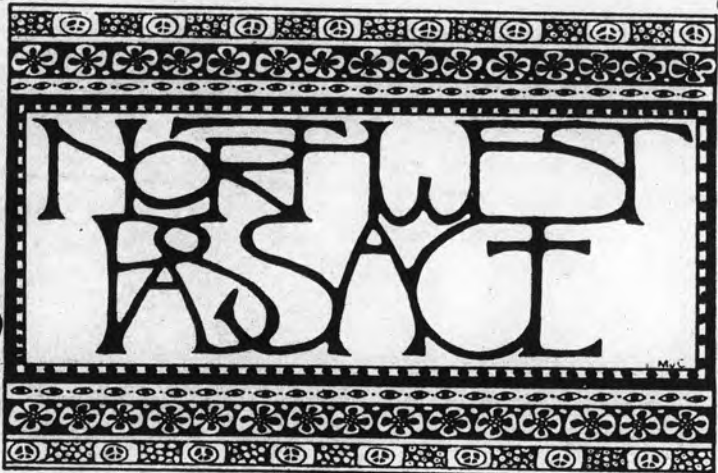




VOLUME 1
NO. 11



"In the beginning was the word . . ."



BELLINGHAM - SEATTLE
SEPT. 23, 1969

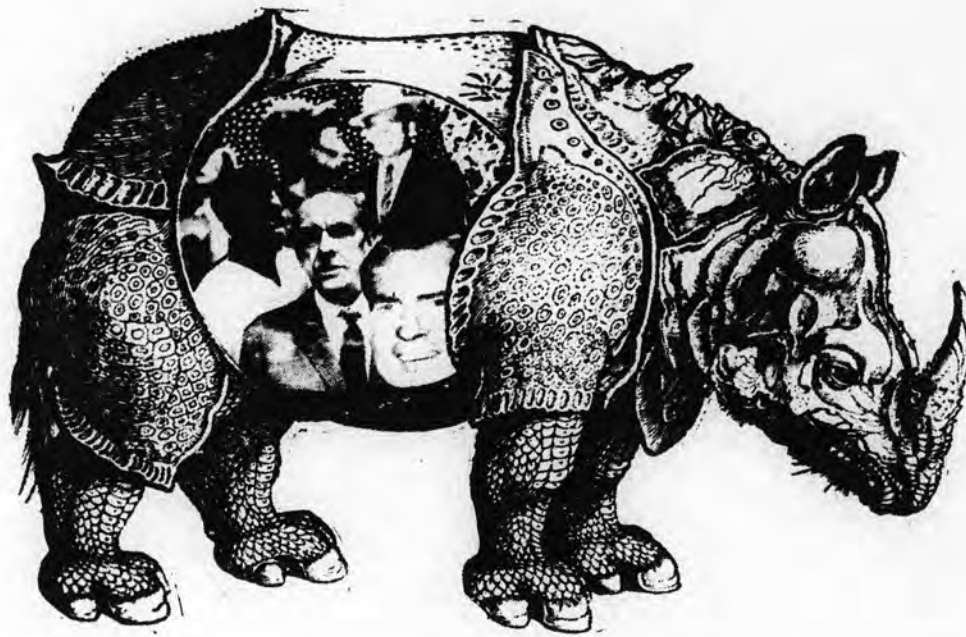


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Georgia Pacific Poisons

photo by greg gable

NEWS



FRONT

Georgia Pacific Poisons

chris condon

One of the greatest potential hazards to the safety of the Bellingham community lies in Georgia Pacific's chlorine production plant. Chlorine, a highly toxic, often fatal gas is produced by separating raw sea salt (sodium chloride), by electrolysis, into its chemical components thus releasing the chlorine gas where it is cooled to its liquid form and used in the production of bleaches, cleaning fluids, explosives, and poison gases.

The great white heap of material next to the green buildings and labyrinth of pipes are the raw sodium chloride and the chlorine plant respectively, and within the walls of that building are guarded industrial processes the nature of which are vitally important to the public safety of Bellingham.

It became clear that if we were to discover the nature of the chlorine plant we would need expert help, so Northwest Passage contacted David T. Mason, Ph.D., Department of Civil Engineering, University of California, Berkeley, who agreed to conduct a personal investigation of the plant.

After several weeks of investigation, Dr. Mason made his results available to Northwest Passage and contained therein were some highly unexpected and startling results.

In the handling of the chlorine gas itself the safety precautions are so thorough that nothing short of a major earthquake or sabotage would present any danger. Presumably officials at G-P have taken into account the fact that geologists predict a major earthquake on the west coast within the next ten years.

The major danger to public safety and to the local ecology lies in the discarded raw materials of the sodium chloride separation itself. The essence of the separation technique involves

the bombardment of the dissolved sodium chloride with an electric current, or stream of electrons traveling from a positive pole (graphite anode) to a negative pole (mercury cathode). The chlorine then is released in its gaseous form at the graphite anode and the sodium combines with the mercury whereupon the sodium mercury combination is then separated into sodium hydroxide and mercury which is then re-used. (See Dr. Mason's report for a complete description of the process.)

Unfortunately this mercury, a highly toxic element, is lost in the process to the tune of "very much less" than one pound of mercury per ton of chlorine produced according to

plant officials, a figure which has been verified independently by NWP. Dr. Mason, in his report, estimates that the loss "is in the order of one flask (76 pounds) of mercury per day", about half of which is lost in vaporous form into the plant area and downtown Bellingham and half into Bellingham Bay.

Seventy-six pounds of mercury per day is almost fourteen tons of mercury per year. Seven tons into the bay to enter the marine environment which by the plankton-invertebrate-little fish-big fish type of food chain can concentrate toxic substances to very dangerous levels by the time it gets to third and fourth-level predators like seals, sea gulls, salmon, and man.

And seven tons into the plant area and the terrestrial Bellingham environment subjecting citizens and especially plant workers to day-by-day, year-by-year exposure to a cumulative, non-bio-degradable poison not only through direct contact in breathing but through absorption by cultivated plants through the soil in people's farms and gardens.

Mercury, like DDT, is a non bio-degradable substance, save for the fact that unlike DDT, mercury does not decompose at all since it is already in elemental form whereas DDT has a half life of about 34 years.

Fourteen tons per year of any poisonous substance discharged into the environment, NWP feels is sufficient grounds for investigations on the part of the Whatcom County Health Bureau, the Northwest Air Pollution Authority, the Action for Conservation Club, etc. Furthermore, we feel that it is now incumbent upon Georgia Pacific to reveal accurate information, which we are certain it has, on exactly how much mercury is lost into the bay, the air, the plant area. Where and at what levels mercury finds itself in local ecological systems and at what levels is mercury toxic to animals, plants and man.

But above all, the public must demand that Georgia Pacific, which is the same company leading the rape of the redwoods in Northern California, stop its wanton exploitation and pollution of the environment for corporate profit. Georgia Pacific and corporations like it abuse land and natural resources because they regard them as commodities belonging to man, rather than land and natural resources being part of a community to which we belong where man has the right to use, but not to abuse, the products of nature.

Chlorine Plant Releases Toxic Mercury

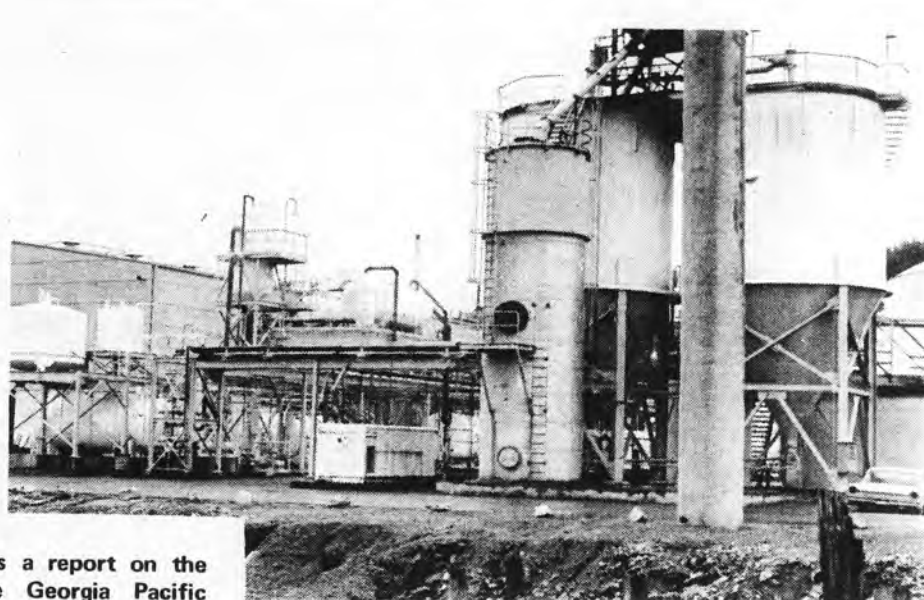
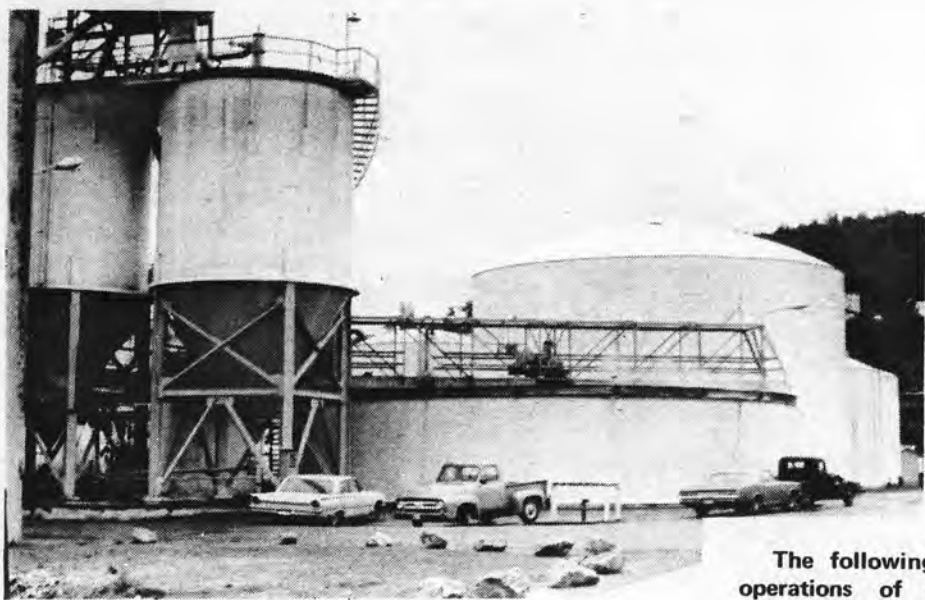
NOTE: Mercury is a general protoplasmic poison; after absorption it circulates in the blood and is stored in the liver, kidneys, spleen and bone. It is eliminated in the urine, feces, sweat, saliva and milk. In industrial poisoning, the chief effect is upon the central nervous system and upon the mouth and gums.

The cardinal symptoms of industrial mercury poisoning are stomatitis (inflammation of the mouth), tremors, and psychic disturbances. Usually the first complaints are of excessive salivation and pain on chewing. In severe cases there may be gingivitis (inflammation of the gums), with loosening of the teeth, and a dark line on the gum margins, resembling the "lead line" (of lead poisoning). In slow poisoning the salivation may be absent,

and the only complaint dryness of the throat and mouth.

Tremor and psychic disturbances are commonly seen in the slow, chronic form of the poisoning; the tremor is of the intentional type, and may be seen when the patient spreads the outstretched fingers or protrudes the tongue, or attempts to perform specified movements. Muscles of the face, hands and arms are chiefly affected. In more severe cases there may also be convulsive or shaking movements; writing is frequently illegible. Hyperactive knee jerks and scanning speech may be present in advanced cases.

The psychic disturbance (so-called "erethism") includes such changes as loss of memory, insomnia, lack of confidence, irritability, vague fears and depression.



The following is a report on the operations of the Georgia Pacific chlorine plant in Bellingham, prepared for Northwest Passage by David T. Mason, Ph.D., formerly with Western Washington State College and now with the Department of Civil Engineering, University of California Berkeley.

Chlorine Plant Operations

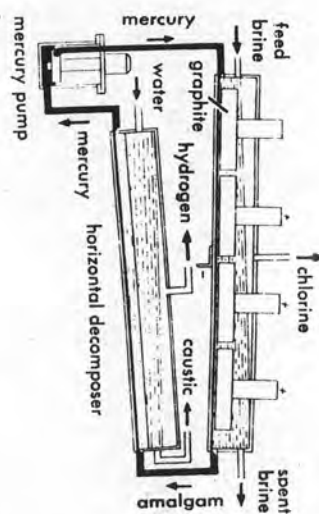
David T. Mason, Ph.D.

How The Chemical Is Released

Raw solar salt, water and electricity are the primary ingredients used by the Georgia Pacific Chlorine Plant in the manufacture of chlorine gas. The products besides chlorine itself are hydrogen (used in the steam plant powering the pulp mill) and caustic soda solution (used internally and sold). The process involves first the purification of the solar salt, removing calcium and magnesium by precipitation with excess carbon dioxide (from the pulp mill fermenter) in aqueous solution. The calcium and magnesium carbonates, along with coprecipitated chromium, aluminum and vanadium etc., are discarded into the Bay. The heated saturated salt solution, after acidification with HCl, is cooled, using 3 to 4 million gallons a day of water, and pumped to electrolytic cells.

Here, in 52 cells in series, 155,000-160,000 amperes of current are consumed in the two reactions: at the graphite anode, chloride ions are stripped of their excess electrons and converted to chlorine gas, while at the mercury cathode electrons are transferred to the sodium ions, making them sodium metal which immediately amalgamates with the mercury. The chlorine is conveyed off to drying towers and compressed to the liquid form for shipment by tank car, or barge (or use in the pulp bleaching process). The sodium-mercury amalgam is exposed to water in the presence of graphite in a counter-current decomposer. Here the sodium reacts with the water forming sodium hydroxide (caustic) and hydrogen, and freeing the mercury to be recirculated into the electrolytic cell.

A mercury cell for producing chlorine.



Unfortunately, mercury is lost in this process. Each of the 52 cells has a vestibule where the re-circulating mercury enters it; although these (approximate 2 foot square) pools of mercury are covered with a few centimeters of water, some loss occurs here. The discharged hydrogen gas is mercury saturated. Cooling and transfer to the "hog fuel" burner of the pulp mill no doubt condense most of the mercury, but some may be discharged with the plume of smoke rising out of the pulp mill's main stack. The caustic is cooled and filtered to recover the mercury and purify the bi-product. A number of traps and cooling devices are used to catch the mercury at several stages in the process, but there are inevitable losses of this toxic heavy metal to both atmosphere and water.

A regular program of urinalysis monitors the mercury levels in chlorine plant workers. Only on rare occasions do human levels of mercury reach a danger point, but worker health is a major concern at the plant because of the potential exposure, both to persons involved in everyday production maintenance and to welders and other workers who may be infrequently exposed to high concentrations of mercury. (Since mercury vapor condensing on a metallic surface will usually amalgamate with that metal, weakening and corroding it, repairs are frequently necessary. Welding heats the affected metal, releasing a concentrated mercury vapor.)

Supervisory personnel at the chlorine plant estimate that "very much less" than a pound of mercury is lost per ton of chlorine produced, but because of the expense of the mercury, this loss makes replacement of the mercury "one of the major cost items" of chlorine production. As chlorine plants go, the one in Bellingham is rather small, producing only about 133 tons of chlorine per day. It has, therefore, been estimated that mercury loss is in the order of one flask of mercury per day. A flask of mercury weighs 76 pounds, and costs about \$520 at current prices.

Of this total estimated loss, about half is presumed by plant officials to be lost as vapor, and half to be discharged with cooling and wash waters into the Bay. One would suspect those marine forms hardy enough to survive the oxygen depletion and toxic effects of the pulp

continued on page 4



Will Someone Please Turn Him On?



WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) -- Summoning the vast resources of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) and the departments of State, Justice and the Treasury, the Nixon Administration is girding itself to fight the good fight. It has announced the launching of "Operation Intercept," the nation's "largest search and seizure operation by civil authorities."

What can Super-Government be up to? Will it round up the Mafia and deport them to the moon? Sweep the

skies free from pollution? Stamp out VD? No. Nixon is waging war on marijuana.

The administration strategy involves a two-pronged attack: increased controls in the United States and pressure on Mexico to place a program of eradication and control of marijuana among its highest priorities.

The New York Times lists the proposed improvements in control on this side of the border:

--Pursuit planes and some motor torpedo boats will be used for the first

time.

--More observation planes will be added to a strengthened border patrol.

--The Bureau of Customs and the Bureau of Narcotics will get additional inspectors and investigators.

--NASA is developing new gadgetry to track down the evil weed -- it is working on a remote sensor device capable of detecting the presence of marijuana from planes flying over fields in inaccessible mountainous areas.

The study group for "Operation

Intercept" suggested in an unpublished report that the U.S. provide the sensor device to the Mexican government; once the marijuana is discovered the U.S. would then supply benzydiethyl amino benzoate to spoil the marijuana.

Benzydiethyl amino benzoate is a nausea-inducing chemical. Frank Bartimo, head of the Department of Defense drug abuse committee, gleefully told Life Magazine all about it:

"Let's say we give some to the Mexicans. They find a marijuana grove and they spray it. The plant absorbs the compound. People buy it and try to smoke it. Well, you can guess what kind of complaints the dealers will be getting. Just the smallest bit of the chemical touched to the tongue and you really have to spit to get rid of the bitter, bitter taste."

The Life reporter pressed, "What really happens if you try to smoke it?"

"I don't really know," said Bartimo.

U.S. officials claim that the main burden of responsibility for stopping the flow of marijuana into this country lies with Mexico.

As an "inducement" to make Mexico live up to its obligation to keep young Americans pure, the U.S. will declare Tijuana off-limits to military personnel.

"The effect on the local economy would be substantial," states the study group report, adding that the U.S. should put other border towns, including Juarez and Nogales, under the same restriction if the Mexican government doesn't toe the line in eradicating the marijuana traffic.

AGNEW'S DAUGHTER BUSTED

The thirteen year old daughter of United States Vice President Spiro Agnew has been charged with marijuana possession but then released without penalty.

This story has been hushed up by the White House, but uncovered by the WASHINGTON FREE PRESS, a member of the Underground Press Syndicate.

Elinor Kimberly Agnew, known as Kim to her friends and family, participated in a marijuana party at the fashionable National Cathedral School in Washington, D.C. early in June. She was caught along with nine school mates. One of the girls was expelled, four suspended, but no penalties were imposed on Kim and four other girls.

When the story first appeared in the WASHINGTON FREE PRESS, Kim was mistakenly identified as Pamela Lee, her older sister. A later story corrected the false information.

Reporters from the major Washington newspapers and wire services descended upon the WASHINGTON FREE PRESS when the story broke in the small underground newspaper, checked the story out at the National Cathedral School, but not a single line on the matter has appeared any place but the underground press.

Timothy Leary, upon hearing of this latest in a chain of famous people's children to be busted for possession of grass, has prepared a questionnaire addressed to all United States legislators.

"Do your kids smoke, and are they in favor of harsher penalties for this habit?" Leary concluded his questionnaire by saying "And if you haven't asked them about this subject, what gives you the right to pass legislation sending other people's kids to jail?"

reprinted from LA Free Press

CHLORINE

continued from page 3

mill effluent might be subject to yet another environmental stress from the mercury.

Because of the cost of this mercury loss, and of course the attendant pollution of air and water with an insidiously poisonous chemical, G-P is deeply concerned with recovering as much of the mercury as is economically possible. Chlorine plants in Scandinavia have recently come under fire in their countries because of the pollution dangers, and G-P has been studying their methods of mercury recovery. (See "Industrial Water Engineering," June 1969, p. 24.)

Another adjacent chemical installation produces sodium chlorate. The process is an industrial "secret," and it is not known if mercury is involved in this electrolytic conversion.

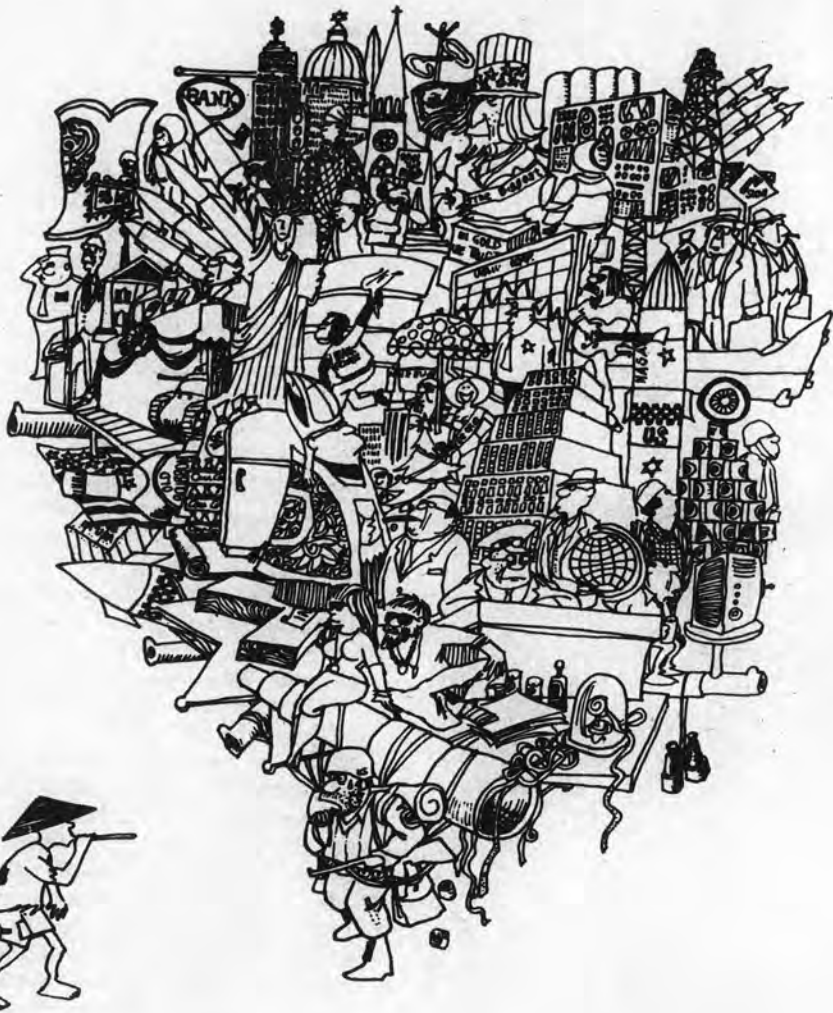
Due to the well-known hazards of chlorine gas, G-P takes considerable pains to ensure safety. In the event of a power failure, steam powered turbines would suck any chlorine within the process lines through a caustic trap. Presumably the monitoring and controlling systems for this "fail-safe" project are also independent of electrical line failures.

Despite mollifying statements of G-P management, the public should be made aware of the extent and distribution of the mercury presently lost in the manufacture of chlorine. No doubt tests of the local atmosphere and marine environments show where the large loss of mercury is eventually lodging. Is it the sediments of Bellingham Bay, the inter- and sub-tidal invertebrates, the fish, the homes and gardens of Bellingham and Whatcom County? Seventy-six pounds of mercury, although small in volume because of the extremely high density of this metal, is a lot of a highly toxic substance to be discharged each day into the Bellingham environment. Where is it going, Georgia Pacific?

PARTY DISBANDED

NEW YORK (LNS) -- The Peace and Freedom Party passed a resolution Aug. 13 disbanding the party in New York City, ending its 20 month existence.

A press release stated that the Party's fundamental flaw was its failure to reorganize "the diametrically opposed views" represented by the radicals and the liberals who made up the party.



U.S. Economy In Thailand

PALO ALTO, Calif. (LNS) -- When the U.S. starts protesting that it's not interested in the internal affairs of another country, that's the time to start checking the facts.

Pacific Research reports that U.S. corporations are entering Thailand at an "astonishing" rate. Under the current regime Thailand is an imperialist's paradise. Wages are very low, partly because labor unions were outlawed in 1958. One hundred percent foreign-owned enterprises are permitted; these corporations can import machinery duty-free. New firms are given a tax holiday for five years. Under Thai law the government cannot establish firms in competition with promoted private firms. Tariffs and quotas on imports, normally considered protection for local industry, are being set up explicitly to attract foreign firms.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"The streets of our country are in a turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might. And the republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and without. We need law and order! Yes, without law and order our nation cannot survive.....We shall restore law and order."

Adolf Hitler, Hamburg, Germany, 1932

Some American corporations already in or contemplating investment in Thailand are: Union Oil, Gulf Oil, Continental Oil, Standard Oil of Indiana, Tenneco, Union Carbide, Goodyear, Firestone, U.S. Calabrian, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Castle & Cooke, Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical, and Charles Pfizer & Co. Pharmaceuticals. American banks in Thailand include the Bank of America and the Chase Manhattan Bank. Manufacturer's Hanover Trust, First National City Bank, Morgan Guaranty Trust and Banker's Trust all plan to set up operations.

A statement from the Economic Research Division of Chase Manhattan Bank released April 1, 1969, sums up the American's disinterested stance:

"Thailand promises to be an excellent investment and sales area for Americans if the rebel insurgency can be contained."

FIVE DAY OUTLOOK - 1984

There will be no smog for a few days in Bellingham, due to heavy winds moving in from the East. San Juan Islanders are advised to have gas masks ready, as the smog concentration will be most heavy there. NWAPA reports that there have been only three deaths in the last week from emphysema and the rate seems to be decreasing due to new industrial processes developed by Georgia Pacific Corp.

Yippie Leaders Jailed

BERKELEY, Calif. (LNS) -- Jerry Rubin and Stew Albert, long-time movement activists and Yippies, are serving time in the Santa Rita Rehabilitation Center.

Both were convicted by a Berkeley judge for their part in a sit-in in the fall of 1966. At that time, the University of California was engaged in an hysterical campaign to keep the campus free of "non-students." When a Navy recruiter came to the student union, Berkeley radicals pointed out that the Navy man was a non-student too, and several hundred students participated in a spontaneous sit-in.

The cops came with blank warrants

and served them on six non-students who were present: Mario Savio, Steve Hamilton, Mike Smith, Bill Miller, and Jerry and Stew.

The other four defendants either got off without having to go to jail or have already served time. Melvin Belli, attorney for Jerry and Stew, kept the case in the appeals courts for three years, but in the end the hot-shot lawyer's defense didn't work. Stew arrived at Santa Rita in early August to serve 65 days; Jerry went in Sept. 8 for a stay of 45 days. Jailers have already administered regulation haircuts to the two Yippies.

Community School Registration Open

william heid, ph.d.

The Community School began its second year of operation with organizing meetings on August 27. We continue to enroll students, register certified teachers, and arrange for suitable instructional settings.

The Community School exists in order that several issues in contemporary education can be confronted simultaneously -- a living experiment designed to help everyone better understand how children might be optimally educated. The issues being confronted include (1) the regular utilization of non-professional but talented persons in the teaching process; (2) the use of a wide variety of community settings as continuing learning situations; (3) the full participation by students, parents, and teachers in the planning of the school program; (4) the maximum possible role for the learner in initiating and terminating instructional opportunities; (5) the role of schooling in nurturing the ecological awareness for the continuing life of our civilization; and (6) the role of such a school program in the preparation of new teachers.

We are attempting to develop a program which explores all of these issues and have found it best for the

program to have certain distinctive characteristics. We encourage a wide variety of persons including parents and college students to be involved as teaching resources and we discourage the development of the typical physical setting for instruction. These aspects of our school require a flexible, individualized, and spatially decentralized program to which it is difficult to apply the usual regulations and methods of evaluation regarding schools.

We have decided to intensify our efforts to decentralize our school program and to remain free of problems rising from the maintenance of an all-purpose school building. We have made arrangements to regularly use a variety of facilities including the Unitarian Religious Education building, the Campus Christian Ministry house, a large farm house near Maple Falls, a beach cabin on Lummi Island, and several private homes. In addition, we will utilize various public facilities such as libraries and parks as needed. Our ability to conduct such a program depends on the willing cooperation of parents and students alike and that continuing cooperation is a reliable indication of the enthusiasm shared by our families for the kind of schooling we provide.





LETTERS

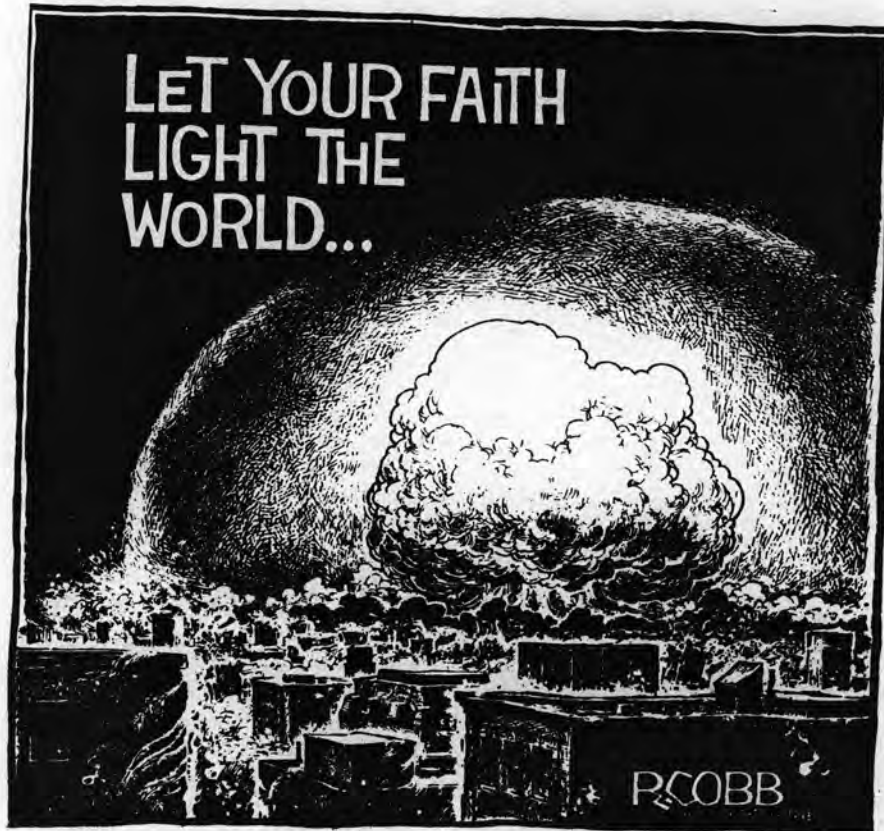
Dear Editor --

A friend once told me in the midst of a discussion regarding the fate of the environment, "I hate cynics". Being one who takes free-floating criticism personally, I went home to apply the following emotional bandage: Cynics, criticism, semantics. . . I hate labels!

And if my berating present conditions comes on heavy, it is because I want to get to people (based upon the assumption that I have something worthwhile to say), but on the same hand I have to think what right have I to try and force someone out of his self-constructed rose bower to come look at the thorns. Sure, there are some of us who earn our disrespect because "Like man, they don't know what's happening" and we know they could find out if they wanted to. Then there are those who knew what was happening at one time (and it's painful to criticize those you basically love and respect) and are now out there just grooving! "Like man, don't bum my trip." I don't want, I really don't, consider my verbal badmitton just one of the hazards of the road.

So, on to a subject that I have been psycho-agonizing over lately much to everyone's dismay: the bomb! I disturb people by remembering it in the midst of love, flowers, and radicalism. The face of total destruction is a mirror in which we can't see our reflection! I go through stages; despair and crying to my husband, rapping to my friends, mentioning it gently to strangers, and actually writing to my congressman. . . in short I'm becoming obsessed. Much more acting out and I will be a pariah, Chicken Little and a social leper in an atmosphere where it takes a lot to turn people off. . . and I will be ignored and dismissed just as the bomb has!

Why does discussion of the bomb make so many people uncomfortable? One faction of the new left (The New Victorian) represses the actuality of the bomb; another faction simply ignores it. The first seems to do so because acknowledging the bomb would be an over-load to an already pain-racked system. That is, it's part of a survival mechanism to ignore such a threat to mental health. The second category (uh oh, labels and categories) does so because it essentially bores him, the old story of Bertrand Russell crying "wolf" too often. A peace march is boring and has none of the implied "action" that another kind of demonstration may involve. There is no challenge, nothing to pit yourself against. . . to have your head clubbed gives you meaning; to be arrested and treated brutally reinforces your feeling that your side is the one that's right and human.



We do not have the cultural matrix to support another Ghandi; we are still the society that grew up on "action" in our media. And the media (present company excepted) still considers violence the proper form of action. An act of killing-is standard fare for TV; an act of making love (now, there's action) is considered obscene. Johnny can see how people leave this existence at other's hands, but not how they are brought into being. And we reject middle-class suburbia too, because it is boring and fraught with the threat of being yawned out of existence!

Esquire magazine, that vanguard of sartorial literates, published an article (dutifully reprinted in the Helix) in its September issue labelled "urgent" and titled simply(?) "The Death of All Children," a footnote to the ABM controversy by Ernest J. Sternglass, a radiation physicist. It reads like something out of Thor's confrontation with Thermal Man. Do read it.

Yes, the bomb may be the answer to our swelling population, but I don't think it is the promise of a swift and total devastation that we so fear as much as the correlates of peacetime atomic testing. . . the possibility of slow death, stillborn children, deformities, and sterility. And when we look at the so-called reproductive difficulties (that will mean eventual extinction) of some representative species: peregrine falcon, brown

pelican, salmon, and our national symbol, the bald-headed eagle (yes, as a symbol it may be honored and preserved as well as the Indian on the nickel, but eagles also have a right to a nestful of young), we fail to realize that we humans are genetic material that are exposed to the polluted environment also. (And who polluted it, and for what reasons?) DDT may not be exerting the pressures on us as it has on other (do I hear "lesser" from the crowd) species; we are not inviolable to radiation. We have yet to acknowledge ourselves as part of the environment, not just masters of it!

Dear Editor:

I have read all of your issues to date. In the past three weeks I have read each issue of The Bellingham Herald.

During the past few years I have had occasion to read copies of most of the 50-odd "underground" newspapers. NORTHWEST PASSAGE is unique in that it is a better newspaper than its establishment counter-part. NORTHWEST PASSAGE is more carefully produced: fewer typographical errors, cleaner copy, sharper half-tones, and better lay-out. Your newspaper has more in-depth coverage; the features are researched and intelligently presented.

Part of me (are we not all schizoid in our hopes/fears) says, Hurrah, if man is incapable of reproducing then the meek will inherit the earth. But I'm afraid true to our tradition that we will go out fighting, and take with us what we can. If the bomb don't get you, the _____ will! (You fill in the blank from the currently available choices.)

But how do we handle all this: have nightmares of silent springs, write your congressman, stay stoned, eat, drink and be merry, protest, disturb the peace (Oh yes, it certainly disturbs mine), pray for peace, chant for peace, ignore it, no, repress it, no, for when (and if) "IT" comes, "IT" will take the Abbie Hoffman's as well as the Melvin Laird's. . . and me, and you. My writing this is an extension of my mental hypochondria.

Wish I had more fact, feelings have a tendency to be labelled as "too emotional" and as such don't go over well unless dealing with love and sex, and the bomb is pretty anti-life. Or maybe there are too many facts and not enough feelings. I heard on the radio that the U.S. just exploded its 15th (and this one didn't leak) underground bomb of the year. . . . but why get worked up over this one. Same principle of protection going that causes us to hear "95 men killed in action today" (somewhere) and say to ourselves, so what, they kill men every day, "They" . . . "it" . . . "It can't happen here." Media brutalization. Painbore. We become numb, we are our own spiritual bomb shelters, like the turtle in his shell. Must we harden and each day surrender another layer of our humanity into the keratinization process?

sincerely,

rev. goose mother

The articles are more interesting and more germane.

In short, I can think of no area in which NORTHWEST PASSAGE suffers from the comparison. Your newspaper is outstanding among independent news/literary/literate publications -- in that it outdoes the local establishment on the establishment's own terms. I can think of no other city in the Country where the "underground press" serves its community more fully, and more deserving of community-wide support.

Sincerely,
Jerry Burns
Editor and Publisher
Goliards Press

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EDITORIAL

frank
laurence

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cindy

TECHNICIANS

melissa
karen
melinda

LEGAL

mike rosen

RAINBOWS

chuck

DISTRIBUTION

mike
fred

*idiocy is perpetrated by commitment
to virgin ideals*

BUSINESS

larry



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MEMBER, U.P.S. L.N.S.



northwest perspectives

In this issue, Northwest Passage points a collective finger at the largest single pollution factor on the imbalanced scales of Bellingham ecology. It has been adequately proven to us by Dr. David Mason and other researchers that Georgia Pacific is not only a direct threat to the lives of birds, fishes and flowers in our area, but is also a perpetuation of chemical systems that provide a direct health hazard to Bellingham citizenry.

We believe that what is happening at Georgia Pacific transcends the limitations of short hair, long hair, conservative, liberal and radical. What is happening is POLLUTION - which is a concern of everyone. What is happening is MURDER of our natural resources and perhaps even ourselves at the corporate hands of a conglomerate giant that undoubtedly will either ignore our findings or try to gloss them over with reassuring facts and figures.

Well, we have our own facts and figures this time and we are just idealistic enough to think that the lives of Bellingham residents are more important than Georgia Pacific profits.

You may wonder why something hasn't already been done regarding G-P pollution. You may ask "Why hasn't the city done something? Why hasn't the Northwest Air Pollution Authority done something? Why doesn't the Bellingham Herald print at least a little story?"

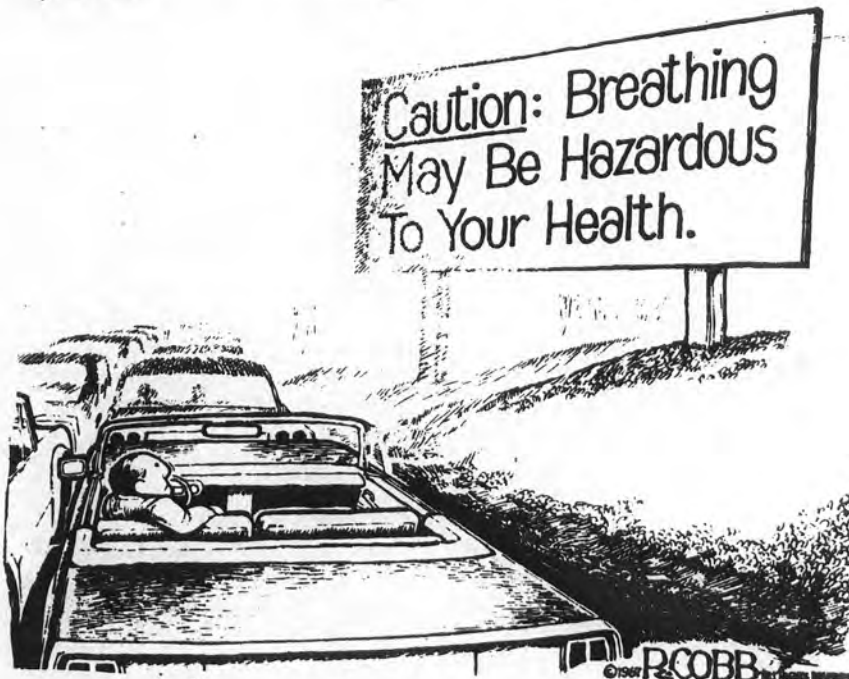
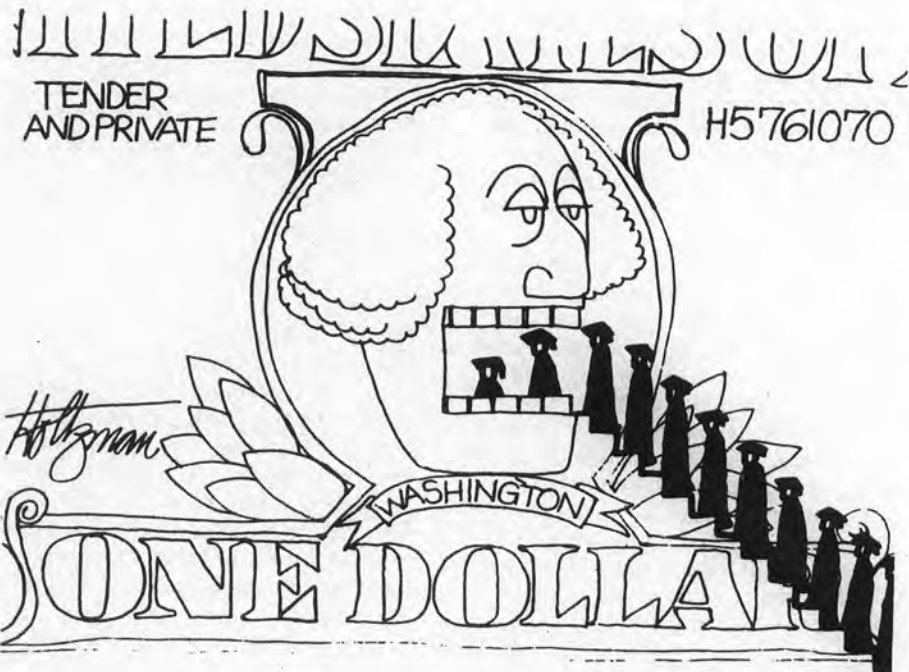
The reason something hasn't already been done lies within the politics of power. The city hasn't done anything for one of two reasons: Either they were ignorant of the facts or they conveniently overlooked the facts, establishing themselves once again as the obedient Bellingham corporate puppet troupe. The Northwest Air Pollution Authority hasn't done anything because of certain unspoken tolerance policies afforded to certain industrial installations in and around the county. The Bellingham Herald hasn't printed anything because the Herald admittedly "... is not a crusading newspaper." In other words, the Herald doesn't print anything that might disrupt an executive luncheon or cause a Yacht Clubber to choke on his drink.

The "proper authorities" won't do anything because most city and county agencies are mere reflections of the corporate image. (Exceptions: Whatcom County Park Board, County Planning Commission and Sherriff Bernie Reynolds.)

So, if anything is going to be done about Georgia Pacific pollution, it will be done as a result of public pressure brought to bear on G-P itself. (You may as well forget about "official" city involvement. They aren't going to see that apathy on this and other matters won't do them any good at the polls next year until it is too late.)

Georgia Pacific has been presented with the facts and they know that the thinking people of Bellingham demand an answer to their ecological atrocities. We at Northwest Passage urge all of you to take part in this matter so that we may best be effective in making Bellingham a healthy place to live. If enough of you voice your concern, maybe Georgia Pacific will be thoughtful enough to put their product to its best use on themselves and realize once and for all that Bellingham is not a corporate toilet.

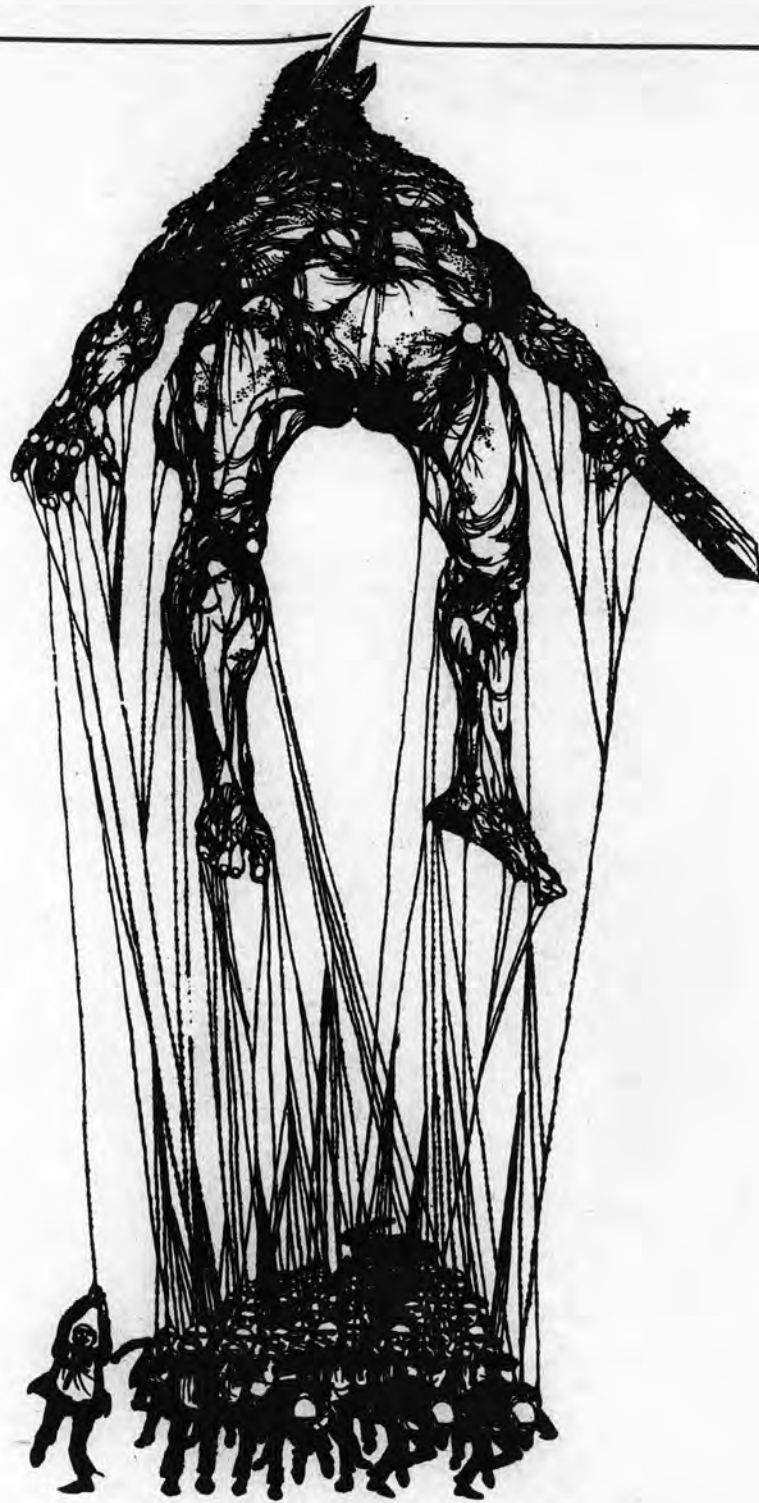
If you feel the same way we do about Georgia Pacific pollution, please clip this editorial and send it to Georgia Pacific Corp., 300 West Laurel, Bellingham, Wash. 98225.



A Study In Corporate pecking Order

Bellingham Power Structure

joel connelly



It takes a brave and hearty fish to survive in Bellingham Bay. The water is the general color of tobacco spit, loaded with sewage and pulp mill wastes. A full-color portrait of local pollution graces the pages of Life magazine's Christmas 1961 double issue on the outdoors.

One might expect there to be general outrage over the pollution of our waters. After all, city fathers across the land are campaigning to cut down on the dumping of wastes into rivers and bays. Cleveland mayor Carl Stokes has launched a massive program to cleanse Ohio's Cuyahoga River, which is so loaded with debris that it is a fire hazard.

However, in Bellingham, pollution is a subject which cannot be mentioned in polite society. In fact, Georgia Pacific officials have flatly denied that our toilet paper colossus is polluting the bay. City government has taken no action against the pulp mill, and has pretended that its own sewage problem does not exist. The Chamber of Commerce has long been a pliant tool of first Puget Sound Pulp and Timber and now G-P. Ten years ago the Chamber stood side by side with the local pulp interests in opposing the

Glacier Peak Wilderness Area. Anti-wilderness speeches by Chamber director (at the time) Murray Mason were written by pulp mill public relations men. The recent controversy over the North Cascades National Park proposals saw something of a repeat performance.

How can it be that a firm which employs less than one percent of the people in this community is able to dictate policy and cow officialdom? Why can it pollute our waters and dictate absurdly low water rates? The answers lie in the exercise of political power in Bellingham. The story of which individuals and groups run this town is a fascinating one, combining aspects of social stratification and small town lack of sophistication and spiced with a considerable amount of black humor.

Bellingham marches to the orders of business interests. City government has little influence in the affairs of man. City and county officials, the Wella Hansens and Hugh Coreys, are by and large aging time servers. They are indolent bureaucrats. The mayors of Bellingham have never been assertive figures, and many would hold that they have long been chosen to the

tune of the French Fourth Republic slogan of "Vote for the stupidist!" Periodically, and most notably with the last election, downtown merchants halfheartedly look about for a reasonably intelligent figure. Their search, though has usually been in vain, for the office of mayor is one in which orders are carried out as opposed to being given. Thus the political contests of the community have long been between such figures as a local mortician and the salesman you could never find in the basement of Sears.

The actual exercise of power is on three levels. The most influential men of the community are the chief executive officers of the major corporations, men such as Georgia Pacific Vice President Lawson Turcotte. These individuals can dictate city policy. They do so, though, with considerable restraint and chiefly in the enhancement of their own interests. The toilet paper barons have guarded their pollution privileges and dictated their water rates. Intalco has until recently had free reign as far as labor matters were concerned. All in all industry has insisted on, and been able to get, everything it has wanted.

The Turcottes really could not care less who is mayor, as long as his honor is enough of a fool to fall for the old "We might be forced to move if the water rates are raised!" routine. Big business does not intervene in day-to-day governmental affairs, but of course rarely condescends to make any contribution to civic betterment.

Top pulp, aluminum, and oil company officials are treated like royalty in their dealings with the community. Public criticism or even inquiry into operations is frowned upon or even verboten. A pulp mill employee active in conservation groups and mountain rescue tried to speak out in public meetings on Glacier Peak about ten years ago. At one point this individual, reacting to a pulp mill branding of nature lovers as "birdwatchers," told a spokesman of his own company "It is you who are the birdwatchers. The bird you are watching is the eagle on the dollar bill." He was told shortly thereafter that he would be without a job if he persisted in speaking out at public meetings.

As to secrecy of operations,

continued on page 22

WHAT'S THE FUSS ALL ABOUT?



sky river sky river

rev. case

The dust stirred up at the Sky River Rock Festival and Lighter Than Air Fair will not settle for a long time. It has been sucked up into the political jet stream and blown all over the state. County commissioners are everywhere under intense pressure from the public and cops to pass ordinances banning rock music festivals. State Legislators and the Governor have received angry letters and phone calls demanding that "something be done to end these Sodom and Gomorrah events." As the hysteria continues, any brave person opposing such patently unconstitutional legislation will be cast as a dope fiend defending pushers and exhibitionists, intent upon destroying the moral fiber of this Nation. Titillating descriptions of rock festivals, fueled by oratory from law-and-order politicians and second-rate cops, will grab headlines for months.

The ruckus is all about illegal drug use and open sex. High incidence of

both at Sky River II has provided the rallying point needed by the cops and moral restorationists. Last year, when drug use was proportionately the same, but publicized nudity at a low level, the concern was about the dirty, lazy hippy who might want to stay around after the show. With recent festivals ending under a cloud of bad publicity -- destruction of private property, nudity and drug use, and increasing fear of increasingly large audiences and accompanying drug use, the stage was set for Sky River II and its attendant publicity. Olympia, with its coterie of headline hunters, was a perfect setting for the Encounter. Tied into all of this are signs of society's long predicted reaction to its youth in their "dissolute" search for a better society.

Rock festivals will continue, but on a smaller scale and of shorter duration. Dopers had better watch out, as there will be a determined effort to begin intensive observation of, and

undercover work at, rock shows, including the Eagles Auditorium and Seattle Center, led by the Washington State Narcotics Investigators

Association. A film taken on Saturday at Sky River II by a plainclothesman was recently shown at the Association's state meeting in Wenatchee. The filming was adequate

with good scenes of dope peddling and use. Black and white photos of pushers in the film will be distributed statewide to law enforcement agencies.

Unfortunately, in a headlong rush to stem illegal drug traffic, the cops have arbitrarily selected the outdoor rock festival as the spawning ground for drug use, and as events which contaminate youth and render them susceptible to suggestions of immoral behaviour. "Passing restrictive legislation against these festivals is nonsensical," said one Seattle area

legislator, who attended Sky River for an afternoon. "The police have failed in their attempts to enforce drug laws. They walk around the pool, most too lazy to get wet, and a few too afraid. They would have a hard time distinguishing between the persons stoned on grass and those stoned on a great feeling."

Rock festivals have become embodiments for both supporters and denigrators. How ironic that festival goers must fight for an event characterized by non-violence and togetherness.

What is at stake is not an intent to flaunt society's laws. This is a community's collective search for peace and tolerance, and an individual desire to honestly seek a love and friendship which has meaning. If this search is more productive at rock music festivals, then let them continue. The causes are good.

Latin America Under U.S. Thumb



A Case Of Economic Dependency

skip richards

In this last article in a series on United States involvement in Latin America, Skip Richards tells how the neo-colonialistic relationship between the U.S. and Latin countries is requiring a watchful U.S. eye that could conceivably see U.S. military intervention there within a short time.

The basic conclusion that can be drawn from analysis of Latin American-U.S. Relations is that those relations are neo-colonial. Neo-colonialism implies the economic dependence of underdeveloped, primary-producing nations (like Latin America) upon advanced industrialized nations (like the U.S.) in which needed raw materials are produced in the neo-colonies by private capital investment from the colonizing country, and where the colonizing country maintains a market for its manufactured goods in the colony by various trade, aid, and investment policies. Such relations are characterized by a continuous, high net money flow from the colony to the mother country. Naturally such economic relations imply a continued, though subtle, political control over both the internal policy and the foreign affairs of the colony through aid policies, military assistance, covert political bullying, and, should these fail, overt military intervention.

The very structure of international economics determines this colonialism. The present international division of labor could be highly beneficial to both developed and underdeveloped countries; dependence is not bad per se. But dependence is only acceptable to both sides when the relationship is based upon cooperation and mutual respect. Since international economic relations between capitalist countries are competitive, not cooperative, it is to be expected that, as in all competitive systems, there will be winners and losers. Thus it should come as no surprise that Latin-US relations should be so one-sided. All other things being equal, the player who has the most initial advantages will win. And that necessarily implies that Latin America must lose, and that the U.S. government will be willing to commit more money, arms, and even troops to ensure that Latin America does not become a "poor" loser.

The pun is appropriate. Consider the attitude of Rand Corp. political analyst Charles Wolfe, who in his "United States Policy and the Third World," attempts to assess the 'value' of the Third World to the U.S. The economic value is quite bluntly put: Latin America is important, he claims, because of the billions of U.S. dollars invested in it. And: "The value of American investments in a particular

area is . . . the value of the income stream associated with them." As we have seen, from Latin America this income amounts to well over a billion dollars a year. By not becoming a poor loser (withdrawing from the game), Latin America is becoming poor.

Now consider who really loses by the relationship as it stands. Certainly not Latin landed oligarchs, capitalists, and military elites, who receive financial, technical, and military assistance from the U.S. in return for keeping the lid on. Certainly not U.S. businessmen, who are raking it in from their Alliance-encouraged investments, and who depend on Latin raw materials and Latin markets. In order to see who does lose from the system, it is necessary to go beyond the nation-state and look at the people themselves.

It is often said about the U.S. that almost everyone here is middle-class. That belief has a great deal less accuracy than another not-so-commonly made observation that almost everyone in Latin America is lower class. And it is these people, Latin America's 140 million more-or-less dispossessed, who bear the brunt of the inequalities of inter-Hemispheric relations. Latin America's government may at times find the amount of U.S. investment in their countries a handy political lever

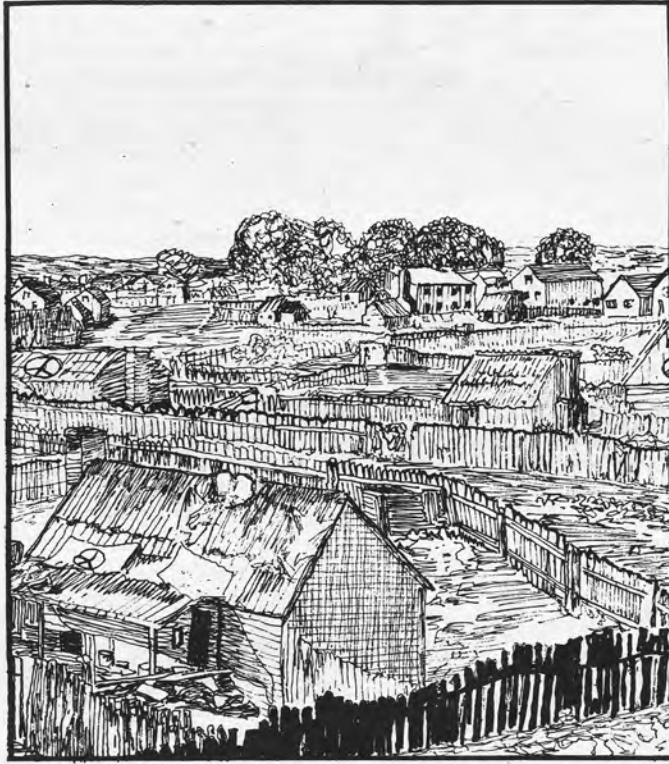
for their own international ambitions, so that "countries" may like us a lot. The average Latin citizen, however, must carry the tax burden, work load, and suffer the miserable living standards that result from under-development. The great majority of Latins gain little and suffer much from foreign trade, aid, and investment.

But the process of exploitation works both ways. Take the case of Alliance loans to Chile, which the Chilean government in turn used to buy a U.S.-owned copper company. The money put up by the U.S. comes from the pockets of the average man; the matching funds from the Chilean people as well. The U.S. corporation gets a fat price, U.S. foreign policy aims are not disturbed, and the Chilean government manages to gain enough revenue from their new asset to meet this year's debts (owed, among other places, to the U.S.). The real losers are the common people of both nations, and this is the real tragedy of modern colonialism. It is not just that one nation robs another: the ruling structures of both nations collude to rob their respective peoples as well.

What can Latin America do? Whatever policies the Latin nations

continued on page 22

Learning To Live In Harmony



Environmental Education

ernst l. gayden

Ernest L. Gayden is an assistant professor of urban planning at the University of Washington. Here he describes an educational approach and philosophy based on the inter-relationship of phenomena and the concept of a school as a life mode.

In a recent issue we described a model of the rural subsistence community as an alternative to an urban poverty-and-welfare existence, as well as a "way out" for others trapped in the synthetic consuming society. We mentioned briefly that such a community might well provide its children (and adults, too, for that matter) with a qualitatively superior educational experience.

This kind of community, based on the agricultural use of the natural environment, could accomplish two things that are extremely difficult --if not impossible-- in the urban situation. First, it would provide a social climate for that aspect of education that deals with the really important relationships that must exist between individual human beings (the man-to-man relationship): the respect we have for others when we know them as complete human beings, in the work they do, the food they eat, the pleasures they enjoy, and the faults they cope with. Second, it would provide a physical setting for the development of a deep appreciation

for man's basic dependence upon the workings of the natural environment, including other life-forms: the "great chain of life" as Krutch puts it. In other words, this kind of community could provide an education based on Ecology (human-and-natural) rather than an education based on the needs of a transient and changeable Technology. This educational approach is directed toward the development of important human and environmental values which are essential if human society of a high quality is to survive. The apprehension of such values cannot begin too early, certainly cannot wait until college or depend upon the chance encounter with an unusual teacher or friend. Present local, national and world problems are of such magnitude and such complexity that a society based on "economic" and "technological" values will be wholly unable to cope adequately. (See the Aug-Sept '69 issue of National Wildlife magazine for an index of Environmental Quality in the U.S.)

The community, then, comes to stand upon two bases: the philosophy of decentralism, i.e. individual responsibility, relative self-sufficiency, and the true human community; and the philosophy and objectives of what we shall call Environmental Education.

A curriculum of environmental education takes advantage of two simple but important things: the natural curiosity that children have about nearly everything in their world; and that world itself, available as an immediate, tangible "laboratory".

Every skill which is necessary for self-education (and is there any question that the best education is self-education?) can be developed on this dual basis. For example, when a child's curiosity is stimulated by both real things (bugs, lightning, flowering plants, etc.), and others' interests in these same things, he learns readily and rapidly. Then when he discovers that books "are interested in" what he's interested in, the motivation to learn to read and use books is strong and natural. Is there any comparison here with the public school approach that says reading must be taught as a "skill", and until the child has mastered the skill he can't really be taught anything meaningful? The separation, in early school experience, of the content of life and the so-called skills or proficiency subjects is insidious, and is very close to being the death-poison of contemporary education.

As the rural community education becomes pervasive, its subject matter omnipresent, from the chemistry of bread-making and fermentation, to the

physics of quick-freezing, to the biology of species-continuation, to the socio-psychologic and economic interdependence of the young, not-so-young, and the old.

Teaching becomes, in this scheme, a responsibility of all, just as learning becomes a responsibility of all, young and old alike. Whenever a child is curious about, or helpful with, what some older person is doing, a teacher-learner relationship exists. Whenever children can hear and take part in discussions based on the interests of older members of the community, learning is being melded with judgement and wisdom. At the same time it would be well to have one or several "accredited" teachers to (a) meet state requirements for the school, and (b) to be specifically available to the children as resource people, learning technicians or guides.

As Alfred North Whitehead said in "The Aims of Education": "Education is the acquisition of the art of the utilization of knowledge... There is only one subject matter for education, and that is Life in all its manifestations." Where but in the rural community do we find "Life in all its manifestations"?

The philosophy of the School is based on two simple but important

continued on page 22

YOGA & ORGASM

allan coult



The crucial problem of human existence revolves around the psychic split of man and his belief that he must suffer in order to be healed. It was not too many years ago that the split and the solution to it were fully explained. The person responsible for this was Wilhelm Reich, who was imprisoned for his efforts and whose books were burned by order of the United States government.

Reich knew that man has the potentiality of reuniting his disassociated parts and thereby to flow into and merge with the nature from which he has so long been alienated. This reunion, he said, is possible during TOTAL sexual orgasm, when the boundaries of the psyche dissolve, when the "normal" differentiation between what is inside and what is outside the organism is eliminated and when the subject and object are no longer separate. Man, however, has so abused his physical nature that the capacity for orgasm has largely been destroyed. This seems contrary to evidence since it is assumed that many people experience orgasm? but as we shall see, what modern man knows as orgasm is actually the antithesis of orgasm.

An orgasm occurs when automatic reactions not under conscious control generate plasmatic motions along the length of the body. The body then makes automatic copulatory motions of a gentle nature. The wave of excitation flowing through the body produces a generalized feeling of sensuousness and well-being. The entire body participates in pre-orgastic pleasure and in the orgasm itself. The orgasm is smooth and rhythmic, not pinched and plastic. It results in a release of tension throughout the entire organism returning the psyche to the undifferentiated state of

complete participation with its surroundings. One of Reich's patients described the sensation of orgasm as follows:

"That's wonderful, one just dissolves, one dies, one finally has peace....The feelings one had with it, she said, were those of losing oneself, of "becoming one with the world," of hearing sounds "and yet not hearing them," of withdrawing into the self and dissolving.

This description is identical to the experience of "communion with God" as reported by mystics and users of psychedelic drugs. Orgasm and God consciousness are in fact identical, although modern man considers sex and religion to be at opposite poles.

God is the missing part of ourselves, he is the split off superego, the internalized parent. Through orgasm the differentiation between the desires of the individual and the demands of the superego are dissolved. Orgasm reunites the fragmented parts of the psychic energy. Communion with God is thus the reuniting of the fragmented self. It dissolves the superego, channeling its energy back into the services of the individual. Orgasm is antisocial? it destroys society.

Orgasm is the extreme of pleasure. As such it is the antithesis of pain. Pain occurs when the organism defends itself against what it considers to be an unpleasant encounter with its environment. Pleasure occurs when the organism is in harmony with its environment, when it has no need for defenses when it flows into and merges with the world.

When the organism is unafraid of the world, it streams out into it, tending to merge with it. When it is afraid it withdraws, contracting toward its own center. This phenomenon can be understood by reference to the

amoeba. When the amoeba is under no threat of attack, it moves out into its environment, extending its pseudopods out from itself. If it encounters a threatening, an unpleasant stimulus, however, it withdraws its pseudopod and contracts toward its own center. It literally shrinks away from the world. The exact analogue of this process of expansion and contraction occurs in all organisms.

In human beings pleasure is the result of a streaming of the fluids of the body toward the periphery. The peripheral blood vessels dilate and the blood circulates freely over the surface of the body. In the male the pleasure is accompanied by the erection of the penis, and in the female by the moistening of the mucus membrane of the genitals. The flowing of fluids toward the periphery of the body results in a moistening of the skin, which then has a moist flexible character. When one is threatened, the musculature of the body tenses, the blood vessels at the surface of the body contract, and the body fluids are forced toward the center. This places a strain on the heart which must beat faster and harder in order to force the blood through the peripheral circulatory system.

Breathing becomes labored. The result of these processes is the experience of pressure in the solar plexus. This feeling is known as anxiety. Without this particular feeling, there can be no anxiety.

Worry is a simulation of a threatening encounter with the environment. The organism reacts to worry with anxiety in the same way as if the encounter were real. Worry is always thought accompanied by bodily tension. Without the tension worry is impossible. One may think of the most horrible experiences imaginable, but unless the body reacts with the anxiety syndrome, worry will not occur. This is aptly illustrated by an experience related by R. Daumal:

"That evening in bed with the light out, I tried to picture death, the 'no more of anything.' In my imagination I did away with all the outward circumstances of my life and felt myself confined in ever tightening circles of anguish; there was no longer any "I"...What does it mean, "I"? I couldn't succeed in grasping it. "I" slipped out of my thoughts like a fish out of the hands of a blind man, and I couldn't sleep. For three years these nights of questioning in the dark recurred fairly frequently.

"Then, one particular night, a marvelous idea came to me; instead of just enduring this agony, try to observe it, to see where it comes from and what it is. I perceived that it all seemed to come from a tightening of something in my stomach, as well as under my ribs and in my throat. I remembered that I was subject to angina and forced myself to relax; especially my abdomen. The anguish disappeared. When I tried in this new condition to think about death, instead of being clawed by anxiety, I was filled with an entirely new feeling. I knew no name for it -- a feeling between mystery and hope."

Anxiety is always a function of muscular tension. The etymology of the German term for anguish (angst) shows this, for ANGST is related to asp. Anguish is similar to being squeezed by a snake, for the muscular

tensions press upon one as a snake coiled around one's body.

Anxiety has a function. When an organism is threatened the muscular tensions producing the anxiety result in the withdrawal of vital fluids and organs toward the center of the body, leaving them less exposed to danger. The tension of the musculature in this way serves as an armoring for the body. The healthy human being becomes armored this way only when he encounters real threats. The vast majority of humans are chronically armored. They wear their armor even when not at war. This is the result of techniques of socialization by which social beings are produced.

The outward flow of the body fluids is functionally identical with pleasure. The processes of defecation, urination, and erection of the penis are produced by such an outward flowing. If these processes are allowed to occur naturally and automatically, they produce a release of tension and are therefore pleasurable. The human being, however, must learn to control his bodily processes according to social demands. There are only certain times and places when it is proper for these processes to occur. At other times and places they must be controlled through the tightening of various muscles associated with them. This tensing of muscles, however, opposes the natural pulsations, and the result of the two opposed processes is pain. It therefore occurs that many of the natural functions of the body, which when unopposed by countertension produce pleasure, come to be associated with pain, since their onset at socially inappropriate times must be met by tensing the muscles to prevent the function from following its course.

The body has a tendency to move and flow in certain natural ways. Socialization is always directed toward the control of this natural flow. The individual is taught how to sit, how to walk, how to talk, how to react. This all requires the control of natural impulses through the creation of countertensions. Through socialization the individual comes to be at war with himself. Against his natural processes he must erect superego defenses. The superego, the internalized society, is therefore the source of pain. The very existence of society is painful to the individual. His body is constantly at war against the society within him.

Children have natural feelings of love, a natural tendency to reach out for each other. They spontaneously seek the comfort of another human body. In reaching out and grasping their mother, they experience pleasure. But there comes a time when due to the incest taboo they are no longer permitted to show bodily affection. They must learn to control themselves, and they do this by fighting their natural inclination to embrace other human beings. In tensing against the impulses of their own bodies they change pleasure into pain. And that pain is turned into hate; for when the individual's impulses to embrace another produce self-induced tensions, they are reflected off the consequent muscular armoring, and what starts to flow out as love comes back as hate.

Boys have a tendency to have spontaneous erections. They become aroused very easily. An erection, the sign of masculinity, is, however, considered as a shameful display

except at certain appropriate times and places. It is therefore necessary to learn to control this natural result of pleasurable feelings. Consequently boys control their erection by tensing the musculature of the pelvic area. In this way they come to associate pleasure with the pain produced by muscular tensions.

All natural pulsation which produces pleasure will produce pain when opposed by counter-tensions. Since the human being must block off many of his pleasurable sensations, he comes to associate the onset of pleasure with pain. The more pleasurable a sensation is, the more muscular armoring will be necessary to oppose it, and the more painful will be the consequence of the opposed forces. When pleasurable sensations become intense, they present an extreme threat to the armored organism, since the greater the pleasure the greater the pain.

An armored organism overwhelmed by strong pleasure-producing pulsations will experience a battle between these pulsations and its armoring, which will prevent the experiencing of true pleasure. What modern man calls an orgasm is actually an encounter between pleasure-producing pulsations and muscular armoring. This is very well illustrated by the following "authoritative" account of the "orgasm" as described in a recent book of much influence, "The Naked Ape" by Desmond Morris.

"Another major change that occurs during sexual arousal is a dramatic shift in the distribution of the blood, from the deeper regions to the surface areas of the body. This overall forcing of additional blood into the skin leads to a number of striking results. It produces not only a body that feels generally hotter to the touch -- a sexual glow, or fire -- but also certain specific changes in a number of specialized areas. At high intensities of arousal a characteristic sexual flush appears. It is most commonly seen in the female, where it usually begins in the region of the skin over the stomach and upper abdomen, then spreads to the upper part of the breasts, then the upper chest, then the sides and middle region of the breasts and finally the undersides of the breasts. The face and neck may also be involved. In very intensely responding females it may also spread over the lower abdomen, the shoulders, the elbows, and with orgasm, to the thighs, buttocks and back. In certain cases it may cover almost the whole body surface. It has been described as a measles-like rash and appears to be a visual sexual signal. It also occurs, but in fewer cases, in the male where, again, it starts in the region of the upper abdomen, spreads over the chest and then the neck and face. It occasionally also covers the shoulders, forearms, and thighs. Once orgasm has been reached, the sex-flush rapidly disappears, vanishing in reverse order to its sequence of appearance. . .

"In addition to the sex flush and general vasodilation, there is also marked vaso-congestion of various distensible organs. . . The genitals of both sexes undergo considerable changes as arousal proceeds. The vaginal walls of the female experience massive vaso-congestion leading to rapid lubrication of the vaginal tube."

Here the author's description of the pre-orgastic sensations bear out what

has been said here, except that he sees the flow of blood to the periphery of the organism as a "forcing" rather than as a natural process. But when we come to his description of the orgasm, we find some very peculiar ideas.

"As orgasm approaches, there is a swelling of the outer one-third of the vaginal tube, and during orgasm itself there is a two-to-four-second muscle spasm contraction of this region, followed by rhythmic contractions at intervals of 0.8 of a second. There are from three to fifteen of these rhythmic contractions in each orgasmic experience. . .

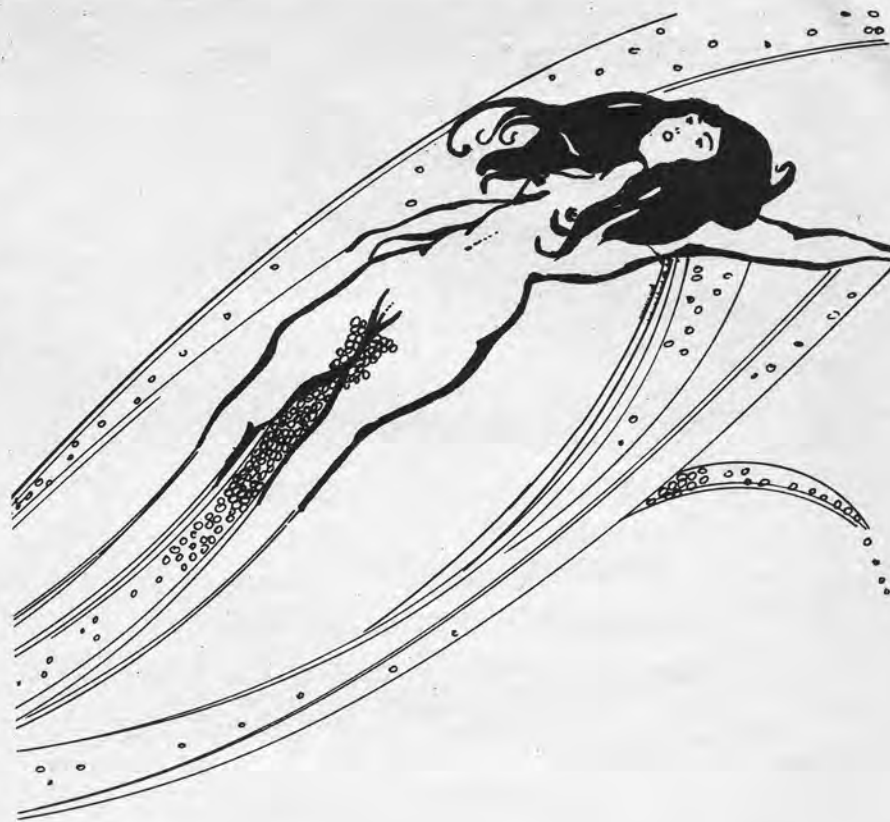
"At the moment of male sexual climax, there are several powerful contractions of the penis that expel the seminal fluid into the vaginal tube. The first of these contractions are the strongest ones and occur at 0.8 of a second -- the same rate as the orgasmic vaginal contractions of the female."

"From the sexual stimuli we must now turn to the sexual responses. How does the body respond to all this intensive stimulation? In both sexes there are marked increases in pulse rate, blood pressure, and respiration. These changes begin during pre-copulatory activities and rise to a peak at the copulatory climax. Pulse rates which, at a normal level, stand at 70 to 80 per minute, rise to 90 and 100 during the earlier phases of sexual arousal, then climb to 130 during intense arousal and attain a peak of about 150 at orgasm. Blood pressure that starts at about 120 rises to 200 or even 250 at the sexual climax. Breathing becomes deeper and more rapid as arousal develops and then, as orgasm approaches, develops into prolonged gasping often accompanied by rhythmic moaning or grunting. At climax the face may be contorted, with mouth wide open and nostrils expanded, in a manner similar to that seen in an athlete in extremis, or someone fighting for air."

How curious this all is. Orgasm is pictured as a series of convulsions which wrack the body as if it were engaged in an athletic contest. Nowhere in this description do we learn anything of the psychological effects of orgasm. There is no description of melting and flowing into the world. A visitor from another planet would think that orgasm was no different from the terror of trauma. Morris based his description of orgasm on the statistical studies of actual "orgasmic" experience conducted by Johnson and Masters (1966).

In the modern world it is thought that what is normal is natural. To determine the nature of orgasm the scientists study the sexual function of normal human beings. But what is normal in human society is not natural. What Masters and Johnson and Morris describe as an orgasm is actually the muscular spasm which opposes the orgasm and prevents it from developing in a natural manner. For them spasm is orgasm. The spasm is the body fighting against the dissolution in the orgasm. It is the attempt of the socialized musculature to prevent pleasure. For as I have explained pleasure is associated with pain and must, in the perverted mentality of the thoroughly socialized, be stopped at all costs. The normal "orgasm" is not orgasm but the expression of orgasm anxiety.

Since the modern literature on



human sexual responses is based on normal but not natural orgasm, it follows that this literature serves to indoctrinate people with the belief that the socially induced orgasm anxiety with its consequent effects on sexuality is the natural mode of sexual functioning. Many persons judge the intensity of their sexual experiences by the strength of their spasms. The more intense the spasm the more pleased they are with their sexual functioning.

If there is little muscular armoring in the body, the flow of the forces of excitation along the body is unrestricted and the individual has a feeling of bodily unity and integration. Extreme muscular tension cuts off the flow along the body at the sites of various sets of muscles, producing a feeling of segmentation of bodily parts. In extreme cases this may result in schizophrenic disassociation in which parts of one's own body are felt to be alien. The schizophrenic believes that the pulsations of his own body are alien forces trying to control him.

Reich devised a technique of psychotherapy designed to lessen muscular armoring and return the organism to the state of natural functioning. This technique, unlike most psychotherapy, involved direct manipulation of the body as well as verbal processes. The therapeutic process was long, drawn out, and not always successful. The criterion of success was to produce total orgasm in the patient and to see the patient firmly established in a healthy natural sexual life.

Psychedelic drugs have the same effect as Reichian therapy; they produce a dissolution of muscular tensions and consequently the dissolving of body and psyche. These drugs apparently stimulate the normal pulsations of the organism, perhaps by

releasing the Kundalini energy. Psychedelic drug users often speak of such an energy. Reich calls it orgone energy.

The stimulation of the natural impulses of the organism is not an unmixed blessing, since the muscles are not always inhibited from producing socially induced counter-tensions. Herein lies the explanation for the "bad trip." The armored individual upon feeling the pulsations within himself reacts with orgasm anxiety, with panic. Since he has come to identify these impulses with pain and with evil, he unconsciously reacts by tensing the muscular armoring in an attempt to stop the breakthrough of the devil. He has come to identify the onset of pleasure with pain. He pleads that he is going to die, that he is in the grip of forces which will destroy him. His body becomes tense, he may even experience severe cramps.

A man, whom we will call Sam, had taken 1200 micrograms of LSD. This is about twice the maximum recommended dose. He told me that very little happened to him except the experience of some vague hallucinations which lasted only for a few minutes. This had been his first experience. I asked him if he had experienced any tension. He replied that he had been quite relaxed. This I knew could not have been the case. I then asked him if his jaws had been stiff. He replied in the affirmative. I then asked him if he had had any stiffness in his neck and he acknowledged that this, too, had occurred. He then volunteered that he had also felt a knot in his chest and guessed that this was a consequence of his fear that he would have an attack of bronchial asthma. Here was the

continued on page 22

Ratwipe Molly's Grandfather's Tales

According to the farmer's almanac, this coming winter is going to be as hard as the last one was; it's a horrible prediction if it's true. The only thing that kept a lot of us going through all the broken water pipes, frozen toilets, numb fingers & toes was the conviction that this would NEVER happen again by god.

Doing a lot of canning seems to help make the prospect less grim; you get the feeling of provisioning you & your family against the elements. In a culture where you often feel very powerless, it gives you a pleasing sensation of control to look at a couple of rows of glass jars full of food you have canned.

Lots of people get scared of canning with visions of pressure cookers, waterbaths, ptomaine poisoning. But as long as you stick with pickles, relishes, tomatoes, & preserves you're safe. Tomatoes are such an acid vegetable that they can be canned "open kettle" just like pickles & jams are. Vinegar, sugar, & the acid in tomatoes act as a sort of natural preservative, & while jars may go bad from not being sealed properly, they do go bad in such spectacular ways, like black mold 3 inches deep, that no one in their right mind would eat them.

If you have a garden, fine, if not, farmers around here, especially on the road to Lynden, are selling flats of

cucumbers & tomatoes now. If you're after tomatoes, ask for culls; they are merely the mishappen & scrawny ones, but they are way cheaper.

The open-kettle method is essentially the same for pickles, tomatoes, & fruit, butters & jam, once you have followed the recipe in mixing up & cooking the ingredients, you must have a large deep kettle. Fill it about 6 in. up with water & put in freshly washed mason jars, check them for cracks & nicks on the rim, since they won't seal then. Boil the jars for 15 minutes, together with the screw tops, the canning funnel (a handy item; a little short fat tin funnel with a wide mouth), tongs if you have them. Have the flat sealing lids handy. Take a jar out of the boiling water, put the funnel over it & fill it up according to your recipe; remove the funnel & wipe the jar mouth dry. Take one rubber sealer & swiftly dip it in the boiling water, making sure all of it gets wet, slap it on the jar, dip out a screw top & screw it on very firmly indeed. Set the jar on a folded towel, out of drafts. In 5 minutes to 10 hours it ought to seal with a popping noise. To test the seal: push on the center of the lid, if it yields, it isn't sealed, if it doesn't move, it is sealed & ready to be stored in a cool, darkish place.

Although this is the easiest kind of canning it still takes a bit out of you; it can keep upon your feet the greater part of a day, especially if you are new to it, what with worrying about the jars sealing. If a jar doesn't seal within 12 hours, remove the lid, throw away the flat sealer lid, remove the screw top but keep it, & set it & the jar in a couple inches boiling water for 15 or 20 minutes, then seal it with a new flat sealer.

When you're finished, & it's been your first time canning, you'll be bushed. It's hard to convey, however, how inordinately pleased you'll be with yourself.

Try it and see.

OUT OF THE MOLLY'S JUG



WELL, it's gettin hard gettin out of bed each morn, chop wood & start the folks have been making haste in their preparation for winter, since rumor has it that Persephone's realm, the Underworld will bring weather as harsh as hell. People are sharing chain saws, canning lots of pickles & curries, adding layers of clothes, growing hair on their bodies, & paging through recipe books. We're nearing the end of an abundance, & it feels natural & necessary to try to preserve the abundance to last throughout the winter. We've been canning a lot of food & are getting a locker & freezer. Some more food - mobile should get lockers, which are only 6 months.

I hope you all have boots, rain ponchos, heavy sweaters, hats, wool scarves & anything else you need or make to preserve your bodies. Stop time to dry off before the fire.

Plum Pulp

1. Gather & wash plums
2. Boil them until they're mushy, remove the pits & rub the mush thru a sieve
3. For each cup of pulp, 1/2 a cup of sugar
4. Boil slowly for about half an hour, or until thickened considerably.
5. Boil often, it burns easily.

5. Boil hot jars & seal

OPEN KETTLE CANNED TOMATOES

Gather your tomatoes & wash off with cold water, they must be ripe.

Pour boiling water over them & let stand for about 2 minutes then drain off & put in cold water - the peeling will

peel off very thin & you will not waste any of the tomatoe.

Remove core & quarter if they are large and in half if small - put the tomatoes in a container with the juice and let boil for 2 or 3 minutes.

Have your cans in hot water & let the can be hot & also the tomatoes are hot. 1 teaspoon of salt to a quart.

Fill one inch from top. Dip the lid in scalding water & place on jar, then put the outer ring on jar & tighten snug. then place the canned tomatoes on the table on a folded towel. The next day you can remove the outer ring & use it on other cans.

Southern Cuke Pickles

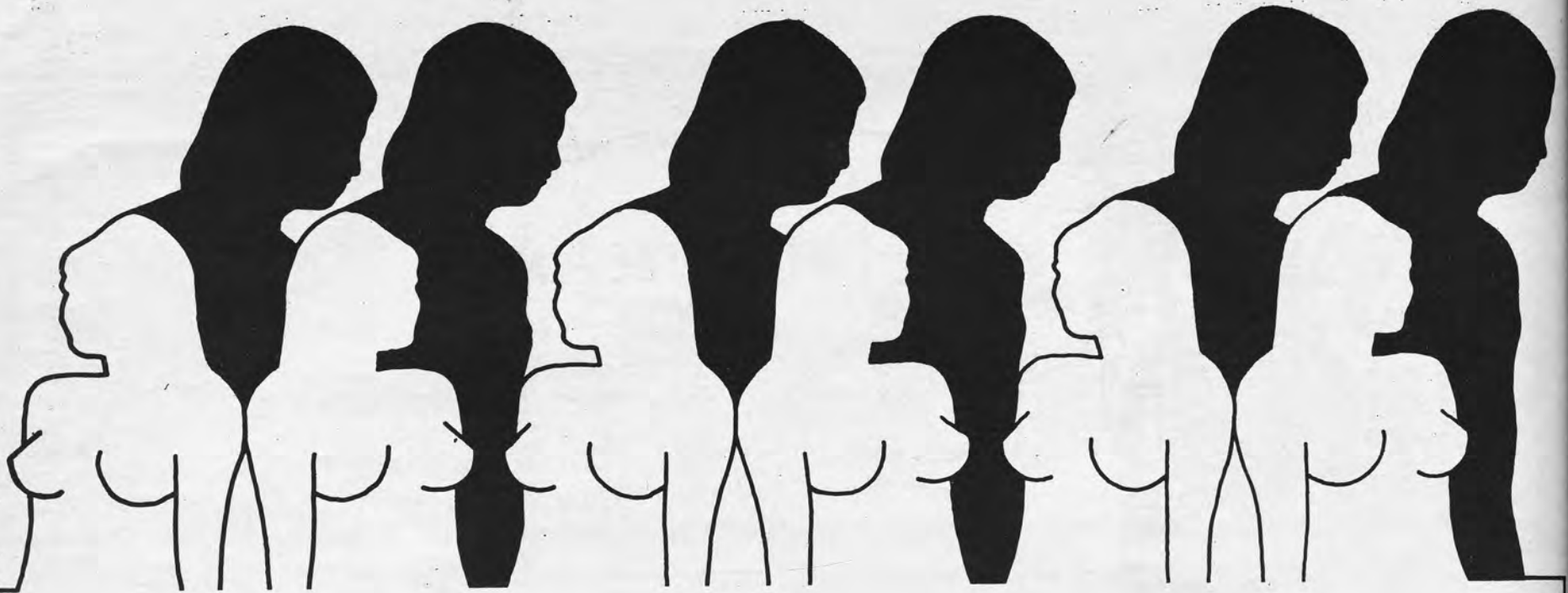
Gather and wash the cucumbers & quarter the cucumbers and if small half.

Soak in salt water for 1 hour, about 1 Tbsp. Salt to the quart of water

Remove from salt water and place in following solution:
2 parts vinegar (2 quarts, say) to 1 part water (1 quart)
1 cup of sugar to each quart of solution
2 Tbsp. of pickling spice for 3 quarts

Bring solution to boil, put in cucumbers, - cook until they change color (lighter green) 2 or 3 minutes

have your jar hot & remove the pickle from container (use fork) and place in jars. Pour solution over the pickles & seal.



A Matter Of Personal Commitment

Zero Population Control

susan barrett

The earth is dying of cancer--people cancer. Unless we operate now, the earth as we know it is doomed. All of the problems facing us today--pollution, traffic congestion, poverty, starvation, unemployment, rising crime rates, resource depletion--all are symptoms of this disease. Before these problems will ever subside, population growth must cease.

World population is now doubling about every 35 years. We now have well over 3½ billion people, and if we continue to increase at the present rate we will have over 6 billion by the year 2000.

Today there are over 2 billion people who are not properly fed. In spite of advancing agricultural technology, massive famines are predicted, possible in the early 1970's, certainly by the early 1980's. If we cannot now feed the 2 billion hungry mouths, our chances of feeding 6 billion in 35 years are indeed slim.

And then there are all the other things that human beings (especially Americans) need: clothing, homes, beds, transportation, jobsIn 35 years, the human population will need twice as many of these things as it has now.

The United States' population is now doubling every 63 years. In 63 years we will need twice as many schools, twice as many houses, twice as

many hospitals, twice as many cars, twice as many freeways, twice as many cities....Where are we going to put them and what are we going to make them out of?

The already exploited natural resources of the world are dwindling rapidly, and at present the United States, with less than one-fifteenth of the world population, is consuming over half of these resources.

Almost all of the medical research of which we boast has gone into reducing the death rate--controlling disease, transplanting organs, seeking cancer cures, caring for the aged, and so on. And much of our foreign aid is directed at death control--medical aid to under-developed countries. But precious little is being done to formulate a birth control solution to the world's population problems.

Birth control has been shunned as a very touchy religious and political problem, both in the U.S. and in other countries. Saving lives is much appreciated, but telling people not to make them is quite another thing.

Unfortunately the solution to our population problem cannot lie in a totalitarian birth control program imposed on other countries by the U.S. Already we are hated in much of the world for our corrupting military and economic "aid". No, as any wise teacher knows, the best lessons are taught by example.

Rather, the solution must lie within our own consciences, our own economy, within us. For over 100 years America's motto has been "Growth is good". We have settled and developed our virgin West, drawing energy and substance from the abundant resources of this country. But the frontiers are gone. Further additions to our own population will only increase the crowding of our cities and the spoiling of our landscape.

In answer to the humble call for a retreat from the "growth is good" philosophy, we often evoke a response of blind faith in the powers of technology. Of course, we could live crowded together in skyscrapers, nourished by algae grown at the expense of virtually limitless atomic energy. But the basic moral and aesthetic question must always remain "Is this the best life for Man?"

We are at perhaps the most crucial moment in the history any species on the earth has ever known. The lessons of ecology, psychology, and anthropology must temper our enthusiasm for technological novelty as we ask ourselves with consummate finality "Shall this race continue or will life perish from the earth?"

Whatever the answers to these questions, one thing is certain--human population size is the major variable in any projection of man's future. The

question must be asked now because our own population has brought us to the threshold of extinction. We need time to produce a wise answer and time can only be bought by controlling our population size.

If we wish to buy time, what can be done? Unfortunately, not everyone is aware that the problem exists--they must be informed. There are many inept laws (abortions are illegal) and barriers in this country and state that must be changed. Legislators must know and share your concern. Tell them!

A national organization called Zero Population Growth (ZPG) is working to reduce the U.S. population growth rate to zero by 1980. This can only be achieved through education and legislation.

A Bellingham Chapter of Zero Population Growth is forming action groups to attack the problem locally. ZPG is presenting an opportunity for concerned citizens both to learn more about the population explosion and to discuss solutions and action at a local level. Please come if you are concerned to the lecture hall of the Bellingham Public Library, Tuesday, October 7, at 7:30 p.m. In the meantime, recommended reading is *The Population Bomb* by Paul Ehrlich.



laurence kee

Grendel- There is only one place where I would
be right now.

Through the wooded mist and
falling trees
far beyond the valley
heat and city's pace. There would
I fall beside a mossy bough
to laugh awhile
with you.

Karina- And I too would sing the
Wandering song of
heart and soul. That
symphony would surely touch
my breast and by that
touch would surely
know your love!

Grendel- Maiden, you are too young for
fancy. Your belly still is
small--but wait for one
last look at
where we used to be--

Karina- I see it clearly, now...
Grendel- Beside a mossy bough...
Karina- We fell together and
became as one...

Grendel- to laugh the finest
hour of the day. You were
there alone...

Karina- my vision was too clear
for knowing only
what my passions
meant to be.

Grendel- Then it is settled there.
Your touch meant to
feel texture, not the
color fibres growing from
out my mind.

Karina- Settled quickly, I should
say...

Grendel- And if you shouldn't?
Karina- Then I would be as
before, a shell
becoming an egg--a
portrait on the wall
of sanity's closet. A touch of
freedom gone beside the
brook that mumbled
my name.

Grendel- You seem so sure...

Karina- And what was committment
then? An ideal designed
to bridge a better day?

Grendel- Yes, perhaps.
You see my face has turned to many moments of
despair...
each one marked with sympathy
and tears.
and when I knew your
love I knew good fortune--
I knew the morning in
my dreams. Your lips would
be my womb
that I should sleep within
your keeping.

Karina- Your pretty words arise
from out that despair
you would invent.
My keeping is in better hands---

far from the strange
light that fall from
your dark eyes.

Grendel- My darkness falls from
where my vision meant to be.
Flowers both we are
but of a different climate
do we grow. Your roots
drink from water bed
that lie soft through autumn



rain. Mine, a dryer lot that
grow beneath the stars
and distant moon.
Our scents together fall
sweet at first, but in
that silent overture our
souls remember minds and
all the moments of our day
be as incense for the
night.

Karina- You speak well, but in knowing
such beauty I tremble--
the wake of my woman's
storm fell too close to
running in the highlands,
too near my youth.
If you would know my freedom
give me that for which
I search.

Grendel- Very well, but your impatience
will clothe your head.
Freedom's wind falls softer
on the pinkness of your breast--
Giving is that which I
would have myself.

But one must see his own death,
it seems, to determine the
honor of his passing and
the poetry of his prose.

Karina- I would only determine
my destiny at that point...

Grendel- Your destiny would determine
the "I" and "me" you freely
use.

Karina- Then that would be enough
for me to know for once
and then forget myself.

Grendel- But you would remember
that one moment with me when
our hearts were lifted
to sunlit flower-fields
and animal clouds that
danced across the sky. We
would meet there to know
the fullness of our tears
and the fading voice that
echo ending of our
song.

Karina- Oh, to only know for sure!
Grendel- To know for sure and
then to know that fantasy
is a second chance.

Karina- I would fall beside you
once again at that...
Grendel- and I would take you
down to where the
flowers meet the lillies
and where the water
keep our little fish.

Karina- Our little fish that swam
beside our bath that day...
Grendel- and spoke to us of
loving and the magic of
our minds.

Karina- Mine, a scarlet robe that
fall beside that pond.
Grendel- And mine, a sword that
would stay within its
sheath.

Karina- This I give to you.
Grendel- And this I take within
my breast--
To know again someday
and to play my little harp
beside that pond.
My song then would be
my sword, my mind the
sheath.
And what more need I
than sunlight
on a cloudy day?



OMPHALOS

I am come to a sea of glass.
It arcs away and up
as an infinite parabola.
The horizon is now overhead.
No man may climb this stillness.

A thread of Meaning was
The Way
I wove to here.
I look back.
It is warped into the tattered rag
of the past I had wanted
to wear as Shield.

I stretch my arms to define my sphere.
I think I may fly.
Before each fingertip
in the distance
is a wall of glass.

Three days pass.
The horizon overhead has drawn
itself into a circle.
The circumference is slowly shrinking.

I am a mote
caught in the cosmic eye
which is sliding closed.

Set to a time exposure
the lens of the universe
is snapping its image.

I step. The walls,
like the sides of a bubble, roll.
Everything is the same distance.
There is no direction but away.

I think, from time to time,
that through the sides I can see
the glitter of other cells.
I would sing to them.
The white silence unwinds me.

The time will come
when there is no time
and this sphere, sealed at last,
will arise,
roll through the air a long way

it will settle,
burst,
and I will come again.

POETRY by jerry burns



FORMULA FOR COMING TO KNOW ALL

Stand quietly in the dark place
no one will ever see.

Eat grapes and wait.
The Blind Dwarf will come to you.

Over a slow flame
only you may stir,
roast him en brochette.

Memorize the fat
as it boils and drops
into the yellow coals.

Then, on the checkerboard
of flesh and flame,
Dance.



MIRACLES ARE EASY IF THE EYE IS REMADE.

The earth
as does the annual sea
is turning over.
Lost graves are purring
like a chorus of well-fed cats.
I can hear them when I put my ear
to the ground.

And the Red Tide
glutted with white belly-up bodies
rolls along
flicking its red spray
at sea gulls
dressed as anxious doctors.

It is cold.
I know a blonde
with snow in her hair.
We have been standing here
on the edge of the cliff
for some time, now,

feeling the sea sing
and the earth shudder.

She is becoming worried.
The small space between her eyebrows
is growing ridges.

Love, I bring you oranges.

Love, in the dust of my forehead
trace the image of the truculent God
who sleeps within you.

I have come a long way, woman,
to give you
my one
black pearl.

You know why **TEACHING** is such a **REWARDING** profession? Because every so often something **WONDERFUL** happens that lets you know all the **STRUGGLE** and **SACRIFICE** has been **WORTH WHILE!**



You take them as **SMALL CHILDREN** and spend **YEARS** destroying their natural instincts! **STIFLING** their innate curiosity! **SMOTHERING** their creative talents!



But **ALWAYS** you're **ASKING** yourself is it **REALLY WORKING?** Am I **REALLY** destroying their native capacity for **HUMAN DIGNITY?** Am I **REALLY** turning them into **PAVLOVIAN AUTOMATONS?**



And then one day some kid grows his **HAIR** long in a last, sputtering attempt at **SELF-EXPRESSION!** You grab your **SCISSORS** and **HACK** it off and watch him slink **WHIMPERING** back to class and (choke) you **KNOW** that you've **WON!**



SOMEDAY the **SCISSORS** will be recognized as the **SYMBOL** of our educational system!



HIP POCRATES



by eugene schoenfeld, m.d.

QUESTION: My old lady is a light sleeper and she can't sleep because my snoring keeps her awake. I've never heard myself snore, but those who have say I'm really loud.

What causes snoring? Is there anything I can do about this problem--other than separate bedrooms?

ANSWER: Mark Twain wrote, "There ain't no way to find out why a snorer can't hear himself snore." His intimate friends (victims) can.

Rarely, the cause of snoring can be traced to an obstruction in the nasal passages. But usually no physical defect is found. Snorers usually sleep with their mouths partially open. If your old lady were really uptight she could make your jaw uptight with a scarf.

Gently nudging or turning a snorer will cause the din to stop--at least temporarily. Some partners of snorers wear ear plugs to bed. My apprentice suggests wax, rather than rubber ear plugs. They're available at most pharmacies.

She also advises that gently pinching the nose of a snorer will cause him to awaken... (Be certain you're on good terms.) "Him" is used only in a grammatical sense, of course. Many women snore too.

Are there readers with other suggestions?

QUESTION: Because I work full time, am a part-time student and at the same time try to carry on a decent social life, something's got to give timewise.

I find myself whittling away hours from sleep, hoping to "train" myself to manage on 5 or 6 hours of sleep per night. I'd love to continue to burn my candle at both ends but wonder whether this can go on indefinitely.

Although I'm already in my mid-thirties I've never attained a particularly stable life pattern. And I don't seem to have the kind of body-awareness that a lot of the younger crowd have. Half of the time I don't really know whether I really feel well. I know when I feel very very good or very bad.

P.S. My father carried on an enormously busy and stressful medical practice, slept four hours a night and lived to be 71.

ANSWER: Body awareness techniques have been developed for several years at the Esalen Institute. Some of these methods are described in Bernard Gunther's *Sensory Awareness* and William Schutz's *Joy*.

Sensitivity to one's body and feelings may be achieved in many ways. You could change your surroundings at periodic intervals, for example. The original trip is a trip. A vacation alters the things your eyes see, the sounds heard, the smells, the feel of air against your body.

The average person sleeps 7 to 8 hours a night. Some people seem to do well with a little less sleep. Older individuals commonly sleep less than younger people.

But candles burned at both ends don't last very long.

QUESTION: Whenever my boyfriend and I have intercourse, during each stroke his balls slap against my body.

In addition to this being painful to him, the slapping sound is so amusing that we have to momentarily stop because we start laughing.

We have thought of taping his balls to his torso. Is there any other solution to our problem?

Slap Happy

ANSWER: There is certainly a place for humor in sex but if breaking up threatens to break you up I'm sure you'll find a way to handle the problem..

reviews

RECORDINGS

TIM BUCKLEY -- HAPPY SAD, Electra 74045 -- There is something deeply personal about Tim Buckley's music. On his first two albums, he and his song-writing friend named Becket produced music with a special kind of drive and message ranging from spaced-out lyrical love ballads to insane chaos. On his latest album, "Happy Sad", all songs are composed by Buckley.

His style, dynamics and instrumentation have changed quite a bit since "Goodbye and Hello." Buckley plays 12-string and Lee Underwood, who has been with Buckley for quite a while, plays lead guitar. In my mind, what makes the album so captivating is the fantastic conga work by Carter C.C. Collins. In "Gypsy Woman" he tunes his congas to the scale of the song and really gets into it. Along with Collins' congas is John Miller's excellent acoustic bass playing. This sometimes-African sound is covered with a colorful mist coming from the vibes (that's vibraphone) and bass marimba of David Friedman. This set-up gives Buckley a much fresher and more spontaneous sound than before.

It is difficult for me to think that Tim Buckley could be heavily influenced by another musician but as with many of his disciples, Fred Neil got to Buckley. The first two songs on the album, "Strange Feeling" and especially "Buzzin' Fly" really sound like Neil both melodically and because Buckley's tonal range seems to rest a little lower than on his previously recorded songs. This image soon disappears in favor of a really beautiful ballad called "Love From Room 109 at the Islander (on Pacific Coast Highway)" and the first song on the second side called "Dream Letter."

The group finally gets loose on "Gypsy Woman" with Collins and Buckley sometimes overtaking poor Underwood on lead. The last song called "Sing a Song For You" is a very nice folk tune (I, III, IV, etc.) that leaves you.

Tim Buckley is playing in Seattle at the Opera House at the end of the month. It can't be known for sure if his whole group will be there, for he sometimes plays with just Underwood. But I'm convinced that the concert will be worth seeing.

BREAD, Electra 74044 -- Bread is a new group consisting of three former studio musicians who play, sing and write very well. It is too bad that the album couldn't have been released before Crosby, Stills and Nash for the

similarities are there. Bread will undoubtedly be a popular group. Their first concert at the Aquarius Theater in Hollywood pleased everyone there. They are now playing in the Seattle area.

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE -- THESE THINGS TOO, Reprise 6364 -- Tom Rapp and his group turn his poetry into magic music somewhere between Leonard Cohen and the Fugs. It is a fun album and sad at times with Tom Rapp sounding like he is singing through a fuzz-box turned up to "1". Richard Greene plays electric violin some. Maybe they should have called themselves the "Incredible Thing Band."

THE FUGS -- THE BELLE OF AVENUE A, Reprise 6359 -- The Fugs write their own review: "The Fugs Messages of Love, Peace, Social Concern, Poetry, Rectitude, Honor, and Spiritual Salvation." Man, you can understand the words. "Chicago" written by Ken Sanders, Country Joe MacDonald and Ken Pine is a fitting tribute to Mayor Daley and his humble servants. Tuli Kupferberg lives up to his reputation as being "the foremost composer of radical political songs of our time."

THEO BIKEL -- A NEW DAY, Reprise 6348 -- The multi-talented Bikel, just simmering down from the Democratic National convention, sings some very nice songs like Joni Mitchell's "Urge for Coin", "Mother Nature's Son" and "The Great Mandala." He does the Stone's "Lady Jane" and an original called "I Hear the Laughter." Bikel is a consistently professional performer and has put together with Richard Perry a fine album.

ELLA, Reprise 6354 -- If you dig Ella at all, you must get this album.

There is this really funky song called "Yellow Man" and "Got To Get You Into My Life" and "Savoy Truffle."

She tries a couple standard soul numbers, "Get Ready" and "Knock On Wood", but the album is obviously aimed at the middle-aged liberal.

KENNY ROGERS and the FIRST EDITION -- RUBY, DON'T TAKE YOUR LOVE TO TOWN, Reprise 6352 -- I am afraid that Kenny Rogers and the F.E. have turned from a potentially group last year into the male counterpart to Bobbie Gentry. I'm sorry to see folk-singer Mike Settle settle down to costumed club-rock "Musak." His songs a few years ago were right there. I know for a fact the record will sell in Kenny's home town of Houston, Texas.

ROD MCKUEN, Warner-Stanyan 1794 -- The Editor brought a stack of records for me to review, and somehow a double album called "Rod McKuen In Concert at Carnegie Hall, April 29, 1969" got in there. I am sure it wasn't the editor's fault.

BERT JANSCH -- BIRTHDAY BLUES, Reprise 6343 -- Guitarists, eat your hearts out. Bert Jansch is disgustingly clean. This album of all original songs is a very good picture of what Jansch does sitting at home, I am sure. Besides Jansch's acoustic and 12-string work on the album, Ray Warleigh plays some really good alto sax and flute things. I especially like Wishing Well. Jansch sounds pretty good with bass, drums, harmonica and alto sax. The album may not come up to the standards that Pentangle, his group, came up to, but there are some very good moments.

THE ASSOCIATION, Warner 1800 -- The Association have always been a very clean and full group that somehow lacked originality. They hold true to form with their new album. The back-up vocals are done very well, but I can't help thinking that they sound like a hairy, electric barber-shop heptet. I am sure, however, that Association fans will not be disappointed with "Broccoli."

DOUG KERSHAW -- THE CAJUN WAY, Warner 1820 -- If you have never heard Cajon music, please give a listen to Doug Kershaw. Although his album is cluttered with studio musicianship, the roots of his music are Cajun and worth listening to. He is an excellent fiddler and really weird. "Bayou Teche", "Feed It To The Fish" and "Papa and Mama Had Love" are good tunes.

THE BLUE VELVET BAND, Warner 1802 -- The BVB album is a pleasant surprise. The fact that its members are four of the best Bluegrass and country etc. musicians in the world is reason enough to listen to the album. Eric Weissberg, famed folk and Bluegrass instrumentalist, Richard Greene, from the Jim Kweskin Jug Band and SeaTrain, an incredible fiddler, Bill Keith, the best banjo player in the world and Jim Roomey, well known Bluegrass guitarist and vocalist, create a very laid-back, careful country album. Pay particular attention to Bill Keith's steel guitar playing and his banjo on "Little Sadie."

JETHRO TULL -- STAND UP, Chrysalis 6360 -- Jethro Tull is really together. This album with Ian Anderson playing flute, acoustic guitar, Hammond organ, piano, mandolin, balalaika, mouth organ and singing his own tunes is one of the most carefully put together rock albums I have heard. Even though their tone is breathy, Ian Anderson and Martin Lancelot Barre do some very exciting flute work in stereo. Also, Glen Cornick is a fine bass player.

CHICAGO TRANSIT AUTHORITY, Columbia CS 9836 -- There is a lot that can be said about CTA. The Fugs sing about Chicago; CTA takes you there. Some of the sounds on the double-album feel just like the city must have felt and feels. Their use of horns and lead voice does give them a sound much like "Blood, Sweat and Tears", but their improvisations are consistently neat. The guitar work is good with the exception of the electronic guitar piece. The use of the electric guitar, its body pick-ups, string texture, etc., as an instrument for electronic music is virtually just beginning, but I'm convinced that its limitations are broader than what is demonstrated on the cut.

All the material is original with the exception of "I'm a Man" which is done well. It took quite a bit of arranging to put CTA together. "Does Anybody Really Know What Time It Is?"

BLUES IMAGE, ATCO SD 33-300 -- The Blues Image have some very good moments when they are playing at their higher intensities. As a whole

their album seems to fluctuate from full cream-like sounds with an organ to frankly weak, gapped sound. Mike Pinera's guitar is clean with little flash and a lot of choking. The one slow tune is not together at all, but the fast tunes are for the most part exciting. The liner notes aren't worth reading. The music of the Blues Image is certainly "heavy" but not like the "Iron Butterfinger". I'll bet they get really good when they are live and loose.

jack hansen

COMMENTARIES

BOB DYLAN great white wonder revisited

1967....Right.. It was the summer of '67 to be exact, and the rumors were just beginning to circulate among the Folkies, Blues Freaks and the Fold-Rock People that at last we were going to get a new Bob Dylan record. He was going to Nashville they said to the Columbia recording studios there with a whole bunch of new songs under his coat and the lid will be off for sure this time. Well, the time was right, no doubt about that: so many people were turning on grooving getting it together that even magazines like Life and Newsweek were doing major features on the marijuana controversy and other such burning issues and whether they dug it or not they finally had to admit that it was here and it was HAPPENING, J.B. ("Why these people are well groomed & respectable, what the hell's going on?"). Yeah, they could understand a fluke like Monterrey when for a weekend all the degenerates got together and had a good thing, but everybody, all the time? Why, such things were not considered possible. Enter Bob Dylan.

All Blind Boy Grunt had to do this time was to lay down three or four tracks on his new record and tell where it was at and what was really happening, maybe even just one lil old Talking Doper Blues in 4/4, anything that could relate to what had gone down since he last surveyed things. Just a few finger pointin' songs, that's all the Streeters were asking for. And what did we get? John Wesley Harding, at best a watered down C&W second rater, not one topical broadside in the bunch. The guitar and harp were there just like before, but it just wasn't the same. Hit Parade, Show Business and Cashbox it was, but contemporary it wasn't.

Just for comparison, take a quick look at one of John Wesley's predecessors, Hiway 61 Revisited. You only have to read off the titles and it all comes back: "Train to Cry", "Desolation Row", a masterpiece of

Americana thru Dylan's eyes, "Ballad of a Thin Man", we all knew Mr. Jones only too well, and "Like a Rolling Stone" yeah get on out there hit the road find your head dig it, the message was really clear on that one. The whole record was loaded with SOUL. If memory serves true, it came out around the Summer of '65. Two years was a long time to wait.

So you think all this is scam and that all this bad rapping of Bobby Blue Eyes is a drag? Maybe you think I'm a holdover from 4th St. days, an embittered Folkie who never forgave Dylan for going electric -- is that what you think? Well, dig this: on one end of my Hi-Fi are two records, John Wesley and Nashville Skyline and next to my hash pipe over there on the other end is a record called "Great White Wonder" the controversial label-less wonder that's being peddled by two longhairs on the sly, for the good of music no doubt. And all I've been doing the past 24 hours is smoking, listening and grieving, Brothers & Sisters, 'cause Great WW is so true, has so much plain GRITS that the other two by comparison are shown what they really are -- a super slick hype put out by a super slick performer who obviously wants recognition on the other side of Show Busine\$\$.

And let's face it, a Johnny Cash he ain't.

Here's a brief run down on GWW if you haven't had a chance to dig it: Basically it's a two record set with 26 cuts in all including four raps, just like an authentic Alan Lomax goodie, and 12 of the songs were recorded (according to available information) in Minneapolis in a hotel room December 22, 1961. They are excellent; early Dylan with acoustical guitar and harp. Nine more are with The Band, supposedly recorded in the basement of a house in Woodstock, hence the name, Basement Tapes. They are damn good but the fidelity leaves to be desired, just like Alan Lomax: The last cut is a reject from the Johnny Cash Show called "Living the Blues".

Just listen to it side by side with Dylan's latest two and it's apparent that he wants nothing to do with current head events or contemporary happenings, maybe he's got too much at stake, you know, a career and all, her I go betting bitter again. Anyhow like it or not, Bob Dylan has bailed out but good from the current direction of things for reasons that we can only speculate.

Has Blind Boy Grunt lost his balls? Well, there's always Arlo Guthrie.....

rob klein

FILMS

Belle de Jour

My only purpose in writing anything about this film at all is to urge you to see it.

As far as I am concerned any review of this flick is both pretentious and superfluous. To attempt to communicate Belle de Jour with linear symbology is like trying to explain an orgasm to a eunuch. The result would be a conglomerate of descriptive adjectives which have absolutely

nothing to do with the experience.

The movie is a visual masterpiece and undoubtedly the best I have ever seen. It is playing at the Neptune in Seattle.

BOOKS

"ISLAND" AND "THE POLITICS OF EXPERIENCE"

A blank page always produces a blank mind. And so we begin with a few words of nonsense to get the hand and eye and mind in gear to talk about a couple of books. I'd almost begun to despair that no one was writing anything interesting anymore, when Jack and Linda each laid a book on me that was not only interesting, but also made sense to where my head is at right now. The first is a Utopian novel by Aldous Huxley, "Island," and the second is a heavy psychological thing with the unlikely title of "The Politics of Experience" by R. D. Laing. So I'll lay them out for you and you can take your choice.

"Island" is the story of an imaginary community called Pala, a south-sea island where 'our hero', Will Burnaby, is shipwrecked in a storm one evening. He finds his way into the jungle and falls asleep exhausted. Next morning, he is awakened by the call of a mynah bird crying "Attention. Attention. Here and now, boys. Here and now, boys. Attention." He is shortly discovered by friendly natives and laid to rest in a hospital. During the course of his convalescence (half the book), Will has a number of visitors who describe to him (in a rather unimaginative narrative fashion) what life on the island is like.

One element of life on the island is beautifully described with a contrast: "Take one sexually inept wage slave, one dissatisfied female, two or (if preferred) three small television addicts, marinate in a mixture of Freudism and dilute Christianity; then bottle up tightly in a four-room flat and stew for fifteen years in their own juice. Our recipe is rather different: Take twenty sexually satisfied couples and their offspring; add science, intuition and humor in equal quantities; steep in Tantrik Buddhism and simmer indefinitely in an open pan in the open air over a brisk flame of affection....The children grow up in a world that's a working model of society at large, a small-scale but accurate version of the environment in which they're going to have to live when they're grown up....If a child feels unhappy in his first home, we do our best for him in fifteen or twenty second homes." Can you dig that?

In describing Pala's system of production, Huxley says, "We think first of human beings and their satisfactions. Changing jobs doesn't make for the biggest output in the fewest days. But most people like it better than doing one kind of job all their lives. If it's a choice between mechanical efficiency and human satisfaction, we choose satisfaction." Can you dig that?

When Will is on his feet again and being taken on a tour of the island community, the secret of everyone's happiness is revealed to him. A High

Altitude Experimental Station produces scientifically cultivated dope -- variously called moksha-medicine, the reality revealer, and the truth-and-beauty pill. Four hundred milligrams of the stuff creates a "full-blown mystical experience. You know -- One in all and All in one. The basic experience with its corollaries -- boundless compassion, fathomless mystery and meaning. Not to mention joy, inexpressible joy." I can dig that!

You couldn't call "Island" an action-packed adventure story by any means. Huxley uses narration almost exclusively to picture life in a communal utopia. His characters -- a doctor, a widow, a nurse and her lover, and the soon-to-be-king -- talk a lot with Will and with each other in order to portray life on the island. This occasionally creates a stilted style of presentation. And the book is quite simply short on plot. But the ideas are far-out enough to keep up your interest.

What I would really like to see in a Utopia book is a chronicled account of how things -- people, places, and events -- arrange themselves in a utopian fashion. Like, what are the processes that people go through in the creation of a new way of life? And I'm wondering if there aren't some budding novelists around B'ham who feel like keeping track of their (and our) life in such a way that we could describe the processes and not just the end result? So, if you are looking around for a project for fall, there's one idea.

On to "The Politics of Experience" that starts out with "I see you, and you see me. I experience you, and you experience me. I see your behavior. You see my behavior. But I do not and never have and never will see your experience of me. Just as you cannot "see" my experience of you. My experience of you is not "inside" me. It is simply you, as I experience you. And I do not experience you as inside me. Similarly, I take it that you do not experience me as inside you." And he ends up with, "If I could turn you on, if I could drive you out of your wretched mind, if I could tell you, I would let you know." Lord, Laing, you just did.

"The Politics of Experience" is essentially a collection of essays and lectures developed over a period of four years. Much of the book reads like the ravings of a madman, which I imagine Laing would say that he, like each one of us, is. "Two men sit facing each other and both of them are me. Quietly, meticulously, systematically, they are blowing out each other's brains, with pistols. They look perfectly intact. Inside devastation. . . . Playing the game of reality with no real cards in one's hand."

Turns out that Laing is a British psychiatrist and physician whose main concern is with the biochemistry of mental illness. And I really couldn't get into the book until I'd read a chapter near the end called "A Ten-Day Voyage." It tells of a "psychotic episode" that reads like an acid trip. Which is what I think Laing is trying, in an oblique way, to say. As if being stoned or insane is when you experience the reality of the here and now of your mind. He talks about alienation and the insanity of normal

continued on page 23

Power

continued from page 8

business interests can do pretty much as they please without news getting out. Mobil Oil spent months quietly purchasing land for its Ferndale refinery some years back. It operated free of the exposure which would have caused a skyrocketing in property values. The "Bellingham Herald" announced the company's plans only when Mobil held a press conference to formally tell the slumbering local media what was up.

The top corporate executives have as little to do with Bellingham personally as they can. The local barons are Seattle-oriented to the point where their wives will not buy clothing in local stores. One rarely sees them at the Country Club or Yacht Club, but it's the Onassis treatment when they do show up at a local spa. One Country Club veteran reflects: "They show up here about twice a year. They are treated like kings and order us around like serfs. We are expected to be honored by their presence."

The second or middle layer of power exercise consists of approximately twenty prosperous local businessmen. All have made it pretty big, have homes in Edgemoor, and so on. Their hangout is the bar at the Yacht Club, and it is a rare day when one does not see Frank Haskell or Jim Brooks or Andy Vidlic or Kjell Dahl or some combination at the local watering hole. While the top corporate executives are an aristocratic and straight-laced bunch, the Yacht Clubbers live life to the fullest.

The role of the well-off fisherman, plumbing company owners, and lumbermen is to set policy for the community and point out the directions in which city government is to move. They are assisted in these tasks by a small and closely knit group of local attorneys who can best be described as fellow travelers. Especially influential here is City Attorney Leslie Lee, although it must be pointed out that Lee and Mayor Reg Williams have had their differences. The objectives of those at the Yacht Club can be lumped under the amorphous expression of "building Bellingham."

What exactly is meant by this? The businessmen are not a bad lot

personally, although they tend to be in-crowdsh and a bit intolerant of anti-establishment groups such as Indians, students, and the parlor liberals of the college faculty. As to development, the Yacht Clubbers hold pretty much to the notion that any development is to be looked upon with favor. They are not inclined to appreciate the natural resources of this area and the need for their preservation. Everything has been put here to be used for "progress."

Combined with the building fixation is a remarkable lack of sophistication. These men have made it big in the context of small town America. They may know their liquor, in many cases a bit too well, but they are also boorish and ignorant to the extent that Bellingham has been a laughingstock in any number of instances.

Those of you familiar with the San Francisco Bay Area probably know about Port Chicago. Port Chicago is the Wehrmacht's chief ammunition dump and loading area on the West Coast. Shells, bombs, and "defoliation devices" are shipped out to Vietnam daily. Arms are sent to such defenders of freedom in Asia as President Park of South Korea and that old Redfighter Chiang Kai-shek.

Especially after a 1942 explosion which took 500 lives, the Navy has been uptight about Port Chicago. One mishandled shell might set off a blast which could kill 10,000 people. The town of Port Chicago is being evacuated to get at least a few people out of the danger zone. In the late 1950's the Navy even had the idea of moving Port Chicago and studied several sites up and down the Coast.

In most cases local residents raised vehement cries against relocation of the ammo dump in their communities. The Navy was deterred. However, to the amazement and amusement of officials working on the project, one community actually had people lobbying to get Port Chicago. That town was Bellingham. To the community developers of our fair city the ammunition dump represented "progress." It was envisioned that Port Chicago could have been located near the mouth of the Nooksack River, presumably after the Indians had been sent on their way.

The Port Chicago deal fell through, but six years ago another civic project was launched in the name of "progress." Contrary to the Port

Chicago deal this one had the backing of everyone. The plan was to get the southern terminus of the Alaska ferry located in Bellingham. The thought never reached the bar at the Yacht Club that the ferry operators would prefer Seattle, which after all is larger and more centrally located.

The ferry project got going strong in spite of first brushoffs and later chuckles from officials in Alaska's capital of Juneau. Money was raised to send a delegation of wealthy Yacht Clubbers north to meet Alaska governor William Egan. School children were pressed for contributions. The delegation finally made it to Juneau, and was politely received. However, in private, Alaska officials were in hysterics over the plan. Matters were not helped by the boisterous and now-famous spare time activities of Bellingham's envoys. The dollars donated by the student councils were used to keep the delegates in a fine state of lubrication.

Below the Yacht Clubbers comes the lowest layer of influence -- that of the local merchants and shopowners. The petty bourgeoisie of Bellingham is not particularly influential. The merchants have some weight in city hall matters, and make their voices heard through service clubs and citizen groups. However, they stand in awe of such institutions as the toilet paper plant. The shopowners allow policy and affairs of state to be resolved in the bar of the Yacht Club. They quite clearly know their place, and intervene only where self-interest issues such as parking facilities or police protection are being discussed.

Bellingham's merchants are clearly a conservative influence on the community. The petty bourgeoisie are the predominant element in a large and healthy John Birch Society organization in town. Shopowners have in the past been quick to act against anything or anybody out of the ordinary threatening the tranquility of the downtown business district. The shameful treatment of the Lummi Indians can be attributed to the suspicions of the petty bourgeois.

The sorry record of this community in racial affairs can also be traced to the negative influence of small businessmen. Black people have traditionally found it impossible to buy property in Bellingham, and only within the last seven or eight years have college-initiated breakthroughs occurred. The Black real estate

customer is still treated with suspicion, though, and is not likely to be shown lakefront or Edgemoor property.

Along with real estate understandings has come what is usually described as a "sundown rule," namely a policy whereby no Black man will be served food or given accommodations after dark. This has

moderated in the last ten years, but Project Overcome students and others have run into difficulties while exploring the local nightlife. However,

what we have now is an open society compared with the old days. The Leopold Hotel once refused a room to Black soprano Marian Anderson on grounds that she was a "shine." A local journalist once observed a well-dressed middle-aged group of Black people get out of a Cadillac and go into one of the dives across from the Leopold. Twenty minutes later a policeman came in, went up to the group, and commanded them to "Move on!" and "Get out of town!"

I have perhaps taken a cynical view of the exercise of power in Bellingham. To be sure a somewhat sinister portrait emerges from my analysis. However, Bellingham is a mellow place in a way. Special interests exploit her, but they are not really that brutal about it. Government is inept and officeholders stupid, but there is little corruption to speak of. The mayor is not a potentate to be bought but rather a soldier to be given his marching instructions.

What I have tried to portray is rule of a community by autocracy. The autocracy rules and exploits on a basis of self-interest. It abuses the resources of this area, insisting on the right to take everything and give nothing. There is no government restraint. The democratic institutions of this city and county are of scant consequence.

Thus the pulp mill can go on polluting and chiseling in its water rates. Caddys barrel down the Guide Meridian and are not stopped by police. Men meet at the Yacht Club and plan how to use the lands of the Indians. The Mayor and City Council act simply to ratify decisions already made by a tightly knit group of men. This is wrong and must be changed if our community is to be an open place and its natural surroundings preserved.

Latins

continued from page 10

decide upon, they must be united. This is the basic fact confronting all underdeveloped areas today, and there is ample evidence that Latin America is aware of the choices ahead. The Peruvian actions, including their attempt to unite Latin America against the economic tyranny of the Western powers, stand as the best examples of this thinking as of late. Judging from the 21 nation manifesto presented earlier this year (properly titled "The Latin American Consensus of Vina del Mar"), all of Latin America is beginning to realize the need for immediate, collective action. The

proposals of the Consensus are moderate, which means they will be failures. But the spirit of the document contains, I believe, a latent revolutionary element that will become manifest as conditions in Latin America worsen.

And these conditions will worsen. In the last twenty four hours, about three million dollars left Latin America in the form of remitted profits to the U.S. During that same time, about one hundred people in Latin America starved to death. Most of them were children. To be academically accurate, the connection between these two processes is several times removed. And the distance between our great northwest and the slums of Caracas or Lima or Rio is vast. Or is it? Next time you drink a cup of coffee or eat a

banana or buy gasoline, think about it. And remember this: when the people

of Latin America, like the people of Viet-Nam, decide their lives are worth more than their rubber, rice, tin, oil,

bananas, and coffee, and take appropriate revolutionary measures,

that is when U.S. citizens will once again be required to defend the vested interests of their corporate-military elite -- to die in Latin America as they have died, and are dying, in Viet-Nam.

It should be clear, then, that there is much more riding on our morning cup of coffee than relief from an otherwise sleepy day. That it means the lives of Latin people is certain. That it will soon mean the lives of many of us is a probability that grows every day.

Living

continued from page 11

assumptions or premises: first, that Man is, sine arguo, a part of the Natural Order; and second, that Nature is not to be "mastered" or "controlled". Hence, Man must be studied naturalistically, both as an individual and in groups, but always in the context of his total environment. And the order of the natural environment must be understood, so that human purposes can be achieved in harmony with that larger order.

The curriculum is composed of four principal areas of emphasis:

1. Games with numbers, shapes

continued on page 23

Living *continued from page 22*

(Mathematics) and machines.

II. Language (talking, listening, writing)

III. Natural and Human Ecology

A. Plants and Animals

B. Earth and Sky

C. Man and Earth

D. Man and Man

IV. Beauty (Art, music, dance, poetry, film, etc.)

This curriculum is adaptable to all age levels, from pre-school through high-school, by increasing the degree of sophistication and detail of study for older children. (Indeed, with the substitution of conventional academic sub-titles, the Liberal Arts curriculum of the average American university reveals itself here. But the emphasis, methodologically, is on how things are interrelated, rather than on how neatly they can be separated.)

This curriculum should appeal to the many parents and many students, in all parts of this country, who have found most conventional public (and private school education lacking in basic philosophical outlooks that would point toward a sane, peaceful, rational and humane society; and who have found, further, that their communities and the prevailing urban-suburban life-styles are often lacking in true depth of purpose and sincerity in human relations.

The highest aim of this kind of education would be to provide the world with a new generation of citizens who would so understand and appreciate both the potentials and the limitations of man and the environment that they would never be satisfied with less than excellence in the environment and the human condition.

Yoga *continued from page 12*

explanation of why the LSD had failed to affect him.

Bronchial asthma, according to Reich, is one of the common results of chronic muscular armoring, caused by constant pressure on the chest area. Sam had apparently been so armored that he had been able to successfully stop the pulsations of his body produced by the LSD. A knot in the chest is the classical symptom of anxiety. It is not uncommon for schizophrenics to attempt to cut open their own solar plexus in an attempt to relieve this condition. The practice of Hari Kari always seems related to this. The anxiety of shame among the Japanese is relieved by plunging a knife through the solar plexus. The Aztec practice of cutting the heart out of sacrificial victims may have functioned to sympathetically release the anxiety of the participants in the sacrifice through the ritual of tearing out of the heart of the victim.

Through orgasm anxiety, pleasure is identified with pain and God becomes the devil. Enjoyment results in damnation. If one is tempted by the

Reviews *continued from page 20*

man. "The condition of alienation, of being asleep, of being unconscious, of being out of one's mind, is the condition of the normal man. Society highly values its normal man. It educates children to lose themselves and to become absurd, and thus to be normal."

Laing has some caustic comments about contemporary psychotherapy. This one amused me. "An inhuman theory [of human nature] will inevitably lead to inhuman consequences -- if the therapist is consistent. Fortunately, many therapists have the gift of inconsistency. This, however endearing, cannot be regarded as ideal."

But he ends on a note of optimism: "I have seen the Bird of Paradise, she has spread herself before me, and I shall never be the same again. There is nothing to be afraid of. Nothing. Exactly. The Life I am trying to grasp is the me that is trying to grasp it." Heavy stuff, but well worth poking around in.

So if, one of these blustery evenings, you feel like curling up in front of the fire with a good book, take your choice. If you don't, then maybe you'll feel like writing one, which is even better. In either case, remember the mynah bird crying in the wilderness, "Attention. Attention. Here and now, boys." Cause here and now is where it's at. Think I'll go home and make a collage with my daughter.

Devil, punishment is sure to follow.

Man, and especially Western man, keeps his musculature in a chronic state of tension in order to cut off pulsations (impulses) which are socially unacceptable. The muscular armoring becomes a part of his character. In fact as I will detail later, the muscular armoring and the character structure are identical. If the armoring is dissolved, the character structure, the ego, is dissolved. Orgasm is therefore ego death. Orgasm anxiety is fear of dissolution, of death. This explains why the individual undergoing a psychedelic experience feels that he must die before he achieves Cosmic consciousness, or communion with God. This explains why Christ must die on the cross before he is resurrected, for the cross represents the split today, the split psyche of man.

The armored individual experiences tensions throughout his entire body. He has tensions in the muscles of his throat produced by the fact that he talks and by the fact that he must restrain himself from talking except at appropriate times. He may have a chronic tension through one whole side of his body which bends him to

the right or left and which represents a defense against the anticipation of being struck. This type of armoring can be the result of severe physical punishment in childhood.

Armored man never achieves an orgasm. He never experiences Nirvana, he never knows religion, the communion with the Universe.

The complete orgasm reunited man with nature. It is the ultimate religious experience and the ultimate bliss. When the sensations accompanying orgasm are, as in the Western man, opposed by muscular tension, the interaction of pulsation and counter-tension produces pain. Consequently the onset of pleasure comes to be anticipated as pain and the belief arises that the entrance to paradise is through hell. In simple words it comes to be believed that to feel good one has to feel bad. The psychedelic experience is thus often compared with initiation rites in which the participant has to die and suffer agony before he can be reborn into a higher state. He must feel the agony of muscular tension opposing the pre-orgastic sensations before he submits to the final dissolution of the ego, which is a relief from tension. If even our best psychedelic gurus believe that death must precede rebirth, it is no wonder that Western man worships the bloody man on the cross who must experience the terrible muscular agonies of crucifixion before his resurrection. Christ's tortured body represents man's struggle against muscular tension and his fear of the orgastic pulsations which thus come to have the dual character of God and the devil. The crucifixion symbolizes man's struggle against nature, against sexuality.

Is it not clear then why the armored representatives of the middle classes attempt to repress the use of psychedelic drugs? I once gave a lecture in which I said that I saw no reason why one should not take psychedelic drugs for enjoyment. The local press headlined, "Professor says, enjoy yourself." There followed a story characterizing me as a lewd demon leading the local citizenry to a debased hedonism. I had violated the basic tenet of Americanism. That is, to enjoy yourself is to play with the devil. Because to feel good is to feel bad. If a man is happy without having previously suffered, he believes he has a debt to pay. The American businessman who experiences guilt when on his vacation is just such an individual. Happiness without prior suffering means only that the suffering must come sooner or later. The Christian must first pay his debt of pain, only then is he allowed to enter into Paradise.

The American is threatened by psychedelic drugs since they will release pulsations which he spends all his life trying to conquer. He works compulsively so that he can feel nature pulsating within himself. Jesus on the cross, the God in chronic tension, is the object of his worship.

It perhaps seems a long way from Reichian therapy to Yoga. But it is through Reichian therapy that West and

East have finally been united, that Western psychology merges with Eastern theology.

LAYA means dissolution. YOGA translates as union. Therefore LAYA YOGA is the attainment of union through dissolution. The union to be obtained is, of course, between the split psychic forces. The psychic energy is called PRANA or vital breath by the Yogis, and orgone energy by Reich. When the boundaries of the psyche are dissolved, the psychic energy becomes unified. In Yoga it is said that the upper PRANA is united with the lower PRANA (apana), yielding PRANAPANA. When the PRANA is united, it enters the SUSHUMNA NADI and leads Kundalini to the SAHASRARA CHAKRA, producing cosmic bliss or divine union.

The PRANA of the individual is drawn from the store of cosmic energy (Hiranyagarpha) in the Universe through breathing. Similarly, Reich maintained that the orgone energy in the individual was obtained through drawing on the cosmic orgone energy. PRANA is drawn into the body with the breath; it is the subtle breath.

The Laya Yoga maintains that there are a number of CHAKRAS through which the Kundalini force must pass during its journey through the SUSHUMNA NADI to the SAHASRARA CHAKRA at the crown of the head. CHAKRAS, in addition to being described as the wheels or lotuses, are also referred to as GRANTHIS or knots which are pierced only with difficulty and often with accompanying pain. Various manipulations of the body and the mind are prescribed as preparation for piercing the GRANTHIS. In Tibetan Yoga the following procedures are recommended:

"(1) Rest the fists on the knees, with the feet in the BODHISATTVIC (or Buddha) Posture; then whirl the waist round and round, from right to left and from left to right. This practice dispelleth the disorders of the region of the navel and untieth (i.e. setteth into healthful functioning) the navel nerve-knot (or psychic-centre). (2) Then (in the same posture) turn the neck round and round, and bend it backward and forward. Thus the nerve-knots of the crown of the head and throat are untied. (3) (With the hands open and held palms downward over the bended knees, and the body in all other respects postured as in the first exercise) twist the upper part of the body from right to left and left to right alternately. Diseases of the upper part of the body are thereby dispelled, and its nerve-knots untied."

The GRANTHIS of Yoga are the centers of muscular tension in the body. Reich described these centers as transverse rings of muscular armoring which impeded the flow of orgone energy (life) within the body. The proper flow of energy is described in both systems as proceeding from the base of the spinal column up over the back to the top of the head and then

continued on page 26

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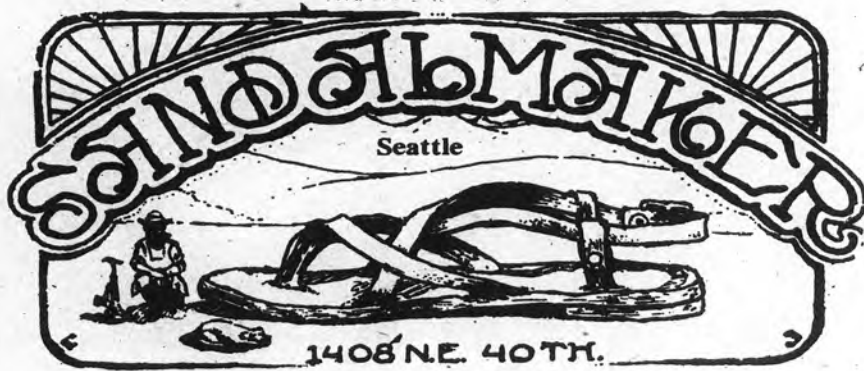
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Yoga *continued from page 23*

down over the front surface of the body.

The most important technique of Reichian therapy and Laya Yoga is control of respiration. The muscular tensions in the armored organism react on the organs of respiration and cause improper breathing. The indication of proper breathing reacts reflexively on the muscular tensions causing them to dissolve. The breathing practices of the Yoga are called PRANAYAMA.


"The most important means of bringing about the orgasm reflex is a BREATHING TECHNIQUE which developed almost by itself in the course of the work. There is no neurotic individual who is capable of exhaling in one breath, deeply and evenly. The patients have developed all conceivable practices which prevent DEEP EXPIRATION. They exhale "jerkily," or, as soon as the air is let

out, they quickly bring their chest back into the inspiratory position. Some patients describe the inhibition, when they become aware of it, as follows: "It is as if a wave of the ocean struck a cliff. It does not go on. The sensation of this inhibition is localized in the upper abdomen or in the middle of the abdomen."

The breathing practices of Yoga must be pursued with care. The individual is cautioned to proceed slowly and never to strain himself. With the induction of proper respiration, the tensions in the muscles begin to dissolve, energy is freed and plasmatic waves begin to flow over the organism. But for reasons already described the organism is likely to react to these pre-orgastic sensations with anxiety and redouble his armoring. This produces clonisms described both by Reich and in the literature on Yoga.

(to be continued)

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