



NORTHWEST
ASPECT



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Number 2

"In the beginning was the word...."

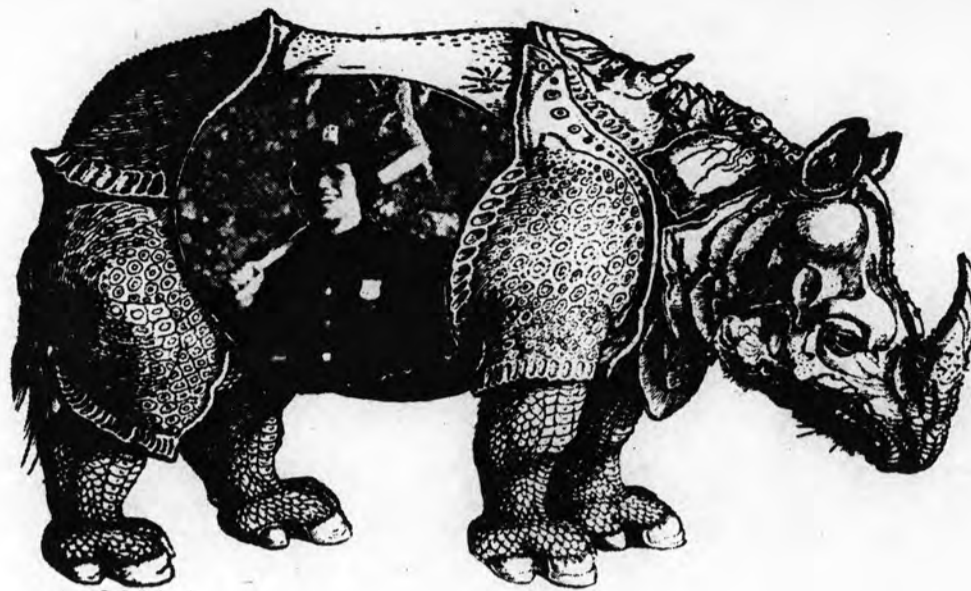
Bellingham, Wash.
November 4, 1969

**lummi's
looking
back
rising
up**



25c

NEWS



FRONT

MILKY WAYS

Merrill Jordan has been back to these parts for only six months or so. He was raised in the Acme-Clipper area and graduated from Mount Baker High School but somehow wound up living in Fort Worth, Texas and San Diego, California since about 1950. But now he's back again.

Merrill works a dairy farm on Imhoff Road out by Ferndale. Rumors have had it that he's friendly and sells raw milk to anyone who wants it. Cheap, too. And it's all true.

His place is open 24 hours a day. If he's not there, you just get what milk you need, make your own change, and

be on your way. If you can dig it.

Northwest Passage was welcomed at the gate, so to speak, and given an excellent tour of the dairy. Merrill showed us the milking, processing, and storage methods he uses. By getting the milk from the cow to the cooling apparatus (and down to near freezing) and, as quickly as possible, removing the animal odor and body temperature, his milk retains an added flavor you don't find in every bottle of milk, he says.

Out of the rack at 4:30 in the morning and working till 7:00 at night, he likes it. When he gets a new pipeline

installed next Spring, his milking process will be fully automated, but it will save only a few hours of work a day since you can't clean a barn with a vacuum cleaner, and it's pretty hard to automate fence-mending.

Cities don't quite make it with him, especially L.A. "Smog and too fast a livin'...If you're not a beach lover, you're a beer joint lover down there," he says.

Merrill is interested in seeing a food co-op get going in this area. He listened intently while we rapped about it to him. He suggested that, if a co-op were located just outside the B'ham city

limits, it could sell his milk. (Raw milk is not allowed to be sold in the city of Bellingham.)

There are people in the area who are into forming a milk co-op in Bellingham on an order and delivery basis. (See "Connections" in this issue of NWP)

Anyway, we had a good rap with Merrill Jordan, so we bought a gallon of milk (2 inches of cream in each half-gallon), drank our fill, and motored on down the road, contented as cows.





"Clean Air Week" Fogs Up

frank kathman

Over the last two weeks, under a somewhat hazy harvest moon, I took exception to my usual ecological indolence and attended several meetings on air pollution--lectures and seminars sponsored by various local civic groups under the banner of "Clean Air Week". (I'd settle for a few minutes of clean air, the way things are now going.)

I'm a "layman" on the subject in a scientific or academic sense but as much a victim of pollution as any chemist or ecologist, so the opinions and adventures stated herein are quite valid as they relate to me, and they might be of some interest to you.

The kickoff meeting was to be held in Anacortes on October 22. Several of us were anxious to go, so we jumped into our car and began to slowly cut our way through Georgia Pacific's sulphuric cloud, emerging into a clear night some distance down Chuckanut Drive.

We arrived late but on time to hear the featured speaker, Robert Oppenheimer of the National Air Pollution Control Commission. The scene was interesting, though not very encouraging. The audience was mainly made up of politicians and industrial representatives.

The most interesting points made by Oppenheimer were 1) that the federal government spends only about \$90,000,000 a year on air pollution (Note: Vietnam costs \$77,000,000 a day) -- \$25,000,000 for pollution control (enforcement) and the rest for research and, I suspect, for bureaucratic payrolls. (That isn't very much.) 2) that even if more money were available, the government wouldn't be able to hire the needed technicians for research because industry has them all and pays higher salaries than the government. Hmmm.

I ventured one statement at the meeting: Oppenheimer had been stressing that pollution was a local problem and should be dealt with by local citizens and agencies, but I contended that big industries usually hold the most political power in local areas and, in fact, usually have their people on local commissions such as the Board of Public Works, etc. Besides

that, local industries such as Georgia Pacific are only branches of huge national or international corporations that, in terms of raw political power, could only be effectively dealt with by the federal government.

Oppenheimer leaped up to the podium and, without ever really giving an answer, gave a heart throbbing speech about how much more democratic America is now than ever before. The audience applauded loudly, at least the politicians and the industrialists did. I felt like a fish in a lion's den and gave up in despair.

The second meeting, a week later, was a citizens seminar held in Bellingham. Speakers included representatives from the Northwest Air Pollution Authority. This agency is comprised of some pretty good people--notably Bill Dittrich, WWSC physics prof, and Errol Nelson, the lab technician. (Errol's predecessor told me several months ago that he was going to quit and move to the, as yet, unpolluted state of Alaska because industry had too much political influence to try to fight. He saw the ecological balances of nature involved in a losing battle with industry. And he DID quit!) NWAPA director, Glen Hallman, is a likeable man but far too friendly with industry to suit my tastes, although I admittedly harbor no love for corporate America.

Bill Dittrich gave a good talk on the health aspects of air pollution. The most needed action is to establish standards for clean air, he said, though this is difficult technically. He told of many pollution disasters in the past such as the great London smog of '52 when 4000 died in less than a month. Dittrich cited bronchitis, emphysema, and cancer as the main dangers of air pollution.

Dittrich also said that clean air standards geared only to human needs is not enough. Effects on plant and crop life may be high even though the effect on humans may be low. Generally, his was a good ecological view of the situation. A respect for all aspects of nature.

One recurring theme of these meetings, voiced by Oppenheimer and Hallman the first week, and Hallman

and the industrialists the second week, was that Mr. Average Citizen is the prime culprit in air pollution-- that is, that automobiles and trucks account for up to seventy percent of air pollution.

However, Errol Nelson of NWAPA stressed that, although autos and trucks provide the bulk of pollution in terms of solids released into the air, these are not the most toxic kinds of pollutants--those belong to industries in the form of chemical byproducts.

The most creative explanation of the high percentage of auto pollution, though, was voiced by an old gentleman in private conversation after the second meeting. It goes something like this:

Only a few months ago, the government ordered the termination of interlocking corporate directorates between oil companies and auto manufacturers. Could it be that those companies have engaged in a conspiracy to milk the public, with the auto manufacturers building bigger and bigger engines and cars every year so that the oil companies could sell more and more gas and oil? The fact is that we only REALLY NEED 50 to 100 horsepower engines to motor us round the town. If cars were produced on the basis of our real rather than status oriented (or false) needs, autos would be much less of a polluting factor. WOW and HOORAH!

The final meeting was the liveliest. The representatives of local industries spoke to explain their various positions on air pollution control. It was a strange scene, as it was held in the Congregational Church. The industrialists were placed in the front with a huge cross behind them. They were visually sanctified, I guess, but they faced a sparse but aggressive congregation.

Most of the industrialists cited economic reasons and factors first in their motivations for pollution control; rarely was ecological or human concern stressed. The noticeable exception was Robert Ferrie of the Intalco Aluminum Corporation, although Intalco should probably be investigated due to their extensive use of certain highly toxic chemicals.

At one point, I called on Georgia

Pacific's head chemist, Ed Dahlgren, to answer charges made in Northwest Passage that GP was releasing over 20,000 pounds of toxic mercury per year into the local environment. Dahlgren evaded the question by saying that he would "discuss privately" how much mercury is lost into Bellingham Bay and that "only three or four pounds a day" is lost into the air.

Several others in the audience, including a high school chemistry teacher, voiced concern about the mercury, with one person calling for a complete investigation of the matter. But it was all for naught, and the meeting ended soon afterward.

One final comment: I feel that future meetings of this sort should deal with all forms of pollution -- not just air or just water, etc. It is against the principles of ecology, which recognizes the interrelationship of all natural phenomena, to fragment and compartmentalize the world.

We've got only one world, one universe. Let's live in it. Peace.



Friends Glen Hallman (NWAPA) and Ed Dahlgren (GP)



The Lummi Aquaculture Project: Here, the Lummis spawn oysters for commercial purposes and have plans for developing 700 acres of their tidelands for spawning oysters, steelhead, trout, etc. This is viewed by the Lummi people as a means of establishing "forever roots" on their own land with an industry which has a minimum of pollution and is in harmony with the environment.



The Lummi Bay Beach Association--non-Indian landowners--banded together to try to prevent construction of the Lummi Aquaculture Project.

LUMMI'S TAKE ANOTHER LOOK

close beaches &
land to
non-indians

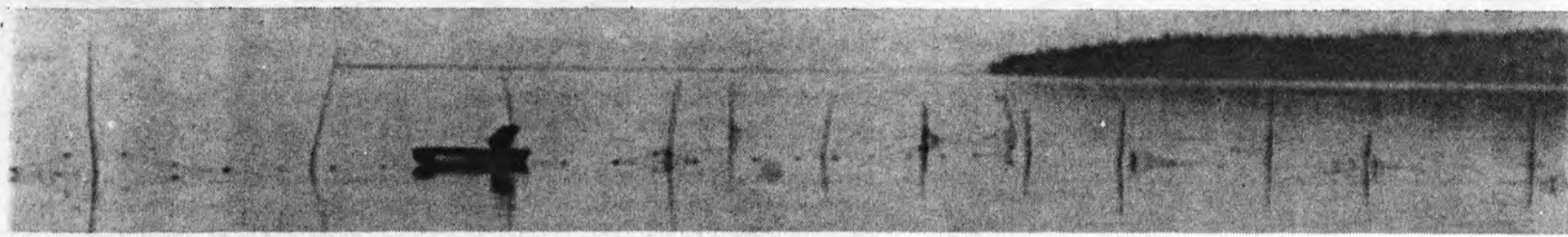
Catholic missionaries came, built "schools", took the youngest children, demanded English from them, and forbade them their own tongue. The young were supposed to teach the old what heathens they were and bring them the ways of Christianity. Few Lummi people today know anything about their own culture. There are still some Lummis today who bear horsewhip scars on their backs--the penalty if one was caught speaking the Lummi language.

*their wings were nailed
upon the cross
and a fierce consciousness
then was lost .*



The mili

"Our peo
low price
by non-I
took it o
over now
--Sam Ca



Reaping, not raping, the sea.



The military condemned land in order to build an installation.



"Our people have been taken advantage of all too often. Our land has been bought at low prices and resold at high prices. Indian people have been run off their own beaches by non-Indian landowners. Poachers, caught in the act, laugh at our patrolmen. We took it on the chin for a long time--trying to be 'good guys'--but the 'good guy' days are over now."
--Sam Cagey





GOSH KIDDO!
I WISH THEY'D
LEFT A RETURN
ADDRESS WHEN THEY
DROPPED YOU - I
HATE TO TURN YOU
OVER TO THE
LOST AND FOUND
DEPARTMENT!

To Be Or Not To Be

Family planning is an expression that means exercising control over one's own fertility and has implications for improved physical and emotional health. From one point of view, family planning allows a fertile man and woman to choose how many children they desire and when they want to have them. From another point of view, it prevents unwanted children, abandoned children and battered children. To others, it is concerned with the demographic problem of sheer numbers of children. Opinions regarding the practice of fertility regulation (more commonly referred to as birth control) are less easily categorized. Who is going to practice it? For what purpose? With what motive? The possibilities are hotly debated by moralists, physicians,

lawyers, and the general public, but in the end the one answer that should perhaps be given the greatest weight is from whomever is having the sexual intercourse.

Denial of knowledge about contraception to curb sexual activity and to reaffirm traditional moral values has not worked. In the very decade that the Pill and the intrauterine device (IUD) have been introduced, the number of "illegitimate" births in Washington State has doubled. More important than numbers is the rate of increase. In 1950, 3.37% of reported live births in Seattle were illegitimate. In 1966, in Seattle, 11.66% or one out of every nine children was illegitimate. National figures compiled by the National Center for Health Statistics show that

in 1940, "illegitimate" births reflected a rate of seven births for 1,000 women of child-bearing age (between the ages of 15 and 44). By 1965, the rate of illegitimacy increased to 23 births per 1,000 women of child-bearing age, or a tripling of this rate in 25 years. The average age of a mother of a child born out of wedlock in the United States is 22 and the trend indicates the average age is getting younger.

Most physicians and other professionals who come into direct contact with women who are having children out of wedlock agree that the majority of these children are unwanted, but they caution against equating one necessarily with the other. Also unwanted pregnancy can occur within marriage as well as outside of it. It is estimated that 80% of the women seeking and receiving abortions are married, although these figures are understandably without documentation.

Unwanted pregnancy may be considered a disease. For the unmarried, four options are available when this disease occurs: 1) carrying the child to birth and keeping it; 2) carrying the child to birth and relinquishing it for adoption; 3) abortion; and 4) marriage. According to Paul Gebhard in "Pregnancy, Birth and Abortion" (New York, Harper-Hoeber, 1958), 70% of unmarried women who are pregnant choose abortion; 20% marry; and 10% carry the child to birth, either to keep it or give it up.

It is important to remember that these figures were gathered over 10 years ago. If we consider again the increasing rate of "illegitimate" births, remembering that roughly 70% of unmarried women choose abortion as treatment, the magnitude of the disease becomes apparent. On the back of Paul Ehrlich's "The Population Bomb," he itemizes eleven inalienable rights of man. Perhaps a twelfth "right" to be considered in the light of the above figures is the right to be wanted. To guarantee this right, one

outspoken gynecologist in the Pacific Northwest proposes a rule of thumb that people should follow in making decisions about their sexual behavior: every conscious act of sexual intercourse should be preceded by a conscious act of contraception unless a pregnancy is desired.

The reasons why sexual activity among the unmarried and the young has increased are complicated and not clearly understood. Some critics contend that it has not increased at all since Kinsey's famous study in 1948. What has changed, according to this group, is our attitude about sex. Our increasingly liberal interpretation of laws allows people to be more honest and open about sex without fear of rebuke or punishment.

There are eleven family planning groups in the State of Washington, all at various levels of development and all of them formed by private citizens. One of these groups is located in Whatcom County and at present has information services available in the Public Assistance Building in Bellingham on Tuesday evenings from 7 to 9 p.m. This group conducted an audit of the family planning needs in Whatcom County and estimated that 1500 women between the ages of 18 and 44 are in need of subsidized services. This figure was arrived at by using a formula developed by the Planned Parenthood/World Population organization. From 1960 to 1967, the number of live births in Whatcom County has steadily declined until 1966, at which time there was a slight rise, but the number of "illegitimate" births has increased more than 130 per cent. According to some members of the local clergy, over half to three-quarters of all marriages they are performing are carried out when the bride is pregnant. These figures, again, do not indicate the number of pregnancies that are terminated by abortion.

cont. on pg. 19

HALLOWEEN

Spooks prowled the misty alleys of Bellingham a few nights ago, stonily searching for a warm hand in the midst of a damp autumn evening. Lost souls drifted through the early morning hours, hoping to be reunited with their earthly bodies in the greying light of dawn.

Costumed in rags or velvet robes, the gathering began. Straights turned into freaks and the freaks became freakier. Younger trick-or-treaters seemed frightened by the fog -- we had only one or two. And the elderly waited -- waited for death, or for the new old folks' home to open its

concrete-plastic arms to warm their fading days.

In the afternoon, some community children had presented a play in Townsend Hall. They wrote, directed, staged, and acted an untitled witch's tale. Two weeks of full-time preparation brought forth a five-minute melodrama that had the parent-permeated audience hollering "encore" and "run it through again."

An evening poetry reading at the Web was a surprising delight to the two-score persons who braved the black light to listen to Laurence Kee, Anne Bailey, Paul Tobiason, Carl Cary

and Jerry Burns read their own works. Jerry wrapped the whole thing up with a poem written between the legs of a cadaver on Christmas eve. Macabre, to say the least.

If you can dig poetry at all, stay tuned for announcements of next month's reading. Perhaps they'll read "Poetry is alive and well in Bellingham."

On toward midnight, parties came alive -- the drunk and the stoned together pretending to have a lot of fun in celebration of summer's burial. Even the Kulshan was jumping!

Then we drifted apart again,



dissatisfied, forlorn, quietly alone in our separateness. Some of us went home to bed, listening to the warm fog horns from the warmth of a shared bed. Others went home to write all night. Some searched out twelve square feet of floor space to sleep it off.

All in all, a weird All Hallow's Eve. Perhaps, if we can get a few of our heads together, Thanksgiving will be a more festive occasion. For I doubt we could survive a winter whose tone was set by the ghostly contours of such a night. Let's hope it was summer's burial, and not winter's overture.

NEW MORATORIUM SET

In Bellingham, this month's Moratorium actions will center around the dates Nov. 14-15 (Friday and Saturday).

Two additions to last month's activities include a Fast For Peace, and a street-walk (not just the sidewalks) peace procession.

Those interested in participating in the Fast For Peace—either for 36 hours or 24 hours, depending upon your constitution—are urged to attend a fast-planning meeting Thursday, 3 p.m., in Lecture Hall 4 at WWSC. Others interested in the Moratorium are welcome too.

The Fast, explained one of its organizers, is a symbolic gesture "to demonstrate some sort of self-sacrifice as Americans while the killing and destruction continue," and also to serve as an action to "call attention to the urgent necessity for an immediate end to the war."

A special ceremony marking the beginning of the Fast will take place Friday morning, Nov. 14, at WWSC. The Fasters will participate in the Friday afternoon Peace Vigil, beginning at 3 p.m., outside the Federal Building at Cornwall & Magnolia. Those who wish to join the Vigil and/or the Fast can come by there. (Perhaps so many will show up, as with last month's march, that the police will have to block off the street.)

The Fast will be broken at a special ceremony during the Peace March Saturday evening. Tea and rice will be served the Fasters—expected to number in the hundreds and distinguishable by

some sort of identifiable arm or headband; after the march, said one of the Moratorium organizers, "we hope that non-Fasters will invite a Faster or two to their homes for food and community friendship."

Depending upon expected city approval, the Peace March will assemble at 6 p.m. at Kentucky Street—between Bellingham High School and Assumption School—there to march through the downtown area in the street in a candlelight procession to the Federal Building.

"We're assembling downtown so that the community can more easily participate," said a spokesman. "Too many people considered last month's march, originating at the College, as simply a student thing. We hope they'll join in this time."

The March, and the other activities, will coincide with nationally-organized actions, especially those taking place in San Francisco and Washington, D. C.

Friday night, Nov. 14, in Seattle, there will be a Peace Rally, and there will probably be several carloads from Bellingham taking off for there. Several Bellinghamites will also be traveling down to San Francisco for the huge Nov. 15 March there.

Those who would like to help out in some way, or who have ideas for projects, should contact Carolyn Richard, 733-8551; Maureen Montague, 733-6571; George Hartwell, Activities Commission, ext. 2279, WWSC; or Bernie Weiner, 733-7499.

Bring a friend. To Peace.



The publication date of this issue of Northwest Passage also happens to be Election Day, and, until now we have chosen to remain silent about the various candidates and issues of the pending election. This has not been without reason. In fact, the main reason this chronicle came into existence is that sizeable numbers of people, like us, have lost faith in the American processes.

Our position can be more clearly understood by reading the article in this issue on Washington state politics. We feel that this is a clear demonstration of the failure of the existing political machinery to work for the real needs of all the citizenry. We believe this is so because the traditions of authoritarianism and the economic system, among many other things, serve to subvert any hope of a viable democracy.

Those who hope to solve the American crisis by working within the structure of this system would try to convince us that things are improving, when, on every front, we are faced with imminent destruction—environmental, social, military, economic, and probably others we don't know about yet.

While the military dominates our national priorities, more and more people find themselves without a satisfying place to stand in our society, corporate interests dominate our government on all levels, economic stresses ruin our family lives and send us into battle against each other for survival, and pollution exacts its toll on our health and our aesthetic sensibilities.

Since none of the candidates in this election have taken firm stands on any of these issues, we can find no reason to endorse any of them. We will, then, devote our energies to making a direct effect on public and private consciousness and institutions, rather than becoming cogs in a machine the wheels of which are grinding exceedingly slow.

Having raised some pertinent questions concerning the emission of toxic mercury into the environment by the Georgia Pacific company, we wonder why GP hasn't seen fit to answer our queries on this matter. We have published scientifically documented articles on the matter, and, twice since, have printed "An Open Letter To Georgia Pacific" asking that they make public all knowledge about it.

In this case, we feel that it is incumbent upon GP to make a statement confirming or denying the veracity of the data presented in Dr. Mason's and to answer his question: Where is the mercury lodging itself in our environment?

FREE U

The Northwest Free University is preparing for Winter Quarter and would like to hear your suggestions for courses and other interesting things - to - do - when - the - chillies - come.

If you would like to lead a course, or just have one to suggest for some other brave soul to lead, contact the Free U. You can do so by writing P. O. Box 1255, Bellingham, or call 733-7499, or leave a note in the Free U mailbox in the Associated Student Government offices upstairs in the old part of the Viking Union at WWSC.

"If you have a special field of interest, or a hobby you're good at, or a particular area of speculation that others might groove on, contact us," said an anonymous Free U coordinator.

To do, more than 140 classes have been offered by the Free U, the great majority of those led by faculty and students at WWSC, but many by

non-WWSC people as well.

Entries cannot be returned and the decision of the judges is final.

HEAD START STARTS

Head Start is a pre-kindergarten program for children of low-income families. The program, a Community Action Project financed by both federal and state funds, is run by a committee of parents and other interested people of the Bellingham Community.

Now is the time to start getting involved in Head Start. Classes for about 40 pre-kindergarteners are due to begin in December or January. To acquaint parents and other interested people in Head Start, there will be a meeting, Thursday, November 6th, 7:30 p.m., at the Unitarian Fellowship, Gladstone and Franklin Streets. Refreshments and baby-sitting will be provided. For more information, call Judy Burns (733-1935).

LETTERS

Dear editor,

I have never seen so much talent put to so little use as in Vol. II, No. 1, NWP. You have verbal diarrhoea (sic) over a mental constipation symptomatic of accute (sic) professional (sic) contamination. Which means "you are a product of a bigger damn fool than you are." Which is difficult to imagine.

You are exploiting the "niggers" and "po' white trash," with words that prove you do know better.

You serve your own vile end every bit as much as G.P.

I suppose you wipe your ass with poppy husks?

Every one will do it to someone when they get the chance. Your national SDS did it -- they will keep on doing it and so will you.

It is greed that makes you write. Greed for power -- fame -- recognition-- for what you want -- whatever it is. And it is always greed for something you don't have.

In your thinking greed brought the first amphibian out of the water which accidentally (sic) created man who is greedy so he stood up to see more, to get more.

So now SDS -- Community China -- Black Panther want and will always want something they can not get -- without earning it -- and that is self respect.

Alexander, Nero, Japan, Hitler, Stalin prove you cannot take it, steal

it, appropriate it.

You have to build it. And no one can take it from you for his own -- nor give you any of his. Except Jesus the Christ of God!

If you follow his teaching and listen to his word in honest desire to have the devine (sic) truth revealed to your soul, he will not pass you by.

I have in my own time thot (sic) all the stupid thots (sic) & explored all the alleys of the world searching vainly for the truth that all can see by looking up.

"For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and God head; so that they are without adequate excuse:

Because though they knew him through seeing his work, they did not acknowledge him as God; nor were they thankful; but built vain plans from their imaginations and became lost in there foolish plans and became blind to the truth of God."

Romans I:20 & 21.

It is greed that makes you want something better.

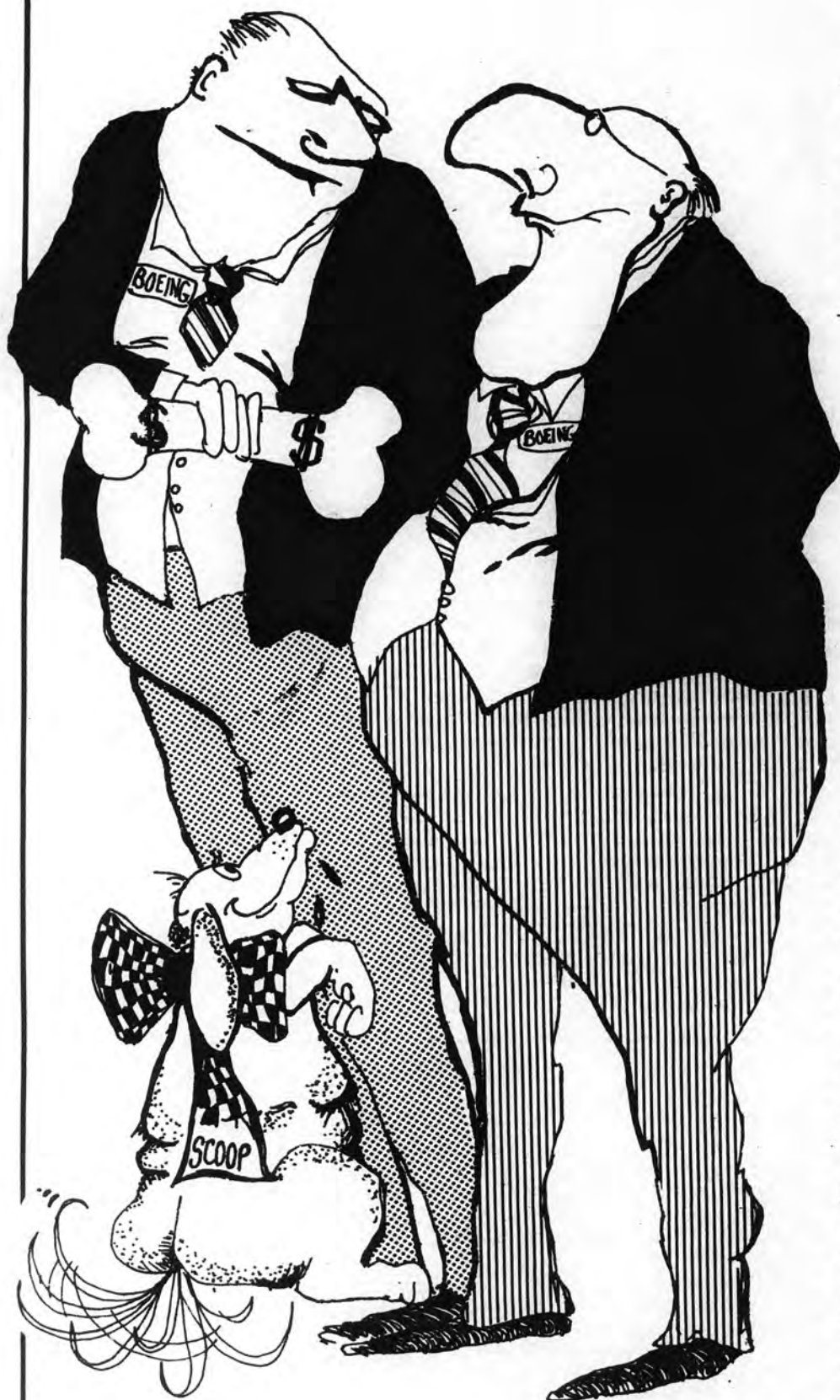
Don't knock it -- channel it to a constructive end.

Recognize it as a tool, not a weapon.

Socialism is wonderful -- except it won't work -- never has -- still won't. (unsigned)

BRINGING IT ALL BACK

DICK AND SCOOP Politics in Washington



HE NEVER BITES THE
HAND THAT FEEDS HIM!

Few U.S. Senators are closer to the Nixon Administration than Washington's Democrat Henry M. "Scoop" Jackson. Jackson led the fight for the anti-ballistic missile system and stands firmly behind proposals for a multiple warhead rocket which, when developed, will allow us to obliterate up to 25 Russian cities with one shot. Scoop, once a strong LBJ man, has stood resolutely by Nixon on the Vietnam War.

One would think offhand that Senator Jackson is a dangerous man, a militarist, and a poor judge of leaders. Well, he is, but that's not the whole story. Jackson is also a skilled politician. When it comes to self-interest tinkering with national policy questions, he and Nixon are two of a kind.

Jackson's work on the ABM was not without its rewards. Just by coincidence the President soon afterwards okayed government financing of the Supersonic Transport, a key project of the Boeing Company. Word went out from Washington, D.C., that Jackson is not to be seriously opposed when he runs for re-election next year. Thus the President's party will allow Scoop the fun of obliterating some Spokane attorney by a two to one margin. To top things off, right on cue, most of Washington's top Republican business leaders signed on as Jackson fundraisers for the 1970 race.

Senator Jackson's actions cannot, of course, be described as corrupt. However, the Senator has revealed himself to be, morally, about as pure as the driven slush. He is in no sense an influence peddler, but most certainly has placed personal gain far ahead of the national welfare.

Scoop, naturally, is in a class by himself when it comes to backroom deals and high-level maneuver. Nonetheless he provides a model in the study of politics and politicians in the state of Washington. The Jackson modus operandi is constantly studied-and imitated-by officeholders on all levels of government.

In most political affairs the name of the game is influence. Elections and operations of government are determined by deals. The skillful horsetrader becomes an enormously powerful figure, as is illustrated by the careers of such men as Sam Rayburn, Lyndon Johnson, and Everett Dirksen. However, influence is exercised and obtained in quite a number of ways.

Some regions of the country have been known for sordid politics. The Mafia has influence in Chicago, influence obtained through coercion as well as an elaborate system of payoffs. In Lake Country, Indiana (Gary), there is a price on the support of major Democratic Party and AFL-CIO officials. Standing in stark contrast is the open citizen political life in, say, Wisconsin. Pressure groups and business interests in Wisconsin have had but limited influence.

Washington State government in no way resembles that of Indiana or Illinois. Prosecutor Carroll may be friends with pinball operators and ex-Governor Rosellini's handling of liquor licensing may be faulted, but there is no open, blatant corruption. However, this state is in no sense a Wisconsin either. Influence rests with a few magnates and interest groups, and politicians tend to be their spokesmen or partners. The populace is apathetic, with citizen participation far lower than even those states with one-party government. The voters generally look to newspapers or community leaders for advice, and tend to have faith when told that Scoop, Maggie, or Mort will represent "You" when elected.

The pattern of interest representation is most clear on a statewide level. Washington's two veteran Democratic senators are prototypes of the skilled pol who keeps powerful men happy. For years Jackson has been known in D.C. by the nickname of "the Senator from Boeing." Scoop's efforts on behalf of the airplane company are legendary. He called Senate hearings in protest when the contract for the TFX fighter went to General Dynamics. His lobbying for the SST will likely make the giant transport one of the few "prestige" projects passed by this year's economy-minded Congress.

Of course Boeing has done its share, too. When Jackson's 1964 opponent belabored the Senator over l'affaire TFX, Boeing President William Allen called in the press to deny the Republican's charges. This time around, as Scoop faces primary opposition from the liberal Washington Democratic Council, the bomber barons have taken the lead in rallying corporate support behind Jackson.

The state's other Senator, Warren G. Magnuson, has been traditionally linked to lumber and fisheries interests. "Maggie", a 25 year veteran of the Senate, has great power as chairman of the Commerce Committee. Thus he has been a key man in the lives of those wishing to stave off Russian trawlers Japanese logs, and so on. However, Magnuson's

K HOME

joel connelly

work on behalf of the consumer must also be recognized. The Senator has worked closely with crusading lawyer Ralph Nader on a number of issues, the standout being auto safety. Magnuson as a Senate maneuverer reminds many observers of his close friend Lyndon Hohnson. "Maggie" is a skilled politician, and has never made

any bones about being a statesman or great crusader. He is closely linked with the special interests of his region, but has emerged, surprisingly, as a spokesman in the area of consumer affairs.

State government in Washington has been noted for its honesty on the financial level. No official in recent years has gotten rich off the job, although former Secretary of State Victor Meyers at one time had ten relatives on the state payroll and a whole gang of Rosellini relations (including two sisters of the then Governor) were connected with the State Liquor Control Board. When it comes to campaign contributions, the picture is a little more murky. It was recently revealed that the owner of several pinball spas in Seattle contributed \$1,000 to the last campaign on King County Sheriff Jack Porter. Seattle magazine exposed a year ago the connection of King County Prosecutor Charles O. Carroll with gambling figures.

No such exposes have tainted state officials, but there are some indications that the campaign financing game is being played on a very high level. Following 1968's gubernatorial contest the losing Democrat, an honest, sincere Irishman named John O'Connell, found himself deeply in debt. Not so at all with O'Connell's well-financed primary opponent State Senator Martin Durkan, a man known to have links with timber interests. A few years ago then State Senator (now reactionary Tacoma Mayor) A.L. "Slim" Rasmusson was redistricted out of his seat because of his highly vocal "honest government" crusades. It seems that, among other things, "Slim" took special exception to a legislators' campaign fund being supervised by fellow Democrat R.R. "Bob" Grieve of Seattle. Financial machinations and feuds are a sidelight, though, in discussion of Washington political life. When one focuses on political parties in the state the true "closed society" picture becomes clear. The Democrat and Republican hierarchies of Washington have historically been impervious to citizen challenge. This has been especially true in recent years, in spite of

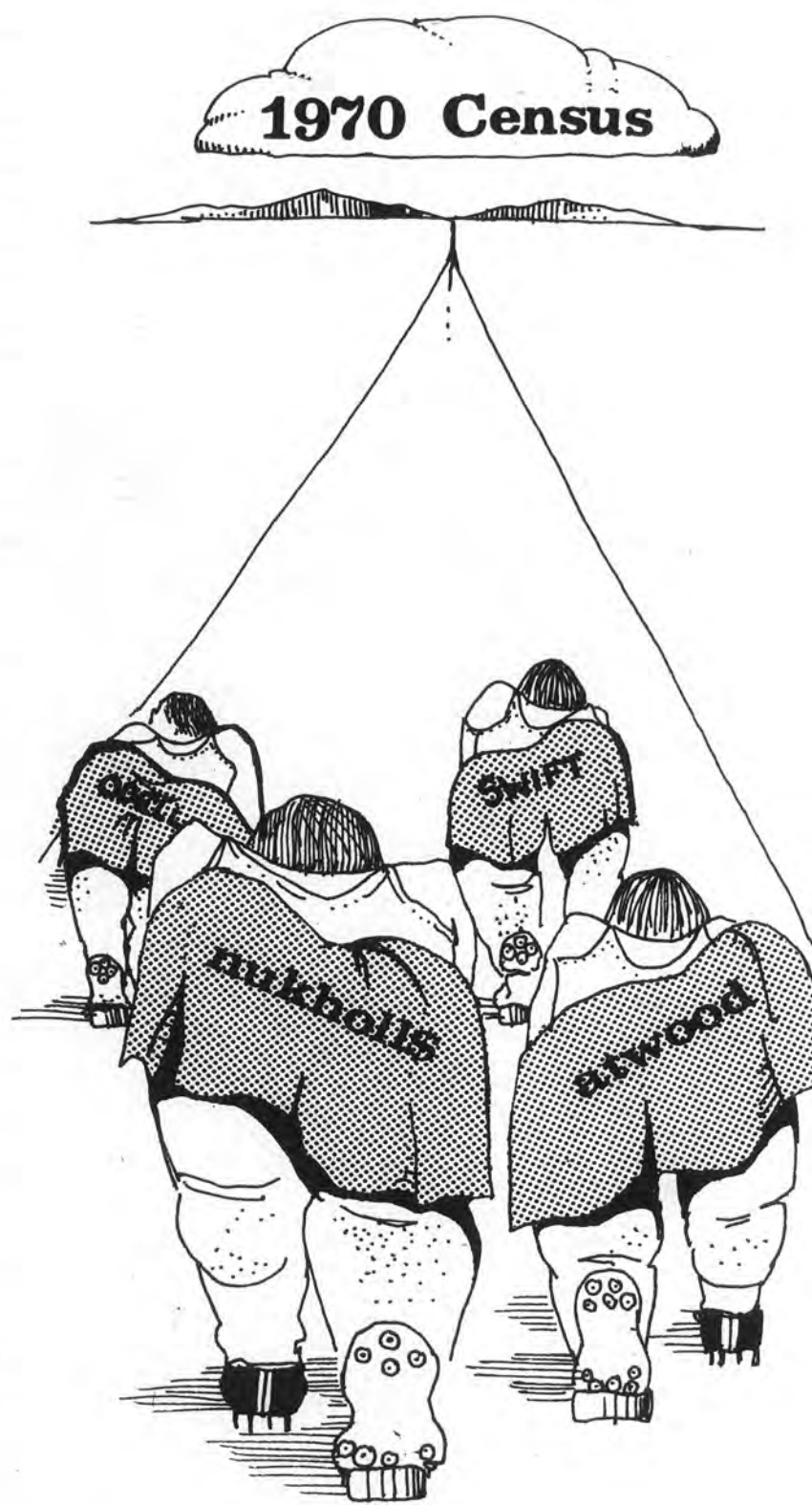
controversies and occasional takeovers from outside. Goldwater fanatics wrested control of the state GOP from the hands of its moderate leaders at the 1964 state convention. These people, comprising a majority of active Republican workers, still control the King and Spokane County organizations, but have been aced out at the stateside level by Governor Evans and State GOP Chairman (and former Weyerhaeuser executive) C. Montgomery Johnson. Evans and Johnson have pulled off some monumental convention stunts to keep control.

Going into the 1968 state convention the right wingers appeared to have a majority, but "Gummy" Johnson rounded up moderate Republican "delegations" to challenge the right wingers' control of Pierce, Snohomish, and King. The challenged delegations could not vote on their own seating, and hence "Gummy," with a majority of the other delegates, threw out Pierce and half of Snohomish, thus seizing control of the convention.

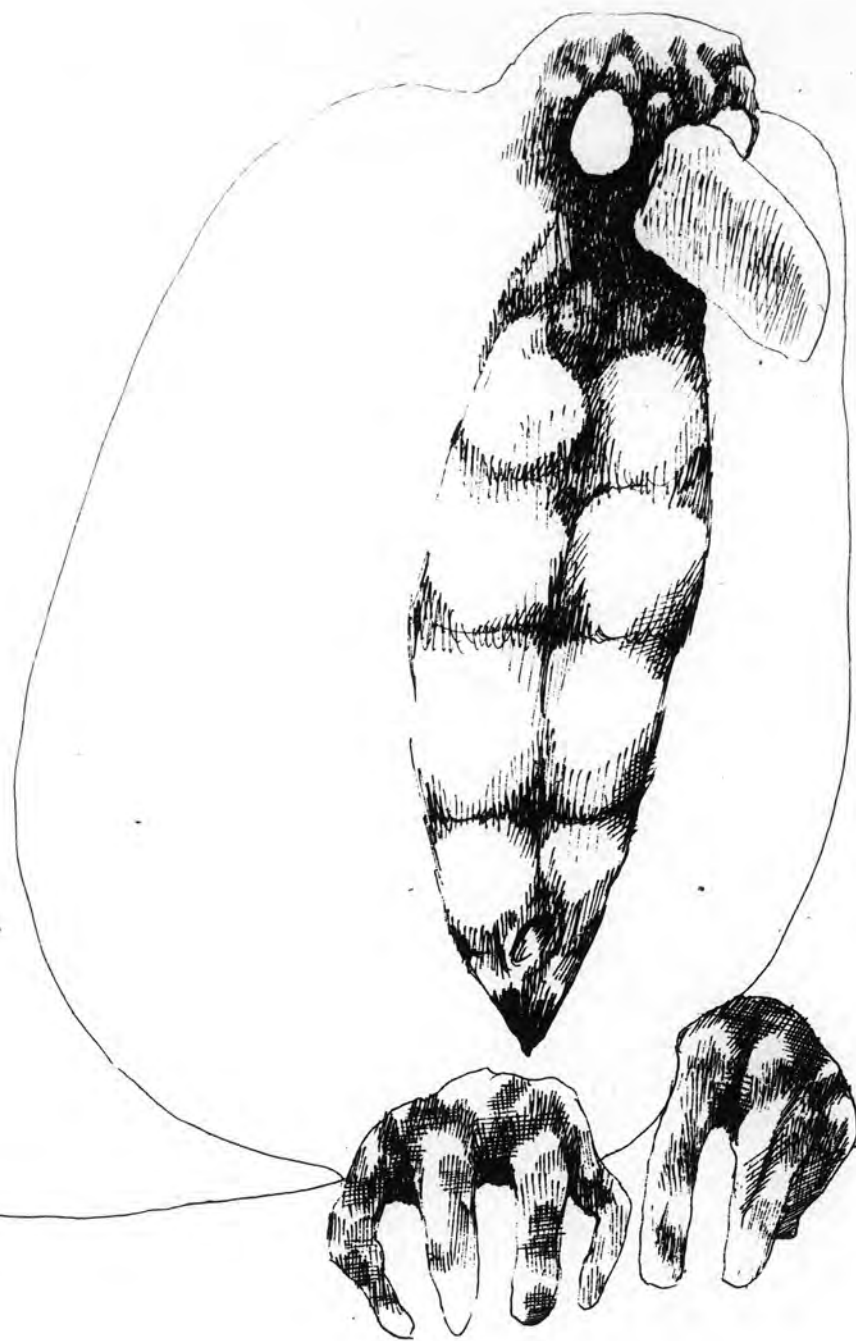
Just as the moderate businessmen of the GOP have withstood citizen challenge from the right, the party hacks and labor goons of the Democratic Party have fought the left. The citizen or McCarthy wing of the Party, based largely on the campuses of the state, has managed to assert itself. Through the Washington Democratic Council it is actively opposing "Scoop" Jackson. The liberals, last January, managed to capture control of the King County organization, displacing the Madame Nhu of the state Democratic Party, County Chairman Jeanette Williams.

However, when the chips have been down, the ruling elite of the party has been in command. Recently at a state central committee meeting in Port Angeles a convention seating arrangement was rammed through which will deprive King County of its rightful share of delegates. The classic power play, though, came at last year's state convention. The McCarthy forces came to Tacoma with 500 delegates, about 45 percent of the total. The balance at the convention rested with the Pierce County delegation, which had been packed by the hacks and rammed through a rigged convention. When the pierce challenge came up, Humphrey floor manager (and Everett attorney) John Wilson, realizing the crucial and close nature of the vote, instructed the convention chairman Lt. Governor Cherburg to allow the delegation to vote on its own seating.

cont. on pg. 19



WHAT CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT?



GETTING BACK TOGETHER

rev. goose mother

a look at ecology

*Tradition is a gravitational field
we must learn to overcome if we
ever hope to fly.*

Langen VI

The dictionary defines Ecology as the branch of biology that deals with the relations between living organisms and their environment. The base of the

word is the Greek *oikos*, a dwelling place, especially a house. The concern here is not on what the word itself means, or how it is defined, as much as how it is to be applied. But before one can apply the ecological principles of how to treat the earth gently something else must first occur. Ecology is a way of looking at life, and

some fine folks are starting to "get" ecology in the same way one "gets" religion. The emphasis is on feeling.

We can have ecology as a study, or a science, a discipline, an ad hoc committee, and so on, but it is precisely defining and structuring it in these ways, pigeon-holes, that rob it of its healing powers of integration, because if anything symbolizes and promises getting things together, it is ecology.

Knowledge is easy to obtain; understanding (use and maintenance of that knowledge) requires much more. What we need is a usable (all power to the people) approach to ecology. Most people have to have a response of feeling towards knowledge to which they have been exposed

before they can utilize it. As Yoko Ono says, "When you know something you can never unknow it." In other words, all that has been written about the current lack of concern for the world as evidenced in pollution and rape of environments and minds is "known" by many, and they won't forget; but they can, and do, choose to ignore it ... or stop short of trying to understand it. Knowledge without motivations (feelings) is quite helpless.

Green Panthers, Conservation groups, Sierra splinter groups, Green Mountain Boys, Ecology Action, and other radical action groups are involved, and they are involved by reasons of their knowledge and feelings

Many are convinced that war with nature is man's inspirational goal. These people need to be unconvinced, re-educated. All propaganda is knowledge, but all knowledge is not action. Knowledge without power is ultimate frustration, as is power without knowledge. This is why the intellectual spearhead of the conservation movement is quite frequently an impotent tool in the hands of the people. Science, per se, moves few people to action. Most people only respond if they are touched, that is, if their feelings are

affected.

The point where "involvement" in our environmental plight begins most frequently is in joining another club, and wishing to strike out (revenge) against what we have labeled "offenders." Intellectual propaganda, without the necessary emotional coherence, leads us to believe that the right path is to blow up GP before trying anything else.

Man as conquering animal, man as top of the chain, is wrong thinking. If we conquer nature, tame her, we defeat her, and ourselves ... for we cannot separate ourselves (try not breathing) from our environment. All the warnings, the prophesy, the Rachel Carsonizing, have fallen on the proverbial deaf ear because we have been educated to think (but is this how we really feel?: that we are being most human (doing our thing) by converting and controlling the earth with tree farms, strip mines, jet ports. Many of us still feel pride at how far we have removed ourselves (isolated) from that primitive jungle dweller.

We certainly have made our mark upon the earth. As Mark Twain said, "Man is the only animal that blushes, or needs to."

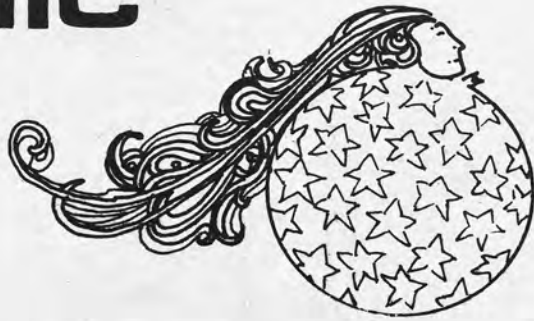
Emile Zola, another "old-timer," was exhibiting his wisdom (integrated

understanding) when he said, "The fate of animals is more important to me than the fear of appearing ridiculous, for it is indissolubly connected with the fate of man." To be like an animal is considered to be crude, bad, naughty, naughty ... another mind-fuck the Victorians laid on us in an attempt to deny our connection with the earth (in hopes of being accepted by the angels?). Yet, animals are spontaneous (free) and act on instinct (environmental trust), and are more god-like than most of us in terms of realization.

Everything that removes us from inter-dependency with the earth elevates us in the current society in the form of status. Natural is supposed to be "bad." Eldridge Cleaver's portrait of "Ultrafem" and "Supermac" is a good description of someone unnatural. Scraping hair from our bodies, covering our faces with paint so that we become a "mask," remolding our contours with uncomfortable garments, forcing our hair into fashionable patterns and colors, rigorous and dutiful application of chemicals to cover our scent ... all this is an affirmation of one thing: we, those that persist in these practices,

cont. on pag. 19

COSMIC



CAPERS

Galactus

The entirety of Science is based upon the assumption of universal truth in certain laws upon which it is based. Among these are the Laws of Thermodynamics; specifically the law of conservation of energy which states that matter can neither be created nor destroyed, and the law of 'entropy' which states that all physical systems move in the direction of increasing disorder.

It is a relatively easy matter to see what is meant by this law of increasing disorder. The sun, for example, at its beginning was a mass of concentrated energy; and throughout its lifetime has been losing its energy, undergoing a process of disorganization through diffusion of heat, light and other types of radiation which we call "sunlight." Ultimately through this process, the sun will reach a state of final disorder -- the end-product in the process of entropy -- and will cease to exist as an organized entity of matter and energy as its substance becomes totally diffused throughout the universe. This same type of diffusion process is apparent in examples closer to home; a spoonful of chocolate in a glass of milk is entropy at work. The loss of heat in a cup of hot water as it turns cold is entropy at work.

The universal application of this law of increasing disorder insists that the cosmos at its beginning was an entity of highly organized matter and energy; across the millenia its energy will go through successive, continuing stages of disorder until it reaches its final stage of entropy, complete disorder -- called a "pea soup" consistency in the universe. We are apparently somewhere in the middle of the process now.

The universal application of this second law of thermodynamics certainly implies a beginning and an end to the cosmos, or if you will, a parallel to the Judaeo-Christian concept of creation and a day of judgment in the universe.

Despite the many differences which apparently exist between Science/Technology and Christianity, they appear to be based upon many of the same philosophical foundations regarding the nature of the physical universe and the relationship of man to nature.

Anyhow, back to the main point. The question remains how does one justify, what to me is the more reasonable notion that the universe is more or less cyclic in nature and is infinite not only in space but in time as well, without creation and without end?

The second law of thermodynamics is apparently incompatible with a universe infinite in time, for a universe

always tending towards disorder and stretching infinitely into the dark reaches of the past would be perpetually in a final state of entropy which, to the best of our fallible abilities to observe, is not the case.

It seems ultimately reasonable, then, to assume that there must be something else operating in the universe -- operating alongside the process of entropy, a process of organization of matter and energy. As entropy disorganizes matter, this other process organizes matter; as entropy loses energy, this other process regains energy.

Looking about us in the finite world, this cell of that organism we call the universe, we see a process, and only one process, that organizes matter and energy and that process we call life. For only life takes raw chemicals from the air and soil and energy lost by the sun in its process of entropy and from them forms incredibly complex organisms called

plants, and as if that wasn't enough, then uses these plants to form even more complex organisms up the "great chain of being" to a creature who has the arrogance to try to understand and even harness the process for his own ends.

Furthermore, these organisms organize themselves into ecological systems whose apparent function is to evolve in the direction of increasing order and complexity to insure themselves greater stability.

So not only do the organisms of life evolve in increasing complexity, but the systems in which they exist also evolve in the direction of increasing complexity.

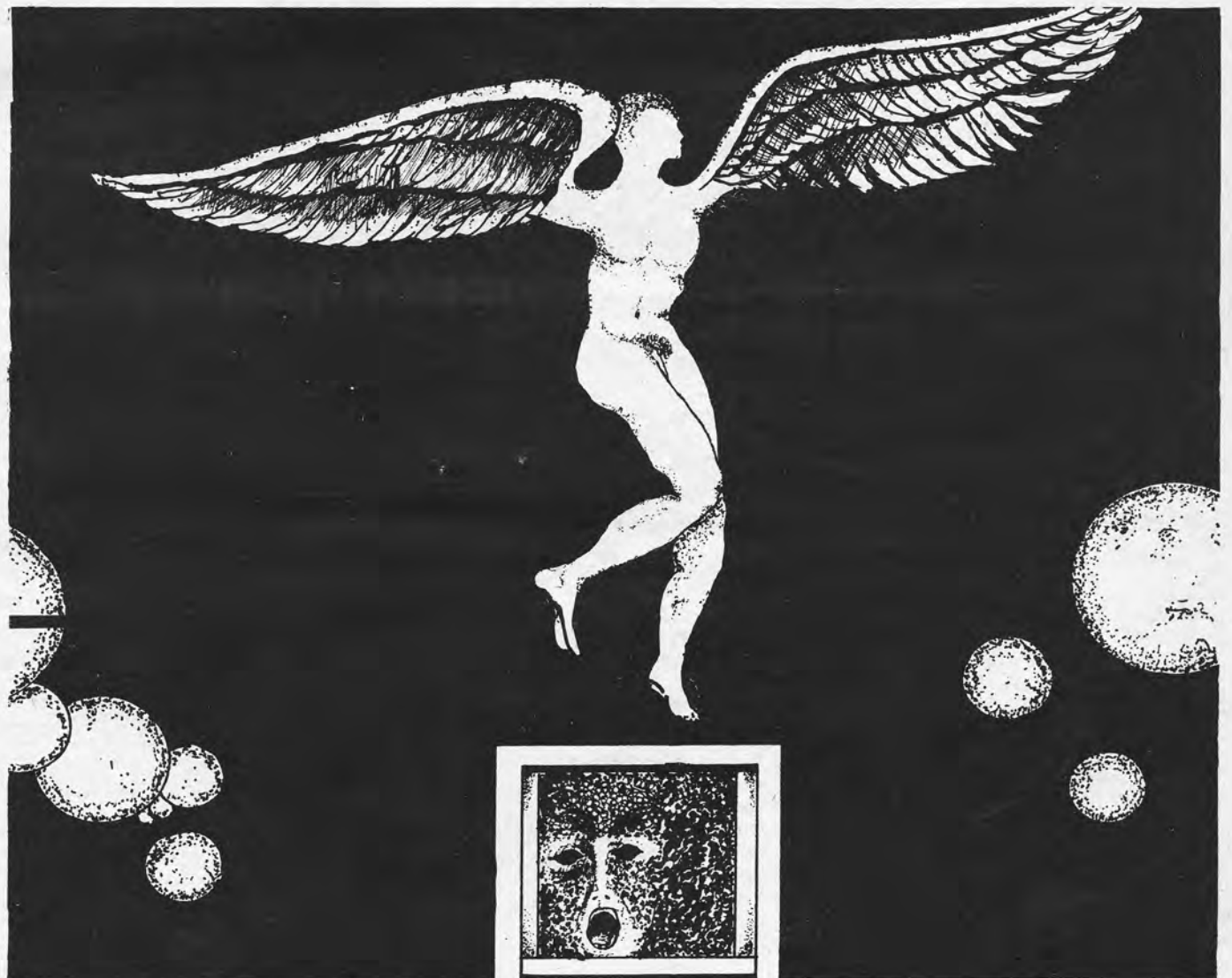
If, then, the universe is infinite in time as we suppose it to be, it is necessary for vast, organic life forces to be at work in the infinity of the cosmos engaged in a continual process of ordering the matter and energy decomposed and diffused by the non-organic physical universe governed

by the law of entropy.

The forms which these non-terrestrial life forms may assume elsewhere in the universe may be so remote from our own concepts of what life is that we may not even recognize them for what they are when, and if, we encounter them in our inevitable exploration of the accessible universe. Or, on the other hand, the life forms may be very much like ourselves.

But what is more likely is that there will be a gradient of forms in which life exists from very much like ourselves to so remote that we share only one thing in common -- that of the organization of matter and energy which separates us from the non-organic world as yin-yang complements of each other, each necessary for the other's existence, each necessary for the cyclic flow of matter and energy through the cosmos from order to disorder to order and back to disorder into the distant reaches of time.

a proof for the existence of life elsewhere in the cosmos





Historical Cake

Take 40 eggs & divide the yolks from the whites. Beat yolks. Work 4 lbs butter to a cream & then add egg whites a spoonful at a time. Mix well. Add 4 lbs sugar, finely powdered. Mix well, then add egg yolks, and then add 5 lbs flour & 5 lbs fruit, 1/2 oz mace, one nutmeg (ground) & 1/2 pint of wine. Bake 2 hours.

Ah, dear readers, the time has come to talk of many things: why aren't you sending things in to YOUR news-paper? Too many of us have just lain around in laid-back Bellingham, thinking things will get better. They will, but we'll have to help. We have really a big thing in our hands—the forming of an alternate society—and everyone has to help out or it come out just the same as the society we've been for under. Give us a hand—it's not easy to come up with ideas all the time. Send ideas and suggestions in to the Jug. And the molasses Jug will take any of those things that help us: car or house repair tips, recipes, health tips, where to get what, make photos—everybody knows something, so pull together and give us a hand! Jug material can be sent to 1610 10th st. Or stop and exchange ideas with us!

OUT THE MOLASSES JUG

PUMPKIN SOUP?

Don't throw away your post-Halloween Jack-O-Lanterns!! We found a good soup recipe in our ZEN cookbook: Potiron-pois chiche (or Pumpkin-chick peas)

- 1/2 cup Chick peas
- 1/2 lbs. pumpkin (with skin)
- 1 cup oat flakes
- 1/4 tsp. thyme or cumin
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 1 clove garlic
- sea salt
- 10 1/2 c water.

Soak chick peas over night. Drain. Sauté the pumpkin in olive oil, then cook for 15 minutes with 1/2 cup water. Cook the chick peas in approximately 10 cups water, for 40 minutes, covered, over a low flame.

Spoon out chick peas. Mix the chick peas and sautéed pumpkin in a blender. Put this mixture into water in which the chick peas were cooked. Add thyme, oat flakes, salt and crushed garlic.

Cook 25 minutes longer on a low, low flame, stirring. Soup should be heavy, almost like a cream, but still liquid!

If you don't want to make soup with your pumpkin, just let it sit and petrify for a few months—it's beautiful!

BUCKWHEAT CAKES

Since we live in a YIN climate, YANG foods are a good thing to eat—especially with the coming of winter. Buckwheat is quite YANG and buckwheat cakes are good to eat... anytime (but especially for bread kfast!)

- 1 Tbsp. yeast
- 2 cups lukewarm water
- 1 cup milk, scalded & cooled
- 2 Tbsp. raw sugar
- 2 cups buckwheat flour
- 1 cup sifted, unbleached flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt.

Dissolve yeast and sugar in lukewarm liquid. Add buckwheat and white flour gradually, and salt.

Beat until smooth.

Cover and set aside in warm place free from draft to rise. About 1 hour. When light stir well and bake on a hot griddle.

If wanted for overnight, use 1/4 Tablespoon yeast and an extra 1/2 Tablespoon salt.

Cover and keep in a cool place

PUMPKIN BREAD

- 4 eggs
- 3 1/2 c. flour
- 3 c. sugar
- 1 c. oil
- 2 c. pumpkin - shredded or mashed
- 1 T. soda
- 1 T. cinnamon
- 1 T. nutmeg
- 1/2 T. salt

Combine & sift dry ingredients.

Add all others - mix well

Bake 1 1/2 hour @ 350°

Found this in an 1892 magazine called "New England Magazine."

"Fairhaven": the most progressive city in the state of Washington. Best harbor on Puget Sound—Ocean Terminals of the four great trans-continental systems. Unlimited Natural Resources. Write us concerning high grade investments.

Gamwell & Warner, Investment Bankers; Fairhaven, Washington.

HOME MADE DOUGHNUTS!

We found a good recipe for doughnuts this Halloween so we're passing it on to you for next Halloween. Or if you want to have a late Halloween.

- 1 Tablespoon yeast
- 1/4 Cup milk, scalded & cooled
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 4 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1/4 tablespoon mace
- 1 egg
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- OIL - A Bunch

Dissolve yeast and 1 Tbsp. sugar in lukewarm liquid. Add 1/2 cup flour and beat well. Cover and set aside to rise in a warm place for about 1 hour or until bubbles burst on top.

Add to this the butter & sugar creamed, mace, egg well beaten, the remainder of the flour to make a moderately soft dough. Knead lightly. Place in well-greased bowl. Cover and allow to rise again in warm place for about 1 1/2 hours. When light, turn on floured board, roll to about 1/3 inch thick

Cut with small doughnut cutter, cover and let rise again, on floured board or paper, in warm place until light—about 45 minutes. Drop into deep, hot fat with side uppermost which has been next to board. When a film of smoke begins to rise from the oil, it is a good temperature for frying the doughnuts. Doughnuts made this way don't absorb the oil because they rise before, and not after they're put in the oil.

PASSAGES FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF
DOUGLAS R. REDWOOD

September 18, 1969

*Up in the Skagit Valley again.
 Winter is definitely on our minds.
 Nobody has put enough aside for the cold months
 and we're wondering what it'll be like.
 The big sport last week was going out
 on vegetable runs after dusk, or toward
 midnight if you like ...
 Field up between Conway and Stanwood
 for cauliflowers.
 Conway to LaConner, carrots and broccoli.
 Over towards Mount Vernon, on Best Road,
 the sweetest corn you ever ate.*



September 19
 GRAVENSTEIN POEM

*In the dry spell between rainshowers
 all around the apple tree
 windfalls in the wet grass.
 In the side of an apple
 (a few hot days last week before the rain)
 here and there
 wasps dug deep
 seeds open to the cold September air.*



SKAGIT VALLEY AUTUMN

*Vine maples turning color. Low clouds,
 steaming ravines, hillsides, alder leaves
 tumbling down, bright silver
 clouds off on the horizon up the Skagit.
 Blue hills, green farms, wet roads, rain
 swelling the streams.
 The Skagit rose six feet last night.*

September 21
 BELLINGHAM SUNDAY



*Back at Larry and De's from the White House.
 Lots going on out there on the border.
 Quiet now.
 Long drive down in the night rain,
 Driving down at a good speed,
 Larry at the wheel, best driver around
 this part of the country.
 Headlights pale in the dark road.
 Like sitting inside a lantern looking out,
 the lantern swinging past trees, farms,
 dark hillsides, farms with the last
 lights on, rain, memories, good thoughts,
 the night and the day come together
 like a prophecy.*

September 22
*Invited to stay here, there is a room
 upstairs. Going to live in Bellingham
 now, there is a fine spirit coming alive
 here, a warmth that is present from house
 to house, casual friendliness but springing
 from deep concern. This is a very large family.*

Thursday, September 25
*The sound of a boiling pot,
 the guitar in the living room,
 the broom coming from the kitchen,
 up over the rug
 through the hallway to the front door.*

*Now the guitar is stopped.
 In the kitchen
 the end-of-summer pickles
 scooped into shining green jars.*



Friday night, September 26
 WATCHING THE MIST

*Moonlight tonight, misty
 late September,
 a broad gold band around the moon.
 Thin white clouds.
 The sky is like an oyster.*

*Acorss the way
 above the full mists
 the dark hill rests like an island.
 Down there in the misty grass
 forgotten spirits
 are getting themselves together.
 Beneath a clump of reeds
 on the silver water
 Daddy-Long-Legs make music.
 The thin long legs
 send their bodies rising into heaven.*

*Small drops of water
 in the bent arches of dry grass.
 This wild hay has not
 been cut for years.
 Snails in moonlight
 go slowly through the tall wet grass
 carrying themselves like chalices.*

September 30
OYSTER CREEK

I.
Tangles of new sea grass
turned up on the shore,
the sky darkening.
Alder hillsides thinning out.
Pale sunset.
A flight of ducks half way to
Orcas Island.
I do not want to be the great poet of sorrow.

II.
All day long I wanted to reach
farther inside, get beyond
fruitless solitude.
I waited like a heron on one leg
in a winding slough.
Night came.
The rooster crowed a while ago
and fell back into the night.
Nothing happens.
The rain
takes small steps on the roof.

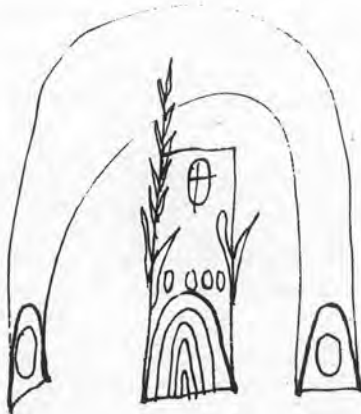


Thursday, October 9
BELLINGHAM

Skagit Valley boys
drive all day long,
all night too.
Dolly Varden pumpkin smelt farts.
Samish River.
"I like those galvanized water troughs
on the store steps in Edison."
Blanchard.
Home made pie in the good restaurant
on Chuckanut.
The rose gardens of Fairhaven Park,
the white picket fences and arbors
glowing among the dark roses.
Around the corner,
the bridge,
one traffic light blinking in Fairhaven.
The Kulshan, beer and singing.

October 11

Mid October, coming out of the house
heading out to the Kulshan.
Saturday night.
Just after eleven o'clock.
The air is cold.
No cars.
Not even a dog bark in the quiet.
In the dark between
street lights,
look up,
the stars are shining.
The blue sky is like a woman knitting.
The night air
holds
a handful of leaves.



October 12
FEAST



The quick winds blew
down the road
the neighbor's locust tree was stripped
almost bare this afternoon
it happened so quickly.
Long streams of yellow leaves
into the vacant lot
across the street
blown into the weedy grass.

Tonight we have had a feast,
huge dinner with baked bread
and afterwards
chocolate pudding with whipped cream.
Later, French coffee
and brandy.
A couple of joints going round.
In the living room,
in candlelight
we have come together
like leaves in a fencerow.

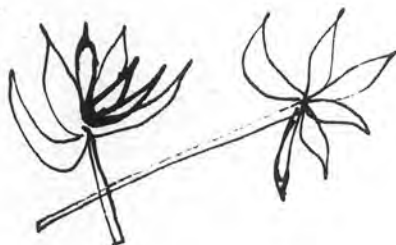
I'd stay, but some spirit
has come to take me walking in its
cold steps.
Walking in daylight along the road,
on the wet shoulder
a garter snake drying out
its opal belly
turned up to the heavy sky.
Part of me goes on alone,
thinking.
I'll make it back to the house
around two in the morning,
smoke,
heat up the tea,
scratch a line now and then,
fall asleep with the light on.



October 14
Chuckanut Drive.
A day of blue sky.
Below the cliff road
the afternoon sea
is purring like a cat
in warm sunlight.

October 19

Bill Small:
"I feel goood!!
People make me feel good!
I figured that out!"



October 20

I.
Mount Vernon, Washington, the
sorriest town.
Canneries on the river, a blacktop parking lot
with a cyclone fence
right on the river,
J. C. Penney, Sears, Darigold, Pict Sweet Foods, Libby,
railroad and freeway climbing
the eastern hill.
Hasn't anyone remembered what
he once saw looking down on the Skagit?

What cramped people
in this farming town along the river.
Anything grows here in the valley.
There are

tulip towns
and green grass under the Holstein cows,
logging trucks,
fields and fields, wheat and peas,
broccoli, cauliflower,
beet seeds, cabbage, mustard, corn,
and cosmos fields
cosmos six feet tall red purple pink
lavender and white blossoms,
a painter like Monet might be
standing still
touching his brush on canvas
just so.
But something is wrong, the great grief of
America lies ready to break somewhere,
and
many
grow fearful,
hating anything in easy reach.
The friendly old men in La Conner,
the shoe merchant,
and the ladies in the Waterfront
growing
all
colder to us now
with the sad faces that have
conspired with some petty devil,
they don't talk the way
they used to.



II.
Sitting here in the car by the railroad.
"Mount Vernon."

Every time I leave this town
it takes me two and a half
hours
to pick the feathers
out of my skin.
I feel like a raven, I've said
all anybody could say about this place.
And every time
it's clear
but I fly from hill to hill and
can hardly believe
among these small buildings
how mean they treat themselves.
It's everywhere
in everybody.
The cold grey sky
and the shoulder that turns away,
the smile that will not come.
They don't want us in this town.

III.
No, they distinctly don't want us.
Muddy up the water
and have a dance or two
anyplace there's room enough?
Oh no.
This place isn't going to quickly change.

Well, I've got
friends just north of here.
And the Dalton Gang of Bellingham Hill
and Bellingham Bay
(Daffy, Do-Nothing, Diablo, Dagger,
Dynamite, and Dummy)
not to be sneezed at.
We rode into town.
We're going to
keep the good vibrations going, and
one of these days
because life rolls on we know
we'll head out
like the genius princes of old
riding on the backs of revelations
stealing your light!
We came down into town
greedy for light!



BAAL

—Laurence Kee

LAST WORD ON THE NATURE OF TRUTH

"Truth is a subtle weapon inferior men use in their crooked attempts to cancel out the consciousness of inferiority." --Schmalhausen

While catching up on current affairs recently, I learned that Boeing, the Everett airplane company, is adding a somewhat down-home touch to their flight systems. It seems that Boeing engineers are now throwing four pound chickens at the windshields of their new \$20 million airplanes to test the strength of the glass. The four pound chickens, fired from a cannon, best simulate the impact caused by random birds several thousand feet in the air. I couldn't help but wonder whether the chickens were alive when fired from the cannon (squawk splat). All this, of course, caused me to ponder the nature of reality and the substance of truth.

It was at this prolific point that I discovered a textbook of psychology written by the late Samuel D. Schmalhausen in 1928. Schmalhausen, a confirmed atheist, socialist, Freudian realist and radical of his time, shows Man as the consolidation of all that conventional morality would avoid or ignore. Man is basically frustrated and insecure -- a Mephistopheles without a Hell -- fortune without a fancy.

His book is a masterpiece of flowery poetic-prose and is one of the more beautiful books I have ever read. It is a cynical collection of personal sentiments on every topic imaginable -- all presented in the emotionally somber context of scientific objectivity. And the most fantastic thing about the book is that it was earnestly written for university students. With such a foundation, no wonder twentieth-century psychologists have been more concerned with justifying their field rather than studying it.

Schmalhausen's psychology text is at once a study in metaphysics, history, politics, the arts and, most important of all, Schmalhausen. The book is a vital document to the development of twentieth century radical thought. Schmalhausen cuts right to the core of American society in his day and viciously seeds out every pretentious element with a poetic stab of his pen that in the long run spares not even himself.

It is interesting to see him delve into subjects that are still of much concern to all of us today who would purport to open-mindedness.

Schmalhausen's struggle against the established order of things was pointed towards freedom of the individual and freedom for the individual to assume variety in his social, economic and political expression. His realization was that there are no answers to meaningless questions, and his genius lay in his ability to ask why.

To give you a better idea of Schmalhausen's special gift, I chose several topics of general interest to us all, which are presented below along with an appropriate Schmalhausen quote from his text. To taste the full flavor of his rhetoric, keep in mind that he was very anti-establishment in a sometimes tongue-in-cheek manner. He kept one eye on Freud and the other on Mark Twain.

MARRIAGE -- "Marriage used to mean living together until death do us part. It now means living apart until death do bring us together. Marriage is a fascinating study in compensatory behavior offsetting an unbearable sense of personal inadequacy. Marriage is the most complicated of the psychoneuroses."

SEX -- "Thanks to the evil influence of Christian morality (i.e. hypocrisy), we all surrendered to the foolish belief that sex was something to be ashamed of. No theme is more deserving of our sincere and unfrightened attention than the new freedom in sex expression based upon the triumph of recreation over procreation as the goal of sex love."

ESTABLISHMENT ACADEME -- "No man has ever been selected for a university job on the ground of his exceeding compassion for his fellow man. No woman has ever been honored with a professorship because of her loyalty to love. Our institutions of learning are houses of refuge for men and women who are emotionally unfit for any of the more vigorous and realistic burdens of life: chalk-laden pedagogues, peddlers of anemic platitudes, sterile grammarians, cowardly passionless humans all."

ENLIGHTENMENT -- "One thing seems perfectly clear: it is no longer permissible for an enlightened person to be horrified by perversion."

CIVILIZATION -- "From a psychoanalytic point of view, civilization is a complicated device of repression and concealment, having as its major purpose the subordination of passion to social conformity, by means of the definite prohibition of free and easy sex expression in youth, and correlatively, by the sublimation of instinctive desire in socially useful modes. Civilization spells repression."

FEAR -- "What is it man fears? Primarily, death. He cannot endure the thought of extinction. Hence his childish discovery of immortality. Hence his respect for expiation, atonement, forgiveness. There is no functioning religion which has not at its root the uncanny fear of death."

RELIGION -- "By a myriad subtle devices man has sought to cleanse his human nature of its infinite pettiness and mean inferiority by postulating spiritual sawdust twins such as the holy ghost and the holy virgin or God and Jesus, to scrub away the dung of his mortality. The church is a sacred barracks where little tin gods, the mercenaries of the Christly life, are brought into a state of hypnosis which makes possible and pleasant a quite subconscious training in stultification. The grandiose result is a cult of stupidity that no amount of intellectual dynamite can ever bring disaster to."

PATRIOTISM -- "What a drunken release of his ego does man experience when he can croak about 'my country'! What a strange and chemical change comes over his sense of inferiority when he can imagine himself a citizen of a vast sprawling empire."

SALVATION -- "The salvation of the human race, if its salvation does not ultimately lie in its extinction, depends upon tapping the potentialities of mediocrities in the sublime hope of bringing to light richer possibilities of human fulfillment."

POETRY -- "Our poets are sick. They do not know what ails them. They are dimly aware that the disease called civilization ails them. They cannot be lyrical in the midst of machines that murder humanity's peace of mind."

EDUCATION -- "No man can rightly consider himself as educated who has not dallied with thoughts of suicide."

COMING TOGETHER -- "There is a strange chemistry in herd behavior which has not yet been adequately explained. Mutual admiration must have a stimulating power which only those bound by ties of exclusiveness can properly appreciate."

These are but a few of the upfront statements in the book. Read them two or three times to best let some of the heavier parts sink in. After reading the book, I was so amused that I forgot all about truth and reality, got stoned and went out for a chicken dinner.

ART



brian kazlov

The WWSC Faculty Art Exhibition opened on the 29th, and it appears that it will enjoy a quiet, undisturbed run. I attempted to solicit opinions for this article vis-a-vis the hole in the shoe-box trick. There were probably no more than a total of 50 to 75 people at the opening, but the stimulated response(s) (three notes and two stale gingerbread snaps) confuted any expectations that may have been lurking in my subconscious as to the massive underground surge towards the arts in Bellingham. Like Dylan says, "too much of nothing makes a man feel ill at ease," and it works both ways.

The tempo of the show was set (once again) by the subdued but all-permeating happening staged by alleged Mafia controlled Saga Food Service "you are what you eat" Catering and Lights Ltd., Bellingham Branch. They realized unusually quick metabolic control over the crowd, and I, along with countable others, found myself somnambulating back for more. The crystal and silver service, organized along Apollonian lines, created an almost Keseyan "merry pranksterish" framework for the exciting non-climax which I understand to be known as the "in-game." I really got sucked in by the apparent transparency of the silex urns and found myself coming to grips with a highly original "is it coffee or tea" dichotomy. Joyfully, I realized the message. I was suddenly transported to a new plane of nausea ... god bless Saga for their ever growing work in perception through food.

The hanging of the show was tasty and well-crafted and accurately reflected the general lack of scale, the general evenness, high resolution and good taste of the works ensconced therein. The "New Realism" is now avant-garde, but the realism of most of the work operated on the well-worn realism as a metaphor or illusion of a more concrete reality "out there somewhere." Although there is nothing wrong with this, it is interesting to note that if the show had an overall "feeling" to it, it was in terms of this object-consciousness or portrayal of a realism in the work which was mimetically introduced or transformed from a set of circumstances outside the work. This suggests that perhaps the artist has an extremely positive feeling in his relationship to "out there." Bellingham is a relatively neutral environment; the stimulus for other responses is perhaps lacking in the situation.

Although the show is weak as such, I believe that there are a number of pieces which I might discuss here. Much of the work, particularly in the crafts area, I found handsome, but have little of any substance to say. A student commented that Lone Foss's Jewelry "is more creative, with cleaner lines," and that "due to

cont. on pg. 17

cont. from pg. 16

some financial finagling we have some new talent ... an exciting ceramist." (Pat McCormick) I didn't understand McCormick's sculptural piece (Construction - Black Lustre), and wonder whether it is complete in itself or is a model for something in a larger scale ... are the shadows a part of the idea? Applegate's jewelry has a ritualized sense to it; Bottemly's weaving had an interesting surface and texture about it, but I couldn't grasp the piece as a whole.

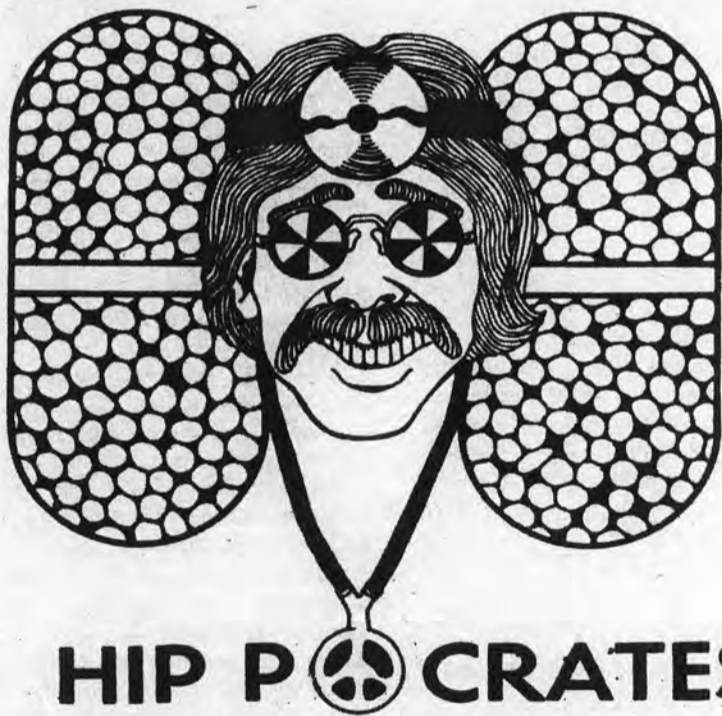
The work which I was most interested in, either for itself, or because it indicates a new direction, was that of Thomas Johnston, Robert Jensen, Thomas Schlotterback, and Homer Weiner. Although in most of his pieces Tom Johnston was also dealing with transcendent images of "reality," I felt that he was establishing a context for them which has a strange metaphysical dissonance. I perceived the piece (Skyhook) first in terms of a visually oriented totality (harmonious), coming to grips with the object-consciousness through this as a medium. Although there were hooks in most of the work (literal, sharp, pointy hooks), the work was not about hooks but the sensation of what a hook is (hook-ness). I was impressed by his painting because I am somewhat aware of the changes he has pushed himself through to get to this juncture. The paintings are experimental in nature and are indications of the new ground he is breaking.

The work Robert Jensen exhibited does not reflect where his head is at now. Jensen is involved in a transformation, the nature of which I could only guess, but I imagine it could be a painful experience to move away from the highly articulated style which he has established and which the three drawings represent. He has such an obviously fine eye and plastic sensibility that wherever he might take his work from this point is extremely difficult to conceive just in the sense that the problem is so open-ended. If there is a key issue, however, I would guess it might be dealing with color.

Thomas Schlotterback exhibited some more filthy (feelthy?) drawings (Urban Renewal Triptych), this time in color. Nightmare vision? Sexual fantasy? Anal apparition? The strength of Schlotterback's work is its highly personalized point of view which becomes the piece. Its incommunicable aspect is a speculative departure point for the observer and involves head and gut response in interaction. What is apparently operational, frustrating at an opening, on a masturbatory level only, is transformed in these drawings when you realize that you are being goosed from behind (as it were).

Homer Weiner showed one painting. It wasn't as pretty as most of the work. It was tough, plastic, unresolved. His work seems to be about the process which made it. The heavy surface articulation is more in terms of finding form than decorating it. I also respect what appears to me to be an acceptance of tradition which his work assimilates but does not regurgitate. The "unrealized" aspect of his work is a part of that tradition or, as Greta Finklestein said once, "the 'ting' (thing) about Western Art is the hole in it." That hole is plasticity, a definition of which denies resolution or completion. Weiner seems honest and open in his response as reflected in the painting. As it is still open, however, I wish he would push them further, not toward closure, but more openness.

The show is repetitious as a unit, but the isolated experience of individual works is worth the trip to the Gallery, especially in the context of what one can see in this area.



QUESTION: Every time my boyfriend and I make love (at least 3 or 4 times a week) his face breaks out.

We have been going together for 5 months and this problem still persists. His condition gets extremely bad after we have done it more than once in the same night.

Do you have any cure or solution?

ANSWER: Many people share the false belief that acne is caused by a lack of sex. Perhaps your letter will make them feel better -- at least about their skin problems.

Your boyfriend may be allergic to face or body cosmetics. But the most likely cause is not physical.

Though acne is common and troublesome, it does respond to proper care. Have your friend see his family physician or dermatologist.

PINE TREE

bill savage

"Decoy"

Tonight my bed is wild
with the sound.
Snow geese
down the beach
calling others
to bunchgrass
mudflat mattress.

and the moon
full
is easy on the tide.

In Starwood Tavern
hunters still talk
and aim
at plastic Oly elk
schooners
and warm wood beams.

It was cold at sunset
when the geese came
sweeping over
Stilliguamish
low, alert
with cork duck
dummy fear.

Now early
the morning of my birthday
I rise from frost reeds
slow
a snow goose
following lost flocks
gone south
knowing
there is no safe place
to land
in sunrise America.

QUESTION: My lubrication system doesn't seem to work very well. On one occasion we happened to have some peanut oil handy and used it. It worked.

What do you recommend?

ANSWER: Planter's. More conventional lubricants are available through your friendly neighborhood pharmacist.

QUESTION: Could you explain how masturbation is done in males?

ANSWER: Read "Portnoy's Complaint." Philip Roth's masterpiece is also destined for use as a text in helping psychotherapists understand the Jewish Mother Syndrome.

QUESTION: My old man caught clap from some teeny-bopper chick. He is now taking medication.

Naturally we aren't balling right now. But can I catch it from simply sleeping with him?

Also, what kind of sexual activity can we safely engage in?

ANSWER: Gonorrhea is rarely transmitted except by direct sexual contact. The discharge of pus, of course, is infectious and must be avoided.

As for the kind of sexual activity you can safely engage in -- you can think about what you'll do when your friend's physician tells him his infection has cleared up.

QUESTION: Why does my left testicle persist in upsetting the symmetry of my body by hanging lower than my right?

ANSWER: Medical research has uncovered the fact that "lefties" predominate in this part of the male anatomy. The reason is unknown.

My blond communications coordinator believes that psychological balance is much more important.

Marijuana should be legalized, according to the Vice President for Student Affairs at Brandeis University. In a speech to the annual scientific symposium of the Connecticut Academy of General Practice, David Squire said one-third of Brandeis students try marijuana before entering college and another third use the weed during their freshman year. Mr. Squire, a former member of the United States Mission to the United Nations, said his teenaged daughters offered to turn him on, but he declined. He thinks the laws against marijuana use do more harm than the drug.

The current "Playboy" contains a long article advocating legalization of marijuana authored by non-pothead Joel Fort, M.D.

reviews

film flam

bernard weiner

There are at least two ways of interpreting Arthur Penn's motivation in filming "Alice's Restaurant." One is cynical, the other sympathetic.

Interpretation No. 1: Penn saw the handwriting on the wall: ever since "The Graduate" raked in box-office millions, directors have come to recognize the exploitability of the Hip Youth Market. (There has always been the other kind of Youth Market: biker-violence, teeny-rock, beach blanket bingo fantasy, et cetera.) Hip Youth likes, and will pay to see, realistic films about their life-style, or satirical films about the straight life-style. Just concoct a reasonably coherent story-line, throw in a few scenes where joints are being passed around, be sure to include some heavy music, sprinkle with a little liberated sex, cast a culture-hero (or culture-hero actor) in the lead role, insert a few digs at the military-industrial straights -- mix 'em all up, and the kids will eat it up.

Penn's earlier success with "Bonnie & Clyde" provided another hint as to how to make "Alice's Restaurant": young audiences love to have their

heroes romanticized. Thus, Penn could take a couple of two-bit punks -- Clyde Darrow and Bonnie Parker -- and, with a certain bit of cinematic skill, pass them off to an adoring audience as Proletarian Folk Heroes. So, this time Penn would take Arlo Guthrie's popular talking-song, weave around it a rhapsody of hippiedom, and emerge with a sure-fire Youth Hit.

And, as we know, it worked.

Interpretation No. 2: Penn, a man with liberal tendencies pouring out his ears (remember his film "The Chase"?), has severe doubts about the viability of the traditional Western-capitalist ethic. Along come the hippies, energetically (albeit clumsily) working out a new community-oriented ethic. Previously, all television, newspaper, and movie coverage of hippies had put them down; here was a chance, in "Alice's Restaurant", to present to millions of viewers a sympathetic portrayal of the possibilities of an alternative life-style.

And, as we know, it worked.

My own view is that both these interpretations are correct. That is, I feel that Penn does harbor definite sympathies toward the possibilities of an alternate life-style (perhaps that explains some of the hyper-romanticism in "Bonnie & Clyde," another film about those living outside the system), is repelled by the dehumanization exemplified by the military lampooned in Arlo's

talking-song, probably does puff the weed, etc.

But, even admitting that Penn's heart may be in the right place shouldn't prevent us from seeing how he is able to exploit the symbology of Hip for his own ends. Or, from seeing in what ways "Alice's Restaurant" is a deeply-flawed film.

First, before getting to the flaws, let it be said that "Alice's Restaurant" is the first film I have seen that does attempt to portray the hippie scene in a realistic (hence sympathetic) light. One comes away from the film aware of Penn's friendliness to this new life-style, yet somewhat more aware of its inherent limitations and reasons for possible failure. Perhaps a bit superficial and overly-romanticized view of the communal life, but still basically honest.

But the flaws! The most obvious is that Penn -- in an effort to pad the slim story-line of the Stockbridge Massacre -- threw in three or four other short stories into the film. Which wouldn't have been so bad had he developed them, fleshed them out to real proportions. Instead, we get a bunch of loosely-connected and dimly-explained padding. For example, the story of the mainlining sculptor-biker, seemingly thrown in for a few extra thrills and so that his death could provide Penn with a justification for what is undoubtedly the most beautifully-filmed scene in the movie: the funeral in the cemetery with snow lightly falling, artistic groupings, and Joni Mitchell singing "Songs to Aging Children."

Another example, perhaps even more confusing, is Alice herself. Alice and Ray are going through some bad times together; nothing is explained. Though in the song "you can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant -- exceptin' Alice," in the movie you can get Alice too, seemingly whenever you want her. No explanations.

Or, Arlo's visits to the hospital to see his dying dad, the famous Woody Guthrie; I can't see this as anything else but exploitation of Woody's memory, and perhaps as an excuse to get Pete Seeger into the film. (Perhaps these scenes might have been justified if Arlo were a decent actor, and we could sense some kind of development as a result of his visits. But, in spite of his captivating grin, Arlo is no actor.)

There are other examples of padded footage in the film -- some comic scenes are thrown in only for their punch-lines -- but perhaps the point is already made: "Alice's Restaurant" is a confused collage of extraneous footage woven around a hilariously-rendered tale of Arlo's Stockbridge Massacre.

The Stockbridge scenes, the Massacre, the fine acting of Pat Quinn as Alice and James Broderick as Ray, some of the communal eating and working scenes, Arlo's smiles -- all make "Alice's Restaurant" worth the visit to Seattle or Vancouver, or to the

Grand in Bellingham when it arrives. But as a satisfying work of art, forget it.

* * *

Quick takes: Haven't seen two of the undergrown flicks due Friday night at WWSC, but Kenneth Anger's "Scorpio Rising" is a fairly well-made paean/putdown of the motorcycle cult; Marvin Starkman's "The American Way" takes a clever idea and handles it somewhat amateurishly; the other two are "The Devil is Dead" by Carl Linder, and "An Early Clue to a New Direction" by Andy Meyer (who made the semi-interesting "Match-Girl") ... "Butch Cassidy & the Sundance Kid," which played the Mt. Baker, has a tight comic script, some fine acting by Robert Redford, some good photography, but is unable to develop two fully-fleshed characters with whom we can feel; it's little more than good fun ... "Hell in the Pacific," which preceded "Midnight Cowboy" into the Grand, is a fascinating allegory on the competition/cooperation theme, but alas is as subtle as a stallion's hard-on; good acting by Lee Marvin and Toshiro Mifune, and beautiful photography and sound-effects.

little mags

jerry burns

STEPPEWOLF, NO. 3, Philip Boatright, editor, P.O. Box 55045, Omaha Nebraska 68155, \$2.00.

I could be judging too quickly, but this editor's magazine seems to revolve around the question of the meaning of life. I know this would be a grossly unfair simplification if I meant it to be definitive--or to imply it's either sophomoric or obscure. (What generally happens to treatments of that question.) I am trying to indicate a direction, for, unlike The South Florida Poetry Journal (previously mentioned in this column)--and most others--this magazine is Edited. It's going someplace in particular (aside from literary excellence) and my left-handed apology comes from my doubt that I have correctly identified its direction. It's "serious," okay? And it's alive.

The most unusual work in this issue is Herbert Morris' long (28 pages) poetic dialogue, The Chinese Tattoo Artists Sample Case. On a glance, I didn't think I could make it all the way through that much adulterated poetry, but after I got started, it was easy. Because it was good. The only thing I can think of at the moment to compare it with is Kazantzakis' Odyssey. It's sort of like

that, only not quite.

Another heavy thing in this issue is Ray Nelson's essay, the moral prose of Kenneth Patchen. Nelson knows his material, and is thorough, but a little too much so for me. I'm tired of learned monologues for awhile. But someday I may need some research on the subject, and I'll remember it's there.

Richard Morris makes a valuable contribution to the issue with his translations of the contemporary German poet, Paul Celan.

A rather long poem, At Race Point Beach, represents Edwin Ochester here. There is nobody quite like Ochester writing today. Can you dig the flip side of William F. Buckley Jr.? Only, as Buckley is constipated, Ochester is funny. A very sophisticated wit. (Quixote Press just released a new book of Ochester's poems, The Great Bourgeois Bus Company and Other Poems. Order from the author at 4057 N.W. 13th Avenue, Gainesville, Florida, for \$1.00.)

Steppenwolf No. 3 is rounded out with poems by Sy Perchik, and a translation of an old Anglo-Saxon charm by Howell Chickering.

Volume One, issue 1, of the JOURNAL OF PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS (Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic, David E. Smith, M.D., editor, 558 Clayton Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94122, \$2.50) makes an impressive addition to the arsenal of truth concerning marijuana.

Review of this periodical is questionable in this column. Its interest is outside the field of contemporary literature. But it is an independent, non-commercial publication; there is a great need for valid information concerning marijuana; and since I have probably the only copy in town, here's the word: get it.

The issues covered here range from Recent Developments in Cannabis Chemistry, Pharmacological Effects, Classification, Social and Epidemiological Aspects, etc., to U.S. Marijuana Legislation and the Creation of a Social Problem.

This 166-page volume grew out of a University of California Medical Center symposium on marijuana. These 15 papers are authored by creditable physicians and specialists who are neither propagandists nor afraid of intimidation. (A "state representative" informed the Director of the Haight Clinic, the editor of this volume, that the Clinic's permit for operation would be "jeopardized" if [he] spoke the truth, and presented their findings.)

This volume is highly readable -- except where Dr. Shulgin doodles too many structural formulas, and where J. Fred E. Shick IBM'd the hell out of a bunch of data and tried to make me believe people are 21.4+.6 years old, and smoke 66.8%+4.5%.

If you are interested in current marijuana research, this journal is essential to you.

FAMILY PLANNING cont. from pg. 6

The purpose of the Family Planning Association of Whatcom County is to promote and encourage family planning as a community effort through a variety of projects, studies and programs of an information, educational, counseling and medical nature, as are necessary. The Association views family planning as the planning of pregnancies, the prevention of unwanted pregnancies, and assistance to couples who desire a child but who have not been able to have one. The information sessions held on Tuesday evenings are staffed by volunteer counselors from the community who have been trained by local physicians and psychologists.

According to one of the Association's counsellors, "family planning is not a terribly technical subject. What a client wants from a counselor is someone who is willing to listen and who is compassionate. Most women (and men) know something about contraception, but they haven't been able to get any reliable information. They also want to talk about their feelings without fear of being judged or criticized." These counselors are trained to do just this.

The history of the Association is brief. A number of concerned individuals in the county began meeting together last Fall to discuss how family planning can be made available locally to large numbers of people, especially to those of marginal incomes who do not qualify for public assistance but who can not afford to go to a private physician except in an emergency situation.

At present counseling and education are being offered to the clients at no cost, but the client must still bear the expense of a visit to a physician and medical services. A year's supply of birth control pills, for example, costs anywhere between \$24 and \$30. A fund raising drive is currently going on to raise the money necessary to subsidize the medical examination, the laboratory tests, the medical supplies, and to hire a part-time counselor. Many local physicians are participating in a referral system from the counselors and 17 members of the clergy have offered to counsel clients who have special problems.

According to one of the Board members, "family planning should always be a private matter. There is talk of legislating how many children a couple can have, a situation that will occur if people are not given the information they need to plan and control their reproductive capacities. But unless that information is made available to all people, the numbers of births may increase at such a pace that federal control of some kind may be necessary in order to guarantee those eleven rights that Ehrlich talks about and which we, for the most part, enjoy today."

ANYONE INTERESTED IN SUPPORTING THE EFFORTS OF THE FAMILY PLANNING ASSOCIATION OF WHATCOM COUNTY MAY DO SO BY CONTRIBUTIONS. A YEARLY GENERAL MEMBERSHIP COSTS \$5 to \$10, SUSTAINING MEMBERSHIP \$15 or above. Donations may be mailed to Family Planning Association of Whatcom County, 509 Girard Street, Bellingham, Wn. 98225.

bring cont. from pg. 8

This is in blatant violation of Roberts Rules, but Cherburg did as he was told and the convention was rigged. Five at-large Humphrey delegates were chosen as well as hack national committed representatives. The citizen wing of the party was, as it were, humped.

We now move to the local political picture. The party scene here mirrors somewhat the statewide goings on. The Republican Party is tightly controlled by a few Bellingham businessmen and attorneys led by Union Printing executive Ken Nukholls. The local rightists have endeavored to make comebacks in a succession of elections, but have endured a series of setbacks. Their closest call came in the GOP Congressional primary last year.

The establishment candidate was a colorless Everett businessman named Wally Turner, while the rightists put up young John Bircher Mike Odell. Odell was backed by a budget of \$100,000, most of it from out of the district. He looked like a sure winner until Nukholls and a few fellow county chairmen issued a heated denunciation (duly given page 1 billing by the Bellingham Herald) of his candidacy. As it turned out, colorless Wally squeaked through by 5,000 votes and went on to be wiped out by U.S. Rep. Lloyd Meeds in the main event. The businessmen kept control of the party, and the conservatives were banished.

There is less antagonism but still much intrigue where the Democrats are concerned. For years the party consisted of around 30 regulars and a highly independent state legislator, Dick Kink, who defied them on a rather constant basis. Things have changed, though, with the McCarthy campaign and numerical depletion of the party hacks opening things up to a liberal faction centered in the college. Under the tutelage of Western administrator Joe Nusbaum, the libs have captured at least half the seats on the county central committee. The county chairman, Dr. Manfred Vernon, is a political science professor at the college, although in the past he has been more of a party regular than a citizen liberal.

Needless to say there has been friction between the McCarthyites and the hacks. The old lady faction of the party has been banished from the central committee, but not before dramatic scenes at the headquarters last year in which Alta Smith and Gladys Turner referred to McCarthy workers as "appeasers" and "Communists." Many of the old liners have been resentful of the newcomers, even while grudgingly recognizing that without such figures as Nusbaum and Dr. Paul Roley the party would be in dire straits.

Conversely the libs have been highly intolerant at times. Bill Clement, Congressman Meeds' local representative, has endeavored along with Dr. Vernon to bridge the gap between the factions. Both Clement and Vernon have been eminently fair in their arbitration, and Whatcom County's delegation was one of the few fairly apportioned at the state convention last year. However, Clement in particular has come under attack as a "boss" by some of the liberals, who conveniently ignore the fact that he has repeatedly turned to Western in search of legislative candidates.

The growing McCarthyite strength in the local party means little in a larger sense. The Congressional district party is controlled out of Everett by Humphrey manager John Wilson and his law partner State Senator William Gisburg. These men engineered a shameful railroad at the district delegate convention last year, depriving the liberals of any representation in Chicago. As long as Wilson and Gisburg are in control of things the party will be about as "democratic" in its decision-making processes as the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia.

A considerable test of who controls what will be provided within the next four years, as the area from just north of Everett to the Canadian border is slated to become a new Congressional district after the 1970 census. Already, backstage maneuvering is going on as to who will get the seat. This will be the first time Bellingham has ever had a district more-or-less of its own. It's not supposed to be talked about yet, but ex-Meeds aide Al Swift (now with KVOS) is thinking big as are Nukholls and State Senator R. Frank Atwood on the Republican side. Within the GOP there is likely to be quite a brawl over the nomination, as the Bircher Odell lives in Blaine (he was transplanted there to make the 1968 race) and may well run again.

Trying to bring everything together I would emphasize a few main points about politics and politicians in the state of Washington. Political life on both sides of the fence is dominated by relatively small groups of people who will go to almost any length to thwart citizen uprisings. As to politicians, it must be said that large

interest groups, making discreet use of large amounts of money, have undue influence. Leading "public servants" such as the Senator from Boeing cater to an elite and are, privately at least, rather scornful of the general public. A few people--Dan Evans, Brock Adams, and Lloyd Meeds come to mind here--are exceptions to the general rule. However, "Government by the people" cannot be said to exist in the state of Washington.

GETTING BACK cont. from pg. 10 don't like ourselves (the self that is one with the universe). We are involved in fighting the metabolism of the earth in hopes of imposing some artificial definition of humanity. We rush to affirm our mistaken "superiority" from the animals by showing how cultured we are.

What does this have to do with ecology? If ecology is JUST a science that was only described in books and taught in course by men well-educated in the linguistic components of it, the above would be irrelevant. But -- and this is why ecology is considered by many to be radical and subversive -- it is a growing social movement.

The point is: Man's alienation is self-imposed. Quite frequently, the product of a mind that needs an airing and a walk just like the dog. When one says "nature" most people think of everything that is not man or man-made; we are excluding rather than including ourselves. Nature, as a word, means, simply, born!

We should be IN nature, as the feeling of being IN love; into, flowing, free. Anyone who has felt his own energy rise and merge with the world



EDDIE SON HOUSE

NOV. 13
W W S C

8:00 P.M.
V.U. LOUNGE

\$1.00 Students, Staff, Faculty
\$1.25 Others
Miss Delta Blues
\$1.25 General

miss. delta blues

TOGETHER cont. from pg. 19

knows that we are one with the environment, and if it is sick, it is because we are also. And by applying our great power (we are gods) in a positive way, we can heal this ulcer of the earth and get back to the great pleasure of digesting ourselves in comfort.

Our whole system of civilization, especially as inflicted upon us in the form of education, has taught us to think in parts. Western man lives in a universe of dichotomies. We go to the doctor for a liver problem, as though our liver were ill and not us along with it. We speak of our minds, and our hearts. "Her heart rules her head" is a derogatory phrase, but so is "he has no heart." Schizoid, unhealthy, unwhole!

We do not have to give up our concept of self-identity and integrity to merge with the environment. Anyone who has sat down to study a simple(?) form of nature -- a tree -- will know that everything has uniqueness and individuality, that is partially defined from within (how the branches grow) and from without (where the tree grows).

These attitudes do not change overnight, for it requires giving up our fear and redefining security ... to venture forth. An adventure with life is a freedom that can only come with the integration of one's self with the world, with trust and feeling.

Ecological thinking can break those barriers, for when we venture forth we see ourselves as courageous, and generous, and trusting in fate (the way of the world); and we transmit and encourage those feelings in others. The complex aesthetic of the earth: we can be a part of this beauty; in fact, we have the capacity to add to it. We can rethink, re-feel, re-educate ourselves into it (if we thought ourselves out of it).

We are always defining ourselves, man, as MORE THAN an animal, and less than a god. As Paul Shepard so aptly puts it, "The truth is that we are ignorant of what it is like or what it means to be any other kind of creature than what we are." We must learn to appreciate the beast within ... the animal in us that is our link with the outside world. Our Christian tradition and even pre-Christian heritage has held us above the animals. We are then a larger form of racists -- we are "specists."

Accepting ourselves as a part, a one-with, is not a giving up or a giving in ... it is a give and take, like the breath of life that consists of transpiration and respiration. The metabolism of the earth is not something that man dictated; we should try and live by it.

Nature, ecological pattern, the force, flow, and communication of energy and matter are enduring (if allowed to be natural). The tensions between individuals become positive and reinforcing, not isolating and breeding hostility and aggressions.

And what is our society now? Man is the only organism that "jails" its own members. Our fear holds us in our self-constructed zoos (cities) where we have learned to manipulate our egos and others to a fine degree to keep from going mad in boredom, rage, and hostility. When caged, like zoo

animals, we use our bodies and minds in strange and unnatural ways -- displacement behavior. In high-rise apartments, breathing air-conditioned (but still polluted) air, with thick carpets, modern conveniences (convenience is not interchangeable with pleasure) and strong locks, we feel "safe and secure" ... and yet, strangely lost and alone. So we get up from the late show, get a doggie biscuit for "pal," draw him on our lap, hold him, stroke him, and say, "Nice doggie, poor doggie." This is the closest some of us come to recognizing our needs. Yes, oh yes, our god-given (self-allowed) rights, to be one, to heal and be healed, to beat our swords into plowshares.

"My relationship to the universe is as real as I am." We can do this without sacrificing our self-image (which, after all, is identifiable as a contrast with the environment) or our intellect. We are eco-systems, and the dance of our life is choreographed by ourselves and other people, forces. We must love "otherness" as much as "we-ness."

Making love as a pleasure principle is frequently defined by how close we came to the other. The joy, the touching, the reaching, the impression, the influence. One person allows himself or herself to be approached naked and enter in or be entered into by another approaches a working definition and feeling (what it feels like to be one with) of ecology.

So we are developing (right here in Bellingham, brothers and sisters), a large, integrated group of people (community) who are "natural"; they no longer have to act it out. Their very appearances are aesthetic super-energizers to others around. We are beautiful because we know, because we feel we are. This is where the courage that motivates people to action comes from; we reinforce one another. We are getting close to the earth, and it is so rewarding.

We are the missing link and as we fit ourselves into the way of the earth, the puzzle becomes whole, integrated, and we see our place, our needs, and our being needed. We have green plants, and animals, and long hair, and knowledge, feelings, wisdom, and each

other. We have broken down walls; we have burst through the barrier of our skin and in joy and ecstasy reaffirmed our position in the universe ... This is what ecology feels like: one-with!

The supreme test of our humanity will be our ability to accept and affirm ourselves as one with the world!

MILLINERY

THE CENTER STREET GENERAL STORE AND MERCANTILE, at 1308 "E" St. will be opening Thursday, Nov. 6. Anyone wishing to display handicrafts etc. in this new store please come and notify the proprietor.

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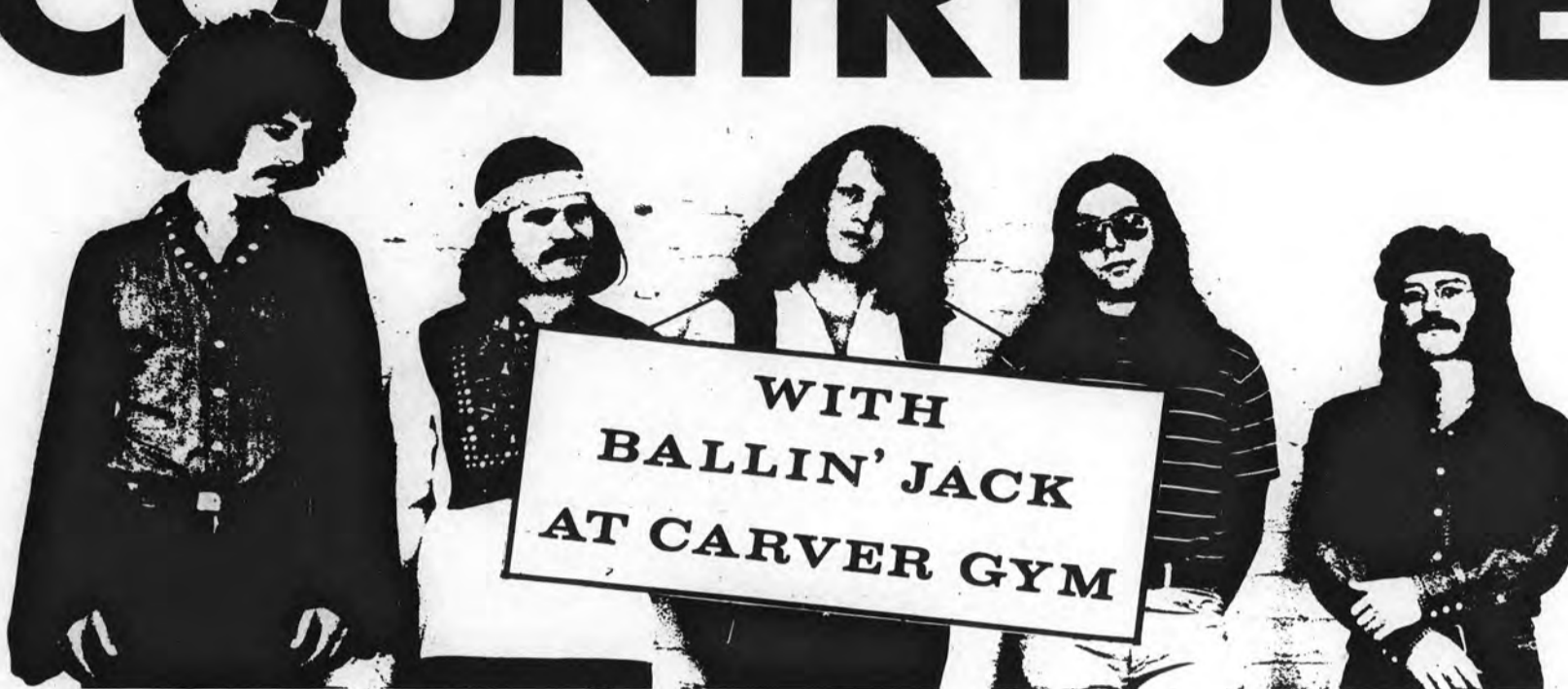
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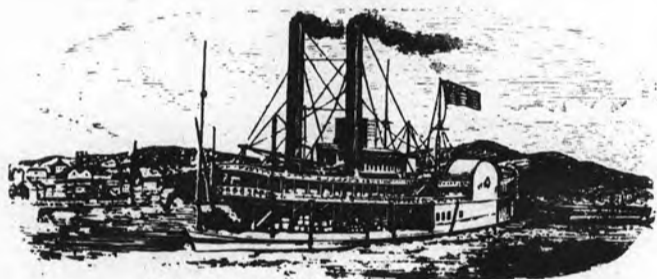


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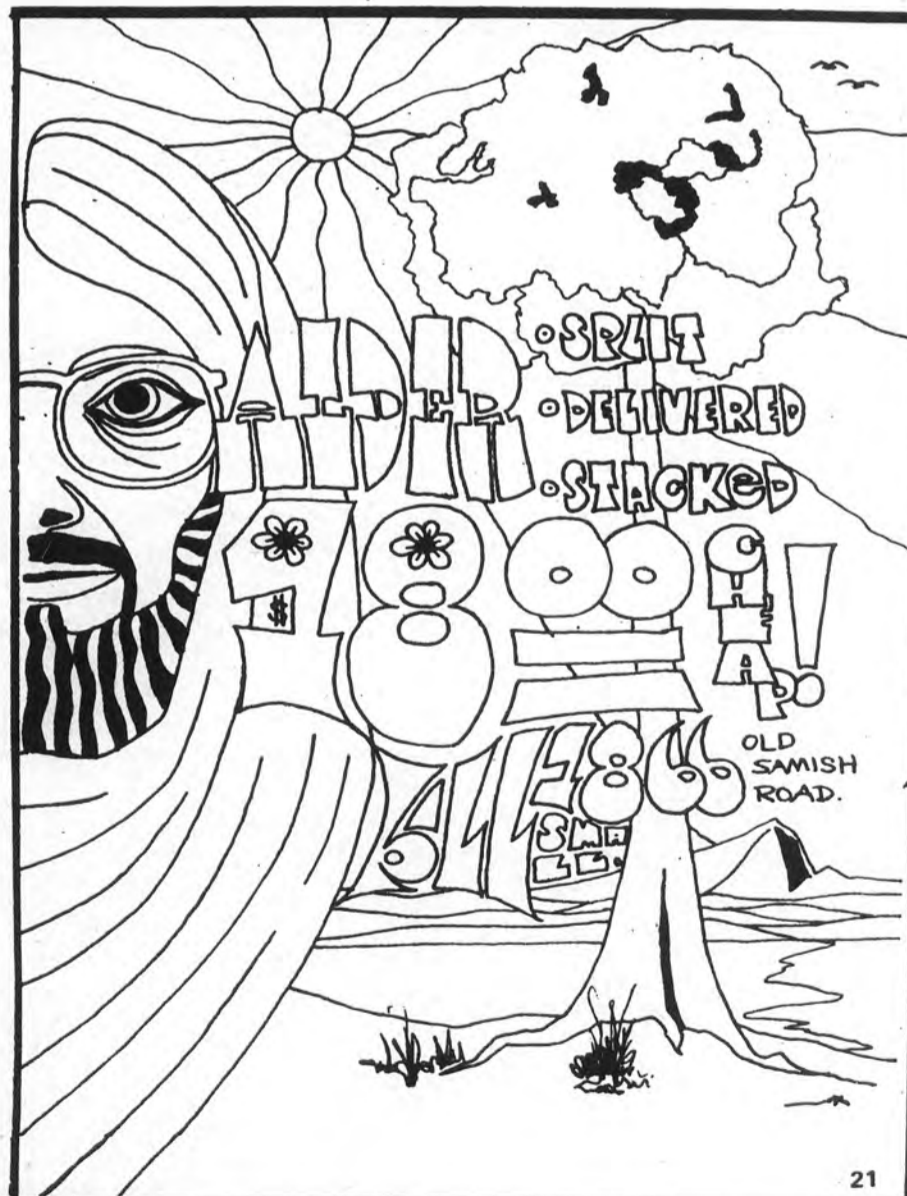
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support your local ACLU

The American Civil Liberties Union defended Shim Hogan and the Atlantis Bookstore; it is taking the case of the "Sehome Eight" to the State Supreme Court; it successfully opposed WWSC's "Viet Cong Flag Resolution" last year. It is opposed to censorship, stupid drug laws, and conscription.

Now you can support the ACLU by buying goods at the Craft and Art Sale, November 13-15, in Bellingham. The goods are top quality, authentic native crafts at low prices.

To: **ACLU Craft and Art Sale**
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Please send _____ advance sale coupons at \$10.00 each to:
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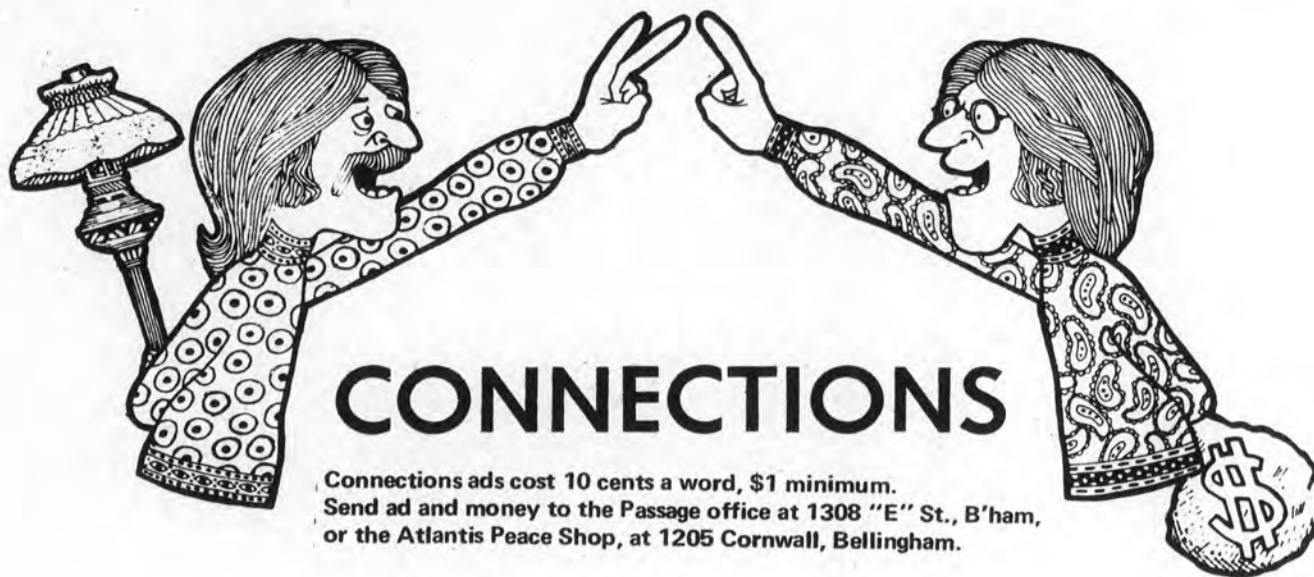
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CONNECTIONS

Connections ads cost 10 cents a word, \$1 minimum.
Send ad and money to the Passage office at 1308 "E" St., B'ham,
or the Atlantis Peace Shop, at 1205 Cornwall, Bellingham.

JOEL SWINK It's not where you are but how you are. Can I help? Mike. Call me collect: 733-0695.

Blues and folk guitar lessons - call 734-0104.

Wanted: folks to form milk co-op for Northside - call 733-1136.

Rogers Drums - Paiste cymbals - Excellent condition. 734-6319.

Don't forget to come to Northwest Passage's office at 1308 "E" Street this Thursday night. It's just a rap session for anyone who has anything to say about the Passage. We want to keep in touch with you. We need feedback to do the best for you. We need help, too, on a number of projects that require work and time and a bit or a lot of devotion.

Wally Oyen's gone to test his fire. His '61 Pontiac Catalina is up for sale for \$150.00. Terry Brainard - 1100 Lenore Court.

Special Package Deal: the first 12 issues of Northwest Passage for only \$2.00. Send cash, check, or money order to NWP, P.O. Box 119, So. Bell. Station, Bellingham, Washington 98225.

Girl, 23, B. A., seeks work of any kind. Experienced in office work, research, photography, child care. Call Lee - 733-1935.

'47 Dodge Panel Truck - For Sale. \$120. 1325 22nd St. Ask for Jon. Trade?

EXPERIENCED EDITOR will type your thesis, term papers, columns, etc. Reasonable rates. Special discounts to indigent student types. Phone Melissa at 733-3263 or 734-9095.

COMMUNITY SCHOOL needs volunteer teachers. Students who wish to work with one or two children in a particular area of study are urged to contact Bill or Nancy Heid at 734-9095 or Kenneth or Melissa at 734-3263.

TRADE 12 volt 4 track tape deck w/ 2 speakers for 6 volt AM/FM or just FM car radio in good condition. Will consider cash or other good deal. Contact Chris Condon through NWP.

Fairhaven student who requested "eco-catastrophe" & back issues of NWP, please contact us. We lost your address.

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