

your bamalam and walking down the street stark noble savage naked to the world! And I say it's time we rose up outta our remote control chairs and DID something about it! Crazy TV to the TV crazies!

**BOOB TUBE LIBERATION FRONT STORMS
CBS, ABC PBS & QUAKING INDEPENDENTS
FROM COAST TO COAST**

*Left Wing Fanatics Burn Film Libraries, Make Demands
FCC Declares Maoist Plot, Calls In Nat'l Guard*

WASHINGTON, D.C. (UPI)—FCC Commissioner Susskind said today that the recent outbreaks of violence and vandalism against TV stations in every state of the Union were the actions of a vast conspiratorial network "whose extensiveness staggers the imagination of any reasonable man." The Commissioner stated further that the network was populated mainly by heroin addicts, students driven psychopathic by the use of hallucinogenic drugs, politicized shakedown artists, and prostitutes of both sexes—"junkies, sickies, trickies and quickies," as the Commissioner quipped—led by an elusive cabal of disgruntled dropouts from the Weathermen on special orders from Red China.

The Commissioner further stated that as dire as the threat might appear, the Government was already taking steps to "locate these bacteria, with the aid of the great microscopes of the FBI and CIA, and administer appropriate medication. And if I may extend my metaphor, gentlemen, said medication's application will prove much more analogous to that in commercials for Raid or No Bugs M'Lady, and the fate of the viruses inferred from such, than any kind of light-humor spot pushing antihistamines which come on like a crew of house-painters trapping the sympathetically polka-dotted personification of a summer cold as played by Morey Amsterdam in a corner of the nasal passages. Because we are not dealing the Morey Amsterdam, gentlemen, we are dealing with the Plague."

On other fronts in what Senate Majority Leader Mansfield called "the nation's worst crisis since the assassination of JFK," independent stations in Paw Paw, Michigan, Clovis, N.M., and Nome, Alaska were seized in yesterday's series of guerrilla assaults, leaving only seven stations nationwide still free, the names and locations of which the FCC Commissioner refused to divulge.

At last report, the station in Paw Paw was showing nothing but old "Popeye," "Bugs Bunny," and "Donald Duck" cartoons interspersed with 1952 episodes of "Dragnet" and "Inner Sanctum."

The Clovis station aired absolutely nothing but long-haired young people drifting through the studio, taking off their clothes, engaging in sex acts and shouting strings of obscenities at the camera. After approximately five hours of this, viewer said, they seemed to tire and started running at the camera making faces. Forty-five minutes later all that could be seen was a group of them slouching against the walls, lounging on couches and the floor, smoking marijuana and drinking wine and occasionally burping or gesturing obscenely toward the camera. At some point in the early hours of the morning, viewers said, a bug-eyed, fidgety young man appearing to be in a state of compulsive drug hysteria began a harangue which was delivered so rapidly and sounded so incoherent that few viewers could make out more than two or three successive words at any given time. The harangue continued for thirteen hours, and was reportedly brought to an abrupt halt when two burly, bearded conspirators walked onto the set, seized the unfortunate youth and strong armed him off, after which he was not seen again.

A sort of coup seemed to take place, as the hippie-types who had predominated were largely replaced by what Commissioner Susskind called "less crypto, more avowedly political groups." There followed a spate of political speeches along New Left themes, by members of the American Communist Party, Progressive Labor Party, Black Panthers, Women's Liberation, Gay Liberation and others. Few of the speeches lasted more than two minutes and none were concluded. Viewers reported that each one was engulfed in such a rising tide of verbal abuse approximately a minute after it began that the proceedings dissolved into a round of shouted charges, countercharges and slogans. An independent poll in the area reported that viewer "ratings" were highest at that point. It is also reported that later the delegates of the various political organizations attained some semblance of

order, and that the speeches and debates which followed, although entirely Le are still continuing. Unfortunately, details of their exact nature were still un press time, because the "ratings" had dropped so low that the pollsters had no even a single household still tuned in.

In Nome, the commandeered station was reportedly showing nothing bu commercials and newscasts run backwards, with a soundtrack comprised of Redd Fo and old rhythm and blues "party" (sex oriented) songs superimposed on them.

Stations in other parts of the country are showing propaganda films from C countries and groups and broadcasting readings from Chairman Mao by hirsute e ties. Others screen nothing but Andy Warhol films, or "home movies" or "un films" made by the guerrillas themselves. In San Francisco a rock group called th Dead has been playing an uninterrupted concert for ten days and, even more ar song entitled "Turn on Your Lovelamp" for the last four straight days, round the c channel in Los Angeles is currently featuring a gentleman of indeterminate age n Fowler, engaged in unprintable acts with a girl who doesn't look older than 14 constrictor, while "singing" in a warbling monotone. Another channel broadcas but "Jesus Freaks"-longhaired hippie youngsters claiming conversion to Ch proselytizing, beating tambourines and singing songs 24 hours a day.

This trend has been noted at many stations across the country. Another LA features nothing but Buddhist chanting, endless and uninterrupted, with no b breath, commercials or the "no-broadcast" hours required each week by the F This too has been seen in more than one community, although there are a vari and chants involved on different channels.

Largest viewer response, however, was gleaned by yet another LA. stati declared its aim, almost immediately after being seized by guerrillas, to be the ch broadcasting of every motion picture in history. They began at 2:43 A.M. on May The Great Train Robbery, and continued without pause for commercial nouncements. Runners have been observed driving up to the back doors reg delivery trucks presumably carrying cans of film. At press time they had reached 1927, and viewer response was reportedly unprecedented, as vast numbers of C citizens rearranged schedules and even quit their jobs to build their lives ar station's output. As a shocking side effect, Los Angeles County Hospital reporte upsurge in the number of admissions for nervous collapses, in most cases brou viewers so obsessed with the station's round-the-clock cinematic history that they to artificial stimulants to keep up with it, which as Times critic Charles Champlin is ridiculous if not insane, since even if the rebels are not turned out of the s authorities (and the station's owner is so pleased by viewer response that they may the series can be expected, according to calculations on police computers, to cor some point in the year 1981, if at all.

Around the rest of the country, interestingly enough, viewer habits have chan or not at all. An emergency Nielsen poll revealed that with minor and localized ex the television sets in American homes are on neither more nor less hours each before the national coup. And TV Guide magazine, after suspending publication weeks to meditate on the matter, examine its conscience and appear before a Congr subcommittee, has finally announced definite plans to resume publication with reg tions and listings for all channels, no matter what the new formats. "The only thin worried about," said editor Merrill Panait, "is that some of the smart-aleck hippies these stations now may just write us off as a lot of old fogies and try to discredit us mitting false programming charts."

—Front -page item in the Los Angeles Times, May 23, 1976

That's all still a fantasy now, of course, but where d'ya think all the great revolution fantasies? Like Marx toking down in the third toilet stall of the British Museum men's r man Mao's De Millean opium pipe dream of millions of militant Chinese peasants boom to tromp tyranny into fertilizer for vast fields of Five Year Plan grain, like John Sinclair vib of a whole nation of rabidly alive pubescents bashing in the windows or records store the goods they needed and deserved with the MCS driving them on like an Internation of Revelation-like all these forebears, I have a video vision of infinitely exhilarating plura

THE REVOLUTION

by Bruce McDonald

Lester Bangs is/was the greatest rock writer of all time. He was the editor of CREEM magazine and contributed to Rolling Stone, the Village Voice and many underground magazines. Psychotic Reactions and Carburetor Dung is a compilation of his work, edited by Greil Marcus

Lester's got something there. But Lester is dead and gone to rock 'n' roll hell so it's up to us to carry on his video vision of ever-expanding pluralism. I turn my attention to a television station that I am part-owner of, the CBC, to check out their late-night programming with the secret hope of finding a place to plant the seeds of Lester's Revolt.

They've got a really dumb sitcom called *Three's Company* on after the news and then they'll treat us to an old American or British movie dug up from their vaults, but it doesn't seem appropriate in late-night, in the dark lands, to be showing "delightful comedies" or the usual drek that the Corp. screens for its owners. Maybe they have never met their owners up close. Maybe they don't know any better. The late-night audience deserves better. They're the people without jobs, the lost and the doomed, the shift workers, the students, the artists living off grants or somebody else's grant, the drug bunnies, the mothers who sleep alone, the fathers on the lam, farmers on vacation, and the ordinary folks who have stopped living. Late-night programming must have a crazed edge to it or be better than heroin to catch the undivided attention of the couch potato.

CBC here in TO has two main competitors for the late night ticket: CITY TV which shows either one-star movies like *Dimension 5*, *The Car*, or *The Zombies of Sugar Hill*, or on the other side of the spectrum, four-star winners like *The Apartment*, *Rock 'n' Roll High School*, and *In The Heat of the Night*. They don't try and split the difference like the CBC and their two-and-a-half star movies that pack their vaults. The other competitor is *Letterman*. So, looking realistically at the situation, the television station that I have part

and often has the musicians on to drink and talk. A visual counterpoint would not be such a stretch of the imagination, seeing as they've already got the sounds down.

The other ray of hope is actually on the TV screen. A one-hour show called *Canadian Reflections* programmed with great eclectic verve by Rena Krawagna. The problem with *Reflections* is that it is not late-night, it's on in the afternoons, playing to people winding down from the Soaps. Rena is approaching sainthood among the Toronto Independents for the support she has showed them in programming their shorts, actually paying money for the films unlike the rip-off scam *First Choice* runs in their Great Canadian Short Contest. The filmmakers are supposed to be honoured at having their stuff televised for free. Cheques from sales to *Reflections* have allowed young filmmakers to continue their work, building a base for them to move into more complex projects and features, they have offered a bridge of support and encouragement, and probably they have allowed the independent filmmaker access to one of the most crucial building blocks of a career in film: food.

Rena is also noted for being the first person many young filmmakers meet as they make the big first step into the Industry. Often she connects them to other departments in the CBC if she is unable to purchase their work, and she is always eager to discuss the work, discuss new directions and projects with the filmmaker, and offer suggestions and names within the industry to help get some of these first-time directors connected. Yet she remains buried in an obscure time slot, beaming out to an audience completely at odds with a lot of the work that comes her way. Many times she is unable to take films because of rough language, adult themes and nudity, which might unwittingly entertain small children or old ladies of the Protestant faith. On late-night she would not have this problem.

all over Canada and from around the world. Wild stuff, weird shit, incomprehensible, incomparable, eccentric, one-of-a-kind, bizzaro films, the CFMDC has thousands of 'em just sitting on the shelf collecting dust. And the telephone is ringing and the pendulum is swinging... and I'm trying to think of a host, someone like Chuck the Security Guard who used to be on *The Late Night Show* on Cable. That show operated on the premise that after everyone had left the TV studio for the day, Chuck the Security Guard and his trusty pal Ryerson the cameraman, who we never saw, switched on the juice and sat around real casual-like, telling dumb jokes and having late-night-type people drop by to visit and show video tapes, sometimes old *Twilight Zones* or Betty Boop cartoons, or weird stuff they would find in the vault or stuff that Chuck's many fans would send to him in the mail like the suicide-tape of a guy blowing himself up. Chuck gathered a real following but I guess like any good idea, Chuck priced himself out of business. And I get the secretary and she tells me to hold... and I'm still thinking of other possible hosts, maybe Elwy Yost's Evil Twin, maybe Eddy Shack, or Trudeau's kids, or the nut that's always raging at the corner of Queen and Bathurst... and I'm still in holding pattern on the telephone thinking of another framework to contain the eclectic programming of the Canadian Independents and I remember seeing a show on Late Late night TO Cable TV called *Night Moves*, probably the greatest Canadian television series, probably the greatest television show ever made anywhere, anytime, and these guys love it 'cause it gets them their Canadian Content, and the show is simply a POV looking out the front windshield of a car driving through the streets of Toronto at night with a soundtrack playing Musak versions of *The Age of Aquarius* or *New York, New York*. Move over Michael Snow. It's even spawned a spin-off called *Night*

I'm not speaking like I'm writing here but clear, normal-sounding, and alert, and he's actually listening and then there is a pause, and I'm waiting for the However and the But and the Cost Per Annum and all the other excuses and bureaucratic barriers and he says "Well what night were you thinking of?"

"WHAT NIGHT WERE YOU THINKING OF?!" It just rolled off his tongue like a snake down a slide and I'm freaking. I'm speechless. I never expected to be able to communicate to this guy never mind him even considering this madness. The shock, thank god is only momentary and a long hard drag on a smokin' *Player's Light* refires the synapses in my tiny brain and trying to remember the names of all the days in a week and seizing the "perfect moment" I go for broke and blurt out, "How about Saturday night?"

The swordplay begins and Ivan says, "Well, I've got this great show from England in the Saturday late-night slot called *Spitting Image*. It's political satire and scathing caricatures of pop icons. You seen it?" Of course I hadn't seen it. What would I be doing watching Tube on Saturday night, but I'd heard cool things about it so I parried his thrust with a "Sure it's great" and then lunged with a pointblank, "How about Friday Night?"

Ivan slices across easily with "That's the Rock 'n' Roll show" and draws blood. I'm backing up for The Ramones, for Iggy, for Townshend and for Lone Justice, but thinking of manoeuvring



WILL BE TELEVISIONISED

ownership in is just not happening late-night. I know that the Corp is not completely infested with brain-dead programmers because, in the Radio division, there's a late-night show called *Brave New Waves* which is the best radio program on the continent, with the only other station/show that can hold a candle to it being a pirate broadcasting station called PLEX, beaming out from one of islands in The Thousand Islands. *Brave New Waves* is a show that is very eclectic in its programming, playing the very best of the contemporary, independent music scene from Canada, America, and Europe. The host of the show is bright, relaxed,

I'm getting myself worked up enough to phone the boss man at the television station that I have part ownership in and see if I can't let him know my concerns. I'm dialing... and I think that if something is going to compete with *Letterman* and the great trash on City, a show like *Reflections* is going to need some kind of framework or host or something, seeing that the kind of thing that Rena programs could be as wildly eclectic as *Brave New Waves*. The telephone is ringing and the pendulum is swinging... and I'm thinking of possible hosts of a late-night two hour slot on CBC that would showcase independent shorts and features from

Walker, which is, you guessed it, a POV of someone WALKING around TORONTO at night. Both these shows go on for three hours or so. It's the start of the perfect framework to showcase Canadian Independent Film and Video. The guy walking could meet the car... they could stop in at a bar and what do they see on the TV but... And he's on the phone, the boss man, Ivan Fecan and I do my pitch and don't tell him about Lester's ultimate vision of video pluralism, but pitch him the idea of shifting Rena's show to late-night, maybe with a host, maybe a two-hour slot and where he can get all these wild films and

him into a defensive position by asking if the show has The Cowboy Junkies, or A Neon Rome, The Ground or Panther Burns on its roster. I know he's got the edge on staying power in this duel and I'm the punk that meets the godfather and I'm just about finished so I make for my final play and flatter him on the hip rock programming and I see the guard drop for a split second and lunge for the opening, "Thursday Night!" flash-pivot "Midnight till Two!" Ivan Fecan says, "Hmmm". He said "Hmmmmmm"! What are we waiting for! The Revolution has begun!