

# London MetroBulletin

**FREE**

A JOURNAL OF EVENTS AND OPINION

PROTOTYPE NUMBER 1 MARCH

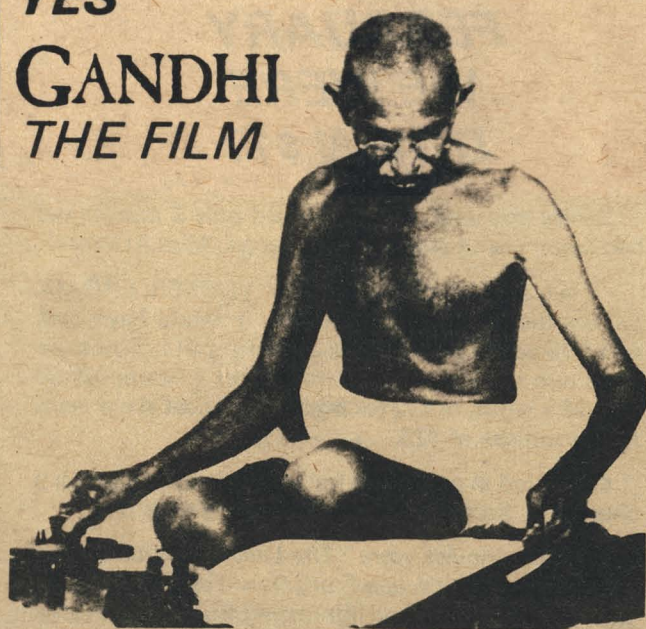
## ESCAPE FROM THE HOLOCAUST

LONDONER  
FANGIA GOOSE  
TELLS HER  
TERRIFYING STORY

PAGE 10

PROPOGANDA?  
YES

GANDHI  
THE FILM



## PAY TV

A Family Of Four  
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## THE PORN WARS FILTH OR FREEDOM?

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...These protesters  
show little more  
than a reflection  
of their  
sexual  
self-contempt.

...all this in  
the name of  
freedom  
...mens' freedom.



THE NEW "WHO & WHY": ANOTHER USELESS  
LIFESTYLE MAGAZINE?

MetroBulletin Columnist Herman Goodden on Page 5

**MetroBulletin**  
TRIVIA QUIZ

Movies, Cartoons,  
Politicians, Fashion,  
and lots of strange questions  
on the Back Cover

BIG GOV'T  
GOT YOU  
DOWN ?

IT'S WORSE  
THAN YOU  
THINK

NEW LONDON  
CONTROLLER  
RON ANNIS

TELLS US IN A  
FREE-WHEELING  
INTERVIEW ON PAGE 6



# 2 VALUE TO FAMILY OF FOUR FEBRUARY A LOSS ON PAY TV

My bill for Cable & Pay TV for the first three months is \$159. This includes cable service and all 3 PAY TV channels. We already own the converter so there's no rental there.

\$159 is alot of money. And you have to pay two months in advance (and since I was late on the Feb. billing, my bill arriving Feb. 24 included Feb. - April payments). I ordered all 3 channels to see which ones were really useful and then get rid of any that duplicated or weren't any good.

The verdict is in on February.

## FOR FEBRUARY WE WERE DOWN \$17

Sandy (my wife) and I watched only 2 movies we had never seen before & one concert (Men At Work).

If we had went to the NEW YORKER CINEMA (where they both play regularly), it would have cost us \$2.75 each (\$5.50) times 2 totalling \$11. Since we have two children, the babysitter for 4 hours would cost \$6 a night, or \$12 for both. Total cost if we went to the movies of \$23.

\$23 saved in exchange for \$40 additional paid(all 3 channels). So for February we were \$17 down.

The two movies were "The Last Romantic Lover" (excellent) and "Escape From New York" (mediocre), two movies that looked interesting from the previews we saw at the New Yorker but that we weren't willing to pay the New Yorker admission price to see.

The Catch-22 is; if you're as much a film-media fan as I am, and with 2 children it's awkward to get out alot; PAY TV looks good. The trouble is the films on all 3 channels in February were either very good (eg. On Golden Pond, Gallipoli, Heaven Can Wait, Diner, Bad Timing), so good that in all cases we'd already seen them (since they are all at least a year old) or very bad (there are alot of these but this list will indicate: Private Lessons, Mommie Dearest, Meatballs, Legend of the Lone Ranger, Dirty Tricks, Bustin' Loose, Cannonball Run, etc.) in which case we aren't interested in seeing them at any price.

If you see no more than 2 movies at the theatres a month, you've probably seen 95% of all the good films getting released.

I admit the kids watched 45 minutes of STAR WARS about 8 mornings before school, as well as

three viewings each of Popeye and the Great Muppet Caper. This I consider a freebie because there are so few good kids' movies being released; that when they do come out, we see them at the cinema.

As for concerts, largely on "C" Channel, but a few each on Superchannel & First Choice, here's a few:

Carole King, Paul Simon, David Steinberg, Dottie West, Montreal Jazz Festival, Crystal Gayle, Cleo Laine.

Now these people probably have their fans, but I wouldn't pay 50 cents to watch all of them. Men At Work was Ok, and I missed Tina Turner, who I would expect to be superb, but what would be nice (and worth my heavy investment) would be some concerts I *absolutely* wouldn't want to miss. Here's my list:

ROLLING STONES  
MICHAEL JACKSON  
Any major Reggae Band  
RUSH  
WILLIE NELSON  
QUEEN  
THE CLASH  
Any of the BEATLES films  
MARVYN GAYE  
NEIL DIAMOND  
DOLLY PARTON

-to name a few

Dottie West? I paid for *this*?

My list for Comedy Concerts:  
ROBERT KLEIN  
ROBIN WILLIAMS  
JIM CARREY  
RODNEY DANGERFIELD  
JOAN RIVERS  
HOWIE MANDEL

Another area of extreme deficiency is *old movies*. Although C Channel has 4 Fred Astaire films from the early 40s, late 30s on in March, this is a vital area with large audience potential that was entirely overlooked in February and is only frugally being remedied on C Channel and the original KING KONG (1933) on SuperChannel.

To the PAY networks credit, they are improving. Robin Williams is on First Choice in March, and a number of "better" movies are coming to First Choice-SuperChannel in March. Examples are Cat People, Superman 2, Empire Strikes Back, Quest For Fire. Problem is the same though, the blockbusters (Supe, Empire) have been seen, probably more than

once, by anyone interested in subscribing to PAY TV.

The ultimate offer is the one the people at MacLean-Hunter promised me -current first run movies on PAY TV 10 to 15 days after they premiere at the cinemas. 48 HOURS, they said, would be one,

## ADDITIONS LIKE THE PLAYBOY WEEKEND ARE EMBARRASSING

for example, 15 days or so after its release, or at least immediately after it left the first-run theatres. But I doubt it'll be on until September and meanwhile I've seen it twice so by the time it's on PAY TV -no interest.

So far, on good films, the minimum gap between theatre release and Pay-TV release is about one year. Quest For Fire was released 10 months ago, its the most recent I can find, although poor movies are as recent as 6 months ago.

This is not good enough to justify the cost of all 3 channels (\$40) unless you have at least 2 young children (you'll save on babysitting costs) *and you almost never get to the movies less than four times a year*.

## ...I WOULDN'T PAY 50 CENTS TO WATCH ALL OF THEM

Much of the ballyhooed new additions like Playboy Weekend are very embarrassing. Any couple interested in this kind of stuff would do much better to buy an unedited X-Rated video-cassette in Michigan and rent a video-recorder (or borrow one from your neighbour in exchange for the loan of your tape). The Playboy Weekend material has no intimacy, lacks any credibility and essentially is elitist tease material, not explicit sex. Who really cares about what *suggested* sexual antics go on in Playboy Mansion West? Don't subscribe because of this fourth-rate "erotica".

For sporting events, one or two Edmonton Oilers games but that's about it. No major Boxing matches. It remains to be seen if they'll be any World Cup or British soccer or any Major League Baseball games this spring.

## THE MINIMUM GAP BETWEEN THEATRE RELEASE AND PAY TV RELEASE IS ABOUT 1 YEAR

In Opera, a terrific Broadway musical -Sweeney Todd- was on C Channel. I missed it but many who would be interested have seen it in New York or Toronto (It has been playing for 4 years).

Still, I'll give PAY-TV channels the benefit of the doubt until the end of April, then I'll cancel one or all if the trend remains the same. \$157 every three months hurts if you're not getting the *very* latest movies or alot of the classics. Otherwise it simply doesn't save you any money nor provide you with a viable home alternative.

## WHAT THE METROBULLETIN IS

This paper is produced, edited, designed and written (except where otherwise noted) by Marc Emery.

Marc is owner of City Lights Bookshop and hell-raiser about town.

He believes in a lot less government, maximum personal freedom, a completely laissez-faire economy and is a big fan of Ayn Rand. If you've read Ayn Rand or been assaulted by one of Marc's off-the-cuff in-store speeches, you know what I mean.

Recently, Marc went through a 36 hour mid-life crisis, the only time in two and a half years Marc recalls any slight sense of depression.

He found after being in business eight years, being the City's resident radical for three or four years, and generally a local wonderboy ---he hit his twenty-fifth birthday.

Sort of time to become respectable -or as respectable as being Marc Emery can get.

So his little home-done downtown business magazine has been buried. In it's place is this semi-professional newspaper-newsmagazine aimed at anyone who still believes there are some values left in ideas, discussion and frankness.

This paper will come out initially once a month beginning with the next issue on April 14 until we find we have a product we like and can competently release weekly. ("We" incidentally, is me. I learned to use "we" when I had a business when I was twelve. No one would believe I was the owner so I had to pretend there were 'adult' others called 'we' who *really* ran the operation.

It is called Prototype number One because we are still determining what format the paper shall take,

although interviews, columns, reviews like we have this issue will become stock items.

This issue has no ads because we didn't solicit any, although it is possible no one would care to anyway. There's bound to be enough controversy to offend the establishment of business interests in the City; ironically I am their best advocate but they simply don't know it yet.

Our first three issues will contain no ads. We can publish forever monthly without advertising. It doesn't cost alot when you do all the work yourself and have all the equipment in your possession (bought used, of course.)

But we do intend to go weekly and that will require advertising.

But first I'm going to arrive at the paper I've been waiting years to do. I lost \$25,000 on the London Tribune, and it looked like nothing how I wanted it to look. It wasn't any fun either. At least losing money on this (and not that much really) has been fun so far.

As long as it stays that way, you'll hear from me. Even if you don't want to.



P.S. Send letters. We'll print them. Send to:

MetroBulletin  
P.O. BOX 2214  
STATION A  
LONDON N6A 4E3  
phone 433-8612 or 679-8420



# The FIRING LINE

DEFENCE

PORNOGRAPHY  
Legality and Morality

ATTACK



Robert Metz is president of the London UNPARTY Riding association ---a province wide political party founded in 1980. The London chapter was established last fall. The party is a supporter of individual rights and a free economy.

The DEBATE PAGE will be a regular feature presenting two prominent speakers with opposite points of view on that month's chosen topic. Readers are welcome to send letters commenting on positions by either presentation. Your letter will be printed in this section next issue. Both 'debaters' are afforded the opportunity of a 200 word rebuttal the next issue.

Address comments & letters on this subject to:

The FIRING LINE, The Metro Bulletin, P.O. Box 2214, STN. A, London N6A 4E3



Dr. Gail Hutchinson is a psychologist at the University of Western Ontario, the dept. of Counselling and Career Development.

Dr. Hutchinson is Past President of the London Status of Women Action Group.

It was always interesting for me to observe the manner in which "controversial" subjects like pornography had been dealt with, since the element that often made the subject so "controversial" was that it was usually discussed in an utterly out-of-context fashion and with a total lack of perspective on the part of *all* the participants in the debate.

But my interest turned to a sense of fear the moment I realized the public protests against pornography had, in addition to being a simple expression of public opinion, become part of a dangerous trend in Canadian society. If gone unchecked, this trend could mean the end of the most precious asset any nation could offer its citizens: *their freedom to choose*.

Critical to public arguments against pornography has been a relentless evasion of the real issue in debate ---a continual denial that *censorship* is the object of such public efforts.

As philosopher Ayn Rand stated immediately after her own personal condemnation of pornography itself, "the issue here is not one's view of sex. The issue here is freedom of speech and of the press, ie. the right to hold *any* view and to express it." She added that as long as all participants are voluntary (excluding child pornography, which is *child abuse*, and is a crime separate from any discussion of explicit material involving *consent*.)

I find it alarming that certain *women's groups* who claim to use principles of "free choice" as the basis of their arguments favouring legal access to *abortion* cannot even remotely apply these same principles when it comes to the issue of *pornography*.

Philosophical contradictions of this nature indicate either very little *respect* towards and-or very little *understanding* of the nature of individual rights.

It is more than an irony to note that the arguments opposing free choice on abortion are philosophically identical to the arguments opposing free choice with respect to pornography.

While one faction claims that abortion is "the perpetration of *violence* and murder against the unborn", the other faction (denying the previous premise) insists that pornography will "contribute to increased violence against women". A coincidence? -Not at all, because both factions in each of these otherwise unrelated issues are after the same thing: *government intervention to restrict the freedom of those with whom one disagrees*.

There is at the root of this goal a sub-conscious recognition of a fact that I, as a libertarian, have been attempting to create a conscious awareness of---namely, that government is an institution of force whose arbitrary (as opposed to constitutionally limited) use simply serves to *increase* the *real* element of violence in society.

In order to morally "legitimize" government intervention, one should be required *to prove* that such intervention will protect individuals from the *direct* (not abstract *possibility*) threat of force or violence. It is not surprising therefore that the groups opposing pornography are attempting to do exactly that.

In addition to labelling it obscene and offensive, women's groups have charged pornography with the "crimes" of sexual exploitation (*of women*), stereotyping (*of women*), dehumanization (*of women*), depersonalization (*of women*), sexism (*toward women*), degradation (*of women*), and of course the morally mandatory-to-get-government action argument: pornography is violence (*against women*).

The distinct pattern of such "logic" certainly leaves its purpose no longer in doubt. Government control of not just speech and press, but of *thought and attitude*.

It apparently seems incomprehensible to those who advocate the censorship of pornography that there might just be people (men *and* women) in their society who simply do not share their attitude towards either censorship or pornography or both. Yet having been allowed the freedom to arrive at *their own* conclusions on the subject, they now seek to deny that same freedom to the rest of us, even if we disagree with their premise, assumptions, logic, morality and-or other conclusions. Their fear that free individuals might possibly disagree with them obviously transcends their low level of tolerance.

Were this any other than an issue relating to sex, there would certainly have been greater resistance to censorship attempts than we have seen so far. But the justifications that some people use to defend the censorship of pornography unfortunately force me to conclude that they amount to little more than a reflection of sexual self-contempt and a tragic failure to abide by the critical distinctions between *sex* and *sexism*.

With all the discussion about men's freedom of speech with respect to pornography, we ought to examine just what they want to be free to do. Basically, the request is for the right to produce, sell, and consume materials that degrade and dehumanize women and condone violence against them. They are asking for the freedom to interfere with the freedom and dignity of women and to seriously compromise their safety.

All pornography, from the so-called soft-core magazines, films and video-cassettes to the hard-core material, portrays women as sexual objects that can be reduced to a few sexual parts. Women are described as being submissive, carnal, teasing whore-victims who seek out pain and humiliation.

Defenders of pornography like to pretend they are sexually-liberated naughty boys who are fighting against puritanical ideas concerning sexuality. Nothing could be further from the truth. Pornography is not an alternative to sexual repression, rather it sells the same ideas---that sex is dirty, that female sexuality is dirty and that women should be viewed with scorn and contempt.

Increasingly the message given is that women are appropriate objects for violence. Hard-core porn at one time meant explicit sex. It now means depicting women being bound, raped, tortured, mutilated and murdered in the name of commercial entertainment. The latest statistics from researchers such as Donnerstein and Malmuth show that in the past ten years there has been a rapid increase in pornographic violence. Over ten percent of the contents of *Playboy* and *Penthouse* are now violent while eighty percent of hard-core pornography portrays violence.

The use of racism as an analogy is very appropriate. If we had books degrading blacks and portraying them as passive, submissive sub-humans who enjoy pain, or if we had movies showing the lynching or castration of Chinese, few would listen to an argument about freedom of speech. Outrage would be seen as the appropriate response. Books or films portraying animals being tortured and mutilated would receive more attention than is now being given to materials depicting violence against women.

Not only is pornography becoming increasingly violent, the models used are becoming younger---some as young as four years old. Child porn is big business. It now comprises one quarter of the \$4 to \$5 billion dollar North American pornographic industry. The emphasis in these publications is on the innocence of children, their helplessness and their tiny hairless bodies.

We now have books showing where pedophiles can find their victims and we have films and magazines showing how to rape children. One such film seized by Project P, with the Toronto Police Force, depicted a four-year old child being raped. The rapist's erection was clearly depicted as was the blood on the child's pain-wracked body. Our courts did not see fit to call this particular film obscene (Cameron, 1983). All this done in the name of freedom---men's freedom.

Child porn has two gruesome sides to it. On one hand we have the exploitation, degradation, and incredible emotional and physical harm done to children forced into the trade by their parents or pimps. On the other hand, pornography is harmful to all children, for the men consuming these materials are being told that children are suitable targets.

In our society, one quarter of girls and ten percent of boys will be sexually abused before puberty. We should ask ourselves why we allow the proliferation of materials which condone and promote the use of children and even more dangerously indicate children enjoy the abuse. One should not consider soft-porn to be innocent, for *Playboy* and *Penthouse* may be even more dangerous with their jokes about child molestation and their glossy portrayals of films where the mythical 'incestuous' daughter lures her father into bed.

There are those who argue that having pornography is cathartic---it serves as an outlet for men's aggressive instincts which would otherwise be acted out in real life. Not only does such a theory totally defy any logical analysis of human behaviour but it is also directly contradicted by research. Evidence accumulated over the past fifteen years has shown that after receiving aggressive pornography men are more likely to see women as wanting to be raped and as being responsible for rape. They are also more likely to indicate a willingness to rape and are significantly more likely to actually behave more aggressively toward women.

The most damaging type of portrayal is that of a rape where the victim is shown to enjoy the violence---a portrayal that is very common in all types of pornography and indeed is becoming increasingly commonplace in general entertainment films. When we live in a society where one out of seventeen women will be raped, one out of five will be sexually assaulted and one out of ten women living with a male partner will be battered, we must ask why we would continue to allow materials that create the climate and foster the attitudes that permit all of these to occur.

In summary, the acceptance of pornography in our society is the clearest statement society makes of its acceptance of women hating and child abuse.



# EDITORIAL

**London  
MetroBulletin**

A JOURNAL OF EVENTS AND OPINION

## BIG SISTER WATCHING YOU?

### Observations on the Porn Wars

The intellectuals-activists go at it on page 3, but I think the motivation of these No-Sex-Types is simpler, more basic.

I think, some people who aren't having a good time sexually want to make sure no one else has a good time either.

I've found that happy people who have a sexy nocturnal relationship aren't concerned with making anybody else feel guilty about whatever private pleasures others *consensually* indulge in.

And I *do know* misery loves company.

In short, (The feint hearted stop here), if you're 'getting some', and you're happy about it, you don't care what other people do in consent in their homes.

If you look at these anti-porn crusaders, you'll find they're usually some religious type whose devout beliefs naturally excludes them from enjoying sex without guilt, OR; they're a left-wing militant feminist who just dislikes & distrusts all "men", having inevitably been burned by some louse she let "ruin" her life.

After reading the *Womens' Room*, *the Bleeding Heart*, and *Our Bodies-Ourselves*; they are prepared to wreak vengeance on the rest of us (men & women), where they find we are still, unrepentantly, reading our "sexist" Playboy, our "stereotyping" Harlequin Romances, our "violence & lust ridden" Historical Romances (eg. plantation novels with titles like "Rape on the Veldt" and other such titles that women buy at the supermarkets in droves.)

These anti-porn types have enough catch words and phrases that are variables on the words 'sexist' & 'degrading' as top cover virtually every kind of entertainment.

It is no wonder that these women have now taken to organizing boycotts of superb movies like 48 HOURS because the women in the film are portrayed as prostitutes or tramps. They didn't mention that half of the male lead characters were cold blooded killers. Of course, these women believe that most men are rotten anyway, so those characters fit *their* jaded view of the world.

#### A world ruled by this bunch?

Isn't all erotic magazines ('degrading'), Harlequins ('sexist and stereotyping'), historical romances (at least one lusty abduction per book), westerns ('macho violence'), pop records ('women as sex objects'), alcohol (it combined with porn, "makes men want to rape"), all lingerie, make-up, perfumes ('they make women sex objects'), all advertising ('exploits women'), and of course women would be barred from being waitresses, clerks, secretaries, typists, etc. (because these are "roles relegated to women for sexist reasons").

Sure we'd have a dull world, and yes, they'll be 50% female unemployment.

#### But anything for the cause, right sisters!

If you talk to these left-wing militants, you'll find they inevitably work at rape crisis centres, centres for battered women, etc. They live in battle zone. All they see (or in the case of our university bleeding hearts, all they study...) are victims. They forget that most of us, *need I say the dreaded accusation, are normal*.

The philosophical conviction they have boils down to "I don't like it. I feel threatened by it. Therefore my fear is **their responsibility**, and therefore, it should be stricken from existence."

That has to be it. I haven't seen any evidence that any of Playboy's six million readers have been seduced to violent crimes by female nakedness. Let's face it, the court of public opinion hasn't **demand**ed evidence. We've accepted heresay - "degrades women", "leads to violence" - *ad nauseum*, as the standard of truth.

All they have done is repeat the time honoured trick of pleading 'abuse' due to a harsh, sexist, 'male-dominated world that they never made'. And then the crocodile tears are supposed to flow to legitimize the connection between a woman marrying an alcoholic loser who beats the hell out of her and the guy (or *millions of guys*) who are great husbands-fathers who buy Playboy or Penthouse once a month.

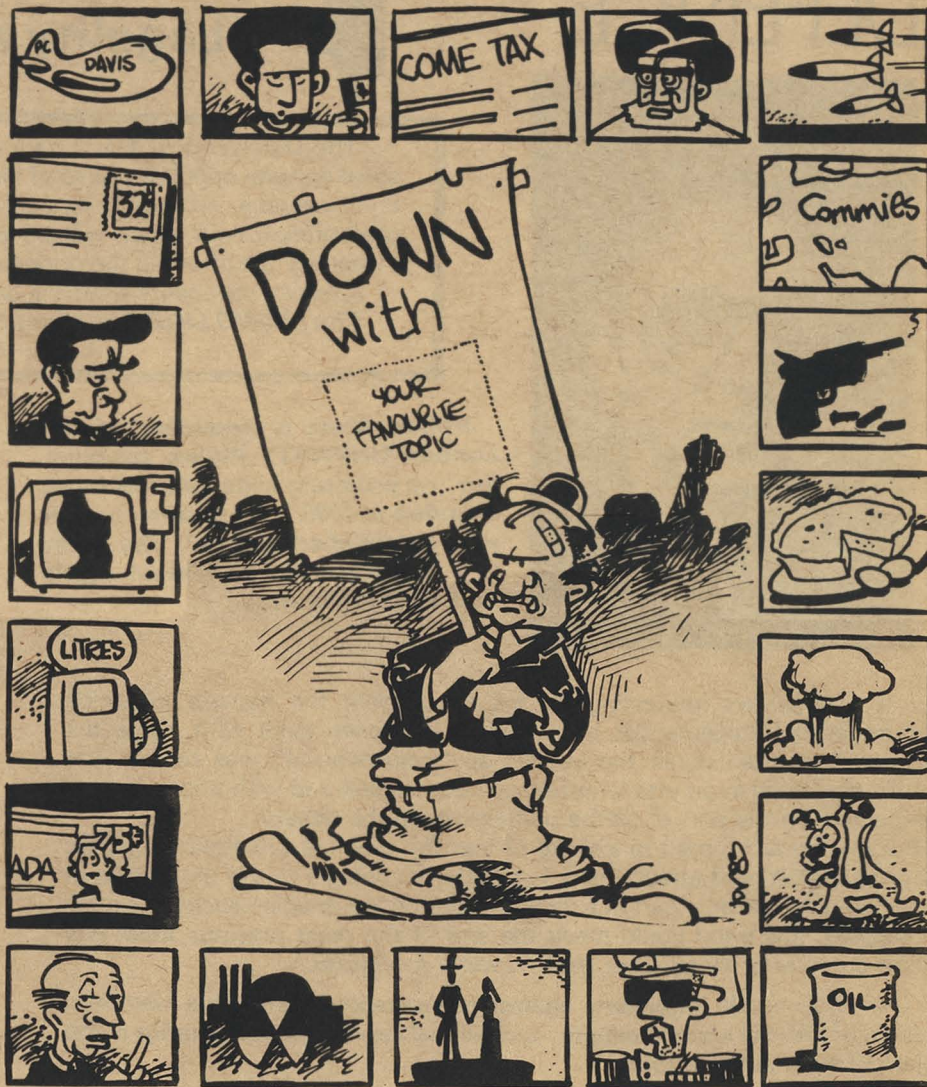
O cry me a river!

Of course, when they do get evidence, it's strictly 'Ministry of Truth' stuff. Listen to this outrageous lie & its manipulation for the newspapers. It's taken from the February 14, 1983 Toronto Star regarding London's new local 'storefront' for battered women. The director is Carole Anne Burris, and we quote:

"Burris said she found it frustrating that people don't believe statistics that show "as high as **one out of two women experience some form of physical violence**" including "broken bones, terrible beatings, kicking and a great number of attacks."

Notice how we smoothly slide from one out of two women receive physical violence, which probably includes getting spanked when you're 6 years old, to "including" the various atrocities. It's supposed to look like one out of two is a victim of broken bones, beatings, etc. Hence the 'men as barbarians' reinforcement these anti-porn types are into.

We may not believe their propaganda, and we shouldn't, but they certainly do.



## TORY BANKRUPTCY

The point of getting elected to gov't and the purpose of we plebes voting is to bring about a significant change or confirmation in gov't policy.

Sure the Liberals will get turfed out next election, but will we get the same thing in the Conservatives?

Look who the Tory 'movers and shakers' are trying to rally for leader. Peter Lougheed, Bill Davis, David Crombie, John Crosbie, Brian Mulroney & Joe Clark.

Peter Lougheed is *Pierre Trudeau* only more Anglo-Saxon looking for an English Canada determined to get rid of the pervasive Quebec influence in our lives. But Lougheed is a king-dictator, whose arrogance and attitude is no different from his Ottawa counterpart.

He's nationalized Pacific West Airlines and poured taxpayer money into numerous energy ventures. He has gouged industry and consumers with higher energy taxes, those of us in Ontario have been 'hosed' to the tune of 35 cents of every gallon [goes to Alberta Royalty Tax]. And now Lougheed wants oil prices in Canada to go up to prop up his eroding ability to gouge taxes out of conserving energy users.

His gov't is the nation's largest provincial spender per capita. Gov't spending in Alberta went up 150% from 1975 to 1980, then even higher in 1981 & 1982, when it skyrocketed an additional 158%.

And the last two budgets have been heavy deficit budgets as well, particularly to win the last election when so many 'freebies' were promised.

His cabinet has all but disappeared as to having any importance, and like Ottawa, backbenchers have no significance.

His kingly ways are totally similar to Trudeau as is his policies.

Bill Davis. This man would more accurately be described as the NDP member from Brampton.

He raises taxes annually, if not more often (tobacco, gas, sales tax, liquor, licences, income tax, all up in the last year alone), while *claiming* to be the party of Free Enterprise and Compassion.

He sold the nation out on the Constitution, used taxpayer money to get into Suncor, subsidizes dozens of other industries, travels like a king in a \$10 million Lear Jet, amongst his many sins.

At least *he* looks like the repulsive Boss Tweed that he is.

David Crombie stands for nothing. In his Health Ministry in the Clark gov't he made no reforms, no improvements or cost cutting measures. Today, he advocates no particular philosophy, no policies any different from the Liberal gov't.

John Crosbie talks a good fight, but his last budget was to raise taxes. Hell, we have the Liberals for that.

Brian Mulroney? Looks and sounds smooth, but what does he stand for?

If we are to have any reason to vote at all next election, it is not enough to criticize the Liberals. The Conservatives failure to put forward a set of viable and consistent principles and policies means the Conservatives will only take over the void left by the Liberals. More socialism, more taxes, less jobs, stagnation and national disillusionment.

Alot of Conservatives talk big on freedom, but it's apparent in their support of leadership candidates that they wouldn't know 'freedom and free enterprise' if it came up and bit them on the ass.

Now Peter Pocklington. There's a man who stands for something. Get rid of the CRTC, Air Canada, Petro-Can, eliminate taxes for those earning less than \$12,000 a year, stop foreign aid, jettison all gov't owned businesses. He's consistent, *the only genuine conservative in the field* and his plan would assure growth and individual freedom of a degree higher than we're used to.

What did the Tory movers and shakers say when Pocklington came to London to speak?

"Too simplistic" they said.

Not enough bullshit for them to hide behind is what they should have said. With Pocklington leading them in the next election, the Conservatives would actually have to **stand for something**.



# OUR GLARING CHARTER OF WRONGS

## ROBERT METZ

Mr. Metz will be a regular contributor to the Metro Bulletin



Last year's patriation of the Canadian Constitution was Canada's formal declaration of, and permanent commitment to, *socialism*.

While it is true that socialist doctrine was widely in practice before patriation, it was Trudeau's constitution, with its' haunting principle of sharing" that made it official. And by including his "Charter of Rights" in an otherwise socialist document, Trudeau successfully executed the greatest fraud ever perpetrated upon Canadians, by falsely leading them to believe they would have a guarantee of "fundamental freedoms" when in fact these freedoms simply do not exist.

The conjunction of any "principle of sharing" with a declaration of "fundamental freedoms" is a contradiction so monumental it epitomizes the contempt for *individual rights* the "fathers" of the Constitution have.

Since "sharing" is (by definition) a *voluntary* action, and since "government" is (by definition) an institution of force, our own government has evaded this contradiction by simply adopting "doublethink"; George Orwell's 1984 collectivist society where "**Compulsory is Voluntary**".

Suppose for a moment, that a neighbour entered your home and (without your permission) helped himself to the food in your refrigerator. Then suppose this same neighbour (with best of intentions) took this food (yours) and 'generously' *distributed* it to all of his 'friends and neighbours who he 'knew' were not as well off as yourself. Could you regard *this* as an act of sharing? Of course not...yet our constitution explicitly does!

With its 'principle' of 'wealth distribution' and the therefore necessary *omission* of property rights, the Constitution, like all socialist documents, simply legalizes the act of collective theft. **With** property rights however, no one could force you to *share* your property.

Without property rights no other rights are possible.

Of what value is *freedom of conscience* when a person who may believe abortion morally wrong is **forced** to 'contribute' to the abortions of others?

Of what value is *freedom of belief* when a person who believes nuclear power unsafe is **forced** to support an industry he considers a threat to his existence?

Of what value is *freedom of press* when our major newspaper publishers have been conscripted to appear as 'witnesses' in a process (Royal Commissions) designed to circumvent the judicial system?

Of what use is *freedom of speech* in a country that openly practices censorship and prosecutes its citizens for using imperial measurement or the English language (in Quebec)?

Of what use is *freedom of religion* when groups like the 'Way' can be denied the right to property use on the basis of their beliefs?

And just what kind of government is it that would even *dare* to place my *freedom of thought* under its' jurisdiction?

An un-free government.

How times and perspectives change! For Canada, the past road to liberty had been largely a process of *evolution*, not *revolution*. With its British roots and proximity to the United States, one can obviously see why this country evolved into one of the world's free nations. But the relative ease with which Canadians achieved their great degree of freedom carried with it an unexpected price: the failure to recognize the *essential principles* necessary to *maintain* that degree of freedom.

'The protection of rights cannot be made *absolute*,' says a government pamphlet explaining the Constitution. 'Any definition of individual rights must be balanced against the rights of *all* people in society.'

But an 'individual right' is the *only* kind of 'right' that exists and an individual is the only entity in society that can possess it. The evasion of this reality has always been the socialist's method of avoiding the moral judgement that usually accompanies an act of theft. You see, in practice, socialism *must* operate on the principle of 'Thou Shall Steal' -violating every individual right to do it.

Our deteriorating economic and social conditions are the direct consequences of a corresponding decline in our individual liberty and rights --'rights' that have been eroded by the practice of government "sharing" schemes.

Through inflation, mass unemployment, and the *daily increasing deficit*, our government has already "shared" away our futures and the future of our children.

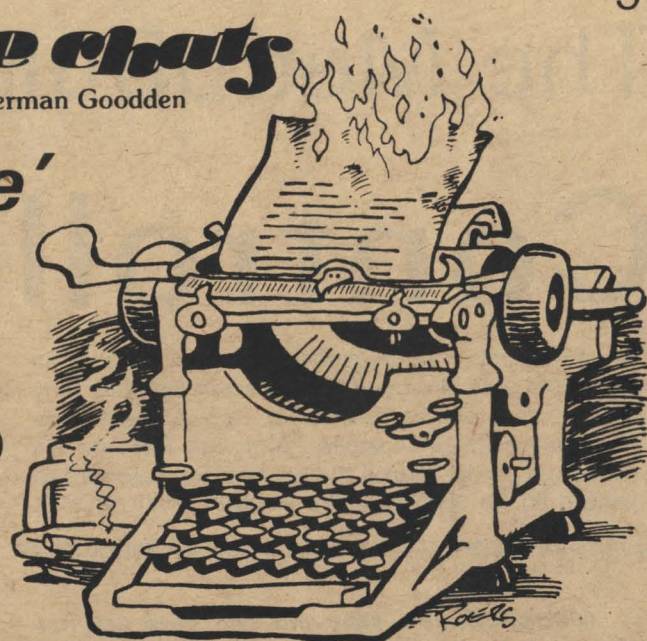
"If a nation values anything more than freedom, it will lose its' freedom; and the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money that it values more, it will lose that too." When William Somerset Maugham made his enlightened observation, it was clear he understood the nature and consequence of individual liberty.

Unfortunately, our constitutional authors had no interest in such observations--they were too busy 'valuing' *our* comfort and money. They will undoubtedly continue to do so for quite some time.

## fireside chats

By Herman Goodden

## 'Lifestyle' Mag & The Worship Of Excess



I've noticed a couple of recent news items announcing a group of entrepreneurs intend to put out yet another city magazine which focuses on rich people and all the entertaining ways they have of amassing and dispersing their money. Excuse me while I control my enthusiasm.

In the last few years, London has seen four of these 'lifestyle' magazines bite the dust, and the main contender - the Toronto financed *London Magazine* - has had to bite the bullet; trimming away most of its staff, paying contributors a pittance (perhaps explaining why its editor felt compelled to write at least half the issue), and publishing fewer editions a year.

As a functioning cultural institution, the current *London Magazine* is about as convincing as an art gallery which shuts its doors one season out of four in an attempt to save money on heating and programming. Both of these institutions have got their priorities on backwards and are presently taking a beating in these recessed times. In both cases the context has been put ahead of content.

The *London Regional Art Gallery* is an architecturally arresting structure built way beyond the scope of what this town can either afford or use. *London Magazine* is a snappy, glossy, full colour production that looks just like a magazine until you try to read it. In all the ways that really matter, neither institution can live up to the pretensions of its appearance.

There's a rumour which publishers seem to believe that states the only kind of magazine which can be successfully introduced into our present economy is a 'lifestyle' magazine. The focus or slant of these magazines is on maximum consumption of anything that's expensive, or to put it succinctly - 'pig at trough'. With this priority so openly avowed, (a typical cover banner reads: 'All The Things To See & Wear & Buy & Eat In London!'), the publishers are then free to cram the vast majority of their pages with advertisements.

Half of what pages remain are then devoted to a 'public service' called listings, which in the case of many of these magazines turns out to be a lower-priced form of advertising akin to the Yellow Pages - and is just as interesting to read as your phone book.

This leaves us with two or three feature articles per issue, nearly all of which continue to flog the theme of maximum consumption. Some of the variations on this severely overworked theme include;

-profiles of the rich and or semi-famous

-surveys of up and coming movers and shakers

-lists of sharp dressers or notoriously lavish hosts

-and at least once per issue, a consumer-porn photo layout of some vicious looking anorexic model trying to satisfy herself by assuming unnatural positions on an over-priced living room suite.

Such empty-headed magazines prove understandably hard to sell, so the publisher often finds it necessary to

give the magazine away to homes in those pre-selected areas of town which contain the highest per block ratio of doctors, lawyers, and brokers. They have to do this because of a promise to their advertisers that the magazine will make it into a certain number of homes representing a certain level of income.

What they don't dare to mention is that in many of these homes, the magazine's visit will be a short one - perhaps ten to twenty seconds - depending on the distance to be traversed from the mailbox to the nearest garbage pail. This moneyed class being the only group which the magazine could be accused of addressing itself to, the magazine then dies a well deserved death at the newstand where the proles and -disadvantaged find it resistable in the extreme. If the rich won't pay to see themselves fawned over by wide-eyed drooling journalists, then the lower classes can hardly be expected to pay for this orgiastic celebration of a world from which they're excluded.

Because of their need for a steady, often specialized audience and a solidly dependable advertising base, magazines - far more than newspapers or books - have always been susceptible to undue coercion in terms of how their articles are presented and what they're allowed to say. (No matter how pronounced a newspaper's political bias may be, for instance, it still has to print the news, and perceptive readers soon learn to filter out any ideological trimmings which impair the view.)

A hot rod magazine for instance, (yes they still exist), won't print articles which roam very far from the racetrack if it wants to retain its highly specialized audience. If that magazine's advertisers all happen to be automakers or their subsidiaries, then the editor will have to think twice before printing anything critical of Chrysler or GM. When a wider variety of advertising exists, and when the sale of the magazine itself represents a substantial portion of the magazine's budget, then the magazine can afford to take more chances, can be more forthright with what might be construed as commercially unpleasant truths.

Needless to say, today's economy is at sharp odds with the development of that kind of journalistic freedom and the situation is particularly worrisome in a country with as few major magazines as Canada. Over the last two years Saturday Night has made a dramatic turn to the right from what was primarily a journal of the arts and politics to what is now primarily a journal of business and finance. And Macleans, the biggest magazine we've got, is edited by our nation's foremost big business groupie, Peter C. Newman.

It would be reassuring to think there might be some struggling up and coming magazines which could challenge such complacency but this would not appear to be the case. On the local front at least, it's all been unseemly, gutless twaddle in praise of rich men's wallets - slick and slippery pseudo-magazines which slide through the door unbidden and (if you're lucky) are carried out to the curb unread.



# The MetroBulletin Interview

# Controller RON ANNIS

Last November, in the night of vote counting in the municipal election, Londoners discovered that they had elected relative newcomer Ron Annis to the executive post of Controller. Although Ron ran his campaign on the refusal to vote tax increases and to keep a lid on spending, the election result of over

2,000 votes over thought-to-win candidate Bob Howard made Ron Annis's win an admitted 'Cinderella Story'.

We found however, that his campaign pledge has been kept, at least so far.

Our questions are in ***bold italics***, his responses in regular text.

One note that is worth bearing in mind, the City will spend over \$150,000,000 *this year alone, and 10% of everyone's income goes to their municipal government.*

***MetroBulletin - Why did you vote against giving any and all grants during the Capital Works Budget debate? We're referring to the YMCA half-million dollar request, the Royal Canadian Regiment museum grant, the Children's Museum, etc. You voted no to all of them.***

Controller: I don't support grants on principle. There are so many organizations -and good ones too- that apply for taxpayer money. It's purely subjective to say that the YMCA should receive half a million or that Theatre London should be tax exempt for \$100,000 or that the Children's museum should get \$50,000.

I don't think it's governments' function to allocate taxpayers' money to those organizations. I think these organizations should go directly to the public and get it from them. If they are truly as valuable a public service as we at Council are led to believe, raising money from the public should not be impossible.

***MB - Other Councillors would say it's your job to judiciously examine the applicants and apply 'wisdom' or informed judgement. Is your rejection of all, shall we say, taxpayer hand-outs in grant form based on some principle you hold?***

Controller: Yes. How can you, on a subjective basis, justify \$15,000 to a Canada Day Parade, (lists off several other applications)...I mean there are thousands of organizations who need money. Who can say that any of them are more worthy than the next and by what amount? It's either all or none.

But most importantly I don't accept the principle that says a taxpayer, whose forced to pay these taxes, should pay for these kinds of endeavors.

It's not what I regard as the proper function of government.

***MB Do you feel most expenditures submitted by the administration, whether grants for groups, programs or money-requests generally, etc. are too easily & quickly rubber-stamped at Council?***

Controller: Yes. Far too often. There are time constraints that make this so. There are hundreds of items in 4 or 5 hours you are supposed to exercise knowledgeable judgement on. It's alot to ask. Impossible, really. The system almost seems to be designed so that you can't concentrate too closely on any item because the next item has to be out of the way, etc. There is an inevitable 'drift' in direction because no politician is really exercising control. The bureaucracy controls things with the consent of most politicians.

***MB Do you feel you're swamped with work? The taxpayer would like to think that if you're doing anything, the Controller is controlling expenses and not letting things get out of hand; that you're kicking out the excesses. Do you feel you're involved in too much bureaucracy? Committees? Agendas?***

Controller: The biggest obstacle I have is the amount of material that has to be read. And it *is* incredible. I find all Saturdays and Sundays spent researching and reading agendas and all Tuesday night reading Board of Control agenda.

***MB How many committees are you on?***

Controller: Covent Garden, Corporate Planning, Western Fair, Middlesex Health Unit, and on standing committees, Planning and Board of Control.

***MB So we're looking at 12 to 15 meetings a month?***

Controller: Somebody said this was supposed to be a part-time job when I applied. But to do it right I've had to make it a full time job.

But even then, things happen very quickly and millions of dollars are spent (approved) in a very short space of hours. You get the agenda on Friday night and three days later you've rendered judgement on spending millions.

In the Capital works Budget, \$100,000,000 (*one hundred million over 5 years*) was approved in just two days of Board of Control and one or two days at Council.

## I SEE MORE EROSION OF INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS IN FAVOUR OF "the common good"

Maybe because I was new and full of zeal I thought it should have been more thoroughly queried. I had 178 PAGES OF QUESTIONS WHEN I went into the Cap. Works Budget Board of Control meetings, which was only a month after I took office. I hardly had time to address 20 to 25 of my question-objections, and even that annoyed certain people visibly.

It's a little scary how money is spent without studying the implications.

Spending money on project A will surely require constant taxpayer money to keep Project A staffed and running year after year. Spending money at Council invariably leads to more spending.

What happens with these capital budgets is that they are projected over 5 years and they have built in increases. It's self-perpetuating and for someone like myself who is opposed to non-essential government spending, it gets depressing at times.

***MB Almost every candidate was elected on a platform of "restraint", well of course, spending seems to be going on as usual. Our records show that you're the only one who has voted consistently against grants, give-aways, internal expenditure increases, and against tax increases.***

***Does it seem to you a number of councillors preached restraint but are proceeding with politics as usual?***

Controller: That's true. Perhaps I believe in restraint more than others. And I'm only one in 19. What I'm trying to do is convey my philosophy to the others and remind them of restraint. The problem is alot of the aldermen have pet projects and spending promises were made at election time.

That's it in a nutshell. Everyone has *their* priorities that were promised to various pressure groups. After wheeling & dealing with other Councillors to get their program (that costs money) through, they've had to agree to go for a number of everyone else's pet programs.

***MB How do you feel about that?***

Controller: I'm not keen on that. You never get anything done by compromising on principles. It leaves a bitter taste with both sides. But that seems to be the name of the game. So everyone determines their own 'priorities'. And with majority rule, more 'priorities' are met and more money is spent.

***MB What would you say your philosophy on gov't is?***

Controller: My basis philosophy when I got into this, when I thought of running, is that government was too big.

I thought governments were getting bigger and bigger and starting to interfere more and more into the private lives of individuals.

***MB Were you right?***

Controller: No question about it. You see even more.

I see more erosion of individual rights in favour of "the common good".

It's very easy, I find, in gov't, to spend money and...

***MB So if you were king of London, say, and had an ultimate mandate, what would you spend money on in gov't?***

Controller: Property Tax (the main source of City revenue) should *not* be collected for things like welfare. That's not what 'service rendered for money collected' means. I believe you shouldn't be subsidizing the bus system because it's prejudicial to motorists, cyclists and pedestrians. And aside from moral grounds, 'user-pay' is more efficient and money saving.

Property tax should pay for things *all* taxpayers use like sidewalks, roads, lights, police, fire, sewers.

I think grants, day-care subsidies, arenas, etc. that are privileged donations at someone else's expense is just *wrong*.

I believe firmly that you pay for what you get, and vice-verso.

As to arenas. The golf courses the City owns are self sufficient but we subsidize operating costs of arenas -25%.

The arenas are packed. Most players spend \$50 to \$100 to \$200 on equipment alone plus membership to the team. An extra 25 cents per player to cover costs of running the arenas is not outrageous.

Another example of what I believe to be outside the area of the proper sphere of gov't is an item on the last Cap. Works Budget. It was a \$16,000 for lighting systems for tennis courts.

I take the view that this is everybody's money being used to provide a service for a select few.

***MB How do lobby groups, pressure groups respond when you tell them this?***

Controller: They look at me a little strange and then I think they're coming along to the user-fee as a legitimate pay-as-you-go answer that is necessary.

10% of everyone's income goes to municipal taxes, whether you rent or own, you pay it. That's a fair bit. 45 minutes of your work day goes to your friendly neighbourhood local gov't. That's a fair chunk of any one person's life.

***MB Any other ways to save money, lower taxes?***

Controller: Libraries should have user fees for adults to cover paperwork and administration.

***MB How do you feel about this? Our City Administrator, receives around seventy five thousand dollars a year salary while the Toronto City Administrator, who has a city ten times larger to co ordinate, receives about sixty eight thousand a year. Why are the City's top staff paid such an outrageous amount?***

Controller: No comment on *that*.

***MB Ok, I can see why.***

***How about lobby groups. What has your experience with them been like?***

Controller: Lobbyists have vested interests, whether financial, prestige or sincere concern. Some of them are very respected and influential in the community...

***MB : without naming any people, could you name some lobby groups that come on heavy...***



# "I HAVEN'T SOLD OUT YET"

Controller: ...well,...the doctors, lawyers, better known Londoners,...

**MB** :who are we talking about here...

Controller: well, yes,...people who are well associated with big projects...

**MB** :No come on, we're obviously not talking day-care here. Probably things like Theatre London tax exemptions, real high-brow entertainment for the elite, that should have some leading London lights...

Controller: well (hesitation), perhaps those kinds of people...

**MB** ::Well let's get specific here. Who's after the tax cash?

Controller: Well, I can't. I'd rather not say. Look at it from my point of view. And besides, I said no to all of them just the same. A lot of people call with their point of view only it invariably isn't my point of view.

## 45 MINUTES OF YOUR DAY GOES TO YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURHOOD LOCAL GOVERNMENT

**MB** Would you cave in for the right approach?

Controller: Well, I haven't caved in yet. I still haven't voted yes to any hand-outs.

I try to give them my philosophy on it but it does get exasperating.

Remember, I say *no* out of principle, not out of any malice or insensitivity.

If these people could see beyond their own personal 'pet projects'. They are lobbying for a 'preferred status' amongst taxpayers. If we are, as the Constitution says, equal before law, then this is unacceptable.

These are all worthwhile projects, but I'm also sure if they are *that* worthwhile, the public, with creative marketing, will give the necessary money on their own. If it's that worthwhile they should have no trouble.

I'm sure the YMCA, which raised millions on their own, could have raised the extra half million the City is budgetting to give them.

**MB** Doesn't the YMCA really compete with other health clubs, sports facilities, etc. that are private too and aren't privy to taxpayer cash? Why does the Y always become an exception in this regard? At its peak, the Y will have a membership of four thousand, only two percent of the city population. They are a multinational business, to boot. Isn't this unnecessary as well as unfair?

Controller: Well, you're right. I voted against the YMCA grant so don't blame me.

**MB** At the opening ceremony at the YMCA, you were there. You must have got a frosty reception...

Controller: (laughter), well,...(hesitation)

**MB** Did anyone talk to you?

Controller: (laughter) Well, sure, everyone's polite enough to talk.

(pause)

I think a lot of people are starting to see my point of view now, though.

**MB** So it's not so lonely, I won't say at the top, say, not so lonely being on principle?

Controller: Exactly. It'll be slow, but even some councillors are coming around but they don't say it publicly.

If I were to describe my first few months at City Hall, I confess I find what is 'right to do' and what is 'politically expedient' go in opposite directions.

**MB** We taxpayers hope you choose the former over the latter.

Let's go to *'the WAY', the banned religious group. You voted to let them stay.*

Controller: I voted to allow their right to worship & study. I don't for a minute recommend their brand of Christianity but I support their rights as we're supposed to have in the Constitution & in decent society.

**MB** And if you elected officials can't guarantee those rights, who can?

Controller: Well, they sure didn't guarantee it, did they?

**MB** How many calls did you get?

Controller: Only about a dozen really. Mostly from residents nearby.

**MB** So it wasn't really that unpopular?

Controller: Not in fact, no, but the press made a remarkable amount of noise about it though.

**MB** But in actual fact, the group is perfectly clean. No convictions, no gun training courses, only a few members unhappy. Virtually convicted by rumour and hearsay.

Controller: I had people calling me and claiming there was mind-bending, etc. but when you probed you found that they hadn't really any evidence, just what they deduced from talk and the media.

If people thought about it more, they might have come around to a more tolerant view.

**MB** Do you feel any other religion could be next? No religion has a majority of the hearts and minds of Londoners. With over three thousand Christian religions, they are all minorities. Does this set an ugly precedent?

Controller: No question about it. Of course, this is after the fact. It's done now.

**MB** Do you feel anyone at Council who voted to deny their right 'to worship' has had second thoughts. Have they learned from this? Will it be tougher for them to kick out another religion in the future?

Controller: No. They can rationalize anything and they would do it next time.

**MB** Well that's scary.

Controller: It sure is.

**MB** Do you want to explain your "revenue-bonding" proposal? The Free Press City Hall reporter Tony Hodgekinson in his analysis looked at the concept favourably. This would apply to the new arena.

Controller: Well, Mr. Hodgekinson was the only one who saw the logic in it when I first proposed it. Now I think a few more people are coming around.

**MB** You've got a portfolio in front of you that you had done outlining some figures.

Controller: A new arena would cost \$1,500,000 of City money. If the City borrowed the money at 12% and amortized it over 20 years, it would cost about \$200,800 a year for 20 years.

What the City would do is act as banker. Not a grant, because the money and interest is collected back in user fees.

The City borrows this money originally with every intention of collecting the full amount and interest back, this is called 'revenue-bonding'. The taxpayer pays nothing. The arena gets built and the cost per user is a fantastic bargain.

Let's take the annual amount we have to recover \$200,800

Then you take the number of hours an arena is open during ice-time season (fall-winter), about 7 a.m. to 1 a.m., 7 days a week. This is

126 Hours per Week  
times the number of ice pads in the city  
15

and then by the number of weeks in the season they are open, some 36, some 38,... I've got it on this chart here, and finally they would be open 55,000 hours during ice season.

Divided into the \$200,800 a year we'd have to recover, we'd need an extra \$1.63 an hour per pad

**MB** So assuming, with ringette, hockey, refs & coaches included, we'd have about 36 players etc., on the ice in an hour. That only comes to an extra ten cents per player for a new arena.

Controller: And if they're open in summer, it would be even less. And the people using it are *paying* for it. Which is how it should be.

In summer, we have lacrosse, roller-skating and other sports and this could lower the extra ten cent tab to 7 or 8 cents. It would be a fantastic price for the service of a new arena.

When I first made this suggestion, everyone at Council chuckled. But now the arena issue keeps coming back and this idea looks better each time.

**MB** What are the roadblocks?

Controller: The administration explained to me that it simply had never been done before.

But I think their fear is that if they accept this particular use of revenue-bonding; they've made a precedent and accepted the user-fee philosophy, which could steam-roll and take certain, shall we say 'administrative prerogatives', out of their hands.

And this is just a capital project. I'd like to see the operating costs covered in the same way.

It's a great idea and I'm trying to make it more palatable to the aldermen.

There are more opportunities to save money. Sometimes the City spends huge amounts of money to buy unique equipment and special machinery. I took the position that a lot of the special equipment that is used only occasionally should be rented or leased, not bought.

Of course, I'm only one out of five (on Board of Control), so I haven't got these ideas through yet.

## A NEW ARENA WOULD COST EACH USER AN EXTRA TEN CENTS: A SUPERB BARGAIN

**MB** You sound depressed about that?

Controller: It gets depressing when you keep supporting things, advancing ideas and they don't go over. But I think I'm making inroads.

**MB** And it's only been three months. It could be a matter of toughing it out.

Controller: Still, because I vote against so many spending bills, you are perceived as a negative person. But I'm not. I've advanced positive ideas and a lot of programs. But this isn't what some people want to see.

At least people know where I stand. That's better than the ones who change whenever the wind does. Totally without principles.

I find it upsetting that someone will say one thing to me before Council meetings, but after seeing how large the audience in the gallery is or how the mood of the debate is going, they'll change their vote for purely political reasons.

**MB** Will you sell out for the right offer?

Controller: (laughter) I may not take the politically expedient route, but my conscience is clear, and I'll do the best job for the taxpayer.

**MB** A clear conscience? The best job for the taxpayer?? Then do you think you're cut out for this job?

Controller: (laughter) Ask me in a year or so. See if I am still cut out for this.



# COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH'S FILM

The point of Richard Attenborough's film GANDHI is to glorify Mohandis K. Gandhi's 50 year long use of "non-co-operative, non-violent resistance" to British "oppression" (in South Africa until 1914, in India 1915 - 1948).

But the film, while good straight-forward storytelling, is a *complete* deception as history. It fails entirely to put the British presence into perspective to illustrate the India under the Princely Rajs (before the British) and the violent, unstable poverty that replaced the British after the successful campaign of "non-violent" independence-resistance.

"Non-co-operative, non-violent resistance" is not a philosophy. It is a strategy. Gandhi's over-all goal was to rid the British empire from India. But then?

To give the film credit, the character of Jinnah (first dictator of Pakistan after 1947), leader of the Muslims in the film, comments on the emerging reality of Indian independence, "I will not see the monastery of the British Empire be replaced by the monastery of the Hindus."

This is the crux of independence movements worldwide. Is it preferable to be ravaged, slaughtered, imprisoned and impoverished by one's own skin - religious group than to submit to mild colonial rule?

The film GANDHI shows one major British atrocity; the cold blooded execution of over 1,000 peaceful Indian citizens in 1926, mostly women and children, who were attending speeches to repudiate the British Indian martial law just imposed. The film depicts three other violent, but comparably minor indignities. The British, true enough, are portrayed as aloof from their citizens, in all scenes. In historical fact, this aloofness was the major basis for resentment by the Indian citizenry, not the bloodshed one would assume from seeing the film. Fact is, atrocities were rare under British administration and the vast population received extraordinarily fair British justice, in criminal & civil law.

In the total British period of government (1858 to 1947), 91 years, the atrocities committed by the British did not in 91 years equal the bloodshed spilled by Muslims & Hindus (and other religious sects) in the first one year of the "independence".

The British, upon consolidating their hold on India in 1858, did the average farmer, worker, *especially women & children*, in India an immense favour. Until then, there was no law, little security of person or property, no protection against widespread pillage, rape, tribal massacres, no medicines effective against typical tropical diseases, no education of comparable western standards. The improvement after British "oppression" was clear and noticeable, *particularly to the working classes* [peasants, farmers, labourers].

Consider: Typical before the British took control of the sub-continent was the reign of terror inflicted on the Indian people by a sect called the THAGI (where we get the English word "thug" from). It is estimated they killed 250,000 Indians before the British cracked down on them. They were the worst sect of killers in India, but by no means the only one. Race riots between the myriad religious groups in heavily congested areas were widespread. Legal recourse and common police protection were unknown.

Consider: Even in the film, the violence perpetrated by the Hindus & Muslims against each other without the "oppressive" presence of British law & police was far worse than any atrocity committed by the British. This is only nominally noted however. Fact: in the period precipitating & immediately after Indian-Pakistani independence, over 500,000 (*half a million, for God's sake!*) were massacred.

What good was Gandhi's non-violent strategy now?

Consider: In the East Bengal (see map, East Pakistan), Pakistani soldiers casually slaughtered 1,200,000 *civilians* once it was announced East Pakistan was seceding to become Bangladesh. The 10 month bloodbath brought about famine, massive epidemics, complicated by terrible floods, and by the end of year of 1971, *three million people had died*.

Consider: In 1976, after abolishing parliamentary opposition the year before, establishing herself as dictator, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi ordered the army to force sterilize thousands of men *at random* in villages in rural India as part of her government's birth control program.

Consider: The headline of February 21, London Free Press shows little has changed since the "oppressive" presence of the British was left in the hands of "fellow Indians". Murder, slaughter, poverty and instability. Over 1,200 killed in 20 *straight days of violence*. So much for the law. Barbarism rules.

**The London Free Press**  
**MONDAY**  
**India tribesmen slaughter hundreds**

Little, if anything, seems to have changed.

20 days of straight violence over *voting rights* has left 1,200 killed, 22,000 homeless. Above headline from Feb. 21 Free Press. The "ethnic" slaughter occurred from Feb. 10 -20, two weeks ago. The victims were 80% women & children; the men, apparently, were off massacring *other* tribes.

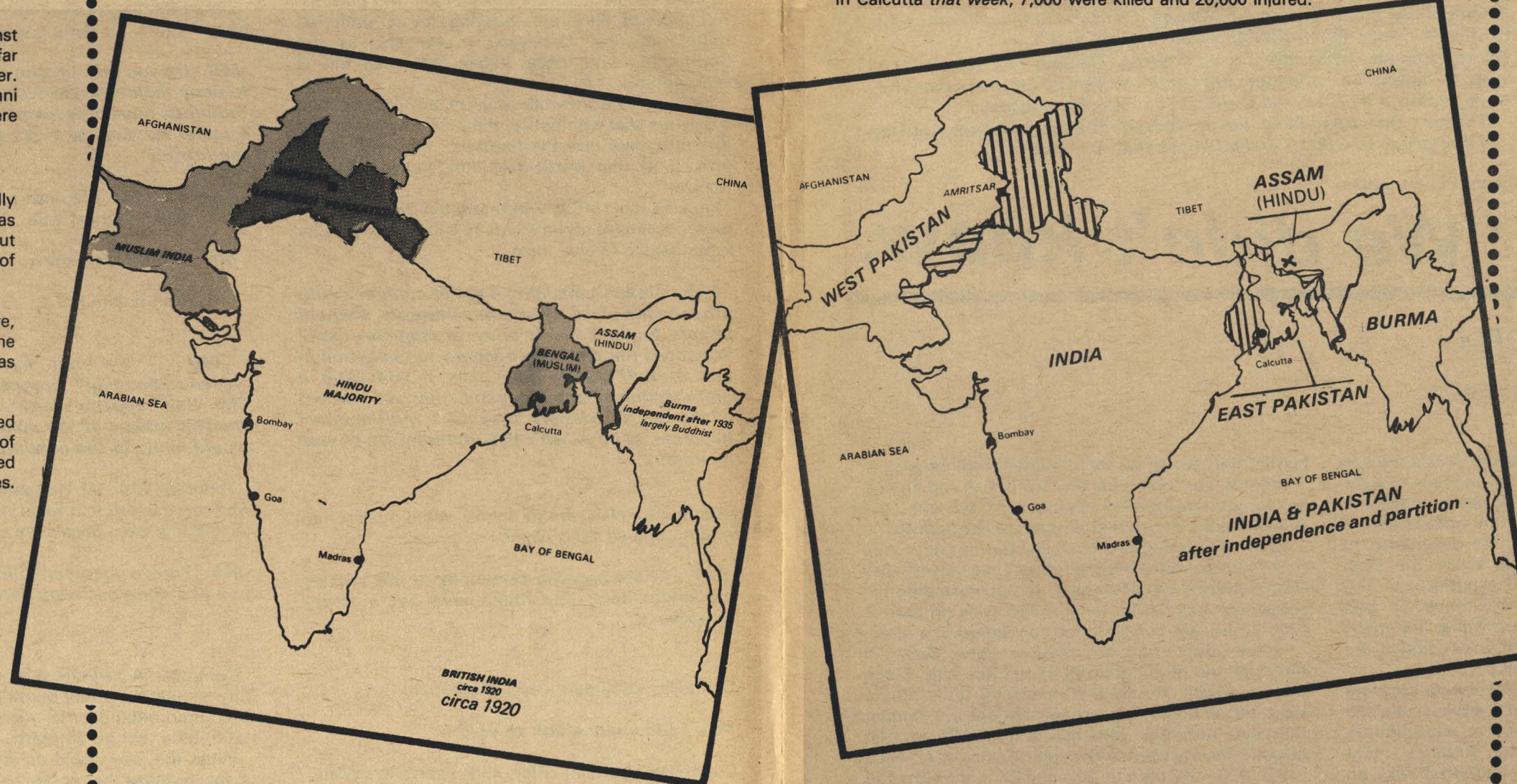
# GANDHI THE FILM REVIEWED



The above photo wasn't in the movie Gandhi but it should have been. This is a street in Calcutta (see map), after a 4 day race riot in 1946. The photographer is LIFE's Margaret Bourke-White, played in the film by Candice Bergen.

However, the film neglects to accurately depict White's work or the violence of the partition.

In the photo above, vultures pick clean nearly a hundred carcasses on just one street. Some vultures had eaten so much they couldn't fly. In Calcutta *that week*, 7,000 were killed and 20,000 injured.



The above map of British India shows the ethnic grouping in the latter imperial period. The city of Amritsar is indicated, site of the British murder of over 1,000 civilians in the film (and in fact).

Areas in grey indicate Muslim majority, although double grey areas indicate large SIKH POPULATION THAT WAS HEAVILY DISPLACED AT PARTITION.

After partition, several large muslim, Sikh areas became part of India (vertical lines) and several areas of Hindus came under Pakistani rule (horizontal).

Over 8,000,000 people had to leave their homes to move into the other boundary. Violence from such resentment incurred clashes like the Calcutta scene above, over 500,000 died in the period from 1946 - 1950 from sectarian violence.

Gandhi didn't have a political philosophy. Consequently the future of India and Pakistan was left to the inevitable political manipulators that will inherit and exploit such a vacuum. One only need look at every other "independent" Third world nation to see what happens after colonial "oppressors" leave. The worlds' human butcher shops and mass graves are a testament to the "independence" movements - Cambodia, Viet-Nam, India-Pakistan, Benin, Zaire (Belgian Congo), Uganda (Amin), Guinea-Bissau, Nigeria-Biafra, to name a few.

As to economic prosperity, the encyclopedia American comments: "for many Africans, the material results of independence has not been evident; their economic situation is, in fact, worse than it had been during the period of colonial administration.

That Gandhi left an intellectual & moral vacuum in his country is tragically self-evident despite Richard Attenborough's guilty conscience-on-celuloid to the contrary.

As to "non-violent resistance" itself, this is only possible when you are "oppressed" by a very benevolent government.

Try to "non-violently" *non-cooperate* in the Soviet Union, where you'll end up in permanent psychiatric 'treatment' or as one of the daily additions to the 32,000,000 murdered souls of Soviet barbarism. Try non-cooperation in Vietnam, China, the Ayatollah's Iran, even Poland. See how far it gets you. Or how long you live.

One truism of the film is the futility of *open* violence by a government to its subjects. The *public* humiliation binds an oppressed people (or the perception of oppression). That is why the Soviet Union, China, South east Asia, etc. have been so 'successful' in murdering tens of millions of innocents without any noticeable domestic protest. They execute in isolation. Out in the gulags. Out in the jungles. Or the forests.

It takes a nation with a free press (as in British India), a sense of humanity and recognition of man's *individual* worth (evident only in British civilization & western philosophy) to arouse *public opinion* and then to bear upon a constitutionally bound, elected governments to preserve justice.

Certainly, the British government was not a complete advocate of individual rights, and in absolute terms they were far from libertarian. But compared to the slaughterhouse that has taken its place, well...

Gandhi obviously could care less.

But Gandhi's sins (or Richard Attenborough's), for the sake of the truth (because "even in a minority of one, the truth is *still* the truth," -the film), are compounded by his brutal economic philosophy advocated at length throughout most of his life (and the film).

Calling on crowds in the film: "Bring me your cloth from Manchester & we will light a fire to be seen in Delhi" because "there is no beauty in the finest cloth if it causes hunger & misery", Gandhi set about making it a religious devotion to produce all clothes in India by hand-loom.

This legacy is tragically alive and well in every village in India. *Tens of millions* of Indians producing clothing (of the most simple type) by hand loom. And where has this insane rejection of technology gotten them?

Milton Friedman, on the PBS series Free to Choose, illustrated: one Japanese worker observing (since it is automatic) a machine making clothes can produce *in one hour* more than 1,000 Indian women can produce from dawn to dusk in one day. One Japanese man hour equal to 13,000 Indian man-woman hours.

And work from dawn to dusk they do. In heat, disease, hunger.

Is there nothing more brutal to the spirit of a nation than to re-inforce to millions the mind-numbing slavery at an antiquated loom. All because the 'Great Soul' rejected western technology?

Consider also that Japan, (a traditional society that welcomed technology after 1945), after 1945, was far more devastated than India in 1946. Japan's population (in 1967 was 690 people per square mile), is still more densely packed than India's (398 people per square mile).

India was at peak economic productivity in 1945, Japan in total destruction. Japan has no minerals, no natural energy, miniscule arable land. India has massive tracts of land, huge mineral deposits and much natural energy.

Still, brutal year after year, deification triumphs over a full stomach.

To the film's credit (and the Mahatma's), a number of quotes, on their own, are relevant. Because these formed a 'strategy' to boot the British out and not as part of a legitimate moral philosophy of freedom and individual rights; Mohandis Gandhi must be reviled.

But they are herewith: "If we obtain our freedom by bloodshed & violence, I want no part of it."

After a vengeful attack on British Indian regulars by Hindus, Gandhi fasted until all hostility against the British presence ended. This was responsible leadership, saying he was fasting: "as penance for the passions of his followers."

His greatest statement in the film was "Cooperation with evil is immoral and the British presence in India is evil."

Granted that any compromise with evil is wrong; this falls apart when Gandhi failed to define *the nature of evil* -ie. *the violation of individual rights*.

M.K. Gandhi's legacy is one of economic barbarism ("the terrible poverty can only be removed of them if everyone improves their local skills...and stop importing the unhappiness of the west"); intellectual & moral default (said Gandhi, in carrying his non-violent protest to its natural extension, "about the Jews...Let them commit mass suicide; that would raise the consciousness of the world to Hitler's violence.") and a post-British India that Americana describes:

"In human terms, the toll taken by the Holocaust that accompanied the division of the sub-continent into India and Pakistan will never be reckoned."



# ESCAPE FROM THE HOLOCAUST



Hitler's message to the inmates reads as follows: "There is a road to freedom. Its milestones are Obedience, En-

deavor, Honesty, Order, Cleanliness, Sobriety, Truthfulness, Sacrifice and Love of the Fatherland." These are orders.

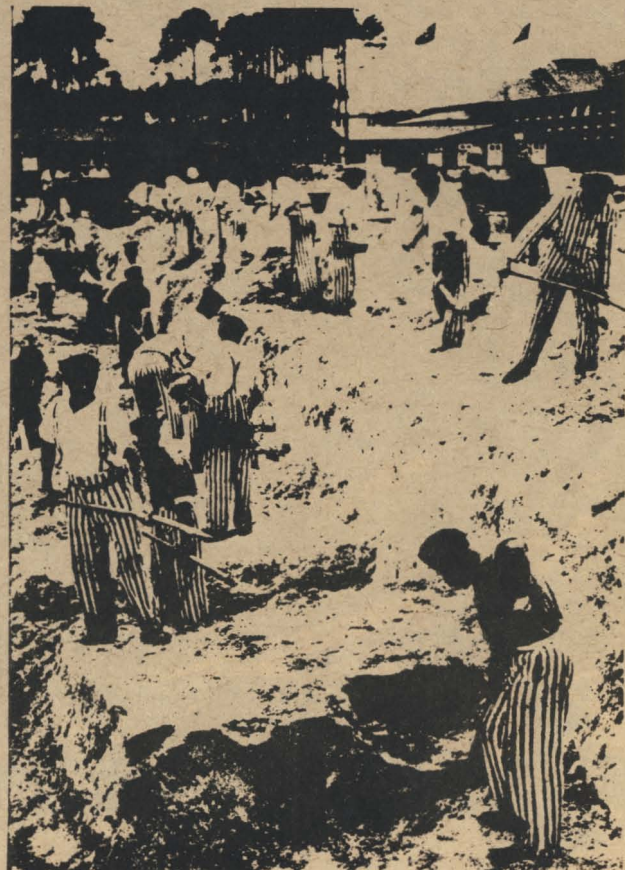
You always hear the German people of the Nazi era exclaim "*we never knew*" about the genocide of the Jews and the murder of other Nazi 'enemies'.

You'd think the people would have been tipped off by ten years of pre-war street violence, lootings of virtually every Jewish store in Germany, thousands of random beatings of innocent Jews, burning synagogues and homes, disappearances of their Jewish neighbours without any warning, etc.

Many of the world's people, including a huge number of Canadians, make a choice *not to see or act* on what they know to be true. Because one does not *want to believe* it is true, does not obliterate its existence. This is familiarly called apathy.

The illustrations contained in this article are from the August 3, 1939 issue of the MUNICH ILLUSTRATED PRESS, one month before the war began. If all the other signs of Jewish persecution weren't clear enough

Courtesy to Life Magazine for reprints and translation.



Two Nazi guards, notably absent in all the other pictures, are here to be seen in the right background. These are Schutz Staffel men, specially picked for their youth and brutality. These prisoners dig the site of a new barracks.

German public, this Nazi bragging above leaves no doubt that Hitler's genocidal plans outlined in MEIN KAMPF sold seven million copies to Germans before 1940 were well underway.

Translations of the German text under each photo.

Here are some other notes from the accompanying text *from the original German*.

The headline "WORK MAKES THEM FREE"

A Sign on Barracks "whoever misuses his freedom is a danger to his people and must be purified to deserve his liberty".

Some methods after arriving at a camp Dachau and Buchenwald were in 'operation' prisoners are forced to sign statements that they have "voluntarily accepted the State's protective custody."

To show that Jews have 'never worked', the article points out that of one group of 2,000, 110 died in the first five weeks."

## THEY ALWAYS SAY "We didn't know."

### HER STORY

INTRODUCTION ON PAGE 12

I was born in 1922 and for the next 17 years lived in this quiet town with my 4 grandparents, my parents and many relatives. During the period of peace (1922 to the invasion), there was a thriving economy immediately after the Great War. Consequently, there was no class or racial conflict that I was ever aware of, even though there were Poles, Jews, Belorussians Catholics, Greek Orthodox, Ukrainians in our town.

Nearly total employment due to returned post-war prosperity tended to create a co-operative atmosphere. In such an ethnically mixed town I learned Polish, Yiddish, Russian and Ukrainian languages as a child.

In my family there was a great deal of warmth and joy, so perhaps life was so exciting and carefree in my youth that I was insulated from life's uglier prejudices.

Word started to get around, assisted by newspaper reports and the few radio stations we could receive, that Jews weren't welcome in Germany, Austria, and even in the Polish capital - Warsaw. You'd hear about synagogues getting burned or desecrated, Jewish stores getting looted and plain, ordinary Jewish citizens being beaten up without reason. Peculiarly, the elder Jews in our community were always reluctant to speak about these things, not to listen to them seriously. Such events disturbed the placid lifestyle of our town where we were insulated from recessions, mob violence, and uprisings.

Throughout the latter part of the 1930's we had read about the series of crises with Germany and the Nazis: the re-militarization of the *Rhineland*, the bloodless conquest of the *Sudetenland* (the western part of Czechoslovakia), the *Anschluss* (the occupation of Austria by Germany) and then finally the total occupation by Germany of all Czechoslovakia. The concessions to Germany generally moved in one direction - east. Our apprehension of war as 'inevitable' became near-panic as Hitler and Stalin signed the Nazi-Soviet pact on August 26, 1939.

Although we heard Jews and Poles were escaping before the war broke out, I don't recollect anyone from our town leaving, even though we were virtually surrounded as of Jan. 1939 by Nazis in East Prussia, Germany, Czechoslovakia and Bolsheviks on our only other front. [see maps]

So when it came, on that first day of September, 1939, we shouldn't have been surprised, but no amount of psychological preparation can prepare you for the unimaginable - bombs, planes screaming down out of the sky, houses in smoky ruins, blood, fear, panic, chaos. We also realized if German planes could get this far inland in the first days of the war we were finished.

The real shock was 17 days after the Germans had declared war - the Soviet Union invaded the eastern frontier. Since we were only 32 miles from the Russian

border, they would be here in days, maybe hours.

Still, we were optimistic that the British and French would come to our aid as they promised after the British-French declaration of war against Germany.

As the Russians approached, the German drive was only 75 miles from our village, they were moving that fast, the Nazis were! However, to accommodate his agreement with Stalin, Hitler pulled back on part of his offensive and concentrated on Warsaw (see map).

The advance on our town on about Sept. 19 reminded me of my concept of the Russians. Since the Revolution, Russians were strictly forbidden to leave and so it was very rare to meet one living under Bolshevik rule. Any who had fled the Communist takeover usually went to Germany, France or America in the 1920's. By the late '20's and '30's, the border in and out of Russia was always closed and visitation to relatives was extremely limited. Stories were told of how badly people lived - in poverty, deprivation, etc.

Then my aunt, Anne Greenbeck, tried to visit her dying mother inside the Soviet Union in 1931. When Anne returned ten days later she was grief-stricken and told us her remaining family *still alive* were sick, food was scarce or available only on the black market in exchange for solid currencies, and strangely, doctors kept disappearing or fled the country. At the time, although only now do we know this, Stalin had ordered the Security Police (NKVD) to kill all



# "Sure, Jews are no good, kill as many as you like"

the professionals and intellectuals who weren't Communists. Stalin's paranoid obsession during this period, I believe, is called the 'Doctors Purge'.

The horrible irony is that Anne's mother was not permitted to leave the Soviet Union where she was starving, while Anne & her husband Morris had a thriving food export business on this side of the border. Food that was mailed to the Soviet Union never arrived and Anne's mother eventually died of starvation.

Even though both our areas had suffered the same devastation of war and civil war, the difference in standard of living between a free economy and a totalitarian one was a shocking revelation.

And now the border was finally open. One way. The 'revolution' was coming to our village. (and incidentally, while they were at it, the Russians seized Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia and part of Rumania with the begrudging nod of Germany.)

Despite my apprehension, the Soviet invasion was a musical one - all the soldiers sang with vigor as they marched in. One trait that was immediately evident was how they looked at all the *casual wealth* of a free society. When they saw cookies, candies, sugar, their eyes just lit up. It was as though they had never seen any of it.

My grandmother owned a food warehouse - it was confiscated the first day. That same night she had a heart attack and died suddenly from this trauma she was too old to handle. My mother's grocery store was also expropriated *at no compensation whatever* in just the third day after the Soviets arrived.

Food on the shelf had been depleted by the time the invaders arrived; everyone had hoarded food in anticipation of shortages once the communists had taken over.

Within one week of the Russian soldiers arriving (unresisted by the remnants of the Polish army), there were long line-ups for food. The Bolsheviks had seized every single store and business and turned them over to Soviet civil servants.

## YOU WOULD LINE UP AT MIDNIGHT THE NIGHT BEFORE FOR WHEN THE STORE OPENED AT 8 A.M.

They arrested my grandfather for being "bourgeoisie". This meant he was a landowner. Other *bourgeoisie* so labelled had already been packed off in army trucks and sent away (to Siberia? - we never heard) and my grandfather was about to be deported also when a large group of townspeople presented a petition begging for his release. This was quite daring because these people took the risk of being seen as *bourgeoisie*, endangering their life & security in this new order. At the last minute, as trucks were pulling out with all these 'undesirables', my grandfather was released. His luck though, wouldn't last the entire war.

We became used to shortages and hand-to-mouth living fairly quickly. It would rotate as to what was in short supply. If Tuesday the store was to have sugar, you would send someone to line up at midnight the night before to buy sugar when the store opened at 8 a.m.. The next day it might be bread, or the next day flour or yeast.

Virtually everything was rationed or in short supply. Some people who lined up *still didn't get any*. In winter, the line-ups started at about 4 a.m., but the harsh winds and sub-zero temperatures made this a real ordeal.

A black market sprang up where people could buy or barter rationed goods. Traders risked a 5-year jail sentence if caught, but barter was inevitable as Polish currency *had now been declared worthless* and Russian money was scarce.

This routine of scraping a living together was hard, but at least no one was killed, although a number of 'bourgeoisie' and all Polish army officers captured disappeared.

*The Polish officers were generally massacred. Over 7,000 bodies of Polish officers were found in July 1943 by German armies in the Katyn Forest. The Russians have denied this, claiming the Gestapo executed them.*

*By the time the Nazis reached eastern Poland and the Soviet Union, there were no Polish army officers left - the Russians had since exiled them 1-2 years earlier.* -editor)

To get Russian currency (and to eat), you had to get a job in the "new" Soviet economy. The only jobs available were government jobs, of course.

Since I had been good at bookkeeping in school, I searched for a clerical, secretarial or accounting position. But I looked for months, and every time the person in charge would ask, "who was your father? Who was your mother? *Bourgeoisie?* Sorry, we have no job for you! We have more important people who want jobs." They would add, "you bourgeoisie have had it good until now, you can suffer a bit."

Finally, a year later, I got a job at the main bank the Russians had set up in town. For months I had been trying to get a job by pretending I was poor; deliberately wearing worn clothes, speaking less articulately; but they always had someone who would inform them of your true background.

One day in December 1940, I was fed up with all that. I dressed up in a nice hat, my nicest boots and a bright white coat to apply for a bookkeeping position at this new bank.

## BOURGEOUSIE? NO JOBS HERE FOR YOU

The Communist Party boss in charge of the bank was scandalized, but the head accountant liked me and recommended me. I did get the job, but after that I had to act plain and non-controversial. Individualism of any kind would get you fired quickly.

I worked from 8 in the morning to 5 or even 6 at night, went home for dinner, then I had to attend compulsory (with the job) night classes. They were supposed to be classes on bookkeeping, but the subject really was Communism & Marxism.

My behavior remained strictly unproletarian however. One month, when I received my paycheque of 350 roubles for a month's work, I went on the black market and spent 288 roubles on a pair of silk stockings. 17 days work for a pair of silk stockings!

The NKVD(KGB) arrested me once. Apparently someone had invented some story and informed the Secret Police. That was very common while the Russians occupied us, that sort of petty vengeance. A lot of spying went on. If you had a little more to eat than your neighbour, watch out. Everything you did, you had to conceal.

Loud speeches were being exhorted on many street corners by Communist Party types, praising the



"Erecting walls is better than breaking through them," under this picture of men learning a great moral truth.

obvious misery of the situation. I was going to have to make the best of a bad situation.

My parents though, thought, "WE're cooked. Condemned forever to Russian dictatorship." The allies hadn't come at all, the Nazis were only 100 miles away and the Russians had destroyed all the things our family had worked generations for. They were very cynical and miserable most of the time now.

Just as I'm starting to get used to this lifestyle, June 22, 1941 arrived. We heard amid trucks roaring, soldiers running and barking orders about, that the Germans had declared war on Russia. Even though it was Sunday everyone was called to work.

A lot of girls were mobilized into the army right there but I wasn't, because of my "impure" bourgeoisie background. I thought *that was lucky* at the time. We worked day and night finishing our accounts, files, etc. when we heard the Russians are planning to leave. The Russians said in all their speeches that they weren't losing; they were just retreating for better strategy and re-grouping.

We had already heard what the Nazis were doing to Poles, especially Jews, in the western part of Poland where Hitler's armies had occupied for the last 22 months. A few Jews had escaped into the Russian part of Poland, and we heard ghastly stories of Jewish mass-murder. But I was too busy trying to be positive and enjoy life where possible, so I blocked out what they were saying. "Who wants to hear such depressing stories?" I asked myself.

I had never experienced any anti-Jewish pogroms, so I had no worry, but my parents had lived through more turbulent times before the First War (as part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire). They were very depressed by these rumours of large-scale murder.

At this point, a strange phenomenon occurred in the attitude of older Jews like my parents. After the stories of Jewish mass-murder in the western part of Poland became well circulated, my parents started living with the expectation that somehow, miraculously, everything would return to normal. They



Concentration-camp prisoners mix concrete for construction work. "This strictly supervised daily work is executed

in co-operative good will," reads the caption in the Munich Illustrated Press. "Prisoners eat, sleep and work together."

virtues of Lenin, Stalin, Marx, etc. And never a short speech, always a long one! Poles though did not pay much attention to this kind of long-winded propaganda. We smirked: "so this is why we have so much to eat now!", thanks to Lenin, Stalin & Marx.

It seemed the younger you were, the easier it was adapt. I was young, I went to dances on the weekend with Russian officers as there were no native males of my age group left (they had all been mobilized into the Russian army!). My aim was to try, under the circumstances, to have as good a time as possible. After all, what point was there in dwelling on the

started believing that the land would return to the rightful owners, the democracy would return, the prosperity would return and -snap-, like that, the war would be over. There was no reason in the world for them to logically believe this, but their minds would very often dwell in this dream world where they believed it was all going to be solved for them. So, they reasoned, there was no need to run or hide, "because it was all going to work out."

No one could, or wanted to, believe, the Nazis were *that* bad.





A load of bricks, says German caption, "is lighter than the burden of crime. Appreciation for achievement is taught."



"Respect for work" is here being taught. "Those whom the word 'work' frightens cannot be tolerated by the State."

And then 13 days after the Germans declared war on Russia -continuing the invasion eastward, we heard Nazi jackboots marching into our town. It was Saturday morning.

We were quite scared: for the past 7 days there was constant shelling, bombs exploding, so much noisy, fast paced activities. Besides, we were petrified to see if the Nazis lived up to their reputation.

As the Germans entered town on the Saturday morning, a Jewish delegation of former businessmen came out to **welcome** the Germans, because they were glad to be relieved of the Russians who had expropriated their businesses which they hoped the "anti-socialist, anti-Bolshevik" Nazis might restore to them. In hindsight, one might say this was suicidally audacious. But then, we *couldn't believe* the Germans could be worse than the Soviets.

A Gestapo squad followed the regular army into Skalet only an hour or two later. When confronted with the Jewish delegation, the Gestapo officer in charge started yelling "Juden, Juden, Juden!", rounded up the whole delegation of about 30 people and machine-gunned them right there that morning in the town square.

Later that Saturday, the Germans called on all the Ukrainian people in town by hand-bill, loudspeakers, posters, etc. to come out and sign a petition recommending a "pogrom" against the Jews in town *the next day*. The Nazis could murder Jews without this, certainly, but Ukrainians and Jews in this very eastern part of Europe had historical differences that

could be exploited, particularly the Polish seizure of Ukrainian territory in the late teens and 1920 period. The Nazis used this as an excuse to get Jews liquidated; getting Ukrainians to ask for it. The Nazis promised to eventually establish an autonomous Ukrainian state and return to power Ukrainian interests.

## THE 'JUDENRAT' WAS TOLD TO RESETTLE THE REMAINING JEWS

The day they arrived, the Germans went right to the Ukrainian Church and their minister and asked him to assist in helping kill as many Jews as possible. Many Ukrainians in our village said "sure, the Jews are no good, kill as many as you like."

The minister, Mr. Onneferko was his name, was always friendly with Jews right up until the Germans arrived. His sons dated many Jewish girls, one, I remember, right up until 6 months prior to the Germans arriving. Yet, he was the first to sign this petition and that Saturday afternoon made speeches to encourage people to come out and help the Gestapo kill off Jews.

Sunday came. The Gestapo called out on loudspeakers for all male Jews 18 to 80 to come out "to work". Then the Gestapo, with the help of Ukrainians who could recognize who was Jewish and who wasn't, searched the whole town, inside &

out, pulling Jews out of cellars, attics, hiding places. They took my grandfather.

Quickly loaded onto trucks, they were driven somewhere outside the town. Throughout the night we heard spurts of machine gun fire. The next morning, the Nazis announced over a public address system that the 300 males taken, of all ages it turned out, had been executed at an old Polish military base just outside the village.

The women of the men were told to go out and bury the bodies.

The Nazis had been here only 48 hours!

I didn't go to help bury my grandfather. I was hysterical to think that anything this insane could happen. And the speed it happened gave me no time to prepare for such a horrifying experience.

On Monday night, we went to a Jewish home to pray for the dead. I'll never forget going into that room and all these women screaming to God, crying in that eerie, frightening wail. I thought, "if there is a God, why isn't He listening to this crying?" Everyone in town had lost someone. Boys of ten, twelve, sixteen were killed with the elder men.

For three or four weeks, there was nothing to do, so I just sat home in a numbed, shocked daze.

Over the next few weeks, there were no more executions, but the Germans declared that they wanted a "Judenrat"; meaning they don't want to deal with the Jewish populus directly. A Judenrat was a specially selected group of Jews that took orders from the Gestapo and enforced them on other

Jews. Jews in this privileged position lived longer, because they supervised the rounding up of all other Jews first. The whole thing was part of the Nazis' divide and conquer strategy. Get Poles killing Jews, Ukrainians killing Poles and Jews, Jews sacrificing Jews.

The Judenrat was formed and through it we were all assigned work. Full employment, I learned, is quickly achieved at the barrel of a gun.

I got a job as payroll master at a road engineering firm that had been set up in our town to make way for the advancing German war-machine moving further into Russia.

The Judenrat was told they had to resettle the remaining Jews in town after the 300 or so killed the first weekend

Fangia Steinberg (Goose)'s home town of Skalet, shown by the dot, changed rulers 6 times in 35 years, each transition accompanied by bloodshed.

Until 1915, Skalet was part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The aftermath of World War I and the Bolshevik Revolution gave birth to an independent Ukraine, of which Galicia Province, including Skalet, was its western most district.

While the Ukraine was fighting the Bolsheviks, Poland stabbed the Ukraine

in the back, attacking its defenseless western borders while the Ukrainian armies were in the northeast fighting the Reds. Skalet was annexed into Poland.

At the close of WW 7, the Russians seized all of Galicia for the Soviet Union.

The population of Galicia was largely Ukrainian, with large Polish and Jewish minorities.



Long time downtown merchant Fanny Goose (*nee* Fangia Steinberg) was born in 1922 in the southeastern Polish town of Skalet, in Galicia province.

With her husband Jerry, they own J. Goose Clothing on Dundas St.

In a series of recollections that took over 6 hours of taping, she chronologically told editor Marc Emery her story up until 1946.

To verify various locations, events, etc. the editor has researched the period to provide background information. Maps are provided below to assist the reader.

Mrs. Goose says she does not recollect in her early teenage years any bigotry in the town she lived, and this is noted. But the editor, in verifying the history of Galicia province, found much evidence of racial-

ethnic clashes throughout history and much tension obviously existed over the centuries. This is noted in the editor's preface below.

At that time Skalet was 32 miles from the then Soviet border, just inside the newly [1921] annexed area now part of Poland.

In the period from 1910 to 1948, Skalet was under Austro-Hungarian monarchist rule [until 1915], a battleground for the German-Austro-Hungarian entente armies against the Russian [Czarist] armies [1915 - 1917], under the rule of an independent Ukrainian state [1917 - 1920] until newly formed Poland attacked the western part of the Ukraine in 1920-1921, incorporating it into Poland. The Russians invaded Poland on Sept. 17, 1939 in a secret arrangement with Nazi Germany, who had invaded

the other half. After WW2 the Soviet Union kept these conquests [see maps] and made them part of the U.S.S.R. Skalet is now in the Ukrainian S.S.R.

Such political turmoil created unstable government. Much ethnic tension existed in the larger centres along the Soviet-Polish border, particularly between Belorussians, Poles, Jews, Ukrainians. Because of the changing fortunes of government, various ethnic groups found certain 'governments' more favourable in regards patronage, civil service jobs and elected positions.

After the annexation of the western parts of the Ukraine by Poland [by military conquest in 1920-1921] Poles and, since they made up to 40% of the regional population at times -Jews, were given many civil service positions, displacing the previous and largely Ukrainian gov't apparatus. [see maps].



# That day over 500 Jews were packed off in trains...

The Judenrat was told they had to resettle the remaining Jews of Skalet in a Jewish "ghetto". There were about 3,000 in Skalet after the 300 or so killed on the first weekend. A number of Jews had left with the Russians, a few had fled into the forests and countryside when the Germans arrived and many tried to hide their Jewish background and pretended to be Aryan or Catholic or Gentile.

But passports and identification papers indicated if you were Jewish even before the war, and now many people worked to doctor their papers. But, in a small town, everyone knew if you were Jewish or not.

We lived in great fear after the massacre of the first weekend, but we weren't threatened with certain death again until we heard, via the Judenrat, in early 1942, the Germans had planned a "*Judenfry*", the Final Solution.

The idea in our town was that Jews were to be systematically taken away and these orders were relayed to the Judenrat. The first order was for 500 old people over 50.

The Judenrat knew these people were to be executed, even though the Gestapo was still insisting they would be "resettled"; the Judenrat somehow declined to help the Gestapo, so the Gestapo and wehrmacht soldiers did it themselves.

By this time we were all in the Jewish ghetto.

**...and there I was, looking at two German soldiers with sub machine guns pointed right at me.**

The next night, sometime in April 1942, at about 3 in the morning, the Gestapo and their soldiers started going crazy. They burst into homes; dragged people out in their sleep, beat them up, choked them to death, right on the street. They were machine gunning Jews randomly on the street and in homes. They were in a wild frenzy, I think even now they must have been drugged to act that savagely. Before they killed an old man, they choked him, kicked him, scratched away his skin, gouged his eyes out, knifed him. This happened to dozens of people in the street in the ghetto.

I could see this going on in the street through the window of a second story attic where I now lived. The street was all lit up almost to make sure everyone could see. This torture continued right up until noon the following day -in broad daylight.

After it was all over, over 500 Jews had been packed off into trains and sent somewhere -we didn't know where at the time. Many had been murdered throughout the night and now we had to go out and bury the remains. Many dozens of Jews were so depressed they committed suicide, sometimes taking their wives or their whole family with them.

We never took up arms because we felt *that* was hopeless; we were too tiny to fight such a well armed and wild gestapo. Even as the Russians left, many Jews and Poles still had their hunting rifles. But we never used them against the Germans, even up until they were confiscated. I can't remember a *single person* fighting back against the Nazi invaders in our town.

**"Take this, you'll need it where you're going**

Helping my family survive were a few Polish friends, gentiles, who would slip us food from outside the ghetto. They would also give us news because Jews were forbidden to listen to the radio. In fact, all of our books were confiscated, all our newspapers, virtually anything read was taken and destroyed when Jews were put in the ghetto. There were big book bonfires with German soldiers cheering. Fur coats, jewellery, anything of value, was seized from Jews when they were taken from their homes and put in a ghetto area.

One of the few people who would sneak into the ghetto to visit us was a Ukrainian minister from the neighbouring town of Krzywa (pronounced 'Shiv-eh'). He was an old family friend and did a lot of business with our family before the war.

After this, I started to believe, like many older Jews, that maybe "tomorrow", maybe soon, the "*miracle*" would come: that the Germans would all just leave,

that maybe the Germans will pass a new law saying it was all a mistake what they had done to the Jews. I *really* thought this.

Before Poland was invaded, this minister anticipated the Nazi terror in Poland, even as far back as 1937, I remember. He promised that when bad times came, he would do his best to save at least one of our family from any persecution.

It is interesting to think back on this. Mr. Onneferko, one Ukrainian minister who did much business with my family, was the first to advocate Jewish slaughter the day the Nazis came. And then, this other Ukrainian minister, four to five years after his promise, heroically risks his life and comes to our home in the ghetto to tell us it's time for someone to come with him and hide. He also did a lot of business with my grandfather, as did Onneferko. So you can never tell what people are going to be like until a real crisis.

Sometimes, this Ukrainian minister, the good one, would slip to our place in the middle of the night to bring us news and food. He brought us hope, repeating radio broadcasts heard from Russia and Sweden.

When June of 1942 came along, this minister spoke with my parents as to whom of the Steinberg family was to *survive*. My parents felt that they were too old and cynical to persevere surviving such a long ordeal. They didn't want to run, hide, or go on barely surviving for years on end. The person who was chosen who have to hide far away for the rest of the war. I was chosen. The decision for me to leave was expedited by events.

I was at "Autohile" (the road engineering firm) for nine months when I was told by a girlfriend at the company that the "squeeze" was in for me. I was in a good position with the company, for a Jew anyway, and someone didn't like it. I had heard that the Germans were coming to interrogate and possibly kill me.

I was at the post office one day sending money for the company back to Germany. I was in a truck marked "Autohile", so anybody who knew what I did could get to me without anyone noticing much.

While I was at the post office, my friend, Wanda Schefchek, came rushing to get me. She had just

Judenrat started talking seriously to me. In fact, the main man in the Judenrat was a good friend of my parents. He told these girls to tell Fangia that the second '*actio*' [round-up of Jews] would be coming very, very soon. The minute I told my parents, they panicked about, packing food and clothes. They put it in bunkers in the basement and attic. A bunker was a storage closet or makeshift hiding place.

I saw my parents open the doors of these bunkers and neighbours who had heard the rumours were already in there. My mother and aunt hid downstairs, my father hid in the attic of another house, and I hid in the attic of this house. Again I had a window to look out into the street.

Sure enough, the '*actio*' was that night, and the Germans came and found the bunker downstairs. I saw my mother being led away by the Gestapo along with others from the bunker. And the same frenzied violence was going on in the street, kickings, beatings, bloodshed.

And then a quick rush of footsteps up stairs, a few harsh German words and *bang!*, the door flew inward, and there I was, looking at two German soldiers with sub-machine guns pointed right at me.

I was led out into the street and lined up with the rest. It was a long line-up of Jews up and down the centre of the street. I couldn't even think of myself dying, even though death was staring me straight in the face. I think it's called shock, because I felt numb, dizzy, completely outside my body. I couldn't feel scared, hurt, worried, anything. I was immobilized. I was just going to do what they said.

I was given some bread, because the wehrmacht soldier said we were going to be loaded onto a railway cattle-car, and "it's a long trip", he added. We really didn't know that we were going to concentration camps - the Gestapo said 'work camps'.

They didn't catch my father, but my mother, aunt & I were being led with hundreds of others to the railroad loading section. We were just about to board to train, perhaps only 20 seconds away, when an Italian soldier came up to me and gave me more bread and said, "*take this, you'll need it where you're going*".

My mother said, and I remember this clearly, "*Don't take anything from him*".

## THE WHOLE GHETTO HAD BEEN EMPTIED OUT & BURNED TO THE GROUND

come from Tarnopol (largest city in the southeast Polish area, only 10 miles from Skalet. It was the Gestapo headquarters for this part of Poland -editor). She said, "*Fangia, you must run. Go back to my house. Then go home and run. I heard the Gestapo is coming for you. I'm taking your place because I heard they're going to stop the company truck, arrest and kill you.*"

She took the truck back and sure enough, the Gestapo stopped her and asked: "*Are you Fangia Steinberg?*"

She said no, but they didn't believe her, so they took her to the Tarnopol police station. Fortunately for her, the local police knew and recognized her and released her.

Of course, I couldn't go to work now, so I got word out to the Ukrainian minister that I needed help. A few nights later, he picked me up and we left for his home in Krzywa.

I stayed with him peacefully and without incident -eating well and staying quite healthy. Messages from my mother and father were erratic but so far nothing terrible had happened to them.

By the end of 1942, the minister wanted to send me to his cousin in Krenitzka, where there was a Catholic monastery. I told him that before I went, I wanted to see my parents in the ghetto. His sister slipped me into the Skalet ghetto to see my parents for the weekend, -on the Monday morning I was supposed to come back.

All the things considered, I received quite a hearty reception. Five or six friends, my aunt, a large number of old neighbours came and had a party for me Saturday afternoon. Everybody said I looked good -mind you, I didn't have any worries like they did.

The morning I came into Skalet, it was the seventh of November 1942. On the Sunday, the morning of the eighth, some young girls who worked in the

While my mother is saying this, a young Jewish policeman from the Judenrat, Kivvitz (I knew him very well) comes over to me and says very loudly, "*Fangia, you can't go with them, you are my bride!*".

He was trying to save me because I guess he knew where we were going. He took me out of the line-up and I just yelled at him: "*Why am I not going with mother?! I want to go with my people!*". This Jewish policeman, who could have been killed if the Germans knew what he was doing, yelled even louder "*You are my bride! You are coming with me!*". And he dragged me, literally, away from my mother who was now walking up the ramp into the car. Kivvitz called over to the Italian and he grabbed my other arm and they pried me out of the crowd. I was hysterical, being no help to them at all, probably endangering both. Here I was, yelling that I wanted to stay with my mother, which meant certain death, and here also was a soldier of the Reich, an Italian, and the young policeman of the Judenrat both risking their lives to save me.

They took me right out of the ghetto. Kivvitz had to leave but told me to flee. The Italian asked if I needed money. I said no, why would I need money? He told me to run too. Where could I run? I was hysterical. It was winter now and the snow was already here. I hadn't worked for months in Skalet. I was wanted by the SS. I was alone outside the ghetto and wailing about my mother's fate. I knew she was in the trains by now but what could I do?

Then something told me, a power, maybe God, but something said, "*Go to Autohile where you used to work.*"

I went there, where usually workers, who had identification cards, were not executed by the Gestapo at this time. The main director of this firm I knew didn't like Nazis. Every now and then, the workers could hear him mutter things like "*damn*"



# These sideshows distracted each group from the atrocity of the Nazis and the war.

Hitler" when he could not get parts, or when some of his workers were murdered.

So I went back and hoped I could still get a job. I remember, whenever he used to get bad news from home, he would look at his portrait of Hitler on the wall and grimace. When I was bookkeeper, I would talk to him in his office, alone, and I would see this. He never took part in the 'actios' against the Jews. Other leaders of industries would help the Gestapo and SS pull out Jews and even help kill them. But he never did, this Herr Hoffmann. He knew I was Jewish and never gave me a hard time.

I went to him. He was alarmed. He hadn't seen me for six months, and he knew what was going on in the city. I cried like a baby to him that my mother was on the trains and could he please help me?

I was screaming "I want my mother! I want my mother!"

He actually went to the train yard and said he wanted Etta Steinberg to clean laundry at the factory. He apparently talked with Gestapo big-shots who called out for Etta Steinberg. They asked him, "why do you want such an old woman to clean laundry?" They found her but sent her back in the train, and instead gave him a young Jewish girl to "clean laundry" instead.

My mother was sent to Treblinka death camp to die with my aunt.

There was no work for me at Autohile. Now the ghetto was much smaller and I lived in a house with a number of other people for a few days, totally silent, completely drained. Incredibly, the minister from the Ukrainian church found out where I was and saved me once again. We returned to his home in Krzywa.

Since his home was increasingly monitored, I could no longer stay with him, and he sent me to a Catholic monastery in Krenitz. It was now late December 1942.

At this remote monastery, I had to stay always in one room because the man in charge, a friend of the minister, was frightened I would tell someone I was Jewish, implicating him.

I stayed here 7 or 8 months, and although I wasn't in any physical danger, I felt alone, isolated from a world -however terrible - I was part of.

I felt guilty that people were risking their lives to hide me. I didn't like being insulated from the world, with no-one to talk to. All sorts of questions went through my head. *Who am I? What am I doing here? Where are my friends? What happened to my mother?*

My name was changed to Sophia while I was in this monastery, complete with new identification papers.

I was becoming totally disoriented with existence.

I was always being trained, taking lessons to be a Catholic nun. On a Saturday morning sometime in August 1943, I was going to be involved in a ceremony to make me a Catholic.

## Ukraineans, Poles, Jews; all killing each other.

The night before the ceremony, I got up out of bed, and in the middle of the night, ran away to Tarnopol.

It was dangerous, yes, but I couldn't stay in the monastery any longer. I was dressed in a nun's uniform and as I reached the outskirts of Tarnopol the following afternoon, I saw a large group of Jews working on a field.

There was a German and Ukrainian policeman guarding them while they worked. I started talking to the women and told them - "I'm Jewish. I want to go where you are going."

I followed them back to the area of their work camp but I didn't let on to the guards I was Jewish.

Just before this group of women arrived at their "lager" (work camp), I run into the head of the local Judenrat, a Mr. Zimmerman. He knew me from before before the war, and knew my family well. I rushed over to ask him who was still alive in Skalet.

Mr. Zimmerman was mortified to see me.

He took me to his home and told me there was nothing & no-one left in Skalet, that the situation was very bad. More Jews had been killed and sent away to concentration camps. He demanded that I stay as far away as possible. (But what could I do?)

Zimmerman said that things were getting very bad because the Germans were losing the war. This meant that Jews were being liquidated faster. Autohile would be closing down soon because there



The above map indicates Nazi invasion points in black arrows. Honouring the Nazi-Soviet pact, the Germans had to withdraw after their lightning success, to the dotted line on the map.

The Soviets entered at the white arrows, also invading part of Romania, all of Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, and part of Finland; all of which they still possess.

would be no roads to build; the Russians were recapturing their territory.

"The Gestapo was eliminating Jews right in the Ghetto," Zimmerman said, "Anofska was a big labour camp nearby. Two weeks ago, three thousand Jews were machine gunned in one afternoon."

He told me all kinds of horror stories. Zimmerman was extremely unbelieving and angry with me. He yelled at me that people had done so much to keep me safe and alive and here I was walking into a labour camp inviting the Germans to kill me.

But I told him of a dream I kept having at the monastery of my grandfather (who was killed), saying to me, "Go away from here, you'll be ok." That helped my resolve.

Zimmerman was amazed at my fatalistic behavior but he too resigned himself to the "inevitable."

My delusions continued on the way from the monastery into Tarnopol. I kept imagining that mother, father, everybody, were going to meet me at our old home in Skalet and we'd have a big party and a warm welcome. I kept thinking that there would be no ghetto and everything would be normal. Here I was, watching people get murdered, starving, hearing horrible stories and yet I'm thinking all the while that when I get home it's all going to be Ok. Even after I leave Zimmerman and go to Skalet.

All ok, I'm thinking. All ok.

But I get to Skalet and the whole ghetto has been emptied out and burned to the ground. Doesn't exist. Gone.

Anybody who was left was in the Autohile work camp. Workers lived in tents during the night and worked in Autohile during the day. Zimmerman told me that soon Autohile will close down and the SS will kill everyone in the camp.

But I go in anyway.

Boy oh boy was it bad!

Everybody was yellow or green skinned, terribly malnourished. Old looking. Even my girlfriends, a few of whom were still alive in the camp. Barely alive.

I came in as though I was from another planet, healthy looking as I was. They were diseased and starving. There were no sanitation facilities. No fresh water. They were shrill and worried about getting killed every minute. The mass murders they had seen had broken them. They looked like ghostly apparitions. It was grotesque.

Zimmerman is in charge of labour detail and says he has no choice but report me to the camp SS. He could only save 73 girls, all the ones he had work for. The Germans would notice me as the 74th. He warned me that I might be killed for leaving Autohile a year and a half earlier.

At this point I was ready for them. I had seen enough. This was it, I thought. They were going to come to take me away.

"OK, I thought, I'll take what comes."

What a shock when Zimmerman comes back and says they need a cook and that I was going to be that cook for a German officer.

They chose me because I looked healthy and lively. All the other girls by now were diseased and aesthetically, if not unhealthily, undesirable as a cook. I couldn't cook, but I didn't tell anyone that.

They gave me an older woman to work with, and she knew how to cook. My luck was unbelievable. She cooked and I did the dishes!

I still felt that we would be killed eventually, so one month later I ran away when on an errand. Unfortunately, I was caught within a day and put back in the labour camp.

## IT'S GOOD WE GOT RID OF THE JEWS, THE AIR IS FRESH NOW..."

Finally, Autohile was to close in a week. Then we knew that we would all be shot by machine gunners in the next few days. Everyone in the camp was preparing for it, crying constantly.

But on the day of the execution, a Polish man from the railroads, well known in local politics before the war, came into the camp looking for me. Zimmerman had told him that I was in the camp. He came by at about 9 in the morning and told the Gestapo he needed someone to help him on the railroad regarding the withdrawal of German material. They thought this was good use so they released me for his use.

It turned out to be Mr. Bohannic. He knew me when I was just a little girl, and he knew my family well. He came in and found me on that Sunday and told me, "I think there's going to be a tragedy tonight, everyone will be killed."

Bohannic thought there would be a tragedy that night. But just as the guards let me out with this man, and just as we're walking away from the camp, I hear machine gun fire. The Germans were killing the remaining 73 girls and about 40 men only minutes after I walk out the gate. Maybe 10 minutes at most.

Mr. Bohannic used to work on our farms before the Russians expropriated it. Since then he worked on the railway. He actually hid our cows for us on a farm while we were in the ghetto, saving them to give back to us at the end of the war. He was also one of the few people who brought bread to us in the ghetto whenever he could.

In Skalet, all the Germans and Ukraineans were celebrating the completion of the *Judenfry* in Skalet. All the Jews of Skalet were wiped out except for me. Mr. Bohannic said Skalet was not the right place for me right now.

I went to his home in Krzywa (pron. 'Shiv-eh'), and hid in the attic. This would be October 1943. Only his wife and eldest daughter knew I was there. There was a fair bit of panic in the house because now it was very dangerous to have a Jew in a Polish household, especially with all the Nazis and sympathizers celebrating the *Judenfry* in Skalet only 5 miles away.

Mr. Bohannic was a quiet man, yet by protecting me he thought he was making a contribution against the Nazi effort. Bohannic was a Polish nationalist, and as the war turned in favour of the Russians on the eastern front, there was growing tension between



# "Bohannic, come out or we'll burn your house down and kill your whole family."

Pole and Ukrainian. If the Germans lost, the Ukrainians would be in, it was speculated, a lot of trouble from Poles, Jews, Russians. So now Poles and Ukrainians were killing each other. A Pole hiding a Jew made him a lot worse off.

The Ukrainians had their own terrorist guerrilla group to murder Poles, and Poles would counter with their reprisals. All the while the Nazis thought this was fine; Poles, Ukrainians, Jews, killing each other. All these sideshows distracted each group from the real atrocities of the war itself.

It was a time when a man could have an enemy of anyone. And soon the Russians would be here once again. Who knew what the moral code would be tomorrow? The enemy?

Bohannic had three younger children who were not aware of my presence in the attic. In the morning, Mrs. Bohannic or Bronia, the eldest daughter, would bring me milk and food. They were good to me. But they were scared.

So to avoid suspicion and to throw off the neighbours, Mrs Bohannic would argue with the neighbours and say how bad the Jews were, and how they should all be dead, so no one would think she was hiding a Jew.

## EVEN THE BRICKS IN THE RUBBLE WERE BEING SOLD ON THE BLACK MARKET

I would hear her say: *"It's good we got rid of the Jews, the air is fresh, it smells so much better now."*

One night I heard men making noises in front of the house. Then I hear loud voices saying viciously, *"Bohannic, Bohannic, come out!"*

Mr. Bohannic starts to cry and beg from inside the house, *"What do you want from me? I have a wife, a family."*

These were the *Banderossi, the Ukrainian terrorist*. They said, *"Bohannic, come out or we'll burn your house down and kill your whole family."*

This is at about 4 in the morning. I hear Mr. Bohannic begging for about 2 hours, and I can see what's going on through a window in the attic of the house.

Finally Mr. Bohannic comes out at sun-up. I could see perfectly. They put a rope around his neck and tied the rope to a horse. Then they hit the horse. The animal ran and we could hear Mr. Bohannic scream and scream as his body is dragged around the streets. It was a horrible, bloody thing; the only sound in the morning is the twisted screams of a man choking to death. By noon, Mrs. Bohannic had the courage to go out with the eldest son to bring the body in.

The Germans paid no attention. Everybody else was so scared they stayed indoors.

A few days later the family had a funeral for Mr. Bohannic. But the tragedy didn't end there. After the funeral, as the family is leaving the burial site, the Ukrainian *banderossi* came and murdered the eldest son right there in front of everybody.

Mr. Bohannic was a quiet guy, so you can see how crazy everything became. It wasn't because he was hiding a Jew. If they knew that they'd have come a killed me too.

## A TIME WHEN A MAN COULD BE AN ENEMY OF ANYONE

The funeral for the son was much smaller. Everybody was afraid to come. And much quieter, because who knew who would be next?

The family was so depressed that many days passed when they would forget to feed or see me. I had to live for many days on pieces of garlic which were being stored in the attic for winter. I would sneak down in the night and eat raw eggs when I was really hungry after going without food for 3 or 4 days.

6 months pass in the attic. In March of 1944 we hear the Russians are quickly approaching, at some places they're already over the Polish border. That month, a Polish underground newspaper appeared and gave news from Russian, Swiss, and BBC broadcasts. It started to come out that the Germans had lost at Stalingrad, Kiev, North Africa and even Italy.

I start getting excited that soon the war will be over, and the Germans are going to lose and that they'll have to pay for everything they did.

Within a week, the Germans inform everyone in the village of Krzywa that the town is going to be a big battleground and everyone should withdraw to Rabinska. The Germans were going to take a position in Krzywa. The Russians had already captured what was left of my home town of Skalet.



Dumping concrete "leaves no room for criminal thoughts in the fresh air, under conditions of decency and order."

The remaining Bohannic family left with the rest of the villagers of Krzywa. The eldest daughter, Bronia, came to me and said that I was welcome to go back with them until the battle is over. I thought because I was Jewish, that might be fatal. I said no, I'll hide until it's over one way or another. So they leave me with a lot of food and water.

Bronia and her mother were especially sad to leave me. They put a lot of hope in me because I was something no one had taken away from them yet.

The next day the battle started; it was a fantastic, fiery battle. The roof of the house I was in was straw - most houses were - so most houses were ablaze in no time. Missiles shrieking across the sky, bombs lurching the ground around me, continuing for 3 days and 3 nights, non-stop. It was so loud I couldn't hear myself talk. Sleep was impossible. I remember my ears ringing all the time.

For one whole night, German soldiers were in the floor below barking orders and shooting. It was a miracle that no bullets ever hit me, though a number sizzled by me through the thatched roof.

I wasn't sleeping so I began to hallucinate. I saw the Virgin Mary one night. She came and put her hands over me, lifted me and took me over a vast body of water. And I was Jewish!

The battle had started on the Sunday morning, and on Wednesday, at about 4 in the afternoon - an instant and complete silence!

A long, quiet hour passes. Then I hear...singing! The same song I heard 5 years ago, the Russians singing as they are marching in! I look out the window - Russian soldiers everywhere. And what are they doing? *They're dancing as though nothing has really happened.*

Even though I spoke Russian, I stayed in the attic until the Bohannics returned 3 days later on the Saturday morning.

Bronia burst into the house and her first words were "Fangia! Fangia!" They all ran upstairs to see me, including the children, who, up till now, didn't know I was there.

I realized why they were so relieved when I went outside. Every house and structure in the whole part of Krzywa had been burnt to the ground, except the Bohannic's house!

Mrs. Bohannic gave me a hot bath the next day. I'll never forget that bath. My first bath in 8 months. I felt all the tension and worry flow out of me in that hot bath. I felt the war flow out of me. It was a serene feeling.

As you might expect, I wanted to go "home" to Skalet. I once again started seriously believing my father, mother, family would all be there to meet me. Friends, relatives, neighbours. I conjured up lovely fantasies of how it was going to be again.

Mrs. Bohannic countered this by telling me my father was now dead, my mother dead; in fact, my whole family was gone. The whole town of Skalet was finished, she said. Even the bricks in the rubble were being sold on the black market. She warned me not to be disappointed.

I still insisted.

"Well, alright" she conceded, but she added that I was too young and healthy looking. She thought the Russians would rape me or something because I was one of the few young women left in the area. So Mrs. Bohannic spent a whole day making me look old and ugly. I wore rags for clothes, and had heavy amounts of make-up on. I used a cane and walked with the gait of an invalid.

She took me to the highway to get a ride on a Russian military truck. The truck stopped and the soldiers said, "Babushka, babushka (old woman), let us give you a ride!"

## I SAW THE VIRGIN MARY ONE NIGHT AND I WAS JEWISH!

I was still thinking, as I rode to Skalet, that despite Mrs. Bohannic, my family would all be there.

When I got to town, I didn't recognize anything. Everything had been razed to the ground in the old Jewish quarter and the ghetto. I told the soldiers to let me off at the appearance of a sign announcing this wasteland as Skalet.

I took a big jump off the truck, threw away the cane and ran fast from the truck. Mrs. Bohannic had the right idea, because when the Russians saw I wasn't an old woman, they yelled, "hey young girl, come with us, come with us!". Needless to say, I kept running.

And I found that of the houses still standing in the non-Jewish sector was Wanda Schefchek's home. Her home was in a strictly Polish neighbourhood, on the outskirts, and wasn't damaged nearly as much as most. Wanda and her family made a big fuss of me. They all came out to have a big party for me - Wanda's family, the Bohannics, a lot of people came out to this party on Saturday night to celebrate me getting through the misery and war. The next day, everyone went to a Roman Catholic Church. I, intransigent as always, refused. I was so confused about life and religion. I wanted to find out who I was first.

On Monday, I took a job as bookkeeper and money storer for Bronia's other brother's black market dealings. Being in the black market (barter), was the only way to survive until the local economy was re-established.

I immediately started thinking of going to Canada or the United States where I had relatives.

Very quickly, the Russians mobilized everyone into some sort of job to rebuild the town. And guess what? I got my job at the bank again - as bookkeeper yet! And this time there was no talk of my background.

This time I was clear.

**NEXT  
ISSUE  
OUT  
ON  
FRIDAY  
APRIL  
14**



# THE MetroBulletin - CITY LIGHTS TRIVIA QUIZ

1. What wars were the following battlegrounds in?

GALLIPOLI \_\_\_\_\_ WAR  
BALACLAVA \_\_\_\_\_ WAR  
VICKSBURG \_\_\_\_\_ WAR

2. What is C3-PO's full designated name?

3. What was the first film (American) to include colour?

4. When did the Income Tax become part of Canadian life? (Within 3 years)

5. Who found and perfected the polio vaccine? (full name)

6. What famous furniture maker (British, 1700's) had two Walt Disney cartoon characters named after him?

7. What is it called when a "knight" in chess has two opponent's pieces at his mercy?

8. Who wrote the following?

Winds Of War \_\_\_\_\_  
The Odessa File \_\_\_\_\_  
Electric Kool Aid Acid Test \_\_\_\_\_  
The Book Of Luke (in the Bible) \_\_\_\_\_

9. Mel Gibson & Signourey Weaver star in the film the "Year Of Living Dangerously".

Name one film each has starred in before.

Mel Gibson

Signourey Weaver

10. What very famous playwright died in late February at the age of 71? One play in 1963 made a *big* star out of Paul Newman in 1963.

11. How much does the taxpayer pay Donald McDonald a day to head the Royal Commission on the economy?

12. How much *should* he be paid?

13. How many wars have Canadians been conscripted into?

Name Them

14. What other wars Canadian volunteer troops *officially* participate in (there are two)

15. What do the films 'Bridge Over the River Kwai' and 'Star Wars' have in common?

16. What do the films 'Planet of the Apes' and Bridge Over the River Kwai' have in common?

17. What was the 'Bay of Pigs'?

18. Who in London, Ontario is referred to as 'Your Worship'.

19. What alcohol was Prime Minister John A. McDonald well known to imbibe frequently (choice of two)?

20. Why does helium cause balloons to rise?

21. What is a lightbulb that is *not* fluorescent?

22. Which of the following are *real men* and don't eat quiche?

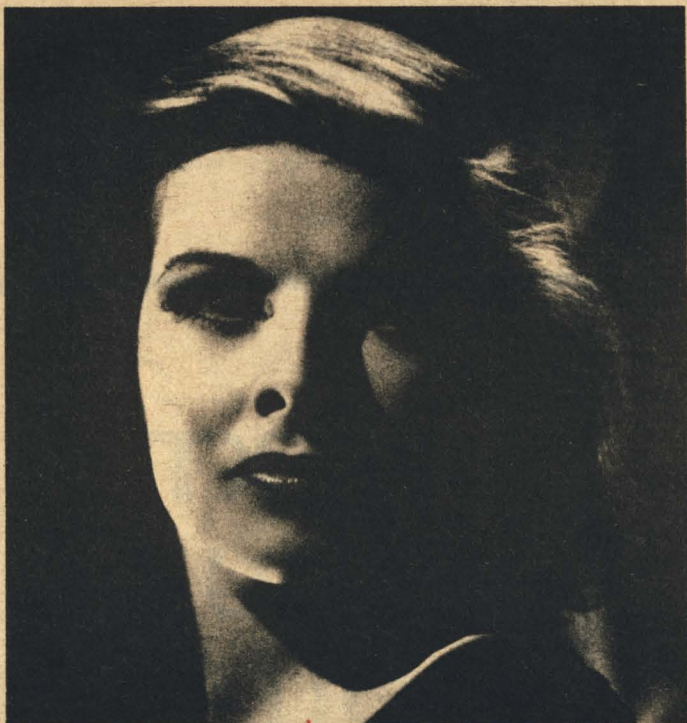
Clint Eastwood  
Alan Alda  
Richard Simmons  
Margaret Thatcher  
Sylvester Stallone  
Dick Van Patten  
Tony Randall

23. What 1950's television series was introduced with: " ...a journey into the wondrous land of imagination..." or " the summit of man's imagination, enter into..."?

24. Who designed the mini-skirt?

25. What city was Corporal Max Klinger of M.A.S.H. from?

26. In the comic book 'Uncle Scrooge', a trio of ex-con canine characters were always trying to break into Scrooge's money bin. Who were they?



27. Who is this actress?



28. Who is this actor?



29. Who is this actress?



30. Who is this actor?

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