police blocked off the York Street sidewalk by The Globe's pressroom windows and delivery docks. Ten pieces of four-by-eight foot plywood were propped inside the windows of the pressroom to guard against demonstrators who might try to stone the presses.

About 25 policemen were visible around The Globe building.

The students marched in front of the King Street side of building in a double file of picketers chanting "stop the lies or shut it down" and carrying picket signs with slogans of "Globe and Mail repression" and "Quebec Libre."

The demonstrators were delegates at Glendon College's The Year of the

Barricade, a four-day symposium on the nature and direction of the international student movement, which began last Thursday.

A leaflet circulated at the conference Saturday charged The Globe with "a systematic campaign of slander, smears, falsehood and distortion" aimed at building "an atmosphere of hysteria in Canada, in order to isolate the people of Quebec from Canadians who would support their struggle if they knew what was going on."

"The Toronto Globe and Mail is the mouthpiece of English capital," the leaflet said, "which oppresses the people of Quebec and is responsible for the current wave of repression against them."

Another leaflet charged the paper with "campaigns for racial hatred against

Quebecois (which) have prevented Canadians from understanding their struggle."

The Globe's lead front page story Thursday was tied with a page seven article consisting of excerpts from Malcolm's speech.

Speaking to the Mount Royal Women's Club in Montreal last Thursday, Malcolm charged that the Company of Young Canadians and the Parti Quebecois had been infiltrated by "subversive elements" financed by sources in Cuba and Algeria and by the Black Panther Party in the United States.

At a plenary session of The Year of the Barricade conference Saturday night, Montreal activist Stanley Gray, a member of Quebec's left-wing Front de Liberation Populaire, said "the newspapers in Montreal . . . refused to print any of this . . . because absolutely no substantiation was given to the charges."

The Montreal Star devoted 12 inches of type to the speech in its Thursday editions. The Montreal Gazette devoted 17 inches to it in its final edition on Friday morning, the day after the Globe story was printed. The speech was also reported in the French-language Montreal newspaper La Presse.

The Globe played the story with 38 inches of type on its front page story and about 70 inches of excerpts from Malcolm's speech on page seven. The other two Toronto dailies played the story in subdued forms.

"I wish we had all this financing and support," Gray said. "Unfortunately we don't have and we have bills and we have people who have threatened to take some of our people to court . . . for bills of a few hundred bucks."

"I wish he (Malcolm) would give us the names so that we could get hold of this guy," Gray said.

Gray, a political science lecturer at McGill University until he was fired for his part in disrupting a meeting of the university's board of governors last year, called Malcolm's claims "fantastically ridiculous".

The demonstration ended with an impromptu "ring around the rosie" by the picketers, in a vacant lot opposite the Globe building on King Street.

Shouting at the crowd of demonstrators, Lib Spry, a member of the York Student Movement, said: "This is not the last of our demonstrating in support of our Quebec brothers. It is the first."

The demonstration was generally orderly. Two students were charged with jaywalking by police. A car driver who honked his horn in support of the march as he drove by, was charged with using high beams in the city.



Excalibur -- Bob Waller

Radicals from Glendon's Barricade forum marched Sunday night to protest coverage of struggle in Quebec.

## Phil Ochs: can be no revolution without dignity

By TERRY KELLY

He put the broken black cigar in his mouth when I shook his hand. I didn't know it was him until I asked one of the organizers of the concert about a press conference, and he said, "Phil Ochs."

What do I say? I just moved away and listened to him talk politics.

He lifted his head up when he smiled or laughed, and his skin was oily, glistening. He wore a pea jacket with a sport coat underneath, and sagging cotton slacks and tennis shoes. He talked of California and its importance and the grape strike and how Ronald Reagan was a pretty man. I couldn't listen and walked over to my friends and watched him, his real humanity, his oily hair and clean teeth.

"Let's go now Phil," someone said to him.

"No. I want to stick around. Is there coffee?"

I went over to where he was sitting down and asked to talk to him for a minute and he said: "Sure. Sit down."

The coffee spilled on the white enamel of the table, thin brown in the light. Someone looked annoyed when I began to talk about political confusion and hate, but then someone else came and asked questions.

"What did you do when you were 19?"

"I was laying in jail in Florida," and that's all he said about that.

He went to Ohio State University and stayed for a year, going to the movies a lot and drinking beer, with no thoughts of becoming a song writer.

"Why did you drop out?"

"I left."

"Well, did you have seminars?"

"No, all lectures."

"Oh well, that's why you dropped out then. No seminars. I wouldn't be here at Glendon if it weren't for seminars."

Phil wanted to meet people. He was finishing his coffee to take a look around. Someone came over to ask him about the lighting for the concert.

"The simpler the better."

"What kind of mike do you want?"

"The best there is. They've got to hear the words. I don't want the guitar to drown out the words."

"Doesn't that detail bother you?" he was asked, with a familiarity in the question.

"No. Things were a drag, but everything's O.K. now."

"Ah, well then how did you reach your Nirvana?"

"Misery. Lots of misery."

I watched his broad back curve as he got up.

"So long," I said. "I never know what to say."

"So long. I never know what to say either."

He performed the next night, stocky, powerful, in the cut between two lights on the Ryerson stage. He wore the same tapered loose pants now a little more wrinkled that he had had on the night before.

He steps back from the mike during applause, chording his guitar, leaning his weight on his left foot, head low, then steps forward again, still strumming as if to cut the applause short. When he sings he leans slightly forward from the waist, shifting weight, almost flatfooted, lifting his head.

Once he opened one eye wide and his forehead wrinkled, glinting almost, his face twisted sideways.

He took the sweat from his face with the back of his wrist and wiped his curved hand on his pant leg. The pockets of his jacket where he kept his chorder were sagging, open and wide.

There wasn't much patter and he was easy. Tough faced, the audience applauded the violence in his songs. Near the end of the concert he almost apologized to the super-political audience for singing some non-political songs. They were louder and harder than he was with his velvet voice, and anger, and smooth heavy grace.

Backstage at the press conference he was called a "horrible liberal" by a kid who wanted to draw him into an argument.

He wouldn't argue, but asserting himself as political he said he had been searching for words. He'd thought of aesthetics and grace and decided on dignity. "There can be no revolution without dignity. The people who come in must have dignity."

The press conference and even talking to him could have been an embarrassment. You couldn't ask for secrets or closeness, for every time he gets on a stage he exposes himself. He has no charisma and I don't think he wants it. He has humanity and talent.

Phil Ochs has dignity.



Excalibur -- Bob Waller

Phil Ochs: no charisma just humanity.

Watching him at the performance, his heavy shoulders, his broad face, wide cheeks with a small thin mouth, hesitant, almost a flash of sullen self-consciousness, then powerful and strong, I felt the strength that the shared beauty of his songs can give. The song about the highway man, The Cop Killed the Poet, was a poem, his poem, and then our poem. I guess it's just pride that he could feel and share it.

Some of the songs were just a catchy melody, and easy lyrics, topical, political. Others were of private agony.

He was a baggy-panted poet singing about the "universe ablaze". That's what mattered to me, not what cause his talent cried for.