



Volume 3
Number 2

NORTHWEST PASSAGE



Bellingham, Washington
April 20, 1970

REVOLUTION IN EDUCATION



FLUORIDES IN FERNDALE

SEATTLE ON THE MAKE



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NORTHWEST PASSAGE is published bi-monthly with editorial offices at 1000 Harris Avenue, Bellingham, Washington 98225.
Mailing address: P.O. Box 105
South Bellingham Station
Bellingham 98225

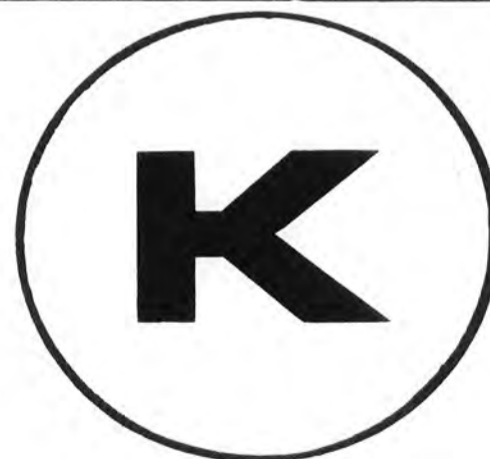
Seattle distribution: Ed Meisner, 507 12th East, EA 9-9146.

Newstand Expiration Date: April 20, 1970

Publication Date: April 7, 1970

— Switchboard —

To Report Pollution.....	733-8750
Northwest Passage.....	734-0083
Toad Hall.....	733-9804
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BIG K RANCH SANDWICHES

1306 Railroad Avenue
(Across the tracks
From the Sandpiper)

FRENCH DIP
Ranch Style

"The Bodachious"

editorial



Even though thousands are fleeing them and strikes are paralyzing them, cities are a permanent fixture on the American landscape. At the moment they are beset by crime, labor unrest, bombings, decaying neighborhoods, inadequate schools, irrelevant politicians and a host of other problems. There are no signs on the landscape that the decay will be arrested or properly dealt with by any level of government.

The Northwest has been spared the spectre of urban blight, or so it seems. The cities of the region have long appeared idyllic to those who are refugees from Chicago or New York. The problems of places like Seattle -- the transportation crisis, racial trouble in the schools, and unemployment -- have quite often been mentioned only by media intent on showing that our cities have the same problems of metropolitan areas of the East. KING TV's coverage of Seattle's Central Area, for example, leaves one with the distinct impression that there is prestige and bigness inherent in a city's possession of a ghetto.

Even as places such as Seattle have ignored social and environmental ills, they have further damaged their chances of escaping the blights of New York by their own feelings of inadequacy. As Joel Connelly's article documents, Seattle, to cite the prime example, will not acknowledge the virtues of its locale (or at least the civic leadership will not) and insists on striving for such monuments to "making it" as a domed stadium, a first-rate nightclub, and a major league baseball team. Enormous amounts of energy are expended in battles over the Pilots and the locale of the new jock palace, energy and resources which could be better spent at planning and tackling ills such as the current recession.

We view this prestige preoccupation as dangerous. Not only is there useless expenditure, but in cases as with the encouragement of industry

and "development" of suburban areas civic leaders are inviting the destruction of the environment of their own cities. In addition, the true growth of the personality of the city, which indeed is dependent on its setting, is arrested by this frantic striving to be like St. Louis. The attempts to be a "big league city" may well in the end destroy the natural attributes which if left alone will cause a place like Seattle to be recognized and admired throughout the world.

Thus the Northwest Passage calls for a turning inward, an ordering of our own house. Urgent social ills in our urban areas demand attention. The cities of the Northwest can best develop "image-wise" if they do NOT preoccupy themselves with athletes, stadiums, refineries, and the like. The locale is the asset, and admiration and recognition depend upon the simple expedient of not ruining it.

It becomes increasingly obvious that to avoid further social-ecological disaster, of which urban ugliness and rot are symbolic manifestations, our system must plug in a totally new way of educating ourselves and our children. Journals like the Passage and paperbacks like The Environmental Handbook are great to start with, but what is most urgent is for everyone to become educated as a matter of course in an ecological framework. Two articles in this edition deal with how this might be accomplished, one (the Northwest Environmental Education Center) currently in operation and expanding, the other (a vision for what can be by David Clarke) we can hope is for the immediate future.

As we have mentioned in previous issues, our definition of ecology embraces many fields -- politics, aesthetics, nature, religion, etc. -- precisely because of the fact that the concept of ecology rests upon the intertwined nature of reality. All is connected to all -- or is all; it's really the same thing. The Passage has been criticized of late, not without some justice, for being too prone to point out the negative side of our planetary crisis without some positive leavening. It is our intent, in this and future issues, then, to devote space to positive alternatives -- in the fields of education and life-styles, technology and ways to make your head feel good -- as well as documenting the current march toward cultural and biological suicide.

We hope you'll want to contribute your articles, suggestions, critiques, letters along this line, so that we can pass them along to others. Join us: the life you save may be.

* * *

Finally, to facilitate our production as well as to provide an inviting place for you to more easily become part of the Passage and what it stands for, we are moving our offices. Henceforth, you can find us at the Community Center: A Place for People at 1000 Harris Street in South Bellingham. This is the three-story brick building Bill Heid and Friends have purchased and which is slowly emerging as headquarters and communications waterhole for the new good earth community. We'll be having informal open meetings each Wednesday evening to go over the last issue and help plan future ones, so come on by -- Wednesday evenings or just about anytime. Drop in and smile.



Yippie!

On The Nature of Truth

Dear NWP:

Dear NWP:

1. Do you know of any hustles, ways to cheat or hassle the telephone companies, airlines, General Motors, government, Jackie Onassis, etc.?

2. Write and tell us about any Free stores, Free museums, Free schools, Free food, Free anything, FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS, in the communities you live in.

3. Tell us about your shoplifting, hitch-hiking, panhandling, bumming methods you have used in this life and your past lives.

4. Write and tell us about your community's draft counseling services, breakfast for children programs, cheap stores, free money, free sex, or anything you feel will help to make a better YIPPIE survival manual.

Also, if you send \$150.00 today, you will receive back \$300.00 after the fall of decadent capitalism.: Izak Haber, 3784 Tenth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10034.

Yippie!
ABBIE HOFFMAN
IZAK HABER

I've purchased and read three of your publications recently, and I haven't found them to be products of any less bias though than the publications and people they discuss.

I really ask: are you trying to espouse the truth or just the truth as you see it? Truth as we see it and truth which can mathematically be proven can be two different things entirely.

Your editorial of April 6, 1970 says 6th paragraph "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" and then in the 8th paragraph start right in blubbing about Nixon and the Viet war and from there on in your whole paper never once NOT ONCE criticize or even make allusion to the horrendous killing and mutilation by the Viet Cong. Are your eyes so completely shut that your mouth can only babble what you call truth?

Your picturing of the statue of liberty burning the Vietnamese homes doesn't show what you know to be true -- the thousands upon thousands of homes destroyed by those who are "doing their thing" in spite of the fact that your editorial insists that it be done "only after making sure that your

(their) thing is not harmful to others and to the life spirit." How do you excuse that?

And the Marvin Garson appraisal of himself sounds very hypocritical to me. Who is he to judge himself? We all judge ourselves to be reasonable and to our one-sided view we at least think we are right, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating not the talking or writing.

Not once does your paper come up with a definite plan or constructive policy that can be looked into or adopted or criticized. It is a Negative paper as it now stands. It is negative of all the United States has done in its growth toward wider and wider democracy.

Your ideas are reactionary -- reactionary to the jungle law that America is leading the whole world out of. [Sic.]

Joseph E. Scott 2817 Broadway Bellingham 98225

[Editors' Note: Thanks for the boffs. We appreciate your reading the Passage so thoroughly, even if over-critically. Sorry, but we just can't agree with your basic premises.]

Students Seek Speakers

Dear NWP:

I am a student attending Nisqually Junior High School in Olympia, Washington. We are studying air and water pollution and when we read your newspaper articles we found them very informative.

We would like to know if it would be at all possible if you or your readers could recommend any speakers who

might be interested in coming to our school and speaking to us on these critical issues.

We would also appreciate any sources of information you could recommend us writing to. Thank you for your help.

Landy Manuel 6802 Cardinal Way Olympia, Washington

ELECTRA 70
1205 1st Avenue
Seattle, Wash. 98101

HOLLYWOOD COMEDY & CAMP
WWSC ART FILM SERIES

April 10

"The Gold Rush" (1925)
starring Charles Chaplin

Lecture Hall Four - WWSC
Showings at 7 and 9:15 p.m.

Tickets - \$.75 Students
\$1.25 General Admission

Student rates can be obtained by showing current student body card.

by joel connelly

Its location is more stunning than that of any other American city. The Cascade Mountains rise 30 miles to the East. The city borders on Puget Sound to the West. From atop the Space Needle or the Seattle First National Bank Building, one can look from Mt. Baker to the North all the way south to Mt. Jefferson in central Oregon. The air for the most part is clean, at least when compared with Los Angeles or New York. The residents seem to be taking advantage of the waters and mountains, as 100,000 ski regularly and an equal number escapes into the islands during the summer.

However, Seattle is not satisfied with itself. Or at least the downtown business leaders and city fathers are in a desperate quest for devices whereby the "image" of the community can be improved upon. They want Seattle to be recognized as one of America's great cities -- along with such great centers of national culture as Pittsburg, St. Louis, and Cleveland. Seattle should -- indeed, Seattle MUST -- have the major league baseball team, the NFL contender, the massive stadium, the opera, and the symphony. To this end, the end of prestige and 'development,' the attention of and exertions of the city are directed.

BASEBALL!

The last session of the Washington Legislature passed a half percent local sales tax option for the cities of the state, a bill vital to Seattle in particular. The city fathers of the metropolis had originally asked for a one percent tax, but when the legislators got around to considering the bill there were few people on hand in Olympia to push for it. On the two days before the sales tax vote, Seattle Mayor Wes Uhlman and the city's corporation counsel, not to mention Governor Dan Evans and Attorney General Slade Gordon, were in Oakland, California, meeting with American League owners in an attempt to salvage the Seattle Pilots.

The great controversy over the baseball team symbolizes the image quest of Seattle. The mark of a major metropolis has become the Pirates or Reds or White Sox or Red Sox. Cities fight over franchises and cheer as jocks are awarded \$1 million plus contracts because they have a good outside shot. This is understandable in the Midwest, for when you get right down to it the only thing to do in Indianapolis is play basketball. The pigskin is at once a ticket out of the Pennsylvania coal fields and a source of amusement for those who lead dull lives in an unexciting environment. The Steelers become worth fighting for when you can't swim (pollution), can't send your kid to a public school (racial troubles), and are afraid to walk to the corner grocery at night.

However, Seattle is not like that. The environment is conducive to the individual sports -- skiing, hiking, and swimming -- as well as family activities such as boating and island exploring. God's great out-of-doors is close-by in spite of the assaults of oil companies and land developers. By all estimates the citizens of Seattle are among the most sporting in the country, in fact so tied up with their own activities that a succession of professional spectator sports teams have starved or struggled in the "Queen City". Only the Huskies of the University of Washington have ever made a big hit, and then only in the days when Jim Owens was going to the Rose Bowl on a more-or-less regular basis.

\$45 Million

The downtown business leaders ignored the obvious for years, and the decade of the 60's became a ten year

quest for major league sports. Enamored by the example of Houston's Astrodome, the city builders put a domed stadium proposal before the voters. To the surprise of the chamber of commerce types, it lost, but a redoubling of effort finally brought about voter approval. The domed stadium, an unneeded monstrosity since the University of Washington has a stadium which seats nearly 60,000, is now scheduled to be built in the Seattle Center, unless the issue is referred to the electorate for yet another decision. Thus crowds of up to 50,000 will be thrust into an area which experiences traffic jams after symphony performances at the Opera House. The stadium itself will cost the taxpayers \$45 million at a time when unemployment is running at 8% and the city is facing a transportation crisis as it is devoured by the cement required to move its automobiles.

As to getting a team, Seattle on three occasions has failed to land the Boston Patriots on the football front. The NFL and AFL expansions have overlooked the city, with the leagues seeing what the local businessmen refuse to, namely that the people have other diversions in this neck of the woods. In 1969, however, the grand entrance of major league baseball onto the Seattle scene came with the now deceased Pilots. Seattle was proudly spoken of as a "major league city", as though it finally had a *raison d'être* with the approval of the mighty American league.

Now when the Braves came to Milwaukee some years ago they drew more than 1.5 million fans the first year. When the team moved again to Atlanta it topped even this figure. The Angels rose above the million and a half figure in their first year in Anaheim. Seattle, though, proved to be a different sort of situation. The Pilots, not a half-bad ball club for an expansion team, pulled only 670,000 fans in 1969. A turnout of only 850,000 was needed to break even. Seattle's boatmen, hikers, and water sports enthusiasts turned a deaf ear to the sports pages of their newspapers and to the team which the businessmen had fought for. The American League took a longer look at the situation and acceded to the demands of the owners who had been rendered unto poverty by the disinterest. The pilots are now the Milwaukee Brewers.

The Convention Trade

The frantic "We've got to have one, too" mania is not limited to sports, although the Pilots are the example par excellence of the big city through big symbol mentality. For years the merchants of Seattle have anguished over the lack of convention trade, even as citizens of the Northwest have grown into the habit of telling visitors that it always rains here so as to discourage them from moving into the neighborhood. The businessmen have turned a jealous eye to Portland, which has had more than its share of drunken Shriners over the last 20 years or so. What Seattle needed, it was decided, was a genuine luxury hotel. For years the Olympic had been the closest approximation, but while it could fool the Bellingham doctor's wife, the visitor from New York has long recognized the place for what it is -- a barn. Thus with great fanfare Western International Hotels (headed by

Edward Carlson, a Seattle "civic leader") built the Washington Plaza Hotel, a 25-story circular structure in the heart of the downtown shopping district. Seattle got its first big name nightclub, as such performers as Eartha Kitt and The Lettermen plied their trade at the Westlake Room.

The Westlake Room had a cover charge of \$3.50, with drinks starting in the \$1.40 range. Western International leaned back and waited for the "big money" to come to town. The drunken Shriners came and went last summer, complete with newspaper and television editorials calling on the citizenry to treat the potentates "as though we wanted them to stay on and live here." After that, though, Mr. Carlson and company found that there are no high rollers in the Northwest. The Westlake Room died in fits and stages. The cover charge was reduced to \$1.50, and entertainment columnists pointed out that Vancouver manages to support The Cave. However, even pride failed to bring forth the "big money" and the Westlake Room was finally forced to drop both cover charge and top entertainment. As for the Washington Plaza, it is now advertising on Seattle radio stations to the effect that rooms start at \$19 a night.

Company Town

The prestige mania does not limit itself to foibles like \$45 million stadiums and nightclubs with a \$3.50 cover. Seattle has a reputation as the world's largest company town. While it rarely puts on power plays (Senator Jackson can fix most anything quietly), Boeing holds the city economically in the palm of its hand. The Seattle metropolitan area numbers just short of one million in population. At one time two years ago Boeing employed more than 100,000 people. Take in dependents and you have a third of the populace eating from the hand of Jackson's employer.

Naturally city fathers treat the airplane colossus as a monumental sacred cow. Boeing is not criticized in the media. Its tame politicians are respected for the very reason that they are under the thumb of the Leviathan. Nonetheless frantic efforts have been made are now afoot to expand the economic base of the city.

The logical place for Seattle to turn

that have not succumbed to the bulldozer.

The development kick goes beyond simple possession of a "progress" mentality, though. Seattle's civic officials and merchants piously proclaim that their aim is to keep the air fresh and the waters unpolluted. However, they look at the smoking and dirty cities of the Midwest and East and figure that 'where there is soot, there is significance'. The volume of industrial activity in such places as Cleveland and Pittsburg is looked upon with envy. Seattle's bigwigs are just unsophisticated enough to figure that "We can clean this up a bit and then use it to make our city one of the commercial centers of the nation." Thus the new factories are viewed (along with the baseball team, stadium, and first rate nightclub) as crucial to the building of "Greater Seattle"

"Prestige"

We should go beyond the realm of examples now to ask the important questions of what "prestige" the city fathers of Seattle are looking for as well as who exactly the city fathers are. As to the goal, there is a vague desire to have Seattle recognized (by whom is an open and unanswered question) as one of America's great cities. The leaders have gone about the quest for status by looking around and figuring that we've got to have here what everyone else has. No thought whatsoever has been given to the development of an original image for the city. Vancouver to the North has taken advantage of its location and status as Canada's major Western port to foster the picture of a relaxed and cosmopolitan city. This image is established, and Vancouver is very sure of itself as a result of it.

Not so Seattle! The locale has been totally overlooked, ironically by men who are themselves avid skiers and owners of yachts. The open areas, waterways, and islands are viewed simply as industrial sites in the image development, not as the sources of an image. For a while during the Worlds' Fair period of 1961-62, Seattle seemed to be awakening to its potential as a center of relaxation, the one city in America not beset by smog, waters which are a fire hazard, unsafe streets, and so on. However, with the close of

SEATTLE: TRYING TO BE A BIG CITY AND NOT MAKING IT

would be tourism. Even without a great deal of encouragement it ranks as our second "industry" in the state of Washington. Seattle's location makes it a natural leisure spot if the virtues of the place are publicized and the businessmen abandon the notion that the way to attract the Midwestern family on vacation is to build the Washington Plaza.

The merchants and civic leaders have ignored the obvious again, however, and instead chose to fan the fires of industrial expansion. Even as oil slicks plague the Gulf of Mexico and destroy the beaches off Santa Barbara, Mayor Uhlman has embarked on an expedition aimed at encouraging the oil companies to locate their refineries for the Alaska North Slope oil here in Puget Sound. A dam on the Middle Fork of the Snoqualmie River is being backed by city government and business interests because it would provide cheap power and hence help "develop" the areas of King County

the highly successful exhibition the community reverted to its feelings of inadequacy and futile attempts to be a "big league city."

With the populace of Seattle taking advantage of the setting and praising it to the skies at the drop of a hat, it becomes necessary to ask who the men are who are so dissatisfied with the city. The answer is mainly the downtown business leaders, men such as Carlson of Western International and Lloyd Nordstrom of Nordstrom Best. Carlson, Nordstrom, Leo Weisfield, Fred Danz and a few others for years have been Seattle's prime civic movers. Until the election of Uhlman last year, they have firmly controlled the selection of Seattle's mayors, and have made their peace with Wes even though they provided his opponent Mort Frayn with an enormous campaign budget last year.

The Seattle business leadership is to

continued on page 26

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REVOLUTION IN ENVIRONMENTAL EDUCATION

by bernard weiner



Turning On Teachers, Students To Nature

[Editors' Note: Many politicians and educators talk a good anti-pollution, pro-environment campaign while others are actually going out and doing something concrete. The following article reveals one man who is attempting to start an environmental revolution in the nation's public school system -- and it's working. Its present base of operations is the Northwest Washington area, based in Bellingham.]

Two simple equations. Equation No. 1: teachers held firm attitudes in children; teachers (like most other professionals) are basically ignorant of ecological concepts; therefore, students emerge into adulthood making decisions with horrendous consequences for the fate of the Earth.

Equation No. 2: furnish present and future teachers with an ecological orientation; have them pass on these insights to the students in their charge; result, a generation which will make more intelligent decisions with regard to the environment.

Sounds like a great short- and long-range scheme -- especially if you believe, as many do, that "long-range" in this case means that we may have only one generation left to prevent the total destruction of our planet's life-support system. But is anybody trying to implement this vision?

Thankfully, the answer is "Yes."

William Stocklin is an energetic middle-aged crew-cutted guy who feels the ecology issue to his bones and, wanting to ensure that his five kids have a decent life to lead, doesn't really feel like pulling punches when talking about the Northwest Environmental Education Center, which he heads.

The eventual goals of the program? "Nothing less than a wholesale change of attitude that will influence behavior. To stimulate a sensitivity and appreciation for ecology. To teach people that the water that comes out of their taps is a highly - complex life - and - death matter: they have to know about the back-up, the water-shed, the water cycles, and understand the consequences of a deliberate or accidental foul-up."

What about the "political necessity" of compromising to attain these goals through the current education system? "We're not interested in playing those old games. Hell, I don't think we can afford to compromise. The stakes are too important. If opposition is there, we'll just have to go around them -- or through them. We just can't wait anymore for everyone to come along."

For an Establishment type, Stocklin has equally blunt things to say about current educational practices: "Education now is bits and pieces, specialization, a failure to integrate knowledge. Kids go through the academic ritual: a bit of science, then a bit of history, then math. Nothing is ever tied together."

"The present education approach to the environment is to take a kid and put him inside a classroom for 12 to 15 years, with a textbook! And then we expect him to understand his relationship to the environment and the relationship of everything else. Jes.!

"We need a complete overhaul of the present academic program. We've got the best 'textbook' and 'visual-aid materials' right outside that school window! We need floating classes. We need pools of teachers. We've got to move students and teachers around."

"Here's a kid in Anacortes who, with the proper teacher, just may learn a bit of marine biology, but who will learn nothing about the logging areas around Sedro Woolley only a few miles away and vice versa. Switch 'em, bus 'em for field trips."

"Or teachers who've been in the same school district for 10 or 15 years. How can we expect them to know anything outside of their little spec? Switch 'em, move 'em. Schools and school districts are merely administrative units, not sacred institutions."

The Northwest Environmental Education Center -- which Stocklin now directs after several years in a smaller, similar program in the Peninsula School District -- has a two-phased approach:

Phase One, already in operation, takes place on a 600-acre waterfront tract on Whidbey Island called the Northwest Outdoor Education Laboratory, where public school teachers can bring their students for ecological field - tripping. Already more than 8,000 students have participated from 21 school districts in the Northwest Washington area.

Phase Two, now in the works, involves the re-training of public school teachers to give them an ecological orientation to life. Teachers get 5th-year credit for taking the courses (mostly at Western Washington State College), so -- whether done with the bait of a credit-carrot or not -- the teachers absorb the attitudes and, presumably, pass them on to their students. Already, more than 500 teachers have signed up for the courses, not all of them science teachers.

The broader part of Phase Two involves the construction of an environmental educational curriculum for the public school system.

In this, as in so many other environmental issues, Washington once

again leads most states. The NEEC is the only program like it in the state, and probably one of the few in the nation. At present, it covers the five counties in Northwest Washington plus the northern part of King County. Twenty-one of the 37 school districts participate in and support the program, but (for unknown reasons) not its home-base of Bellingham.

Stocklin sees the program here as a "potential model" for the rest of Washington and eventually perhaps for the entire U.S. "We have the ecological diversity in Washington -- mountains, rivers, deserts, rain forests, oceans. We can provide environmental educational guidelines for other parts of the country and save them years of time and labor."

A recently proposed Congressional bill, the Environmental Quality Education Act, calls for a coordinated, nationwide effort to bring this kind of ecological curriculum into the public school system. It also calls for the development of model programs which could be duplicated in other states. The Northwest pilot project in Washington could very well be the model of which Stocklin speaks.

Even so, several members of the State Legislature hold reservations about the approach of this and other environmental education programs. At a recent Olympia hearing at which Stocklin was grilled, Burlington Representative Duane Berentson and others complained that all this education stuff might eventuate in the state's having to spend money.

To which Stocklin replied to this reporter, almost in disbelief: "My God, they're worrying about spending some money now, and we're talking about saving the future! Their lack of foresight is amazing. Furthermore, it won't necessarily have to cost very much. We simply have to re-evaluate our educational priorities, and throw out the deadwood programs that have been there since the beginning of time and which have simply grown in a type of empire-expansion."

Also, he notes, spending some monies now on protecting the environment might save the state untold billions later since some of the pollution and natural destruction which the state must now help clean up will be obviated.

Teacher education -- both pre-service and in-service -- will take place at eight ecologically varied locations in the state: the Whidbey Island Outdoor Lab, Rockport State Park - Sauk Mountain, Deering Wildflower Acres, Shannon Point Marine Science Center, Cypress Island, Foulweather Bluff on Hood Canal, Skagit Valley, and the Silverton - Waldheim Outdoor Lab.

The NEEC -- currently working with a grant from the coffers of State Superintendent Louis Bruno (who apparently digs the idea) -- is really just beginning its program this year, hoping to expand in 1971 after attaining the capital funding necessary to implement

the curriculum its various planning committees are coming up with.

The first statewide symposium to establish guidelines for an environmental education curriculum will be held at WWSC in early May, with noted environmentalist Ian McHarg in attendance.

(Interesting sidelight: Many months ago Stocklin proposed a nationwide conference to help plan an environmental curriculum for the public schools. Forty-three of the fifty state superintendents of public instruction expressed support and said they would come. HEW and HUD in Washington, D.C. said it was an interesting idea but they couldn't help out. Just the other day, HEW and HUD announced that they will be sponsoring a nationwide summer conference on the subject! Looks like the old Bureaucratic Steal the Other Guy's Thunder trick.)

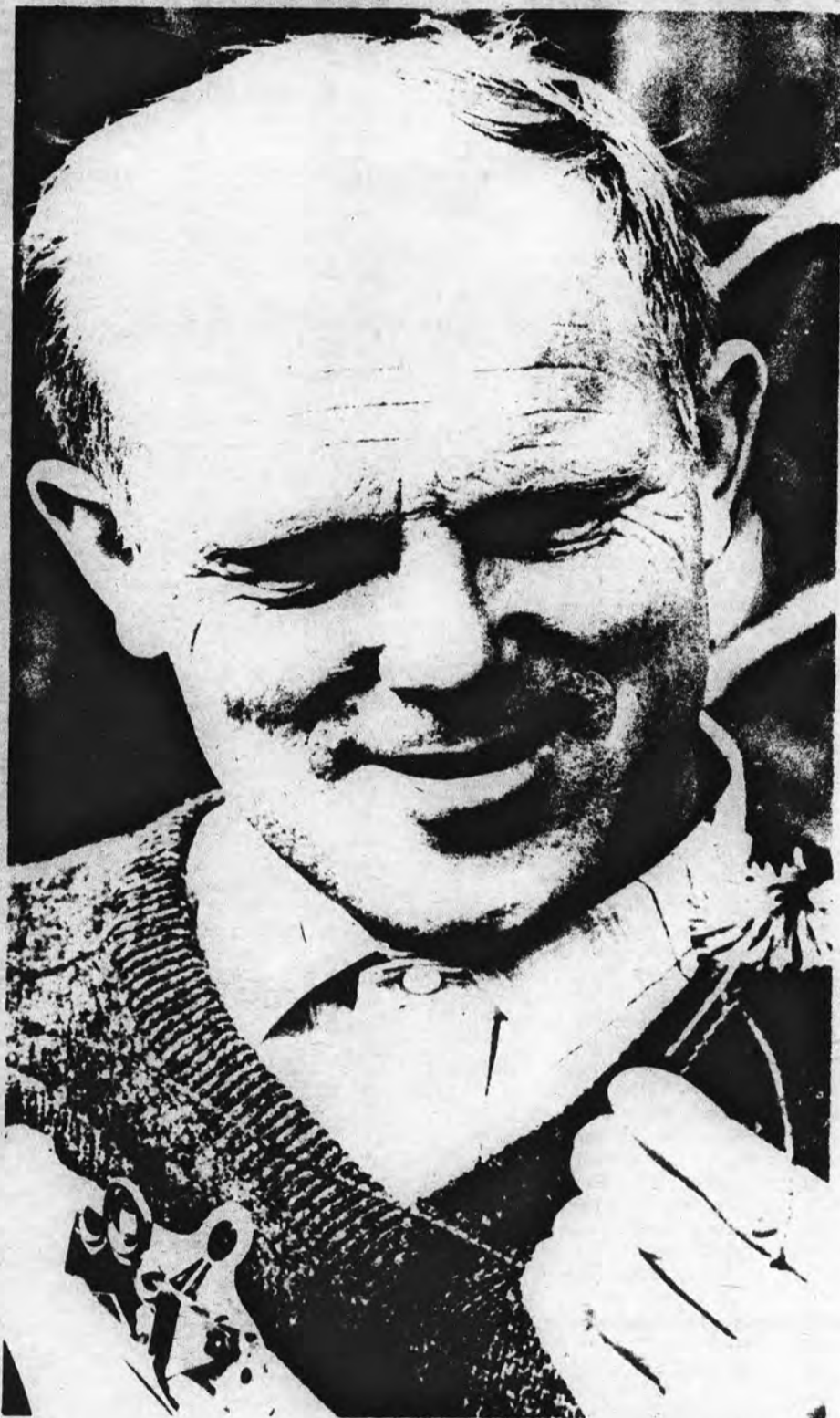
The institutions sponsoring and participating in the NEEC program are -- in addition to WWSC and its newest cluster college, Huxley -- four community colleges (Everett, Skagit Valley, Edmonds, and Shoreline), and the 21 public school districts in the Northwest Washington area.

One man, one idea, one right time in history -- It's Happening!



WILLIAM STOCKLIN

We've got the best
textbook and visual-aid
materials right outside
the school window.



How To See Through Red-Colored Glasses

With all that's ugly and depressing in the world, it does the heart good now and again to run across a truly funny piece of journalism. Such one finds in a recent edition of the Yakima Eagle, that erstwhile defender of all that is holy in American life. They have analyzed Stocklin's Northwest Environmental Education Center and have concluded that the concept of taking kids into the natural environment for field trips will make the Whidbey Island site "the first socialist Kibbutz (or commune) where your children will live-in as wards of the mother state." Now that's funny.

Piling one yock onto another, they ask the central question: "Can you imagine what your kids are going to be taught as the 'education experts' tuck them into bed at night?" Perhaps the John Birch types have been getting too much into the anti-sex education drive, but thankfully they still haven't lost their sense of humor.



eco- notes

More than 161,000 acres of trees are in various stages of death or decay as a result of air pollution in California, according to the U. S. Forest Service. Residents around the San Bernardino and Angeles National Forests first began noticing trees turning yellow in 1955. Seven years later, a scientist established the cause as smog. The tree damage extends from the famous Torrey Pines near San Diego in the South to the Monterey Pines in the North to the trees of Palm Springs 114 miles to the east.

Edible vegetation is also suffocating: it is no longer profitable to grow lettuce and spinach in the Los Angeles basin, due to the high loss rate; yields of citrus fruits have been cut in half; flower growers have been forced to move. The same picture is increasingly true in many areas of the East Coast. According to the Forest Service, their research shows "there is little time left for application of effective air pollution controls."

* * * * *

It's About That Goose Department: Louisiana's Lt. Governor Aycock after hearing of Interior Secretary Hickel's postponement of federal offshore oil leases in the Gulf of Mexico after recent massive oil-disasters there: "We have had pollution from oil in South Louisiana for 20 years. But now we are suddenly beating our breasts about it. We are in effect killing the goose that laid the golden eggs."

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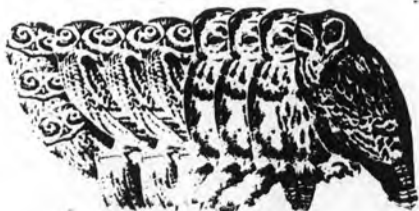
Further Optimistic Developments: California recently enacted the Porter - Cologne Act, a tough law under which water - polluters can be fined up to \$6,000 per day. Action is presently planned against a sugar company, a resort and three cities . . . The Wall Street Journal, that eminently Establishment newspaper, recently ran a 16½-inch front - page story singing the praises of organic farming and organic gardening and downplaying the benefits to be derived from chemicalized food - production. . . In England, antibiotics have been used extensively in production of livestock. It was found that, as a result, consumers were developing diseases resistant to antibiotic therapy. An order has now been issued banning the use of antibiotics in livestock production. (Unfortunately, there is no similar legislation in the United States.)

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Pollution Regarded as Normal Fact of Life Department: Ever take a good look at the U. S. Food Stamps distributed by the state welfare agencies? On one side of this Socialist Realist art form, there is a farm pictured with the words "Agricultural Abundance." On the other side, with the words "Healthier Families," you will find the typical modern American family -- father, child, and mother wearing a dress that comes down halfway between her knees and her ankles -- standing in front of a factory. Pouring out of the factory smokestack is a dark spiral of toxic waste products. No wonder it's difficult to change people's attitudes about the environment. Pollution is merely the price we pay for "Healthier Families". Didn't you know that?

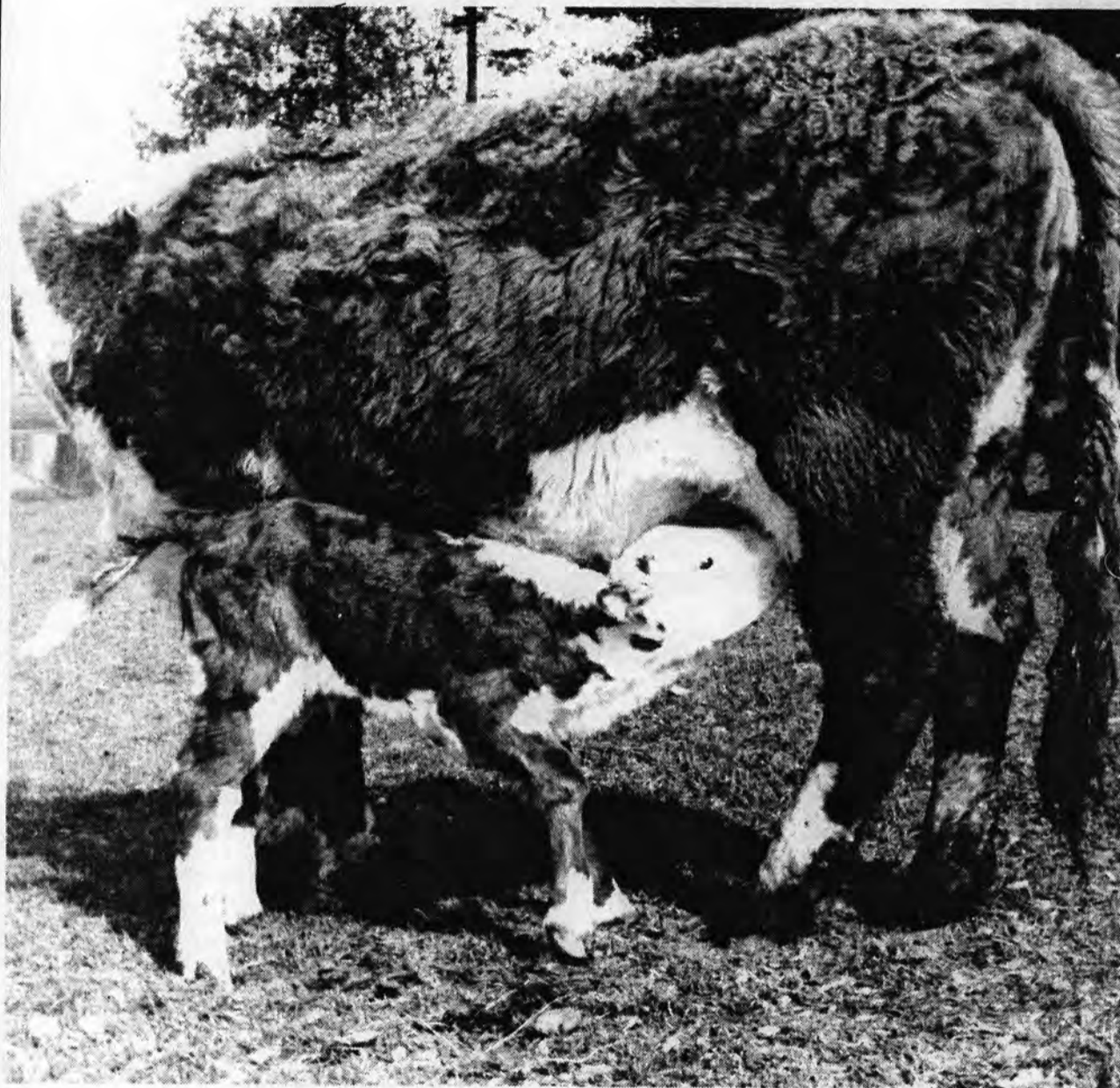
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A recent report of the President's Panel on Oil Spills predicts that we can expect a Santa - Barbara - scale pollution incident once a year by 1980, if offshore oil development continues at the present rate. Judging by the recent developments in one month off the coast of Louisiana, Newfoundland, Alaska, Florida and elsewhere, it looks like a rosyly optimistic prediction.



INTALCO SUED FOR FLUORIDE POISONING

by michael kerwick



5 - week old stunted calf on Barci farm near Intalco.

Upon hearing rumors of cattle dying near Ferndale, I decided to visit the farm of Paul G. Barci who recently filed suit against Aluminum Corporation for \$664,000 in damages. The farm is located on the Unic Road just east of the Lake Terrell Road. When I arrived I could find no one at home, so I decided to wait. While passing the time I happened to look around a bit and noticed several interesting things.

The farmhouse is situated at the top of a rise from which all of Bellingham and the Nooksack River Basin can be viewed in the distance to the east. To the West and kittycorner to the Barci property I could see the storage tanks and towers of the Mobil Oil Refinery. To the North of the refinery and across the Lake Terrell Road, a blue haze drifted southward from what I assumed to be the pot lines of Intalco. The farm itself appeared to be very well

managed. I knew that Mr. Barci had been chosen Whatcom County Farmer of the Year by the Soil Conservation Service, and I could see why. An extensive drainage ditch, about a mile long, had been dug the entire length of the property. Just up the rise from the ditch a tree-lined pond had been formed, and above the pond, near the house and outbuildings, many tall evergreens were retained, forming a park-like atmosphere. The practice of deep plowing was evident by the patterns in the worked fields.

FLUORIDE POISONING

It wasn't long before I heard the drone of a tractor and Barci and his son appeared from behind the barn. I greeted them and identified myself as a reporter from Northwest Passage. I had but only begun to

explain what the Passage was when the younger Barci pointed to a steer which was about to drink from the water trough. The cow lapped at the water and paused each time as if it were trying to subdue some sort of irritation. Paul explained that his herd was afflicted with fluoride poisoning.

The cow's teeth had come in contact with fluoride absorbed by the grass grown on the farm. The result was abnormally worn and brittle teeth, appearing almost as if they had broken off. This accounted for the unusual watering habit, for as soon as the teeth came in contact with the water the cow experienced pain.

I asked Paul, Jr. about the rumor I had heard, and of course it turned out to be greatly exaggerated, but he did say that he had one of his cattle slaughtered and an autopsy was performed by a vet in Custer named Mr. Piovesan. Piovesan found that the bone structure of the animal had been attacked by fluorides resulting in a condition known as bovine fluorosis. One peculiar symptom of bovine fluorosis, besides brittle teeth, is lameness. Deposits collect in the legs of the cattle due to the poisoning, which greatly impairs their mobility. As a result, some of the afflicted animals I viewed could only slide around on their knees.

STUNTED GROWTH

Aside from the general inactivity and poor health of the cattle, the most noticeable condition I saw as I walked through the herd was the stunted growth of some of the cows. The cattle that Barci had on the land three years ago had reached full growth, but the ones he bought as calves two years ago have only reached a portion of their normal growth. Calves born to these cattle show the same symptoms, and some, five week old calves look as if they were just born. In addition, they suffer from malnutrition. Their affected mothers produce very little milk as a result of their difficulty in drinking and eating.

By the time we had finished our tour of the herd, my first impression of a peaceful and lovely setting had changed into one of appalled disgust and a feeling of hopelessness. I looked once again at the blue haze drifting on the lazy afternoon breeze as it floated through some nearby trees. It was then that the Barci took me over to get a closer look at their Douglas Fir and Western Red Cedars.

Upon close inspection I could see the reddish tipped needles characteristic of an excess of fluorides. I remembered reading somewhere that conifer trees were highly susceptible to fluoride poisoning. Some trees were already dead and others nearing that point. Paul, Jr. felt that every tree for miles around would be extinct within five years.

Not only were the evergreens affected, but the Barci's pear trees had stopped giving fruit two years ago. Tests of hay grown on the Barci farm showed fluoride levels far in excess of the range generally accepted as the danger level, thereby rendering the feed worthless..

INTALCO MOVES IN

Paul Barci bought his farm in 1932 when he was 46 and his son a youngster of 6. The farm at that time consisted of six cleared acres, with the rest lying in a tangle of brush and second growth trees. The Barcis over the years have cleared nearly 400 acres, transforming it into top quality pasture land. Needless to say, the Barci's blame their present situation on Intalco. According to Paul, he has lived next to the Mobil refinery for fifteen years and it has had no effect on the productivity of his farm. He had noticed some abnormality in his cattle when Intalco began processing aluminum ore four years ago, but it wasn't until the aluminum plant opened pot line No. 3, reaching its present status as the largest U.S. aluminum reduction plant, that symptoms in the cattle reached their worst.

While air pollution effects of such operations as pulp mills, petrochemical plants, and steel mills are widely publicized and well known, the problems associated with the aluminum smelting process are generally not too well recognized by the average citizen. There are apparently two reasons for this. First, there are relatively few aluminum plants in the United States. Washington has only six plants. Second, the fluoride pollutants emitted by the smelting process are generally undetectable by the senses.

The aluminum reduction process is essentially an electrolytic process in which current is passed through a pot of aluminum ore in a liquid state. Aluminum collects on the negative electrode and forms an ingot. Cryolite, the material used to dissolve the aluminum ore, is rich in fluorine and a considerable amount of fluorides are given off during the process in the form of vapors. The vapors are drawn upward from the pots by huge fans and then passed through scrubbers which have the effect of "washing out" a large portion of the fluorides and other pollutants as the air from the pot lines passes into the outside world. The fluorides that are not washed out are emitted into the surrounding air and are soon dispersed to extremely low concentrations. However, various forms of plant life have the effect of retaining and reconcentrating in their plant tissue the fluoride from the air they use. This concentration is carried further by the grazing animals which live on these plants. Thus, while the local air may contain far less than one part per million of fluoride, pasture grass may have 50 parts per million. This is considered toxic for cattle usually resulting in bovine fluorosis.

A Bad Day at the Barci Farm

HAVOC

Aluminum plants have a long history of creating havoc in surrounding agricultural communities. These conflicts have generally been smoothed over by the aluminum industry, which has adopted the policy of making private damage settlements with affected farmers. In this way the problems are kept both out of court and out of the public view. Intalco has up till now been successful in following this policy, but Paul Barci is not prepared to sell out. He has fought zoning laws and attempts to increase taxes on his land successfully. Now he has gone on the offensive and has filed not only a suit for damages, but also seeks a permanent injunction against the way pollutants are emitted by the plant. In Paul, Jr.'s words, "Either they shut down or clean up."

Strangely enough, at present there are no standards in effect governing emissions from the Intalco Plant. The State Air Pollution Authority has pre-empted control over aluminum plants, and is presently in dispute with the Local Authority as to just who has the right to dictate aluminum plant emission standards. As it stands now, the Local Authority has the standards but doesn't have the power to enforce them, and the State Authority has the power but doesn't have the standards drawn up yet. Anyway, as it appears now, if you want to buy your neighbor's property, erect a small aluminum production process consisting of some homemade set-up, and smoke him out. It's perfectly legal.



eco- notes

The Federal Government recently announced that it was considering strict anti-pollution regulations to combat airplane exhaust fumes. The airline companies, seeing what was coming, countered with a voluntary plan for correcting the problem and said they would spend between \$8,000 to \$12,000 per plane to eliminate the black exhaust trails. What now comes to light is that the black exhaust fumes, while creating something of a visibility hazard over airports, are not the true dangers, since they are composed mostly of harmless water vapor, soot and unburned hydrocarbons. More dangerous are the invisible emissions of nitrogen oxide, the truly toxic gas poisons which are a natural by-product of high-temperature burning. The FAA official heading the investigations denied the obvious charge that the anti-smoke program is merely a salve to an aroused public, eliminating only superficial pollution while the airlines are still being allowed to dump less apparent but more dangerous gases into the air. There is similar suspicion about the new "clean" gasoline for cars.

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Officials from the Washington State Pollution Control Commission have reported that fish - kills due to polluted water have doubled in 1969 over the previous year. One reason for the doubling is the notorious lack of preventive enforcement legislation. The Commission can only fine someone or some company for causing fish deaths after they occur (and only up to a maximum of \$100 per day), and even then the Commission must establish beyond a doubt the source of the pollutant; of course, it is almost impossible in many cases to say exactly which company or factory dumped what into the waters since so many are dumping the same thing. Unless there is preventive legislation, the situation will only get worse; says Harry Tracy, Commission biologist, "We have more industry and more people, and that means greater potential for fish kills."

* * * * *

A listing of some frightening facts compiled by Robert Bendiner of the New York Times:

1) The Interior Department reports that more than 15 million fish were killed last year by municipal and industrial wastes in America's rivers, lakes and streams. For ten miles south of Albany the fish of the Hudson River are not affected since there aren't any more of them; they disappeared long ago, unable to survive in water so deadly that it can sear the paint off a ship's hull;

2) Several urban rivers, like the Cuyahoga which runs through Cleveland, are thick enough with inflammable wastes to be considered fire hazards;

3) Because of the ignorant and greedily irresponsible way coal and iron were mined in the U. S. for more than a century, two million acres of land, in 28 states, are cracking, subsiding, and sinking into the ground, occasionally taking houses and cars with them; another million acres will go by the end of the century;

4) There is an underground fire discharging noxious gas into the atmosphere which has been burning since Christmas Eve, 1915;

5) A recent analysis shows that simply by walking the streets of his city for one day, a New Yorker breathes the toxic equivalent of about two packs of cigarettes.

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The U. S. Public Health Service reports that deaths from lung cancer occur in large metropolitan areas at twice the rural rate, even when allowances are made for differences in smoking habits. In New York City, one of the world's filthiest and most air - polluted cities, pulmonary emphysema is the fastest growing cause of death. "On the autopsy table, it's unmistakable," says one of New York's medical examiners. "The person who has lived in the Adirondacks has nice pink lungs. The city dwellers' are black as coal."

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The U. S. Government, in addition to spending between \$25 - 30 billion each year to fight the Vietnamese, has paid more than \$28 million in taxes to South Vietnamese landlords. The figure was revealed by the General Accounting Office, the watchdog accounting service of Congress, and, in typical governmental understatement, declared that the practice was "inappropriate." In addition to being a morally reprehensible practice - paying the taxes of the very landlords who are oppressing their own people - it is clearly against congressional policy. After having been discovered, the State Department said it would investigate and promised a "careful review" of the GAO recommendations to cut it out.

David Clarke, Chairman of the Department of Political Science at Western Washington State College, is a long-time student of futuristic prospects. With this article discussing the possibilities for an experimental community in the Northwest, Dr. Clarke is making his first appearance in Northwest Passage.

The Environmental Handbook is a powerful collection of essays. It leaves one excited, angry, and frightened, and desperately motivated to do one's part to save our world while there is yet time. But, scanning through my notes, I discovered that the ideas I had found most important were also ideas which led me to discard all my initial impulses for activity. Garrett Hardin, for instance, points out that the environmental problems facing us have no technical solution, while Keith Lampe warns that our system, once shocked into a full realization of the threat, will automatically respond by mounting massive technical programs at all levels.

Symbolically speaking, survival lies not in mounting massive programs to replace existing automobiles with smog-free ones; it lies in renouncing the automobile altogether. The list of things we must stop doing is a long one: stop driving cars, stop flying in jets, stop speculating in land, stop having third and fourth babies, stop striving to raise our levels of production and consumption, stop fighting wars. This list of new no-no's is endless, and the temptation to wag the moralizing finger is almost irresistible. But massive moral exhortation, Hardin goes on to remind us, makes people feel guilty, and guilty people behave irrationally in order to avoid anxiety. The problem facing us will not be solved by stimulating people to behave irrationally

Yet the no-no theme keeps recurring. Kenneth Boulding tells us we must shift from our present "cowboy economy" (reckless, exploitative, romantic and violent) to a new "spaceman economy" in which production and consumption are stabilized at a minimal level. And Garrett de Bell asserts that "growth for the sake of growth is the ideology of the cancer cell." Yet our culture is almost incurably growth-oriented. How do people behave, when all they want to do, all they know how to do, and all they feel they ought to do, becomes wrong and forbidden overnight?

While a very few will undergo a conversion experience and change dramatically, and some will carry on as before but in a guilty and inhibited manner, the vast majority will deny the problem and ignore the new imperatives. But as the troubles get worse and lean on us more insistently, a situation of cultural stress will develop. More and more people will register in their bones the incompatibility between the things which our traditional values impel us to do and the things we must do if we are to survive. They will, as it were, cliff-hang into a new culture. They will be dead-ripe for dramatic personality change. But the distance between dead-ripeness for change and the successful completion of the needed change is a very long one, and there is no general agreement as to the direction in which we must move.

Lynn White indicates the real size of the problem when he points out that the cultural roots of the environmental problem lie in the Judeo-Christian tradition and go back over 2000 years. "What we do about ecology," he says, "depends on our ideas of the man-nature relationship. More science and more technology are not going to get us out of the present ecologic crisis until we find a new religion, or rethink our old one."

The discovery of the direction in which we must move is the same thing as finding a new religion or rethinking the old one. It is to define, for our culture, styles of life and ultimate goals which maximize the health and beauty of the environment, and also articulate

and satisfy the religious needs of individuals. Renunciation of our present exploitative, consumption-oriented emotional habits only becomes possible when the energy involved is invested in new goals.

Many ideas for such new goals are in the wings, but the work of translating them into usable cultural patterns still remains to be done. In my opinion it could best be done in experimental communities specifically charged with the invention of such patterns and the testing of them out in practice. This could well be the goal of a satellite college attached to W.W.S.C.

NEW COMMUNITIES

Such a college would be located in a remote valley some twenty miles distant from Bellingham, on a large site of 100 - 200 acres. It would be charged to develop and groom its environment and construct buildings and utilities of an adequate but simple sort. It would farm its land, although without attempting to be self-sufficient in food. This college would further be charged to develop a meaningful community life on an income per head of only 25% of the average for Whatcom County. The educational task would be deliberately slowed. Students would graduate in eight years instead of four, faculty would be on half time (and half pay). The community would not be too large, two or three hundred at the most, of whom two thirds would be students and one third faculty, staff and their families.

Core academic studies would include phenomenology of religion, philosophy of history, ethics, psychology, drama, art and music. Practical studies would include home economics, forestry, farming,

carpentry or whatever combination is needed to generate the skills to run the community. The community would deliberately try to evolve into a model capable of being copied, and would cater to a large and continuous stream of interested visitors. Its conscious purpose would be to offer to the culturally cliff-hanging individual both a direction in which to change and the techniques by means of which to accomplish the change. The typical task of graduates would be to start other such communities up and down the country.

It is impossible to say in advance what things would constitute the highest rewards in such a community. They would have to be discovered in experience. Before life in a close and relatively permanent community of this sort could begin to be successful and rewarding, it would be necessary to develop techniques through which each individual could reach a level of emotional maturity much higher than that which is usual today.

This task alone is surprisingly hard. For six years I was tutor at a college in Switzerland similar to, but smaller than, what I am suggesting here. The courses lasted nine months and enrollment was limited to some twenty-five students from all over the world who lived, together with the small staff, in a converted hotel building in a small village 4000 feet up in the mountains. This group of some 30 people formed an intense community. We were together 24 hours a day for nine months, as towns were too remote to escape to.

Each year I noticed that we passed through four main periods. First came a honeymoon period. The students arrived full of hope and sense of adventure, and were at once inspired by the beauty of the late Alpine summer. They were typically between twenty and thirty years old, and

mostly still single. Boys and girls would quickly pair off, and all was idyllic. The second, or anxiety - paranoia phase, would set in in a week or two as the novelty began to wear off, the weather broke, and the work began to get serious. People got depressed and irritable, and began to find the close community rather a strain. The psychological tricks and games which had worked so well in the wide society of the big city, where we were able to keep the different and conflicting aspects of our lives effectively isolated from each other, broke down in this primary group. After a week or two of tensions and quarrels and scowling faces, the third, or therapeutic phase would begin. Students complained in their tutorial hours that they felt anxious, threatened, hunted; that there was no privacy, that their religious faith had been subverted, that they felt depressed or scared, and wanted to leave.

Every year a few quite serious cases of mental disorder would emerge at this phase, and getting through it was a worrying business. For two out of the six years we had a competent therapist in residence whose presence enabled the students to go very deeply into questions of emotional growth. Spontaneous groups would quietly work all through the night and emotional crises were frequent. This therapeutic process would spread through the community, and as more and more people deepened their understanding of psychodynamics and saw more clearly how they would change and the directions in which they wanted to go, the therapeutic phase would slowly give way to the fourth, or tranquillity phase. All the skeletons in the cupboards had been cleaned out, people knew each other, helped each other, and felt secure. Also the end of the course was drawing near, when the strain of continuing psychological growth and adjustment would be removed. Each year we were curious to know how long the therapeutic phase would last in a permanent community.

The end of the course was always a great bereavement to all of us. People whom we had grown to know well and love all disappeared in the course of a single morning, never to return. It taught me that communities have to be permanent. The human values we were seeking to discover and actualize take years to cultivate, and cannot be cultivated at all if we keep moving around and breaking up all the little daily ties of our friendships. Also, beyond a certain point, maturation is a group process as much as an individual one, and needs the shared memories and shared experiences which slowly build up a group culture.

Another discovery we made is that once the therapeutic work is well under way, the group needs to grow in a religious dimension, and indeed, does so spontaneously. Most people today are spiritually empty and are driven to seek the illusion of being filled by continually increasing their level of material consumption, or by travelling around the world glutting new experiences. All these compulsions must go. One of the new religious dimensions most earnestly to be sought is the mystical awareness of self and others and the supporting environment as one thing. A defect of the Swiss experience was that we did not groom our environment. We had no land, and in any case a single year is insufficient time to grow to love a supporting environment. The college I propose here would be better in this respect.

This, then, is my response to the challenge of the Environmental Handbook: to propose a new and different kind of cluster college, which shall be a kind of nursery garden for new cultural patterns. In a decade or so we shall be needing such patterns in a desperate hurry. Now is the time to start evolving them.



A Modest Proposal

by david clarke

An Experimental Community In The Northwest

Dr. Strangelaw Part 2:

TOOLS OF THE BRAIN POLICE Or,

America Needs a Lot More Than a Facelifting

—A continuation of an earlier article....

by Kaptain Kangaroo and Mrs.
Greenjeans

In her recent star-spangled appearance on the Merv Griffin show, Virginia Graham met Abbie Hoffmann, and thereby showed us all what absurdities can be expected from the Brain Police. Because most of this article will consist of dreary details about how the Great Golfing-and-Bombing Threesome is gaining control over the national police computer network, we'll tell the saga of Virginia and Abbie first.

As Virginia sat down next to Merv, he asked, "You've got a new face, haven't you Virginia? Virginia said Oh yes and she'd also lost weight, as her dumpy sequined dress was supposed to show.

Those remarks set the stage for one of the higher moments in American history.

Next on camera were Mark Frechette and the girl who "co-starred" with him in the balling scene in *Zabriskie Point*. They talked about the commune they were setting up with the money they were getting from the movie; common mothers, developing "the spirit," that sort of thing. It was the kind of rap where Virginia would say,

**'Yes for eighty years before
ah got up ever mornin ah
staggered twenty miles in
sixty feet of snow
to milk the chickens.'**

Then, "to give the other side," Tony Dolan, a fine-upstanding-Irish-Catholic-boy-from-Yale, came on to inform us that the radicals really have no influence whatsoever on college campuses.

And finally, on came Abbie, giving one quick look at Virginia and sitting down. Soon, because "it's hot in here," Abbie took off his jacket, hoping to reveal his shirt, made of the flag of the Republic. But, just as a pre-show announcement by a bald Vice-President of CBS had promised, Abbie was completely blacked out, electronically. Of course, it was done in the public interest, in order to avoid offending "some of our viewers." Now and then you could see a hand or two of Abbie's, but that was all.

Still, within a few seconds, Virginia was very upset. Almost choking with rage, she dropped a couple of Alka-Seltzer tablets into her glass of water, and pointed at Abbie, yelling about mad bombers.

He had said things like, "I ain't going to prison, not if I can help it," when Merv said something like "Isn't the sentence five years, Abbie."

At about that point, Mark (probably as stoned as Abbie) said, "America needs a lot more than a facelifting."

And Virginia got so upset that some CBS admen put on a Virginia Graham underwear commercial—Virginia's big face in the foreground, and a white-clad man in the back.

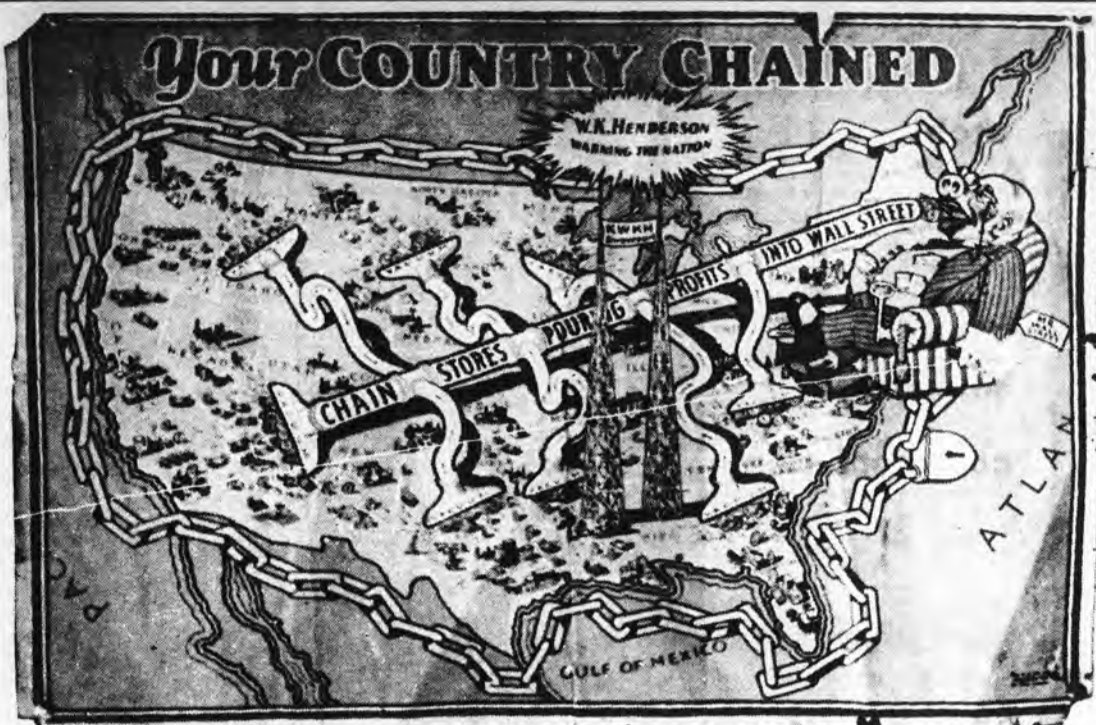
It was too much. Completely out of hand.

But meanwhile back at the farm, the Nixspeaking rulers of the country are mobilizing all their resources to make sure Abbie and his fellow Conspirators don't escape. Last week we described some incredibly fascist laws now passing Congress—laws which presume defendants guilty unless proven innocent, which allow life sentences for trivial offenses, and so on ad nauseum. And we indicated the nature of the overall trend toward extreme centralization in the government. Now, we will describe some of the most important parts of the information network which is helping the enforcers of such laws.

According to an AP dispatch (SeattlePost-Intelligencer, March 10, 1970), Nixon has sent to Congress a new bill which would authorize police to compel suspects—even if they aren't charged with an offense—to submit to numerous identification tests. The bill would not require the police to have probable cause for arrest, but only "reasonable grounds not amounting to probable cause...." They could force "suspects" to submit to "fingerprints, palm prints, footprints, measurements, blood specimens, urine specimens, saliva samples, hair samples, handwriting exemplars, voice samples, photographs, and lineups." People who refuse could be ruled in contempt of court—which, if Julius Hoffmann is the judge, could mean more than four years in jail.

Actually, this law isn't really necessary. The laws described in our last article contain provisions justifying such practices. But it would make it all cleaner and even more legal. So that our peace and security can be enforced by the leaders of the Brain Police.

Leaders like Will Wilson, the Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Criminal Division and Chief Prosecutor. A former Dallas County D.A., Texas Attorney General, and associate justice of the Texas Supreme Court, Wilson has urged hands-off control of police weaponry; i.e., he favors police use of such arms as dum-dum bullets (now stocked by over half the police departments in the country). And the average sentence for grass busts in Dallas is now fifteen years, while the average sentence for murder is ten. So you may wonder, "Where is my name in the Brain Police computers?"



Old poster printed during the depression

In the *Guardian*, Feb. 21, 1970, Mike Klare reported on recent trends in national information integration. Nixon & Co. may be cutting costs, but not in this area. Nixon's proposed 1971 Federal budget outlined by him on Feb. 2, contains the following provisions:

—An increase of \$190 million in outlays to the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA), for "broad-purpose block grants" to state and municipal law enforcement agencies. LEAA will have a total of about \$480 million to spend in 1971, up from \$267 million in 1970 and seven times the 1969 outlay.

—An additional outlay of \$7.4 million to the FBI, for a total appropriation of \$257 million to the FBI. The extra funds will go for construction of new laboratories and fingerprint facilities and for an expansion of the computer system which links local police with the FBI.

---Significant expansion of the agencies concerned with "narcotics" traffic (grass is a narcotic, remember?). The budget provides for 70 additional Border Patrol inspectors and 152 new officers for the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (and remember who's in charge of "dangerous drugs?").

---A \$177 million increase in spending on federal prisons and for "reforms in correctional programs." Probably meaning bigger prisons.

---The "creation of an additional seven "strike forces" of lawyers and investigators to attack "organized crime" on a local level.

But the references to "organized crime" are smokescreens; "total control" would be a much more truthful description of the object of these grants. The LEAA itself was created under the Organized Crime Control Act of 1968, which requires that each state requesting "action grant" LEAA funds establish a "State criminal justice planning agency" to prepare a "comprehensive plan" for an overall statewide attack on crime--which now includes thoughtcrime.

The LEAA outlays are skyrocketing. LEAA funding is now \$178 million in 1970 for "action grants," which is already a significant portion of the approximately \$2.5 billion spent yearly by local police. And on Feb. 4, 1970, the *Wall Street Journal* estimated that LEAA spending will probably reach \$1 billion in the "not too distant future" as "the administration and Congress vie to show concern over rising crime rates." Mitchell has constantly urged huge spending programs, while Rep. Celler

(D-N.Y.) has proposed an LEAA budget of \$750 million, and Rep. McCulloch (the ranking Republican on the House Judiciary Committee) has proposed a \$659 million figure.

But even more astonishing than this aspect of America's acceleration into militaristic oblivion, is the almost total blackout of military spending in Nixon's budget projections for the next several years! Nixon's budget contains only "obligational figures for strategic forces and other major programs" given at \$8.6 billion for 1969 and \$7.9 billion for 1971. [I.F. Stone's *Bi-Weekly*, March 9, 1970] One can estimate the total military spending from other sources, but detailed breakdowns are now much harder to get.

It's the sort of measure that might precede a large expansion of military intervention, either at home or abroad. Certainly, much of the concealed money is building computer banks and communications nets.

The LEAA, for example, also works toward national integration through its discretionary fund, which is separate from the "block grants" going to state agencies. The discretionary fund of \$4.35 million in fiscal 1969 financed such projects as SEARCH ("System of Electronic Analysis and Retrieval of Criminal Histories"), which got \$600,000. That money went to six states to create a standardized system for gathering and analyzing information--and according to the *Wall Street Journal*, "The idea is to see whether a nationwide computer system can be set up to keep track of the history of all persons charged with or convicted of crimes. The data would include the type of crime, outcome of the trial, sentence and time actually served and probation record."

At the same time, the "block grants" finance such projects as the NYIIS (New York State Identification and Intelligence System), which maintains a central file in Albany on all persons with arrest records in the state. When a suspect is arrested anywhere in New York State, a high-speed fingerprint identification system called "Policefax" transmits his fingerprints to Albany, where the NYIIS computers search their records for any previous arrest history. The Policefax system, manufactured by Litton Industries' LITCOM Division, has also been installed in Chicago and Los Angeles.

LEAA is only one among many Federal agencies which are helping to track not only all Americans, but also all people around the globe. The CIA,

You don't have to be brilliant to see that America is totalitarian--
you just have to be NOT BLIND.

The Scars of a Religious Wanderer

by bob hicks

This is the story of a boy who lived in two cultures. One culture was old and the other was new, and they both coveted him. The old culture coveted him because it was tired and weak and needed nourishment, and the new because it was young and healthy and voracious. They coveted him so much, in fact, that they invaded his soul and, like two fiery stallions fighting for a queen, waged a death-battle for control of him.

At first he believed in the old culture but desired the new. The old was stiff and authoritarian and rigidly disciplinarian. Though it was weak and decayed by age, its nobility was still recognizable to the discerning observer. It was a tribal culture — ingrown, fierce and barbarous, and yet it was gentle and loving. It was irascible and self-contradictory and petty and vengeful. Yet it grew from a nomadic family code to a world power because it possessed the Truth: it had the answers.

But the world began to change, and people looked for new answers because the old ones were no longer practical. The proud old culture, the culture that had built its institutions and permeated the private and public and religious and political lives of a billion people, began gasping for breath. The new culture did not provide the answers, but it throbbed with life and excitement and it offered the boy the opportunity to explore the questions for himself.

Whereas the old culture was built around an institutional doctrine, the new was polydoctrinal. It did not insist, as did the old, that there was one God, a personal God, who laid down the rules of existence for all time. In the end it was this factor of polydoctrinity that gave the new culture the strength to wrest control of the boy and save him from cultural schizophrenia, for it offered him the opportunity to build his own doctrine and modify it when he wished.

For years the old culture held desperately on, but it was old and weak and tired, and consequently too insensate and authoritarian, so finally it was overthrown by the new. The boy had always desired the new, but he had been bound by belief to the old. It was only after he had severed the cords of belief that he was free to follow his desires and develop himself in the new culture.

The battle within the boy is over, but the scars remain. This is the story of how the scars came to be.

I know the boy well, for we share the same body. Listen to his story . . .



It was only a small church, and I could never guess it would affect my entire life.

The Sunday School teacher's pitch was more low-keyed than the preacher's, but both were selling the same product. The Sunday School approach was more subtle, more kindly: all have sinned, I was told, but the precious Lamb, who loves each one of us, will save us from our sins if only we will believe and trust in Him.

In the regular church service the minister would say the same thing, but without the cushion so carefully provided in Sunday School: our righteousness is as filthy rags in the sight of the Lord. This message was repeated over and over to me in my early childhood until I firmly believed it, but even at such an early age I perceived and could verbalize my own relationship to it: I knew I was a sinner, I knew I would go to hell if I didn't repent, I knew Jesus and Jesus alone could save me, but I also knew I enjoyed my sins and did not want to give them up.

This realization caused a great frustration: I felt that, even though I knew the truth, I was incapable of accepting it, and this incapacity I took to be an irreparable weakness, which made me fervently despise myself.

The conflict I felt so dramatically was, in theological terms, that of God's will versus the will of man. I was told that to achieve joy I must surrender my will to the Will of God. But I did not want to become a mere extension of the Personality of God. I felt lying powerfully latent in my body the force of my own personality, and I wanted very much to exert it; to unleash that awesome, damning Self rippling impatiently beneath my skin.

"Save me..."

Often I would try to accept God, but to no avail. I would lie in bed, especially when I was eight to ten or eleven years old, and literally groan wild prayers to God. "Oh God," I would mutter, "please come into my heart and save me from my sins; please, Lord Jesus..." and I would repeat it over and over until I finally fell asleep, exhausted and forlorn. I knew all the time, though, that it was futile: I wanted desperately to escape my sins but just as desperately I shrank from surrendering my will to God's. So I was caught in a quagmire, unable to accept God but equally unable to stop trying.

The most curious aspect of my childhood religious life, I think, was the irresistible compulsion I felt toward it. On Sunday mornings I was eager to be finished with breakfast and rush to the church, just as on Sunday evenings I would invariably arrive early for the youth meeting. I attended all the parties, though I knew that even there my soul would be pitched at; and every time I fell in love with a little girl (always secretly, of course), it was a church girl. Though I disliked the church I consciously made it my social life. The only explanation I can give for this compulsion is that the church symbolized the moral problem that pervaded my intellect.

Time To Be Saved

I was converted when I was in the sixth grade. An evangelist was holding meetings in a neighboring town and I went one evening with a carload of church children. The evangelist was a large, strikingly silver-headed man. He appeared completely self-assured; his figure was forceful and his voice compellingly powerful.

The sermon itself was unimportant; I remember nothing of it except that it was of the traditional Hellfire - and - brimstone variety. The altar call, however, I'll never forget. Its emotion -

rife, pleading eloquence rumbles in my mind. "Behold, now is the time of salvation; now is the accepted time. In a few moments you will have walked out of this auditorium and possibly out of the last chance for salvation you will ever have. No man knows his appointed time. You may be dead before tomorrow morning. And if you die without having yielded your heart and life to the wonderful mercy and saving grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, you are doomed, my friend, to an Eternity in the awful fiery blackness of Hell, where God's Word tell us there is 'weeping and gnashing of teeth'. Oh, my friend, young person... boy... girl... mother... father... have you set yourself right with God? If you don't do it tonight - if you walk out of this building with your heart hardened to the plea of God - my friend, I'm telling you God may never again present you with the opportunity for salvation. Don't, I beg of you, turn him down this time..."

By now the entire auditorium was at a fever pitch. A tension gripped the room and drew tautly to the evangelist. People bit back tears; others let them freely fall. I myself felt a boundless chilling terror seize control of my body and mind.

The invitation hymn began, softly, emotionally: "Just as I am, without one plea..." Mechanically I rose with the rest of the audience, hardly knowing what I was doing. "but that thy blood was shed for me"... I stood, not singing, numbed with overcharged emotion, as sobbing sinners streamed down the aisles to the front. "and that thou bids't me come to thee"... "Don't you want to go up too? I'll walk with you". It was the boy standing next to me, a friend. I nodded my head. "Yes, yes, I do," and a great weight lifted from my shoulders. Never had I felt so light, so buoyant, as when I pranced down that aisle. At last I was saved! "Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come..."

I had finally plunged into the bloodbath of Christianity, and I exulted. So I was saved by the church, not realizing at the time that had it not been for the church, I would have no need to be saved....

Doubts

That very night the doubts began. In the car on the way home, the others were quietly happy because I had "joined the flock". There was an air of expectancy, and I knew I was supposed to give a "testimonial", but I had begun to feel rather abashed about my emotional outburst. Finally the driver, a middle-aged man from the church, asked me what I thought "about tonight's meeting". I was extremely uncomfortable, and muttered something to the effect that it was "all right, I guess."

He laughed at this, and I was thankful he didn't press the point. Curiously, even though the flood of Emotion was now gone, I did not doubt that I was actually saved (fundamental Baptist doctrine teaches that once a person gains salvation he cannot lose it, though he may "backslide"). I was very definitely, however, wondering whether or not I had made the right decision. In a moment of intense emotionalism I had identified myself with Christianity, and now that I had no choice in the matter I wondered if that was really what I wanted.

Nevertheless, many times after my conversion I experienced, if not real joy, happiness; and at times I actually felt peace. I had the assurance, the knowledge, that I was a child of God; and when I thought of this, anxieties seemed to fade away.

Christianity did not solve all my problems of course. The other "Christian kids" set industriously about making my new identity known at school, and in occasional flashes of piety (or, perhaps martyrdom), I told

my friends about the great change in my life. But the social set, the ones whom I had deided as friends, began to tease me and I discovered to my consternation that I still wanted their social approval.

I soon learned to live a double life: with my Christian friends I would "talk of the things of the Lord," but in the greater society of the school I could judiciously avoid the subject of religion in order to gain a higher social position. Infrequently I would, either from a guilty conscience or an unusual burst of piety, "witness" to my non-Christian friends, but afterwards I would feel embarrassed and annoyed at myself for reminding them I was a Christian and thus reducing my chances to be socially "in".

For a time the churches ideological influence on me was more pronounced than the behavioral influence. Fundamental Baptists are notorious for their arch - conservative political affiliations, and for some time I was as arch - conservative and super - patriotic as a boy can be.

Baptist Politics

Somehow fundamentalists have come to believe (religiously) that capitalism is a God-given economic system. At times, in fact, it seems they would rather save a soul from socialism than from hell. Political indoctrination was a very important part of my religious upbringing. The church sponsored "Christian anti - communist crusades", in which subversive plots within our own federal government were revealed. I attended them all, leaning heavily on every word. Here was a fight worth fighting! Communists in our own country! (I never became excited enough to personally crusade against communism, but I romanticized those who did.)

In 1960, when I was an eighth grader, my preacher spearheaded a vicious election campaign in my community against John F. Kennedy. Besides being a 'Leftist,' Kennedy would give control of the country to the Pope, claimed the preacher. This did not even at that time seem logical to me. I just couldn't understand why the Pope would want to run the U. S. But I did feel that Kennedy's ideas were dangerously radical; therefore I campaigned vigorously among my school friends for Richard Nixon.

Four years later I was to reluctantly support Barry Goldwater, but my

Freedom and The Church

reasons were different. My support of the Arizona senator was mainly caused by a violent personal reaction to the personality and tactics of the incumbent chief executive. I saw Johnson's campaign tactics as blatantly filthy (which I still believe they were) and I could not bring myself to trust anything he said. Goldwater, on the other hand, seemed if nothing else to be honest and sincere.

In 1960, however, under the influence of the church, I was a political preservationist, if not a reactionary; and I considered the Democratic Party a scant step this side of the social and moral decadence of communism.

Kill For Christ

It seems paradoxical that fundamentalists, so individual - oriented religiously, are so collectivist politically. The communist, the socialist, the liberal, the atheist, the agnostic, the non-conformist - these

people have forfeited their right to freedom and must be strictly controlled if "right-minded" people are to be free. In essence, the individual is free to conform to the arch-conservative mold.

The simplest cure for communism is to kill the communists before they get us. This attitude especially began to bother me as I progressed from junior high into high school. The fundamentalist doesn't feel this to be a contradiction of Christian ethics, because obviously in practice, if not in theory, Christian grace does not and should not extend to communists. Communism is an abstraction, a hated idea; and conservatives will not look at the human beings behind the idea. Their attitude is coldly methodical: communism is bad, it must be destroyed; ergo communists are bad, they must be destroyed. (Even though Christ "hated the sin and loved the sinner.")

There is no remorse or empathy for the personal sufferings of a communist. He is an evil, corrupt being and God is judging him as he deserves. The communist is not really thought of as a human. He and other out-group individuals are to the right - winter more like animals than human beings, and should be treated accordingly. If slaughter is necessary, in other words, by all means slaughter. In high school I was to react in horror to this moral callousness (reading John Steinbeck was a definite influence in this matter) and to the church's political activities in general.

REJECTION

I discovered, I am not sure when, that most of the individuals I deeply admired as good, moral and understanding people were non-Christians, at least by my limited definition, and that many of those I accused of moral decadence were fundamental Christians.

I could not, finally, accept having a minister, standing before me as a type of morality and virtue, tell me I should mistrust all Catholics and that the U. S., to protect itself and "liberate the enslaved populace", should drop atomic bombs on China.

I think I rejected institutional Christianity behaviorally when I was in ninth grade, though I continued playing the role for a longer period of time. Information, natural desires, and logic were all pressing relentlessly against my fundamentalism, and in one last desperate effort to shut out the new and re-establish the old on its throne, I wrote a biology term paper "refuting" the theory of evolution. It didn't work. The paper, a stream of extremely subjective inaccuracies and illogicalities, was reduced to a pathetic absurdity by my teacher. It was, he told me, the worst and most ridiculous "argument" against biological evolution he had ever read. And I, because I was - in spite of all my biases - intelligent, saw that he was correct. For all practical purposes that ended my inner struggle.

From that moment fundamentalism, both in behavior and theory, began a steady decline in importance while individualism and self-assertion began a corresponding upward movement. There was no longer any question about the image I desired. I wanted to be secular. I did not want to be known as a Christian (boycotting movies, dances and good literature and attending Sunday school, morning worship, youth fellowship, Sunday evening worship, Wednesday evening prayer meeting and choir practice; "witnessing for Christ," and all the other little rituals); nor did I "thirst after heavenly knowledge." Reading the Bible became a detestable task, so I stopped it.

God was not a person to me. Even after "saving" me he remained an abstract, far-removed and essentially

continued on page 25

THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE and the MULTIARTS FESTIVAL invites you to make your OWN NEWSPAPER

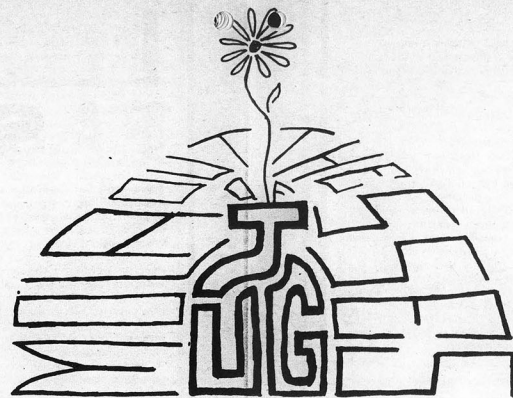
1. Use this or any page of white paper (no markings get rid of these.)
2. Put your COPY inside an area that's 14" high and 10" side. Just like this area right here. Only be sure to leave some margin on the side say an inch all around. So your paper has got to be at least 16" high and 12" wide.
3. Now from here on it's even easier. Put anything that's black on your white 14" by 10" space and we can print it. NOT GRAY. Why not Gray? you ask. Because this is what's called photo - offset printing and it just does not photograph gray. But you say, "I see Gray right here in the pages of this issue. Look at this photograph and at that. Look there is gray in those." Wrong. You are wrong. There is no gray there, only LITTLE BLACK DOTS that are so small that when you stand back they look gray. So half - understanding, you say, "All right, then can I use little black dots that look gray but are not?" YES. YES, YOU CAN USE ANY PICTURE FROM ANY OTHER PAPER OR MAGAZINE OR WHATEVER THAT'S MADE OF LITTLE BLACK DOTS' BLACK DOTS' No Color Photos. And what's more, since all printing uses these little black dots, you can feel pretty safe that any picture you cut out of a newspaper or magazine is going to be made up of those LITTLE BLACK DOTS. Now you say, "I UNDERSTAND."
4. Don't be sloppy. If you put down your words and pictures with rubber cement, don't mess all over the page. And get it down flat.
5. send the page to us, but don't roll it up. Send it flat between two pieces of stiff cardboard.
6. OR BRING IT BY.
7. THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE in conjunction with anyone else who happens to be in the office at the time of judgement will decide which 20 of the pages submitted will be printed as the SPECIAL MULTIARTS FESTIVAL 'MAKE YOUR OWN NEWSPAPER' NEWSPAPER'.
8. do a collage. Write an essay (use good black clean typewriter). Write a poem. If you are a photographer, mount your pics in the space provided and we will have them made into little dots. Etc.
9. We will NOT return any of the pages . . . unless you insist. Then we will. Say, "I insist."
10. The paper will be published just before the time of the MULTIARTS FESTIVAL May 17-24, and distributed and sold during that week for as much pennies as it takes to pay for the printing.
11. That's all. Except that the JUDGES will get together MAY 10th to decide which pages are the Sheep and which the Goats.
12. SO. MAKE YOUR OWN NEWSPAPER NOW.

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Here is Polychrome, daughter of the Rainbow. I'll bet she's drinking her Brewer's yeast. I'll bet she drinks it every day, mixed with juice.

It contains the B-vitamin complex and works on nerves, energy. Taste is irrelevant because this stuff is so good for you. Every morning feels fine.



- Steve Gaskin said in the Oracle:
Because if you think grace before you eat, the food will get you stoned, and it will make you live. But if you don't respect the food - if you shove a Raggie Diner hot dog in your ear and you don't care where it came from or where it's going to, you might as well eat sawdust because that's all its going to do to you. Maybe the sawdust would be better, being more natural.

GREAT JUNK!
Tina + Jerry are rummaging off all their possessions. And they have some fun toys. At Simon's yellow house on 22nd between Danovan + Harris.



For the Safety of Street Sweepers;
Belts with Red Glass Reflectors to Warn Motorists.



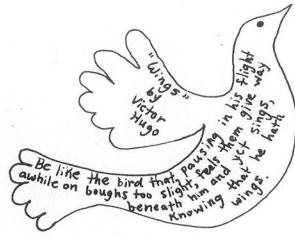
GROSSMUTTER RAHN'S CHEESE ANADAMA BREAD

1/2c. yellow corn meal	2c. shp. cheddar	7c. flour blend
3 tsp. salt	3c. water	2 tbsp. soft butter
2 tbsp. shortening	1 pkg. active dry yst.	2 tbsp. paprika
2c. honey	1c. w.m. water	1tbsp. mlt'd. butter

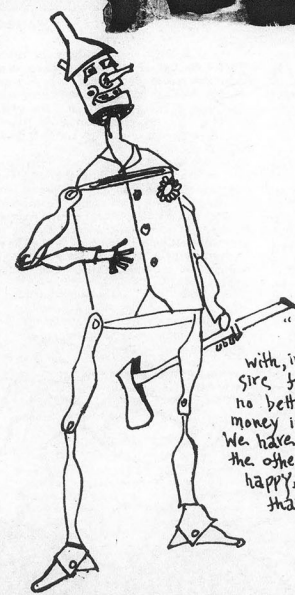
Combine corn meal, salt, shortening, honey + cheese with 3c. water in saucepan over an even fire, stirring until bubbly-thick. Dissolve yeast in warm water. Stir in cornmeal-cheese mixture, + gradually add flour. Beat until blended + stiff. Turn out onto floured board. Knead until satiny-smooth. Put in greased bowl, cover w/damp cloth. Let rise for 1 hour. Punch down, let rise again for 1/2 hour. Turn out on floured board, cut dough in half. Roll out, pressing out bubbles. Spread 1/2 soft butter over dough + sprinkle w/1/2 the paprika. Roll up in jelly roll fashion, sealing as you go along. Place creased side down in greased bread pan, brush top of loaf w/melted butter + sprinkle w/corn meal. Repeat w/other 1/2 of dough. Cover w/damp cloth, let rise for an hour. Bake in 350°F oven for almost an hour; remove to racks for cooling.
From Uncle John's Original Bread Book by John Rahn Braue



At a certain point, we stop touching children; we teach them to keep their hands to themselves, to not even explore themselves. They-we learn-teach to stay away from one another; to keep our distance; conditioning of arms length; shake hands quickly and avoid real contact. Sex is the only chance we really have to touch each other and it is often confined to so-called erogenous zones. Is it any wonder that we are tense, anxious, alienated; out of touch with our total body; that we are dis/integrated, dis/organized? That we need to re/integrate, to re/organize?



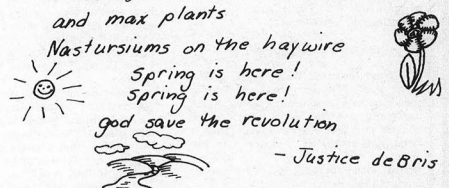
The Emperor was proud
of his new tin castle, and showed his visitors through all the rooms.
"It must have cost a lot of money," remarked the Shaggy man.
"Money! Money in Ox!" cried the Tin Woodsmen. "What a queer ideal did you suppose we are so vulgar as to use money here?"
"Why not?" asked the Shaggy man.
"If we used money to buy things with, instead of love and kindness and the desire to please one another, then we should be no better than the rest of the world. Fortunately money is not known in the land of Ox at all. We have no rich, and no poor; for what one wishes the others all try to give him, in order to make him happy, and none in all Ox cares to have more than he can use."



The Road to Ox,
L. Frank Baum

Oh, dear readers, your Molasses Jug staff has been receiving so very many recipes in the mail to print. So we're asking you to bring your dishes by for us to taste and test and eat all up so we can give them the MJ seal of approval.

Flapping are the rushes growing
and max plants
Nasturiums on the haywire
Spring is here!
Spring is here!
god save the revolution
- Justice deBris





When You Least Expect it!

MULTIARTS FESTIVAL MAY: 17-24

W.W.S.C.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

An ANNOUNCEMENT appearing in a NEWSPAPER about the MULTI-ARTS FESTIVAL is misleading. WE ARE NOT REPORTING ANY NEWS! There's NOTHING TO SAY. WE ARE GATHERING THE NEWS THAT YOU ARE MAKING.

RITA FERNFETZ MAKING GATHERING & REPORTING NEWS

Like this:

Rita Fernfetz of Peoria Illinois read in the Centerfold of the Northwest Passage that something called the MULTI-ARTS FESTIVAL was gathering the news that she was making. Earlier, before she discovered her fine news-making talents, Miss Fernfetz was not especially lonely not making news, but she was tired and even bored sitting on her bottoms watching and reading about newsmakers. Rita reports that when she came across the Festival Announcement in the NW Passage, "I understood that the only way to eliminate my boredom and relieve my tired bottoms was to stand up and start making the news myself." Miss Fernfetz added that... "If everyone made news equally together there would be no more tired Newspaper readers, and so no more newspapers."

WE - those already making news like this in - with - & - under the MULTI-ARTS FESTIVAL - might add that THERE IS NOTHING MORE TO SAY. Except that, the city of Bellingham will be full of newsmakers during the week of May 17 to 24th. Sunday to Sunday. Most of them will be residents.

AN INVITATION

AN INVITATION

SO THIS IS ONLY AN INVITATION TO COME AND MAKE OUR NEWS TOGETHER. Send us some indication of when you might be coming and what you might need. Use the little box below.

SO THIS IS ONLY AN INVITATION TO COME, AND BE THE KIND OF NEWSMAKER THAT MAKES REPORTING THE NEWS THE PAPER FETISH OF THE JOURNALISM GROUPIES.

WHICH MEANS That there will be no NEWS REPORTED about these kinds of things.

How FLASS STARBOTTOM & HIS MILKY WAYS wowed 20,000 mesmerized worshippers sitting on the bricks of Red Square.

CREDO: THE CELEBRANT NEWSMAKER'S DEMANDS.

- No more distinctions between the
- 1. ENTERTAINER and the ENTERTAINED.
- 2. ORGANIZERS and the ORGANIZED.
- 3. RICH and the POOR.
- 4. STUDENT, NON-STUDENT & CITIZEN.
- 5. THIS ART and THAT ART.
- 6. LESS IMPORTANT & the MORE IMPORTANT.
- 7. NEWS & the NEWSMAKERS.

NAME HOME

MY NEWS

WHEN I'M COMING

WHAT I MIGHT NEED

Look Grads!



Send to MULTI-ARTS FESTIVAL, Viking Union Building, WWSC, Bellingham, Washington.

LOOK!
THIS IS AN INVITATION TO MAKE YOUR OWN NEWSPAPER.
SEE!
THIS PAGE IS BLANK.
FILL IT IN.
SEND IT IN.
SEND IT TO
THE "MAKE MY OWN NEWSPAPER"
c/o NORTHWEST PASSAGE
1000 Harris Avenue
Bellingham, Washington 98225.
HERE'S HOW:



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The Power of Pesticides

by robert finley, jr.

Dr. Robert Finley is Chief of the Section of Upland Wildlife Ecology, Denver Wildlife Research Center, U. S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. This article is based on a presentation on pesticide pollution at the 1969 Open Space Conference.

We all recognize that pests are a serious and continuing problem and that valuable benefits have resulted from the development of new pesticides. I use pesticides myself around my own home. I also use a fly swatter, a mouse trap, and a hoe. A year ago I conveniently eliminated a troublesome source of mosquitoes by putting two salamander larvae in my horse watering trough.

We should bear in mind that there are many ways to control pests besides the use of chemicals, and the wide claims of benefits from the use of pesticides are the benefit of a pest control method without knowing the effects of other agricultural or medical advances, and the fate of a pest population if the pesticide had not been used. Collapse of a pest outbreak such as spruce budworm or grasshoppers is not uncommon, even before the spray program can get under way. Yes, we must control pests, but we must not contaminate the environment in the process.

ECOSYSTEM

The environment and its animals and plants form an ecosystem of interacting factors that are constantly undergoing change. Ecological effects are not single and cannot be isolated. Each factor sets off a chain of interactions. These interactions are so numerous and complex that they defy analysis by experimental manipulation of single factors.

Exposure of animals to pesticides can be controlled and measured in laboratories or pen tests, but can rarely be measured or predicted even roughly in the wild. Exposure is usually determined more by food habits, foraging behavior, and movements of animals than by the amount of pesticide sprayed. Concentrations of pesticide can be raised from almost undetectable levels to lethal amounts through the food chain (trophic concentration). This results in the predators at the top of the pyramid being most vulnerable.

The complexities of biological interactions are compounded by the fact that pesticides are not totally deposited and will not stay where they are applied. Fluorescent particle tracers in an insecticide applied to 80 acres of forest in Colorado, in June 1969, actually contaminated an area of nearly one square mile (640 acres). In forest pest control, when one pound of DDT per acre of forest is released by aircraft sprayers, usually only 1/4 to 1/3 pound can be measured. The rest drifts away in the atmosphere.

Residues of DDT and other organochlorine pesticides are now present in ecosystems throughout the world, from the Arctic to the Antarctic. They are in all the major river systems in the U. S., in the coastal

waters, and in air masses transported across the Atlantic from Europe or Africa to the West Indies by the northeast trade winds. For example, it has been calculated that about 4,000 pounds per year of pesticides are transported into San Francisco Bay by the San Joaquin River, 20,000 pounds per year reach the Gulf of Mexico from the Mississippi River, and a minimum of 1,300 pounds is carried across the Atlantic on dust in the northeast trade winds.

Complicating the problem of spreading environmental pollution is the fact that rates of pesticide degradation in the environment are unknown. The most persistent ones may disappear locally but usually move to other areas or recycle in local ecosystems. Recycling in some lakes and marshes seems to take place for at least five to 10 years after the last input and with little decline in the load present. There is no such thing as a pesticide "half-life." This expression has a precise meaning in radiation physics but is grossly misleading when applied to pesticides. Rates of pesticide decomposition in the environment are extremely variable, depending on conditions, and for most conditions are unknown.

CONSEQUENCES

Long-term and indirect consequences of persistent pesticides are more serious than immediate losses. Even when severe local mortality is caused by a particular spray program, the loss can usually be quickly replaced if reproduction is normal. But even a 10% to 20% reduction in reproductive success of a species, if continued can lead to its elimination from the area.

Alarming evidence has accumulated in the last two years that organochlorine pesticides are responsible for catastrophic nesting failures and population declines in at least five species of birds high in the food chain of aquatic ecosystems (peregrine falcon, bald eagle, osprey, brown pelican, and white-faced ibis).

These reproductive failures have been associated with eggshell thinning and breakage, egg-eating by adults, egg disappearance, and high mortality of chicks. This picture has been best documented for the peregrine, which has suffered a severe population decline on two continents since the mid-50's. This magnificent bird has completely disappeared as a breeding population from the entire eastern half of the U.S.

Even in Alaska and British Columbia where the populations still reproduce, latest reports show reproductive failure. Peregrine tissues and eggs contain high residues of chlorinated hydrocarbons. A survey of raptor eggs in museum collections by Hickey and Anderson revealed

decreases in average eggshell thickness of 18% to 25% in the peregrine, osprey, and bald eagle, beginning in 1947. This date correlates with the first widespread use of DDT. Eggshell thinning was produced experimentally in sparrow hawks at Patuxent Wildlife Research Center by introducing DDT and dieldrin in the diet.

Brown pelicans are in an even more precarious state. Where they used to nest in thousands, only seven young were hatched last year and four young in 1968. On the Pacific Coast the situation is really alarming. Visits to Anacapa Island by five California biologists in March, April, and June of 1969 revealed that in two colonies, the only remaining active ones on the California Coast, reproduction was a complete failure.

High organochlorine residues were found in the eggs and must have been acquired by the pelicans through the marine food chain. Insecticides enter the ocean in rivers, and airborne deposits add to the contamination. Dust collected from air over an ocean pier at La Jolla contained 1,000 times the concentration of total pesticides in dust that was airborne to the West Indies by the northeast trade winds. The wind at La Jolla was blowing in from the open sea, but such dust must originally have drifted out over the ocean from inland agricultural areas.

EXTINCTION

The total pattern of evidence points strongly toward the imminent extinction of several species of fish-eating and other predacious birds. Even if all use of persistent pesticides were to cease today, it is difficult to see how the presently circulating amounts of chlorinated hydrocarbons could degrade to safe levels in less than 10 to 20 years.

The extinction of any species is an aesthetic loss to the quality of our environment that each individual may evaluate differently. But it is also a

biological loss of widely varying significance, depending on the ecological niche and range of the species. The loss of any large predacious species is serious, and apt to have widespread repercussions through the rest of its ecosystem. As a guiding principle we should try to preserve the maximum species diversity in all ecosystems, because we know that biotic communities with the largest number of animals and plants are the most stable. Communities made up of a few species are much more easily upset by frequent population explosions and crashes. Pest outbreaks are one such consequence of reduction of ecological diversity.

CONCLUSIONS

1. Effects of pesticides in the environment are determined by complex chains of interactions in the ecosystem, not by any single factor such as toxicity.

2. Pesticides will not stay where applied. The persistent ones spread over the entire earth.

3. Long-term and indirect consequences of the chlorinated hydrocarbons are more serious than immediate losses; reproductive effects are more serious than mortality.

4. Several important species of birds at the top of aquatic and marine food chains have suffered drastic population declines attributable to chlorinated hydrocarbons.

5. The present load of these chemicals in the world's ecosystems has already passed reasonably tolerable levels.

6. Drastic action is urgently needed, including termination of all environmental uses of DDT and other highly persistent pesticides, if the extinction of several important species of birds is to be prevented.

7. Ecological diversity is an important environmental quality that needs protection for its practical as well as aesthetic values.

BAN BROKEN

The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture on November 20, 1969, cancelled the registration of DDT for use on (1) shade trees, such as for Dutch elm disease, (2) tobacco, (3) house and garden pests, except for disease vectors as determined by public health officials, and (4) pests in aquatic habitats, except for public health necessity. This order was expected to cut the use of DDT in the United States by one-third. However, six chemical companies have protested this action. If the appeal procedure of due process of law is followed, no actual cutback in use of DDT will be made for another year or more.

Commendable as the step is, it is only "one small step for man." The use of DDT on forest and agricultural lands is still unrestricted, except for the actions of a few state governments. The continued export of DDT throughout the world is still unrestricted, and most countries importing DDT have little or no regulation of pesticides at all. The extent of environmental contamination from such uses is not known, but it is undoubtedly causing serious harm, since foreign use of DDT greatly exceeds the present use in the United States.

The need for public pressure and vigilance is still high, for the agro-chemical industry is continuing its efforts to prevent any restriction whatsoever.

--R.B.F.



PEACE MARCH, RALLY SET FOR APRIL 15th

The War In Bellingham

The April 15th Peace March is on in Bellingham.

The exact route is somewhat uncertain (for reasons to be explained in a moment), but this much is definite: the Peace March, expected to draw several thousand, will depart from the WWSC campus around 11 a.m. Wednesday and will walk down a major downtown street to the Federal Building where a mass-rally, skits,

music and speech-making will take place.

Featured speaker will be Carl Maxey — the head of the Washington Democratic Council who is running against superhawk Henry Jackson for the U.S. Senate. Also making short remarks will be representatives of the American Serviceman's Union, the grape boycott, Seattle Liberation Front, and perhaps others.

"The focus of the march," according to a Moratorium spokesman, "is on Nixon's betrayal of the American and Vietnamese people. His plan to 'Vietnamize' the war is simply a slick public relations job. 470,000 boys are still over there, killing and being killed — and now the U.S. is getting increasingly involved in Laos and Cambodia as well. And we're paying for it. We're paying with our brothers' and husbands' lives, and with our tax dollars. The war must end now. We must march on the 15th to demonstrate our solidarity against the war."

The Bellingham march will coincide with nationwide anti-war, anti-tax demonstrations. There will be a guerilla theatre skit directed at the Internal Revenue Service whose offices are in the Federal Building.

The local Moratorium Committee is urging citizens not to pay their telephone excise tax each month (since that tax was re-imposed specifically to help pay for the war), and to withhold at least \$5 from their income-tax payment this year as a visible means of protest. They are urging you to write a letter to the IRS protesting the use of

your tax money for the war, and to bring the letter with you to the march, to be mailed there en masse.

The confusion at press time about whether the Peace March will go down Holly Street or Magnolia Street derives from the following (it may be hard to believe, but try to dig it):

The parade permit application was turned in many weeks ago on a Friday afternoon; at the city's Board of Public Works meeting the next Monday, they claimed they had not received it. So the matter was put off a week. Last week, Moratorium representatives once again went to the Board meeting. This time, the Board (which is really Mayor Reg Williams, since almost all the other members are beholden to him for their city jobs) approved the parade but would not approve the requested Holly Street route. They claimed to grant the Holly St. route would prove to be too big a disruption, at a prime time, for both auto traffic and pedestrians, and that they didn't want to set a precedent for other organizations to request Holly St.

Reluctantly, the Moratorium Committee representatives acceded to the proposed alternate route, that of Magnolia St., not quite as busy a thoroughfare. However, upon leaving the meeting, Dr. Robert Keller smelled a rat, and on a hunch went down to the Comptroller's office and began pouring through a backlog of parade permit applications. He discovered about 15 approved parades down Holly Street during the past two years!

Armed with this sudden bit of knowledge, the Moratorium

Committee decided to re-submit their original claim to Holly St. on ACLU advice that to deny them the route would open the city to a charge of political discrimination, a violation of the Constitutional guarantee of freedom of assembly. How they fared, at press time, is unknown. But, regardless of which route, the big Spring Peace March is on for next Wednesday.

Last Fall, the October Peace March drew 2,000 in an impressive candlelight demonstration, the largest civic demonstration about anything in Bellingham's recent history. (Seattle's demonstration drew but 5,000.)

Seattle and Spokane will see similar anti-war marches Saturday, April 18. Sites and routes are not definite; for more information, contact Student Mobilization Committee, 5228 21st St., NE, Seattle, or call LA-49040.

The Bellingham Vietnam Moratorium Committee needs people to help make signs, posters, serve as parade marshalls, etc. The regular Moratorium meetings are held Tuesdays, 3 p.m., in Room 8 of the old Viking Union at WWSC. A special mass meeting — open to students and townfolk — to finalize Peace March plans will be held Wednesday, April 8, at 7 p.m. in Lecture Hall 2 at WWSC. Come!

Hearing Monday On Tough Anti-Rock Festival Law

WHAT-COMS OFF ?

by R. DYLAN

Ever since the freedom and fun of Sky River I freaked out the blue-noses, various state and county officials have panicked and raced pell-mell into passing anti-rock festival ordinances of dubious legality.

Last week, Thurston and Skagit Counties entered the growing field in the race for the Silent American Sweepstakes by passing tough (read: repressive) anti-rock festival ordinances. Now, Whatcom County is readying itself to do the same.

The Whatcom County Commissioners will hold hearings on a proposed anti-rock festival ordinance next Monday night, April 13, in the Whatcom County Courthouse in Bellingham.

A growing list of music freaks, civil libertarians, fun lovers, and just plain folk are starting to get uptight about the proposed ordinance and will be there en masse. They urge you to come, too. (There was a letter recently in the Bellingham Herald from a straight 65-year-old gentleman denouncing this proposal as unfair discrimination unless similar obstacles are placed in the way of any group —

churches, lodges, etc. — wanting to hold a mass public event.)

If the Skagit and Thurston County ordinances are any example for what's coming, the thing would work like this:

— A county permit costing \$500 for only one day would be required for any outdoor musical entertainment which the applicant believes will attract 500 or more persons. The festival could not be advertised until permit application is made, and application must be made at least 40 days before the event is scheduled.

— Applicants must obtain written approval of the city-county health departments as to their complying with requirements for toilet, waste collection and washing facilities. The sheriff must approve fire protection devices, equipment to be available at the site.

— Cash bond of \$5,000 must be posted for gatherings of up to 5,000 persons, more for larger gatherings.

— The sheriff must approve traffic control and crowd protection policing "contracted for or otherwise provided by applicant." Adequate parking must be provided for.

— No outdoor musical assembly is to be conducted in the unincorporated areas of the county from midnight to 9 a.m.

— Nobody connected with holding a festival shall allow any person to bring in any liquor or narcotic or dangerous drugs, or allow any to be consumed on the premises.

Well. That's a lot to deal with. Not only does one have to be a capitalist entrepreneur in order to stage such an event — with heavy policing, parking areas, bonds, etc. — but most of the fun elements of the traditional rock festival (nighttime music, incense and stuff, camping out) is virtually eliminated.

(The Skagit County ordinance is even rougher: it limits such festivals to 24 hours, charges a filing fee of \$500, and requires a bond of \$25,000.)

Moir Boardman of Anacortes charged at the Skagit County hearings that the anti-rock ordinance was clear class (youth) discrimination. "The whole thing's a lie and a maneuver to eliminate rock festivals and infringe on my rights," she said.

Others called for tough legislation against the "drug-hippie cult."

The Whatcom County Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union and the State ACLU officials are reportedly examining the recently-passed rash of anti-rock ordinances in light of their questionable constitutionality. Representatives of the ACLU will appear before the Whatcom County Commission next Monday to make a few observations.

According to Frank Roberts, chairman of the Whatcom County Commissioners, Whatcom wants "to be ready" when and if groups are looking for a county that does not have a law regulating rock festivals.

It should be a fun meeting.

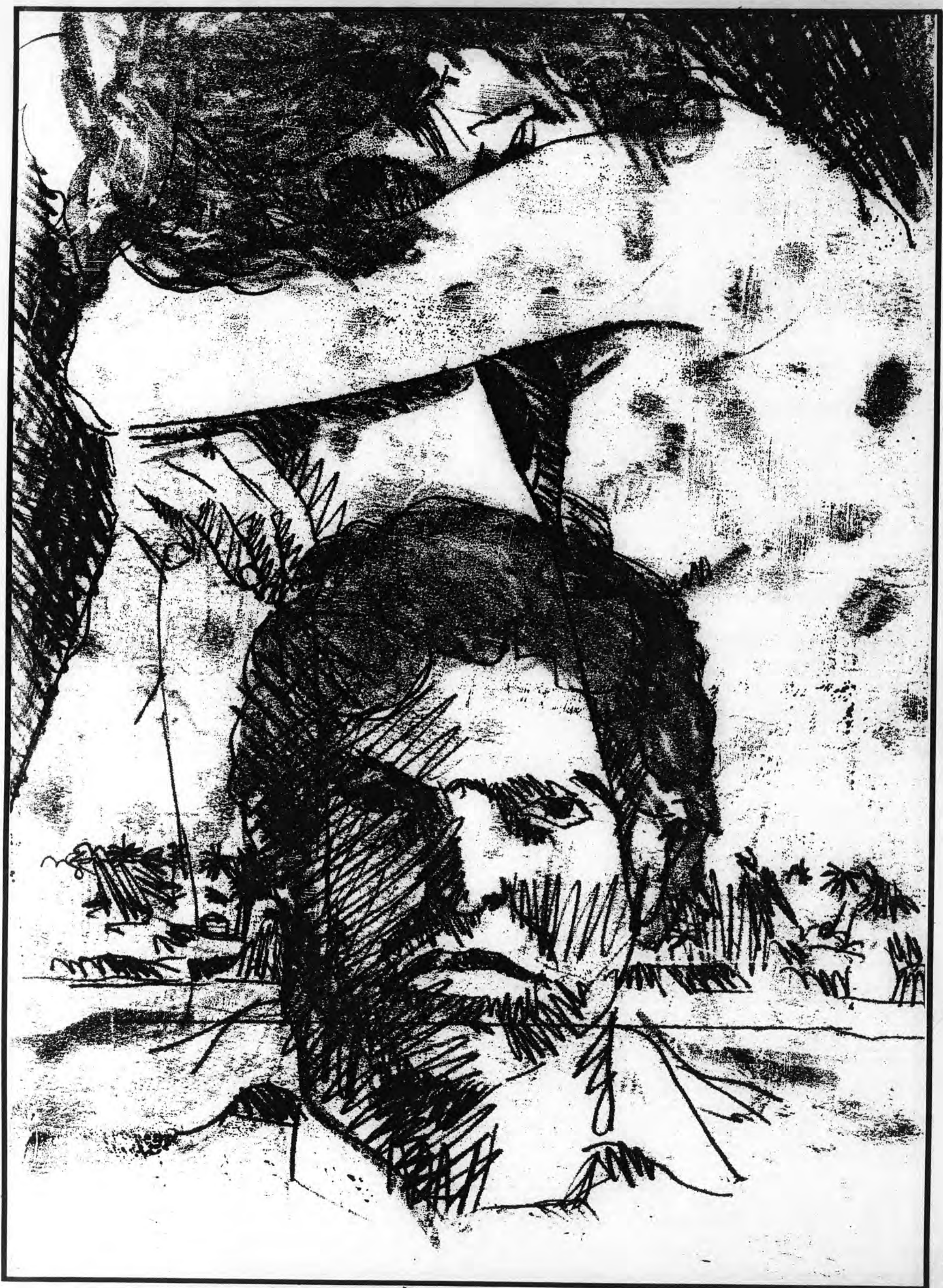
ACLU Literacy Suit To Get Court Test

The United States Supreme Court has agreed to hear a challenge to the constitutionality of the Washington State English literacy requirement for Mexican-American voters. The suit, which was brought by American Civil Liberties Union of Washington attorneys on behalf of the Mexican-American Federation and Mexican-Americans throughout the state, challenged the right of the State of Washington and voting registrars in Yakima County to prohibit Mexican-Americans, who could not read or speak English, from registering to vote.

The ACLU claimed that Washington law violated the first, ninth, fourteenth and fifteenth Amendments to the United States Constitution.

Seattle Attorney Charles E. Ehlert, who prepared the legal challenge to the literacy requirement while directing ACLU's Yakima Valley Project in the summer of 1968, said that the right of three to four million to vote in local as well as Federal elections in 19 states is at stake. "We are representing people who are United States citizens, who pay taxes, whose sons serve in the United States Armed Forces and who are required to obey the laws are conclusively presumed to know the laws, who want to vote and yet are totally excluded from the political process," the ACLU said.

Acting as co-counsel with Ehlert in the ACLU suit are Tom Chambers and Ed. Wood.



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R. W. Wiecking, author of the short story "One Double," is a local Bellingham writer.

Several small wisps of steam escaped from under a manhole cover. A twisted leaf without a stem moved from time to time along the gutter, rolling, now quivering, now caught in the texture of the asphalt. Errol Rath arced a cigarette into the street, paused, looked through the tightness of the air. A flock of small brown birds curled stiff feet around the limbs of a dead bush, remained immobile except for the occasional flick of an eye. Far up the street he saw Bokar. She was suspended in mid-stride. Her skirt, silk and shadow caught up in folds, lay across her thighs. Hair and breasts were fixed high in anticipation of immediate descent. Nothing moved.

It seemed a dream that he could move away, leave himself standing immobile except for the imperceptible movements required for him to step into the street and across.

A leaf in the gutter lay ten inches from the tip of his toe. He curled his long fingers around the body of a sparrow. The scaled legs snapped like thin glass stems. He turned it over in his hand and dropped it to the pavement. It shattered into a thousand glimmering fragments. When he reached the place where Bokar stood he looked at the glassy surface and, closer, the iridescent lines of hazel radiating from her pupil. He moved about her sliding his hand gently down her back and around the curve of her waist. She appeared to have been skipping. Her right leg was bent at the knee and extended forward to touch the ground somewhere in the future.

Her left leg extended back and was straight. The tip of her toe trailing off to a point three inches above and ahead of the last point of contact. He was careful not to bump this leg as he worked his way around her, stepping over her calf. If he had had the sparrow he would have tucked it into her raised hand.

A mechanism on the door of his apartment building hissed. He

walked casually across the lobby smiling cordially to the clerk whose gray face never changed, surprised no one. He mounted the stairs placing each foot carefully, not knowing whether it was dust or a sudden light frost which was so brittle beneath his feet. A spasm caught him between the shoulder blades, shot to the small of his back and along the undersides of his arms. The handrails groaned with the sudden force as he jerked, back bent, head down, thrust himself over a dozen risers and down the hall.

He raised one shade half way. Many bright spots of light hung before him and exploded in unison with each throb in his neck. Coffee was heating and he was half in the closet with his coat when someone came to the door.

"Yes?" He did not stop what he was doing. When he turned around the door was open and Bokar stood in the middle of the room.

"I saw Farley down the street." She glanced over her shoulder for a place to throw her sweater. "He has a job with the city."

"Coffee?" He poured two cups and gave her one. "Farley has a job." He spoke in a monotone.

"With the park department. Tends grounds." Having finished his sentence she sipped her coffee.

"I haven't seen you for some time." He seemed to speak to his knees.

"I've been away."

"I've been away." He spoke to the

left side of her nose and the curve of her cheek. Several tiny particles were adhering to her face.

"You've some dirt on your face." He pointed with his finger beside his nose. She brushed the area with her finger.

"It's just make-up." She laughed shortly and tossed her head, but did not stop looking at him.

"It looked like sand or something." She stared at him as if she did not understand and burst into laughter. When she finally stopped there were tiny cracks at the corners of her eyes and around her mouth.

She stood naked before the mirror brushing down her hair. From time to time she shifted her weight from one leg to the other. The tight roundness of her belly rotated several degrees with the incline of her head. The brush shifted magically from one hand to the other. Her eyes, too, participated in the balance, intent upon a crease, a fold of skin which ran along her groin.

thrown her into the street, might have come loose from her feet as she crossed the curb leaving her careening on his arm, moving carefully between lanes of traffic.

She knew he felt her filled with helium, a ballooning entourage of leaping fabrics held down at his arm. His other arm pointed to a sign in the bus window: BOULEVARD - WEST BEACH. She imagined she was going to the beach to fill her fists with sand and sit atop a hillock of dune grass while he, scuttling about the logs, scared snipes and retrieved bits of broken crabshell to her side.

A clean black rubber mat lay in the aisle of the bus. The frames of the seats as well as the walls were metal painted light brown. The seats were covered with green cloth of a coarse weave. On each seat at a point high on the back was a piece of white cloth the size of a pocket handkerchief. Each piece was fastened with two pins having large blue heads.

One Double: A Short Story

by r. w. wiecking

She stared at the crease until, repulsed, her belly tightened convulsively and she stood erect, both knees locked. She then settled slowly to the other side. From this angle the light was not so harsh, betrayed not the slightest blemish. She paused admiring her own smoothness, fascinated by the invisible pulsing of her thighs and the perfect line of shadow which ran down and disappeared behind her knee.

In the chill of the early morning the flesh of her legs ceased movin. The cold smoothed out her flesh, closing the pores. She seemed to miss a pulse. A nervous twitch stretched the muscles of her belly and she turned abruptly, switched off the light and went to bed.

Her sweater lay across the table. The coffee pot steamed over low heat. It was mid-morning and peculiarly warm. He had suggested a trip to the beach, a short bus ride and a pleasant talk all at once. Before she could find her purse and turn to the mirror he had taken her arm and, sliding his hand around her waist, led her out the door.

They stepped out onto the street. Her shoes, inordinately high heeled, pecked at the cement, quivered at precarious angles. They might have

They sat next to each other, the nearest the window. Errol did not seem to notice they were moving. His attention was fixed on her profile. She was facing toward the window at a slight angle. He sat on the edge of his seat, almost knelt on the foot-rest in order to see her face. She was hit by a sudden burst of light as the bus pulled into the intersection. Then it was dark except for a fleeting spot of light which illuminated only her eyes. Oblique bars of light drifted slowly through her hair. The motion suddenly ceased, her face seemed luminescent with a strange glow. Errol was watching as a bright drop of red slid slowly from the corner of her eye, down the curve of her cheek and filled the hollows of four oval pores at the flare of her nose. When the bus slowed he pulled her up and led her down the aisle.

The bus slowly began to move. Its surfaces undulated as its image passed across the storefront flash of light and it departed. Her flickering image in the window showed her face to be moist. Without looking down she reached into her purse for a tissue. Something had suddenly materialized. It was rising off

the sidewalk as if out of the pores of the cement. Everything was undulating. The sun was shining straight own between the buildings. Bokar pulled a small square of cloth from her purse. A young girl lay on her back in an alley. One leg, bent at the knee and lying flat was cut out at the thigh by the hem of her night gown. The curve of the cloth as it lay across her thigh ended abruptly. A square of cloth the width of four fingers of a hand and exactly the same length was missing.

Three men burst from the darkness of a doorway and ran toward the girl. A man in a white shirt broke from behind a pile of boxes and ran down the sidewalk. In the distance of a block he dodged several pedestrians who turned to watch his flight and were dodged a second time by a second man. For long stretches they encountered no people on the sidewalk. Occasionally however, someone ran out to stare after them in apparent wonder.

The assailant, crossing an intersection, caught his toe on the curb, took one short step, bent at the waist and knee, turned his head sharply to the left and looked straight at Bokar. In the middle of the next intersection he looked again. His face was flushed and wet. His eyes were very wide and his nostrils flared with each breath. She had not taken her eyes off him. His pursuer was suddenly close enough to make a grab for the illusive square of cloth as it flapped and jerked in front of him. He seemed to sense his danger and ran even faster. The bus slowed as it approached the end of the street.

Errol pulled her down the aisle. She descended the steps in a daze. On the other side of the cross street she saw the first of many hills of sand. They followed a small trail through some low shrubs and shuffled up the side of the first dune. When Errol reached the top they stopped. He pointed to a place in the distance where the dunes left off and the beach began.

Bokar stands immobile in the sand. A man runs along the top of the dune. She follows him with her eyes until he disappears into the next valley. The breeze stops suddenly and in a moment Bokar's face is covered with tiny rivulets. The grains of sand no longer roll across one another. They lie perfectly still. Each long needle of dune grass is marked by longitudinal ridges. She sees they are sharp. She stands perfectly still. A young girl is lying on her back on the cement. Bokar sees no blood. The seats are covered with a coarse green cloth. The assailant looks at her, directly at her. She sees his eyes and the flaring of his nostrils. Errol leads her toward the front of the bus. She strains to see out. The bus begins to move as they descend the steps. Errol pulls her toward the dunes. She cries out. She is breathing rapidly.

In a moment they reached the top of the first dune. A cold wind came up and the sand swirled through the valleys. She was suddenly aware that the sun had disappeared and knew they would be going back. Errol's coat flapped and ballooned in the wind. He tugged violently as they continued to climb. She grabbed his hand with both of hers. Her nostrils flared with each breath.

"Wait!" Her voice was high and pinched. It seemed almost a gasp. Errol stopped and stared at her. She looked at the glassy surface of his eyes and the fine lines of gray radiating from his pupils. Nothing moved.

our children's poems

The sun is shining bright,
the lion was dark into the night.
The sun was shining light
on the silver trees of night.
What should be in the woods
the fox of all the coulds.
With his liberty he killed a hen
and laid there dead with all his men.

Mia Lor Houlberg, Age 6

I'm looking around
and on the ground
it looks so round

The earth - it shook
I took a look
I saw a nook

I looked up for my book
I saw a crook
It was crossing a brook

There was a sound
I looked around
The King was being crowned

I took my pillow
and hit a willow
that was eating a billow

I said,
"Eat some bread"
It was dead

Someone else said to me
"Let her be"
Now I'm free

Stacia Snapp, Age 8



Hokis pokis I want no jokis
I may be in sain but give her some pain.
I'm putting a spelly on innocent Shelly.

Abracadabra and tittly tots
On her face put little red dots
foxs lizards and sneaky brown weasels
first give her the snozzels and then the mizzels

Put her in bed, with a wandering head.
Goblins, witches, and a careless creep
The night may pass but don't let her sleep.

I may be heartless and thoughtless too,
but this wiked potiant to her is a stew.
And after that my skem will form
and it will work up a great big storm.

Shelly dear will feel ill.
And she will take a helpless pill.
For this little thing can't work against my spell,
and this I can surely tell.

Wendy Johnson, Age 11

Trying To Think

Sitting quietly trying to think
all around confusion...
talking, running, yelling
a clicking noise from the
typewriter,
trying to think.

This is what I hear
Should I put a period?
these are easy
yah I guess
now right my last
name
a
e
ts that right
mandy our moms
hear!
No
coma
a white teddy
bear
What?

Sieglinde Snapp, Age 10

Reviews

FILM

by bernard weiner



"Salesman"

by the Maysles Brothers

There is something archetypically American about the salesman, somehow the perfect embodiment of the historic free-enterprise ethic. Salesmen are consummate actor-politicians; knowing this helps explain why the Reagans, Murphys, John Glenns can slide so easily from showbiz into politics. With entertaining patter and a healthy slice of con, they sell products to basically ignorant consumers for which, in most cases, they have no real need. As a result of this basic deception, the American economy thrives to a grosser and grosser GNP.

The lone salesman is part of a dying breed. It is no wonder, then, that one of America's most famous pieces of modern drama, "Death of a Salesman" by Arthur Miller, centers on the phenomenon of this demise. Willy Loman is an American Everyman, an anachronistic part of that old American huckstering approach to selling. In an era more and more dominated by the mass-sell of TV advertising, the lowly salesman's plight becomes more fascinating. He is the last "individualist" on the end of the economic puppet-strings, forced to become a hypocritical actor in order to survive.

"Salesman," by Albert and David Maysles -- now playing at the Ridgmont in Seattle and due at WWSC next Friday, April 17 -- is another attempt to dissect this way of life. It is a stunning film, in the most literal sense; one reels from the awful, touching angering truths it reveals -- about us, about America, about salesmen.

The manner of its production is at the heart of the film. It is shot in the style most often called "cinéma vérité" (truth cinema), what the Maysles Bros. choose to call "direct cinema". What this means in practice is setting up a camera in a situation, allowing the participants to become used to and comfortable with the fact that a cameraman is always around, then shooting the spontaneous action.

For "Salesman," the Maysles spent six weeks with a team of five door-to-door Bible salesmen, in New England and Florida, and then spent 15 months editing their footage. The result is an incisive portrayal of not only the phenomenon of these salesmen -- hawking outrageously priced Bibles to poor Catholic families -- but also (and more humanly interesting) the awkward, tragic slide downward of one particular salesman, Paul Brennan.

For much of the early part of the film, Brennan is like any of the other of his four colleagues: willfully participating in this sham world, using

any and every low selling technique to rack up a high quota of sales, telling stale jokes back in the motel room. But, slowly, something begins to happen to Brennan, and -- like some fascinated voyeurs -- we are permitted to watch the man go through some agonizing moments as he slowly, then quickly, begins losing his touch, his style, his salesman's art. Beneath it all, Brennan has lost faith in the economic-theatrical system called American capitalism, and there it all is right up there on the silver screen, caught as it happened.

Heisenberg's Law must be mentioned here: that is, the fact that one immediately alters what is being observed by the observation of it. There is always that danger in "direct cinema." One accepts that challenge, and tries to work around it, through it, perhaps even with it. (For example, how can it be determined whether the Maysles' following Brennan around with a camera forced him to confront his own attitudes toward selling? In fact, after the film was completed and Brennan saw it, he quit his job with the Bible-selling company. The medium is more than the message, Marshall!)

There is a growing strain in American art of using life directly as the art-stuff; consider, for example, the non-novels of Mailer, Capote; the pop art of Warhol, Lichtenstein; the Maysles' films, "Titicut Follies," "A Face of War," "A Married Couple," etc. What one is to make of all this, I'm not quite sure. But it does seem to be a growing trend to forsake the overblown fragility of fiction for the simplicity and truth of actual events and people.

On the other hand, getting back to Heisenberg, one necessarily alters what is being observed. One edits, refines, pieces together, chooses some bits of footage, throws others out. The end product is still a "fiction" by which I mean it is still the product of the artist's imaginative vision. When the Maysles started shooting their film, they had no idea what kind of transformation Brennan would go through; that developed as they were shooting, and yes, as they were editing. What started out perhaps as pure documentary now had the vague traces of a "story."

So, in viewing "Salesman," or any other *cinéma vérité* film, one must always keep in mind that what one is seeing is indeed truth spontaneously captured, but seen as a whole, it is also the "rendered truth" of the artist's vision.

In "Salesman," there are many social and psychological truths captured on celluloid. In addition to those painful episodes with Brennan, we see the scenes of the salesmen in their lonely nightly motel rituals; the "silent American" lives being led in home after home; the Chicago sales-convention, where religion and industry are wedded in one grand charade; the con-art of the salesman's patter; the soaking of the poor -- all this and more makes "Salesman" a vital document of our time.

It is not a perfect film. At times, the repetitions become somewhat boring, and the "characters" somewhat lackluster, undynamic. But in spite of its weaknesses, it's one of the strongest films you'll see in quite some time.

* * *

Quick Takes: Currently playing at the Grand, "Alice's Restaurant," reviewed here previously as a badly-padded but highly interesting film by Arthur Penn expressing for the first time in American cinema a somewhat accurate (hence sympathetic) portrayal of a hip alternate life-style; Arlo is engaging, though not much of an actor, and the

Stockbridge Massacre scenes are worth the whole show. . . . Coming next to the Grand, John Schlesinger's "Midnight Cowboy," reviewed here previously as containing one of the finest dual acting jobs (Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voigt) around; it's a moving tale of the underside of urban life, well-rendered but with perhaps just a bit too much of Schlesinger's cinema tricks. . . . At the Moonlight Drive-In, "The Molly Maguires," based on the Pennsylvania mine-workers' uprisings in the early 1900s. . . . "Anne of a Thousand Days," nominated for 10 Academy Awards, once again restores one's lack of faith in the Academy; it's a bloody bore. . . . Coming to this space next, reviews of Antonioni's controversial "Zabriskie Point," which opens next at the Ridgmont and Renton Center Theatres, and of "M*A*S*H," the war comedy.

Film Previews:

Once again, as in previous quarters, Nat Dickinson and George Hartwell and his Activities Commission crew are providing a rich selection of cinema in their Spring Quarter series at WWSC.

In Nat's art-film series, he is taking us back to the delightful oldies -- but -- greaties for some of the best comedy films ever made, and for some of the campiest Hollywood films in the business.



by joel connelly

Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 ("Choral")

The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Wilhelm Furtwangler. Soloists: Peter Anders, Tilla Briem, Elizabeth Hongen, Rudolf Watzke. The Bruno Kittel Choir. Turnabout Records.

Perhaps the most powerful testaments against materialism and the de-emphasizing of the individual in the modern industrial state have come from German romantic thinkers. Affirmations of the natural and the simple have not come exclusively from writers, but have sought expression in art, poetry, music, and interpretation.

In the latter realm, the figure of Wilhelm Furtwangler, the great conductor who died fifteen years ago, stands supreme. The longtime music director of the Berlin Philharmonic was famed for his Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, and Wagner interpretations, managing to underline the intellectual personality of each composer. Furtwangler sought not to "follow the script" on the great symphonies and overtures, but rather viewed his role as a creative one of development and embellishment.

Furtwangler's Beethoven work is best known to the record fancier. Here the interpreter reflects accurately the feelings of the great romantic composer, underlining each note and using works such as the great choral

In the former category, we have Charlie Chaplin's classic, "The Gold Rush," playing this Friday night, certainly one of the best demonstrations of Chaplin's utter genius; "My Little Chickadee," starring the one - and - only W. C. Fields and the two - and - only Mae West, April 24; and the classic Buster Keaton comedy, "The General," May 22. In the campy category, he is bringing the Busby Berkley musical phantasmagoria of flesh and fashion, "Gold Diggers of 1933," May 8; and that fantastic scare - film, "King Kong," on June 5.

The Activities Commission is bringing only three films this quarter -- but each is a striking documentary. First, next Friday, April 17, the Maysles Brothers' film "Salesman" (see review elsewhere on this page); then "The Revolution Is In Your Head," May 15; and finally, "In the Year of the Pig," Emile de Antonio's hard-hitting documentary of U.S. involvement in Vietnam. (De Antonio is the same documentary film-maker who pieced together the excellent "Point of Order" about the Army - McCarthy hearings in the '50's.)

The Associated Students are also bringing three films for their Sunday night series: "Far From the Madding Crowd," April 5; "The Fixer," May 3; and "Medium Cool," May 31, which will be reviewed here when it arrives. -b.w.

MUSIC

symphony to project a philosophy encompassing both individualism and brotherhood amongst men.

We now come to this 1942 performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Furtwangler was working in Nazi Germany surrounded by the horrors of war. Desperately and passionately in his reading of the Ninth the conductor embraces Beethoven's dream of brotherhood. The results are an overwhelming and deeply emotional experience (one which some find tremendously enhanced by some sort of drug taking) for the aware listener.

The first and second movements of the symphony are played at a faster tempo than usually taken by Furtwangler in his Beethoven readings. There is power and passion, particularly in the first movement. The Berlin Philharmonic plays with marvelous clarity. The third movement, on the other hand, is done more slowly than any other reading this listener has heard. Furtwangler grasps at each note just as he is grasping at the brotherhood concept to at once insulate himself from and protest against the Nazi brutality all around him.

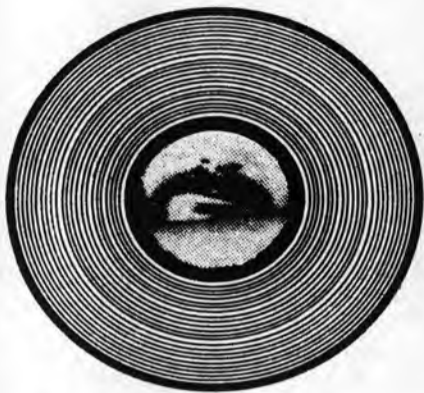
The final movement again is taken at a faster tempo. In fact, the playing at times becomes frenzied. The Kittel Choir is splendid, projecting the words in such a way that you feel the choristers understand what they mean. The soloists are not quite so outstanding, but one must remember in this respect that this is a live

continued on page 26

reviews

RECORDS

by rob klein



I've run into to so many good recordings lately, that in order to cover them all, I've written short reviews, hoping therefore to turn people on to more good music.

Living in the Country

Levitt and McClure

(Warner Bros. no. WS 1807)

Two city-slickers country pick on electrical guitars; the result is not world shattering, just delightful. Ballads "With You" and "Ginny Black" and a fresh approach to "Living in the Country" and "Cripple Creek" are noteworthy here, and who said this kind of stuff is dead? Levitt and McClure are just as entertaining in person, by the way; even the smog of their native Encino has yet to dampen their talents.

Liver Than You'll Ever Be

(Rolling Stones Bootleg LP)

The best recording yet of a Stones' concert, the title is a take-off of an earlier "live" record on London "Got it if You Want It," but the underground rip-off is head and shoulders above the legal release. Professionally recorded, who knows how, the fidelity is a bit below par, but the spontaneity and excitement captured makes it well worth while. "Little Queenie" is an old Chuck Berry tune otherwise unavailable by the Stones, and it's worth the price alone. Also, "Love in Vain", "Midnight Rambler", "Honkey Tonk Women", "Street Fighting Man", among others. Not to mention Jagger's infrequent but incredible raps.

Hot Rats

Frank Zappa

(Bizarre No. RS 6356)

Not with the Mothers, this is a new departure. Heavy avant-garde classical stuff in the early Stravinsky tradition blended with Miles Davis jazz and rock backing. Sound wierd? One of the best records out today. Includes one cut of pure hard rock, "Willy the Pimp", 9 minutes of Don Vilet (Capt. Beefheart) and Ian Underwood (and Zappa) screwing it on.

Live Dead

The Grateful Dead

(Warner Bros. no. 1830)

This 2 record set is the closest thing to the Dead in person, on a typically good night. And it's as good as you have heard it is. "Dark Star" runs 23:15, "Turn on Your Love Light" is 15:30, "Saint Stephen" and "The Eleven" combined are 16 minutes of side 2, surrealistic jams that could come only from Jerry Garcia and Company. Two tabs, two heads and "Live Dead" make for a perfect evening.

Games Guitars Play

Harvey Mandell

(Phillips PHS 600-235)

Excellent rock with jazz overtones, very easy to listen to. Mandell is every bit the virtuoso, blending blues, rock and jazz. The best version of "Honky Tonk" yet to be recorded is presented here, with guitar replacing Bill Doggett's sax solo of old. Side 2 is easy, almost mystical, a logical follow up to "Live Dead", back to back.

The Natch'l Blues

Taj Mahal

(Columbia CS 9698)

One intepretation of the blues by an almost-great guitar and harpist, Taj Mahal. Singing and wailing on his steel bodied National guitar, "Miss National", complimentary. "Going Up to the Country, Gonna Paint My Mailbox Blue" and "Done Changed My Way of Living" sure ring true, no shuck and jive here. Does your soul whole bunches of good.

Bull Durham Sacks and Railroad Tracks

Ramblin Jack Elliot

(Reprise no. 6387)

Woody Guthrie's old sidekick, and seemingly an influence of everyone from Arlo to Dylan, Ramblin Jack picks and raps in his unmistakable style, similar to a bunkhouse Saturday afternoon. This is his "slickest" recording yet, the others typical earlier "folk" records with the mistakes left in. Highlights are a western blues "Don't Let Your Deal Go Down", a truckers rag "Me and Bobby McGee" and "Don't Think Twice It's Alright". Jack's fast becoming a legend in his own time....

Rock and Roll Revivals UN10M,

Bill Haley and the Comets

(Warner Bros. No. 1831)

"Rock Around the Clock," "Shake, Rattle, and Roll", "Crazy, Man, Crazy" - a re-release with up dated fidelity, otherwise an exact note for note of the mid fifty's stuff that turned us old men on, way back when. Although the saxophone stuff is pretty much dated and the repetitious rhythm makes for a one-dimensional final product, it's better than you would expect.

King of the World

Cuby and the Blizzards

(Philips NO. PHS 600-331)

Cuby and the Blizzards? Of Holland? "King of the World"? Teenyboppers for sure, at first glance. But the approach to blues really reminds you of the early Stones (this time with horny accompaniment). Expression such as this, especially from mid-Europe, is surprising.

Blue Cheer

Blue Cheer

(Phillips PHS 600-333)

Only Dickie Peterson (bass) is left of the original Blue Cheer, the old-time San Francisco powerhouse 3 man group. The ensuing changes have left a better balanced, more varied 4 man group. The entertainment value has reached a higher level due to the more even sound and catchy, trippy songs ("Rock and Roll Queens" and "Hello LA, Bye-Bye Birmingham", for instance). This release is indicative of what they're up to, but they are better in person.

FOLK

BESSIE JONES

AND THE GEORGIA SEA ISLAND SINGERS

The Georgia Sea Islands lie just off the mainland, connected by a narrow bridge constructed in the 1930's. They were originally inhabited by some of the first Africans to be brought to America as sugar plantation slaves. The current Islanders are mostly direct descendants of those early slaves and have, until recently, been physically and culturally isolated from the mainland. Because of this separation, family longevity, and community, the speech, music, and entire pattern of life are a unique continuum developed slowly from African and early slave culture.

Bessie Jones and Georgia Sea Island Singers are perhaps the foremost purveyors of this deep musical culture.

The group was originally formed in the 1920's on St. Simon's Island near Brunswick, Georgia. The original members of the group were all great folk singers who remembered songs dating back a century or more. Today's group which includes Bessie and four fellow "Gospel Singers" carried on the tradition of presenting the finest Black folk music ever. In fact, their songs and material have been hailed as the master type from which Black folk music grew.

Their music and dances are strongly African and religious. The African influence stems from the fact that all their harmonies and rhythm are devised without instrumental accompaniment. Choral calls of response singing, energetic dancing, and brightly rhythmic hand-clapping, plus a single tambourine create all the dynamics which the group needs to hold their audience's attention for hours.

The group will perform in concert at Western on Wednesday, April 15, at 8:00 p.m. in the Viking Union lounge at WWSC.



by joel connelly

"Lucia di Lammermoor" by the Portland Opera Company

Enthusiastic applause greeted conductor Herbert Weiskopf as he took his place in the orchestra pit to start the Portland Opera's production of "Lucia di Lammermoor." The performance of Gaetano Donizetti's tragic opera had long been awaited, and the capacity audience eagerly awaited the appearance of the great soprano Anna Moffo.

They were not to be disappointed. From the beginning maestro Weiskopf's latest production was a stunning triumph. Too much of the time in the Northwest and even with the San Francisco Opera, all is sacrificed to permit the appearance of a few top Metropolitan Opera stars. The Seattle Opera's staging of "Turandot" earlier this season had Brigit Nilsson, a light show, and little else.

The Portland Opera's "Lucia," however, was both the exception to this trend as well as a demonstration of Weiskopf's determination to promote interest in opera itself, not simply the star system. The sets were flawless, transporting one back to 17th Century Scotland without the feeling that all he is looking at is a piece of painted cloth. The lighting managed at once to illuminate the leading voices as well as underline the quality of the staging.

The chorus was as it should be in an opera such as "Lucia," able but unobtrusive. While botching a sword drawing scene they managed not to intrude upon Miss Moffo, whose acting commands attention along with her incredible voice. Also, and here marks an attribute which distinguishes them from the choristers of the Seattle Opera, they were tightly disciplined and responded in rigorous fashion to the baton of Weiskopf.

When approaching the soloists one is tempted to get dreamy over Miss Moffo and ignore everyone else. However, with the Portland "Lucia," the other leads must first be given credit - and in one case, damnation. Franco Iglesias as Enrico sang ably. His acting was a picture of adroit understatement, particularly in the scenes featuring himself and Miss Moffo. Dorothy Fisher - Jones deserves plaudits for her rendering of Alisa, especially for the strength of her acting

opposite the great Metropolitan Opera soprano. R. G. Webb, a onetime professional football player with the Chicago Bears, was appropriately ponderous and loud in the role of Normanno.

Unfortunately the Italian tenor Giuseppe Campora was flawless in neither his acting nor his singing. Campora is one of the biggest hams this reviewer has ever seen on stage. He repeatedly upstaged Iglesias and even had a go at outdoing Anna Moffo herself. Campora's enactment of Edgardo's death scene, in which he somersaulted over a bench, was overdone to the point where it provoked as much laughter as tears. On the voice side Campora paid scant heed to the orchestra. Weiskopf sounded considerably better than he. As to Miss Moffo, what can one say? She does not match Nilsson in volume, but is certainly a superior actress to even Maria Callas. Her voice is beautiful, and the mad scene in "Lucia" quite literally had many in the audience weeping. It seemed as though the great soprano voice was not giving us its full in the first two acts, but the 2,500 people in the Portland Civic Auditorium were swept away by the mad scene. When it was over we stood and roared. In the realm of acting Miss Moffo's eyes were incredibly expressive. Her movements are graceful. Whenever Anna Moffo is on stage - whatever the location and whatever the opera - you can watch no one else.

So "Lucia di Lammermoor" had the audience in a trance. Miss Moffo wept at the ovation she received. The death of Lucia left some in tears, but most certainly everyone onstage and in the audience was exhausted by the time Campora rolled over the bench. With the performance over everyone was again standing and cheering. The stars came forward - one by one and then in groups. They were not permitted to leave, and the roars for Miss Moffo made one think somehow of a football stadium instead of an opera house.

Maestro Weiskopf joined the stars for the first two curtain calls. As general director of the Portland Opera he had made the evening possible, bringing Anna Moffo to sing the lead

continued on page 24

How To Spread The Benign Neglect Doctrine (on your lawn)

by arthur hoppe

MR. DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear Mr. Moynihan: I am writing to pledge my full support for your proposed policy of applying "benign neglect" to our racial strife.

I couldn't agree with you more that benignly neglecting the problems that beset and divide our society is the only way to get a little peace and quiet around here. Have you thought of extending The Benign Neglect Doctrine to pollution?

If we Americans could get together and benignly neglect pollution, it would go a long way toward silencing the hysterics, paranoids, and boodlers on all sides of the issue.

The heart of the matter, as I see it, is not merely to neglect pollution, but to look upon it benignly. With a little

effort, we might even come to enjoy it.

When one casts aside his irrational emotional responses, an oil slick on the water becomes an aesthetic experience; the interplay of rainbow-hued colors dancing in the sun delights the eye. And what could more soothe the troubled soul than contemplating a soft coverlet of warm amber smog on a balmy Spring day?

If applied to Vietnam, poverty, inflation and those under 30, the Doctrine of Benign Neglect would do much to quiet the extremists who are now tearing our society asunder. A problem ignored, I say, is a problem you don't have to deal with.

I speak as a long practitioner of Benign Neglect myself. At the moment, I am benignly neglecting a recurrent twinge in my left chest, beetles in my basement, and a funny noise in my transmission.

Thus far, the results have been in

keeping with my motto, which I am sure will appeal to you and the entire Silent Majority -- "Everything Will Work Out All Right."

The only problem I can foresee is selling the Doctrine of Benign Neglect to those who will be benignly neglected, such as militant blacks, conservationists, doves, hawks, poor people, investment bankers and young anarchists.

I, myself, for example, have had a difficult time selling it to Mr. Hotchkiss of the Courtesy Collection Agency. He keeps saying, "A bill is a bill and must be paid!" I suppose the black militants feel much the same way.

The Government, however, has one great advantage: the highest desire of most citizens is to be benignly neglected by the Government.

The only time the Government takes a personal interest in us is to send us a draft notice, a tax bill or a jury summons. The Government, let's face it, is bad news.

So all we need do is convince the militants of the advantages of being benignly neglected. In turn they will perhaps benignly neglect to burn down our cities. Perhaps.

Of course, under the principles of racial equality, I demand that the Government benignly neglect me, too. To do my part, I have decided to benignly neglect it. I am sure it will continue to make progress without me.

Please inform the Commissioner of Internal Revenue of our agreement before April 15. And do give him my most heartfelt and benign good wishes. Benignly Yours, etcetera...

Teach-In Schedule

MONDAY, April 20

—Environmental Art Exhibit, VU Gallery

—Morris Udall, U.S. Congressman from Arizona and noted environmentalist

—Lecture in Red Square - 4 to 6 p.m., featuring skit by Hour Glass Mime Troupe

—Robert D. Meade, WWSC Psychology Department, "The Psychologist's Role in Population Limitation Actions", at 4:00 p.m. in Miller Hall 104.

TUESDAY, April 21

—TRASH-IN at Ennen's Thriftway, 12 noon

—Panel Discussion on WHATCOM COUNTY IN THE FUTURE, Lecture Hall 3, 4:00 p.m.

—Panel Discussion on INDUSTRY'S FUTURE IN WHATCOM COUNTY, Lecture Hall 3, 7:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, April 22

—ENVIRONMENTAL EXHIBITS in Viking Union, 9:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m.

—Aid Sprague, State Rep. will speak in the Music Aud. at 12 noon. Sprague introduced legislation to ban the internal combustion engine by 1980.

—Pete Francis, State Senator, will speak in the Music Aud. at 1:30 p.m. Francis introduced population stability bill for state of Washington.

—"REDWOODS", a classic in cinematography, will be shown in Haggard Hall 368 at 7:30 p.m.

OIL DAY

—Film and tape on Santa Barbara Oil Spill, Haggard Hall 368, 4:00 p.m.

—Minister William Houff will speak on "North Slope Oil Development, Lecture Hall 2, 6:00 p.m.

—Marmes Site Archeologists from WSC will talk on the destruction caused by dams, Lecture Hall 3, 8:00 p.m.

FRIDAY, April 24

—PLANT-IN on Whatcom Creek, beginning at 1:00 p.m.

—ENVIRONMENTAL SING-IN, VU Lounge, 8:30 p.m.

SATURDAY, April 25

—ENVIRONMENTAL ETHICS DAY

—Panel Discussion on Environmental Ethics, Lecture Hall 4, 4:00 p.m. Rabbi Levine, Seattle and Dr. Richard Purtill, Philosophy Dept., WWSC.

Bessie Jones and the Georgia Sea Island Singers and Dancers

Wednesday, April 15

VU Lounge

-WWSC-8:00pm

Students - \$1.00

General Admission

- \$1.50



ACLU speak-out! The Bill of Rights: Is it for real?

A writing contest for high school students sponsored by the AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION 50th Anniversary Program. Best entries to be awarded cash prizes and published in a Bantam Book. **What is the ACLU?** The purpose of the American Civil Liberties Union—and its only purpose—is the preservation and strengthening of the freedoms guaranteed to us under the Bill of Rights. ACLU believes, as our nation's founding fathers believed, that no one should have the privilege of deciding who is deserving of the rights guaranteed to us under the Constitution. The rights belong to all—without exception. **Subject Matter:** How does the civil liberties climate in your school, community and country affect you personally? How and where do you see hope or despair for your own future as a free man or woman in America? Do you see the Bill of Rights as relevant to your life? **Form:** A statement, credo, poem, satire, essay or any account of your experience as an American relating

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to your Bill of Rights. **Length:** No more than 3,000 words. **Eligibility:** Any student in attendance at an American high school in grades 10, 11 and 12 at the time his entry is submitted. **Nation-wide Publication:** Bantam Books will publish a paperback book consisting of the best prize-winning writings and will pay the top prize-winner \$100, the second and third prize-winners \$75 each, and \$50 to each of the rest of the authors published. **ACLU Prizes:** In addition to the prizes given by state affiliates to their winners. National ACLU will award \$300 to the first national winner, \$200 to the second, \$150 to the third and \$100 to the fourth. **Judges:** To be announced. **Announcement of National Winners:** Late 1970. **Submission of Entries:** Entries must be submitted to your ACLU State Office (see below) by May 1, 1970. Include on your entry your name, home address and telephone number, high school and grade level. *****

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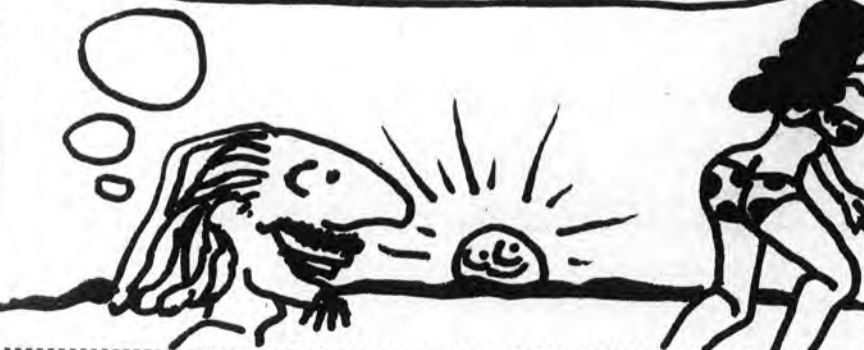
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OPERA continued from page 22 but also fashioning one of the greatest productions ever seen in the Northwest. However, Weiskopf was not there for the third, fourth, or fifth curtain calls, for as the curtains closed on his greatest triumph the conductor suffered a massive heart attack. This the audience did not know as it left the Civic Auditorium. The crowd

parted grudgingly for the screeching ambulance and wondered who had "passed out" backstage. Many backstage still pressed Miss Moffo for autographs, not being aware of the real drama so near to them. The ambulance rushed Herbert Weiskopf to a hospital where he was pronounced dead an hour after the curtain went down.

YIPPIE computers

continued from page 11



FBI, DoD, and "Justice" groups are all fanatical workers.

For example, the FBI's National Crime Information Center (NCIC) was created in 1965 by the Law Enforcement Assistance Act. It now contains information primarily [they say] on stolen cars and property, and persons wanted for major crimes, but it will no doubt be expanded to include a much greater array of information than at present, if the expansion of the LEAA and other projects are any guide. And the NCIC has police computer terminals in all major cities.

Meanwhile, back at the Pentagon, lurks the vast new Civil Disorder Control Center, which is closely coordinated with the rapidly growing Defense Intelligence Agency. The DIA is reputed by many observers to be even more important than the CIA in foreign intelligence gathering, coups, etc., and in its active infiltration of colleges and many movements on the left. It's very hard to get precise knowledge about it, but according to Klare, more than 1000 undercover Army agents have been gathering information on civil rights, antiwar, and radical organizations. This information is fed to computers (connected with the DIA) in the CONUS intelligence operation (whose hardware is mainly located in a metal warehouse at Fort Holabird in Baltimore, Maryland). Ultimately, the information will be stored in a central computer (at the Pentagon?), and linked to every Army base in the country (and probably to the bases of the other enslavements).

The CONUS data is possibly even more sinister than that of the FBI and other groups. CONUS concentrates on the lawful activities of the populace.

Finally, the new Interdivisional Intelligence and Information Unit of the Civil Disturbance Unit of the "Justice" Department is becoming a coordinating center for intelligence gathering by the Army, FBI, state and city police, and other sources. One of Mitchell's first acts in office was to give the organization a large staff and wider responsibility. [Guardian Jan. 31, 1970, p.9] According to the Guardian's Lee Webb, this unit apparently organized the case against the Chicago Conspiracy; the last Attorney General, Ramsey Clark, had decided that there were no grounds for indictments.

Most of the conclusions to be drawn from such loud stomping of the boot of Big Brother are so self-evident that further comment is almost superfluous. But many people may be unduly

depressed by these organizational trends. Of course, the Man is coming down hard. And of course, he'll be coming down harder. But it is a fact, not just blind faith, that the spirit of the people is greater than the Man's technology. As regimes centralize, they lose flexibility and crush freedom—and this inevitably leads to gross inefficiency, to such an extent that one man committed to freedom is much more effective than many agents of repression. The Man will put his money into the technology of genocide, which will restrict his adaptability severely, and he will centralize to the extent that idiots like Agnew occupy important strategic positions.

And people are resisting effectively. Thousands of GI's are AWOL, and many have announced it publicly. People are resisting the Mafia-Government and its current flood of heroin (caused by the repressive drug laws) into their children's veins. And people are realizing that if their phones are tapped and their letters opened, they'll have to continue and expand development of their own technology of communication and transportation.

And many more will understand, because you don't have to be brilliant to see that America is totalitarian—you just have to be not blind.

The FBI may have lots of computers, but it takes people to get the information into them. People like the FBI agent who sat next to us at dinner once at a Michigan college. He sat next to me and my friends for half an hour, obviously a narc, listening to us. He couldn't understand much, so he said nothing in all that time. At the end of the half-hour, hoping we would immediately lead him to a joint saying "Bust us! Bust us!" he blurted: "Where's the party?!"

We kind of felt sorry for him. It probably wasn't even his first assignment.

ACLU Seeks Help To Fight In Court

Most of the laws and proposed laws mentioned in this documented story of legal repression will go before the courts to be tested. In many cases, the American Civil Liberties Union and the local ACLU affiliates will be in the forefront of these legal challenges.

But that costs lots of money - even though ACLU lawyers often work for free, or very low fees.

Dan Larner, president of the Whatcom County ACLU, is urging those people concerned with the massive Mitchell-Nixon assault on basic civil liberties to consider becoming a member of the ACLU.

This can be done by writing the ACLU of Washinton, 2101 Smith Tower, Seattle 98104. Student memberships are \$3., regular membership is \$15, and joint husband-wife membership is \$25. But they'll accept any donations, he said, even if you can't join.

RELIGION

continued from page 13

cold concept. I did not communicate with God; I received my concepts of religion and morality from other men.

As thoughts and concepts came to me I weighed them carefully against those I had already weighed and stored, and then sorted them according to importance and pertinence. I was building a new, personal morality: being "true to myself" rather than to an institution; and as I developed my individuality, I correspondingly developed my self-assurance and personal happiness. I suppose my break with the church was inevitable: I was too individually spirited to be too long institutionalized.

I would like to say that my brief marriage to fundamentalism was but an unhappy episode in my childhood, but it was more than that. It was the major external shaping influence on my young personality. Even now it remains of vital interest to me: it is often a catalyst for thought and action. It is difficult to assess the final outcome of my fling at fanaticism. Indeed, I wonder whether it is even possible to assess now or whether repercussions will continue for years to come.

FEAR

I believe it is possible to say, however, that my religious experience caused a general depression to fall over my early years. I cannot overemphasize the intensity with which I was gripped by moral dilemma.

I lived in abject fear of God, yet I defied Him; and this defiance added still more to my fear.

I was forced by my total intellectual acceptance of the infallibility of fundamentalism to suppress my natural boyhood desires or, when suppression failed, to be conscience-stricken. The

constant pressure of virtue pecked incessantly at my self-assurance, and for a long period of time, I felt a deep personal unworth. I was meek and humble, but my humility, far from being admirable, was symptomatic of an emptiness of soul. Not until I finally rejected the church did I begin to regain self-confidence and begin developing a healthily active mental attitude.

Were I well-versed in psychology I could explain the mental illness I suffered - for I am certain that it was a form of mental illness - while in the grasp of the church. My normal flow of emotions was firmly grounded on a bed of constant depression, my mind was constantly aware of fear, my will was at perpetual odds with itself and I had lost almost completely my sense of personal worth.

I had a sin complex; I felt filthy in the sight of God. It was not, I believe, until after I had thrown off Christianity that I realized how futile and self-consuming the entire thing had been.

The church had created the problem of will conflict for me, had taken away my self-confidence, had made me see myself as a sinner. It created my need for salvation and then, when I was finally ready, it swallowed me into itself.

In order to escape from sin, I surrendered myself to the system which originated (or at any rate perpetuated) it. Had I never been in contact with the church I would never have needed the church, but having grabbed my attention it ate away at my will - refusing to let go until it had made me so weak I had no choice but to surrender.

CONTROL OF SELF

Rejecting the church, of course, had also caused problems. No longer do I have the assurance that there is

absolute truth; that life and the universe are ordered and kept running by a Benevolent Intelligence. I now have no idea whether I will be "rewarded" after death, nor do I know that I will be at all after death.

Where once I was sure of the absolute supremacy of a personal God, now I do not even know if he exists. I do not know, if he does exist, in what

form he might exist, or if he cares whether or not I believe he exists. But neither is he the all-important figure he once was. The question of His being is no longer essential. He was once, in my mind, but I killed him. For me he is dead, this Authoritarian Deity, and I am in control of my self. Yet, his spectre remains.

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"SEATTLE" continued from page 4

be sure far superior in intellect and standards to, say, the bunch of Yacht Club drinkers that runs Bellingham. However, the tragedy of these men is that they see issues in terms of narrow self-interest and measure the prestige of their city by its volume of commerce. Thus the merchants are outspoken advocates of the new I-90 freeway, which will wipe out neighborhoods on both sides of Lake Washington and displace about 2,000 people. It is "vital" to swiftly convey shoppers to the downtown shopping district whatever the cost to neighborhoods or the environment. The downtown business community has relentlessly pushed the new stadium, even at a time in which Boeing has laid off more than 40,000 men in the Seattle area and thereby caused a severe recession. The conventions must be brought to Seattle, even if the people who pay for them are out of work.

In addition to the merchants and politicians the media stands solidly behind the prestige efforts as well as the industrial expansion. The Seattle Times, perhaps the most influential newspaper of the Northwest, serves as the mouthpiece for the schemes of the business leadership. Ironically, the Times, which supports the "big league city" efforts, is one of the most provincial newspapers in the country, devoting great gobs of its front page to cats stuck in trees and little crippled girls who can walk again. The Seattle PI is more aware of the environment and locale of the city, but again grants sacred cow status to stadium plans and additional freeway building. The television stations are more daring, but some T.V. newsmen in Seattle are people originally from other big city environments who look down on the

community because it does not have big-time jocks and a domed stadium. Their reports fan the feelings of inadequacy and the management of the stations is in the thick of the city - building efforts particularly in the area of culture. Seattle magazine has at times tackled the prestige efforts and "progress" mentality head on, but maintains an air of aloofness from and intellectual superiority towards the community it serves. The fact that it is edited by a transplanted New Yorker allows for the more provincial - minded to dismiss its efforts.

So the image building goes on unchecked, never really accomplishing anything except making Seattle look ridiculous to those who come here, look at the mountains and lack of more serious urban afflictions, and wonder what all the dissatisfaction is about. Unfortunately, though, the prestige preoccupation is sapping the resources of the city at a time when problems are fast closing in on it.

Problems

The Boeing layoffs have been mentioned. Unemployment in Seattle is at the moment over 8%. This naturally causes a slowdown in construction and commerce, but most important places a severe strain on middle - class families where the breadwinner cannot find a job. The freeway crisis, also alluded to earlier, is pressing home. Seattle desperately needs mass transit, but in the last ten years there has been a lot of talk and nothing more. While stadiums, hotels, and baseball teams have preoccupied the civic leadership, freeways have destroyed neighborhoods and made Seattle more and more a city of concrete. Instead of stopping to appraise the situation, the leadership is pressing ahead with I-90, which will destroy neighborhoods in the Mt. Baker district on the west side of Lake Washington as well as in the Central Area.

These are just two of Seattle's problems, but one could add mounting tensions in the schools and an edgy racial situation to the list. The city clearly needs long - range planning and a government which is closer to the individual. However, the same bunch of men stand behind the city administration, foster feelings of inadequacy on the part of the populace, and put forth a domed stadium as what Seattle really needs. Social issues are overlooked in the quest for circuses.

The attitudes of the downtown merchants are at once amusing as well as enormously detrimental to the city. The preoccupation over the Pilots may strike many as hysterically funny, but stop for a moment and think of what was put on the back burner while city officials spent their time fighting the evil materialistic American League owners. The development schemes certainly seem ludicrous to somebody who has experienced "real" big cities. The tragedy of the situation, though, is that the domed stadium and Snoqualmie dam proposals are obscuring the natural asset that Seattle has over every other American city save perhaps San Francisco - its locale.

VISTAS

As I write, the P-I for this morning is loudly lamenting the departure of the Pilots. The city administration is trying its utmost to keep the stadium issue from reaching the ballot yet another time. It is argued by columnists and civic leaders that the jock palace is vital to the prestige of the city. They desperately ask "What will Seattle have to offer people who are coming here?"

The answer is provided as I raise my eyes from the typewriter for a moment. Looking down on Lake Washington I can see a half dozen sailboats. The mountains are dusted with new snow, and many people I know will be taking advantage of spring skiing impossible throughout much of the country. As it is Friday I know thousands are taking off for campgrounds on the Olympic Peninsula or the islands. Whatever Mr. Nordstrom or Mr. Carlson or Mayor Uhlman have to say, we don't need the damned baseball team or the Westlake Room. As these men ask the question "What does Seattle have to offer?", I am sure there are perhaps 200,000 people in this town right now who could provide them with the answer.

"BEETHOVEN" continued from page 21

performance, not an artificial thing done with modern electronic equipment in a recording studio.

Turnabout's sound is remarkably good, considering the time and circumstances under which the performance was made. The lack of technical embellishment and the contrasting stark passionate honesty of the live performance are attributes. The quality of the playing makes embellishment unnecessary. The

circumstances of the performance contribute to the intellectual message of Furtwangler. He could not have turned out so gripping a reading had not 2,000 people and half the Reich Cabinet been sitting in back of him in Berlin's Beethoven Hall.

So this Furtwangler reading is strongly recommended, not just to classical music fans but to all who in some way express themselves against materialism and depersonalization. The Furtwangler Ninth is not just a recording, but the expression of a philosophy.

James Cotton Blues Band and Albatross

Students - \$2.00
General Admission - \$3.00

April 12
Sunday,
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WWSC
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8:00p.m.





Free Connections

Connections are now being run free of charge to individuals as a community service. Rates for businesses are 10 cents a word, \$1.00 minimum. Send ad and money to Northwest Passage, 1000 Harris Ave., Bellingham 98225.



PLEA: To the guys in the beige VW bus who brought my luggage back from Mexico (particularly Sagittarius Bobby): **PLEASE** bring my stuff on home to me. Joby, 6245 - 27th NE, Seattle. Thank you.

GUITAR LESSONS: Blues, Folk, Rock. Contact Bill Bernard, 1107 Astor Street, just 2 blocks up the road.

RIDE NEEDED: Someone with bike to take me to Arizona. Able to go anytime on round trip. Please call 734-9087 before 3:30.

ABSOLUTELY FREE: Two good, happy dogs need home very badly. Contact anyone at 1330 Ellis Street.

TESTIMONIAL: "I sold my truck to the second person who called me." Joe Firsch. NWP ads sell fast!

ELECTRA 70, 1205 First Avenue, in Seattle. First on First Avenue with Posters, Jewelry. Stop in and see.

RUNAWAY, escape and enjoy yourself in the fantastic world of nature. Good looking single male (25), college grad desires young lady to share (gratis) enjoyment of beach - house away from the pressures of life and society. Robert, Route 1, Box 729, Hadlock, Washington. 98339.

VULNERABLE?: Get both draft and military counseling at Seattle Draft Counseling Center, 6817 Greenwood Ave. N., Seattle 98103...Financed thru contributions from counselees.

LISTENERS: Needed by Charley, Gordy, and Cliff at Toad Hall, 11th and Harris, South Bellingham.

DABLERS: NWP extends a cordial invitation to all local writers, artists, and assorted media people to join us in publishing the paper. We can really use your help. Stop by our new office at 1000 Harris, Bellingham.

GROUP SENSITIVITY SESSIONS: Become aware of yourself and others. Contact David Takagi at 1014 North Forest, or phone 734-9956.

STILL WANTED: A VW bug for Melissa. I am patient, but call me if you have one or know of one for sale. 734-8800, ext. 2272. And thanks.

NEEDED FOR LITTLE ONES: Paper, paints, pigs, blocks, clay, crayons, artful paraphernalia, flotsam, jetsam. Community School, 1000 Harris Ave.

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

FOR SALE: 1941 Hudson flatbed truck. Good condition. \$250 or best offer. Mark, 2109 Alabama Street, 733-8102.

DIRTY PICTURES: Photography equipment for sale. Basic equipment to start a working dark room. \$150.00 (negotiable). 2300 "E" Street. Jerry.

MORE DIRTY PICTURES: Custom Black & White film processing to your specifications. 35 MM and 2 1/2 square, \$1.50 per roll with contact proofs, \$2.25 per roll with 3 1/2 x 5" prints, 8 x 10" prints for \$1.00. Other sizes on request. PHOTO-GRAPHICS, 900 Dupont Street, Bellingham.

CUDDLES: 4 well-adjusted, well-fed kittens, fluffy and friendly. Free, of course, to loving homes. Apply to see Muffy, Tuffy, Fluffy, and Duffy at 411 32nd St. (dead end).

REFRIGERATOR: For Sale, old but works. \$20.00. Jerry, 2300 "E" Street.

HAIRCUTS: Men's or ladies', 50 cents - \$1 or barter. Call Janis, 734-4665.



gimel beth



MOVIES

(B) "Alice's Restaurant" with Arlo Guthrie is where it's at, at the Grand Theatre, 1223 Commercial. Coming Soon - "Midnight Cowboy."

(S) "Easy Rider" at a local theater near you - now!

(S) "The Damned" with Dirk Bogarde and Helmut Berger is playing now at the Uptown.

(S) "Patton" continues to give 'em hell at the Paramount (9th & Pine). "George C. Scott's portrayal is a classic!" says Ed Sullivan in the N. Y. Daily News. "Ed Sullivan is a classic bore!" -Weiner, NWPassage.

(S) (Still) They Shoot Horses, Don't They? still showing at Cinema 70. Nominated for 9 Academy Awards.

MISCELLANEOUS

Pat Burns "Hot Line" on CJOR from 9 a.m. to 12 noon and 5 to 7 p.m. "Pat knows where it's at and anything goes, baby," says Rita Fernfetz of Peoria.

(S) Seattle Indian Center - arts and crafts and all sorts of good things. Boren Avenue.

(B) **IMPACT** - Everyday on KGMI from 10 to 11 a.m. and rebroadcast at 6 to 7 p.m. where you can hear and be heard.

April 7 (B) Exhibit of Contemporary Japanese Woodblocks at the Viking Union Gallery, WWSC, opens.

April 7 - 11 (V) "The Big Band of Duke Ellington" plays The Cave (626 Hornby Street).

April 7 (V&B) CBUT TV (Channel 2) features a program dealing with the oil pollution left by the Tanker "Arrow" along the Cape Breton coast.

April 7 - 11 (V) Exhibit of Japanese Culinary Art. Basement of Main Library at U.B.C.

April 8 (B) WWSC Vietnam Moratorium Committee holds public meeting to plan for the April 15 parade. 7:30 p.m. Viking Union.

April 8 (V) UBC Teachers Committee on Vietnam holds in annual General Meeting. 12:30 p.m. Buchanan Building.

April 12 (B) James Cotton Blues Band and Albatross. If you're blue or not, come and bring your soul to Carver Gym at 8:00 p.m.

April 12 (B) The Reper tory DANCE Theatre will perform in WWSC's Music Auditorium at 6:30 p.m. This company of 12 young people, based at the University of Utah, provides its own ideas, repertoire & arrangements

April 15 (B) Bessie Jones and the Georgia Sea Island Singers and Dancers at the VU Lounge WWSC, 8:00 p.m.

April 15 (B) Vietnam Moratorium March at 11:00 a.m. from the WWSC campus to the Federal Building downtown. Carl Maxey will speak at 1:00 p.m.

April 17 (B) "Salesman" will be shown in L-4 at WWSC at 6:00, 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. See review elsewhere in this issue.

April 18 (S) "HAIR" opens at the Moore Theatre. Advance ticket sales are on now. Runs through May 31, so order now thru Box Office 1932 2nd Avenue, Seattle.

April 9 (V&B) "Carry on Cabbie," a hilarious British comedy in the "Carry on Nurse" tradition, will show on Channel 2 at 11:43 p.m.

April 9-11 & 15-18 (S) "The Hostage", Brendan Behan's classic play, performed at Teatro Inigo (Broadway & Columbia). Curtain time - 8:30 p.m.

April 10, 11 & 17, 18 (S) "Theater of the Black Experience" in a play, prose and poetry at Black Arts West, 3406 East Union Street, 8:30 p.m.

April 10 (B) "The Gold Rush" with Charles Chaplin. Part satire, part ironic commentary. All worth seeing. WWSC's L-4, 6:00, 8:00 & 10:00 p.m.

April 10 (V&B) "Twelve Angry Men", a 1957 jury room drama starring Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, Ed Begley & Martin Balsam, on view on Channel 2 at 11:43 p.m.

April 12 (V) "CLEAN-UP" of Whatcom Creek and Sehome Hill. Come and collect aluminum cans, beer bottles, and such trash with us. Beginning at 1:00 p.m.



BLUE BEARDS



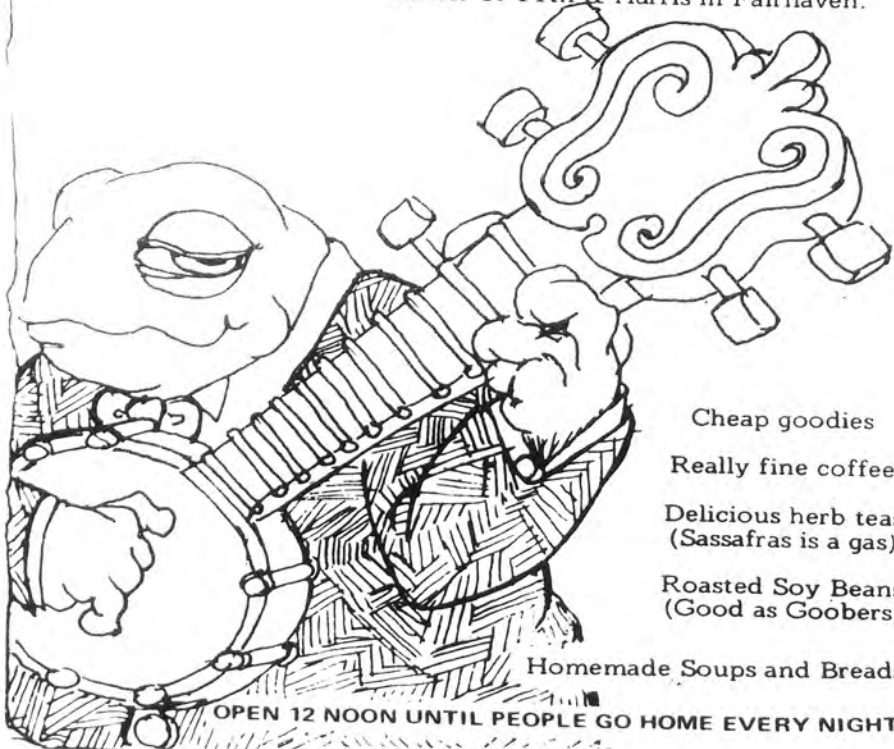
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