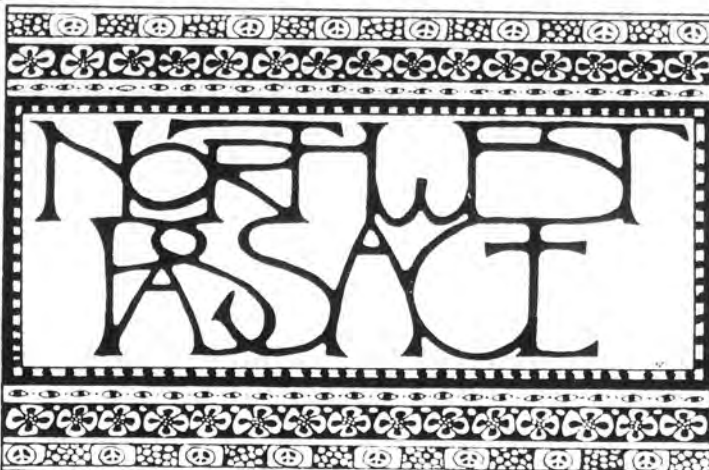




Volume 3
Number 1



Bellingham, Washington
April 6, 1970

A black and white photograph of a rocky, mountainous landscape. A dog is standing on a path in the middle ground. The scene is framed by dark, silhouetted trees at the top.

**VIETNAM DE-COLOGY
STAGED 60'S
NIXON & STRANGELAW**

25¢



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table of contents

Destruction of Vietnam's ecology.....	p. 4
"The Staged Sixties".....	p. 6
Strangelaw: Centralization of Power.....	p. 10
The Detergent Dilemma	p. 8
Molasses Jug.....	p. 12
Carl Maxey Interview.....	p. 14
Toxic Mercury at G-P.....	p. 15
Art Hoppe.....	p. 15
News.....	p. 17
3 Poems by Jane Bailey.....	p. 18
Reviews.....	p. 19
Battle of Fort Lawton.....	p. 22

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editorial



A word or two about the Passage and its treatment of the ecology issue:

We don't wish to overburden our readers with heaviness, but we do feel, quite simply, that the world today faces a crisis about which almost nothing meaningful is being done, and hardly more is understood.

Essentially, ecology is the interdependence of all life - forms. This is a statement which encompasses many concepts and disciplines, not all of them biological.

The philosophical precept of ecology is that all is a unity and must be so treated by man, who by and large has tended to regard himself as somehow being separate from, and destined to dominate, nature. Each part of nature, including man, must balance with the other parts, or cancerous formations may develop. Man, through his overfertility, has now become a biological cancer, and he has artificially injected other cancers into the aging body of Mother Earth.

Because we in the Northwest live in one of the few still redeemable spaces of the planet, we tend to think of ecology solely in terms of rivers and mountains, oceans and valleys. This natural emphasis is, of course, the basis of ecology, but its philosophical implications are much more widespread. The philosophy of ecology is applicable to every human social and interpersonal interaction, and it is of the utmost importance that all of us -- heads, straights, rich, poor, young and old alike -- understand the applications.

"No man is an island unto himself," said the poet John Donne, and there are few statements more true to be found in classic literature. We must, as a culture and as a species, reaffirm our responsibilities to each other, and to our environment. It is necessary to "do your own thing," but only after making sure that your thing isn't harmful to others and to the life spirit.

H. L. Hunt's "thing" is making money, and perhaps there's nothing wrong with that per se, but he -- and the system which he represents -- has never stopped to think how that thing cheapens and even destroys the lives of millions of individuals and countless non-human life-forms. They have let pursuit of economic success become a cancer which gnaws away at the health of our collective planetary body.

Richard Nixon, who mouths the clichés of environmentalism but who clearly has no true feeling for their import; is at the vanguard of the militarist cancer in our society, destroying for the sake of destruction in the name of outmoded rationalizations, and denying the individual's right to balance his own life in his own way.

Good music and good literature and good films and good poetry are necessary parts of any social ecology. They provide the relaxation, the insights, the aesthetic stuff which prepares us for the task of existing in and improving our increasingly complex world.

A good head is a gentle head, a head that doesn't feel it has to rape its environs in order to assert its existence and worth. It knows it can only assert its individuality by respecting the individualities of the personalities and objects to which it is linked.

So, ecology is not just a parable about the leaves and the fishes. And though we'll continue to write about, and publish articles about, leaves and fishes, we'll also present, as we do in this issue, articles about politics and literature and music and social movements and religion and mass - psychology and just plain people and maybe, just for good measure, everything as well.

After all, that's balance, and balance is really ecology's other name.



'Up the Revolution'

Dear NWP:

I hope I'm not writing to a bunch of rabid, violence-loving revolutionaries. I have a morbid fear of violent people. (They should all be beat up and run out of town by us peace-lovers!)

But as a spiritually socialistic, old-time Bohemian dirty old man (what else is left for old Bohemians?; dirty old men need love, too!), I want to egg you on. Your Feb. 23 ish, which by some miracle, reached me on Feb. 19, was pretty good. . .

I am particularly indebted to you for the list of our noble public servants who were against the environmental legislation, something I must have missed in the P-I and Times and even the Outlook.

But what we also need is a more-or-less comprehensive list of lobbyists and corporations they represented who were "influencing" our dedicated representatives. . .

From your format, as differentiated from the Helix (you should excuse the expression), I judge that you are at least mindful of the general public, and not just trying to radicalize the Hippie public? which indicates that you might be real reformists instead of fire-bombers and dynamiters. I'm for that. We have not yet reached the point where dynamite will benefit anyone except Dupont.

Revolutionaries act as if the right of protest carries with it some kind of a priori guarantee of victory -- as if the right of free speech means we must agree with them. Two things are overlooked (among others): that the Chicago Seven got a fair trial, and full Constitutional right (much more than any suspected rioter would get

anywhere in the communist world), and full rights of appeal.

Secondly, that the action of the government afforded them a propaganda platform and hearing before the public they could not have bought for \$10 mill. . . . Can you picture Mayor Daley getting a fair trial before a revolutionary court? Would it be anything but a charade for political purposes? No, the fine slogans they shout are just so much rhetoric: garbage. It signifies nothing. Yes, the leaders of the NLF, SDS, etc., "deplore" the violence, implying that there would not have been any if the police had not been there. . . never mind the police did not initiate the Seattle action -- they're "pigs" and THAT is what makes them guilty. (A "pig" recently saved a Hippie's life in Seattle with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. I wonder if that Hippie ever threw rocks at them.)

. . . Meanwhile, surely you must have been putting us on when you say there is no "machine politics" in Washington! What do you call a "machine"? I think the O'Connell-Rosellini organization was a machine. I was part of it -- one of the smallest wheels down at the bottom. (The recent O'Connell story was the finishing touch on my disillusionment. The Chicago Convention helped, too.)

So, keep up what you're doing. Avoid the radical format. Avoid the dirty words and cartoons, and you may bring some new thoughts to the general public.

I got my copy at the supermarket. Good. Get as many square outlets as you can.

And really go underground. . . look straight, but tell it like it is. Love, love,

Victor Lydman
4515 Burke Ave
N. Seattle

Lighten Up, Fellas

Dear NWP:

Intellectualism is a phase that we all go through, but people who are truly into getting back to nature generally evolve into a funky down home trip of doing something about it.

Earth has been grossly mistreated, but I believe that the only way it can be saved is to go forward in a positive, active manner. (It's easy to feel negative and depressed about the present ecological situation, but that offers no solution.)

I propose that, along with your present articles that point out the problems, you print suggestions for positive, concrete plans of action that can be facilitated by the commom "Passage" reader.

Respectfully,
Cathy Smirl

'Time Out for Insanity'

Dear Northwest Passage:

I enjoyed your article on page 16 of the March 9, 1970 "Northwest Passage", "Time Out For Insanity." I had wanted to attend the conference where Watts, Murphy, and Bridston did what ever they do. As it happened, I was not able to be there, but by reading your article I feel that I got some of the flavor of the conference.

There is one item that I would like to call to your attention, since a reporter wants to be accurate. Keith Bridston is a professor of Systematic Theology at Pacific Lutheran Theological Seminary in Berkeley, California. Pacific Lutheran University

is a small four year liberal arts college just south of Tacoma, Washington. He is not a professor at PLU.

We enjoy reading the "Passage", when it comes in the mail, we know there is hope.

Sincerely,

George Beard
383 Martin St.
P.O. Box 878
Blaine

Ex-Chicagoans Want Connections

Dear NWP:

We have just arrived in the Northwest (Seattle) from that well loved bastion of liberation: Chicago, Illinois, where we were involved in various activities over the last 3 1/2 years. Most recently Dennis was released after 22 months in prison, (draft refusal) and I was involved in running a community coffee house which worked with servicemen as well as a diverse cross-section of neighborhood people.

All this is to say that we are here, hopefully to live, want to get in contact with some active people and would appreciate any names and suggestions.

Our particular interest at present is in developing or becoming part of an ecology program which seeks to draw the connection between capitalism and its extension -- the rape of people as well as the environment.

We'd really appreciate any help you can offer and would be interested in talking with all of you at the Passage.

Struggle,
Dennis and Diane Riordon
321 N.E. 88th st.
Seattle

Americans have been growing more concerned over the deterioration of this country's resources largely as a result of negligence, indifference, and greed. Yet the American scientific community and the public have only recently begun to be fully aware of what this country is doing to the land and the people of Vietnam.

'This is the first time that chemicals designed to damage or kill plants have been used in war.'

President Nixon responded to this growing concern last November when he issued a statement revising U.S. policy regarding chemical and biological weapons. When he sends the Geneva Protocol to the Senate for ratification, it will except from restriction the two weapons of gas and chemical warfare from which the civilian population of Vietnam suffers most: herbicides (or defoliants) and lung or tear gases. It has been repeatedly stated by government officials that these chemicals are incapacitating or non-lethal.

However, documented reports from scientific sources indicate otherwise. For instance, as early as October, 1964, a Vietnamese doctor, Cao Van Nguyen, gave the following description of a chemical attack near Saigon:

"A vast expanse of woods, approximately 1,000 hectares (nearly 2,500 acres) of crop-producing land, and more than 1,000 inhabitants were

affected. A large number of livestock were also poisoned and some of them died. The majority of the poisoned people did not take any food from these crops nor drink any of the water that had been covered or mixed with the sprinkled farm chemicals. They had only breathed in the polluted air or the poison had touched their skin.

At first they felt sick and had some diarrhea; then they began to feel it hard to breathe and they had low blood pressure; some serious cases had trouble with their optic nerves and went blind. Pregnant women gave birth to still-born or premature children. Most of the affected cattle died from serious diarrhea, and river fish floated on the surface of the water belly up, soon after the chemicals were spread."

--Seymour M. Hersh
Chemical & Biological Warfare, 1969.

Indeed in the case of tear gas, the army itself concedes the fact of possible deaths resulting from its use; the field manual of the U.S. Army reports that two of the most commonly used tear gases may be used in general war "where possible deaths are acceptable." (Steven Rose, Chemical and Biological Warfare, 1969)
RESULTS UNKNOWN

The fact is that scientists are beginning more and more often to say we do not know the long-term results of the types of devastation we have unleashed upon Vietnam. In "Scientist and Citizen" (Aug. - Sept. 1967) Dr. Arthur W. Caston, Professor of Biology at Yale University, makes the following statement:

Chemicals are being used against forested and agricultural lands in Vietnam as part of the United States military strategy and tactics. This is the first time that chemicals designed to damage or kill plants have been used in

war. To damage or kill a plant may appear so small a thing in comparison to the human slaughter every war entails as to be deserving of little concern.

But when we intervene in the ecology of a region on a massive scale, we may set in motion an irreversible chain of events which could continue to affect both the agriculture and the wildlife of the area -- and therefore, the people, also -- long after the war is over.

Indications of what the Vietnamese people might expect have recently been coming to light. The 12th Air Commando Squadron in the first nine months of 1966 alone defoliated an area of 1,000 square miles or equivalent to the size of the entire state of Rhode Island. Of this, 70,000 acres were crops, mostly rice. By the beginning of 1967, 150,000 acres of croplands had been sprayed, and in early 1967 operations were expanded to include the so-called demilitarized zone separating North and South Vietnam, as well as War Zones C and D and areas adjacent to Laos and Cambodia.

'The devastation of Vietnam has been as complete as world opinion will allow.'

It was reported in the Los Angeles Times (Jan. 14, 1970) that the use of the herbicide "Orange" (a mixture of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-t) damaged 173,000 rubber trees and 38,300 acres in eastern Cambodia. The Kompong Cham province of Cambodia along the

border of South Vietnam suffered almost total destruction of food crops. Damage to the rubber trees was placed at \$11 million. Animals became ill, birds paralyzed and people, particularly infants, suffered diarrhea and digestive problems.

This spraying program, named "Operation Ranch Hand" (Slogan -- "ONLY WE CAN PREVENT FORESTS") uses most often the mixture called "Orange" which is released from high pressure nozzles beneath the wings and tails of C 123 transports.
BIRTH MALFORMATIONS

It was also reported in the Los Angeles Times (Dec. 31, 1969) that the two defoliants which make up "Orange" have been shown in studies to produce birth malformations in animals -- they are more teratogenic (causing birth defects) than Thalidomide. The council of the American Association for the Advancement of Science passed a resolution (114 to 51) urging the Defense Department to stop using the two herbicides.

According to "Scientific Research" (Nov. 1969) Saigon newspapers have reported many birth defects in the countryside, and an American molecular biologist has received letters from Vietnamese saying that pregnant Vietnamese women are giving birth to monsters. According to the journal, further tests are being carried out on the cancer and mutation producing potentials of these defoliants.

The journal, "Scientist and Citizen" (Aug. - Sept. 1967) also reports that plants resistant to "Orange" are sprayed with cacodylic acid, an arsenic compound which is very toxic to human beings -- slightly over 2 oz. would kill an average man and smaller doses can produce coma.

ECOLOGY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

**The disembowelment of
Vietnam's environment**

by santa barbara women strike for peace

ANTIPERSONNEL CHEMICAL WEAPONS

Another arsenic compound, DM or Adamsite, is one of the most

'...I know of no restraints on the ground of humanity or sparing of civilians that now guide our American policy.'

commonly used tear gases in Vietnam. Despite Defense Department protestations to the contrary, there is evidence that, as it is often used in Vietnam, it can be lethal. When injected into caves or shelters to force the people out, there is a high concentration (.65 milligrams per liter is a lethal dose) producing death in 30 minutes.

The New York Times (January 13, 1966) reported: "Non-toxic (sic) gas and smoke being used against Vietcong guerrillas, in tunnels northwest of Saigon, have killed one Australian soldier and sent six others to hospitals, officials said today. Col. Robert Bowtell, 21, of Sydney, died of asphyxiation although he was wearing a gas mask."

A vivid account of the effects of the use of gas may be found in a letter dated Nov. 23, 1967, written by Dr. Alje Vennema who told of his experiences in treating gas victims while serving in Quang Ngai Provincial Hospital:

During the last three years, I have examined and treated a number of patients; men, women and children

who have been exposed to a type of war gas the name of which I do not know. The type of gas used makes one quite sick when one touches the patient or inhales the breath from their lungs. After contact with them for more than three minutes, one has to leave the room in order not to get ill. "Patients are feverish, semi-comatose, severely out of breath, vomit, are restless and irritable. Most of the physical signs are in the respiratory and circulatory systems.

The mortality rate in adults is about ten percent while the mortality rate in children is about 90 percent. I have kept accurate records of the number of such cases that I have seen only since June, 1967. Since then I have seen seven cases of which:

- There was one child of six years of age who died.
- There was one child of fifteen years of age who survived.
- There was one lady of approximately 40 years of age who died.
- There were four other adults who survived."

The gas the Doctor was writing about apparently was Adamsite (DM).

Troops belonging to the 173rd U.S. Brigade and Australian and New Zealand troops used such gases against the civilian population hidden in shelters and between Jan. 8 to 15, 1966, more than 100 people were killed.

HEAVY BOMBING

The American public has for a long time been aware of the bombing raids carried out in Vietnam. However, the extent of the bombing and its impact upon the terrain has not been widely recognized. "Scientific Research"

(June 23, 1967) quotes a Vietnamese who says that American bombing raids are producing craters which make the terrain more and more resemble the moon.

The B52 carries nearly 30 tons of explosives and a mission normally consists of three to 12 aircraft. In 1967, 982 missions were flown over the Republic of Vietnam. In 1968, 3,022 missions were flown. (The number now is greater than ever.)

Estimates are that about 3,448,000 bomb craters were formed in 1967 and 1968. These craters are as much as 30 feet deep and 45 feet in diameter and unless filled they will remain a part of

'The 12th Air Commando Squadron in the first nine months of 1966 alone defoliated an area... equivalent to the size of the State of Rhode Island.'

the landscape. Thus even late in the dry season, there are over 3 million pools of water providing potential breeding grounds for mosquitoes.

DIRT CHEAP

The devastation of Vietnam has been as complete as world opinion will

allow. Dr. George Wald, Nobel Prize winner from Harvard University, spoke out against U.S. use of chemical weapons in 1968. Speaking before American scientists, he reported having been asked by the Army's Edgewood Arsenal to help work on temporary blinding agents but he refused saying "The weapons would just be used to blind then kill by other means, just as tear gas is used in Vietnam to smoke people out so they can be attacked by other weapons." Later, on Sept. 11, 1969, Professor Wald spoke at M.I.T. of defoliants used to destroy Vietnamese crops, saying "It isn't the soldiers who go hungry. They get what food there is. It's the children and old and women who suffer most and first." Chemical and biological warfare is "attractive," he charged, because it's "dirt cheap compared to a lot of the physical stuff." In all, he said, "the technology of death and destruction is the biggest business in the country and in industry. It's the biggest business in the world."

Wald added, "As far as I can see, there is now no weapon and no means of war that our American Army is not prepared to use. I know of no restraints on the ground of humanity or sparing of civilians that now guide our American policy."

— Santa Barbara Women Strike for Peace P. O. Box 3492, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93105



excerpts from

THE STAGED SIXTIES

by marvin garson



This is a history of the sixties as Marvin Garson lived them. It IS history. From a movement activist, founder of the San Francisco Express Times which became the Good Times -- a whole new perspective. What we think is history is a fake -- isms, the politics of things, the great theatre full of confused minds and applauding hands, the vast web of information between newscast and official proclamation -- and men are trapped in it. What we need are "non-scheduled airlines for non-scheduled people" says Garson. All the real communication is by word of mouth. "The Movement" began and "The Movement" ended on the television screen and in the newspapers and on the campus.

These excerpts are from the manuscript; the book will probably be published by Random House. Marvin was last seen throwing a baseball through the window of the "Helix" office in Seattle.

This is a history book. It is a true history of the Nineteen Sixties. Historians will say that they don't even understand the Twenties yet, let alone the Sixties. That's right, they don't. And they never will.

It is the thesis of this book that the Sixties were entirely staged. I do not mean that certain events in the Sixties were staged (civil rights movement, Cuban missile crisis, Vietnam war, demonstrations, riots and assassinations); of course they were and everybody knows it. Nor do I mean that certain people and groups did some of the staging (CIA, SDS, Mafia, television networks, various politicians); again, everybody knows and nobody cares.

No, when I speak of "The Staged Sixties" I mean a decade entirely staged down to the tiniest "accidental" details of timing, costume, names of characters, etc. I am referring to the kind of really big scale production which it was once thought could only be mounted by the invisible God of the Jews.

Until 1968, in fact, it looked as if it actually was the showy, melodramatic God of Abraham who had produced the Sixties as a mighty comeback effort to regain the hearts and minds of America and the whole world. Look at the script.

Act I: nice Negroes, nice Pope, nice President, nice Russians, we have our problems but everything is turning out nice.

Act II: tragic assassination, tragic riots, tragic war, everything is turning out tragic.

Act III (beginning in 1968): supreme anguish, to be followed by a surprise happy ending.

The "supreme anguish" at the beginning of Act III is the assassination of Bobby Kennedy.

Of course.

In a Los Angeles hotel.

Where else?

While reaching out to grasp the hand of a \$75-a-week dishwasher.

Good touch.

At the very height of his career, at a moment of great triumph, though who knew what greater triumphs might have lain ahead, had not the assassin's hand --

Alright, I get it. Now, who's the assassin?

An Arab.

An ARAB?

From Pasadena.

From PASADENA?

Named Sirhan.

Sirhan what?

Sirhan Sirhan.

At the very moment of supreme anguish, we get a knock-knock joke. After that it was no longer possible to believe that the mysterious Producer was the humorless and remorselessly logical God of Abraham, the God who gave His only begotten Son and revealed Himself to Monammed, the God who conquered Europe, Africa, the Americas, Australia and half of Asia. It now appeared that the Sixties had been staged by an entirely different God, a God from one of the places Jehovah never got to, China or Nepal or the Kalahari, perhaps the God with the face of the grinning Buddha.

I am not going to insist on this point, or prove it or demonstrate it or defend it, because I am at heart a very reasonable man, not a crank or a

fanatic. In the course of this book I will, I am sure, drop the tone of reasonable discourse I have maintained so far and break into lunatic ranting and raving, because there are so many important things that can only be gotten across by ranting. The reader should at no point feel pressured to agree or disagree. The purpose of this book is not to convince the reader, but to set him loose ranting on his own.

On January 1, 1960

I was a phony. So was everybody else.

We had just been through an entirely phony decade. . . .

The next night. . . we slept on the beach at Key West, facing South toward Cuba 90 miles away, watching a tremendous lightning storm. The following day we parked the car at the Key West airport, paid \$10 each and got on the dinky Cubana DC-3 for Havana. At the Havana airport a customs official passed his hand vaguely over our sleeping bags and knapsack, and motioned us through. There we were.

We stayed in Havana for a few days, then hitchhiked all the way out to the Sierra Maestra. We hitchhiked part of the way back and then got on a freight train crammed full of cancutters headed for a gigantic rally in Havana. We were in Cuba two weeks altogether and spent less than \$15. Not once did we sleep outdoors. I believe we paid for lodging two nights in Havana. The rest of the time we were the casual guests of Cubans we just happened to run into as it was getting dark. It got so we could count on it: wherever we were, some Cuban would get the hospitality itch as the sun went down. Not once were we asked to show any kind of identification. If anyone asked why I had come to Cuba I would say, "Para ver la revolucion con mis propios ojos" -- To see the revolution with my own eyes -- and that was the password.

The only bad moment was at an international youth construction project in the Sierra Maestra mountains. We wanted to stay there and work for a few days, or a few weeks, or a year, or whatever. We were given an interview with an international youth leader who was very suspicious and asked us if we belonged to the World Federation of Democratic Youth. Even though we didn't, the youth leader would do us a big favor and let us stay overnight, despite the danger of espionage, and in the morning we would leave.

There were guns everywhere in Cuba, but I never felt jumpy because the people carrying the guns were themselves so relaxed. I saw a student militia unit guarding the University of Havana gradually dissolve into a pachanga one night as the rhythm took hold and one by one they dropped their rifles and started to dance. We slept that night on the floor of a classroom at the University. In the

middle of the night Barbara got up to pee, stumbled around, got lost and ran into an armed guard. There had been quite a few bombings of public buildings in the past few months by spoil sports, and here was a foreign-looking woman with a giant oversize handbag wandering around the University halls in the middle of the night. Barbara stuttered out, "Donde esta el servicio" -- Where is the toilet, in a thick American accent, and the guard just politely gave her directions. He didn't even look at the handbag.

We got out the way we got in, the Cubana flight to Key West. Then we hitchhiked from Key West to New York. What a trip it was. People asked us, Where are you coming from? and we said, Cuba. Then they would say, Cuba? How did you escape. We tried to explain that we had just gotten on a plane without any fuss, but no one could believe it; there had to be more to it than that. There sure did. If they gave us a chance, we'd just chatter away about "what Cuba was really like," and that confirmed it for them that we were cranks. Or subversives.

From then on, we were cranks. There was nothing we really wanted to talk about but Cuba. Whatever anybody else was interested in, we would barely contain our boredom until we could steer the conversation around to Cuba.

Meanwhile, our friend Fidel was having the time of his life, horsing around at the United Nations. A few weeks after we got back to New York, he checked in his mad crew at the Shelburne Hotel, the very scene of my mother-in-law's wedding, and brought a flock of chickens along. To eat, of course. And when the manager of the hotel threw the Cuban delegation out for conduct unbecoming a Shelburne guest, they checked into the Hotel Theresa. In Harlem. And when Khrushchev wanted to talk to Castro, he had to go up there to 125th Street. The crowd outside the Hotel Theresa was absolutely astounded. It was magnificent. The song we had heard most often in Cuba was: Fidel, Fidel, que tiene Fidel, que los Americanos no pueden con el? which I translate as: Fidel, Fidel, what has he got that drives Americans crazy?

'There were guns everywhere in Cuba, but I never felt jumpy because the people carrying the guns were themselves so relaxed.'

The non-scheduled airlines were outlawed. . . . Can you imagine what things would be like if they'd been allowed to continue? The five-dollar flight from San Francisco to Los Angeles in a DC-3 or a DC-6 or whatever sturdy old planes you could haul up out of forced retirement. Low overhead. No advertising expenses: plenty of free word-of-mouth publicity. No reservations or scheduling. Non-scheduled airlines for non-scheduled people. You just show up at the airport and wait till you've got a plane load. The last man aboard is a hero. "All we need is one more passenger and we'll leave, and if someone's in a really big hurry of course, he can pony up the extra \$5 and we'll take off now." That's the stewardess talking. And one or two anxious types are debating with themselves whether to dig in for that extra \$5, but everybody else is too busy partying, playing flutes, smoking dope, rapping with the mechanics about valve clearances (old piston-engine plane, remember) when the last passenger shows up and suddenly he's the hero: "Hurray, hurray for -- what's

your name? -- hurray for Fred!" And everybody swarms into the plane. If Timothy Leary would come up with solid programs like allowing the non-scheduled airlines back, instead of making speeches about the right to expand your consciousness, he'd be elected Governor of California in a landslide.

The Cuban missile crisis was not real. It was just a test. If it were a real emergency, regular broadcasting would be suspended and you would be directed to tune to the Conelrad network for further instructions. It was not real. It was just a test. I repeat: it was just a test.

In Amerika you pay for information. If you're sick and want to know what's wrong, you pay. If you need to know something about the law, you pay a lawyer to tell you. The more you pay, the better information you get. A man with a college degree has more information to sell than a man with a high school diploma. A man who has lived among wealthy people and knows their ways can sell his information almost anywhere, but a man who has lived among derelicts and knows their ways can't find a buyer for his information.

In Amerika, free information is worthless. If it was worth anything, someone would have found a way to fence it in and sell it. Free information is junk mail. The information we got about the Cuban missile crisis was unsolicited junk mail delivered by television. The more sophisticated among us read the newspapers carefully at the time to try to figure it out. We were reading the ten-cent version. Ask a licensed plumber how much information he'll give you for ten cents. If you were a professor of political science at the University of California, you would get real high-quality information out of \$4.95 books, which is 96 cents more than Marryin' Sam charged for a super-deluxe wedding in Dogpatch. Marryin' Sam also offered a 50 cent wedding, but that was for the slobs. The Dogpatch elite bought the \$3.99 version.

Let's try some arithmetic. Let's suppose that Arthur Schlechtsinger, Jr. wrote a book about the Cuban missile crisis. Let's suppose he was a confidant of John Can He Die, and sat in on many meetings where crucial policy matters were discussed. The book sells for \$4.95 and the author gets \$49,500 in royalties. Does this mean that Schlechtsinger has a hundred times as much information as he gave to the reader? A thousand times as much? Ten thousand times as much? 4,950 times as much? Oy, Schlechtsinger!

Important Principle of Information Theory: the bigger the news, the slower it spreads. Thus, for instance, the war in Vietnam has been over since the Tet offensive, almost two years ago, but very few people have gotten the news. Soldiers are still fighting battles over there, of course, but it is not the first time battles have been fought after the war was over. Remember the Battle of New Orleans, fought in 1814, six weeks after the peace treaty had been signed? What the textbook said we were supposed to learn from that fact was that such things could not happen in today's world of instant communications. The truth is that important news spread much faster in 1815 than it does now. In those days they had a very well developed word-of-mouth network. Today that has been replaced by an electrical network which is much less intelligent, even if it works at higher volume.

'The official network tested the people's networks and reported

the results back to itself: 'Total Control Has been Been Achieved.'

The big news of October, 1962 was the secret treaty between the United States and the Soviet Union, which ended the Cold War. Since it was big news, it spread slowly. I myself did not get the news until seven years later, when a friend told me that the television had shown American astronauts laying a wreath on Lenin's tomb. It took seven years for me to get the news that there was a secret treaty. How long will it take me to find out what it says?

During the Cold War we kept hearing, through the official American networks, that a "major stumbling block" to peaceful coexistence was the Russian insistence that the American press stop being so nasty. American presidents tried to explain to the Russians that we had a free press in this country. Perhaps in Russia the press takes orders from Khrushchev, but in America you just can't order the press around. Look how nasty they are to the American government. How can you expect them to be nice to the Russians? Ha ha, laugh the reporters at the official press conference.

Well, since 1962 the American official press has been very nice to the Russians. Those maps showing the Communist slave empire painted red and growing fast have disappeared from Life, and from Life. Nowadays they are only distributed by cranks.

I have seen chic-looking Russian women in perfume commercials on the official network. I have seen news clips of Russian youth on a Black Sea beach, listening to music on portable radios, and everything looked exactly like Coney Island in 1955 -- the particular cut of the bathing suits, the duck's ass hair style, and of course the music. For troubled American parents, it is an image of the Good Old Days, and it's in Russia. There does seem to be a trend toward severe repression in Russia, but the tone of the reporting tells you it is nothing to get alarmed about.

Now even though the two countries have grown so close together, I have to get all my information about Russia from the official network. The people's word-of-mouth networks in America seem to be completely cut off from the people's word-of-mouth networks in Russia. When you hear that the two countries have grown so much friendlier, you begin to understand that when they say country they mean official network. When they speak of friendlier relations between the two countries, it means the two official networks are hooking up.

So the Cuban missile crisis was a network test. The official network tested the people's networks and reported the results back to itself: Total Control Has Been Achieved. It may be that no human being alive at the time knew what was happening. It may be that everyone knew it in their dreams but could not remember in the morning. No matter. A network has an intelligence of its own, which operates as smoothly and unconsciously as the network of cells in your body.

It's more than two weeks now since I began this book, and I've only gotten as far as 1963. At this rate it will take me until February to finish this thing, which is ridiculous. The train is going to speed up a little now. I think I will stop in the switching yard and detach that heavy load of socialism. Since it's not going to make it to the end of the line anyway, I'd like to dump it right here instead of dragging it through another five years.

Just as a word, socialism is an awful drag. Social-ism. Social-ist. Sounds like social worker. The word was coined by social worker types around the 1830's, tender middle class souls who were awfully upset about the unfortunate communications gap between the factory owners and the factory slaves. Violence was inevitable unless some solution could be found to what they delicately called "the social question." Well, they pondered the social question so long and so hard that the word "social" stuck in their heads for good. When they got the answer it was "social ownership", and once they started promoting that phrase it was the most natural thing in the world for them to call themselves "social-ists." They wrote pamphlets that explained everything fully, and gave them to factory owners. It's still going on today, and it's not so funny any more. Last month some people in New York wrote up a statement fully explaining the socialist position and sent it to the press, sent it to the Mind Control Network, and to make sure their statement got printed they planted some symbolic bombs in the Chase Manhattan Bank building and a few other places, so now they are in prison and will likely stay there until we get up the nerve to break them out.

'The Movement meant trust and innocence among ourselves. Once that was gone, The Movement was dead.'

As it grew dark on October 15, a monster crowd which was later given out to be 20,000 people gathered at the Berkeley campus to march. Because it was just a march for peace in Vietnam, the professors were there. And because the people had not granted a permit, the rebels were there.

The Berkeley police permitted the march to pass through their jurisdiction despite the lack of a permit. One block past the Oakland-Berkeley City Line, however, a wall of Oakland police formed up in battle gear. It was all live and without a script. There was five minutes to decide what to do.

At the last VDC meeting, which was democratically open to anyone who dropped by to come in and vote, a special steering committee had been elected just to handle any surprises that might pop up on the march. A crew of monitors had been gathered and instructed how to carry out the decisions of the special steering committee.

The steering committee decided they had the choice of turning the march around or sitting it down in front of the cops. If they sat the march down, the cops would declare it an unlawful assembly and then everybody would hold hands and sing while waiting for the cops to charge. After that, things would be out of the hands of the steering committee.

The steering committee was not a coalition of liberals and radicals who distrusted each other. It was a coalition of radicals and radicals who distrusted each other. Though all the radicals liked as a matter of principle to see people militantly marching in the street demanding their constitutional rights and an end to imperialist war, suddenly some of the radicals were looking for the best way to get the people home. It must have been a wonderful little meeting they had in those last five minutes. I'm glad I wasn't there. Even though Jack

continued on page 16

eco- notes

[Editors' Note: It is the intention of the Passage in this regular feature to point out short items of ecological or political - social note which readers may not have run across previously. If you have items, send them to "Eco-Notes".]

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The Defense Department plans to transport 700 rail cars of deadly nerve gas from Okinawa through Washington, to Hermiston Oregon. Protest has mounted from state officials, scientists, and worried residents along the transport line, but the Army still plans on proceeding with the shipment. The New Republic reports that the nerve gas train must travel nearly 300 miles along the edge of the Columbia River, with the greater part of the trackage under rock cliffs often hundreds of feet high and from which large boulders regularly bounce off when weakened by storms. One train was lost in the gorge recently when it struck a huge rockslide; two 750 - pound boulders recently dislodged near Lyle, Washington. A scientist reports that a single bomb containing the nerve gas contains five million lethal doses, more than enough to wipe out the entire population of Oregon and Washington. The scientist -- Dr. Gordon Kilgour, chairman of the chemistry department at Portland State University -- is asking for detoxification of the bases while enroute, which he says is not impossible, unless the Army has come up with a whole new range of gases we know nothing about.

* * * * *

A decision is expected this week from the Puget Sound Air Pollution Authority on whether the Tacoma copper - smelting plant can build a 1,100-foot smokestack as a temporary pollution curb. By building the high smokestack, the factory will escape the ground-level pollution standards; instead, the polluted air will exit at a higher level and travel greater distances as it disperses. A research physician -- Dr. Warren Winklestine, chairman of the department of epidemiology at the University of California -- testifying against the high - smokestack, said that in addition to being linked with two types of cancer, heart attacks and strokes, research has found that air pollution also results in an overall increase in the death rate. Arsenic concentrations have been found in damaged plants in the smokestack fallout area. An increasing number of patients are reported by King County medical officials to be seeking treatment after experiencing a "wind from the smelter."

* * * * *

Give the Man a Pollyanna Lollipop Department: Joseph Entrikin, manager of the Whatcom County Development Council -- the group which tries to lure more industry to the area -- recently was quoted at a meeting saying: "A nuclear plant is one of the finest things you can have. No problems. No casualties. The only thing you get is an increase in water temperature." In addition to overlooking some mighty deadly problems (see next item), "only" getting an increase in water temperature can be a serious ecological disaster. So much so, in fact, that the federal government recently denied Florida Power & Light Company the license to run atomically heated water into Biscayne Bay near Miami because just a degree or two of extra - heated water would mutate marine life and alter the eco-cycles of the area.



Detergent Dilemma: 'Whiter than White, Greener than Green'

by melissa queen

"WHITER THAN WHITE" OR "GREENER THAN GREEN"?

Well, I finally reached the saturation point on detergents -- ignorance saturation. It had always been something of a trauma to buy laundry soap -- trying to choose between BOLD, ACTION, FLASH, and WOW!

And then along came "biodegradable". The war cry rang out **Buy Biodegradable!** But no one would tell me what biodegradable meant. Even the dictionary was no help; the word doesn't appear in Webster's 7th New Collegiate. So I went guiltily along buying what I thought to be non-biodegradable soap, because I could find none marked "biodegradable."

And then, just as the war cry was dying down and the guilt pangs were letting up, along came "phosphate pollution" and the news that rapid

"eutrophication" was the greatest threat to our lakes and other inland waters. Well, that made me mad -- not the pollution, but the fact I couldn't understand the words and the processes that were involved in an issue that seemed so vitally important.

So I started nosing around -- asking questions, keeping my ears and eyes open for some glimmer of understanding. And the most surprising item I came across is the fact that **non-biodegradable detergents were outlawed by the federal government three years ago next July.** Which means that our supermarket shelves are in fact filled with biodegradable detergents. Thoroughly confusing, no?

Soon I found someone who could define biodegradability very simply. The term refers to the ability of a substance to be decomposed by biological organisms. And it seems that biodegradability is not an either/or proposition. It describes, rather, a continuum that ranges from slow to rapid biodegradability. Some substances are difficult to break down -- such as plastics and DDT. Others decompose quickly, and soon re-enter the natural cycle that releases their elements to be used again in another life process.

The importance of rapid biodegradability is clear. **Substances that biodegrade slowly lock up their elements in the decomposition process for a longer period of time, thereby preventing their use. It's as if we put all those elements in a trust fund for use only at a much later time.**

The development and growing use of detergents was a boon in this regard. Detergents decompose much more rapidly than do soaps. They don't hang around in our lakes and rivers as long in their natural state, but instead break down quickly to re-enter the natural life cycle.

The only catch here is that detergents contain a high proportion of phosphates. They perform several functions in detergents -- they soften the water, suspend the dirt particles and enhance the "surfactant" action. As it turned out, however, phosphate - filled biodegradable detergents, in addition to producing "whiter than white" clothes, created "greener than green" lakes and rivers.

Particularly in the Great Lakes region, the waters became choked with plant life. The water turned with algae; beaches were clogged with rotting plant material; channels and shorelines became constricted with waterweeds. Phosphates are a plant nutrient, and their high concentration in detergents had stimulated a massive growth of algae and waterweeds.

We had begun to feed our water plants with detergents. And as the plants multiplied, desirable fish species began to die. The decaying algae removes oxygen from the water, depriving the fish of this vital element. Thus our human wastes upset the balance between the plants and the animals and the water in our lakes and rivers.

All of which brings us around to the Pollution Probe conducted by a research laboratory at the University of Toronto. The Probe analyzed many of the soaps, detergents and cleaning agents marketed in Canada to determine their phosphate content. The results of their investigation are published here in full.

Laundry soaps, you'll notice, are markedly lower than detergents in their phosphate content. They are, as a result, much less harmful to the plant and animal life that makes up the ecosystem of our lakes and rivers. We would be well advised to make the switch from detergents that jeopardize this ecosystem and begin to use the soaps that will help to keep it in balance.

In switching to a laundry soap, it might be necessary for you to use a washing soda at the same time. This method certainly produced good results before detergents hit the market. If hard water makes the use of soaps impossible, the next best thing is to use a low-phosphate detergent.

The results of the Pollution Probe have been available for over six weeks now. When they were released, the analysis for each product was sent to the manufacturer for his comments. Thus far, there have been none. So, while you're waiting for your next load of clothes to come out of the dryer, you might drop your soap or detergent manufacturer a note asking him about phosphates in his product.

Ask about research that may be in the works to find a safe phosphate replacement, such as NTA (nitrilotriacetate) which has replaced a large amount of the phosphates in some products now being sold in Sweden. Find out what kind of public relations material is sent back to you. You may discover that the manufacturer is a verbal polluter also, forcing hollow words into inquiring minds.

For there are many questions still to be answered. Soap is not the best answer to washing clothes -- it decomposes relatively slowly. Detergents filled with phosphates don't seem to be the answer either, judging from their effects on our fresh water lakes. And we still don't know very much about the interaction of detergents with salt water ecosystems. Presumably the effects are not so great, but maybe that is only because there is so much more salt water

that the effects are not quite as visible. There will undoubtedly have to be legislation which will regulate the kinds of waste products that we continue to dump into the waters of the earth. Before legislation can be sensible, however, all of us will need to learn a great deal more about all the natural life process that take place on the earth and the inter-relationships between them.

And the educational process will take time, which we all know by now is precious. Consumers can help speed up that process, for in our profit-oriented society, consumers really are all powerful. If we simply refuse to buy those products that we know to be harmful to the environment, the effects will begin

to be felt in the corporate offices of Colgate - Palmolive, Procter & Gamble, and Lever Brothers.

Another alternative, of course, is to wash our clothes less often. We do have quite a fixation with clean clothes in this country, you know, an obsession that dates back to the old "cleanliness is next to godliness" maxim. The soap manufacturers have certainly capitalized on that one, and perhaps it's time to let them know that we will decide for ourselves how clean we like to have our clothes, thank you just the same. I think I could stand a little less of both "whiter than white" and "greener than green".

eco- notes

In the December 16 edition of the Passage, Michael Kerwick, quoting from the journal Nuclear Safety, reported persistent leakage in the atomic waste-tanks located near Hanford, Washington. Now come reports that ducks containing abnormally high levels of radiation have been recovered by the Atomic Energy Commission near the Hanford Works nuclear facility. The ducks, which apparently fed in waste-water trenches at the plant, would give a person five times the maximum radiation safe for humans if eaten immediately after shooting, said an AEC spokesman. The spokesman said the trenches will be covered or partially filled to reduce the water surface area. He also said that the overflow from the trenches does not flow directly into the nearby Columbia River. Sure does make a fellow feel better, doesn't it, to know that the radioactively contaminated water is not flowing directly into the Columbia River.

* * * * *

Optimistic Development Department: Researchers from the U. S. Bureau of Mines have developed a rudimentary process for converting ordinary garbage into crude petroleum. The Bureau says that if the same yield as that produced in their first experiments can be duplicated on a mass scale, it would be equal to just over one barrel of oil for each ton of garbage. Think of the possible ramifications: we're drowning in surplus garbage while supertankers and offshore rigs continue to spread ecological death and destruction in their race to deliver the oil.

* * * * *

Nature, reports in its most recent issue that circumstantial evidence has been found linking impotence and the use of certain herbicides and pesticides, among them DDT. In the British Medical Journal report, the investigative team found that four out of five farm laborers who had used these chemicals complained of difficulty in achieving and maintaining an erection, having previously been perfectly normal in this respect. One case involved an agricultural worker who for three years complained of impotence, nausea, and indigestion which started each year in March and lasted for six weeks -- precisely the time of year when he used insecticides and herbicides.



* * * * *

Alaskan Indians and Eskimos are suing to stop the proposed North Slope oil pipeline. They are taking the case to court both on ecological grounds as well as prior-ownership grounds. The Interior Department has agreed to defer issuance of any permits for construction of the 800-mile-long pipeline until the April 1st hearing.

* * * * *

Now We've Heard Everything Department: Supporters of Judge G. Harold Carswell for the Supreme Court are arguing that there are too many "superior" judges on the Supreme Court and now it's time that "mediocrity" was represented; that was the gist of the statement by Sen. Roman Hruska of Nebraska. Sen. Russel Long of Louisiana phrased it another way; he said there was "brilliant... upside-down thinking" on the Court and recommended a straight forward "B student or C student" like Carswell. Sen. Philip Hart of Michigan said "It's the first time I've heard that argument -- and I hope it's the last -- that we should look for mediocrity when we staff the Supreme Court of the United States."

PHOSPHATE ANALYSES

Pollution Probe analysed the following cleaning agents in a University of Toronto laboratory. Here are the figures we obtained for phosphate content measured as PO₄⁻³.

The estimated error on the percentages is plus or minus 10% of the figure shown (95% confidence limits.) This means that if, for example, the figure is 40%, we feel that the actual value could lie anywhere between 36% and 44%.

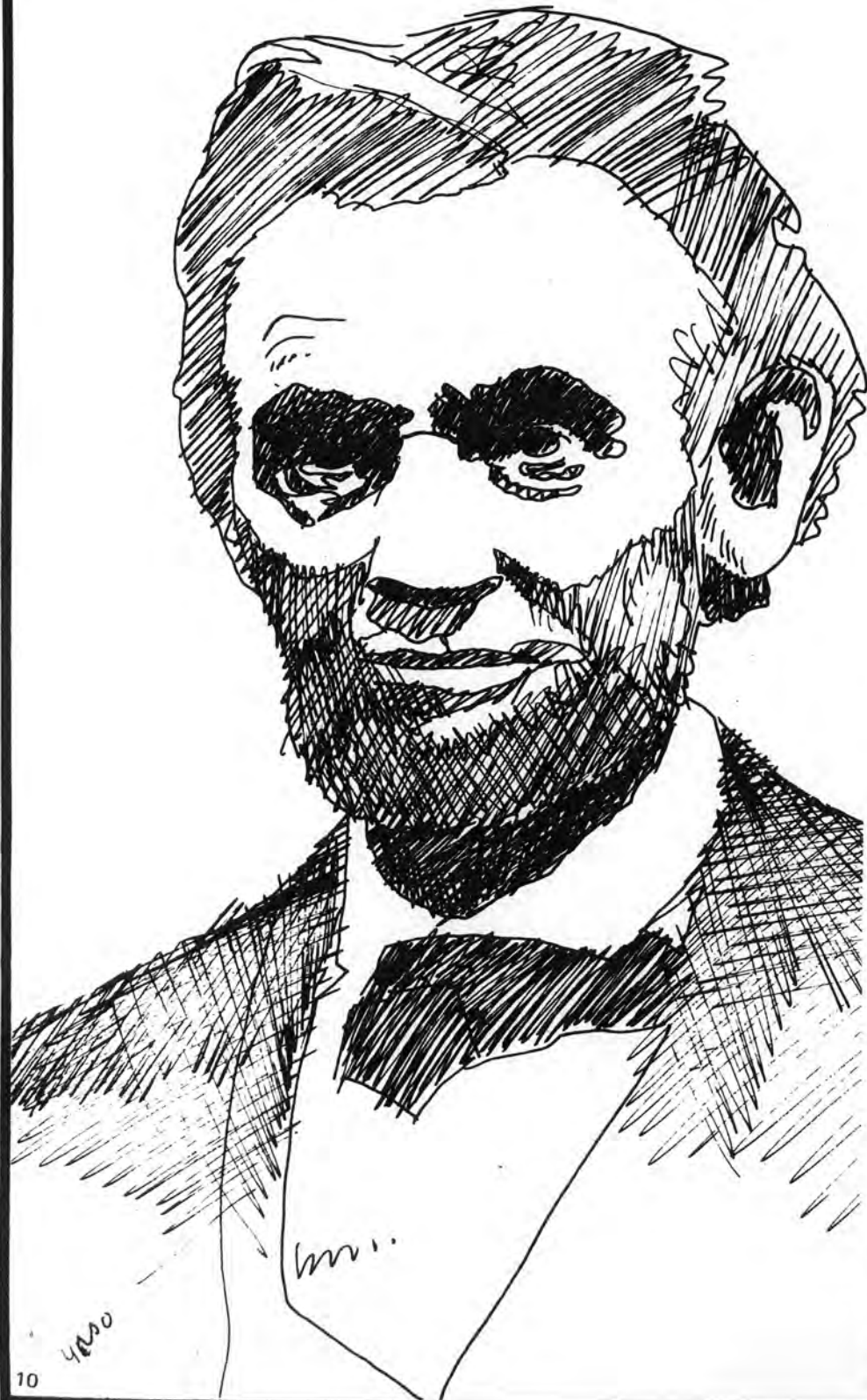
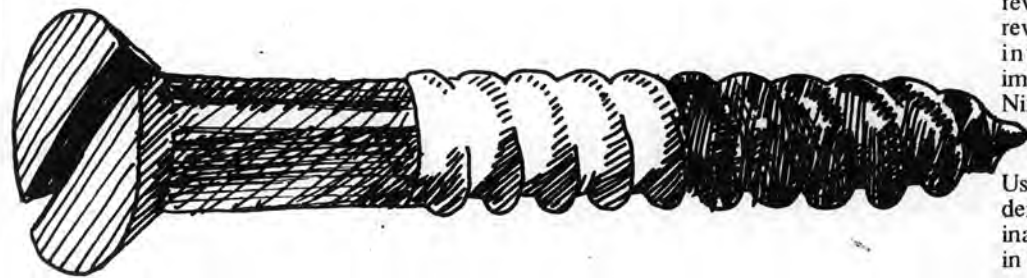
PRODUCT	% PHOSPHATE	MANUFACTURER
HEAVY DUTY LAUNDRY DETERGENTS		
Amway Trizyme	52.5	Amway Corp.
Bio-Ad	49	Colgate Palmolive
Peri	47	Sep-Ko Chemicals
Cheer	44.5	Procter & Gamble
Oxydol	44.5	Procter & Gamble
Tide XK	43.5	Procter & Gamble
Drive	41.5	Lever Brothers
All	39	Lever Brothers
ABC	37.5	Colgate Palmolive
Sunlight	37	Lever Brothers
Amway SAB	36.5	Amway Corp.
Fab	36.5	Colgate Palmolive
Arctic Power	36.5	Colgate Palmolive
Ajax 2	36	Colgate Palmolive
Omo	35	Lever Brothers
Duz	35	Procter & Gamble
Bold	32.5	Procter & Gamble
Surf	32.5	Lever Brothers
Breeze	32	Lever Brothers
Amaze	27	Lever Brothers
Bestline B-7	27	Bestline Pro. Inc.
Explore	26	Witco Chemical Co.
Maleo Laundry Detergent	25	Maleo Products Inc.
Wisk	10.5	Lever Brothers
Tend Maskintvatt (Swedish)	8	AB Helios
LAUNDRY SOAPS		
Instant Fels	9	Purex Corp.
Lux	less than 1	Lever Brothers
Maple Leaf Soap Flakes	less than 1	Canada Packers
Ivory Snow	less than 1	Procter & Gamble
AUTOMATIC DISHWASHER COMPOUNDS		
All	45	Lever Brothers
Finish	43	Economics Labs.
Calgonite	42	Calgon
Cascade	36.5	Procter & Gamble
Amway Automatic Dishwasher Compound	34	Amway Corp.
Swish	29	Curley Corp.
LIGHT DUTY COMPOUNDS (Laundry & Other Uses)		
Dreft	34	Procter & Gamble
Zero	7.5	Boyle Midway
Explore Liquid	less than 1	Witco Chemical Co.
Bestline Liquid Concentrate	less than 1	Bestline Products Inc.
Nutri-Clean OLC	less than 1	Con-Stan Industries
LIQUID DISH DETERGENTS		
All liquid dish detergents tested were less than 1.00% phosphate.		
MISCELLANEOUS		
Calgon (water conditioner)	75.5	Calgon
Amway Water Softener	73.5	Amway Corp.
Solvease	23	Russel Chemical Corp.
Snowy Bleach	22.5	Harold Schafer Ltd.
Spic and Span	21	Procter & Gamble
Mr. Clean	6.5	Procter & Gamble
Ajax All-Purpose	6.5	Colgate Palmolive
Arm & Hammer Sal Soda	1	Church & Dwight
Fleecy	less than 1	Bristol Myers
Javex Bleach	less than 1	Bristol Myers
Whistle	less than 1	Bristol Myers
Jet Spray	less than 1	Economics Labs.
Lestoil	less than 1	Noxema
Downy	less than 1	Procter & Gamble
Dutch Bleach	less than 1	Purex Corp.
Lawsons Borax	less than 1	Bristol Myers
Pinesol	less than 1	Cyanamid

NOTE:

The term "biodegradable" on a detergent box has nothing to do with phosphate content. All detergents are biodegradable. If someone tries to sell you a "non-polluting" detergent, demand the truth about phosphate content before buying.



Dr. Strangelaw, or, How We Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Penitentiary



[Editors' Note: In an age of uncertain change, those defending the status quo with their last ounce of courage must rely on force and repression to establish a sense of order that is both psychologically and ideologically comforting. It may seem odd to some that a Republican Administration — long the rhetorical defenders of decentralized government and the arch-foe of encroaching state socialism — turn out to be the most ferocious authoritarians of them all (with the Democrats not far behind), but fear and the desire for power do strange things to otherwise decent men in our day and age. In the following article, staff researchers for the Passage — who, for reasons which may become clear to you as you read along, wish to remain anonymous — reveal how the current practices and proposed laws of the Nixon administration are leading us right into "1984," way ahead of schedule.]

PART
ONE
OF A
TWO
PART
ARTICLE

In highly militarized governments, the policies of the internal and external military departments tend to be the policies of the government. In the United States, the "Justice" and "Defense" departments, respectively, have become these main military arms of the government. Their tendency to gain hegemonic power is probably greater now than at any time in recent decades, and it is rapidly increasing. Moreover, power is gravitating toward fewer and fewer rulers, as the cycles of revolution and repression grow more intense. At present, the most important men are Mitchell, Laird, and Nixon.

"Sometimes it strikes me," Peter Ustinov once said, "that American democracy could be described as the inalienable right of the American to sit in his pajamas on his front porch with a can of beer, shouting, 'Where else is this possible!'" [Atlas, Feb. 1970] We might add that American freedom increasingly seems to include the freedom to be considered quite sane when one advocates, as Ronald Reagan did, that Viet Nam be paved over with concrete— or, as Mendel Rivers suggested, that a North Vietnamese city be annihilated with an atomic bomb, as a reprisal to the "heathens" who have so mistreated American POW's. Or, as a Baltimore matron said of demonstrators: "Shoot 'em all." Such madness is widespread, and we want to show where it seems to be going. We will show that a kind of martial law will prevail in the U.S. for some time to come, and we will outline some of the major structures which will be used to enforce it, while America continues to napalm freedom into Vietnamese and other hearts around the world.

The golfing-and-bombing Threesome at the top is strongly unified. True, Laird's main activity is accelerating the suicidal arms race with a combined program of research, development, and propaganda designed to induce panic in the public about a completely imaginary Soviet "superiority" and Chinese "aggression." [See, for example, I.F. Stone's excellent articles in the New York Review of Books, and K.S. Karol's China: The Other Communism.] And Mitchell spends most of his time aiding domestic weaponry production, while inducing panic about the great rates of crime and violence. But these policies fit together smoothly, with Nixon serving as coordinator of the two hatchet-men (with Agnew in the strange role of Buffoon-Goebbels). And, their less-publicized activities coincide to degrees probably unequalled in other administrations.

For example, both Laird and Mitchell sit on the National Security Council—which isn't unusual in itself; previous Attorneys General have sat with the NSC—but Nixon also put Mitchell on a special "verification panel" of disarmament and foreign affairs specialists charged with evaluating the technical factors that may condition American positions to be taken in the SALT disarmament talks with the Soviets. Why? "I would presume," Mitchell answered interviewer John Osborne [New Republic, Feb. 7, 1970, p.13], "that it

is because my legal background provides a judgement that isn't provided by the other members. By the nature of that work, you get into a question of proof." Such an obvious deception, by a man who—as we will clearly demonstrate below—is concerned far more with checking domestic insurgency than with donating his knowledge of proof theory to men who know much more about it than he does, makes us grateful that even small children will know he is lying.

Still more blatant deceptions can be found. In May, Nixon said that Mitchell was his "closest adviser." That was understandable, Mitchell having been a former Nixon law partner, as well as his close friend and campaign manager. But to John Osborne, Mitchell "said that the account [of the "closest adviser" talk] was perfectly ridiculous." He continued, "I wouldn't have the faintest idea of the decisions [concerning either domestic or foreign policy] that I may have influenced."

Mitchell also keeps informed about National "Defense" through his involvement in a task force Nixon appointed to study the oil depletion allowance. After a previous group published reports which were highly critical of the allowance (despite Mitchell's appearance at one meeting; he said, "Don't put the President in a box."), Nixon completely ignored the group's proposals, saying that "no major changes" would be made. He then reorganized the group, eliminated Secretary of Labor Schultz (one of the more outspoken critics), and appointed Mitchell in his place. Thus, Mitchell is able to learn all he wants about a militarily crucial industry, and simultaneously to impede or block any proposals for reform.

Mitchell has had little trouble in gaining complete control at the Department of "Justice." Its bureaucracy has only about 34,000 members, and the structure is such that his top appointees can easily maintain their power. As Jerris Leonard, the now-resigned head of the Civil Rights Division said, "around here, Mitchell is the law." The nature of the oligarchy can be clearly shown by describing two of its most militant officers.

Richard Kleindienst, the Deputy Attorney General, was the field manager for the Goldwater and Nixon presidential campaigns. In an interview with Elizabeth Drew [The Atlantic, May 1969], he said, "If people demonstrate in a manner to interfere with others, they should be rounded up and put in a detention camp." He obviously has little respect for procedural niceties like trials, and sees little if any usefulness in rehabilitation or reform measures. Imprisonment is his panacea for such groups as SDS, which he views as an "epidemic" and a "national subversive activity."

And in his Law Day U.S.A. speech at the Pentagon, May 1, 1969, he popularized the incredible term, "ideological criminal." Quoting an article in the American Bar Association Review by Georgetown Univ. law professor William Stanmeyer, he stated: "The violent left, those who would instigate guerrilla warfare, who condone or encourage bombings and arson, who premeditate the seizure of private property or forcefully prevent

legitimate business or government activities, whose heroes are Che, Mao, and Lenin—this violent new left is unique in American experience. It produces the kind of person who can only be called the ideological criminal." [Guardian, Jan. 31, 1970, p.9] He doesn't bother to distinguish between people who read Che, Mao, or Lenin, and find virtues in them, and people who commit destructive acts. Apparently, it is a **thoughtcrime** (to use the term invented by Orwell in 1984) to see any virtues in such men, regardless of whether the admiration can be linked to any specific violent acts.

On students and protests, Wilson says: "If you could get all of them in the penitentiary, you'd stop it. The ringleaders, I'm talking about. I don't think the American public is going to tolerate the destruction of universities, or the turning them into schools for revolution, when they realize that's what their intent is, rather than hot or cold lunches." [May 1969 Atlantic] No doubt students should debate vital issues like "Hot or Cold Lunches?" or "Is Certs a breath mint, or is it a candy mint?" Wilson has urged hands-off "control" of police gun-use. That is, he supports police use of things like dum-dum bullets (now stockpiled by more than half of the police departments in this country), which are outlawed in international law because they expand on contact and tear large irregular holes in victims.

But now we will move on to the background of centralization in the "Defense" Department. With that history in mind, we will then analyze the major current legal-organizational-communications developments, all of which point towards extreme centralization of control.

Richard Nixon has said, "I consider the Department of Defense a Department of Peace." To promote that "peace," a great deal of centralization has occurred, including:

1. The growth of the Defense Industrial Advisory Council (est. 1962), which consists of more than half of the 50 largest "defense" corporation executives, Pentagon officials, and others. The DIAC increases the power of the top 50 relative to the rest through its powerful influence on the awarding of contracts, and helps integrate that power.

2. The centralization of auditing in the Defense Contract Audit Agency (est. 1964). Formerly the GAO (Government Accounting Office) operated as an effective non-"Defense" check on the Department (DoD), but it was too often critical of it in the early sixties, so the Pentagon kicked them out.

Centralization of Power in the United States

3. The "improvement" of internal and external management techniques—
a. Since 1962, all Pentagon employees must report, daily, all contacts with journalists and what topics were discussed. b. All reporters covering the DoD are manipulated by the subtle use of "inside" stories, and by the regulation of access to key "defense" executives and to the publishing industry. Exceptionally good reporters are generally attacked privately and thoroughly investigated by the FBI. c. Arbitrary classification of material as "secret" serves to mute or stop criticism. d. Pentagon PR-men constantly export a huge quantity of propaganda materials favorable to the DoD. e. "Efficiency" has been improved, although not as much as the fanfare indicated (even if you use the concepts of efficiency employed in the DoD). Such men as McNamara, Hitch,

and Enthoven have vastly increased reliance on computerization and long-range planning techniques.

4. The centralization of much government purchasing in the DoD. In July of 1968, the DoD began to assume responsibility for all fuel and petroleum products used by civil agencies of the federal government. Like Texaco says, "You can trust your car to the man who wears the star." Eventually the Defense Supply Agency will control all government purchasing in this area. An arrangement entered into by the Bureau of the Budget, the General Services Administration, and the DoD provides for the Defense Communications Office (est. 1962) to lease private line circuits to the Federal Aviation Administration. Likewise other agencies and companies are encouraged to concentrate the power of the Pentagon.

5. The further integration of universities into the Defense Research System, through, for example, the Defense Science Board. The cooperation of the most powerful, prestigious professors increases their universities' power much as the greatest corporations increase their power through the DIAC. The full-time employment of professors is now more and more common, and probably will increase with the level of violence on campuses. Every large university has at least one high-level administrator from the DoD or an intelligence agency, and DoD affiliation seems to help people wanting jobs with the universities. For example, Charles Hitch, formerly the dean of McNamara's whiz kids, is now President of the University of California at Berkeley.

Thus, Laird heads a very highly centralized (but monstrously inefficient) enterprise. His authority is challenged from time to time, and there is competition among the different "services" [We think "enslavements" would be a more accurate term.] But there is little resistance to even the most ruinous foreign and domestic intervention. The questions debated are usually not "Should we intervene?" but rather "How much will the intervention cost, what inconvenient dislocations of the ecology might accompany the genocide, and how long will it take before our men are in power [have crushed all the Reds, etc.]" This has been the case in Greece, Brazil, Guatemala, Viet Nam, Laos, Cambodia, China, Indonesia, Cuba, and Thailand, to name a few. It is also increasingly true within the U.S.; the laws and commands which have either been announced or are in the process of being passed by Congress, are rapidly rearranging the American system to conform to the South Vietnamese model of democracy.

On June 13, 1969, the "Justice" Department announced that it claims the authority to wiretap without constitutional or statutory restraints, anyone whom it thinks is subversive or "violent." The Department has not only used this claimed authority to tap the phones of men like Martin Luther King—as nonviolent a man as has ever lived—but it has also refused to give defendants the right to see the transcripts of the taps. [See Tom Wicker, Post-Intelligencer, Feb. 25, 1970] And now the government has begun to allow postal clerks no less, to open any foreign mail, without orders from superiors or any specific guidelines. [Post-Intelligencer March 15, 1970] It is probably only a matter of time, before the police state is extended to domestic mail.

Such totalitarianism is the logical outcome of the thinking which produced the Anti-Riot Act, the one used to prosecute the Chicago Seven. It provides that anyone who crosses state lines, or uses any means of communication (interstate or foreign) to "incite a riot" or "aid or abet any person in inciting" riots, is guilty of a federal crime punishable by five years in jail and a \$10,000 fine. The bill is so

worded that the selection of persons to be tried is completely arbitrary. For example, by Section 2102 (b), no one who advocates the rightness of any violence whatsoever is innocent. In other words, supporters of the Viet Nam war are guilty under the law.

But five years and \$10,000 are by no means the only penalties which may be given to crimethinkers. The Organized Crime Control Act of 1969 contains provisions for what it calls "special offenders." This term is, of course, extremely ambiguous. Special offenders are people who have been convicted more than twice or imprisoned more than once for any crime punishable for more than one year, even if the earlier offense was under juvenile age. They are also persons convicted once in certain "conspiracies" (e.g., the Chicago Conspiracy!), and persons whose felonies are committed as part of a "pattern" which may or may not include misdemeanors, and may or may not be proven beyond doubt. [Wicker, Post-Intelligencer, Feb. 3, 1970]

Anyway, whoever these "special offenders" are, the judge could jail each one for up to 30 years, regardless of what the penalty is for his specific offense. And to help him decide whether the defendant is a special offender, the judge could use inadmissible evidence (inadmissible in the trial, that is—but it is hard to understand what could be inadmissible, since all kinds of interceptions of communications are apparently legal). This "evidence" could include a confession obtained by coercion, that is, torture. And, if the judge's sentence is too light, or if he decides that the defendant isn't a special offender, the government can appeal to higher courts.

The bill would [will] utterly destroy the Bill of Rights. For example, the Fifth amendment is nullified by the provision that the courts are not merely allowed, but required, to force reluctant witnesses to testify (in any federal case). As in the Dangerous Substances Act (to be described below), the compulsory testimony can't be used against the witness—but that won't prevent the police from using the testimony to gather incriminating evidence. Refusal to testify allows the judge to dump you into the dungeon until you relent, even if you haven't been convicted of any crimes.

The Fourth Amendment is obliterated by the sections which overturn the Supreme Court ruling that allows defendants to see the transcripts of illegal wiretaps from which evidence against him may have been derived. These sections also hold that evidence obtained more than five years after an alleged crime—even if obtained illegally—is admissible in court.

And judges who have reservations about these provisions can be easily removed according to sections of the bill which allow grand juries to issue public reports requesting the removal of public officials for misconduct or malfeasance, even if the jury can't find sufficient evidence for an indictment.

This Crime Control bill passed the Senate with only one "nay" vote, that of Sen. Metcalf of Montana. It is in the House, and will almost certainly pass, around May 1.

Two other Draconian bills serve not only to lay heavy penalties on thoughtcrime, but also to legalize even more extreme concentration of power in the "Defense" and "Justice" departments.

First, the Defense Facilities and Industrial Security Act of 1970 (HR 14864) gives dictatorial powers to the Secretary of Defense. Under the law, which passed the House by the vote of 274-65 on Jan. 29, 1970, the Secretary is empowered to determine: a. Which facilities are "defense facilities," and b. Which persons can have jobs at these facilities. And, the bill gives the President absolute power to investigate



persons or organizations, whether or not they are under consideration for access to classified material. And just what are "defense facilities?" Sections 402(a) and 404 include: "(a) any plant, factory, industry, public utility, mine, laboratory, educational institution, research organization, railroad, airport, pier, waterfront installation, canal, dam, bridge, highway, vessel, aircraft, vehicle, pipeline." These facilities also don't need to have anything to do with classified information. Which is to say, all private and public property is a "defense facility" under the law.

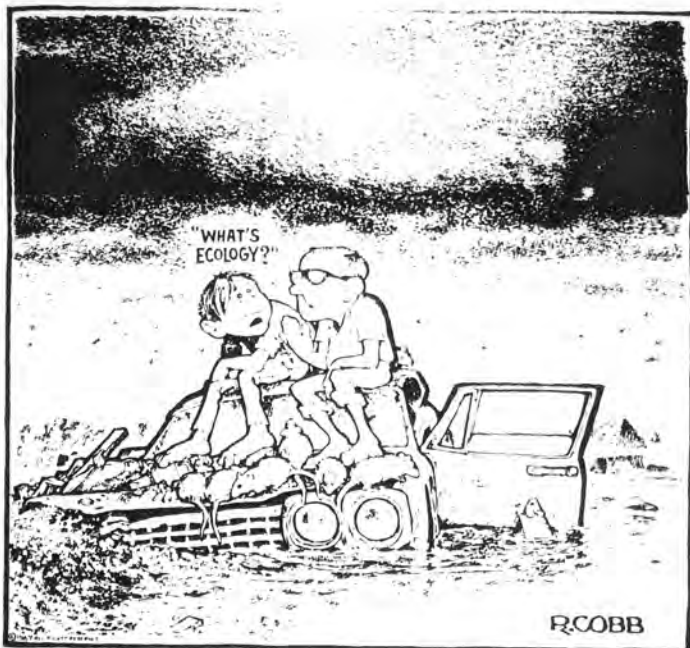
The bill is opposed to some extent by Rep. Celler, the chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, but with perhaps a few changes, this bill should pass the Senate around May 1.

Second, Mitchell is given fantastic powers by the Controlled Dangerous Substances Act, which has passed the Senate and awaits final action by the House [Cong. Rec. Jan. 20, 1970, pp. S805-S816] This Act: 1. Makes the Department of "Justice" principally responsible for narcotics enforcement (formerly this was the job of HEW, but recently the Congressional debates have stressed the role of interstate commerce in drug sales), a role much wider than the Department's former one of border control and prosecutions for illegal importations of drugs; 2. Gives the Attorney General complete power over research, development, and production of "dangerous drugs," including power over: a. Which drugs are defined as "dangerous," b. Which research projects can be undertaken; c. Which scientists can have access to these research projects; and d. All licensing and inspection of all manufacturers of the "dangerous substances." Under the Act, HEW retains only advisory powers.

There is more. The bill includes the famous "no knock" clause, which states that if a judge issues a warrant to the police, which says he is convinced that evidence "will" be destroyed if the authorities announce that they're coming in, then the police can enter unannounced. They don't have to knock or identify themselves—they can just come in. It doesn't matter whether there are any drugs or not. The police just have to convince the judge (who, you recall, is subject to grand jury

continued on page 16

eco action page



Environmental Crisis Forum Schedule

In an effort to disseminate ecological information to as wide an audience as possible in the Northwest Washington area, the Northwest Free University — and a host of co-sponsoring groups, including the PASSAGE — organized a series of high-powered community forums on the topic of "The Environmental Crisis: Causes, Effects, Solutions."

The 2nd Annual People-to-People Forums will meet each Monday evening, beginning April 6, at 7:30 p.m. at the St. James Presbyterian Church, 910 14th street in South Bellingham.

Guest experts will speak briefly on the topics listed, then the audience—expected to number in the hundreds—will break up into small groups in order to

discuss the issues more informally. The session will then reconvene to raise questions with the speakers and to bring out solutions.

The co-sponsors, in addition to the Free U., include the Bellingham Area Council of Churches, the Northwest Environmental Education Center, the NORTHWEST PASSAGE, the League of Women Voters, the Associated Students of WWSC, Churchwomen United, the Whatcom County chapter of the Washington Environmental Council, and the Environmental Quality Council of WWSC.

Try to attend. The following schedule of speakers and topics is printed for your convenience; clip it out.

The Extent of the Environmental Crisis: A. Carter Broad. Mr. Broad, Chairman of the Biology Department at WWSC, is also moderator for the Forum series.) **APRIL 6:**

Air and Water Pollution: William Dittich, Ed Dahlgren. (Mr. Dittich, Assistant Professor of Physics at WWSC, is a member of the Northwest Air Pollution Authority; Mr. Dahlgren is Technical Director at Georgia-Pacific.) **APRIL 13:**

Rep. Morris Udall speaking at WWSC on "Man As An Endangered Species," 8 p.m. Viking Union Lounge. (Rep. Udall, long-time environmentalist, is a Congressman from Arizona.) **APRIL 20:**

Environmental Teach-In Week at WWSC (schedule to be printed in the next PASSAGE) **APRIL 20 - 25:**

Oil in Puget Sound: O.C. Johnson, Paul Tholfsen; (Mr. Johnson is Manager of the Mobil Refinery in Ferndale; Mr. Tholfsen, Assistant Professor of Physics at WWSC, is active in the Washington Environmental Council.) **APRIL 27:**

Population Growth and Mental Health: Al Doan, Margrethe Kingsley, James Wilkins. (Mr. Doan is a student of population problems; Dr. Kingsley is campus physician at WWSC; Mr. Wilkins is a clinical psychologist with the Counseling Center at WWSC.) **MAY 4:**

(Friday): Environmentalist-Author Ian McHarg speaking on the WWSC campus. (Mr. McHarg is chairman of the Department of Landscape Architecture and Regional Planning, University of Pennsylvania.) **MAY 8:**

Energy Resources and Their Limits: John Dermody. (Mr. Dermody is Assistant Director for Operations, Division of Marine Resources, University of Washington.) **MAY 11:**

What Can the Individual Do In His Community?: Paul Tholfsen, Vernon Tyler, James Zervas. (Mr. Tyler, Associate Professor of Psychology at WWSC, is chairman of the Whatcom County Municipal League; Mr. Zervas, an architect, is Chairman of the Whatcom County Parks Board.) **MAY 18:**

Environmental Education and The Economics of Environmental Quality: William Stocklin, Michael Mischaikow. (Mr. Stocklin is Director of the Northwest Environmental Education Center; Mr. Mischaikow is Professor of Economics at WWSC.) **MAY 25:**

The Informing of Public Opinion and the Role of the Mass Media: James Faber, Al Swift, and representatives of the Bellingham Herald and the Northwest Passage. (Mr. Faber is Public Relations Director for McKann-Erickson advertising company in Seattle, Mr. Swift is Public Affairs Director of KVOs-TV, Bellingham.) **JUNE 1:**

Switchboard

To Report Pollution.....	733-8750
	336-5705 (in Mt. Vernon)
Northwest Passage.....	733-9756
Toad Hall.....	733-9804
Food Co-op.....	734-9095 733-9804
Free U.....	733-7499 733-3057
Community School.....	734-0083



Remember the ORACLE?

San Francisco and Los Angeles are coming together soon to form a new ORACLE. What's doing it? The Toronto Peace Festival and the thereafter.

Artists, writers, editors, true funks -- people who want to see it happen, please contact:

Toby Greenwood
Seattle
206 - 543 - 4508

or

Willy Star & Don Birdon
8003 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90046

OUT OF THE MOLASSES JUG

Ratwipe Molly's Grandfather Tales
Can paper cleanse?

talk ecology all you want, you still use toilet paper from butchered forests. don't you?
here's yr chance to show you mean it. people in India use water and, naturally, a towel afterwards. this method:

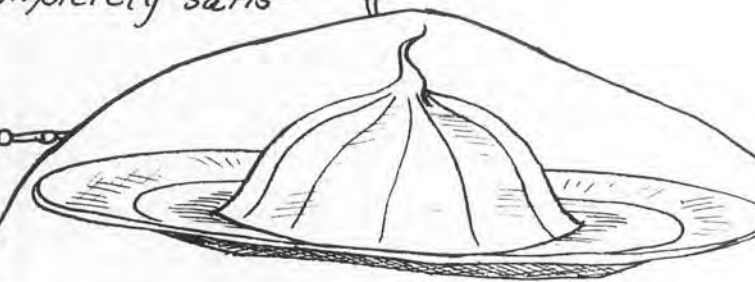
- ① saves money
- ② saves trees
- ③ gets yr butt cleaner.



Two sides of my room make 42 little windows. The moon is streaming in 21 of them and i write this by moonlight lying on my bed with dogs and cat. Listening to the fire and frogs and making bread. just like always, start making bread at night and it becomes much effort to make yourself stay awake so you can keep the fire going for the bread. Rising and baking and all. Tonight it's also watching over yoghurt in the making. Am doing a new bread from Uncle John's Original Breadbook, by a man whose family was really into baking. You can smell fresh bread just from reading this book.

Bread making is first likened to an old German band - a cacaphony - then the completeness of a symphony - a perfect blend of good ingredients and interpretation - completely satisfying.

Johann Braue
Artist and good father.



in the olden times, people didn't have plastic wrap for onion halves & such. they didn't have Dow chemical napalm either, but that's another story. they just put their tomato or whatever cut side down on a saucer. (10¢ at yr local Salvation Army Store.)



Bred With Love ♡

Icarus & Kiket are the proud parents of 2 boy and 3 girl puppies. Cathi & Michael will receive those interested in adoption at 1520 Humboldt.

you can also go to Cathi & Michael's for Barry's address. (Sorry, Barry... I forgot it). His puppy of 12 weeks is 1/2 collie and 1/2 German shepherd and is also up for adoption. Barry sez he's really a swell dog, but he can't have one right now.

Been sitting here a long time trying to write about Frank and Cindy. But there isn't a way to use words to describe them... they are fine, fine folk. They're leaving for far away to a land where there is always hot running water. We're all gonna miss them. But i bet they come back someday. don't you?



The President
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Sir:
I am opposed to any further federal allocations... including subsidies to industry... for the development of the SST. And I am also opposed to permitting any other nation's SST to land at American airports or overfly our territory.
Furthermore, I ask you to begin developing alternatives to an economy which grows its health solely by the degree of its growth. We live in a finite system and we can't keep growing forever or there'll be nothing left of the untouched landscape. As Edward Abbey put it, "growth for the sake of growth is the ideology of the cancer cell." This is especially true if growth takes place in industries which pollute, or cover the landscape, or use finite resources or create waste. Please establish a commission to investigate means of devising an economic system not dependent upon that sort of growth so private interest demands for such environmental disasters as SSTs, highways, and intensified lumbering in national forests do not achieve their present preeminence.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Senator Henry M. Jackson, Chairman #2
Senate Interior Committee
Senate Office Building
Washington, D.C. 20510

Dear Sir:
You have always been one of the nation's leading fighters in the environmental cause, and yet now, for reasons of favoring your local Seattle constituency, you are violating many of your own excellent rules of thumb for saving the environment. I ask that you reconsider your support of the SST and respond instead to your national and international constituency of admirers.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Rep. Sidney R. Yates
House Office Building
Washington, D.C. 20515

Dear Sir:
You have my thanks for your valiant efforts to stop the funding of the SST and to instead divert those funds for use where they are needed to solve pollution problems, rather than creating them.
There are millions of us out here in Citizenland who are less interested in the creation of new elitist travel devices than we are in basic solutions to environmental problems.
We urge you to ask your colleagues in Congress to appreciate that America is approaching the condition of the world's first overdeveloped nation and further development of technological luxury toys is out! We must not keep growing as though our Earth was an infinite system. Studies must be made to delineate just which industries' growth must be stopped now—before it is too late for all of us—and just which industries may continue to grow. And some definition of an American economic system must be developed which places prime importance on a "growth" which does not depend upon endlessly increasing consumption. There is only so much of this country and this world and we can't proceed as though there were no limits.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mr. Hugh Riddle, Jr., President
Air Traffic Control Association
ARBA Building, Suite 409
525 School St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20024

Dear Sir:
This is to tell you that you've my support in your efforts to attract government attention to the real needs in air travel today, and away from elitist toys like the SST. I recognize that the problem is how to get present air traffic and present equipment down on the ground without planes bumping each other or driving air traffic controllers to the hospital from the tension. The SST will make the dangers many times greater and I specifically support your opposition to such a disastrous project.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mr. Knut Hammarskjöld
Director General
International Air Transport Assn.
1155 Mansfield St.
Montreal 113, P.Q., Canada

Dear Sir:
May I ask that you inform the Chairman and other concerned officers of the world's airlines, that I, for one, do hereby pledge never to fly in an SST. For the sake of saving a few hours on long flights, I do not wish to pay the price of sacrificing the environment beyond the terrible state it's already in, not to mention the extra price of a ticket on an SST.
It has been my impression that airlines themselves do not greet the prospect of the SST with much enthusiasm, but each feels it will have to buy them to keep up with the competition. If this is true, then this pledge I am making—which concerns all SSTs—is to encourage the airlines' resisting the purchase of this terribly destructive and utterly unnecessary device.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mr. David Brower
Friends of the Earth
451 Pacific Ave., San Francisco, CA 94133, or
30 East 42nd St., New York, NY 10017

Dear Mr. Brower:
I agree with your position on the SST and have mailed the coupons. I have also signed the pledge to Mr. Hammarskjöld.
Please forward me a copy of the Friends of the Earth publication SST AND SONIC BOOM HANDBOOK, which includes the President's Advisory Committee Report on the SST. I am enclosing one dollar. (Includes tax.)
Please forward me a copy of the best-selling Friends of the Earth publication "ENVIRONMENTAL HANDBOOK." I am enclosing one dollar. (Includes tax.)
Please enroll me as a member of your organization. I am enclosing \$_____ for membership. (\$15 regular, \$5 spouse, \$5 student, \$25 supporting, \$50 contributing, \$250 life.)
I am interested in working on a Friends of the Earth task force. Information please.
I am interested in working with your subsidiary League of Conservation Voters which works for good conservation candidates and opposes others.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(SST: "Airplane of Tomorrow")

BREAKS WINDOWS, CRACKS WALLS, STAMPEDES CATTLE, AND WILL HASTEN THE END OF THE AMERICAN WILDERNESS

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH is a conservation organization and we have been reading, with mixed feelings, all the recent reports about threats to our environment and the "massive efforts to win the War on Pollution."

It's a good thing, clearly, to recognize that we've only a few years to meet such problems. However we have the sinking feeling that what we've witnessed so far is only *apparent* activity; cosmetic solutions which are creating an impression in the public mind that things are somehow being taken care of.

But things are *not* being taken care of.

For example, this:

1) In the same message that he spoke so eloquently about environmental pollution, President Nixon announced that he was budgeting \$275 million for this year's work toward a commercial supersonic transport (SST).

2) Mr. Nixon said that he made that decision in order to (a) create jobs, (b) help the balance of payments, and (c) add to our national prestige. He did not say anything about the virtues of the plane itself. It is easy to understand why.

3) The SST has been a subject of controversy mainly because it produces a "sonic boom." If you've ever heard one (from the much quieter military supersonic fighters that occasionally fly by) you'll remember it as a shattering experience. Something in the magnitude of a factory explosion down the block. It is that sudden and scary.

4) Sleeping through a sonic boom is out of the

average day might be punctuated by twenty bangs loud enough to make you duck for cover. Even wilderness areas—the one place where man's technological feats give way to nature's quiet—will offer no escape.

6) Boeing Aircraft—which is receiving a 90% subsidy to build the thing—likes to call it the "airplane of tomorrow." As for the boom, they call that "a 20th Century sound."

People in Oklahoma City, however, don't call it that. In 1964 they put up with five months of military supersonic testing and reacted this way: 15,000 complaints to authorities, 4,000 damage suits and the declaration by a quarter of the population that they could never live with it.

7) Mr. Nixon, apparently sensitive to this point, said we shouldn't worry, that the SST would fly at boom speeds only over the oceans, or other sparsely populated areas.

But the FAA has *not* said that, though if it did, it wouldn't mean much. Its membership changes, remember, and so by the way does the President. Ten years hence, if SSTs prove unprofitable without high speed land routes which do you think the airlines will do: scrap them? Or lobby to change the ruling? You know the answer.

8) But *what about the oceans?*
No one knows the effect of sonic booms upon sea life. If the enormous vibrations should disperse the fish concentrations off Newfoundland (over which most trans-Atlantic SSTs would fly), it could disturb the fish industries there. That's 40% of the U.S. fish catch and 12% of the world's.

We *do* know what happens to animals living under the boom. They panic. A boom killed 2,000 milk in Minnesota during 1966; a boom drove a herd of cattle off a cliff in Switzerland in 1968; and simulated booms have significantly changed the birth patterns of test rats at the University of Oklahoma.

9) As for the sparsely populated areas, *those* are what we now call wilderness; places still free of the crunch of technology.

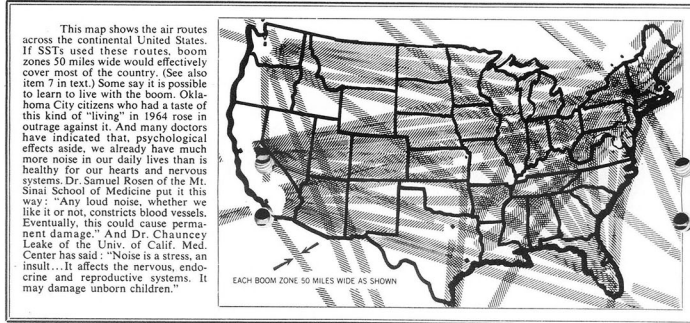
Or they're farmlands, or reservations, or else national park lands where a visit would no longer be the same. Not with a boom every little while, and the trees rattling, and animals going crazy from the shock.

So much for sonic booms. They are a terrible prospect, but they're only part of the story.

10) Before making his decision, Mr. Nixon established a committee of many of the top figures in his own administration to advise him concerning whether he should cancel the whole SST project.

They said yes, he should.

The feeling of their report is typified by the remark of Mr. Hendrik S. Houthakker of the President's Council of Economic Advisors who, on the question of prestige, put it this way: "...we do not believe that our prestige abroad will be enhanced by a concentration on white elephants." (See also Footnote.)



11) There is evidence that the SST will pollute the upper atmosphere in such a way as may result in terrible alterations of global weather.

12) It will be far more dangerous than present aircraft because of severe problems of metal fatigue, landing speed, visibility and maneuverability.

13) It will have a relatively short range (4,000 miles). And despite the fact that it will be smaller than the 747, it will be *more* expensive to build, and will use *three times* the fuel.

As a result, it will be much more expensive to fly in. It will be an elitist's flight.

That's your "airplane of tomorrow!"
Notwithstanding all the talk, it appears that basic attitudes remain unaltered.

The SST is being built because people continue to believe that there's an advantage to being able to get from N.Y. to Paris two hours sooner than at present; that if technology can do a thing, then it ought to be done.

But this attitude—the tendency to place technology ahead of considerations of our living environment—has gotten us into this mess. More luxury technology may have seemed a good idea at one time in history, when we were an underdeveloped country. But now we are an overdeveloped country.

The little bits of wilderness that still exist are being threatened daily by our *more, faster, bigger* attitudes. Industry needing more space, or trees, or ore; ever more people buying more of what industry makes and then seeking a place to escape from it.

Talking about "pollution" is not sufficient. If industry, "newly awake to its responsibilities," as the media like to say, *does* come up with a non-polluting auto engine, will it then be okay to cover-up the rest of America with highways and cars? (Mr. Nixon's budget also contains \$5½ billion for highway construction. The result will be more damage than all of his anti-pollution programs could possibly correct.)

And even if there were no boom, the more noise we have in cities and over America's parkland, the more it will confirm the nightmarish

feeling: *We are locked in a small room, and the walls and ceiling are closing in on us.*

Friends of the Earth is interested in promoting the proposition that we had better come up with alternatives to endless technological expansion, considering that we live on a planet of fixed size.

We have established a number of task forces to investigate the implications of an economy in which growth of exploitive industries is curtailed; a society which doesn't measure "progress" as an outgrowth of GNP. We wish to build for a system which you might call microdynamic, while macrostatic.

Meanwhile, we are also opposing specific government and industry projects that seem to us to typify the sort of thinking that will lead our species into an unnecessarily short and miserable life. The SST is one. New highway construction is another. Nuclear power. Water diversion. The Alaska Pipeline. Pesticides. Airport expansions. The killing of wildlife for furs, Etc., Etc.

Coupon #6 above will permit you to learn more about what we are up to. The others contain messages to specific individuals who can be effective in stopping the SST. But please do not stop there. The congressional vote on the SST will be coming up *within the next few weeks*. Write, telephone and wire your own congressmen, the Department of the Interior, the Department of Transportation, the FAA, and urge others to do likewise.

Thank you.
David Brower, President
Gary Soucie, Executive Director
Friends of the Earth
451 Pacific Ave., San Francisco, CA 94133, or
30 East 42nd St., New York, NY 10017

FOOTNOTE

On the other two issues Mr. Nixon felt were paramount in his decision in favor of the SST, his advisory committee felt as follows:
"JOB: "The net employment increase from SST production would likely be negligible and would occur in the professional and technical categories where shortages already exist. The project would have practically no employment benefits for the disadvantaged hard-core unemployed."
"BALANCE OF PAYMENTS: "If the U.S. overall balance of payments is considered, there is substantial reason for delay in proceeding to the next stage of the SST project." [The reasoning went this way: Mostly Americans, and mainly rich ones, would fly on SSTs. They would spend large sums abroad, thereby worsening the balance of payments.] FOR A COMPLETE COPY OF THE PRESIDENT'S ADVISORY COMMITTEE REPORT ON THE SST, SEE COUPON #6.

RELATIVE NOISE LEVELS

	Perceived decibel level
Room in a quiet city dwelling at midnight	32
Average city residence	40
Small 2-engine private plane (sideline noise @ 1,500 feet)	80-85
Heavy truck, 25 ft. away	90
Train whistle, 500 feet away	90
Subway train, 20 feet away	95
DC-3 (sideline noise @ 1,500 feet)	95-100
Loud outdoor motor	102
Loud motorcycle	110
Boeing 707, DC-8 (sideline noise @ 1,500 feet)	110-115
Rock 'n' Roll band playing at loudest moments	120
Large pneumatic 3" riveter	125
SST (sideline noise @ 1,500 feet)	122-129

Increases in decibels, by the way, are not arithmetic, they are logarithmic. Therefore every increase of ten decibels is a ten-fold increase in noise.
According to the FAA, 100 decibels is a level that a high percentage of the population will find intolerable, and to which they'll react strongly. Yet, the FAA's new noise standards permit 10 the first question, then, is why they are permitting noise standards above what the population will find intolerable? And secondly why are they supporting the SST which will be many times worse than is now permissible? If the argument is that it's right around the airport we should point out that the SST's take-off noise won't be confined to the airport vicinity. It will produce over 100 decibels for 13 miles in either direction from its flight path.

question. Booms can break windows, crack walls, and stampee cattle and have done so throughout the country. If they're used for everyday commercial travel, stay off of operating tables at boom-time.

5) The boom affects an area 50 miles wide for the entire length of a flight. If the SST flew the usual air routes in this country, the boom zones would cover practically everything. (See map.) In some places—Cape Cod for example—the

Scooping Jackson Out of the Senate:

The sacred cow institutions of the state of Washington include Senator Henry M. Jackson, the famed "Senator from Boeing" who has been immune from criticism or serious opposition for almost twenty years. This year, however, a challenge has been mounted to this man who wants us to build more bombers, missiles, ABMs, and MIRVs. The challenge is led by Spokane lawyer Carl Maxey, who is seeking the Democratic nomination against Jackson in September's primary. Maxey has headed the Washington Democratic Council and long been active in civil rights and civil liberties causes. The Black attorney has continued to speak up courageously as a candidate, denouncing repression of the Black Panthers and taking up the cause of the Indians and other groups ignored by Washington's "establishment". Joel Connelly spoke with Maxey in Seattle a week ago. Their conversation appears below.

[Note: Mr. Maxey will be speaking at the April 15th Peace March in downtown Bellingham, 11:00 a.m., for those wishing to hear his views directly.]

Connelly: What's it like to take on a sacred cow, a man who is given thousands of dollars for his campaigns by the business interests and prime time coverage by the newspapers?

Maxey: It's a matter of running into the vested interests that Senator Jackson has built over the years, such as hostile newspaper editors. It's also fighting voter apathy. Many good people exhausted themselves spiritually and financially in the McCarthy and Kennedy campaigns of 1968, including Senator McCarthy himself. You have to activate them again. It's difficult, but it must be done in view of what's happening in this country.

Connelly: How do you take a dissident cause, or say a moral cause that makes people a bit uncomfortable, to the people? Do you take the cool reasonable McCarthy approach or do you shout forth your anger and moral indignation? What is your approach?

Maxey: I'll take your first approach. However, I acknowledge that even with those hurt most by Senator Jackson's attitudes and those of President Nixon you have to get their attention by hitting them on the head with a board, to use the old donkey analogy. I for one ask people to take the approach of President Kennedy in asking what they can do for their country, not what their country can do for them. They are the ones getting trampled on. It is their boys who are getting killed. Yet their awakening has to be dramatic sometimes.

Connelly: In the newspaper game and in previous fundraising efforts for candidates and causes, I have developed an ingrained cynicism for rich liberals. A campaign has to survive on the support of ordinary people, particularly if you are taking on Lyndon Johnson or Henry Jackson. How then has the at-large response been to your candidacy?

Maxey: The response has been

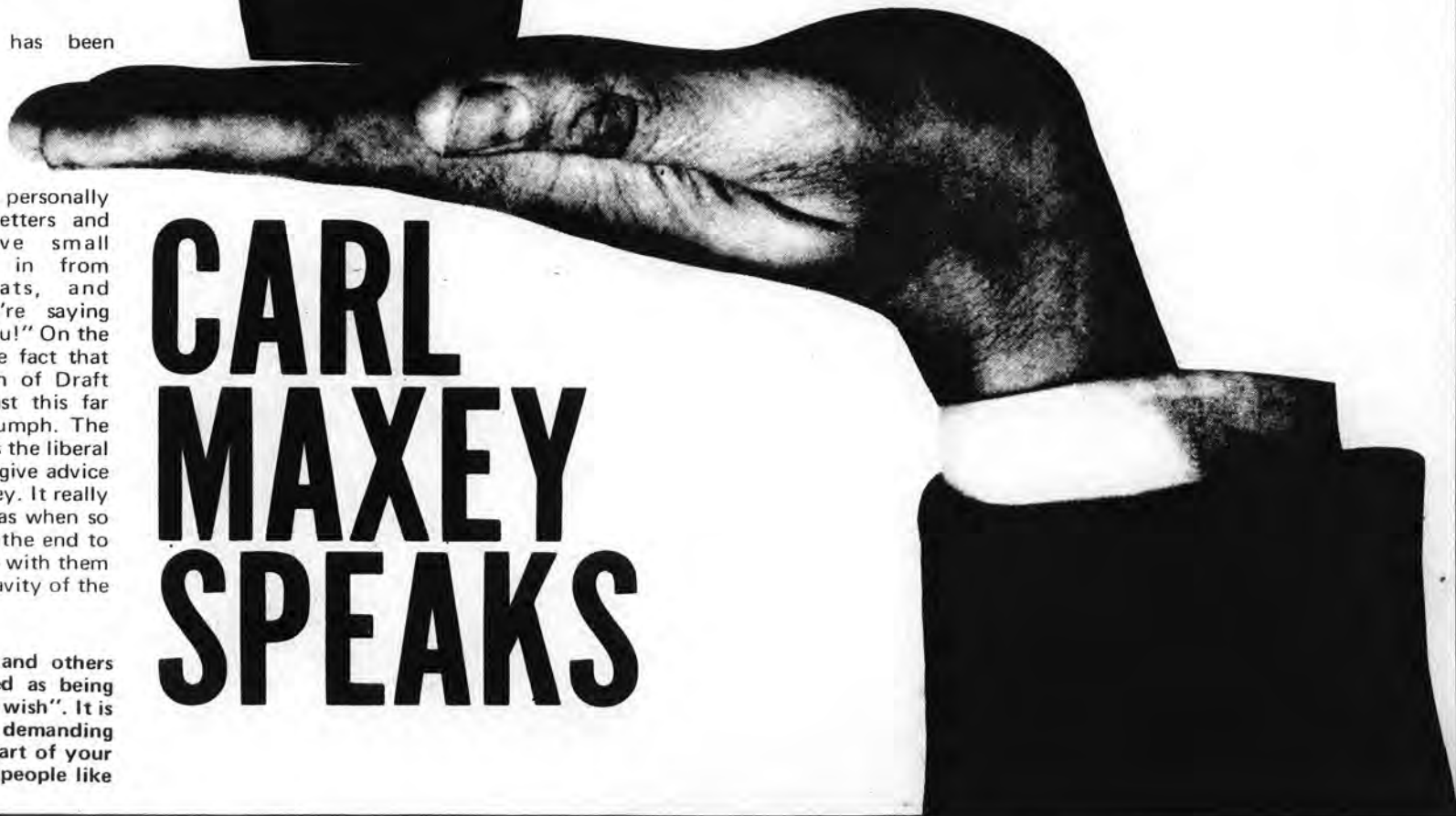
exceptionally good both in personally meeting people and in letters and contributions. We have small contributions coming in from Republicans, Democrats, and Independents alike. They're saying "End the War, We're for you!" On the personal level I look on the fact that we've gotten John Sullivan of Draft Resistance to come at least this far within the system as a triumph. The sad thing about it, though, is the liberal-radicals who are quick to give advice and won't give time or money. It really is the same type of cave-in as when so many of them switched in the end to vote for Humphrey. There is with them a failure to recognize the gravity of the situation they are in.

Connelly: Your campaign and others like it have been criticized as being symbolic of a liberal "death wish". It is claimed that you are demanding ideological purity on the part of your candidates and picking on people like

Scoop Jackson on the basis of one issue alone. How do you respond to these charges?

Maxey: The real significance of Henry Jackson is in his ABM affirmative vote, for it negates his stands on poverty and conservation because it keeps militarism going. **Senator Jackson is really the most deadly man in America because he's younger and healthier than other military-minded men such as Richard Russell.** He can charm the housewives and laborers while working totally against people. What we need now is people who will stand up to Richard Nixon. We need direction, leadership, and that's just what we don't get from Jackson.

Connelly: In 1968 I got to know some of the Democratic politicians of the state. People like John Cherberg and Durkan and the legislative bunch seem to me to be a bunch of courthouse pols in the most derogatory sense of the term. How do you view the Democratic Party here in terms of its men?



Maxey: In terms of officeholders we have a politically handsome Congressman in Brock Adams who has provided leadership. Tom Foley in eastern Washington is exceedingly capable but conservative, possibly reflecting the region he's from. Below that level we have a mayor here in Seattle who has yet to really reveal himself. His resistance on the Panther raid demonstrates judgement we really haven't seen demonstrated elsewhere. Uhlman was an excellent legislator. We'll just have to wait and see how he handles the problems of the inner city.

Beyond that the leadership of the Democratic Party on relevant issues has been lacking greatly. The best way the question can be handled is to ask if you've heard the legislators or party leaders speak out on Vietnam or poverty or racism. They've been quick to get on the pollution bandwagon, to use it as a tool like motherhood or the flag. Everyone can agree on it so it can be used. However, natural conservation has to be related to human conservation. The dilemma of Henry Jackson lies therein.

Connelly: I'm interested in that term you just used - human conservation. Does this concept apply in a specific sense to disadvantaged groups? Could you elaborate a bit on what you mean by it?

Maxey: Human conservation to me means conservation of youth, the poor, and the Black. It means the preservation of constitutional liberties. The violence of our times, the violence

Richard Nixon is perpetrating, is violence on the rights of people. The Chicago Trial is a classic example also, as are Mitchell's no-knock and preventive detention proposals, his proposals for the fingerprinting of everybody, the attitudes towards voter registration, towards school desegregation, and for that matter the whole concept of "benign neglect". **We are at the moment building a fascist state, and the people in suburbia are letting it happen for "national security".** The Henry Jackson - Richard Nixon answer to inflation is increased unemployment, putting it on the backs of the Black and the poor. In the end result you have a perpetuation of poverty, racism, and the restraint of rights.

Connelly: A pet theory of mine, and something I think in fact is obvious today, is that under Mitchell the Justice Department is becoming but a political arm of the government. You have to illustrate this the stands taken on school desegregation and Nixon's nominees to the Supreme Court. Do you agree with the political interpretation of the Mitchell reign?

Maxey: The Justice Department has become a national political force. Its primary aim is to crush dissidence. Ramsay Clark just today commented that the Administration handling of the November moratorium was to use scare tactics to say a riot was up while as it turned out less than 1% of those in Washington ever engaged in riot activities.

The whole attitude is one of less democracy and more security. They fear people. Senator Jackson is part of this concept. By example Jackson made one of the first major anti-SDS speeches, something noteworthy because he was concerned with the "revolutionary attitudes" while never feeling compelled to answer the social questions SDS was raising on the campuses. Indeed he himself was creating the very derisive attitudes that SDS was thriving on by his stands on the War, on the ABM, and his refusal to take a stand in favor of abating the draft.

Connelly: You have a lot of desperate kids in this country right now, kids who are turning to violent tactics outside the system because they are convinced that you cannot remedy our current social ills through the conventional political channels. Do you feel your candidacy will draw people back in, convince them that candidates do arise who will address themselves to the issues, or can you envision a defeat at the hands of Jackson simply having the effect of driving more of them to desperation?

Maxey: I think my candidacy can be helpful even if it increases the level of desperation because even out of the association with other people, the workers we have might form alliances that will be meaningful politically. Whether the vehicle remains the Democratic party depends on the conduct of that party itself - whether it will listen, or see what it ought to see. If it doesn't make room in its house for people, then it shouldn't be allowed to exist.

'Pollution Control' at Georgia-Pacific:

20-Ton Toxic Mercury Escape, Mason Reports

[Editors' Note: Last week, the Georgia-Pacific Corporation took out an expensive full-page ad in the Bellingham Herald entitled "Pollution Control: A Progress Report." (For some reason, they have not sought to advertise in the Passage.) Nowhere in that "report" — which is mostly a collection of pictures of equipment — is there any mention of the tons of toxic mercury being emitted into the air and water.

Mr. Hill Williams, Science Editor of the Seattle Times, asked the State Water Pollution Control Commission for comment on recent Passage articles dealing with G-P's mercury emissions. Williams received a reply from the Commission and wrote a memo to his City Desk which he later submitted to Professor David Mason for comment. What follows is Dr. Mason's response to that memo, which he has agreed to make public through the Passage.]



Dear Mr. Williams:

Thank you for your interest in Bellingham's mercury pollution problem. Your inquiry apparently served to elicit a company-estimated figure of 35 pounds of mercury lost per day from Georgia-Pacific's Bellingham chlorine plant, a value I was unable to get the local Georgia-Pacific engineers to divulge. I had calculated my estimate from the production engineer's figure for mercury use per ton of product and his figures for chlorine production. Either his estimates or my calculations were in excess, or the present figures that Georgia-Pacific is giving the Water Pollution Control Commission are somewhat low.

Georgia-Pacific makes these present estimates upon the amount of mercury they need to add to their electrodes. Supposing the plant in operation only 80% of the time for the last four years, this is still over 20 tons of mercury lost into the environment of Bellingham during the plant's operation. One third of this is supposedly lost to the air — over ten pounds of mercury a day drifting through the streets of Bellingham.

Two-thirds of this Georgia-Pacific estimates was discharged into the Bay and your informant suggests it rests as the metal in G-P's log pond. In the fluctuating and oxygen-poor conditions of the pond there is good evidence that metallic mercury, and this ion in turn may then be combined with one or two methyl radicals, with a phenyl group (quite likely in the log pond, since much of the brown waste liquor and natural leechings of wood are rich in this radical), or with a methoxy radical.

Although metallic mercury is toxic, especially when in the vapor state in air, the transformations to the organic

mercury compounds which occur in muds and water render the mercury much more toxic. In fact, the Japanese disaster (Minamata, Kyushu, 1953-1960, where several hundred people were disabled or died) is directly attributed to eating fish containing methylated mercury.

Similarly the Swedish problems were due to organic mercury compounds picked up by organisms; however, the methyl mercury itself may be transferred to the atmosphere to the atmosphere by volatilization.

Methyl mercury is particularly insidious as a poison because of its ability to penetrate cell membrane barriers. One target organ is the brain, where mercury accumulation often leads to visual impairment, lack of muscular co-ordination, and disintegration of brain tissue. Often non-specific poisoning symptoms appear first: fatigue, headache, and irritability. Numbness of limbs, slurring of speech and emotional disorders may follow.

Your contact at the State Commission in playing down the figure of 25 pounds of mercury in 5 million gallons of water (both per day) perhaps is unaware that this concentration, 0.6 parts per million, is well in excess of that found to be lethal or harmful to phytoplankton. Thus, the levels of mercury released could easily adversely affect photosynthesis in the Bay even after significant dilution. Surely G-P has looked at the few hardy estuarine organisms which still manage to survive near their factories. They owe full disclosure of this information to the public. For concise data on these topics I would refer you to the May 1969 issue of *Environment* (Volume 11); to the book "Chemical Fallout"

edited by M.W. Miller and G.C. Berg (1969); and to the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration's report "Water Quality Criteria" (1968, p.87-88).

I am afraid that the soothing approach of your Water Pollution

Control Commission engineer may be covering up a potentially lethal source of danger in Bellingham. Five tons of mercury a year is a lot for Georgia-Pacific to expect a sensitive

estuarine environment or the people of Bellingham to take. The first symptoms may be fatigue, headache, and irritability.....

Sincerely,

David T. Mason, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of
Ecological Engineering
University of California
Berkeley

If the above gentle debate on the amount (not whether but how much!) of poison being eliminated into the air and water of Bellingham by one industry wasn't enough, there has long been growing suspicion about another Northwest Washington industry — the Intalco Aluminum plant near Ferndale — discharging dangerous poisons into the air and water. Cows have been growing sickly and dying around the plant, according to local farmers. And now two of them have filed a massive \$665,000 suit against Intalco for damages, alleging, among other things, fluoride poisoning.

Paul G. and Paul N. Barci claim that the plant, in its manufacturing process, "emits through stacks, openings and outlets into the atmosphere large quantities of fumes, vapors, dust sediment, and gases and otherwise deadly materials, including fluorides which are deadly and destructive to vegetable life, fruits, grass, hay, grain and other plant life, as well as to the earth and soil of the farm, and which in turn has caused purebred cattle to become seriously afflicted with fluorosis."

Former Bellingham physician Dr.

Fred Exner, an expert on fluoride-poisoning, told a recent meeting of the State Air Pollution Board that there is a natural 10% fluoride escape which is part and parcel of the aluminum process. "Either we must be prepared to live with" that 10% discharge of deadly poisons, he said, "or we must change our way of life."

Passage writers Mike Kerwick and Joel Connelly recently traveled out to talk with Farmers Barci Pere et Fils, and will publish a full account of the extent of the problem, with pictures, in our next issue.

Meanwhile, the above-described emissions of toxic mercury into the air and water of Bellingham by G-P, the apparent discharge of toxic fluorides into the air and water just a bit further north by Intalco Aluminum, and the recent oil disasters around the nation, add further justification, if more is needed, to the recent policy decision by the Whatcom County Environmental Council to oppose any new petroleum refineries coming into the area. Enough is enough, they believe, and the price in ecological destruction is simply too high to pay.

FEDERAL GRANTS
AND
YOU
a new column in
the next issue



STRANGELAW

continued from page 11

recommendations for dismissal which aren't necessarily based on solid evidence).

All these trends are supported by the steady growth of domestic and foreign arms sales. Sixty nations are now customers, and the sales abroad increased sevenfold between 1960 and 1966. Also, during 1960-1967, five of the major arms corporations (with sales over \$200 million) increased their annual sales by more than 500%—LTV, Litton Industries, Gulf and Western, Teledyne, and McConnell Douglas. [Much of the above information can be found in *The Nation*, Nov. 3, 1969, in the article on government centralization by William D. Phelan, Jr. This former *Wall Street Journal* staff reporter is now writing a book on structural changes in the American system, to be published by the Beacon Press.]

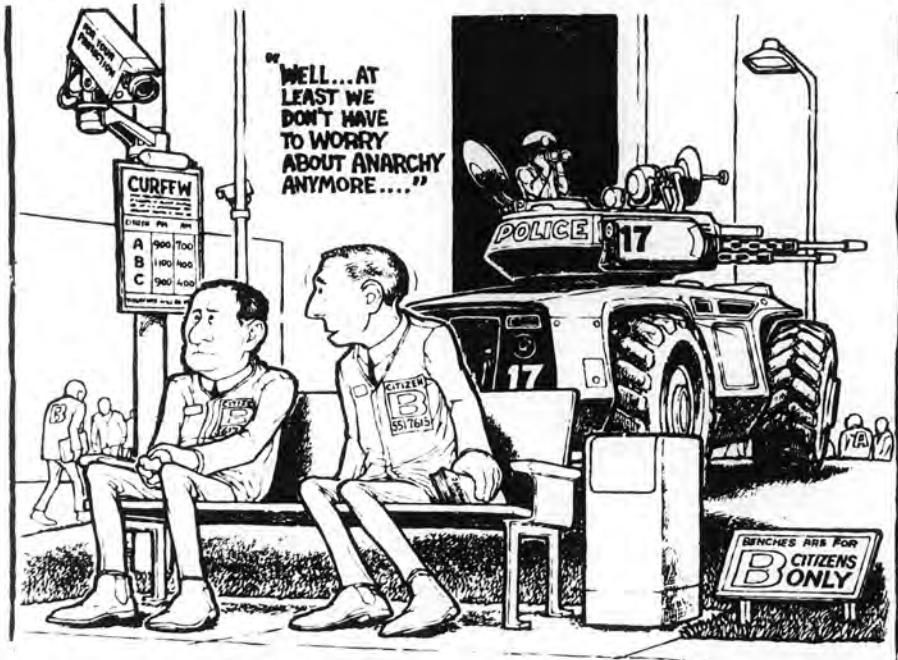
The bill has at least three other incredible provisions (or should we say, "perfectly credible by Nixonian standards?"): 1. Witnesses at trials concerning "dangerous substances" can be forced to testify against themselves, and the evidence derived from that forced testimony may be used to incriminate the witness. As above, refusal to testify means indefinite imprisonment (for crimethinkers, that is) 2. The Attorney General is empowered to pay anyone he may "deem appropriate" any amount of money to inform on suspects. And 3. Automobiles in which "dangerous substances" are found are (not "may be") forfeited to the United States, regardless of whether or not the owner was aware of their use for such purposes.

Another provision may not even be credible by Nixonian standards. It states that persons involved in a "continuing criminal enterprise" (CCE) can be sentenced to up to LIFE imprisonment (that's 800 to 1000 years in Dallas), on the basis of presumed guilt. You are in a CCE if you have "substantial" money resources which can't be demonstrated to have come from lawful activities. And remember, the only lawful activity may be a "defense facility" activity.

Not only that, but if the "trial" court refused to sentence you for a CCE, the prosecutor can appeal to higher courts. And probably if you didn't have illegal money before the trial, you—being guilty—would have to get some to cover the costs of the trial! Outasight!!! [See *Rolling Stone* March 19, 1970, p.23]

During the debates on this bill, many Congressmen praised the "enlightened" penalties of the bill. First offense, possession of any amount of grass, gets you up to one year and up to \$5000 (the present penalty is 2-10 years and up to \$20,000). First offense, distribution of grass: If you give it away, up to one year and \$5000, and if you sell it, even for a penny a joint, you get up to 5 years and \$15,000. Only one thin cent per year, or even less if you're in a CCE!

And on the last day of the debate, Sen. Dodd waved a package around, saying that it contained \$3000 worth of marijuana. Then he said he suspected that it was this drug which caused soldiers in Viet Nam to become crazed and commit atrocities such as the massacre at My Lai.



60'S

continued from page 7

Weinberg, who was at that time my closest pal, was one of the leading figures on the steering committee, he didn't want to talk about it afterwards even to me. He just asked me whether I thought he was right to get the march turned around, and I said no. Then we overheard somebody shouting "I'm through with the Goddam Movement" — the night was full of people shouting that — and Jack didn't feel like talking about it any more.

Four years later Jack was still in The Movement, unaware that it no longer existed. This week's Los Angeles Free Press, which came up in the pocketbook of Charley's friend Karen who lives in Venice and visited us for the weekend, has a front-page story by Jack Weinberg which begins: "Saturday, December 13 at 2 p.m. marked the beginning of a Military

Moratorium, an event which may signal an important new phase in the American radical movement."

So this is Jack's latest project. He's a pro by now, and he knows how to wangle a news story onto the front page of the L. A. Free Press, even a fake news story about how a new phase in radical movement may be signalled by Saturday, December 13 at 2 p.m.

The Movement meant trust and innocence among ourselves. Once that was gone, The Movement was dead. Jack Weinberg was my closest friend throughout 1965, we were constantly at work on one Movement project or another and always as a team, working together for days at a time without sleep, but now he's just trying to sell me something. I don't care what you're selling, I don't talk to salesmen. Go away. Oh, it's not for sale, it's a charity, is it? Well, I gave already. Go away.

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Custer Had It Coming

Ft. Lawton Takeover
by Joel Connelly

The State of Washington has long had more than its share of obsolete military facilities. These have been maintained through the efforts of powerful politicians even though the Wehrmacht has expressed the desire to rid itself of them.

Two such facilities are Sand Point Naval Air Station and Fort Lawton, both located in Seattle. Recently, as part of an overall streamlining of the military which will enable us to only fight two wars at once instead of the previous plans for four, the Pentagon announced the phasing out of these facilities.

Immediately a land grab battle developed between the King County government and the Seattle city administration for the land. Both sides claim that they want to construct parks, but it is a little game to see who has the most pull in Washington, D. C.

However, another claimant has arisen. For more than a week a group of about 30 Indians has been camped outside Fort Lawton demanding "return" of the fort's land for construction of an Indian cultural center and university. They were joined early in their camp-in by actress Jane Fonda, who proclaimed her solidarity before the television cameras before heading down to the Washington Plaza for the night. Throughout the nation, thus, the cause of the Indians attracted attention -- mostly as the last paragraph in newspaper stories about Miss Fonda.

The Indians have tried to occupy portions of Fort Lawton. On the first occasion, M.P.'s roughed them up and incarcerated them in quarters which would make a sardine tin look roomy. In the end, all were released, or rather "expelled" from the Army's property. The second time saw more humane treatment on the part of the guards, mainly because observers from the Seattle Human Rights Commission were on hand. However, the Army would not let television crews on the post to film the cramped jail conditions because Fort Lawton was "too crowded with convention-goers".

So that's where things stand at the moment, with 30 Indians scheduled to face charges of "trespassing" on the base. They show no sign of backing off, though, and have been bolstered by the presence of some of the successful occupiers of Alcatraz Island near San Francisco. Prominent amongst these "outside agitators" is Grace Thorpe, the daughter of famed Indian athlete Jim Thorpe. During the rough stuff at the first occupation of the fort, the M.P.'s steered clear of the 200 pound Miss Thorpe.

Clearly the Indians plan to make more significant use of the fort than city or county. Seattle parks are all - too - often sterile places, and an Indian cultural center would assault the myths entertained by Northwest whites concerning the people they displaced and confined to reservations. Aspects of Indian culture -- the attachment to the natural and simple as well as the stressing of the worth of the individual -- need to permeate the homogenized plastic society that is establishment America.

Whether the Indians will get their chance is another matter entirely. They have been treated as a minor nuisance by politicians, and have aggravated the situation recently by having the gall to ask Senator Jackson some questions he could not answer. The leader of the county land grab -- a onetime Seattle University jock named John O'Brien -- is one of the most well -- connected Republican politicians around. On the city side Mayor Uhlman has shown himself to be adept at getting money for various Seattle projects.

Thus the Indians are in third place in the battle for influence. However, they have come on strong on television. They will not just go away, but will be at Fort Lawton reminding society of that which it would rather ignore for quite some time to come. The Indian in America has been treated like the Jew in Nazi Germany ever since Columbus landed -- almost 500 years ago. He is serving notice now that he will resist confinement, and Fort Lawton will not be the end of it.

FreeU To Spring Open

Registration is now open for Spring Quarter classes and workshops of the Northwest Free University. Catalogs can be obtained at the Aardvark Book Shoppe, the Center Street Merchantile, the Cellar, the Passage office, the Viking Union at WWSC, or through the mails by writing P.O. Box 1255.

Among the special workshops are Dulcimer-Playing (Bob Force), Exploring Religious Expression (Mary Lou Austin), Mushroom-Hunting (Richard Haard), Group Process Training for Group Leaders (Bernard Weiner), Non-Violence (Howard Harris), Low-Budget Cooking (B.J. Bowman), and Wine and Beer-Making (Suse Thomas).

Included in the regular classes are Yoga (Barbara Lundy), Group Sensitivity Training (David Takagi), Ceramics (Margaret Clausen), How Not to Write a Poem (Jerry Burns), Magic as an Alternative Technology (Lynn Baker), Martial Arts (Jerry Dalien), Japanese Conversation (Kathy Ikuko Hogg), Body Movement (Kathy Grayson), Edible Wild Plants-Seaweeds-Mushrooms (Richard Taylor, Maurice Dube, Rich Haard), Painting & Stuff (Peter Lee), Principles of Guerilla Warfare (Jim Maloney), Quilting (Beth Daugert), Philology (Ken McCutchan), and Therapeutic Swimming (George Hartwell and Phyllis Edwards).

Also being offered, though too late to be included in the catalog, are Folk-Guitar by Charles Edwards at Toad Hall; Yoga Meditation by Mike Micari; and a Folk-Singing & Folk-Playing group on Tuesday evenings.

The Free U is also offering four children's classes: Art, Creative Dance, Creative Writing, and Ecology and the Natural World.

The Free U booth will be open again at the Viking Union at WWSC at the beginning of Spring Quarter, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. daily. Free U classes will begin the week of April 6-10.

Dump Garbage Burning!

The Northwest Air Pollution Authority since its inception, has been granting continuances (postponements) right and left for city and other open-air garbage dump burning. Not much has happened during that time; some cities have had one year in which to find other ways to rid themselves of their garbage without polluting the air but have not moved an inch. Next week, on April 1, the issue comes before the NWAPA again.

The Washington Environmental Council of Whatcom County is worried that the NWAPA will once again continue its practice of granting, virtually automatically, more postponements, and will allow

garbage-dump burning to carry on as usual. They are urging concerned citizens to be at the hearing at 1 p.m. in the Mt. Vernon City Hall.

If you cannot come personally, they are urging you to draft a statement for the public record demanding that the NWAPA require cities to move immediately to find means of garbage-disposal other than open-air burning. Those who would like some help drafting a statement can call Richard Purtil, 734-9712.

The WEC is also urging groups to take a stand against this usual NWAPA practice of granting wholesale continuances, according to Mrs. Aura Carlton, a member of the air pollution subcommittee.

Women Voters

The League of Women Voters of Washington and the League of Women Voters Education Fund invite citizen participation in the Second Institute of International Affairs to be held April 13 from 9:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. at the Seattle Center Playhouse.

Under the title "Developing Nations 11, Overpopulation: Who Will Survive?" the conference faculty and participants will examine development of the world's poor countries, as well as the inevitable world-wide economic, political, social and ecological consequences of such growth.

Keynote speaker will be Dr. Richard N. Gardner. He is the Henry L. Moses Professor of Law at Columbia University, a board member of Planned Parenthood-World Population, and a writer on international economic problems. Dr. Gardner was a member of the United Nations Association panel whose recently published policy study on "World Population" recommends expanded United Nations action in this field.

Registration fee will be \$5. Luncheon at an adjoining Seattle Center room will be optional.



Wilderness Conference Begins April 3

"Wilderness Re-examined" will be the theme of the 8th Biennial Northwest Wilderness Conference to be held in the Pacific Science Center, Seattle, 7 p.m. Friday, April 3 and running through noon, Sunday, April 5.

Dr. Paul Shepard, ecologist at Smith College, will speak at the Saturday luncheon on "The Population Bomb". Dr. Shepard is the author of "Man In The Landscape" and is joint editor of "The Subversive Science".

Thomas S. Foley, congressman from Washington's fifth district (Spokane and vicinity) will speak at the Saturday evening banquet. Representative Foley is a member of the Agriculture Subcommittee, Interior and Insular Affairs Committee.

All sessions will be held in the Eames Theater, Pacific Science Center, except Saturday lunch in the San Juan Room. Registration cost is \$3.50 (students \$1.50); Saturday lunch, \$3.50, and Saturday dinner, \$4.50. Advance reservations are necessary for lunch and dinner sessions. Program details and reservation forms are available from Northwest Wilderness Conference, 2216 11th West, Seattle (98119).

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in Marietta

three poems by jane bailey

Concierto De Aranuez

*The spanish concerto curls
Through the huge apartment;
Another sun rises.
I move, heavy with old loves,
Apples picked before ripening;
Their sweet sharp taste lingers
To sour a new failure.
Old love sways rapt in memory,
A guitar's melodic mourning.*

"What Is Not Forsaken Is Not Lost"

*Your ribs stand high as dinosaur's as you lie,
old as ferns in a stone forest;
soft flesh flows down the belly
beneath my wandering hand;
you are longer from shoulder to hip-bone
than mind can understand.
I had thought of leaving you.*

Alice, A Bit Later

*Love sneaks in strange every time.
One watches it appear
like a cheshire cat,
first the smile,
then the fat cat body,
harlequin, this one,
yet another guise.
What can you do?
The man will do what he can.
Fuch me to his music,
give me spiced meat,
clear the ground
so I can see him
stand up.
He will not cry, "No room!"
He will invite me to come in,
take tea with him.*



Reviews

by **bernard weiner**

P

"Patton" by Frank Schaffner

by Constantin Costa-Gravas

Z



Here are two films -- both based on actual history -- which at first sight might seem totally at odds with each other. "Z" -- at the Varisty in Seattle and Vancouver -- celebrates the political Left in Greece, and portrays the military junta (accurately) as a collection of fools and political thugs. "Patton" -- at the Fox-Paramount in Seattle -- concentrates on the exploits of one of America's most successful war-commanders in its most popular of wars. As I shall attempt to show, this seeming disparity does not really exist, on either the political or aesthetic levels.

This commentary will be regarded as heretical in some circles. For, though I enjoyed watching "Z", I find it a highly-overrated failure. And "Patton", which has been raked over the New Left critical coals, and which I did not always enjoy watching, I find largely satisfying. Let's take them one at a time.

Much has been made of the fact that producer Frank McCarthy and Director Frank Schaffner left the characterization of Patton deliberately ambiguous; they "refused to take a stand" is the usual charge -- which, translated, means they refused to openly denounce Patton in their film. While I share some of this discomfort about the film's general ambiguity -- it does seem to flounder around a lot, particularly in the second section -- I am astounded by the ferocity of the attack on several counts.

First, though I tried mightily to do otherwise when I saw it, I couldn't help viewing "Patton", or at least huge chunks of it, as a fantastic satire, a bitter put-down on a highly subtle level, a giant shuck of the Middle American patrioteers who come to view this celebration of their blood-and-guts hero.

The film contains all the violence, small-minded militaristic excitement, and vulgar vocabulary which appeals to these types. They revel in it, comment verbally on it, slap their knees, and even issue a war-whoop or two -- right in the theatre. That's their man up there on the silver screen -- not just John Wayne as fictionalized sheriff or war-hero, but George S. Patton, a sure-enough real-life-hard-fightin'-son-of-a-bitch-American-hero. Slowly but surely, they are sucked into adoration of this ancient gladiator --

but, slowly, too, their mood begins to shift as it becomes plainer and plainer that Patton, the militaristic embodiment in extremis, is a madman. Or, if Patton himself is not totally mad, he represents, clearly and unequivocally, the strains of cultural madness which our antiquated social-psychological systems bring out in men. If mass-slaughter in the name of an illusion called nationalism makes sense in the 20th century, then General Patton makes sense, since he can slaughter men (his own and the enemy's) better than most. But if they do not make any rational sense, then Patton is -- as he himself realized in his more reflective moments -- an anachronism, a survivor of a primitive age, an historical freak.

Here are all these glory-boys sitting in the theatre, most of whom probably slugged it out in the Battle of the Bulge, or who -- being good products of their social system's most cherished values -- wish they had been there to fight and kill and die. Here they are watching the cinematized history of the egomaniacal Patton racing the equally ambitious Montgomery to see who gets to Messina first to capture the headlines. War as a bloody personal game for the generals, moving human soldiers around on the battlefield as if they are tin-soldiers on a playing board; the generals win or lose their "game" and face promotion or "loss of face"; the soldiers face loss of life or arm or leg. Here it all is portrayed for them in what they take to be a movie sympathetic to their most cherished values: they've been had! What an accomplishment for Schaffner.

(Obviously, I'm reading a lot into the reactions of the audience seated around me. But I think their initial boisterousness and then later subdued state might be generalized with some sense of validity. The message seemed to be getting to them, if only subconsciously. At the very least, they must now mentally deal with this attitude as measured against their other supreme value: of gory competition sanctioned by their 100% redblooded American God.)

How else but satirically can one view the film's opening scenes? The red-and-white stripes of an American flag fill the entire screen; Patton emerges to stand dwarfed before it while he delivers a blood-curdling speech to the new recruits (who are unpictured, hence we are they). The very next thing we see is a shot of a vulture waiting to feed off the flesh of dying soldiers in North Africa!

The second reason I can't complain about the ambiguity in the portrayal of Patton is that, in truth, the man was a psychological collage. Here is this brilliant individualistic madman -- gleefully wanting to award a medal to the pilots of the German planes who are slaughtering his men because they are helping him prove a military point -- who also writes fairly good rhymed verse, knows his history of civilizations backwards, speaks fluent French, is a gourmet of food and fine wines, and who believes in reincarnation. Such a man must needs be complex.

If the film is sympathetic to Patton at all, it is in this sense of psychological schizophrenia -- the demonic mixed with the romantic -- and in one other sense. Patton realized that he was an ancient gladiator, a man unable to deal with the psychic and social complexities of the 20th century, a fighter who revelled in personal and bloody warfare ("God help me, I love it!", he says.) He saw himself, realistically, as one of the last of this ancient breed, where honor and personal contests were still of some

value; he was replaced, as he knew he would be, by the technocrats of warfare -- anonymous, faceless bureaucrats working with slide rules, ABM's, and computers. In this sense -- as representative of the humanistic forces (what fine irony!) being obliterated by the technological -- he can't help but win at least some of our sympathy.

The first half of this important film is excellent, as Patton's mania, callousness, ambition, heartlessness and gross stupidity are documented along with his more endearing qualities. But beginning with his famous slapping of a battle-fatigued soldier (Patton simply had no understanding of the psychological side of men, not even of

continued on page 22

FANTASIA

Walt Disney's "Fantasia" Scheduled to open at Seattle's Music Box Theatre March 25th.

Walt Disney has long been identified with purity, wholesomeness, God, apple pie, motherhood, the flag, and Americanism. Even two years after Disney's death his studios continue to churn out movies on the order of "The Love Bug" and "The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes." The Disney Productions headquarters, located naturally in the heart of Southern California, is straight to the point where employees have to watch the nature of their language. You don't blame Hayley Mills for running from the place.

However, for all his rock-ribbed Republicanism, Disney created a number of films most notable for their technical achievement. Foremost on the list is "Fantasia," the 1940 flick which combines a stunning light show, cartoon imagery, and classical music. True to the Puritan ethic of "Praise the Lord and Pass the Money" the Disney people have re-released "Fantasia" to

spectacular use of color. Outside of the Stokowski-Mickey encounter the characters don't jabber at you, but rather serve to illustrate the music. Spectacular visual effects are achieved with cartoon characters, most particularly in the march of the broomsticks.

A simple description critique of the scenes in "Fantasia" will not give proper credit to the movie. I hesitate to criticize any of the effects since clearly "Fantasia" is visually the foremost product of its day (the budget, an enormous sum for 1940, \$2.3 million), but would suggest that the spoon-feeding of culture is a little too much. However, the beauty, charm, and terror of the whole thing is such that the "Fantasia" experience is clearly one worth having. The exact effect on the viewer cannot be predicted with accuracy, since it will depend on whether or not he is zonked, and if so to what degree.

Having recommended the flick I would be remiss if I did not mention one "bad scene," namely the locale at which it is being shown. The Seattle



the delight of theatres filled with stoned freaks across the country. The movie, which proved too sophisticated for the kiddies, is now the joy of the underground.

To be sure there are moments of gauche Disney hokum in "Fantasia," most notably the occasion in which Mickey Mouse shakes hands with symphony conductor Leopold Stokowski. Also the music is occasionally chopped up, most notably with the Beethoven Pastoral Symphony.

However, all in all, the flick is a fantasy experience without equal. The light show, exploding at you on a wide screen, is enough to send anybody zapped or otherwise off into Valhalla. The cartoon scenes, particularly the dance of the hippos, provides a

audience -- hip or otherwise -- generally

responds even to that which is beautiful and subtle like a bunch of fraternity boys seeing their first stag movie. With its light shows and reliance upon the imagination, "Fantasia" is something which must really be experienced on a uniquely individual level. Those planning on travelling to Seattle should anticipate that the experience will be interrupted by a good deal of guffawing, talking, snorting, and what have you. This is a definite drawback, but it illuminates the interesting fact that Seattle is one of the few places I know of where an audience cannot understand what Walt Disney is getting at.

by **joel connelly**

reviews

DRAMA

ENDGAME REVIEW



I would like my love to die
and the rain to be falling
on the graveyard
and on me walking the streets
mourning the first and last to love me

That was Samuel Beckett circa 1948 in a beautifully sad poem so full of self-pity that, genius or no, one feels like kicking him in the derriere to get him moving again. But of course that solution would not work; he would only smile that all-knowing grim of infinite irony.

Beckett has roots in early T.S. Eliot (at least two lines in "Endgame" refer to Eliot poems), Joyce-out-of-Proust, existentialism, burlesque comedy, and, above all, in words. Though words communicate nothing, as Beckett once said, they are all we have. They are our passports to illusion: taking us backward into happy memories ("once!" "yesterday!"), and allowing us to dream of a better life in the future, even if such dreams be ultimately futile. ("Do you believe in the life to come?" Clov asks Hamm. "Mine was always that," he replies.) Words, then, are the tools with which we play the game, until the end, until the endgame. We imagine them meaningful in order that we might convince ourselves that we have meaning. (As Hamm yells out: "To think perhaps it won't all have been for nothing!")

The Beckettian paradox is that while his world reeks with the odor of despair, it is often a hilarious place to pass through. Fun out of self-knowledge of the "infinite emptiness"—this is Beckett's world of the absurd, and his humor reflects that absurdity, grounded always in ultimate understanding, in the most profound sorts of irony.

All this, and more, in the way of reflections on "Endgame," as performed recently as part of student-directed one-acts at WWSC. About the production, the work of Jane Nelson, more in a moment. "Endgame" is located somewhere between the comic resignation of Beckett's earlier "Waiting for Godot" and his later novel "How It Is." Once again, through his lead character, Hamm, Beckett indulges in never-ceasing self-pity, and, by extension, in pity for the entire human race.

Hamm cannot stand and is blind; Clov, his servant, cannot sit and is lame: a monodrama, Everyman as a cripple. The setting is a small bunker-like room, located somewhere between zero and lead; all around them is the gray of imminent death: the world is being "corpse" as "something is taking its course." Their world is completely without meaning, without hope, and they pass the time (or rather, time passes them, "taking its course") with words, making up stories and jokes, chronicling their sad

lives, recounting their memories. They sleep, they take "pain-killer" (whether drugs for physical or mental pain is not made clear), and, finally, in complete and total surrender, they reach the fin de partie, the end of the game.

There is no God in their world, though they are forever invoking his name in curses, and even daily attempt to communicate with him. But, as usual, this too is a wasted effort. (Hamm: "The bastard! He doesn't exist!" Clov: "Not yet.") In "Waiting for Godot," Gogo and Didi (mix their names and you get Godi—little gods?) are at least willing to wait for their redemption. In "Endgame," they no longer are willing to fool themselves, and all they wait for is death to remove them from their miseries. (Hamm's parents live out their last moments already in trash-cans. Hamm wonders if his father is still alive and asks Clov to check. Hamm: "What's he doing?" Clov: "He's crying." Hamm: "Then he's living.")

"Endgame is a most profound play, in both its message and its influence on modern drama. One can disagree perhaps with its heavy message of despair and yet still admire its penetrating incisiveness, its humor, its construction. It is, in short, the work of one of the few major talents in the world: a genius with words, a man of complete integrity, a Poet in the highest sense of that term. (The Nobel Prize people once again displayed their amazing courage by awarding Beckett the Nobel Prize for Literature—15 to 20 years late.

Miss Nelson's production chose to concentrate on the serious side of the play, a mistake, I believe. Beckett's message is quite obvious without overly emphasizing it. In the performance I saw, the pace was all too slow, and the acting, particularly that of Clov, much too heavy and labored. True, the humor did come through—how could it not?—but not as often or as smoothly as it could have.

Mark Cooper was generally strong as Hamm, though at times a bit too drawn-out, causing us to become a bit too restless. (I say TOO restless because Beckett wants to make us at least partially restless, just this side of boredom.) Kevin Keyes as Clov was slow and monotonous way beyond Beckett's intent. Both Mr. Cooper and Mr. Keyes could have developed the implicit humor more, though I suspect this is mostly Miss Nelson's direction which is at fault.

Deeda Gill as Nel and Harvey Trusty as Nagg were pleasantly innocuous in their old-folks scenes. For unknown reasons, Miss Nelson did not place them in the traditional ashcans, even though many lines refer to their bins, thus robbing the play of much inner commentary. Miss Jones also cut many important speeches, again for unknown reasons. By and large, an adequate display of direction in terms of technics, but sadly lacking in full understanding of the Beckettian universe.

Two other productions rounded out the evening of one-acts: Millay's "Aris de Capo," a somewhat clever but tiring thing, directed spritely by Kathy Divers, with Chuck Flickinger and Gayle Vose standing out; and, a madcap version of that old potboiler, "The Potboiler" by Alice Gerstengerg, directed creatively by Keven Keyes, in which William Treadwell stood out as Sud; the rest of the excellent cast included Louise Bushnell, Robert Baloga, Leslie Mintz, Wayne McKinnon, Neal Johns, and William Barwise.

Unfortunately, due to prior commitments at the Orchestis Concert, I was unable to review the next night's three productions: Ken McCutchan's directing of Ionesco's

"The Lesson," Randy Cate's handling of "Rats" by Israel Horowitz, and John Nextor's direction of his own "I Came Down to Yugoslavia." For the absence of review, my apologies.

by bernard weiner

MUSICAL

"Camelot" (Bellingham High School)

by mike karuza

When the eagerly awaited musical "Camelot" arrived on Broadway in the winter of 1960, it regrettably proved to be a whimsical mirage of self contradictions. Much more was expected from its creators—Alan J. Lerner (book and lyrics) and Frederick Lowe (music)—who had previously given us such delights as "My Fair Lady," "Gigi," and "Brigadoon." Next to these former achievements, "Camelot" appears aesthetically awkward.

To a non-discriminating audience, "Camelot" might give the impression of being charming and lovely. However, under all the tinsel, it emerges as a grandiose monstrosity. If you think I'm being harsh, try reading T.H. White's novel "The Once and Future King", on which this play was based. Now, that has charm.

Except for the theme song, the ballad "If Ever I Would Leave You" and "What Do the Simple Folk Do?", the music is trite and forgettable. When the book attempts to be profound, it instead sounds insipid. The lyrics do occasionally bear Lerner's clever style for phrasing and rhyme, but lack his usual wit.

Recently, Bellingham High School presented "Camelot" for a three day

run. The production by no means rectified the show's inborn flaws, but nevertheless unconsciously supplied the natural innocence only an amateur group can achieve.

Miss Marr an extremely attractive girl, but she possesses a lovely lyric soprano voice. She consistently appeared to be in command of her role, whether gracefully dancing, happily singing or dramatically exercising her fine stage voice. Her overall portrayal was soft and appealing.

Don Krag's direction was smooth, but often tedious. I suppose Mr. Krag was also responsible for the lighting effects. Or should I say lack of lighting effects? Creative lighting makes for mood and atmosphere in a stage play. A show such as "Camelot" greatly depends on this. However, all the scenes, with the exception of two, were done under blatantly bright lights.

"Camelot" is basically not a great musical. How can student amateurs in Bellingham be expected to make this show a triumph, when even the professionals on Broadway could not? The fault here lies with the show and the choice of this show, for which the faculty is responsible.

What the B. H. S. music and drama faculty really is, and always has been since the first operetta in 1938, is a pack of hyper-ambitious glory hounds who annually subjugate their students into these big shows, hence exploiting them as live bait. The department heads' soul objective is to find a show that will top their previous one, not on an artistic scale, mind you, but on the scale of bigness!



run. The production by no means rectified the show's inborn flaws, but nevertheless unconsciously supplied the natural innocence only an amateur group can achieve.

Peter Benecke made a convincing King Arthur. Many of his verbal soliloquys were both poignant and well executed.

Fred Dorr as the egocentric Sir Lancelot opened with an ample amount of characterization and with a vibrant baritone voice. But as the show progressed these two assets, for some reason, did not. His "If Ever I Would Leave You" was almost inaudible.

As the bumbling King Pellinore, Jerry Huddle displayed a fine sense for character acting.

The one person who really deserves words of extra praise is Sue Marr as the many faceted Guenevere. Not only is

Last year's production was "Funny Girl", and it was a fiasco; again, not due to the cast, but to the irrational choice of shows. "Funny Girl" was originally written specifically as a vehicle for the talents of superstar Barbra Streisand. Not only was this a poor choice on the faculty's part, but it was downright cruel to expect amateurs to try to make something of a show that was far beyond their capacities.

If it were due to a lack of musical comedy repertoire from which the B. H. S. faculty could choose, we might be able to sympathize. But there are dozens of fine musicals for amateur groups, delightful shows geared to students' talents.

Next year, B. H. S. will probably tackle "Man of La Mancha" or "West Side Story." God forbid!

DANCE

"Orchestr Concert" at WWSC

Student dance concerts suffer from the same basic weakness as college drama: the heart and desire are there, sometimes even the technical skills, but aesthetic polish or even true understanding of the art-form is often severely lacking.

With a few beautiful exceptions (about which more in a moment), this was so with the end-of-the-quarter Orchestr Dance Concert at WWSC. In case after case, one saw the desire to successfully construct and perform, but in general, the talent — the creative stuff which either makes or breaks an artist — simply wasn't there.

There is another generalization which one can make about college dance or drama productions which fits here: they try desperately to be what they THINK is "avant-garde"; in practice, this becomes translated as following fads, and the dance or play becomes merely imitative with little of the original creative spark or understanding of the true avant-garde artist.

The best example of this tendency was the very first dance on the program, "Technique," choreographed by Barb & Linda Narozonick. In this work, an abstract film was used to absolutely no end, as the dancers did Rockette patterns out of the 1950s. Additionally, the dancers momentarily utilized the aisles and rows of the Campus Auditorium, again for absolutely no discernible purpose except to be "with it," or to "break with the proscenium precedent," or whatever. Unless there is some well thought-out motive for breaking from the stage, this practice is simply insulting, as well as artistically self-destructive.

Other numbers were guilty of this sloppy conception of avant-gardism, but perhaps none so grossly as the above-described. Singularly unimaginative, in concept and performance, were such numbers as "Internally + 2 = 1," choreographed by Lynn Turner; and, not much better, "2 x 2 x 2," choreographed by Barb Dinner, Ginger Davenport, Melanie Kirk and Barb Narozonick. (Who conceives these titles, a computer?)

Others had something going for them, but generally never fully realized that something. Such as "Just for the Fun of It," choreographed by Bev Schneider, which utilized a strobe-light but never got as much out of that interesting little machine as she could have; likewise, the rock dancing to the Stones' music was fairly stereotyped. "Windmills of Your Mind," choreographed by Nancy Gresley, was mostly uninteresting except for the strong, sure dancing of Steve Sletner.

Fairly interesting, conceptually and in production, were "The Office of Spatial Relations," choreographed by Janet Hardy, which resembled somebody's weird nightmare — with people suddenly emerging on roller-skates, walking around with ladders, strange lighting; and, Sally Metcalf's "Everybody All People All of You Everyone," which shifted concept and mood smoothly, creating sections of a choreographic puzzle. It began with a beautifully strong solo by Mike Ingersoll — the outstanding dancer in the whole concert, totally in control of his body — then became a duo, then shifted as swarms of people entered into a rousing exercise in urban modernity, all to the Youngbloods' fine sounds. (There seemed to be a definite correlation between the quality of music selected and quality of dance.) My guess is that Miss Metcalf could have had the audience dancing along with the stage-dancers, but simply wasn't aiming in that

direction, even though the program-title would have seemed to be indicating otherwise.

The highlight of the regular concert was a piece called "Dissection," conceived by Candy Bradley. Let me try to recreate the impact. Varese music. Curtain opens in total darkness upon a black-lighted day-glo reclining figure. Long pause. Suddenly, the day-glo head begins floating away from the rest of the body, then the arms begin flapping and moving away, then the trunk, and then the legs. The mind expands, translates, and the four-person ingenuity becomes clear. Shortly thereafter, Miss Bradley had the legs and arms play a game of catch with the head; other interesting body games were played. Then the body re-assembled, and the curtain closed. All too soon: our minds were still salivating with the lithe movements, the black-lighted day-glo colors, the creativity of the piece.

Following the regular concert came a pantomimed version of Gian Carlo Menotti's madrigal, "The Unicorn," which was a bit repetitious but well-costumed and well-performed nonetheless. No director is listed, so one is left hanging as to who to credit — perhaps Mrs. Janet Hardy, the concert's dance-advisor? In any case, the cast — led ably once again by fabled world of unicorns, gorgons, and manticores. Others in the cast were Steven Sletner, Helen Farias, Jane Muirhead, Ellen Catrell, Gregg Ross, Melanie Kirk, Bev Schneider, Daniel Fuller and Brent West.

by bernard weiner



"Les Danseurs Africains" at WWSC

Our thanks must go again to the Activities Commission of Western's student body for bringing us a performance that otherwise probably would not have reached Bellingham.

The National Ensemble of the Republic of Cameroon gave us what its program stated — dancers, drummers, acrobats, singers and musicians — but in combinations which only the performances themselves could express. Rich mixture indeed of light, color, material, motion, rhythm and sound — not to mention the symbolism and imagery which, one senses, is largely lost on Occidental audiences.

The costumes alone would make a fine static exhibit: printed and woven cloth, embroidery, raffia, sculptured masks, cloaks. The context was one of motion, though; of costumery in contrast with human musculature vibrant under glistening skin, whole shapes in vigorous three-dimensional motion. But leading the motion was sound, and while the singing came and went, the instruments remained: the stringed mvet, a cow horn, and the percussion — bells, rattles, and above all the drums.



Most of us realize, if vaguely, the importance of the drum in Africa, but it has to be experienced. We had the marvellously fluid tones of wood on wood from a sort of three-man marimba, and the deeper sound of bare hands on a drumhead, but most pervasive was the heady rhythm of wooden sticks on the huge log drums. The Swahili word *ngoma* means not only the drum, but also the playing of it, and the dancing that goes with the playing; pervasive is indeed the word.

But those of us off the stage, applauding obediently at the proper intervals, were perhaps less pervaded. I remembered my first real encounter with African drums, during Independence Day celebrations in a dusty little East African town. Everybody who was anybody had of course gone to the capital for the weekend, including the nation's best drummers and dancers. In this town for the *ngoma* were the leftovers, old men shuffling on their sticks, brawny young laborers from the neighboring plantations. There were no professionals at that *ngoma* — it was purely a folk happening. The stage was the opening in the center of the crowd, red earth rapidly turning to dust. The backdrop was a sea of black faces, then

whitewash and that, and tall trees against blue mountains and blue sky. And with the passing of the sun came sudden darkness and the bonfires, and through the night and the next day the *ngoma* carried on. All who were there were part of it, for there was no differentiation between audience and singers, singers and dancers, dancers and drummers; and I, even white-skinned, was made welcome too.

A rock festival is not a symphony, and at Western we saw something that was no village *ngoma*. It makes no sense to say that African music and dancing cannot be a theater art, for Les Danseurs Africains gave us just that, and of top quality. Leaving aside nostalgia and romanticism and watching closely, one could see that despite the absence of scores and the seemingly impromptu character of many of the dances, there was a high polish and precision, a rapport between musician and dancer, of a sort rarely achieved. Finally, one appreciated the crisp transitions between dances, and the humorous touches by those who were quite aware of their being before an audience and who were evidently enjoying it.

by oliver wilgress

Z continued
from page 19

his own), the film becomes more a chronological record, hence less interesting. Schaffner's direction at times is sharp and creative; the photography is exciting; and holding the whole thing together as Patton is George C. Scott, probably America's finest actor. If anyone deserves accolades in our day and age, it is Scott; in his rare but important film appearances -- "The Hustler," "Dr. Strangelove," "Petulia," and now "Patton" -- Scott has demonstrated an unerring capacity for depthful understanding, for feeling the characters he portrays down to their gut-level emotions.

"Z" is also based on fact: the assassination in 1963 of George Lambrakis, a leader of the Left opposition in then-parliamentary Greece. The film concentrates on the intricacies of the right-wing conspiracy behind the assassination, as unearthed by a quiet investigating magistrate. What makes the plot of moment is its extent and personnel: the Chief of Police; right-wing

fanatical religious veteran and political organizations, and leading generals.

The film is obviously and openly designed to discredit the military regime currently exercising totalitarian power in Greece; this it does and does well, the military in Greece (as elsewhere) being its own worst enemy. What makes the film of such relevance to modern American audiences is: 1) the parallels, potential and actual, of right-wing alliances in our own country between elements of religion, politics, and the police and military; and, 2) the fact that the American government is involved up to its neck -- in Greece as elsewhere in the world, including Vietnam -- in supporting corrupt fascists in the holy name of "anti-communism."

"Z" is exciting to watch, as layer after layer of deception and brutality is revealed by the magistrate. It grips us technically as it grips us politically. But aesthetically the film fails in not revealing to us the character, personality, background, motivations of this decent little magistrate. Why did he do it? What causes men like him -- who realize they are going to get crushed by the sheer viciousness of the system they are examining (as in real life, this magistrate was crushed) -- to go ahead and persevere anyway? There are no answers in this film; indeed, the

questions are never even dealt with by Costa-Gravas.

"Z" succeeds as agit-prop -- surely,

one of the most skillful pieces of political propoganda in recent years -- but not as art.



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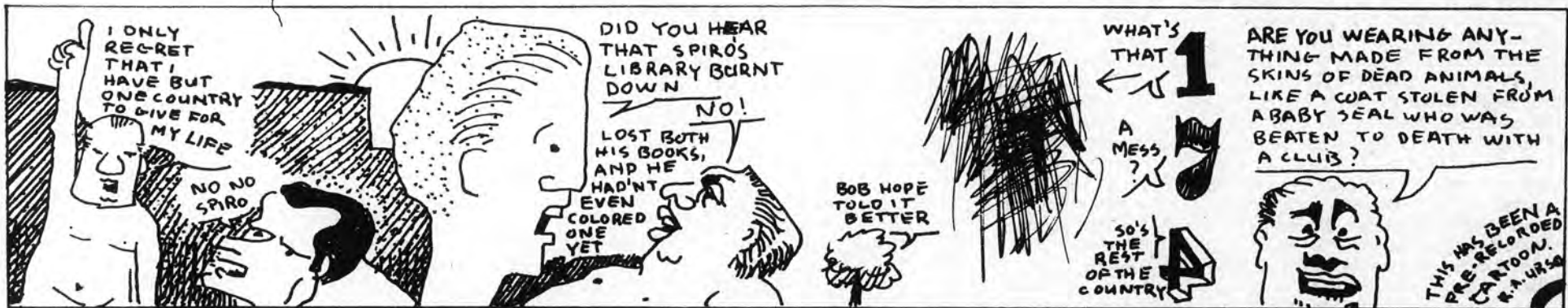
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NEEDED - a place to park. We have a '38 Ford Van that's coming to B'ham with us for Spring Quarter. We're legally self-contained, but a water supply would be neat. We've got two dogs, three cats, books and various guitars. We'd prefer to work out some kind of deal on rent, but we're desperate enough to pay too. Let us know what you've got. 'T' and Mindee Thomas, Box 1319, Bellingham.

FOR SALE: Fender Bassman amp and speaker box. New. \$250. Call 733-9756 and ask for Bill.

PIPE DREAMS: Truly fine brass pipes and hookahs. 4120 Roosevelt Way N.E., Seattle, Wash. 98105.



gimel beth



(E) "The Reivers", Steve McQueen, at the Everett Motor Movie. Good reports.

(S) "Z", at the Varsity, 4329 University Way (see review this issue).

(S) "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?", Jane Fonda, Cinema 70, 2131 6th Ave.

(S) "The Senile Cuckoo", Lisa Minelli playing at Guild 45, 2115 N. 45th.

(S) "Patton", with George Scott, Paramount, 901 Pine St. (see review this issue).

(S) "Alice's Restaurant" with Arlo Guthrie at the Neptune N.E. 45th and Magnolia; 34th W. near McGraw.

(S) "The Magic Christian", Ringo Starr and Peter Sellers at the Seattle, 7th Ave.

(S) "The Damned", Is this film "too far out". Playboy doesn't think so. Strange! Uptown, 511 Queen Ann Ave.

(B) "Easy Rider" you know about this one - if not, Grand Theatre, 1224 Commercial.

(Blaine) Sea-View theatre always has something to show.

(S) Japanese Woodcuts - 40 woodcuts from Washingtons sister state, Hyoyo Perfecture. Also, 170 photo murals by Le Corbusier. Henry Gallery (U. W.) thru March 23.

(S) 1969 Acquisitions - includes 18th century European procelain, an Egyptian pottery hippopotamus and many other things. Seattle Art Museum thru March 29.

(B) Impact - Everyday on KGMI from 10 to 11 a.m. and rebroadcast at 6 to 7 p.m. A very good talk and listener response show.

(V) CJOR - Pat Burns, Hot Line, 9 a.m. to 12 and again from 5 to 7 p.m. Anything goes talk show. Pat Burns was "kicked off" once so you can be sure he is lively.

(V) Autorama Car Show - Equipment Sports Centre; custom rods, sportscene, etc.

TV March 27, 7:30 p.m. Eskimo, A Fight for Life (color)

A visit to this continent's northernmost Eskimos. A people almost untouched by "civilization".

Sundays at 9 a.m. "Anchor"

March 29, Easter Joy
April 5, "The Indian and Christianity" A local panel discussion show by local folk heroes. Reputed to be interesting and provocative.

SPECIAL

Our Northwest Environment
March 26, 10:30 p.m.
March 29, 8:30 a.m.
"Can the Good Life Last?"

April 2, 10:30 p.m.
April 5, 8:30 a.m.
The Polluters.



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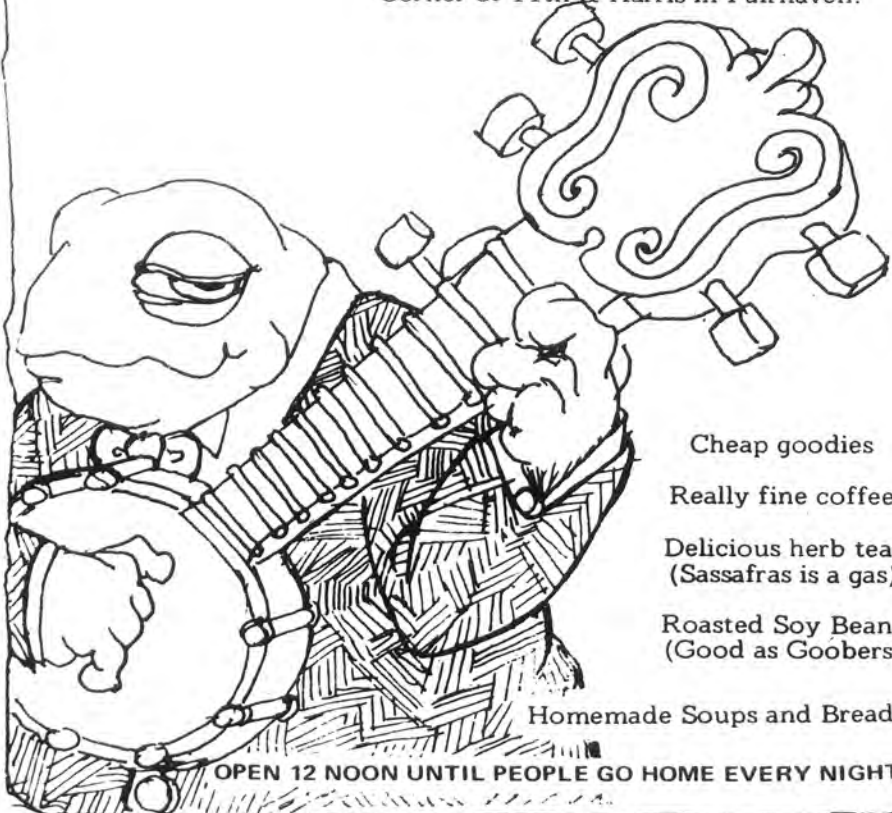
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April 2 - 10:30 p.m.
April 5 - 8:30 a.m.

Who will Save Us?

April 9 - 10:30 p.m.
April 12 - 8:30 a.m.

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