



(ha), walking openly up the street after the protesters had been dispersed, blocks away from anything except for the wash-room - but after this our group decided to hide in the park, where we were forced to run into the woods at the top, scale a fence, and continue crossing roads and running through forest. We sat for a while to catch ourselves and relax, and to decide what to do. However, there were paths running all over, and like any normal day there were people walking them; hiding places were not abundant, but we did end up finding a spot after a quiet little creeping in the woods.

Later on, once we got out of the woods, we broke up into groups of two or went off alone, so as not to attract special attention. A friend and myself went to the look-out platform giving us a view of the whole city, and posed as tourists, where a nice lady from France gave us chocolate. There was also an attractive young female with an almost even more attractive camera - telescopic lens attached! - who was wearing a t-shirt with an eye symbol on it reminding us of George Orwell's 1984, which I believe to be more than quite very likely a lot relevant at this time in our society. This t-shirt matter would simply have to be looked into - but it turned out that it was a Duran-Duran t-shirt, having nothing to do with George Orwell, and after a nice conversation, it was our turn to Duran again, and Duran-Duran we did - down around the outer streets of downtown Montreal, steering clear and being cautious of the



police. The total number of arrests, if you would like to know, amounted to 236 human people.

The third day was feeling sketchy. After what had happened the day before we were worried it was simply a mouse-trap of arrests for us, and it felt like the group consisting of four of us were walking into a trap as we crossed the lines of police and riot squads to reach the gathering of protesters. We went this time as legal observers, wearing shirts and ties and looking serious and important, shooting at the police with a digital camera and video cam-

era, and marking down such information as where the police sat waiting, surrounding, how many there were, whether or not they wore visible badge numbers, judging the mood of the police, the protesters, and the whole atmosphere in general - paying attention to detail and recording and reporting anything that was happening at the time. It was nice to let the police know we weren't afraid of them like that, and possibly make them nervous?

But we expected the worst, but the protest turned out very well indeed, and without much worry - except when a man in a suit came into the street and stopped the crowd with a loudspeaker. Shockingly enough he began shouting at the protesters, demanding to know what their problem was with big business and large corporations. Was he mad? This was a bold and dangerous move, and he did slow the march, stopped it to a halt actually - quite impressive. But before anything could happen the group began to move again, realizing that he was probably simply trying to slow the march, and possibly helping police surround.

The protest ended shortly afterwards and the protesters dispersed shortly afterwards, some deciding to go to the hotel where the leaders were staying, and others deciding to leave in case it got dirty. Myself and two friends decided to go up to the legal center, where there was a mad rush of activity centered around finding the names of the arrested and when their hearings would be, how their bail could be paid, and it went on and on and on. We took off from there and hit the subway cars to deliver bail money which was handed over by fellow protesters, some of whom were glad to hand over all of their cash. One individual I met gave thirteen hundred of his own money, not expecting it back, to get complete strangers out of cells.

After this some of us went to wait outside of the court to greet those getting out of cells. I left to get the last of my summer money, and when I returned I had to rush through the subway to make my way across town to catch the bus home, which was loaded and ready, and about to leave, and the collective of Maritimers left Montreal - and quite happy leaving- to make our ways back home.

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And thank you to Aaron Koleszar, who could not be at the protests due to what the police like to call "conditions" thrown upon him after the Seattle protests, and also Daren Letts for further contact and numerical information. And, thank you to all the protesters, and everyone else who was a part of it, actually - which, by the way, includes protest lawyers, independent media, or anyone else who worked (many of whom are probably still working) to be an aid.