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NORTHWEST PASSAGE



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BELLINGHAM, WASH.

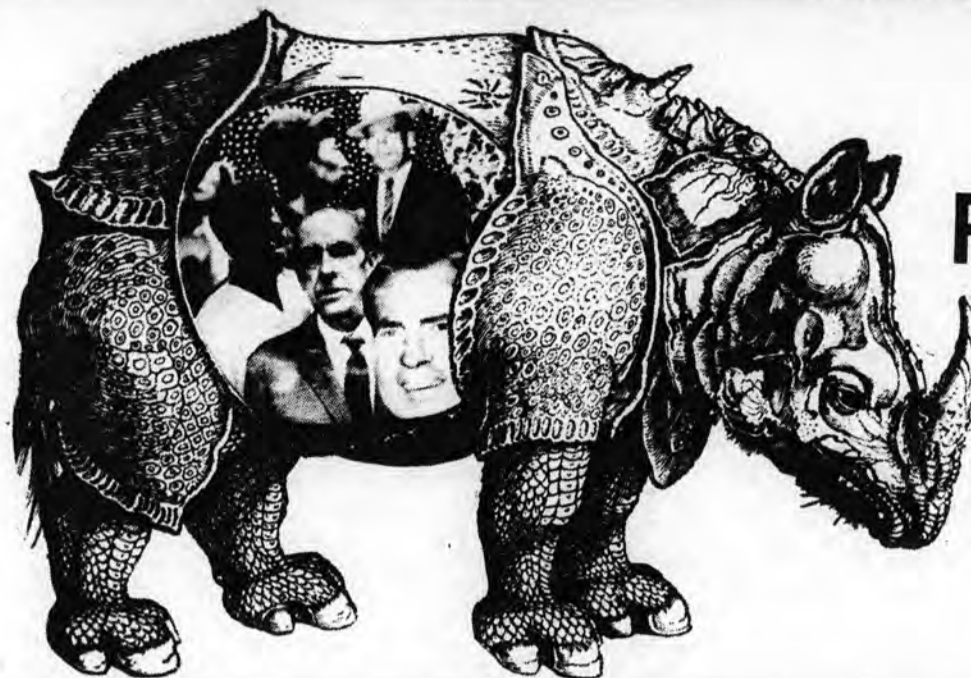
"In the beginning was the word . . ."



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photo by greg gabia

NEWS

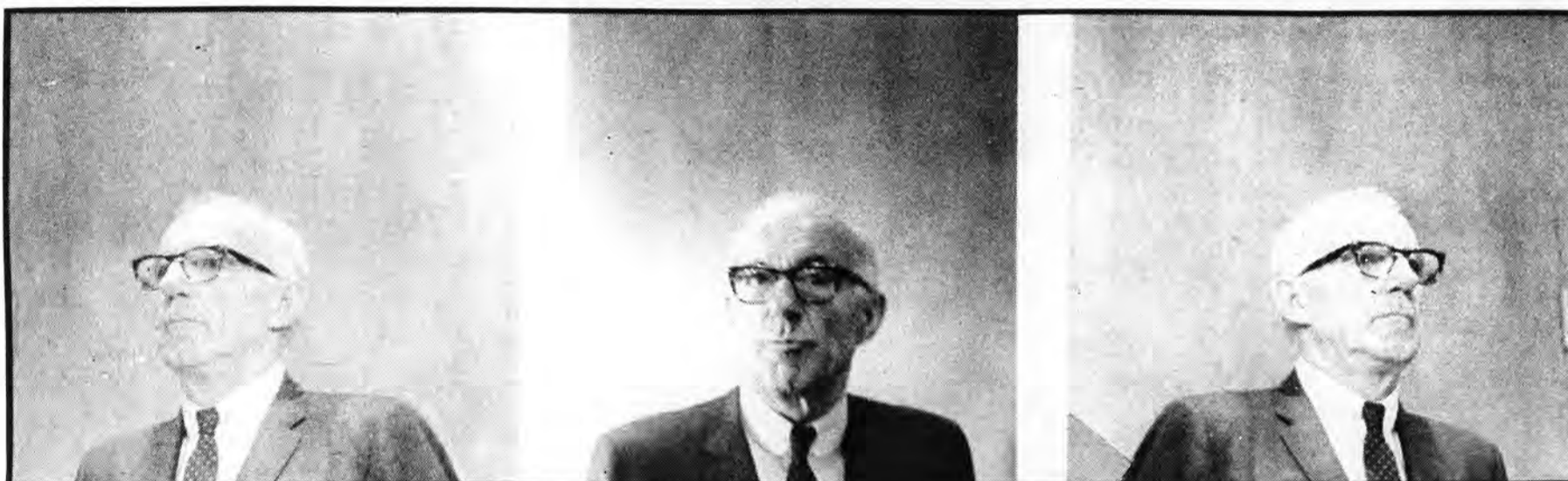


FRONT

Spock's Child Guidance (New Edition)

Dr. Benjamin Spock, author of "Baby and Child Care", under whose pediatric guidance a whole generation was raised, and recently, a tireless anti-war activist, spoke recently on the Western Washington State College campus.

In a statement tape recorded and transcribed by Northwest Passage, Dr. Spock speaks out to Bellingham's high school students on the issues and problems they can expect to be facing in the future . . . and how they can work to resolve them. The statement speaks as much to parents as to the students themselves, since the medicine he prescribes for American society may take a bit of "force-feeding."



by dr. benjamin spock

I want to greet the high school students of Bellingham through this recording because I was not able to see you while I was in Bellingham myself, and for that I am sorry.

THE DRAFT AND THE WAR

First, I want to say that I am opposed to the draft, and I hope Richard Nixon is serious about ending the draft when the war in Vietnam is over. I think that we have learned through the war in Vietnam that a belligerent President like Johnson can use the draft without a declaration of war to secure an unlimited pool of manpower without any check by Congress. This is much too dangerous to allow to go on.

In Vietnam, government is conducting a war that is totally illegal and immoral. We have not only killed a million or more Vietnamese people and destroyed their county, but caused the deaths of 33,000 Americans and the wounding of a couple of hundred thousand. Those who criticize the critics of the war should recognize, instead, that we who oppose the war have a good legal and a good moral basis for doing so, and we believe in addition that the war has hurt the United States in every way.

It is shocking that the federal government has used such strong repressive measures to try to discourage or snuff out opposition to the war. I speak personally on this because the federal government has indicted me and four other people, and has sent hundreds of other young men to jail for refusing to fight in such an

illegal and immoral war. I think that we see our government resorting to illegitimate authority and violence in many aspects in our national life. When black people protest or a few black people riot because they feel desperate of receiving justice, the local government and the national guard have unleashed disgraceful violence against these people.

In cities like Newark and Detroit, it is perfectly clear that the violence was carried out by the police and the guardsmen because most of the deaths were the deaths of the black people who were innocent bystanders. It was not the police and guardsmen who were shot.

We saw in such places as Columbia University and Harvard University when protesting students, who, I believe had good justification for carrying their protest to occupation of certain corridors of certain buildings, the University called in the police, and the police resorted to completely unjustified violence in getting these students out of these buildings.

We saw at the Chicago Convention of the Democratic Party last summer, 8,000 young people, who came on an entirely appropriate protest (the Constitution guarantees the right of petition). These young people were first denied access to the Democratic Convention building. The mayor quite illegally forced them to stay three miles or more away from the Convention hall, and then each night he unleashed the police, who made quite unprovoked and vicious attacks not only on the young protestors, but on other bystanders, including the press.

Americans who were not there got a chance to see this on television where they saw the police attacking without justification. Even the President's own crime commission pointed out that this was primarily a police riot which occurred these four different nights during the Convention.

NECESSARY TO RESIST ILLEGITIMATE AUTHORITY

I would sum up these examples by pointing out that our government, instead of solving these problems—the problems of foreign policy and injustice in the United States—takes to suppressing ruthlessly the idealistic people who are protesting against the injustices of the American society.

The protestors, especially the more militant protestors, get scolded, condemned by the mayors, governors, by the President, by the editorial writers of newspapers, because they have become militant and occupy buildings because they couldn't get attention in any other way.

I think it is important for us to realize that when injustice is rampant in the United States, especially in its foreign relations, somebody has to protest, and we should be thankful that there is a militant minority who are willing to face the injustices being practiced by the government, and are willing to sacrifice their own comfort and safety and part of their lives if necessary to try to right the wrongs.

History shows that you can always count on a majority of the citizens and a majority of the authorities instead of recognizing the need for justice, that they turn on people who are protest-

ing instead, and try to make those the scapegoats.

I am not saying that I always approve of the tactics of some of the more radical students. I wouldn't go as far myself, but in general I stand by their right to protest. I think their methods have been justified by the wrongs they are protesting against.

LINK BETWEEN EDUCATION AND WORLD PROBLEMS

It is good for college students, and high school students, to concern themselves with the kind of education they are being given. I think they see that many aspects of their education are dried up and ineffective methods of presenting the subject.

They see that in a time of great crisis the schools are not taking up the great crucial issues of the times, but are contenting themselves with a rehashing of old conventional statements of what government is meant to do and what it does. They should be facing the fact that government is failing, industry is failing, our health system is failing and our welfare system is failing to take care of the people and their needs at the present time.

I think that it is good that there are students at the college and the high school level who are calling the attention of the education authorities to what they consider inadequacies.

I think the first thing students should do is to discuss the issues amongst themselves to decide what they think is most important and the requests that they want to make to the school authorities. They should go in a

cont. on pg. 5

Gas Strike

The International Chemical Workers Union's strike against Cascade Natural Gas Corp. entered its fourth week with little progress so far.

The issues involved are higher wages to meet inflation and ICWU opposition to Cascade's policies of sub-contracting to a private construction firm, Snelson Inc., work which could be done by ICWU crews. Snelson workers are paid one to two dollars more per hour than ICWU workers.

When the strike began, Cascade management showed no willingness at all to negotiate. The president of Cascade showed up on the last day of the now expired contract with no negotiations in mind. He told the union representatives: "If you're going to strike . . . then strike!"

However, on Friday, April 25, the management began negotiations with the union. Negotiations have continued on the following Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, with only "some progress" according to union spokesmen.

In the meantime, Cascade has procured the services of the Burns Detective Agency. Roy Mitchell, ICWU superintendent of service work, has been constantly shadowed ever since. The same is true of other ICWU

workers. Union members, however, show no signs of the paranoia that Cascade is attempting to induce in them.

Many ICWU workers have been forced to abandon the picket lines in order to find temporary work

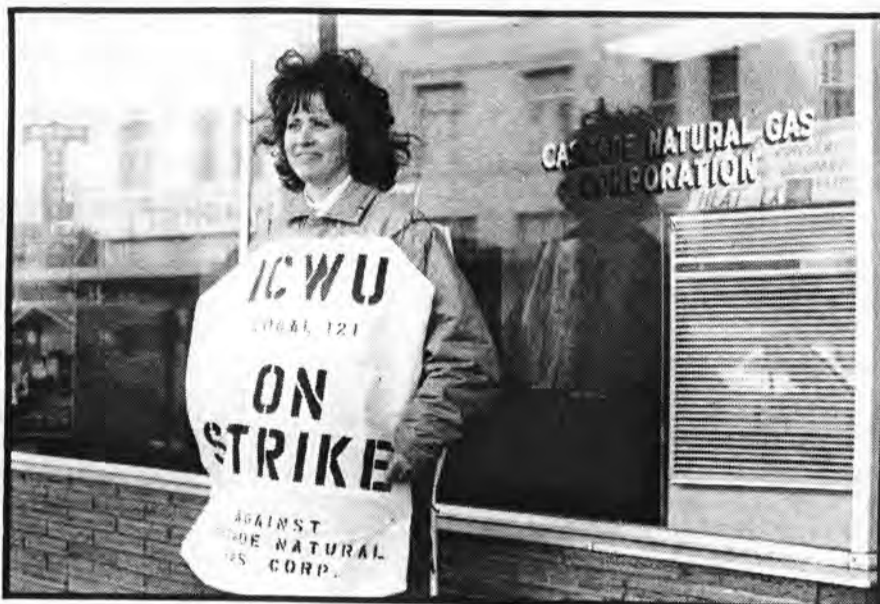
elsewhere to support their families. The workers' wives have given as much time as possible to keep up the picket lines, but the picket force has been wearing thin.

Consequently, union members, who were sympathetic to student support

from the beginning, are even more so now. The issue will be raised soon, and a call may be made soon for such support.

Clearly, the workers should receive the support of students in this strike. Students, as future participants in an inflationary economy, must show solidarity against corporate unwillingness to provide a living wage to employees (Labor has always had to force industry to pay a living wage). Furthermore, students must show that they, along with the workers, will not tolerate unequal wage scales for workers who happen to belong to separate unions, but who are all part of one continuous work process.

It is this fragmentation of labor interests which allows corporations perpetuate inequalities in wages and working conditions upon labor. Students must unite with labor, and the unions should unite with each other, to form a common front of all workers against corporate management which behaves as if labor has always stood against everything management stands for. Perhaps that is the case, if corporate management's behavior is any indication of what interests it represents.



NEW YORK (LNS) — Nixon's Latin American policy still seems to be largely unformed and Latin American countries seem to be taking advantage of Nixon's interim non-confrontation politics to solidify their own response to Uncle Sam. Peru's expropriation of the International Petroleum Company and seizures of U.S. tuna boats (on the basis of her claim for 200 mile territorial waters) have received wide acclaim in other Latin American countries. Brazil has called for a meeting of representatives of Latin American countries to be held in Chile in April. The United States is notably excluded from the invitation and the topic of discussion will be the creation of the common front against U.S. economic penetration.

Meanwhile, Nixon, faced with the task of appointing Latin American policymakers (including the U.S. representative to the Organization of American States, due to Sol Linowitz's retirement from public life), has been moving slowly. He seems to be waiting for the results from Nelson Rockefeller's exploratory trip to Latin America this month before outlining his administration's Latin American policy. Nevertheless, three of the appointments already deserve particular notice.

Nixon apparently acceded to certain Peruvian demands in his appointment of John N. Irwin II as his personal envoy to Peru. The Peruvians are understood to have attached the following conditions to negotiations: any U.S. negotiator must be an important man in U.S. government circles, it must be clearly stipulated that he is the personal representative of President Nixon, and he must have broad discretionary powers of negotiation and be willing to go to Lima for talks.

Irwin's talks have not yet produced any resolution of the crisis, but it seems that the United States is ready to seize upon any technicality in order to avoid enforcement of the Hickenlooper Amendment. Irwin is a fitting advance man for Rockefeller. He is a partner in a Rockefeller-associated law firm, Patterson, Belknap & Webb, a director of the U.S. Trust Company of New York (a Rockefeller controlled bank) and

To Whose Advantage?



chairman of the board of directors of Union Theological Seminary, which is heavily endowed by the Rockefeller family.

He served as Deputy Assistant and then Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs under Eisenhower and was special negotiator for President Johnson on the 1967 treaties revising the Canal rights with Panama. He is also a director of IBM World Trade Corporation (his wife's brother is board chairman of IBM). He is a trustee of Princeton University and of all three prep schools that his children are presently attending, and a trustee of the Asia Foundation which has been heavily funded by the CIA.

Charles Appleton Meyer is Nixon's choice for the post of Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. His appointment was announced the same day that the financial pages carried news of Sears, Roebuck and Company's record earnings. So Meyer must have been

pleased on two counts. He has been with Sears since 1939, most recently in charge of Sears' Eastern area.

His Latin American experience comes from his term (1953-55) as President of a Sears subsidiary in Bogota, Colombia. He subsequently served five years as the company's Vice President in charge of Latin American operations. During this period, he built up a ten-country department store chain which now does more than \$135 million in annual business. He keeps up his Spanish by talking with the family's two Colombian maids.

He was advisor to the U.S. delegation at the 1957 Economic Conference of the Organization of American States, and a member of the National Advisory Commission on Inter-American Affairs. He also served as Chairman of the Latin American Committee of the Business Advisory Council and Chairman of the Advisory Board of the Export-Import Bank during the Eisenhower administration.

Meyer was also a director of Republic National Bank of Dallas, Allstate Insurance Company, Gillette Company and United Fruit Company.

He resigned these posts in order to avoid claims of conflicting interest, but his long association with U.S. companies like Sears has no doubt left him with a better understanding of the needs of "multinational companies" than with the problems of Latin America.

Nixon has just named Joseph Farland as Ambassador to Argentina. Farland is a West Virginia lawyer who has held executive positions in Farland Fuel Company and other West Virginia coal companies (which are currently under political attack by miners).

He was an FBI agent from 1942 to 1944. He was appointed Ambassador to the Dominican Republic in 1957. His mission was to try to persuade Trujillo to step down peacefully at a time when the Trujillo reign in the Caribbean was becoming increasingly bothersome to the United States. Diplomatically, the United States found it hard to plan its move against the Castro "dictatorship" without also moving against a blatant dictatorship of the right. And Trujillo was becoming a threat to U.S. investments as he tried to force firms to sell to him.

The only major U.S.-owned sugar producer left was South Puerto Rico Sugar Company which produced 33% of the country's export crop. Finally, Farland gave the go-ahead for Trujillo's assassination and left the country when the United States withdrew its embassy staff in 1960. Trujillo fell under a rain of bullets in May, 1961, one month after the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion.

Interestingly enough, Farland was subsequently named a director of South Puerto Rico Sugar Company. He then became Ambassador to Panama (from 1960-1963). He is a consultant on Latin American affairs to the Readers' Digest and a director of Schering Corporation which has several Latin American subsidiaries. Farland is a heavy contributor to the Republican Party and organized an Ambassadors for Nixon group in the 1968 elections.

U.S. Perpetuating Hostilities

by allen young

When two North Korean MIG fighters attacked a U.S. spy plane and shot it down on April 15, self-righteous protests immediately came loudly out of Washington.

According to U.S. officials, official response will include a "protest" and possibly subsequent action ordering fighter plane protection for future reconnaissance flights over North Korea.

The Associated Press sent out a story about the worried, frightened families of the 31 crewmen. One crewmen's wife said, "We should let these people know they can't shoot down our planes."

Everyone correctly compared the incident to the capture of the U.S. Pueblo on Jan. 23, 1968. But perhaps the most striking similarity was the way in which Washington officialdom and the press teamed up to obscure the real issues.

That issue is the aggressive policy of the United States Armed Forces and intelligence operations, which daily violate the sovereignty of small nations with the ultimate purpose of maintaining hegemony in the world. The U.S. has 3,000 overseas bases; the



People's Democratic Republic of Korea has none. The Koreans have no spy ships, no spy planes. They do have half of their nation (South Korea) occupied by American troops under the aegis of a puppet regime.

People for peace in Vietnam should make no mistake: The U.S. Pueblo and the EC-21 plane—both involved in electronic reconnaissance missions—are part and parcel of the apparatus operating under U.S. command in Saigon.

Capt. Lloyd M. Bucher, commander of the Pueblo, made this point during an interview which took place during his captivity in North Korea. He said, "I know that the U.S. Defense Department regards Korea and Vietnam as two fronts. Especially as the situation in South Korea and Vietnam has become more unfavorable for the U.S. recently, our mission has assumed more urgency. Thus we carried out more positive espionage activities and submitted information to the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency."

The debate over the precise location of the Pueblo (even here in the U.S., crew members admitted the possibility that the ship entered

territorial water) and the precise location of the spy plane is a phony subterfuge for avoiding the political and military issues surrounding the spying activities.

American military and espionage agencies carry out these acts with impunity because they can rely on the support of a fearful, deluded populace. Blind appeals to maudlin patriotism have surrounded the Korean affairs, while the re-opening of fullscale combat in Korea between imperialist and liberation forces is within possibility. Evidently the American people have yet to learn about the reality of Korean politics and the enormity of the U.S. intervention there.

The Korean War was waged by U.S. and South Korean Forces under the now bankrupt policy of military containment of communism, which came directly out of the McCarthy era. The war was never resolved, but rather ended in a "Truce." U.S. military occupation, ever since, has been based on these outdated policies which arbitrarily divide the Korean people, gain no more than a shaky stalemate, and serve only to make inevitable renewed hostilities.

Viet Cong Offensive

Reprinted from "Progressive Worker"

Buried among the columns of optimistic American press reports from Vietnam, the careful reader can find an occasional hard fact that shows clearly how desperate the situation is for the American military, particularly in the last few weeks. The official U.S. casualty figures have risen sharply—453 American dead and 2,593 wounded from Feb. 22 to March 1; 336 dead and 1,694 wounded from March 1 to March 8. In spite of attempts to play it down, the American press have had to admit that there is a major offensive under way against the U.S., and they are suffering heavy losses.

The N.L.F. calls this their "Spring Offensive". (The N.L.F., or National Liberation Front of South Vietnam, is the broad organization which, since its formation in 1960, has led the struggle of the South Vietnamese people against U.S. aggression.) The fact that they call it the Spring Offensive, and not the "Tet", or "New Year's Offensive", as last year, is no accident: the intention is obviously to continue this offensive much longer. Judging by the American casualties in the first few weeks, it should be even more devastating.

This year the American military expected the offensive, but they were still unable to prepare any effective counter-measures for it. Since Feb. 23, when the offensive began, the N.L.F. have attacked military targets in every part of South Vietnam, concentrating on the vital nerve centers of the U.S. Saigon military machine—police and military headquarters, pilot barracks, and airfields, etc. In spite of the vaunted U.S. air power the N.L.F. have positioned heavy artillery around every major and medium-sized US base in Vietnam. American ammunition and weapons depots have been hard hit. Here is the NLF description of one such attack:

"At An Don, three miles east of

Danang, the city where American strategic reserve supplies for the whole of central Vietnam are located, the NLF blew up seven huge warehouses and underground dumps causing explosions that continued for ten hours. The powerless American command ordered planes to bomb the whole area to speed up its destruction. Virtually the entire 300 American troops defending the area perished."

The recent NLF victories point out once again the fact that the NLF enjoys the support and trust of the vast majority of the South Vietnamese people. The US does not have a single friend outside of the despised Saigon administration. Nobody will tip off the Americans about NLF movements, but the NLF is supplied with detailed advance information about American operations. In addition, the Vietnamese people help the NLF fighters by feeding them, transporting



arms and munitions, and, if necessary, hiding them. By contrast, the Americans find themselves among an almost unanimously hostile population.

The Vancouver Sun (March 13) reprinted a very revealing little item from a talk on the B.B.C. by David Willey. Willey ended his comments on the present situation in Vietnam with the following observation: "meanwhile, a steady flow of wealthy Vietnamese continue to arrive in Paris from Saigon. Three new Vietnamese restaurants have opened in one recent Vietnamese people. They have stuck with their American masters through the coups that followed Diem's rule, through the growing power of the NLF and the great Tet offensive. Things must be desperate indeed for the Americans if these hardy rats are abandoning the ship."

Renaissance Faire

The nearest thing to a Spring Love-Feast—the Northwest Renaissance Faire—will be held this Saturday, May 3, at Lakewood on Lake Whatcom.

Aim of the all-day event is, according to the publicity, "a rejoicing (even for those who have not previously joiced) of the Rites of Spring."

The Renaissance Faire—a creation of the Northwest Free University (and co-sponsored by the ASB at Western Washington State College)—is expected to draw hundreds, perhaps thousands, to Lakewood, from as far away as Seattle and Vancouver.

Various rock, jazz, jugband, and medieval music groups will perform. A Maypole dance is planned. Food and drink will be available. Painting possibilities for children and others will be arranged. The swimming and boating facilities of Lakewood will be available. And perhaps a spot of

"bear-baiting," if a co-operative bear can be found at this stage in history.

Among the musicians scheduled to play for the Faire are Jack Hansen and Shirley Shockey, John Isacson and his group (formerly The Magic Touch), The Potlach Treaty (formerly The Unusuals), the Jug Band (itry) class from the Free U, Gail Clements, and others.

"We'd like everyone to try to come in some sort of costume," said Dr. Bernard Weiner, Free U Coordinator. "Either Traditional Renaissance or Modern Freak. And bring any sort of musical instrument—recorder, guitar, mandolin, kazoo, Moog synthesizer, or whatever."

According to Weiner, similar-type faires have been held in Los Angeles for the past several years. At one of the recent faires, about 100,000 people gathered to celebrate the rites of Spring, their aliveness, their friendship.

The festivities will begin at Lakewood at 10 a.m. and go through

until sundown, at which time a surprise rendezvous point will be announced for those who wish to carry on their silliness into the dark of night.

Lakewood is the student-operated facility on the south side of Lake Whatcom. Those who have cars and will be heading out to Lakewood are urged to drop by the Viking Union at WWSC on their way and pick up any costumed freaks who appear headed out to the Faire.

In case of rain Saturday, the Renaissance Faire festivities will be held at Blodel-Donovan Park instead of Lakewood.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Wyoming State Senator J. W. Myers commenting on hair, beards, beads and a proposed bill to lower the voting age to 18: "If we're going to give these youngsters voting priveleges, they should look like citizens."

cont. from pg. 2

dignified way to school administration and tell them how many students are concerned and the kind of issues they are concerned about.

It is first of all good for the school authorities of the college or high school to hear that it isn't just a few soreheads who want changes or who want reforms, but that it is a considerable number. I think if you have your discussions first and then tell the authorities that there is a certain hundred, or in some cases, several thousand students concerned about this or that issue, that they are more likely to be listened to attentively by the school authorities than if just a handful, however justified their indignation, go without consulting with any of their classmates.

We have heard increasingly in recent years of the rather arbitrary decisions made in some schools in the United States—decisions about what kind of clothes can or cannot be worn, how many inches short or long hair has to be. My own feeling is that if students are cleanly dressed, and are not so outlandish that they disrupt the classroom, it is a private matter for them what their dress is. School authorities should be concerning themselves with educational matters rather than worrying about such small matters of dress and personal appearance.

I think it is particularly important that students at the college and the high school level have free and recognized opportunities to make suggestions and criticisms about the curriculum at a time when there is so many obvious failures in our country.

Students should have these rights even if things are running smoothly in our country, but we have shocking and terrifying problems like the continuation of the war in Vietnam, failure of the country to solve the problem of racial injustice and racial hatred, the continuation of poverty, unsatisfactory educational systems, unsatisfactory medical care. Especially when the country is going from bad to worse in these respects, we need the participation of students in thinking about the issues, in wanting to reform their school curriculum or the extra curricular, so that they can prepare themselves to help resolve the problems.

MORALITY IN CLASSROOMS

I am one of those who believe that our schools and colleges should not be afraid of teaching morality or discussing moral issues in the classroom.

When I say teaching, I don't mean teachers should be able to impose their idea of morality on their students or think that they can. What I mean is,

there should be thorough discussion of moral issues and many different subjects.

We are living in a society that has made fantastic technological advances, and yet the country is going from bad to worse and the world is going from bad to worse. There are more hungry people in the world today than there has ever been people in the world before, and it isn't because we don't know the technical solutions of our problems about sickness, about poverty, about the lack of products of industry—it is just that we don't have any strong moral sense that makes us use our medical and industrial and health knowledge for the benefit of the people.

This is because the schools and colleges are afraid to teach morality. This is a hangover from the days when the churches used to control our schools and colleges and college people had to fight for centuries to get their schools and colleges free from the controlled thought of the churches, but this is not the issue any more, at least in most of our schools and colleges.

It is time to forget that issue and to get discussion of moral issues back into the classroom. They should come in English classes, in History classes, in government classes, in civics classes, etc. There is a moral dimension in all of these things and unless we can become more aware of the moral dimensions, I don't think we are going to solve our country's problems.

CONFRONTATION AND REPRESSION

I think if you are going to be a fighter for justice, a protestor against injustice, you have got to recognize that the world is not going to be happy to have you making your suggestions. In fact, you can count on a majority of your classmates, your teachers, your neighbors, even your parents, to be horrified by your tendency to rock the boat. What I am saying is that you have to have courage—you are going to be criticized—a lot of people are going to dislike you.

Meeting Today

MAY 1 — "New Community" meeting—final planning for the setting up of combination food co-op and community headquarters. Meeting will start at 4 p.m. at 1112 N. Forest. The new community is being organized by local artists, "free" educators and other freaks. If you are interested in seeing us all get together try to make this meeting.

Saga Hiring Biased

The WWSC coffee shop, operated by SAGA—a national campus food service corporation—has undergone a 75 per cent worker turnover since January, according to George Farrel, student and night manager of the shop.

Several employees and ex-employees of SAGA have voiced reasons for the turnover ranging from inequality of wages to poor management to biased hiring practices.

SAGA employs both students and non-students. Non-students are hired as "staff" workers and are paid \$1.75 per hour while student workers receive only \$1.45 per hour.

According to Bill Horton and Walter Smith, both ex-employees, a

recent managerial change is primarily responsible for worker discontent.

They said that the former manager, Paul Swimeler, tended to co-operate with and understand the workers' problems. He once even repudiated a biased company hiring directive against long hair by writing a letter to the company stating that he would not only hire without such bias, but also that he was prepared to take any punishment they cared to give.

According to Horton and Farrel, the new manager, Jim Higgins, laid off students and hired staff workers instead. He further imposed authoritarian managing methods with little regard for the workers themselves.

The adoption of workhorse labor

policies caused resentment in student workers who felt that wages were not equal to the amount of work expected of them. Consequently, student workers began quitting or were laid off as a result of labor-management friction.

Meanwhile, the trend is toward hiring non-student staff workers and laying off student workers. Plans for the new coffee shop, in the new wing of the Viking Union building, are to cut student help out or to cut students' hours while keeping or expanding staff labor.

NORTHWEST PERSPECTIVES



So now the Bellingham Police Department is proud owner of two new dogs to be used in "... apprehension and crowd control." The acquisition could have been made entirely in keeping up with the status quo and the Jones police department. (The Bellingham department broke their rural fetters with MACE, that gentle wonder foam and spermatozoa-in-a-can (lets give Freud his due) that has recently been found to induce blindness and possible death. (We would rather be shot in our collective and editorial leg.)) BUT—in our benevolence we would rather think that the kennel has been founded in higher aspirations than mere possession.

May we suggest that Chief Klein is a man of his word and if he says "... apprehension and crowd control," he means just that. Of course such a notion required a preconception of sorts, such as having an unruly crowd to apprehend or control in the first place. Where do our eyes turn but to the grandeur of Sehome Hill, university status, thousands of students, changing times, SDS and etc? Good grief! Could it be that the city fathers anticipate trouble on Western's campus?

But maybe we are getting our hopes up, Ian. The crowd could come from those homeowners who were recently shafted by the new zoning ordinance. Or maybe from young Lummis' who finally throw up their Bellingham appointment as northwest nigger. Or maybe from massed local prostitutes who tire of annual payoffs (their marching song? "We Shall Overcome"). Or maybe from blue-collar union workers who have had it up to their ears in management promises, concessions and an inflated economy. Who knows? Certainly not us.

But we do offer a couple of ideas as to what to do with a pair of restless police dogs while waiting for the inevitable mob.

First of all, the animals could be trained to sniff out marijuana stashes around town and be let loose at night to seek out and consume. The only problem here, of course, is running the risk of the dogs getting friendly.

If that didn't work the dogs could be trained to do tricks and some of the officers could work up a show for the Bellingham kiddies. (Sgt. Peters and his Pups?) They could perform their little act at birthday parties, church socials, school assemblies and dances. The only problem here, of course, is running the risk of some joker yelling "KILL!" during the performance.

If that didn't work the dogs could be taught to catch an occasional rat that turns up in town, or maybe the police department could run a stud service on the side. They could even advertise in the Passage:

"Bellingham law enforcer seeks hot bitch for profit, propagation and bestiality." On-the-books money for this sort of activity might look a little strange, however.

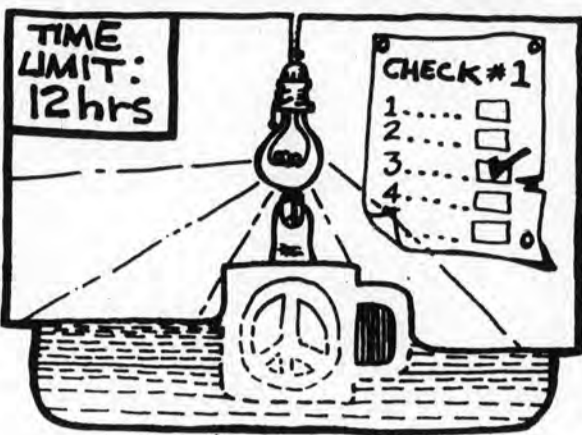
The possibilities for the constructive use of two intelligent police dogs are endless. In fact, we're sure the police department would welcome more suggestions in writing. After all, we don't have all the answers and this is a community matter. And as Proverbs 26: 11 so well put it:

"As the dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly."

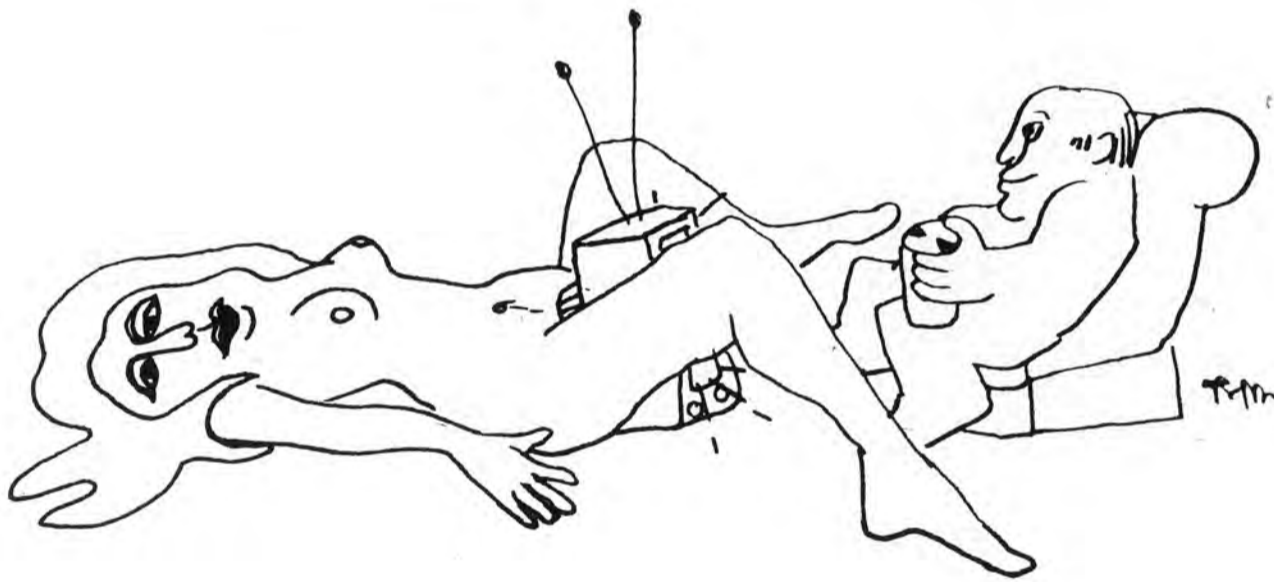
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rev. laurence kee
michael carlson
kenn fredericks
tom wills
trina manion
shiel gilda
vicki phillips
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fred tremblay
cindy green
pamela lilly
susan goodwyn

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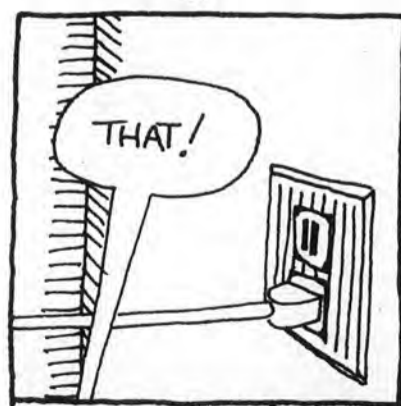
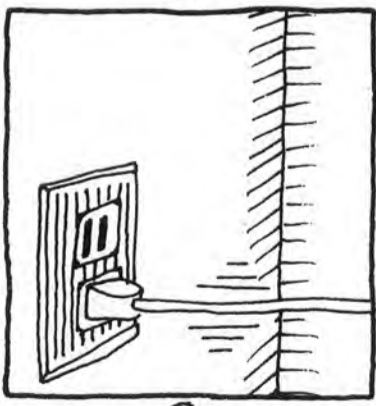
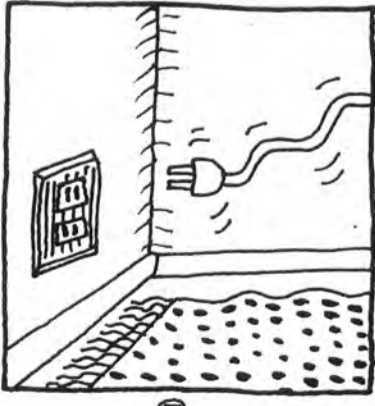
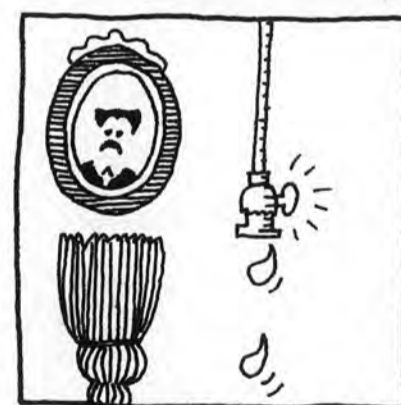
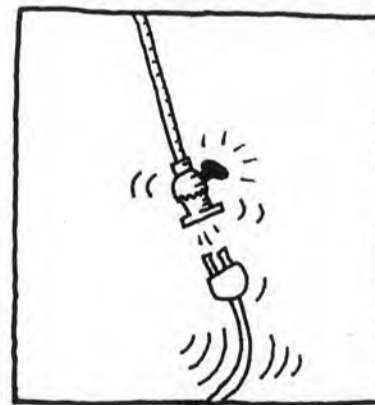
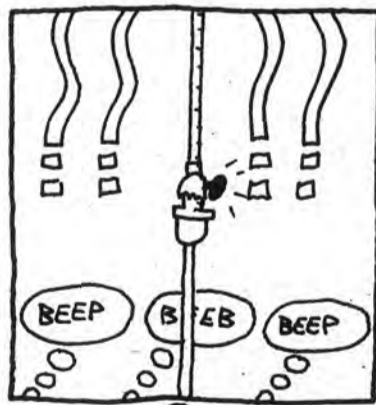
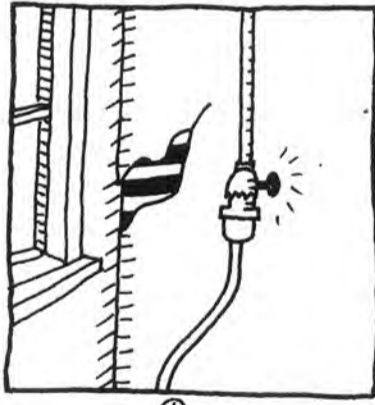
FUNNIES



CARLSON 69



SQUIGGLING



CARLSON



To What Purpose Is This Waste? Matt. 26:8

by christopher b. condon

It is not necessary to convince the reader at this point in the proverbial game of life that there exists some imbalance between man and the rest of nature. One does not need to be a Scientist or a Thoreau to sense something wrong in the way mankind despoils all that he touches like some sort of Midas touch in reverse.

One needs not leave his home town for evidence of this; take a walk down the waterfront some afternoon and look about. Millions of gallons of waste are dumped into Bellingham Bay daily. Sulfuric wastes are being pumped into the air we breath around the clock by Georgia Pacific. These sulfuric wastes can, on foggy days, develop into vaporized sulfuric acid, even. If there is a sunny day and the sky looks pure and the water blue an aerial photo will reveal an umbrella of chemical vapors over the land and a brown, muddy ooze reaching hundreds of feet out into the bay gradually fading into cleaner waters.

As man-made waste pollutes the air, soil, rivers and lakes the megalopolis continues to engulf the earth like a cancer which is eventually fatal to the host organism, and remember when the host throws in the towel the cancer must as well. Overcrowding in the cities and other dense areas of the world produces, like the classical rat experiment, a kind of collective madness in which irrational violence flourishes because man simply needs more space and privacy in which to live than the present day city allows.

The population experts, those people who deal with such things as overcrowding and the effect thereof (and by the way, some of them are pretty hip) are gloomy about their predictions for the future. They give us five to ten years before the world enters what they refer to as the "age of famines" and all that is associated with it—plagues, social breakdowns, violence and so forth. Although the beginnings of this catastrophe are already upon us—over five million people died of starvation or

malnutrition in India last year—the worst is yet to come.

In 1966 over 40 per cent of the world's population was under fifteen years of age. When this group reaches the reproductive age the population bomb which is still in the fuse burning stage will literally explode.

In order to keep ourselves alive and well we must first look to our relationship with the world around us and to our cultural attitudes towards nature. It is in our attitudes where we will find the roots of our ecological crisis.

Alan Watts, in his book *Nature, Man and Woman*, relates an interesting parable about a king of ancient India.

Oppressed by the roughness of the ground on human feet, he proposed that his entire Kingdom be carpeted with soft skins. One of his wise men, always on top of things, pointed out that the same result could be achieved far more simply by cutting off pieces from a single skin and binding them to the feet. These, needless to say, were the first sandals. The lesson here, however, is not one in sandal-making, but one in attitudes towards nature. One idea proposes that man should adapt nature to himself and the other proposes that man should adapt himself to nature.

These two conflicting philosophical viewpoints roughly correspond to the

differing viewpoints of man and nature held by our Western culture and the Eastern cultures. However secular our present culture, we and our science are still wound up philosophically and materially with the modes of thinking upon which our culture was at one time based—Judaism and Christianity.

The claim of Christianity is bound up in the acceptance of certain facts; it is of the essence that Christ rose physically from the dead, that he was biologically born of the virgin and that nature is subservient to the commands of God. In Genesis, when god created man in his own image, he also endowed us with some of his power—that of control over nature: Genesis 1:29 —

And God blessed them and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

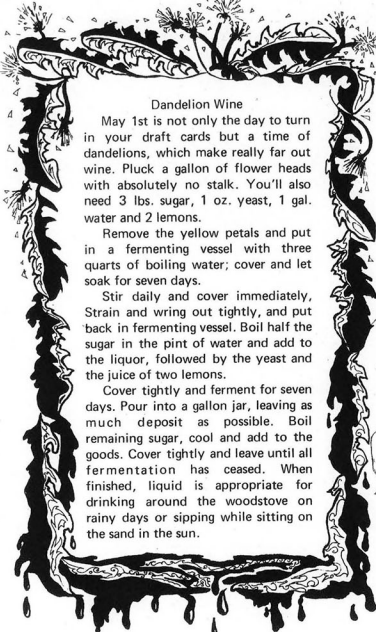
What is implicit here is that man is not an integral part of nature but is somehow separate from nature and superior to it—that the natural order exists to serve man and be altered by him to serve his purposes as he sees fit. What we have developed is sort of a hierarchy where God is superior to both man and nature, and man is superior to nature, and nature is subservient to both the miracles of God and the whims of man.

Western philosophy and science, both consequences of this type of thinking understand the universe in terms of separate things, god-man-nature; in the university, metaphysics, social sciences, biological and physical sciences.

We understand the world in which we live by taking our entire field of awareness and dividing it into it's component parts and by studying these parts we understand the whole. These separate units of attention selected from the total field of awareness are what we call things, events and facts. Science, then, in the same way that it understands time

cont. on pg. 13





Dandelion Wine

May 1st is not only the day to turn in your draft cards but a time of dandelions, which make really far out wine. Pluck a gallon of flower heads with absolutely no stalk. You'll also need 3 lbs. sugar, 1 oz. yeast, 1 gal. water and 2 lemons.

Remove the yellow petals and put in a fermenting vessel with three quarts of boiling water; cover and let soak for seven days.

Stir daily and cover immediately. Strain and wring out tightly, and put back in fermenting vessel. Boil half the sugar in the pint of water and add to the liquor, followed by the yeast and the juice of two lemons.

Cover tightly and ferment for seven days. Pour into a gallon jar, leaving as much deposit as possible. Boil remaining sugar, cool and add to the goods. Cover tightly and leave until all fermentation has ceased. When finished, liquid is appropriate for drinking around the woodstove on rainy days or sipping while sitting on the sand in the sun.

WE'RE ALL ONE IN THE CO-OP

Some people in the community are moving right along with plans for opening a co-operative store here in Bellingham. The main idea behind a co-op is that people work together. They do it because they believe they can serve themselves best or at less cost through their own organization. Membership is open, and all members own and direct the business that they do business with. It's as simple as that. But...

Starting a co-op takes a lot of work and plenty of high spirit. And some money. Some of us have been checking into what's possible and what's gotta be done to get this thing going. We figure it's best to start out selling food, since this is vital to our survival, and maybe when that gets working pretty well, we can add other goods and/or services (tools, records, insurance, anything else the members think would be good).

The big thing is that those of us who want to be members of the co-op (anybody!) have got to get together and decide how we want the thing to be run. We will probably want to incorporate our business and sell ourselves stock so we can get the co-op operating.

You know, of course, that with things the way they are now, there are many legal trips that have to be taken care of if we incorporate. So, if there are any lawyers out there in readerland who can advise us on such matters, please contact us soon. Also, we have to keep track of the money coming and going and make sure all the members are getting the best deal possible. Accountants, students of business and money, or anyone else who knows how to keep the books straight—we want you, too!

A few other things we see a need for are:

1. A place for the store
2. Refrigerators, freezers, cash register, adding machine, materials for building shelves, etc.
3. Firm commitments from the folks who want to be members of the co-op
4. A mass meeting of those folks to determine basic policies and to keep this thing moving along in the right direction.

A consumer co-op can be a great help, financially, to all involved. It should also be an expression of the spirit of co-operation that exists in the community. Communication is the key. If you are committed to the idea of a successful co-op, fill out the form below and mail it to 3201 - 18th St., Bellingham, 98225 or else drop it by the N.W.P. office at 2616 W. Maplewood. Call any of the following people if you have questions, offers of assistance, or to make your commitment of membership: Gayle at 734-3176, Patrushka or Mandy at 733-2897, or Sheila at 733-7329.

To other notes on co-op food:

1. As a temporary measure, we could establish smaller buying units (say 4-6 households) to co-operate in buying some foods such as local milk and eggs, and certain staples which can be bought cheaper in large quantities from existing retail outlets.
2. Those of you who have the land available should plant your crops now if you haven't already. The co-op could distribute any extra fruit or vegetables that you grow, to the advantage of everyone involved. Okay. Here's your chance.

I want to be a member of the co-op starting up in Bellingham, and have a voice in planning and policy making:

name _____

address _____

number of household _____

volunteer to help committee?

interested in temporary buying unit?

comments or suggestions: _____

Religion began when man discerned

Religion began when man discerned the sun's compassion on the seeds which he sowed in the earth.
—Kahlil Gibran

Art began when man glorified the sun with a hymn of gratitude.
—Kahlil Gibran



OUT OF THE MOLASSES JUG

Folks have been gettin' together around here all winter for feelfine purposes and good bullshit—now they're gathering to establish community bases for survival.

A food co-op, free school, free university, newspaper—ain't this the beginning of what we're all thinking about? A sharing, non-money oriented way of life. How about some help? It's your community, and everyone has some hidden talent.

If you can do anything for anyone, get hold of Bernie Weiner, the Northwest Passage, or call 733-7329.



Some of our folks done moved to the city and is gettin' themselves hitched up. The honorable Reverends Elon and Leasa are comin' together in holy matrimony on Saturday, May 3, at the Quaker Meeting Hall on 40th and Roosevelt in Seattle. They've been gettin' some

blee learning at that big university in the city and just ain't had time to come on up and invite all their folks down for the celebration. So we're doing it for them. Bring some Bellingham spirit down to Seattle on the 3rd. See you there at 11 in the morn.

The Mothers had a song about responding vegetables several years ago. That song flits through my mind occasionally as I stand in the local market peering at my friends, the vegetables. Often I spend more time in the produce department than I do at school. But even the most lovingly selected vegetables can lose most of their vitamins and minerals through improper handling and cooking.

Carrot tops, radish greens, etc., should be used not discarded. Chop them up in salads, add them to soups, or hand them to any and all would-be cooks cluttering up the kitchen.

The skin on vegetables is very rich in vitamins and minerals. Peeling vegetables is unnecessary and wasteful. A special vegetable brush should be used to scrub the skin to remove any dirt. Rinse them under cold running water.



To cut vegetables, use a good, wide, heavy knife and a clean cutting board. Both should be kept as clean as possible.

Metal spoons damage not only your pots but also the vegetables. Wooden spoons or chopsticks are better for stirring and mixing.

To preserve the vitamin and mineral content of your vegetables, quickly saute them over a lowish flame in hot oil—never boil them.

One last note. Zen macrobiotic cooks recommend that one avoid eating while cooking. Eating may spoil your creativity for "an empty stomach is one of the secrets of any creative activity."

In France, farmers feed onions and garlic to horses with failing hearts. Science has recently discovered that something in the onions breaks up cholesterol deposited in the blood vessels. This is good news not only for people so afflicted, but also for onion lovers. At last a good reason for eating them!

Wild onions can be found throughout the Pacific Northwest on dry, rocky, or sandy beaches and slopes, in open woods, or brush land. They can be recognized by long, natter tubular leaves—usually shorter than the flower stem. The flowers, often appearing after the grass-like leaves have died, range from rose to white color.

The bulbs—remember onions are bulbs just beneath the surface—can be picked or parboiled to remove the strong taste and smell. Wild onions make far out soups and stews, or can be added to rice, egg omelets, or whatever your favorite food is. Remember to turn in your draft cards May 1. Victory thru vegetables.



It's spring and this young man's fancy turns to food, seafood—to be more explicit fresh dugness crab which can be caught in rocky places along the coast. This week I'm going to build a crab trap. Commercial type traps sell for 20 to 30 bucks each and are nothing more than a cage with a funnel-shaped opening and a bait box inside.

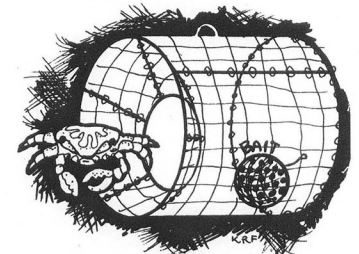
The size of the trap is about the same as a five gallon can and I'm going to use an old paint bucket as a form.

Wrap a piece of wire mesh around the form loosely enough that the form can be removed when the desired cylindrical shape has been achieved. Overlap the mesh about one inch to form a seam and wire in place. Remove the form and make four or five eight-inch cuts in one end of the cylinder at regular intervals around the circumference. Fold these flaps inside to form a rough funnel with about an eight inch inside aperture. Wire in place. For the other end, cut a circle from mesh the same diameter as the cylinder. This end may be fastened in place temporarily with dog leash type snaps, wire, or what have you as it must be removed to get the crabs out.

The bait (putrified meat or fish) is used to attract crabs and by placing it in a tea ball or similar perforated container you can catch many crabs with one set.

Do not eat crabs which are dead when removed from the trap as they will be poisonous. Crabs should be kept live until they are cooked by immersing them live in boiling water.

ONCE IN, CRABS CAN'T ESCAPE.....



HIP POCRATES



by eugene schoenfeld, m.d.

WARNING: Word is out that some trippers are using the anesthetic cyclopropane (Trimethylene) for their highs. I hope this message reaches you in time.

Cyclopropane is far more dangerous than laughing gas (nitrous oxide). Arrhythmias of the heart and respiratory failure are not uncommon effects of this gas. In other words, the heart may stop beating or beat so quickly and weakly that blood is not circulated through the body. Or the brain centers which control breathing may be so heavily anesthetized that breathing stops. These emergencies can be dealt with in an operating room by trained anesthetists and surgeons. If they happen in your pad your best hope is a groovy reincarnation.

Nausea and vomiting often follow use of cyclopropane. If a person is zonked out and vomits, he is likely to aspirate the vomit into his lungs, another way to go out in a hurry. Cyclopropane is also explosive and several operating room explosions and fires have resulted from its use. If you're still tempted to use cyclopropane for kicks after reading this, it's plain you're seeking suicide, not nirvana.

CONSUMER'S REPORT: A delusion is a false belief and there are apparently thousands of deluded heads who believe that the small white capsules or white or orange tablets they drop contain THC (tetra hydrocannabinol). THC, thought to be the active ingredient of marijuana, is still so expensive to produce that it's economically unfeasible for black market chemists to put it in the street.

Chemist Sashe Shulgin (father of STP) has analyzed six samples of drugs sold as THC. One was benactyzine, a tranquilizer. The rest turned out to be Sernyl, or PCP, a sedative used in veterinary medicine. PCP usually causes a very spaced out trip, similar to a heavy alcohol high. Anyone selling you "THC" at this time doesn't know his hash from his elbow.

Well, here I am at my deck looking at the steadily growing pile of unanswered letters. My sense of guilt is quite well developed and these hundred or so letters disturb me a good deal. Guess I could spend two solid weeks doing nothing but answering letters. They will be answered, the most urgent ones first, but it's been a long time since I took off for the woods. So long that the other day while driving across the San Francisco Bay Bridge, on my way to buy some filing cabinets, I looked at the beautiful bay, sniffed the air and decided to keep driving until I reached Big Sur. What a great feeling that was. But sixty miles south of San Francisco I remembered a favor promised a friend which shouldn't have been put off. So I turned back. Too late to get the filing cabinets so at San Jose I entered the Nimitz Freeway heading for Oakland and Berkeley. Freeways are generally a drag but the Nimitz wins the freeway bumper award. A friend of mine moved from Oakland to Miami solely because his job required him to drive the Nimitz every day in his TR-3 sportscar. He was terrified.

As I passed Fremont, I saw the giant General Motors assembly plant, surely a put on by someone who saw Chaplin's MODERN TIMES. It's grotesqueness has no parallel. To even see that plant is a dehumanizing experience. A few months ago a huge dope ring was discovered operating among the assemblyline workers of the GM plant. No wonder. Few drug-induced bad trips could rival the horror of working every day in that gray steel mausoleum.

Farther on I saw gliders soaring over the freeway, Fremont—and the General Motors plant. Someday I hope to fly one of those motorless, long-winged delicate birds. They're towed aloft by small airplanes and then released to seek invisible currents of air, two beads in a glass column the only instruments. Tripping on the gliders made the rest of the drive a lot easier.

Oh, about the letters. Many or most of the questions have been answered in previous columns and are included in DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES. If you can't afford the book, go to a bookstore and look up your particular problem in the index.

I guess I can safely announce now whom I supported in last fall's presidential campaign. Not Pigassus, not Pat Paulsen. Hensley, that's who. Rev. Kirby Hensley, the Modesto, Calif. minister who was recently busted for ordaining too many minsters. I figure Hensley was busted either by the airlines (ministers ride half fare) or the Selective Service (Hensley's 17,000 ministers are draft exempt). The crime he's charged with is ordaining ministers without a license from the State of California and that seems unconstitutional.

Few people know that Hensley ran for president last fall on the Universal Party ticket which, as their campaign literature points out, is "The party which grew out of a flying saucer club." One of the planks in the Universal Party platform stipulates that visitors from other planets will not be thrown into jail without due process.

I learned about the Universal Party from its National Chairman John Hopkins, who also happens to be my landlord, in a sense. Proudly I wore my yellow Universal Party campaign button "Hensley-Pres. MacKenna-V. Pres.". I even pasted a day-glo HENSLEY FOR PRESIDENT bumper sticker on the back of my bus. But I knew Hensley had some enemies even then. Twice the bumper stickers were ripped from my back bumper.

Mr. Hopkin's father, who is also named John, was the Universal Party's Vice-Presidential candidate in 1964. He was 88 at the time. Three weeks ago, I was interviewed by two women from the Canadian Broadcasting Company sent from Toronto to do a report on the San Francisco underground. Afterwards, I was showing them around the grounds when we met the elder John Hopkins near his mansion. We talked for about 20 minutes. As we started to leave, Old John gripped my hand vigorously, motioned toward the women, winked and said, "I wish I were 50 or 75 years younger."

HENSLEY AND HOPKINS IN '72!

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 9002, Berkeley, California, 94709.

O LET GO by frank kathman

Wait,
wait for the rain
to stop.
The silences
of the rooftops
will tell when.

Always
going and finding
or not finding
somewhere . . .

rememberance
of a streetcorner
San Francisco,
leaning for a sound
of the trolley,
the bell
in the rain.
No time to wait
then,
being blind
for my love
who wasn't home
anyway . . .

O let go
of the pendulum
swinging down the night
and be free,
it's no use,
it won't hurry
it won't
tarry . . .

Let the rain
dust off the sun
tomorrow, all day,
and
day after next,
you might receive
a good letter,
in the morning
during
a strong
cup of coffee.

THE WAIT by tim klye

I
Hazy Rumbings,
sunk long
within
a dank
opaque void,
silently reveal;
unraveling
gnarled,
phlegmatic
pharynx-groans.

A Voice
nurtures
its chords;
coughs away
the crust;
its tiny germ
sprouts
from an old root,
tingling anew,
uttering
Spiraling Spasms,
echoing
Time-wrought
Cries
whirling,
through
shadowy,
fermented
Sounds.

II
The slimmest
Sound
strikes Clear,
if someone,
straining,
would hear;
sometimes,
I hear;
still distant,
clouded,
not quite clear.

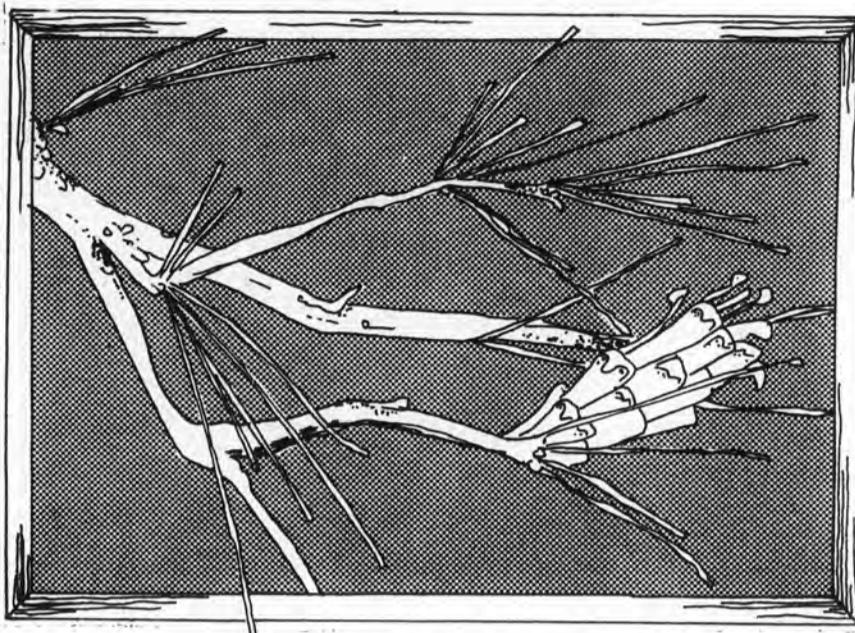
I can wait.
That Voice
will be
eternally
near;
I wait,
to catch it
in my ear;
I wait,
to catch it
in my hand.





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PINE TREE



by bill savage

WEATHER FORECAST

You wake up in the morning and look out the window, asking—are the clouds coming or are they going and is it going to rain or has it rained already? The sun is above the clouds, but you can't see it. And when it comes out, there will be a different world around you.

Half of our lifetime is spent in darkness. Half of our images are not coordinated with nouns and verbs and modifiers. Half of our thinking is not thinking—non-sense to a mind bent on sense. But which part really is sense—our waking reality or our dreams? In which state do we really communicate? And I'm talking about god-talk, spiritual reality, the soul. Or the great spirit or the atman. Or whatever you wish to call what you cannot possibly name, because it named you to begin with.

Some people believe that when a child is conceived, the mother bears the child's body but the father bears the child's soul. The father gives the name to the child—the spirit. The mother gives him the earth nourishment—the form. This seems to be a nice way to look at a nice thing. It also seems sort of out of place in "our day and age" whatever that is.

To a people who are sterilized by wealth and prosperity—to a people who have lost their things, mistaking them for toothpaste tubes—to a people who really believe that "progress is our most important product," the idea of conception seems to be a business deal, a tax deduction, an investment in the future. The father gives the child his corporate frustration, not his soul. But we are moving ever forward and have no time for creation myths. Myths are a sign of the past and the past is only a necessary projection into the crystal-clear plasti-clean future.

But what is the future but a progression of seasons. And when we are born are we not preparing our bodies and souls for living and loving enough so that when we die we will have lived and loved. How can so many collective atoms be so sad? Why is the world right now trembling with fear like the first men probably did at the falling of the first night. Has the moon made any progress? Have pine trees made any progress? Is cancer a sign of progress? Is modern atomic war progress? Or is it all part of a myth explaining how spirits become lonely (Dark Ages) then angry (WW11) then callous (now) when they are neglected—no longer acknowledged in song and silence.

Our society makes room for no one unless he first becomes a nobody—neglects his heritage, his nighttime communication, his secret myths, his soul—unless he is willing to join the "mainstream". But with so many in the "mainstream" the society becomes an emotional flood, dyked only by the superficial mechanical means of law and order. If we were to ourselves streams, running our own course, we would eventually reach a river, reach the sea, any way.

You wake up in the morning and look out the window, asking—are the clouds coming or are they going and is it going to rain . . .

A Question

by bill savage

Leave now
 my tide turns to no moon
 Rattlesnake nerves—
 and here I'm holding you
 Something tells me
 I have stepped on justice
 Listen
 your head on my stomach
 Do you hear gut-stretch?

My ears have walls
 Tell me with fingers
 how many times
 I have told you this before.

FILM FLAM



Perhaps the best evidence of the great success of Stanley Kubrick's "2001: A Space Odyssey" as a work of pure cinema is that words do not come easy in describing its impact. To attempt to describe this beautiful Cinerama color film in verbal terms is equivalent in difficulty to translating a perfectly-rhymed poem from one language to another. It is too much itself to be anything but itself. This being the case, most reviewers have been content to mention the basic divisions of the film, its rudimentary plot, its high cost (\$10 million over four years), and to shrug off the rest with the words "puzzling" or "mysterious" or, that most meaningless term of all nowadays, "Psychedelic."

It will be my intent in this analysis, even while recognizing the impossibility of the task, to attempt to unravel the metaphysical puzzle posed by this film. True, we must use our inadequate verbal language as surgical scalpels in operating on this subtle complexity, but, as Samuel Beckett once said in justifying his use of words in writing plays about the obsolescence of words, "What do you want, sir? It's all we've got."

As with any great work of art, "2001" can be understood on many levels. One can, I suppose, enjoy the film on its most obvious level as that of a remarkably well-handled work of science fiction—of a projection into the future of what space travel may indeed be like, with all the many scientific, mechanical and political-ethical problems which will have to be faced. Sort of a Cineramic "Star Trek."

Similarly, one can add to the science fiction aspect—replete with all those fantastically elaborate machines, space ships, and equipment, all superbly handled by Kubrick and his special effects crew—the obvious mystery element. One can puzzle over it for awhile, as most reviewers have done, and then drop it abruptly because of its troubling convolutions, to concentrate instead on the visual beauty of the imagery of space and color.

Or, one can travel to where I believe Kubrick wishes us to travel in the spiral of complexity he has so elaborately constructed, up into the clouds of metaphysical speculation, into the most receptive, creative cogs of the mind, into the realms of expanded consciousness.

For this is what the film is really about: the evolution of man's mind from that unintelligent ape to that of a cosmic creature, aware of his role, his development, his grandeur, his magnificence, his insignificance, his recognition of the potentialities of his mind to break through to higher realms of perception and cognition.

Does this mean anything? Perhaps not. Let's start from the beginning, and try to piece it through.

The film opens with a segment entitled "The Dawn of Man," in which our ape ancestors cavort ignorantly in a barren Eden. Suddenly, unexpectedly, they awake to find a mysterious rectangular slab in their midst. The appearance of the slab is accompanied on the screen by eerie, unearthly, angelic-type music (Richard Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra"). Shortly after the appearance of the slab, the apes happen onto the discovery of tools. Quickly, we find ourselves into the next section, that of the discovery on the moon some billions of years later of another such rectangular slab. It emits a radio-type beam toward outer space, in the direction of Jupiter, so we move into the next section, devoted to the "Space Odyssey" of an exploration team to Jupiter.

A sub-plot (but not really, as I'll try to show in a moment) involves the weird interaction between the astronauts on the space odyssey and the master-computer which directs the functions of the spaceship. The computer attempts to completely take over the running of the ship by murdering the astronauts, and has to be dismantled by the surviving human figure who disorients its memory-bank, thus effectively "killing" it.

The surviving astronaut then proceeds to the apparent source of the cosmic intelligence in a mini-capsule, only to be rushed, ripped, and pulled through some unbelievably beautiful color configurations before emerging from the capsule into a bedroom of 19th century decor, there to witness the progressive stages of his own physical decay, and finally death. The slab appears again as this Everyman dies, and the final image on the screen is that of an embryo in its transparent sac hovering out in space.

OK, so what does it all mean? Without writing a book about this film (which I sometimes feel I am capable of doing, previous comments about the irrelevancy of words notwithstanding), here goes.

Kubrick and his co-writer Arthur C. Clarke, the famous science author, have constructed a many-faceted paean to the inexplicably profound universe. It is, in one very real sense, a religious film they have

made. One does not have to understand the term "religious" in the traditional Judaic-Christian sense of the Western God to sense this.

The slabs. One way of interpreting these mysterious symbols is that of cosmic clues. The ape views the slab (ultimately photographed at an angle to trigger a crucifixion response from the audience), then makes the quantum mental jump into the tool age. Homo sapiens view the slab, and make the next big jump into universal space travel. (Political nationalism remains an active force on earth, but there is apparently some sort of rational global agreement which prevents outright wars in space based upon this political rivalry. So some intellectual progress has perhaps been made.) The final viewing of the slab sends the astronaut into the most profound, metaphysical realization of the life-death cycle—in himself, in mankind, in the universal protoplasm.

The presence of the slabs can be explained either as cosmic clues provided by another civilization, from another galaxy or dimension perhaps—this is the explanation proposed by the earthlings in the film—or as sources of creative inspiration delivered from God or a Universal Intelligence, or merely (!) as symbols of the rare but intermittent jumps in consciousness of which living things are capable.

Kubrick seems to suggest—to me, at least—that he is endorsing the religious interpretation. The swelling chorus of angelic voices when the slab appears in history, the symbolic photography of the slab from below with its corona halo, even the opening symbolism with the apes. (If they are in the Garden, the presence of the slab—the Apple?—gives them the Higher Knowledge, which they then misapply by utilizing heavy bones as bloody weapons with which to kill members of their own species. Later, the second appearance of the slab, on the moon, only triggers the political paranoia of the Russians and Americans; censorship is maintained, governmental lies are sanctioned, loyalty oaths are demanded, etc. Again, the parochial, primitive, savage misuse of the potentiality for cosmic cognition. Only in the last segment is there an optimistic hope expressed: the mental breakthrough by man into the higher reaches of cosmic consciousness. In this sense, then, "2001" is the story of Man's Fall and later Redemption, with all the accompanying symbols.

The computer. Hal, the master-computer, reminds us constantly that he is programmed by human beings. Though on a realistic level, several of his actions may be bothersome, on this symbolic level, his mental aberration—his attempt to murder the crew and take over complete control of the ship—is merely (!) a mirroring of the same passions, faults, and games of those limited mortals who have programmed his head. (It is no accident that Kubrick has cast Keir Dullea, one of the dearest of young American actors, to play the astronaut. He is throughout almost all of the film as emotionless as the computer he controls, and he carries with him all the old, sorry traits of his planet's inhabitants.)

The only hope for the mission is for the astronaut to "kill" the machine by disturbing its mental memory bank. In other words, he must save himself (as representative of the Life Force) by altering the consciousness of the computer's brain, by sending Hal's brain back to a lower state of awareness.

In a similar sense, he can advance humanity to the new plateau of cosmic awareness only by disorienting his own mental mechanism, by speeding it ahead toward the higher reaches of understanding. In this sense, the film can be properly described as "psychedelic," for not only is the color phantasmagoria on the screen quite similar to what one might experience on a "trip," but is also symbolic of what the creative thinking process of the brain must be like. The astronaut in this sense is not taking a trip to Jupiter, he is taking a trip through his own head. He finally breaks through (to Heaven? which is in as-yet unreached regions of our head?), and rises to the new level of consciousness, to an awareness of his place in the life-death, yin-yang cycle of universal metabolism. He dies, with Ultimate Knowledge, and of course is then Reborn, as a new being, as a new planet, as a new bubble in the cosmic cauldron of eternal coming and becoming. He is Resurrected to the eternity, the infinity, which is life.

I do not think I am reading more into it than is really there to suggest that Kubrick is advocating the necessity for this kind of loving resurrection and redemption through knowledge—a knowledge which can only be acquired through the readiness to free oneself from the binding fetters of traditional perception and to seek joyously the expansion of one's consciousness to its limits. Though psychedelic drug-users tend to view "2001" as their holy writ (Kubrick out of McLuhan), Kubrick is by no means suggesting that this is the only, or even necessarily proper, mode of transportation. How one gets there, the film seems to be saying, is your own business—especially inasmuch as it is your soul which is ultimately at issue—but that humanity should get there as quickly as possible is not even doubted.

Stanley Kubrick is one of the best examples of a film-director of integrity. Though located more or less in the Hollywood world, his relatively few major films have all been strong, hard-hitting works of import and sensitivity—clearly the work of a unique, creative intelligence. His "Paths of Glory" remains one of the strongest anti-war films ever made; his "Lolita" was a groundbreaker, both in modes of humor and in subject matter; and his "Dr. Strangelove: Or, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb" was devastating social satire aimed at the staggering stupidity of the damned human race. With "2001", Kubrick has hit his zenith to date of production, and one can only wonder—with awe—what the future will bring from this genius of the cinematic art.

The above review of "2001"—which continues to play in Seattle and Vancouver—was first published in the quarterly *Circus Compendium* (Spring 1969), and is reproduced here with their permission.

cont. from pg. 7

through the concept of seconds and minutes, and distance in terms of inches and feet, understands the natural world through studying these "things" and finding patterns in their behavior which we call natural law or "fact". With these facts then we can build models of reality which predict the nature of reality.

On the other hand, Eastern Thought sees things not in terms of differences and separations but rather in terms of unities. Rather than god-man-nature as separate things, they are one. Man is an inseparable part of nature and god is the union of all things that exist. This means that man is not superior to nature and that nature does not exist for man's benefit but rather as part of some larger system of which we are only a small part. The idea of a seamless unity in nature leads us to question the idea of the physical world actually being divided into things. For is not the skin of an organism as much of a joiner with the rest of the environment as it is a separator from it? Is not the organism's relationship to his surroundings as important as the organism itself? A synthesis of Western and Eastern attitudes towards nature leads us to the concept that the basic realities of nature are the processes and systems with the facts and things establishing the limits within which these processes function.

It must be pointed out at this time that science, like everything else these days, is in the process of undergoing a radical change in its outlook away from the "things" approach to the "systems" approach but nevertheless science began with a vigorous classifying of everything that they could get their hands on causing this disintegrated, piecemeal approach towards nature at the time of the industrial revolution when science fostered it's partially disowned bastard son, technology.

The advent of technology represents man's first attempt at wholesale control of nature. We are finding out today that we cannot control nature in the same way we have come to understand it, thing by

thing. Nature is thoroughly interrelational and affecting one part has far reaching consequences which we are just now beginning to understand. Tampering with the natural order is like throwing a pebble into the proverbial pond, it's ripples affect the rest of the pond. Throw enough pebbles into the pond and you can create quite a turbulence the likes of which, in the natural world, could lead to the extinction of man.

But the natural world, like the pond, can easily absorb these ripples, however large they seem to us, and go on changed but wiser, if I may be anthropomorphic, for the experiment of having created a beast so successful that it extincted itself by upsetting the delicate balance too far in it's down direction.

In eternity the human race is nothing, but to us it is everything and it ought not to perish while there is something left to be done which may prevent it. This is the quandary we are in; Western scientific man has created the problem by attempting to control nature when he had no idea of the consequences.

It is he who brought under control disease and infant mortality which hitherto had kept the birth rate and death rate in balance. It is he who in his humanitarianism allowed the 40% under 15 years old to live. It is he who has developed the technology for mass pollution and mass destruction.

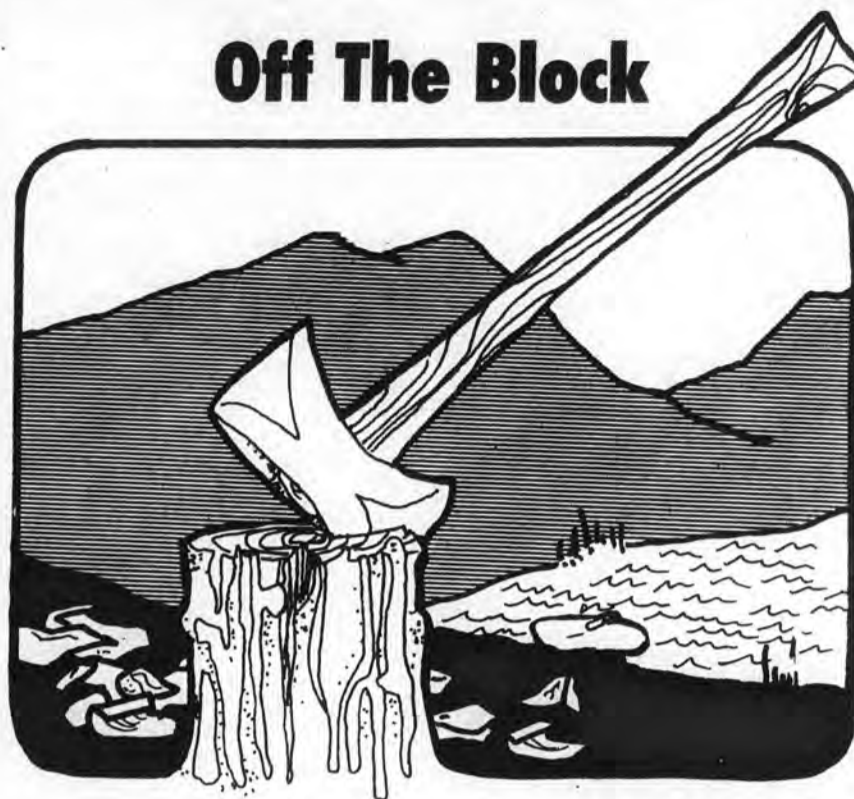
But it is also he who leads the fight against the pandora's box he has opened. It is he who realizes that his discipline can no longer be a dogma for controlling nature but it must be a tool for working with nature.

It is he who is now beginning to realize the unity of life, that man is not superior to nature, but that he is an integral part of it and that any changes that he effects must be made within the natural order.

Our time is running out, however, at a rate which is faster than most of us really believe. It is a race against time and we may very well lose, but if we are to survive as a species we must begin immediately in re-balancing ourselves with nature for we now know that nature will not re-balance itself to us.



Off The Block



by e. curmie price

Those people who wield power are today accusing SDS of poor taste, or style, or sensibility, or what have you; but seldom if ever has anyone accused them of being wrong. Even administrators themselves have had to admit the legitimacy of their demands.

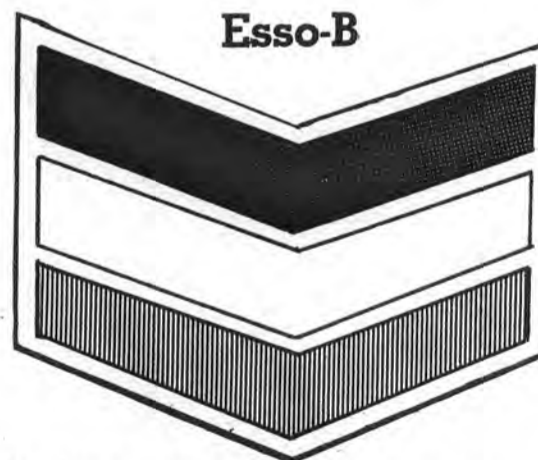
This raises a most interesting question: Can acts, largely peaceful and constitutional, which seek to define the possibilities of justice or to disclose the conditions of its absence, ever be in poor taste, really? And if they can, isn't it really to shield ourselves from the stress and strain of altering the status quo that we raise questions of taste in these times? I suspect too that to make of the issues SDS has raised matters of taste is an awkward attempt to translate societal, i.e., communal, issues into quite often private fantasies from where they return crippled.

I was struck by the cry against law-and-order by some of the good citizens of our academic community when it was thought, or felt, by them that their sense of reality had been called into question during the "flag issue." And the Board of Trustees' display of power, not of justice (and notice where the chips fell), was itself an act of lawlessness in the name of law-and-order: an unjust act, if you will, in the name of justice.

The point is whose justice? whose law-and-order? whose taste? whose sensibilities?

It is charmingly terrifying to bear witness to the seeming character of men who now seek to represent the conscience of our time. Well, well, I feel that others must oppose these often arrogant and self-righteous men whose logic is that their rights are absolute. I was therefore pleased when the black students, or some of them, joined SDS during this controversy, threatening to meet whatever challenge the opposition chose to offer.

I suspect that the flag destroyers did not like that black arrogance. And why not? Perhaps it is assumed, somewhere, perhaps it is ordained by Divinity Himself, that there is an absolute style and taste. Well, well, our citizens have always felt (forgive the arrogance of this generalization) that the American reality was quite simply a matter of their good intentions.



RICHMOND, CALIF. (LNS) — Students and workers in the San Francisco Bay Area have launched a nationwide boycott of Chevron Chemicals and other products of Standard Oil of California.

Members of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union, local 1-561, are struggling against the powerful oil company for the rights of the union movement in California—to retain the only union shop in the Standard empire.

The strike and boycott are particularly significant because of the collaboration between students and

workers which developed on the picket lines. This contact between workers and radical students—many of them active in the struggles at San Francisco State and Berkeley—has been particularly alarming for California's ruling class.

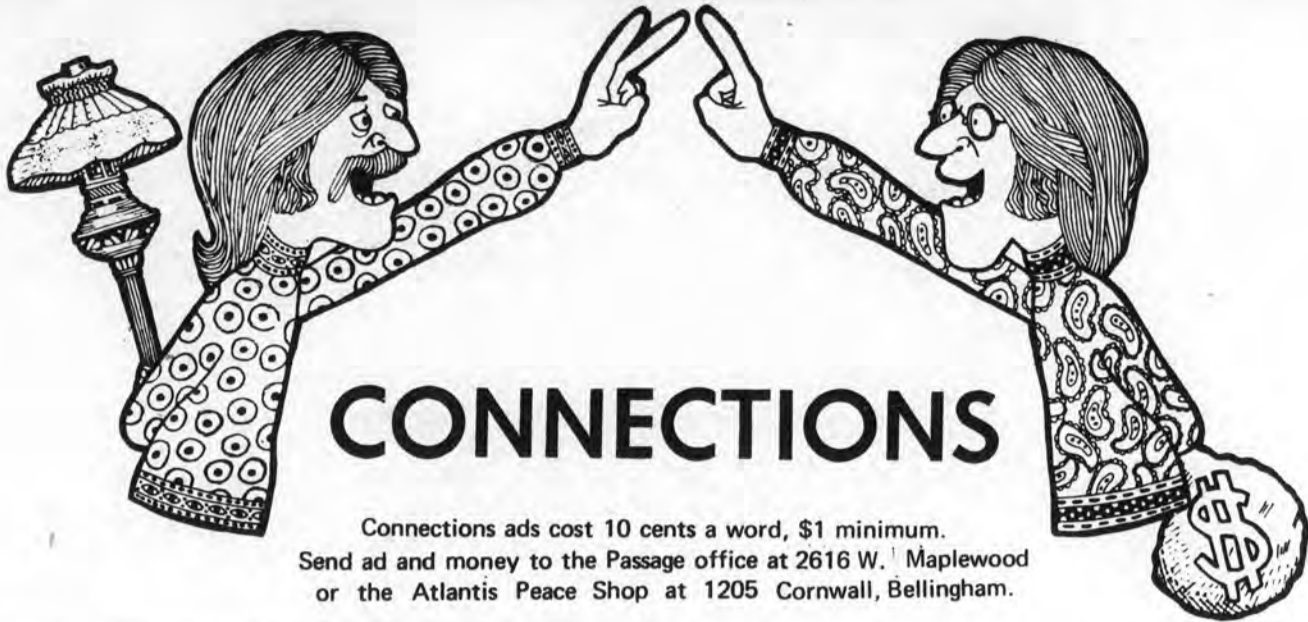
At its recent national council meeting in Austin, Texas, SDS gave full organization support for the boycott.

Further information on the boycott, including bumper stickers, may be obtained from the Solidarity Committee, P. O. Box 1282, Richmond, Calif.



Linn County/Fever Shot





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Send ad and money to the Passage office at 2616 W. Maplewood
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MUSIC! MUSIC!



by laurence kee

For the past month or so I've been in touch with a new band that just came to Bellingham from Seattle. They call themselves Jaen, a name they came up with one night when the moon and their heads were full. I've really been taken in by what these four people are doing. Their material is completely original and really good. They are excellent musicians who play and sing with a calm sort of conviction. Their musical philosophy is "We like people", which can only serve as needed catalyst in what is happening right here in our own community.

(In case you don't know, some of us in Bellingham are involved in what might be called a humanist revolution. Lots of artists, writers, musicians, people doing their thing. More or less getting away from stagnation and into softer avenues of thought. A renaissance, a re-birth, an evaluation, a new perspective. It is obvious to me, at least, that things are happening here. I'm not sure what it is, but as long as it feels good I'm for it. The word "revolution" has taken a front seat in our vernacular, but maybe that's what this thing is. A revolution in thought and purpose. There was something about a band in here somewhere.)

Jaen had been together for two years in Seattle basements, working on material and perfecting their style. About the time they were coming out into the light (they were playing The Edge in the U district) they met Bellingham-based Rick Chase, owner of the Longplaying Lightshow Company. The two groups merged into the Media Group and moved everything to Bellingham. Jaen told me the move was mostly due to the fact that they dug Bellingham and the people anyway. The Media Group recently finished building a complete recording studio where rehearsals are held. They eventually want to start making tapes for other local talent and maybe cut a few albums. (I would like to see Jack Hansen and Shirley Shockey get in on some recording action. Remember Big Pink?)

Personnel—Randy Ballard plays one of the smoothest blues harmonicas I've ever heard. Something like Butterfield and good Dylan, but more like Ballard. He literally flows through chord progressions with rhythmic perfection and a line that goes right to the very essence of pure

soul. Fantastic spiritual experience!!! He also plays flute, an instrument he's been at in a classical sense for 12 years. He gets a very deep, hollow tone and never misuses vibrato (rare for most flute players). He also plays sax and sings.

Jack Ballard (they are brothers) plays lead and rhythm guitar, depending on the song, and sings a lot of duets with Randy. Their voices blend perfectly, a product of either genetics or a lot of hard work (probably both). Jack is in a transitional stage at the present as far as style goes. He has decided that five fingers can keep more things going than one pick, so he finger picks everything. Not only is this more interesting, but the tone one gets from a finger is deeper and smoother than that attained with a pick. Jack's experience of several years as a classical cellist is reflected in his precise left hand positions and the almost reverent way in which he approaches his instrument.

Joe Dean plays bass almost in a jazz sort of way. Lots of octave jumps and swing patterns, probably due to his experience as a sax man. He keeps everything tied together tight at his end and he works very well with drummer Les Gay. Les has also gone through a jazz thing, as a trumpeter and bassist. His style is still settling as he explores variations in blues-jazz riffs and breaks. He never misses a beat and can come on very strong or very soft. Both Joe and Les sing.

Jaen's total sound is really hard to describe, but as far as I'm concerned they come on somewhere within a framework of blues-jazz-classical-folk-rock-whatever. You'll have to hear them and decide yourself. To classify them is limiting them in a way, so take my classification lightly. They are good and they have a lot of room for growth. That's about all I can say.

They will be playing at 8 p.m., Saturday, May 3, at the Community School on Samish Way. In case you don't already know, Northwest Passage is doing a thing every Saturday night at the school (unless there is something big happening in town that is more important). It gives us all a chance to get together with a little music and food, and it also gives the Passage a chance to pick up on a little (and I mean a little) needed bread.

So come on out this Saturday night, hear Jaen and have a good time. There is a jam session happening between Jaen's sets, so bring something to blow, tweet or hit. I know you'll dig it. P.S. — anyone who wants to contact Jaen for jobs can call 734-0103.

JAEN



Jack, Randy, Les, Joe

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