



Volume 3
Number 10

NORTHWEST ASPECT

25¢



Bellingham, Washington
Aug. 18 - Sept. 7, 1970



Dear NWP:

Smash the State, Off the Pig, Bring the War Home. Who identifies with these slogans that decorate capitalist walls and buildings? Certainly not the People. They satisfy the revolutionary fantasies of the few "revolutionaries" who think the revolution is here now. I emphasize fantasies. Who do you know who has offered a pig? A counter-revolutionary act, anyway. The revolution begins when the cops stop shooting and clubbing people. They are our natural allies. Think about that, brothers and sisters. Must we aid the system they are now serving in the destruction of their humanity? Apocalyptic slogans written on the walls postpone the revolution in the same way as bricks thrown through small business windows. They divert people's attention from the oppressive conditions of their lives—payment for war with lives and money, lack of control over prices, industry exploitation of the worker, ad infinitum.

We do have slogans that are creative and meaningful. The most beautiful of which is (or could be) Power to the People. I deal papers, therefore, I'm on the street and meet and rap with many people who have never participated in a demonstration or opposed the system in any way. However, this hardly means that they are not aware of their condition. Unfortunately, they feel beaten and isolated from the present struggle. Very often, I hear "Terrible things are happening in this country. I think it's wonderful what you young people are doing. If I were your age, I would be doing the same thing." It never occurs to them that they might have something to contribute—even if its only demonstrating.

We must impress on them that age is a state of mind and that these days to be alive is to be political. We must make suggestions of ways to fight the system. The point I'm making is that although the American people are a long way from collective radical consciousness, there are probably hundreds of thousands of people who need only a solid assurance of their own value and a sense of direction in order to become involved. Sadly they are not being reached. Power to the People means all the people.

Jude

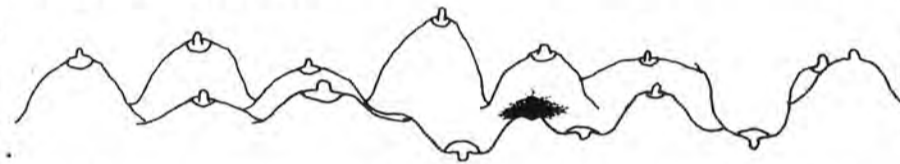


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WHEN IN SEATTLE — LET "TOPLESS" MIMI — THE GIRL WHO LETS IT ALL HANG OUT — CATER TO YOUR EROTIC NEEDS.

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THE FINEST IN ADULT BOOKS, NUDIE MAGS, ART FILMS, RUBBER GOODS, POCKET BOOKS, AND OTHER QUALITY ITEMS FOR THE SOPHISTICATED BUYER.



(ALSO — WATCH FOR OPENING OF SEATTLE'S FINEST ADULT NUDIE THEATRE AT THIS LOCATION.)

Open Sunday

Trusting Whitey

Dear NWP:

Is genocide here to stay in our once wonderful and beautiful America? From the Battle of Wounded Knee to My Lai to the killings on Kent State or the young couple froced to death on Mt. Baker highway to the premeditated murder of Bud Roberts in the county tavern on the fourth of July by the unwanted, sick son of the Establishment called manslaughter. The uniform has changed but the scene is the same. There is no doubt in my mind who the real savage is even if it isn't spelled out that way in our history books.

Perhaps the only basic things Hells Rulers ever learned was prejudice and how to devise schemes to rook the consumer out of a buck; as their policy seems to be to loot and steal from our homes and parked cars. A school administrator informed me that children certainly do reflect the views of their parents.

The powers of this country are the only ones financially able to protect his siblings by procuring slick counsel for defense. After the establishment buys back his schizoid son from a murder rap—what then? Will Hells Ruler Metzger be free to prey on society again? That's an educated guess.

The old stuffed-shirts in City Hall; they really unanimously stick together. Law and order seem incompetent in capturing the real crooks but can railroad youth into admitting to crimes just to close a case. Maybe the old dead-wood should be replaced by new young blood if there is to be a democracy.

The politicians who bitch about cigarette sales on the reservation; and how they worry about breaking treaties but they turn their backs on the wealthy who bank their millions in Switzerland escaping USA income taxes or the disposing of old war ships carrying expensive cargoes and deadly gasses that are scuttled by the military polluting the Pacific Ocean. Why don't crimes like these make the headlines, when a college uprising does?

The anti-poverty program establishment is something else again. They can discriminate, shaft, paternalize, and terminate the minorities and rechannel the money into the ineligible pocket...slick!

Youth can't trust anyone over thirty and the Indian can't trust any white man. C.W. MacWilliams

HANDMADE

FRESH AIR

LEATHER GOODS CLOTHES

JEWELRY PIPES

EAR RINGS

1305 STATE ST.

CANDLES

PILLOWS

PAPERS POSTERS THINGS AND OTHER CLIPS AND OTHER

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Publica

Mailing

Box Fair Bell 982



BELLINGHAM CO-OPERATIVE SCHOOL, a child-centered, learning through experience, parent-sponsored school modeled after the British "open classroom" needs 6, 7, and 8 year-olds to fill its limit of 34 children. A major tenet of the British Infant School is vertical or family grouping— children of a range of ages within the same class. The Co-operative school has admitted enough 5-year-olds, but needs 6, 7 and 8-year-olds to achieve a balance of ages. Please call John Dancy, 733-8333, or Kendall Frazier, 733-4470 for more information.

School

Board

Boo-Boo?

The Bellingham School Board has adopted a set of constitutionally questionable guidelines for student behavior.

The most questionable section has to do with the freedom of students to publish and distribute what they see fit to publish and distribute, without intimidation or harassment by school administrators. The School Board's version seems to be in direct violation of several important Supreme Court decisions of recent years which assert that students have the same rights as any other citizens in the areas of free speech.

Dan Lerner, of the Whatcom County ACLU, says the ACLU may step into the case to seek an injunction against the enforcement of the guidelines.

All of a Sudden (Valley) - An Airport!

Sudden Valley, the so-called "undevelopment" (if you want to see how "undeveloped" it is, go take a look at the ecological wreck its developers have made of the area), now wants to put an airport on the shores of quiet Lake Whatcom.

The airport would have a 3,000-foot airstrip and would accommodate 2,500 landings monthly five years hence.

Needless to say, there has been considerable outrage expressed by Lake Whatcom and other area residents to this technological encroachment on their peace and serenity. So much pressure, in fact, that even the County Commissioners and the Bellingham City Council have taken a stand for a public hearing on the question.

City officials have wondered whether they can persuade the FAA— which wants to consider strictly aeronautical arguments—to take into account the possible harmful effects on the city's water supply with planes flying in and out and dropping gasoline into the lake.

Officially, the last day to register complaints to the FAA is August 19, but they will no doubt be interested in the question beyond that date. If you're upset, write or telegraph or call:

Fred S. McKnight
Chief, Air Traffic Branch
Federal Aviation Administration
Boeing Field, Seattle 98108

northwest perspectives

Industrial Rape

During our nearly two years of existence, the Passage has published numerous stories documenting industrial pollution in the Northwest Washington area — in many cases, long before the mass media picked up on the same concerns. Because we have acquired thousands of new readers since we began, and in an effort to make more understandable what is happening to all our readers, new and old, in this issue we are publishing environmental reporter Joe Prunier's summary reports, listing the progress and problems that still exist. Naturally, we are not covering all polluters; we simply don't yet have the staff or resources to cover every source. We count on our readers to fill in the blank spots, do some research of their own, write articles, contact public officials, etc.

We recognize that we all, as individuals, are guilty of pollution by the way we have been taught to live, and that we must change our attitudes toward the ecology of our planet if we are to survive. But we also recognize that the industries which are in this area now, and those which wish to come here, have an especial obligation to be non-polluters since they are so very powerful in economic and political terms, and because the consequences of their deeds and misdeeds are so massive and far-ranging. In many ways, these industries help contribute to an economic system which creates false "demands" of the consumer — such as the power companies which celebrate those who have "all-electric homes," and so on — which then in turn contributes to a further cycle of exploitation and pollution.

If industry wishes to enjoy the confidence and support of the residents of this area, they must promise more than a few jobs and their tax dollars; since their sense of morality is somewhat limited, they must be bound (by law and public outrage) to the concerns of our common home, the Earth. If they don't wish to treat her well, they can leave, be run out, destroyed, or prevented from coming. We will have no ecological rapists in our midst. — b.w.

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Box 105
Fairhaven Station
Bellingham WA
982*25

SEATTLE vendors can obtain NWP at:

DOWNTOWN:: Pillow Power
616 Pike St.

U DISTRICT:: Environmental Works
40th NE & University Way

Morningtown
4110 Roosevelt Way

TO REPORT POLLUTION733 - 8750
if no satisfaction, call.....336 - 5705

Northwest Passage.....734 - 0083

Toad Hall.....733 - 9804

Food Coop.....734 - 0083

Northwest Free University.....733 - 7499

Community School.....734 - 0083

COVER BY JOHN SERVAIS

Mercury & G-P ... Poison, Politics, & Pollution

by Joseph Prunier

Let's approach the G-P mercury problem by way of summary pollution history.

Everyone is aware of the sulphur oxide pouring out of G-P's smokestacks day and night, and the resultant odor which has made people ill at times. The plant claims that it is in the process of reducing that emission, and is trying to figure out some way to eliminate the mysterious odor.

The pulp mill also pours tons of sulphite waste liquor directly into Bellingham Bay. An investigating state marine biologist called the Bay a "biological desert" as a result of this discharge, and the dumping of the city's raw sewage. The G-P plant reports improvement in recovering the sulphite liquor and converting it into a salable item. (G-P, like the state's other pulp mills, does not hold a permit from the Army Corps of Engineers to dump anything into the waters; no doubt a court case will decide the issue.)

On to mercury. Right in the heart of downtown, G-P has a chlorine production plant. Chlorine gas is one of the deadliest, and quickest-acting, agents known to man. One accident at the plant, and goodbye Bellingham residents. The chlorine production process uses pure mercury.

MASS LEAKAGE

Last September, the *Passage* asked Dr. David T. Mason of the Department of Ecological Engineering at the University of California at Berkeley (formerly with Western Washington State College) to study a most disturbing report that G-P was discharging mercury directly into the Bay and into the air over the city. Dr. Mason's conclusions were not reassuring. There was mass-leakage, he reported, which could possibly lead to another Minamatta disaster. (In 1953, 110 residents of Minamatta, Japan, died or were seriously injured as a result of eating mercury-contaminated fish; there have been similar Swedish disasters.) An open letter to G-P was published in the next several issues, asking for a prompt public explanation of the plant's mercury discharges. No response.

Some months later, extrapolating from figures supplied by G-P to the State Water Pollution Control Commission, Dr. Mason updated his report for the *Passage*. He estimated that G-P was dumping about 20 pounds of mercury daily into the Bay and about 10 pounds into the air. He demanded an immediate accounting. Still no response from the company.

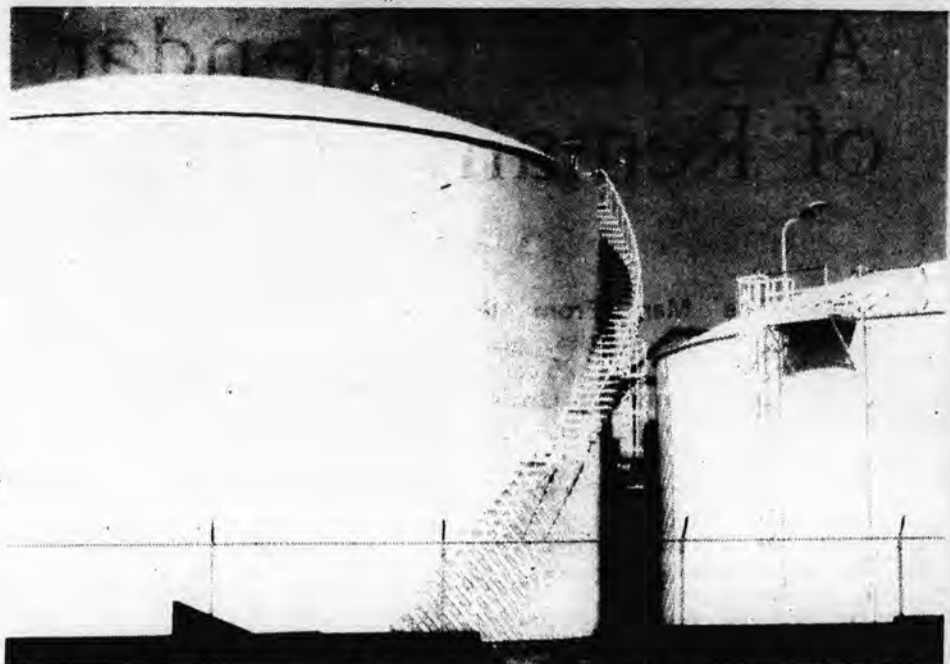
Finally, around the time the mercury issue began to surface nationwide, the *Passage* once again published an open letter to G-P, and sent them a registered letter in the mails. However, this time we sent copies of the letter, and of Dr. Mason's reports, to every governmental body we could think of who might be interested. Surprise! G-P responded almost at once, claiming that it had always been publically informative on the subject, and besides there was no problem since the plant met every standard then established.

Having worked frantically to clean up the mercury situation in the months since the *Passage* had first caught them dumping the stuff, by that time they were no doubt telling the truth. They DID meet the national and state standards—but, in large measure this was because those standards were too high, based on elementary guess-work; as the mercury problem popped up in state after state, the parts-per-million of mercury allowable was drastically reduced to near-zero.

The story gets more legalistically complicated as we approach the events of the past several weeks.

Several weeks ago, G-P was cited by the Justice and Interior Departments, along with nine other industrial polluters, as being in violation of federal law by dumping raw mercury into public waters. The first report had G-P guilty of dumping 41 pounds per day into Bellingham Bay; that apparently was a mistake, and it was later scaled down to about 11 pounds. (G-P had been claiming no more than a 7-lb. loss; Dr. Mason's estimate was about 20; the government's figure was finally about 11 and then 10.2.)

U.S. Attorney Stan Pitkin filed suit in Seattle against the G-P company, and the Weyerhaeuser pulp mill on the Columbia River, which had also been named by the Justice Department as a mercury polluter.



Pictured here are two of the only above-ground chlorine storage tanks located within the boundaries of an American city. The tanks, situated on Georgia-Pacific Corporation property, contain enough of the deadly WW I gas to wipe out the citizens of Bellingham several times over. Western Front

NUMBERS GAME

The governmental bureaucracy always works slowly. By the time the national government (in Interior & Justice) had been informed, done the paperwork, and had announced the various decisions, G-P had just about finished installing its mercury-recovery machinery, and was releasing, it said, less than a half-pound of mercury per day into the Bay instead of the 7 or 11 or 20 or 41 previously asserted.

This led to much confusion, and G-P executives were extremely angry and upset that they should be cited now as mercury polluters when they thought they had cleaned up their operation sufficiently to meet state and national standards. They thought they had a right to be angry at people calling them dirty names when they had cleaned up the outflow. They refused to see that the public had some small claim to anger as well, inasmuch as (using only the 11-pound-per-day recent figure) the G-P plant since its chlorine process began in 1965 had dumped something like 20,000 pounds of the deadly stuff into Bellingham Bay. This doesn't even account for whatever amount was released into the air during that same time period. (Using only half of Dr. Mason's estimate, we would get more than 9,000 pounds of mercury.)

G-P's anger is also somewhat hypocritical because there is always the danger that the mercury released into the water will so act as to form methyl mercury, the same toxic combination that caused the Minamatta deaths and which could cause a similar situation with reference to fish and shellfish here.

G-P claims that whatever residual mercury remains in the water is of low enough concentration to meet Food & Drug Administration standards below that of "immediate health hazards." Of course, they neglect to mention that the FDA standard is now under strict re-examination and will probably be reduced to near-zero shortly.

In a recent letter to the *Bellingham Herald*—which has been printing G-P handouts regularly for years, with no investigative reporting of its own—G-P's Technical Director Ed Dahlgren attempted to weasel the company out of any moral responsibility for its mercury discharges by pointing out that "the average flow of mercury to Bellingham Bay from the Nooksack River is about twenty pounds per day—compared to less than one-half pound per day from all Georgia-Pacific outfalls."

But of course that is true (NOW; G-P might have been higher than 20 pounds per day at one time) but what logic! Whatever mercury is in the Nooksack is there due to natural leakages; there is no known way of stopping it. But G-P for five years has been deliberately, knowingly discharging a highly toxic chemical into the ecosystem of Bellingham Bay and into the air we daily breathe. And now G-P has the effrontery to pretend anger because the government caught them after they have somewhat cleaned up!

As we go to press, there are several unknowns:

1) Whether the government will proceed with the suit. G-P executives have brought a great deal of pressure to bear to get the suit withdrawn (Hickel has praised G-P's clean-up campaign), and it may not be prosecuted. This, even though G-P has been guilty of mercury discharges of high amounts for at least four out of the five years since they began their operation.

2) What the effects are of residual mercury in the Bay. And what the chronic effects are of minute mercury intake-by fish, shellfish, human beings. Both Don Provost, chief chemist with the State Water Pollution Control Board, and Glen Hallman, control officer of the Northwest Air Pollution Authority, were quoted in an earlier *Passage* story as bothered by the long-lasting mercury problem, the fact that it does not disappear over time, the fact that there simply is no accurate research on chronic effects.

What seems apparent is that G-P would have felt no great compunction to clean up its outrageous mercury pollution, would have felt no sense of urgency about the dangers of what it was doing and the speed necessary to correct it, unless private citizens pressured the government to act. No company wants to spend extra money on expensive equipment if it can help it. The fact that people like the *Passage*, and many of our readers, refused to be silenced, but demanded action on the part of the government, forced that government (which is often all too chummy with the industry it is supposed to regulate) to act. Let this be a lesson for the future. Keep up the pressure.

CREATIVE WAITING:

Take a nose tour of the waiting area, noting in a small pad the hue, intensity, purity, and variance of each odor.



"We're lucky. This stream could be next to a paper mill instead of a brewery."

An Open Letter to the Citizenry

by walter barnhart

Walter Barnhart, a graduate assistant in history at Western Washington State College, is a long-time observer of the Northwest ecology/political scene.

Where were the citizens of Whatcom County when their leadership invited with open arms an environmental disaster between Cherry and Whitehorn Points? Or are they unaware that the construction of three huge piers, one a mile long, has already been approved by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers? In each a public hearing was duly advertised at which apparently no opposition was voiced. Now, of course, there is nothing you can do to stop the supertankers. All your consternation at this point is probably being met by Atlantic Richfield, etc., with self-satisfied smirks. You might be interested to know that the Army Corps correspondence file on these piers is full of letters of approval from most of your officials. There is one from the Board of County Commissioners, the Whatcom County Development Council—a pseudo-official group whose sole apparent motive is to bring in industry to Whatcom County, regardless of type or detrimental effects—the Planning Commission, and on and on. All of these public officials had nothing but praise for the pier proposals.

Let us look at the significance and consequence of this last bit of environmental destruction which your elected officials have provided for you.

FISHING

First the cause of the fishing fleets should be briefly reviewed. Where are the reef boats that formerly bobbed on the chop off of Cherry Point? How can a gill netter work these waters now? Ask a purse seiner how he likes to try and maneuver his nets between these piers and his answer will inevitably be laced with four-letter words. Of course, the local fishing take, as well as the Alaskan runs, have been so badly reduced by Georgia-Pacific, the pea-processors in the Fraser River, and now Intalco with their aluminum slag dumping, not to mention the foreign fishing competition, that it is almost inconsequential economically anyway. But it used to be a damned good life, following the salmon runs.

So what difference, one might ask, are a couple or three lousy piers going to make? Simply this: this world badly needs this food product. It may mean that just that many more people will survive the expected world famine in the next couple of decades. Everything we can do to increase our food production is critical. Bringing in the refineries was an environmental tragedy, but welcoming the piers and the supertankers to further augment the critical situation in which the fishing industry now finds itself is sheer idiocy. Or rather it was opportunistic—on the part of the oil companies and their happy promoters your county officials.

BEACHES

Next let us look at the aspect of the beaches. It is a bit late to look to the beaches at this point, because, of course, there are virtually none. From Seattle to Bellingham the railroad right-of-way parallels the coastline. Through the environs of Bellingham, your officials could only find about a hundred feet of public shoreline from which to develop a boat launch, and it took years of squabbling and much political maneuvering to accomplish this much.

Of course, who wants to launch a clean white boat into the green scum of Bellingham Bay anyway? Between the log dump, the city dump (euphemistically called a sanitary fill)

and the pulp mill with its putrid emissions of sulphur dioxide and mercury, not to mention others unknown to the public, Bellingham Bay is a cesspool rimmed with signs which state in effect: water polluted, unfit for human or fishlife.

From Bellingham north to the Border, you, the public, have been provided with two miles of beach out of the thirty to forty miles of coastline. Birch Bay Park closes at 10:00 p.m., and no beachfires are allowed. Big benevolent deal! (Birch Bay Park, by the way, is run by a private operator.) The three refineries and Intalco have swallowed up all the beach from Sandy Point to Whitehorn Point, although the public can legally stroll across the Intalco access areas. (You might, while you are there, pick up a few pieces of aluminum slag which washes up in the area. This last apparently is the result of either accidental or deliberate dumping off-shore.)

There presently is an area between Intalco and Atlantic-Richfield of some several hundred acres and a few miles of beach which is privately owned and being packaged for a deal of some sort for heavy industrial development similar to the neighboring industries. It's really uninhabitable anyway because of its proximity to Intalco. The trees and the rest of the foliage is already dying. Cattle in the area, we all now know, are either dying or slowly degenerating into physical monstrosities from the fluoride effluent from Intalco. Actually the site, which is a beautiful, lonely beach, could probably best be adapted for use by a corporation such as Dow Chemical. The production of biological warfare gasses and ghastly little microbes would be well suited to the area. On the alert, Whatcom County Development Council: here is your next industrial prospect!

HELPLESS ABANDON

Cass Farr, one of your State legislators, is presently living in the area adjacent to Intalco and looking at the environmental havoc which he helped to create with what can only be described as helpless abandon. He is

a tragic figure as he looks at the "after-birth" of the child he helped to create, Intalco and the refineries. The circumstance of economic necessity compelled the legislators and leaders of the Fifties and the Sixties to look almost anywhere for income and jobs for their people. Thus, Mr. Farr and the rest jubilantly welcomed Mobil.

Now, however, as Mr. Farr recently looked off across the last remaining beach in Whatcom County, at the dying shrubbery around him, he remarked, in words to this effect, that it is like a huge snowball cascading down the hill. Mobil, Intalco, Atlantic-Richfield, Standard (yet to build) all represent industries and corporations that cannot be controlled on a local level. The management of these industries, a faceless mass, are unresponsive to the environmental and human needs of the community. Even more tragic, however is the fact that they are equally unresponsive to the legislators.

How Local Leaders Sold Out

CITY HALL

It is an unfortunate fact that many of the local legislators are incapable of coping with the caliber of professionals who handle the affairs of these huge corporations. A successful experience in owning and managing a grocery store does not qualify a person to negotiate on an equal basis with a board of faceless financial professionals in New York and Paris. They may well be ethically and morally unimpeachable but few of them can cope with a board of directors.

It is significant, however, that these local legislators and officials know how to cope with you people in Whatcom County. The Army Corps held a public hearing on the instance of each of the previously mentioned piers. At each hearing public awareness was so nil that no opposition was apparent. Even given the circumstance of lack of ability to cope with the overall situation, your country legislators and officials have obviously abdicated their moral and ethical responsibility in not publicizing the public hearings. They are responsible to you. Ask yourself,

"Why are we now in the path of a cascading snowball?" and you will have to recognize that their undercover activities have either been deliberately inspired or are the result of ignorance. Either way, it is you who lose your environment.

The point of all this is that your elected officials have in the past naively allowed these industries, which are totally unsuitable and incongruous with the local environment, to settle. Now they are unable or unwilling to stop the trend. You are saddled with industries which will not voluntarily control their hazardous emissions and effluents. Rather than insist on all adequate controls being built into their systems on construction, they now must be forced to install after-the-fact controls. It is like turning a lion loose in the park before defanging and declawing it.

Only when you are aroused sufficiently to march en-masse into the Courthouse and City Hall and demand action in these and other hearings, only when you demand of your candidates for office that he make clear his intentions, will you be relieved of these arbitrary activities and policies. A community which will allow one solitary arbitrary official to ignore a public plea for an adequate small boat launch in Bellingham Bay (and this is precisely what your Mayor Williams did), can only expect more of the same arbitrary treatment. (One mass meeting by every boat owner in Whatcom County would have quickly changed this gentleman's mind in spite of his apparent conflict of interest in Bellingham Boom. At least he should have been forced to deny or accept the validity of this rumor.)

In spite of many charges to the contrary the American system of government, with its system of implied powers and right to assembly, is the most democratic form of government the modern world has known. Even the Greeks, to whom we look for our example of democracy, had their Healtos, or slaves. We have our slaves, but they are caught in a voluntary type of slavery. The path to the economic slavery which we now have in an ever-increasing dimension, as industrialization expands, intersects at some point with political slavery. It is at a point where the philosophy of all political parties becomes predominantly concerned only with economics at the expense of human needs, when these formerly divergent philosophies converge into an inseparable body which allows no alternate legitimate political activity that economic slavery intersects with political slavery. Unless you, all of you, young and old, awaken to this eminent danger, and become actively involved in your political party, attend the meetings, support and direct the activities of these parties, locally, statewide and nationally, democracy as we cherish it, is finally doomed after a two-hundred year experiment. It will go down in history as another gallant try at human justice.

Call your party headquarters or your precinct chairman now. Demand responsibility from your candidates and elected officials. Save our government and what is left of our environment. Or is it worth it?



"As far as I'm concerned, all this damn flapdoodle about the environment is just a trick to take our minds off the Commies."



Bristol Bay, Alaska

Naknek, Alaska (Aleutian Press Service)—Fishermen who had 'geared up' for what was to be a bonanza year in Bristol Bay came away somewhat disgusted because the canneries, in their words, had 'geared down.' Highliners (top fishermen) said they spent more time standing on the dock than they did fishing. Many felt the canneries were to blame for not tooling up for this year's run.

"We waited five years for this run," stated the skipper of the Tiger Shark, a top Bristol Bay boat. "It is us, the ones who can produce and who want to, we're the ones who get hurt." Experienced highliners, who anticipated catches of 35,000 or more, finished the season far short of expected totals. The average catch for New England Fish Company boats was only 14,000.

This summer's red salmon run peaked on July 4th and ended July 16th. Fishermen were placed on limits and numerous closed periods were forced upon them by the canneries.

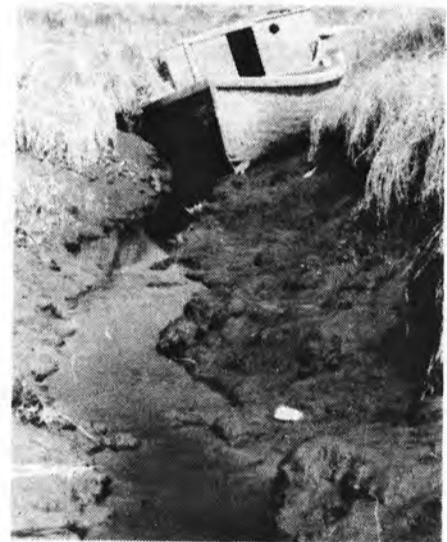
Informed sources report that the roots of fishermen complaints lie in the fact that cannery officials conspired to limit the size of the pack, thereby maintaining the price of canned salmon at an artificially high rate. The run was so heavy at times that fishermen couldn't help but catch more fish than their limits allowed. As a result, many fish were wasted for lack of markets to handle them. Skipper Michael Scrivanich of Seattle, who first fished Bristol Bay in 1951, estimated that 2 million fish were wasted because fishermen couldn't sell them.

The Alaskan Department of Fish and Game (ADFG) reports that the size of this year's run was between 40 and 45 million fish, well below the expected 60 million. The runs in two of Bristol Bay's five major rivers, the Naknek and Egegik, failed, forcing early closures on both areas. Authorities attribute this failure to incursions by Japanese and South Korean fishing fleets.

Although foreign influence did not seriously affect American fishermen this season, due to the size of the run, fishermen express concern about the future. Already Congress has been asked to extend territorial waters to 200 miles as is done by Peru. Pete Petersen, Columbia Ward drift net fisherman and operator of 4 set net sites in the Egegik River, said "We have built up our fisheries and provided for their conservation. Those salmon were spawned on American soil and return to American soil to die. Just because your chicken wanders into your neighbor's yard doesn't make it his chicken. The same goes for our salmon. Hell, I thought we conquered Japan once."

One fisherman summed feelings up when he was seen imitating a Japanese fisherman to some of his buddies in the Naknek Bar. "You poor American fishermen are pretty dumb cookies."





photos by jack much

Special photographer for Aleutian Press Service, Naknek, Alaska 99633



Politics

Carl Maxey to Speak Twice in Bellingham



Where's Henry?

Carl Maxey, the U. S. Senate candid — oh hell, you know who Carl Maxey is by now — anyway, Maxey will be in Bellingham twice this week, trying to drum up enough support in Whatcom County to defeat Henry Jackson in the September 15 primary.

Maxey, who has picked up enormous strength and press coverage ever since the State Democratic Party Convention in Spokane, where his supporters dominated the convention and passed a lib-rad platform, will be here on Friday, August 21, at the Whatcom County Fair in Lynden at 2 p.m.

His Friday schedule looks like this in the event you want to catch him during one of this stops:

- 10:00 a.m. — News conference, Democratic Headquarters, State & Holly
- 11:00 a.m. — Neighborhood Coffee (Call 734-8040 for address)
- 12 noon — Speech at open meeting of the Washington Club, Bellingham Hotel
- 2:00 p.m. — Lynden Fairgrounds
- 4:00 p.m. — supermarket visits, handshaking, etc.
- 5:00 p.m. — Cocktail party at the Ellis home, 406 Briar

Maxey then leaves for appearances in Spokane and Seattle, but will return Sunday afternoon for the Democratic Party picnic, 2:00 p.m. in Ferndale. Call 734-8040 for details.

If you're interested in helping the Maxey campaign — ringing doorbells, putting a sign on your lawn, phone calling, stuffing envelopes, or just in donating several thousand dollars — call the Sodts at 733-9184, or Demo Headquarters at 734-8040.

at Lynden Fair, Aug. 21

at Demo Picnic, Aug. 23

McCarthy to Speak for Maxey in Seattle Sept. 10

Senator Eugene McCarthy, whose 1968 peace campaign is credited with toppling Lyndon Johnson from the Presidency, will speak in Washington September 10 to support the Senate quest of Spokane attorney Carl Maxey. Maxey is challenging Senator Henry M. Jackson for the Democratic nomination in this state's September primary.

McCarthy's schedule of appearances has not been worked out, but this will mark the first time in at least 20 years that a senator has appeared in support of a man challenging an incumbent of his own party. The Minnesota Senator is himself not seeking re-election this year, and has said he may participate in a third party effort in the 1972 election, if reform movements within the Democratic Party are unsuccessful.

The McCarthy appearance should boost a Maxey campaign which has been soaring since the Democratic State Convention held in Spokane in mid-July. The challenger's supporters achieved a platform favorable to their candidate at the convention, and a demonstration of support for Jackson was overwhelmed with people chanting "Peace now!" and carrying Maxey signs. Since the convention, political commentators throughout the state have been re-evaluating their earlier dismissals of the Maxey challenge.

McCarthy's motivations in appearing for Maxey may well center on Jackson's advocacy of ever larger defense expenditures. The incumbent Washington Democrat led the fight for the anti-ballistic missile in the Senate last year while McCarthy has on numerous occasions denounced the ABM as unnecessary. The Minnesota Senator was a strong critic of the Pentagon during his 1968 campaign.

— joel connelly

Sleepytime at The GOP Convention

by k. roger woods

My wife and I attended the recent Republican State Convention in Yakima. Neither of us were there in any official capacity, though I did feel compelled to carry numerous Passages under my arm and yes, in what we thought acceptable political fashion, we both sported Maxey buttons. It had been a beautiful drive that morning and I, for one, was keyed for some healthy political confrontations. We didn't have to wait long, for soon the "Carl Marxy" hecklers were on us and then, out of the mid-morning sun came a screaming man, with sun glasses and a wagging finger, telling us to get our filthy paper out of there and go to church.

After a full minute of his deafening recitations, the unfriendly crowd began to thicken and we began to question just how healthy this political society was. Mind you, I still must pass a Marine Corps Reserve inspection once a month and our clothes were relatively clean, so we weren't in the slightest appearance as super freaks.

Somewhere during this time the flag salute began echoing out into the halls, "with liberty and justice for all," and most of the good people began moving back to their appointed positions. The two of us climbed the stairs to the gallery and as I looked around I began to realize, much to my disgust, that I had become quite self-conscious and that even the nice people in the gallery were not about to accept the Passage accompanied by a Maxey button.

As the keynote speaker was being escorted to the podium, I became very much aware of the utter correctness and orderliness of various things at this convention. For one, nobody seemed to be wandering around talking. Even the entire unwanted King County delegation, which was seated opposite us in the gallery, sat very quiet watching. Red, white and blue seemed to be the going thing, for not only did it surround the convention floor but numerous women wore it. At the most, there were a dozen machined posters spattered about, and only two rather large hand painted types, all of which was gazed down upon by huge nice pictures of our President, Vice-President, and Governor. Unquestionably, to me the whole atmospheric tonw was apathetic and low. I mention all of this, not to hit you with a judgement, but simply to point out that by comparison, the Democratic convention — which we also attended, as delegates — was truly a rock festival.

Catherine May, Washington State's only female representative to Congress is a true power personality. That is, if I can judge her by her keynote speech that day. In less than a minute she took full command, then displayed her power by lifting, pushing and finally flinging her president and all that he stood for high-high in the sky. It was to be the highest sound of the entire day. The people literally tore from their seats clapping fiercely as she ended her speech. She seemed to have entered into their blood and told them their truth: that regardless what the liberals, blacks, hungry and dead may

scream, all is well in the best of all possible worlds.

The debate lasted over an hour but it took only 5 minutes for the 173 delegates from King County to file out of the gallery and out of the convention. They were not to be seated. The rules had prevailed, they were for the big and little alike, and the Republicans had made it clear

that day. I heard only three dissenting comments from their orderly departure and one felt assured that next time King County would elect 3 not 2 delegates from each precinct and also let the 18, 19, and 20 year olds have the right to vote. The remainder of the rules were voted on and passed and then the convention was recessed for lunch.

Governor Evans was leading the way as we entered for the afternoon session and I consciously led my wife to a more remote section of the gallery. (We had even debated removing our Maxey buttons, but then why: for acceptance?) Evans was busy methodically explaining the necessity for tax reform. It sounded convincing and I was convinced, though it was obviously a bit heavy for most people there, especially after lunch. He moved onto youth, requesting that the delegates vote for lowering the state's voting age to 19, and asking youth to work from within and to denounce the ways of the revolutionaries. He seemed like a very nice man that day, gave a nice speech and recieved a warm almost loving applause.

The next two and a half hours were devoted to the passage of the platform and three resolutions. It was a very quiet 2½ hours even when that young man from Spokane (whom they later found out was neither a delegate or alternate) made a motion that "Washington State should not allow any man to be drafted into a war that was undeclared by Congress" The truth was, it was very hush-hush during those few moments until another young man from the College delegation made a move to table it.....and it was over. Yes, there was some little debate on whether to prohibit oil drilling on Puget Sound, the 19 year old vote, and the tax reform measure, but, as predictthey all passed.

It was rather ironical that as we were leaving we should be walking behind the only black.

By the way, you can get good peaches in Yakima at \$1.60 for a 29 lb. box.

The Revolution Is Over, Now The Struggle Begins

by david mc reynolds

The left today calls for a revolution, not seeing that, in a true sense, the revolution has already occurred, and that the revolutionary's task is to organize that revolution which is. The society we are living in needs new institutions, and the cry of young radicals for revolution is paradoxically both valid and unnecessary. The revolution is over, the task is finding the "revolutionary institutions" that will save us.

There is always a great deal of talk about "revolutionary violence." and so, as a pacifist, I want to deal with revolution and violence. First, a revolutionary period is always violent, and there is no point wasting emotional energy deploring it. The violence is usually totally senseless, misdirected, tragic. It is possible I will be killed, for example, by an extremist of the right, but it is also possible I might be killed by an extremely committed, courageous, decent frightened young kid from the extreme left, who views pacifists as the primary enemy of the revolution. A Jewish merchant in Harlem, a man who has made a good living from selling poor people things they don't need at prices higher than they would pay elsewhere in the city, may be cut down some night by a junkie who panics—not by some community "committee of justice"; while, around the corner, an old Jewish doctor who under-charges his patients and over-works himself is knifed to death by some psychotic black militant who thinks the Jew is the enemy.

There is no justice during a revolution. How do I find the justice involved in the death of kids from heroin? What is the sense of ghetto residents firing at fire trucks that have come to put out fires? All of this violence simply reflects a revolutionary period when old values and institutions have no power.

One must note—forcefully—in passing, that all the violence of black militants and white idiots, such as the Weathermen, does not begin to match the violence of the state. Each week, Nixon's policies mean 100 American boys come home in aluminum boxes and thousands of Vietnamese die and are buried. If Abbie Hoffman crosses a state line with the thought of rioting, he will be sentenced to five years in prison, but if the Chicago police actually engage in a riot, as charged by the Walker report, nothing will happen to them. Such is the nature of American justice.

REVOLUTIONARY JUSTICE

Another example occurred just after November 15, 1969, when Dave Hilliard, a Black Panther leader on the West Coast, spoke to a crowd in San Francisco and said that if Nixon stood in the way of justice, he would be killed. I didn't like Hilliard's statement (and neither did the crowd of young radicals who heard it), but it was *only a statement*. Yet, almost at once, Hilliard was arrested, while Nixon—who does issue death orders—remains secure as President, above all law, civil or moral, and, I assume, praying as Johnson must pray, there is no divine punishment for evil.

In short, it is the lawlessness of the state itself that creates the greatest violence and that leads, because of its intense violence, to a breakdown of moral authority.

Revolutions are rarely particularly violent, though they are generally repressive toward the old order. Cuba under Castro is probably less violent than Cuba before Castro. Algeria, miserable as it may be under its present rule, is certainly less violent than during the long rebellion against France. And, while Nixon worries publicly about the "terror" the Communists might bring to Vietnam if

they won, it must be said that it would take great technical skill on their part to kill as many Vietnamese as we have killed.

There are at least two prospects ahead of us. One is the creation of new institutions, new distributions of power, that would place us in a human relationship with the machinery of our times. The other prospect is the political reaction and physical repression Nixon has in mind.

TOTALITARIAN TROIKA

Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell are seeking to impose what must be termed a totalitarian regime. There can be no reasonable doubt about this. Agnew has attacked the press and TV; Mitchell ordered the Chicago trial and a general speed-up in prosecutions of political opponents. Mitchell triggered the attack on the Panthers. It is also Mitchell who dredged into the cracker barrel for Haynsworth and then dredged deeper still for Carswell.



IT DIDN'T WORK FOR ME, EITHER, DICK. NOBODY RESPECTS THE FLAG ANY MORE.

I deem it important not to exaggerate, to avoid paranoia where possible and to understate a serious point rather than overstate it, in the hopes it will carry more weight with serious men. It is in that conservative mood that I say we have, in Richard Nixon, a man who lied his way into Congress and then into the Senate with false charges of Communism against his opponents; a man who sought (along with Dulles) to persuade Eisenhower to unleash our nuclear power in Vietnam in 1954 when the French were losing. Nixon is a consummate politician who has written off the black vote altogether and is striving instead to hold his Southern base, hoping to destroy whatever chance Wallace might have in 1972. Nixon is a mechanical man, counting votes (effectively), and deciding to opt for a reactionary coalition that will build on Middle America's fear of the young, fear of change, fear of blacks, fear of hippies, homosexuals, Jews, and Communists. Nixon has always been a man who traded in fear, and he remains that today. His is an administration that carefully nurtures the worst in America.

Yet he will, I think, lose. He and Agnew and Mitchell have set to sea in a sieve and will sink. Hopefully, without a trace. One thinks of Kim Agnew wanting to protest the war and of Laird's son doing so. One thinks of the sons and daughters of politicians jailed, caught smoking pot, refusing to be drafted.

Mitchell is a terrifying figure—a Stalinist Chief of the Secret Police puffing on a pipe—but he is out of his depth trying to deal with all of us. The repression today is much worse than in

the McCarthy period, but that repression, back in the 1950's, came when the left was weak, and reaction moved in to fill a vacuum. Today, the repression comes because there is a movement, genuine, deeply rooted, widespread, and very threatening. Our jailers in the early 1950's were smug. Today, they are frightened.

But there is always a chance the left will make some or all of the following errors, permitting victory to go to these old men of the sea, sailing in their sieve.

CREATING THE REVOLUTION

First, partly by frustration, partly by lack of brains, partly by police agents in our midst, the revolution can be tricked into violence and provocative acts. Comrades, beware the police agent in our midst: he sounds more radical than any of us, and he will be released without bail after you have been jailed for a bomb plot.

Revolutionary theories of other lands do not fit us. If Mitchell had any business sense, he would give the Ozark mountains to the Weathermen, and other assorted violent revolutionists, and charge admission so that foreign guests could see "live American guerrillas in their natural habitat." Neither in the city nor the countryside can guerrilla war be carried on. There is no ocean for us to swim in, if we seek to be violent fish.

Those are tactical points. More basically, we accomplish nothing if we chant, "Off the pigs," except to show what poorly trained Marxists we are. Cops are agents of the system, taking its pay to enforce its laws. Cops are not the system itself—just the agents. They are no different from the troops we've got in Vietnam, and, if we can learn to talk to our troops in Vietnam, why can't we learn to talk to our cops? The system is our target, not the cops.

But we also lose the battle morally if we permit ourselves to be brought to the level of treating any man as an object, seeing his uniform (or his color, or his religion) rather than seeing him. We understand that the black heroin addict who knifes an old lady to death to get a few bucks toward his fix is a poor bastard caught in a trap. Don't we realize the cop is caught in the same trap? The same society that puts a knife into an old lady puts the club up against your head.

Second, we have to stop seeing the "liberal spirit" as our main enemy. It is one thing to understand that "official liberalism" invaded Cuba, authorized the Green Berets, began the Vietnam intervention, and started the CIA. But many Americans are non-dogmatic cheerful and trusting, and would work with radicals if we would stop biting them.

Third, the revolution may debate within itself, but it must not permit its own division. The political right unites easily, because it has property and privilege and wants to defend them. The right has little ideology, and it doesn't have much in the way of brains or courage. It simply has power. The left has ideology, which more often serves to confuse us than send us forward into effective battle. The Communists are fond of saying that "Marxism-Leninism is the weapon of the working class," which may even be true, but it is certainly a weapon with which radicals have generally done more damage to themselves than to the establishment.

Fourth, the revolution must be revolutionary. That is its most difficult task. It is easy to wear a guerrilla's beret, chant "Right On," and quote Mao. It is much harder to examine our own country, its needs, its people, and its special situation. Lenin examined Russia. Mao examined China. Castro examined Cuba. Why do our radicals examine Lenin, Mao and Castro instead of America?

Fifth, either the revolution will have a program or it will fail totally. People cannot stand endless chaos. Chaos without meaning provides a kind of unbearable tension rather than liberation. If the farmer never knows whether he will be able to harvest his seeds, if the mother never knows when the milk will be in the store, and if none of us know when the subways will run, we will finally opt for concentration camps, secret police, troops, and Attorney General Mitchell. Revolutionists must offer a program that gets milk to babies, keeps the subways running, and allows the farmer to plant, tend, and harvest.

Sixth, the revolution must not have contempt for the people. We say we love the workers, but then we talk about "Middle America." We love poor blacks and hate poor whites, though both groups are racist. If we do not understand that revolution seeks to liberate the whole people, then we will never win our revolution, will never organize our chaos, and should simply retire. If we insist on waging a revolution based on hatred and violence, we shall, in five or 10 years, have a revolutionary leader who looks just like Agnew and a Chief of Secret Police who looks just like Mitchell.

When one has contempt for the people, one does not listen to them. When one does not listen to the people, they have contempt for the revolution.

THE DANGERS OF VIOLENCE

And so, this final observation: the task of the revolutionary is to know his period in history. The very technology that has destroyed the power of the old order has also made violence an impossibly dangerous method of changing society. One can applaud the courage of the National Liberation Front and the existential fury that brings men into the Black Panthers, but that courage must not be ours. Our task is to revolutionize society and to save it. If man can survive, it will be on the basis of deliberately breaking down the conscious barriers of race, class, nation—and, even, age.

If we see the threat violence poses to everyone, we shall not try using it to change society. It is not a question whether we are all saintly enough to abandon violence (we are not), but whether we are smart enough. I am not saintly, and neither are you. That is one reason why the surrender of violence is a revolutionary act—because we are being forced to stretch ourselves, to act beyond what we thought possible. History is brutal, catching us always before we are ready, forcing us into decisions we lack the courage to make.

It is a terrible time in which we live, the city streets haunted with violence, our ghettos swept with addiction, our friends in prison or on trial, unspeakable violence in Vietnam, profound wickedness in our government. And yet, when would it have been better to have lived?

David McReynolds, who is International Field Secretary for the War Resisters League, wrote this article originally for a recent Village Voice.

eco- notes

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Since mercury-contaminated fish were first discovered in the U. S. on Michigan's Lake St. Clair in early April of this year, mercury has assumed the role of one of the most frustrating pollutants on the environmental scene. Its long recognized toxicity has unfortunately been held in apparent disregard by industries for years. "No one thought," said a congressional staff member recently, "that anybody would be stupid enough to dump mercury." But dump it they have.

Mercury tainted fish have prompted fishing bans or warnings in some 20 states to date: Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Louisiana, Tennessee, Texas, West Virginia, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Delaware, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, California, and last but not least Washington.

Various industrial sources of mercury pollution include chlor-alkali plants which manufacture chlorine gas and caustic soda for paper and pulp operations. Contrary to popular opinion, it does not remain in metallic, inorganic form after sinking to the bottom. Micro-organisms actually use the mercury metal in food cycles and pass it on to fish which concentrate it in muscle tissue as toxic methylmercury.

Seafood contaminated with this form of mercury was responsible for the death of scores of Japanese and 19 cases of brain damage in children.

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Some areas of Washington and British Columbia have had rainfall increases of as much as 40% because of air pollution by pulp mills and smelters, according to two University of Washington scientists. A study shows a dramatic increase in rain downwind from sulphite pulp mills, aluminum smelters and large sawmills with wood waste burners. Smoke from the pulp mills and smelters contain large amounts of cloud condensation nuclei around which raindrops of snowflakes form in clouds.

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Studies of the massive oil spill September 16, 1969 off West Falmouth, Massachusetts, (170,000 gallons of oil) are beginning to disclose their findings. 93% of all marine life was killed in three days. The kill is continuing. The polluted area is still spreading. The area is not yet repopulated (ten months later).

The polluted area now covers 5,000 acres offshore and 500 acres of marshes and tidal rivers. Pollution of the oceans below what is known as the thermocline—some 1200 to 1500 feet below the surface—could be more disastrous than pollution of the coastal waters.

Life conditions in the deep ocean have been constant for millions of years and the introduction of pollution into this stable but fragile environment could be more than the marine life could survive. This could upset the marine food chain with severe and perhaps catastrophic implications in the deep sea.

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Beautiful City Award: This month, the award goes fondly to Stubenville, Ohio, where the southerly winds bring in pollutants from 125 factories in the area and dumps it on the city—causing grass to turn blue, cattle to lose their teeth, and houses to turn black overnight.

A SURVEY

by joseph prunier

Industrial Pollution In the Northwest

In addition to Georgia-Pacific's pollution—which is so obvious, since the plant is located right in the heart of town—there are other local sources of industrial pollution. And no doubt there will be more as an increasing number of dirty industries move into the Northwest Washington area. (Already, Atlantic-Richfield is preparing its refinery; Standard Oil owns land in the same area; the smelly petrochemical industries are sure to follow.)

Chamber of Commerce types—that is to say, upper-middle class businessmen—are always interested in getting more industry into the area. More industry they say, represents "progress," and we all know that is good since it means a community is growing; they like to believe that increased industry means more jobs, that it increases the tax-base spread, and so on. Sometimes this is true on the surface, but what they conveniently ignore is that most of these industries are heavily automated, and what few jobs that do exist are divided up between the locals (who usually get the more menial tasks) and executive types from the outside. The big money, therefore, doesn't stay in the local area, but goes to the corporation's central offices somewhere else. In addition, you and I as taxpayers pay through the nose for highways to the plants, for increased schooling costs for imported workers' families, etc. Finally, you and I support these absentee landlords through the taxed cost of controlling their pollution through constant monitoring, and then the billions spent on cleaning up their mess when the inevitable accident occurs.

Intalco Aluminum

That "progress mentality" was in effect when Intalco Aluminum Corporation—a combination French-American firm, I believe—moved into the area some years back. "Jobs, Progress, Prestige" Few people thought of the farmers who for years had been stewards of the soil and foliage and the animals in their care. Only recently have many of those who welcomed Intalco with open arms begun to question whether this type of polluting industry is compatible with the lovely Northwest ecology we have here.

Fluoride is a highly toxic chemical which is given off in the aluminum-making process. If it's kept

within the plant, it may only be dangerous to the workers; but if it escapes into the open air, it lodges in the grass which is then eaten by the cows, or in the trees which brown-out and die.

Rumors of trees turning brown and of stunted cows and cows with mottled teeth and inferior bones began to arrive in the Passage office last Spring. We began to check them out around the same time that some local farmers around the Intalco plant sued the company for upwards of \$650,000 for damage to their dairy cattle and property. Michael Kerwick talked to the Barci farmers and took pictures of some stunted calves, and the Passage published the article in April. Shortly thereafter, the Passage published an open letter to Intalco (with a registered letter to the management) asking them to issue a public explanation about what the hell was going on out there in terms of fluoride poisoning. We sent copies of the letter, and of Mr. Kerwick's article, to all appropriately concerned governmental officials and bodies. But unlike our G-P letter, there was no response from Intalco. (They claimed that they could not comment while a law suit was in the courts. However, they saw no reason to comment before the law suit either.)

A second farmer, David Anderson, sued Intalco for more than \$500,000 claiming his purebred dairy cattle had been ruined. (Incidentally, all these stories usually can be found discreetly buried somewhere in the back pages of the Bellingham Herald.) Both Anderson and the Barcis added the Mobil Oil Refinery to their suit as co-defendants along with Intalco. Recently, a third property-owner, Ray Freeman, also filed a dual-suit against Intalco and Mobil for more than \$300,000.

Those farmers who did not join in the suits, but who felt they had some grievances against the Aluminum plant, were financially taken care of by the company.

Which brings us to the latest chapter. The Passage last month received reliable reports that Intalco was buying up diseased cattle from local farmers, and selling them to a slaughter-house. We traveled out to Ferry's slaughterhouse in Ferndale to check it out. (The president of Intalco is Bob Ferrie; whether he is related to the Ferrys who own the slaughterhouse is unknown, but doubtful.)

After some confusion, we were told that the slaughterhouse didn't want any publicity in the Passage and didn't want to respond to our inquiries. Without ever getting to the point of asking any



"Say, we must be nearer civilization than we thought. This is oil!"

questions about whether the cattle were being examined for fluoride poisoning, the conversation ended and we left the property.

Next step: call the meat inspection division of the State Agricultural Department in Olympia. We spoke to Dr. Mark Elliot, the state's chief meat inspector. He said he didn't know a thing about what we related to him, and said he'd check it out.

Later he told the Passage, that his inspector on the scene, veterinarian Dr. Lloyd Jones, reported to him that, yes, there were some cattle coming in from Intalco for slaughter, but they did not exhibit any visible signs which would indicate high concentrations of fluoride. He, Jones, said he had been notified by the slaughterhouse that they were handling cattle brought in by Intalco, but since he didn't find anything out of the ordinary with them, hadn't notified Elliot in Olympia.

If the cattle were carrying massive fluoride levels, visible symptoms would show for Dr. Jones to see, said Elliot, but visual or laboratory checking for fluoride poisoning is not something done as part of the routine meat inspection which, by law, is supposed to be carried out daily in each of the 35-40 slaughterhouses in the state.

Elliot said the state would have to do further research on what levels of fluoride in cattle (how many ppm, parts per million) would be dangerous if consumed by humans. 'This might logically bear looking into,' he said. He thanked the Passage for alerting him to the Intalco situation, and seemed satisfied that the matter was settled.

On another Intalco front, the plant's employees recently struck and bargained for a new contract, one which for the first time included environmental considerations of some sort. According to the union, the workers were under constant danger of exposure to fluoride vapors but, until their new contract, did not have access to the periodic urinalysis reports held by the company. In other words, they might be poisoned and never know it if the company didn't volunteer the information. Now they have automatic access to those records, and can request a urinalysis to be performed by their own physicians. They also are being permitted to sit in on future environmental studies by outside groups, such as universities.

Atlantic-Richfield Oil

As reported in the last Passage representatives of Atlantic-Richfield came to Bellingham last month to meet with all those who had written them concerning their plans for oil refining and shipping in the area. To get to the point, they evaded and distorted in an effort to mollify those deeply concerned for the ecology of Puget Sound and the islands and landmass.

What became apparent is that no studies have been

done on the problem of the tricky maneuvering that the supertankers will have to be doing through the San Juan Islands in order to get to the ARCO refinery. (For example, it takes two miles to stop a huge supertanker in an emergency, even if the propellers are racing in reverse at top speed; needless to say, some of the channels in Puget Sound are mere hundreds of feet wide.)

What also was learned as a result of this meeting is that ARCO is a member of an oil-combine which is seriously considering using the Northwest Washington area as the staging site to send oil via pipeline to the Midwest. In other words, all that Alaskan oil will come down here, will be stored and then shipped via a pipeline--that pipeline probably going through hundreds of miles of residential and wilderness areas. This increases ecological dangers - in tearing up open spaces for the pipeline, in oil spills - and it also brings petrochemical industries into the area like sucker-fish on a shark.

Mobil Oil

Little is known by us about the pollution of this first oil refinery in the area; we'll try to find out more in the months ahead. But apparently enough shit is effluviating from the refinery to cause three farmers, as noted above, to file suit against Mobil for cattle damage. Something must be going on: where there's oil, there's pollution.

Uniflite

In addition to clouds of black smoke which have risen regularly from the boat-building concern's South Bellingham site, Uniflite is engaged in what many consider to be a form of moral pollution. They have the distinction of being one of the few outfits in the area to be doing defense-oriented construction which helps carry out the imperialistic war aims of the United States. Uniflite is responsible for the construction of river boats used by the Americans and South Vietnamese Army in the Indochina War. Last spring, they were picketed by a group of WWSC students for their war activities and presented with a petition demanding that the company make a public statement explaining their position within two weeks. The company, the students say, agreed to do this, but to date has done no such thing. Meanwhile, they have picked up another Navy contract.

eco- notes

A major study group of government and university scientists warned recently that 500 supersonic transports in flight could spew as much pollution into the environment as did the eruption of the Bali volcano Mt. Agung in 1963. Jet transports will fly at 65,000 feet. A very rarified region where gases and particles produced by jets' exhausts may remain for one to three years before disappearing.



The U. S. Patent Office is now giving priority attention to anti-pollution device patents. Processing time can be cut from 3 years to 6 months if the applicant for a patent which can aid in curbing environmental abuses submits a written explanation of how his invention relates to the maintenance or restoration of one of the life-sustaining elements: air, water or soil.

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To illustrate the intense environmental concern of today's highway builders, earlier this year Transportation Secretary Volpe issued a glowing press release about the relocation of a Florida highway to avoid an eagle's nest. Alas, we are now disillusioned by National Audobon's newsletter: "It turns out that the nest has been inactive for at least seven years, and has been so reported by the nearby Manatee Audobon Society of Bradenton. The nest is in a tree on the property of a Bradenton City Commissioner, and the shift in the route means now the highway won't cut through the Commissioner's land.

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"We know not what we do" department: In an experiment at the University of California School of Public Health, rats exposed to polluted air containing 200 parts per million of carbon monoxide and other pollutants for three weeks switched to alcohol when offered a choice of pure water, a solution of alcohol and water, saccharine and water, and glucose and water. Dr. Robert S. Pogrud says he doesn't know why and cautioned that it would be premature to relate the study to humans.

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A Personal Ecology Note: The national president of the Fraternal Order of Police said in Baton Rouge, La. that law officers may start a shoot - to - kill campaign if they do not receive more public support. "Unless the courts will stop this permissiveness, unless the people we work for are going to back up us, then the feeling of policemen is maybe we better resort to the old Mexican 'duguello' - a shootout in which we take no prisoners," said Sgt. John Harrington, of the Philadelphia Police Dept.

Duguello is defined by the Holt, Rinehart and Winston Spanish-English Dictionary as "throat cutting, massacre or slaughter." Harrington told a Louisiana Fraternal Order of Police convention that radical groups have declared open war on police.



Easily the wisest thing I've heard said was: "Everyone's a genius nowadays--there's so many things to be among the best at doing. The only REAL genius is the person who has discovered just what thing he does best." (J. Hansen in *The Life and Times of Fat Jack*).

Today I'm a farmer--this moment, a mouth, and hopefully, hasslefree. Yesterday I was a great deal of all I saw. Today I see more and I'm a greater part of less.

We've got a large piece of ourselves tied up in this community--no longer a sub-culture, but a definite ethnic entity. I'm not sure if we're keeping the old values and chucking out the motives, or vice-versa...a rhetorical indictment whichever.

Newspaper, school, store, community center. Oops! No verb. I'm not sure I know which one to use, or if there is one.

The best month for growing is all around us. I'll grow a few extra vegetables if you keep the school running.



by charles krafft

The Magickal,

Aleister Crowley died in 1947, of old age and its attendant maladies. I read somewhere that his last words were, "I am perplexed!" These are rather strange words for a man who spent his entire life making it a point to know everything there is to know about death, or maybe they're not. Crowley often wrote and spoke in elaborate cryptograms. Maybe on closer inspection, these words reveal a totally different, even sublime meaning. He was without a doubt one of the greatest lyric poets, magicians, mountaineers and eccentrics of this century, and I wouldn't put it past him to leave the world with one last mystery to add to his growing legend.

I first became familiar with the name Aleister Crowley one evening at a friend's house. I was looking in his library and happened to pick out a Xeroxed, string bound, raggedy book entitled LIBER 777. I had to ask my friend to explain it to me because I had looked through it and hadn't been able to figure it out. It wasn't written in words, it was pages and pages of columns filled with symbols, astrological signs, names of plants, planets, metals, perfumes, weapons, elements and equations. Hardly anyone ever gets to read it now, because they're all out of print sitting on collectors' shelves. He said Crowley was a wizard who in 1904 had predicted accurately two world wars. He had also hinted at a drug that would effect a future culture, and inaugurate an occult renaissance. My friend went on to explain that the book I was holding was a magical dictionary, a sort of magician's desk reference that Crowley had compiled for programming trips.

I thought 'Magic, Ummmmm, Far out!' Then I forgot about it for a year.

I ran into the name Aleister Crowley again in an article I was reading about Kenneth Anger. It seems Anger, since the age of seventeen, has been totally freaked out on everything Crowley ever wrote or said or did. It seems some people in the Haight, after the summer of love, stole one of Anger's films because they thought it was a web of spells... Black Magic!

I thought 'Magic, Ummmmm, Far out!' And forgot about it again.

But before long, I was seeing the name Aleister Crowley everywhere. In books by Somerset Maugham, W. B. Yeats, Edith Sitwell. In occult periodicals, in little magazines, even the personals of the L. A. Free Press. I even found one of his own books in a shop. It was a long essay on the psychology of hashish and crude mescaline, published 20 years before Huxley's "Doors of Perception." I began meeting more people who knew about Crowley, people who collected and studied his rare and mostly out-of-print books on poetry, yoga, free masonry and magick. (He always spelled magic with an extra K.) They told me, always with enthusiasm, of Crowley's singular genius. How he walked up two of the highest mountains in the world. Without an oxygen mask. How he ushered in the aeon of Horus, the Egyptian equivalent of the Kali Yuga, with a forceful magical invocation in Cairo. How he walked across China. How he daily used the Tarot and the I Ching years before anyone took them seriously. How he could play two simultaneous games of chess blindfolded. How he intimidated almost everyone he ever met with his eccentricity, genius and magnetism. Etc.

I have always been interested in those fields of the occult which I think I understand. I'm very cautious in believing everything I read, though. When I started to get all this laid on me, I just figured I was hearing about an old fashioned T. Lobsang Rampa. I have an immense amount of respect for occultists like Gurdjeff and Madame Blavatsky whom I find quite practical people. But what I was hearing of Crowley sounded like shit. It was even more fantastic than Plumber - Lamas and Saucer people. Crowley was the Beast 666, the anti christ of the Book of Revelation. He was Ankh - F - N - Khonsu, the priest of princes and the personal scribe of the Egyptian Hawk God Horus. He was the master Therion. Aleister the Wanderer of the Waste. Frater Purderabo... in short, the greatest free - masonic - mountaineer - magician - poet - prophet who ever lived!

Mystical World

Through his adult life, Crowley was convinced that he was like Blavatski and others before him, in psychic contact with a secret circle of discarnate initiates who somehow help direct the spiritual evolution of mankind. **The Confessions of Aleister Crowley**, edited by John Symonds and Kenneth Grant (Johnathan Cape Ltd, London, 1969), is a long record of the trials and initiations Crowley endured in order to prepare himself for the immense responsibility of bringing their message to the earth. According to Crowley, in 1904 mankind entered the aeon of Horus. The cosmology and meaning is explained by Crowley thus:

There have been, as far as we know, two aeons in the history of the world. The first, that of Isis, is the aeon of the woman; hence matriarchy, the worship of the great mother and so on. About 500 B. C. this aeon was succeeded by the aeon of Osiris, that is the aeon of Man, the rather, hence the paternal religions of suffering and death - Judaism, Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. This aeon came to an end in 1904 when Crowley received *The Book of the Law*, and the new aeon, that of Horus, the Child was born. In this aeon, the emphasis is on the true self or will, not on anything external such as gods or priests. The word of the aeon is "every man and every woman is a star, do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law." It's no wonder Crowley was unpopular and went unrecognized among his Victorian contemporaries. He was too hip for his own times. "Do what thou wilt..." sound a lot like "Do your own thing," which is already a self evident law. Even today though, Crowley's life and works remain somewhat of a mystery. His more specialized works on magick are so thorough and complex as to render them almost inscrutable to all but his most ardent and devoted readers. He borrowed from, and transposed, reworked and interpreted almost every system, religion and philosophy that man has ever used to explain his presence on this planet.

But throughout it all he never for a moment forgot the importance of maintaining a sense of humor:

"I remember one man who attributed his failure to perform Asana properly to his exceptional physical energy. His body said he, was endowed with such force that he must be meant to move it. It was all very well for ordinary men to sit still, but for him it was clearly an unnatural notion. Five years later he told me he had become the strongest man on the planet and begged me to empty my revolver into his chest, if I didn't mind the bullets rebounding and breaking my windows. I spared my windows, and besides, I hate to clean my revolver."

Crowley began his magical career as a neophyte in the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, a Rosicrucian fraternity which at one time included among its members W. B. Yeats, "Dion Fortune", S. L. Mathers and Arthur Machen. He left Cambridge without taking a degree, and moved into a flat on Chancery Lane, under an assumed name, with Alan Bennett who was one of Crowley's superiors in the order. He constructed two temples in the flat, one for white magical operations and the other for black magical operations. He claimed it was to satisfy his sense of equilibrium. One of his magical preoccupations at that time, and one which he later incorporated into his own system of "magick," was **The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage**. Crowley described it as "the one startling exception to all the peurile nonsense written on the subject". When Bennett left the flat to join a Buddhist monastery in Ceylon, Crowley also left to find a suitably secluded country house in which to carry out the full operation of Abramelin.

The whole system is only possible after the aspirant has established communion with his holy guardian angel, i.e. his true self. It's a kind of yoga which requires months of solitary preparation. But Crowley didn't obtain success in the operation until a few years later. In the interim he busied himself with writing poetry and erotica, climbing mountains in Mexico, marriage, children, visits to India and Nepal. In 1904 the Abramelin operation flowered during an invocation in Cario, when Crowley received **The Book of the Law**, the word of the aeon of Horus, from his holy guardian angel "Aiwass". Throughout this period of his life, Crowley was receiving and administering initiation of various degrees connected with his original fraternity the Golden Dawn and other lesser known occult organizations which he headed.

of Aleister

In 1921 he was living in a commune he started in Cefalu, Italy. He had with him a number of disciples and eager aspirants. The Abbey of Thelema was a unique experiment in group living and tripping, and it was from this place that Crowley first began his autobiography. Before he could finish, he was ordered to leave Italy and the last sections of the book were dictated in exile from his abbey to one of his mistresses while under the influence of heroin. The book is written in six parts. It covers about two-thirds of his life, from his birth to the period he spent in Italy. His global adventures and particularly his brand of ceremonial "magick" and the resulting states of consciousness awakened by invocation are all vividly described, as are the other numerous and bizarre methods he used to expand his consciousness. Crowley possessed a phenomenal knowledge of all subjects relating to the occult, and for anyone interested in the history of the subject, his unmatched erudition and wit provide an excellent background for further research.

His descriptions of life in the literary and bohemian circles of London and Paris at the turn of the century are also amusing and brilliant:

"There was one literary light, W. B. Yeats, a lank dishevelled demonologist who might have taken more pains with his personal appearance without incurring the reproach of dandyism..."

In order to begin to understand Crowley, one should know something of Tantricism. The Tantras, according to Hindu scripture, are the wisdom teachings of the Kali Yuga, revealed by Lord Shiva through his divine female

Charles Krafft is the well-known artist and mystic traveler now living in Fishtown near LaConnor.

consort Shakti. The Tantrics believe that it is only through a return to primal unity (non-duality) that we can know the freedom of pure being. Tantricism uses the power of nature, human passions and instincts to conquer the world of the senses. The Tantras make allowances for human shortcomings, the cleverness and the scientific and technical achievements which mark this age. This is the way of the mystic and also "the left hand way," which may utilize eroticism and intoxication as a means of spiritual achievement. Among orthodox Hindus and Buddhists, the name Tantra is synonymous with every kind of erotic and sensual excess. The name Aleister Crowley has the same kind of notoriety in the western mystery tradition.

One particular period of development according to Crowley is the aeon of Horus, and he makes the same allowances for individual spiritual development that the Tantrics do. Crowley somehow knew that our technology would eventually get around to developing drugs that would enable us, under certain circumstances, to experience this state of primal non-duality. Being a man of the west, he also knew that we are an action and sex-oriented culture. His main contribution was to make a bridge between eastern Tantricism and the western esoteric tradition by inaugurating and introducing a system of thought and ritual whereby passion and intoxication can be astutely directed, with the help of the will, towards a spiritual end. A system which, if understood properly, has the momentum to draw man away from the bonds chaining him to pride, egotism, calculation, beliefs and self interest. The Vama Marga, Vajra Yana, and Sahajayist Tantrics who admit that the sexo-spiritual symbolism of the Hindu and Buddhist pantheons is a sublime double entendre, are really closer to the truth as it applies to both the east and west today. It was inevitable that both Crowley's magick and the philosophy underlying the Tantric left hand path have been mistaken for black magic. They both embrace the philosophy that through enjoyment one gains liberation:

"By passion the world is bound, by passion it is released."

- the Hevajra Tantra

"I am the snake that giveth knowledge and delight and bright glory, and stir the hearts of men with drunkenness. To worship me take wine and strange drugs whereof I will tell my prophet and be drunk thereof! They shall not harm ye at all. It is a lie this folly against self. The exposure of innocence is a lie. Be strong on man, lust, enjoy all things of sense and rapture: fear not that any god shall deny thee for this."

- The Book of the Law

Crowley

In his day, Crowley was an anathema to those more orthodox occultists and religious thinkers who were still laboring under the puritan concepts of morality fostered by the Victorians. He was an intrepid scholar who risked his reputation every time he opened his mouth or picked up his swan fountain pen. After reading his life as he wrote it, I am prepared now to believe he was all he claimed to be and everything and anything his followers and even his critics claim him to be. An avatar, he was at least a genius, and maybe the only real magician of this century.

On the cover of Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, there is a picture of Crowley standing between an Indian holy man and Mae West. It sums up everything he ever said. Go and look - it's a perfect introduction.

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2 - in - 1 Tendril Poem

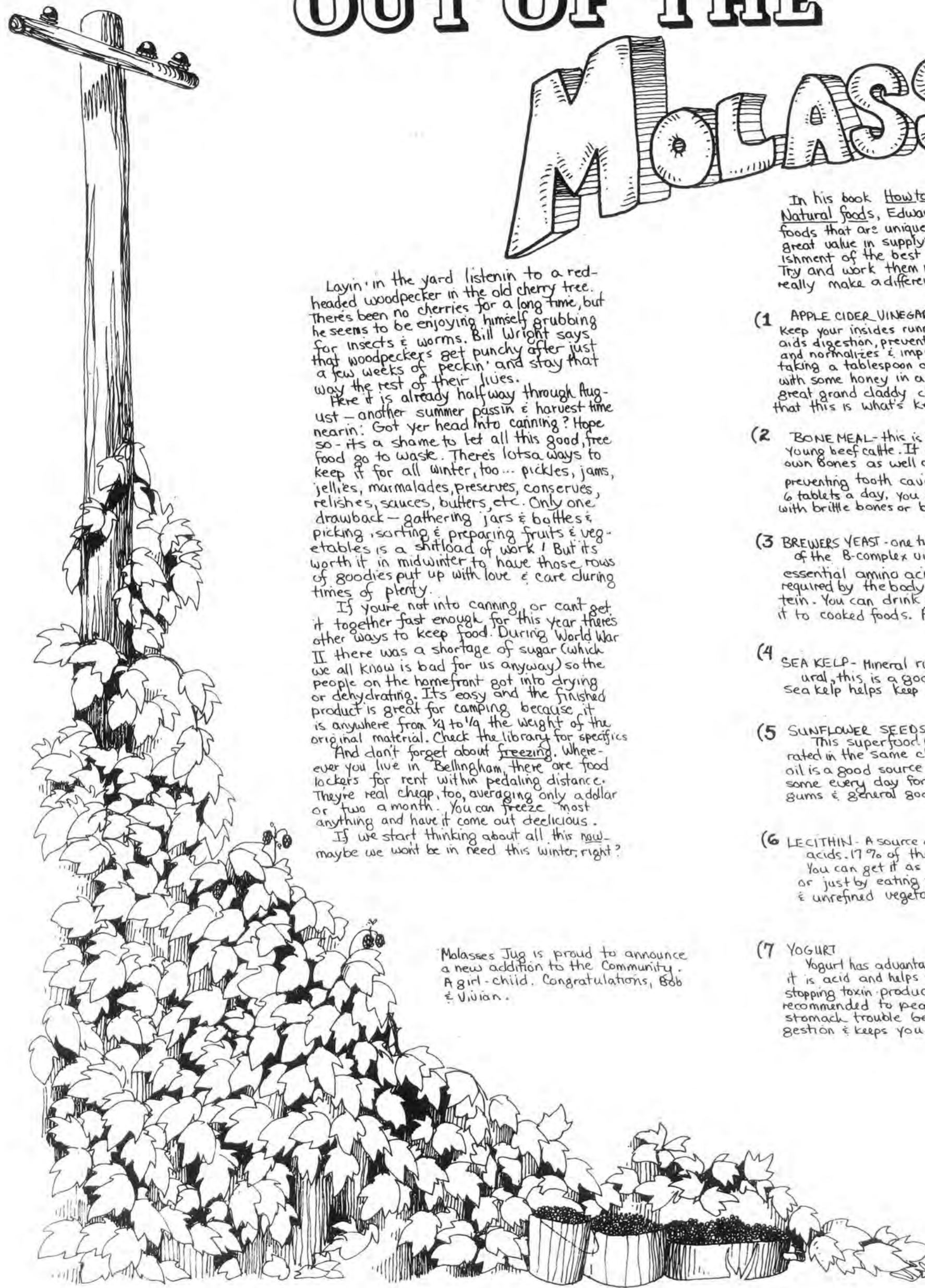
Untangling my tendrils
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in noise of spring's growing
Reach for lines
cocks crowing hens clacking
For their vines
glowing faces blowing
through warm blue Mays
in the wind in the basement
in the earth with the grasses
people on the pavement
not in classes
clouds are not building
they sail high over head
they pass, everything passes passes passes
if I pass, you won't mind
I have tendrils to unwind

Patrushka

Patrushka

OUT OF THE

MOLASSES JUG



Layin' in the yard listenin' to a red-headed woodpecker in the old cherry tree. There's been no cherries for a long time, but he seems to be enjoying himself grubbing for insects & worms. Bill Wright says that woodpeckers get punchy after just a few weeks of peckin' and stay that way the rest of their lives.

Here it is already half-way through August - another summer passin' & harvest time nearin'. Got yer head into canning? Hope so - it's a shame to let all this good, free food go to waste. There's lotsa ways to keep it for all winter, too... pickles, jams, jellies, marmalades, preserves, conserves, relishes, sauces, butters, etc. Only one drawback - gathering jars & bottles & picking, sorting & preparing fruits & vegetables is a shifload of work! But it's worth it in midwinter to have those rows of goodies put up with love & care during times of plenty.

If you're not into canning, or can't get it together fast enough for this year, there's other ways to keep food. During World War II there was a shortage of sugar (which we all know is bad for us anyway) so the people on the homefront got into drying or dehydrating. It's easy and the finished product is great for camping, because it is anywhere from 1/4 to 1/2 the weight of the original material. Check the library for specifics. And don't forget about freezing. Wherever you live in Bellingham, there are food lockers for rent within pedaling distance. They're real cheap, too, averaging only a dollar or two a month. You can freeze most anything and have it come out delicious.

If we start thinking about all this now - maybe we won't be in need this winter, right?

Molasses Jug is proud to announce a new addition to the Community. A girl-child. Congratulations, Bob & Vivian.

In his book *How to Be Healthy with Natural Foods*, Edward Mark lists seven foods that are unique because of their great value in supplying concentrated nourishment of the best kind to the body. Try and work them into your diet - they really make a difference!

- (1) **APPLE CIDER VINEGAR** - a cheap way to keep your insides running smoothly, vinegar aids digestion, prevents calcium buildups, and normalizes & improves metabolism. Try taking a tablespoon or two a day mixed with some honey in a glass of water. My great granddaddy claims to this day that this is what's kept him going!
- (2) **BONE MEAL** - this is the powdered bones of young beef cattle. It helps strengthen your own bones as well as aiding digestion and preventing tooth cavities. If you take 4 to 6 tablets a day, you won't have much trouble with brittle bones or bad teeth.
- (3) **BREWERS YEAST** - one tiny cell contains all of the B-complex vitamins, 16 of the 20 essential amino acids, all 18 minerals required by the body, and plenty of protein. You can drink it in juices or add it to cooked foods. A super energy food.
- (4) **SEA KELP** - Mineral rich and totally natural, this is a good source of iodine. Sea kelp helps keep things balanced.
- (5) **SUNFLOWER SEEDS** - This superfood is 25% protein and rated in the same class with meat. The oil is a good source of Vitamin E. Eat some every day for stronger teeth & gums & general good health.
- (6) **LECITHIN** - A source of unsaturated fatty acids. 17% of the brain is lecithin. You can get it as a granular supplement or just by eating foods like butter, eggs, & unrefined vegetable oils - also seeds.
- (7) **YOGURT** - Yogurt has advantages over milk because it is acid and helps friendly bacteria while stopping toxin-producing germs. Yogurt is recommended to people with gas or stomach trouble because it speeds digestion & keeps you clean.

Got apples? We have fine apples up here in the North West corner - more than we can eat, or make pies out of. So what else can you make with apples? Here's some ideas.

Apple Butter

4 cups cooked apple pulp or sauce
2 cups honey (or 3 cups sugar)
1 tsp. ground cinnamon
1/2 tsp each ground allspice, cloves, nutmeg

Wash apples, cut in quarters leaving in skins & seeds. Cover with water or fresh apple cider & simmer until fruit is reduced to a soft pulp. Press through a sieve or food mill - discard skins & seeds. Measure pulp & add spices & honey. Cook slowly, stirring constantly until the mixture has a nice deep reddish color & is very thick. Pour in jars & seal - Makes 2 1/2 pints.

Apple Pectin

4 lbs. tart apples
2 qts water
3/4 cup lemon juice

Cut apples into pieces, saving peels & cores. Cook in a covered kettle till mushy. Strain twice through a jelly bag or through a double thickness of cheese cloth. Don't press for that will make the juice cloudy. Pour juice into an open kettle & boil rapidly for 20 minutes. Add lemon juice. Bring back to boiling & remove from heat. Seal in sterilized jars.

Use apple pectin to make jellies from fruits with low pectin content. Combine equal amounts of pectin & fruit juice. Strawberries, peaches, pineapples, cherries, and other fruits may be made into excellent jelly in this way.

APPLE CIDER VINEGAR from apple wastes

Put peelings, cores & bruised apples in a wide-mouthed jar or crock. Cover with cold water. Keep covered in a warm jar or crock. Cover with cold water. Keep covered in a warm place. Add fresh peelings, cores & bruised apples from time to time. The "mother" that forms on top will gradually thicken. This is a starter for more vinegar. When the vinegar tastes sufficiently strong, strain, bottle & cork. Save the "mother" as a starter for the next batch.

Baked Apples

Core an apple for each person. Fill the hole in the middle with nuts, raisins, seeds, or any other goodies you have on hand. Spoon honey over the top & pop into a medium oven, basting occasionally with its own drippings. When the meat is soft, they're done.

If y' got any spare time, git on down to the community center (1000 Harris). They need experienced plumbers, carpenters and electricians to get the co-op store in shape. Also there's some shelves that need sanding, if you're willing. They desperately need basic store equipment like scales, refrigeration systems, counters, you name it. So c'mon husslers - if you have leads on some of this stuff, talk to Ron at the Center, or leave a note. We got to get it together.



Jamboree in Portland

The People's Army Jamboree—a mass mobilization of Americans who oppose Nixon's brand of imperialism—will be coming together in Portland August 28 through Sept. 3. The offensive has been planned to occur simultaneously with the National American Legion Convention at which Nixon is billed as a possible guest oinker.

Anti-war GI's on active duty who have fought in Vietnam, Vietnam veterans no longer in service, veterans of WWII, Korea and the periods of the cold war, are spearheading the Jamboree, organizing a mass march to counter the Legion's "March for Victory in Vietnam."

The Jamboree takes on added importance when we look at what's happening across the country and how the Legion relates to it. 1. Bobby Seale faces the electric chair in New Haven as a leading example of the systematic oppression and exploitation of racial minorities in America. 2. The people of Indochina are fighting a struggle for self-determination against American Imperialism. 3. Working people in this country find their living standards attacked in the form of lower wages, speed ups, higher taxes and unemployment as a result of our government's imperialist policies. Working class youths are being forced to fight in wars of oppression. 4. Women suffer under a capitalist system which exploits them economically and socially, and perpetuates the male supremacy which creates artificial divisions within our ranks. 5. Those seeking political or cultural change in America find themselves continually repressed by the Pig power structure. 6. Men drafted into the army find themselves trapped openly in a fascist system where they are stripped of their constitutional rights and forced to comply with a racist and imperialist power structure.

The People's Army Jamboree is rallying around these 6 issues. The American Legion claims to stand for 100% Americanism. To the People's Army Jamboree this means standing for the worst in America. The Legion has a history of strike busting and vigilante action during the big union struggles of the thirties, supporting the repressive measures of the ruling elite against the Black Panthers, the Communist Party, the SDS, and all other "subversive" organizations. In Korea and now in Indochina they have called for total and complete victory by any means necessary.

Melvin Laird, in his keynote address at the last convention, thanked the Legion for its "vigorous and effective" support of the administration's ABM proposal. The Governor of Puerto Rico will be at the convention in Portland in August and the Legion has called for Puerto Rico to be granted statehood. This is contrary to the Puerto Rican

struggle for independence. At the Legion convention in New Orleans a few years ago, drunken Legionnaires went on a rampage in the hip community busting up head shops and beating up longhairs.

The People's Army Jamboree, so far including people in Portland, Seattle, and Eugene, have tentatively made plans for six workshops, and a Victory to the Vietnamese celebration followed by a march led by the Veterans Against War in response to a planned "Victory in Vietnam" parade by the Legion. There will also be a mass torchlight march demanding that Bobby Seale and all political prisoners be set free. Smaller actions will take place at Portland's own Pig institutions. Throughout the week people will also come together for music, raps, and theater.

100% Schedule of Events

SATURDAY AUGUST

29—General orientation: get people together in affinity groups, get out legal defense and medical info, information type rally, possibly a rock concert and some guerilla theater.

SUNDAY AUGUST 30—Workshops on the 6 points, possibly national speakers on the 6 points, education around local pig institutions, music and theater.

MONDAY AUGUST 31—Victory to the Vietnamese celebration in the late afternoon and march in the evening. This is the day of the Legion's parade. Workshops in the morning. TUESDAY

SEPTEMBER 1—Demonstrations and actions at local pig institutions coming out of the workshops. Free Bobby Seale and all political prisoners, anti-racism torchlight march at night.

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 2—Continuation of workshop actions in the morning, clean-up and community services in the afternoon.

More or less co-incident with the Jamboree are two rock festivals, one, the Free People's Pop Festival planned with no thought of the Jamboree in mind, originally for Delta Park—but the city has withheld the tentatively agreed upon permit; the other, Vortex I (ex-Clear Creek, the "biodegradable" rock fest), was conceived and delivered by the Governor's office.

The Willamette Bridge has asked whether we should "give up our city to the police, the National Guard, and the Legion?", which is a good question. A war to which only one side comes is not the same as a war to which no one comes.

For more information write or call THE PEOPLE'S ARMY JAMBOREE: P.O. Box 843 Portland, Ore. (503) 224-2636 & Life Support Functions 233-3618



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WHOLE EARTH CATALOG

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Festivals, Festivals, Festivals!

by melissa queen

Looks as though the late summer rock festivals are upon us in full force this year. Quite apart from the People's Army Jamboree - which really is in a class by itself - there are four of them planned within the next three weeks. Being of a logical and orderly character, let's take them in the order of their beginnings.

The first is the four-day Columbia River Rock Festival, beginning this Friday, August 21. Since details are detailed fully elsewhere in this issue, suffice it to say that from this vantage point, this event looks the most promising. Most of the groups have agreed to play for expenses, many local groups - such as Bellingham's "GROUP W" (that's a free plug, in case you didn't recognize it) - will be playing, and all proceeds are intended to benefit the Chinook Indians. The site is purportedly lovely and all systems appear to be "go". (We've our fingers crossed that they will honor their promise to pay for the ad; our last three rock festival ads turned out to be freebees.)



The next beginning of a Festival is August 18 and here you're going to have to make a choice. Three of them start on that day. Since Sky River holds a soft spot in our hearts, let's begin there. Advance publicity says, "Sky River is in its third year." Yes, that's right - "year". While I did shed a tear over the second one, I didn't tear my hair, and I suspect they intended to write "year".

Now, it's always seemed to me that there was no sense in calling anything a second-annual anything, unless the first and the second events bear some resemblance to each other. In the case of festivals, I'd say that the site is a fairly important factor, the organizers are another. Since the sites of the first and the second annual Sky River Rock Festivals bore little resemblances to each other, I really hesitate to call this the Third-Annual Sky River Rock Festival. Particularly so, since the site is being kept a secret until the very last minute, presumably to avoid the kind of harassment that plagued the Buffalo Party to death.



(Last minute informed sources indicate that if you attend Columbia River, stay over an extra day, stay in the general area a day or two, then Sky River will be within shouting distance. Stay south, young man, stay south.)

In any event, Sky River will hopefully last for eleven days. Two full weekends with plenty of time Monday through Friday to rest up, lay back and take part in all the classes, workshops, and displays that are planned. However, say the organizers, "if you don't need any more trips on your head, there will be plenty of nature to trip in."

The fascinating aspect of this festival is that the tickets will actually be deeds to the land on which the festival is to be held. When it's all over, you can decide what you want to do with the land; you will be a legal partner in the ownership of the land. We will all own the land, a liberated zone. Sounds groovy. And I hope it works.

We have a friend in Palo Alto who once had a similar scheme. He planned to buy some remote timber land and then deed it to all the folks listed in the San Bernardino telephone directory. That way, the land could never be sold without the consent of all those people. 'Twould cost a potential developer a pretty penny to contact and gain the consent of all those people.

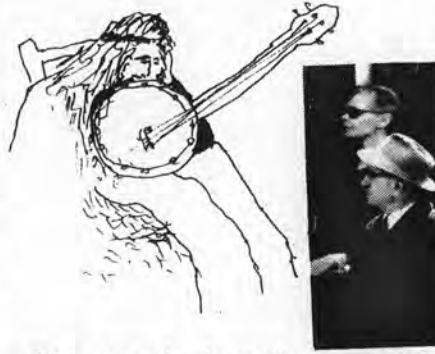
So that's this year's Sky River. You'll notice that I've neglected to mention who's playing. That's cuz there are 29 groups listed in the publicity blurb; if I mention a few, they'll no doubt be the no-shows. There's bound to be some good music, if the festival really happens, and really worthy of mention is the San Francisco Mime Troupe. We saw them perform in Bellingham last year and in Mill Valley two years ago, and they are fantastic. Worth the price of the \$11 ticket in itself.

But if you make Sky River, you'll miss the People's Army Jamboree, so you pays your money and you takes your choice.



Which leads nicely into mention of the two alternative festivals in the Portland area that are planned to coincide directly with the Jamboree. This is a bit confusing, so listen carefully.

The "Free People's Pop Festival" is planned for Delta Park - within the city limits of Portland, but near the Columbia River and well out of the downtown area. Originally scheduled for the week before the Jamboree, the organizers were persuaded (by "concerned organizations and the city government") to move up the dates to August 28 - September 3 "to create an alternative for those concerned about possible violence in the streets at that time" (quotes are from the Willamette Bridge). The Bridge reports though that the city has not yet issued a permit, so one can only wait and see what happens on this one.



The second alternative is called "VORTEX I". Originally called Clear Creek, it was designed specifically as an alternative to the People's Army Jamboree. Vortex organizers began to foresee the kind of violence that could result from a confrontation between the American Legion and a People's Army. And they decided to organize an alternative culture festival to demonstrate that a viable counter culture is indeed alive and flourishing in this country. The site is McIver State Park, 30 miles east of Portland, same dates - August 28 to September 3.

Vortex I will be free and will include an arts and crafts exchange. Ten tons of brown rice have been donated to the festival by a natural foods store in Portland, so you can expect a fine macrobiotic diet while you're there. Music will abound at this "biodegradable" event, and there's even power and room available for anyone wanting to set up a ham radio station on the site. The phone number in Portland is 222-1948.

So there you have it folks! Lots happening these days - in the cities and in the country. Have a fine festival or four, and the gods willing, you'll survive the Labor Day traffic and traffic jams. Remember, patience is a rock waiting for its first thought.



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Letters

Dear N.W.P.,

In your recent issue (July 14-27) on the 23rd page is an article entitled "What Goes On Here." I am very thankful for this information and will travel to Canada to buy the Chemithon soap. I would also like the three companies mentioned in the article to hear of my plans and of my disgust at their ecological irresponsibility. The three are: Lever Bros., Palmolive and Proctor & Gamble.

Thank you,

Richard W. Byrnes

Recycling

Dear NWP:

I have just finished reading your July 14-27 paper and it put me in a state of depression and worryment all day, so I decided to write to you to find out more about certain articles and to see what I could do.

First off, though, I would like to say that I really like your paper. It just seems like a different world from the regular newspapers.

But now the questions: In your eco-notes you mention that Berkeley is re-cycling tin cans, glass, aluminum cans and paper. In Washington where can you take all the above objects to be recycled. Is there any chance that Bellingham or any other community in King County might do this?

The reprint on the Armies Chase. Is there anything an individual can do about this? It really made me angry. I would appreciate this information. Thank you very much.

Sincerely yours,

Ms. Becky Manning

[ed. note: The Environmental Works, N.E. 40th & University Way, Seattle, 543-8700, is accepting bottles and cans for re-cycling. They can also tell you how to cope with paper.]

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news briefs * * *

an invitation from N.W.P.

Every day the NWP post office box overflows with underground papers from all over the country. Twice a week, we receive a packet from Liberation News Service. All this in addition to manuscripts, news releases and the usual assortment of third-class junk.

Since we can't possibly publish all of it (nor would we choose to even if we could), we'd like to invite our readers to stop by the office to peruse any or all of it.

There are heavy and fascinating political and social trips happening all over right now and if you'd like to learn more about them, do stop by.

In the Northwest, the New Times Journal (Seattle), the Natural (Spokane), the Willamette Bridge (Portland) and the Georgia Straight (Vancouver, B.C.) are all doing a fine reporting job on what's happening in the cities. NWP hopes you will care enough about what's coming down to look into any or all of them.

Free U Ready

Northwest Free University is readying itself for the Fall Quarter. If you have a course or a workshop you'd like to coordinate, or an idea for a class you wish someone would teach, write P.O. Box 1255, Bellingham.

The Fall Catalog should be out by mid-September, listing all the courses and workshops.

This will be the third year of the Free U's operation in Bellingham. To date, more than 2,000 persons have participated and more than 200 courses have been created.

BELLINGHAM FOOD CO-OP

Completion of the Bellingham Food Co-op store is just around the corner, according to Ron Sorenson, the co-op manager. "We hope to be open for business by October 1," he told us recently.

The store will be located on the ground floor of the Good Earth Community Center at 1000 Harris on the south side of town. Over 1200 square feet of floor space has been renovated for the store. Shelves were recently acquired in Seattle and will be installed upon completion of electrical wiring and plumbing.

Work parties are being held each week-end at the store. If you are able to lend a hand or a tool, stop by 1000 Harris on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon. There's plenty of work to be done to turn the store into a real "co-operative."

YOUNG LORDS LIBERATE LINCOLN

New York (LNS)—A group of about 200 Puerto Rican men and women from the Young Lord's Party, Health Revolutionary Unity Movement (a city-wide radical union of black and Third World health workers) and the Think Lincoln Committee made up of workers and patients from Lincoln Hospital, returned the hospital to the people of their community. Among their demands were door-to-door health services for preventive care, sanitation control, nutrition, drug addiction, maternal and child care, day care and senior citizens' services, a permanent 24-hour-a-day grievance table, and a \$140 minimum wage for all workers.

The group occupied Lincoln for 12 hours. They flew the Puerto Rican flag and had banners in the window saying "Bievenido al hospital del pueblo"—"Welcome to the People's Hospital."

Lincoln Hospital is located in an industrial area of the South Bronx (a borough of New York City). The group liberated the hospital because it was "only a butcher shop that kills patients and frustrates workers from serving these patients." The building itself had been condemned 25 years ago.

Several weeks ago the Young Lords liberated a TB truck and gave free services to the people.

The liberation of the hospital served to publicize the conditions there. The next day a complaint table at Lincoln was operating, and 75 employees met to begin figuring out how to return Lincoln to the people for good.

mommie, what does justice mean?

In Bellingham last week, three people went for a swim in Lake Padden. When they returned to their car, they found a uniformed, camera-carrying game warden who had photographed the 12 marijuana plants in the back seat. He asked them to please wait for the arrival of the police.

The plants were thrown over a cliff while the three waited. When the police arrived, some of the plants were retrieved, and the swimmer who owned the car was asked to appear in court at noon the next day.

He did and was charged with possession of a dangerous drug. He was released and asked to return to court at 9:30 the next morning. At that time, Judge Kurtz sentenced him to 90 days (suspended) and six months probation. His parole officer is reportedly an ex-junkie.

A fascinating contrast with John Sinclair who is currently serving a 9½-10 year sentence in Marquette Prison for possession of two joints.

Another fascinating contrast: the same judge who sentenced Sinclair handed down a 7-10 year sentence one week earlier to a man convicted of second degree murder.

In Dallas, Willie Lee Johnson is serving 20 years for selling a 50-cent joint to a narc. In Bakersfield, Calif., there is a death sentence for possession and sale of marijuana.

"Well, darling, justice is a hard one...It has to do with being fair with people and making sure that everyone has the same chance to have the kind of life he wants to have." Doesn't it?

PEOPLE'S PARK MIDWEST

Milwaukee, Wisc. (LNS)—Police gunfire killed one man and wounded another who were allegedly involved in firebombing an A&P supermarket here early Friday morning, July 17. The shootings occurred during a week of clashes between police and members of Milwaukee's youth culture community.

POLL SHOWS 'IMPROVING' WORLD

Princeton, N.J. (Ripoff)—A Gallup survey of world leaders finds the majority holding the opinion that life is "improving" for most people in the world today.

Seventy per cent hold this view, while only nine per cent believe life is getting worse.

The sample of so-called "world leaders" was drawn from those listed in *The International Year Book and Statesmen's Who's Who* the statesmen, scientists, jurists, business execs, publishers, educators and leaders in other fields, were asked "On the whole, would you say that life for most people in the world is improving with time, is getting worse, or is remaining about the same?"

"Same" ran about nineteen per cent, with two per cent having no opinion.

The same group was also asked to name the best governed nation in the world.

First place was taken by Switzerland, with Britain second, Sweden third, and W. Germany fourth. The U.S. ranked as sixth.

The U.S.S.R. was said in press dispatches to have "ranked among the 'also rans'."

In racing terminology, "also ran" is any horse which did not finish in the top three. Is the press protecting the national self-image? Do more of our leaders think the Soviet Union is better governed than America? If you can't trust the Seattle Times who can you trust?

guerilla band sought

Mexico City (Exclusive to Passage)—Guatemalan army troops continue to search for a Robin Hood-like guerilla leader and his followers amidst fears that the insurgents may have crossed the border into Mexico. The Guatemalan government has refused to release details, but it is known that at least 1,000 troops are involved in the search.

The guerilla band, thought to number about 30 men, has robbed three banks and kidnapped a prosperous businessman since it surfaced in late July. Some of the money taken from the banks has been recovered from peasant villages near Guatemala City. Villagers found with currency have refused to talk, but officials have learned that money and food have been passed out by the guerillas in poverty-stricken areas near the Guatemalan capital.

Little is known of the leader of the guerillas. The only description, given by released businessman Jorge Alvarez, is of a dark complexioned black-haired man. There have been some rumors that the man is or was a Roman Catholic priest. His name is not known, although the initial "G" and the word "Gomar" have been scrawled in paint on village walls near Guatemala City.

The Guatemalan Army has assigned top priority to tracking down the guerillas. Thus far it has had little success, for unlike such groups in the past the new band appears to have received extensive military training. The leader is viewed as an expert tactician, and has repeatedly eluded both troops and police.

The guerillas have engaged in political indoctrination in some rural areas. Copies of Mao Tse Tung's quotations and Che Guevara's guerilla warfare manual have been confiscated in several villages. However, the search for the band itself goes on.



Courtesy of Paul Conrad, Los Angeles Times

If the people get together, they can do anything they want to do.

POWER TO THE PEOPLE

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KIDNAPPING & MURDER IN BAY AREA

Jonathon Jackson, 17, brother of a black (George Jackson) accused of racial killings in a Soledad, Calif. prison, kidnapped Judge Harold Haley in the Marin County Hall of Justice in San Rafael (15 miles north of San Francisco). Judge Haley was presiding over the trial of James McClain, accused of stabbing a San Quentin prison guard while serving a sentence for burglary.

Also present were Ruchell Magee and William Christmas, two witnesses from San Quentin.

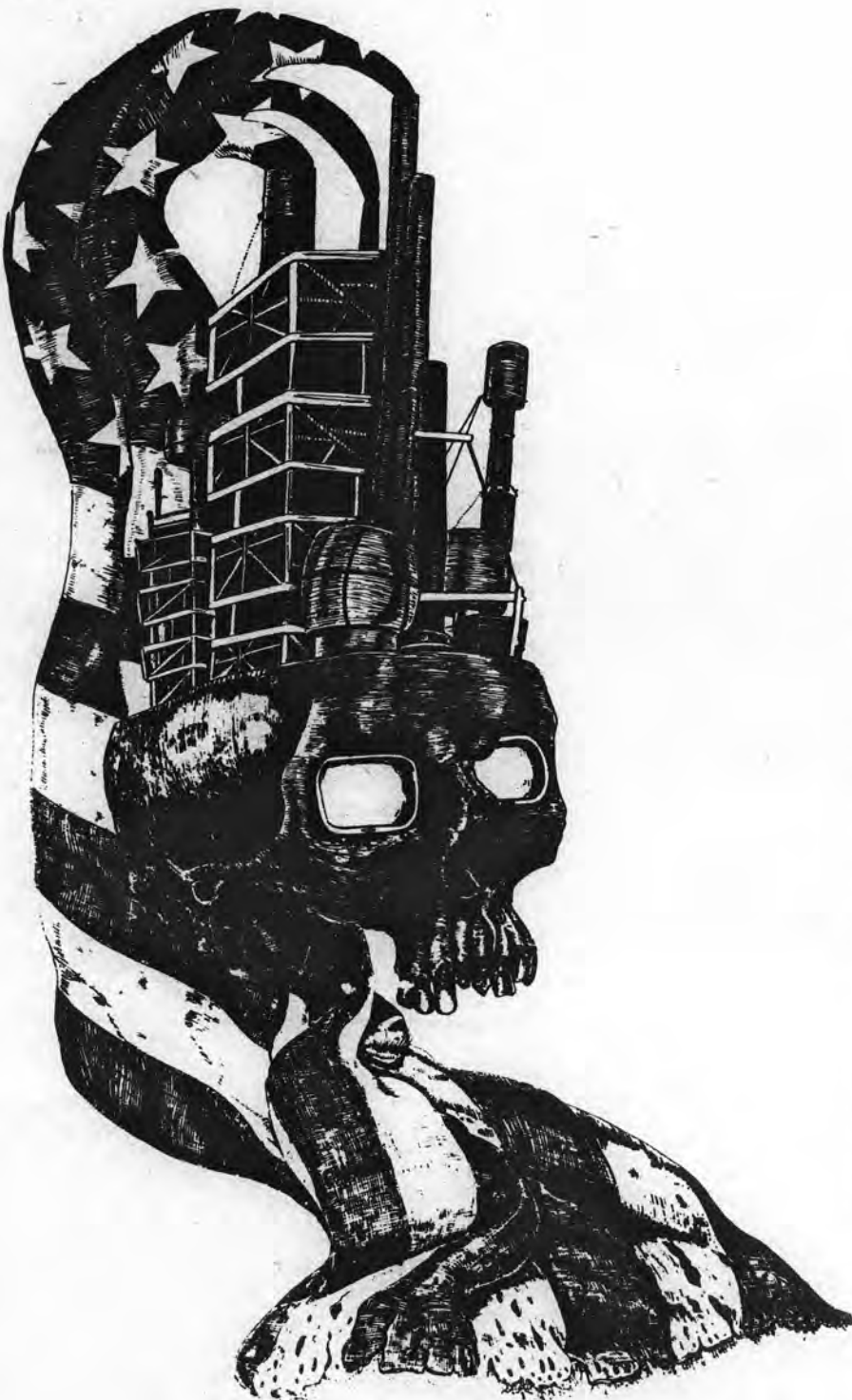
Four other hostages were taken.

Later, in a gunbattle with the police Jonathon Jackson, Wm. Christmas, James McClain and Judge Haley were killed. The hostages and Magee were wounded.

NOTES FROM SOLEDAD

The State of California is attempting to gas George Jackson, John Clutchette, and Fleeta Drumgo—three young black prisoners at Soledad Prison—for allegedly killing a prison guard several days after a tower guard shot down into one of Soledad's yards killing three black men. George Jackson has been in jail since the age of 18, ten years ago, when he was sentenced to a jail term of one year to life for second-degree burglary.

If the people get together, they can do anything they want to do.



POWER TO THE PEOPLE

PENTAGON MISSING 80,000 GIs

Washington, D.C. (LNS)—The Army's own records show that over 80,000 GIs are missing, according to a reliable Pentagon contact. To combat this problem, the Army has recently established a 300-man team whose sole job is to track down the 80,000 names to see if they belong to people.

GIs have been submitting a large number of fake change-of-duty forms to jam the bureaucratic records, permitting themselves and others to desert more safely. The Marine Corps desertion rate is up 50% over last year, and late reports from Vietnam indicate that 10 GIs split from U.S. ranks each day. Persistent rumors say that many, especially deserters who are black, are now fighting with the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam.

women's strike

August 26, 1970, formerly known as Susan B. Anthony Day is the day of a proposed National Women's Strike to protest the legal, financial, and social inequality of American women. In order for the strike to be successful in terms of a show of force as well as a good educational action for women, work has to begin on it soon. Women interested in working on this sort of project should contact the Chicago Women's Liberation Union for more information. The sisters can be reached at: 2875 W. Cernak, rm. 9, Chicago, Ill.

Reprinted from It Ain't Me Babe

TACOMA CIVILIANS

DISTURB WORSHIP

Four Tacoma civilians, Tim Pettet, Cathy Pettet, John Manley and Frank Goodrow, were tried and found guilty of a charge of "willfully disturbing and disquieting an assemblage of people met for religious worship." Charges were brought against them by the Army at Fort Lewis.

The charge stems from an Order of Maximilian religious service which took place on June 14; On that day the four civilians and four GI conscientious objectors conducted a service at the Fort Lewis Main Post chapel dedicating the chapel to St. Maximilian, a Christian martyr executed in 295 A.D. for refusing induction into the Roman Army.

Each defendant was sentenced to a fine of \$75, or, if unable to pay the fine, 30 days in jail.

During the service military police came into the chapel, arrested the Maximilians and issued letters of expulsion to the four civilians.

At the trial, the prosecutor, a Fort Lewis Army Officer, claimed that the Maximilian service disturbed the congregation because it delayed the beginning of the regularly scheduled chapel service by four or five minutes.

In a statement by the four defendants after their conviction, they said: "We feel that our conviction is another clear example of American injustice and repression. Any disturbance in the Fort Lewis chapel on June 14 was not caused by our dedication service and by the irreverent conduct of the military police by arresting us in a chapel which ought to be open to all people.

"It was the peaceful and anti-militaristic concepts that the Order of Maximilian stands for that disturbed the Army brass. And it is the expression of this message that the Army was trying to suppress by bringing this belatedly trumped up charge against us."

flag desecration charge

The American Civil Liberties Union Foundation of Washington announced that Gerald A. Baldwin, charged with desecrating the flag, was acquitted today by Judge Malcolm Bell in the Aripout District Court.

Baldwin was arrested July 15 for having a flag decal on his car in an upside-down position. Judge Bell dismissed the charge at the close of the State's case, commenting that the protection of free speech under the First Amendment was intended to be very broad and that Baldwin's action, while offensive to some persons, was nevertheless clearly protected by the Constitution.



notes from asia

Vientiane, Laos (LNS)—Sixty thousand cases of Carnation Slender, a drink withdrawn from the United States market because it contains cyclamates, have recently been shipped to feed war refugees in Laos.

Norval Hadley, director of World Vision, a liberal relief organization, said an official of the Food & Drug Administration assured him the drink would not be harmful. A spokesman for Carnation Company who donated the drink said, "We gave this product before the sale of it in the U.S. was banned. We gave Slender for humanitarian purposes."

Hadley claims that while cyclamate sweetener products were banned in the U.S. for fear they may be cancer producing, no such danger "applied to underfed people."

Paris (LNS)—Right-wing politicians and organizations have been organizing well-financed campaigns urging Americans to write hate mail to Hanoi. The Vietnamese are not about to be deceived by this campaign of course. The truth is that they welcome mail from the American people, according to movement activists who recently met Vietnamese here in Paris, but they especially want to hear from Americans struggling for freedom back home.

If you have anything to tell the Vietnamese, if you want to send a word of solidarity with the Vietnamese revolution, to express your support for the immediate withdrawal of U.S. troops, or to tell them about the American movement, or to ask for Vietnamese publications, write to Delegation of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, 8 Avenue Gen. Leclerc, 94 Choisi le Roi, Paris, France.

Saigon (LNS)—The U.S. Army command has warned the U.S. embassy staff here against travelling alone at any time and urged its employees to use the "buddy system" when walking the streets of Saigon.

"We believe there is a rise in anti-American feeling in Saigon," explained an Army spokesman.

Havana (LNS)—You can hear the "Voice of Vietnam" broadcast daily in English to the American people—the official voice of the Vietnamese people in their struggle to expel the United States occupation forces—bringing you news, commentary, documents of war, plus special cultural programs from Vietnam and the peoples of Indochina.

"The Voice of Vietnam" is beamed northward by the transmitters of Radio Havana in Cuba at 9:10 p.m., 10:40 p.m., and 11:40 p.m. EST on three different frequencies: at 9,525 kc. on the 31-meter band, at 11,970 kc. on the 25-meter band, and at 17,715 kc. on the 16-meter band.

The Vietnamese who put the broadcasts together would like to hear from people in the United States. Letters, which are often broadcast, can be sent to "The Voice of Vietnam" at P.O. Box 6116, Habana, Cuba or at 58 Quan Su Street, Hanoi, Democratic Republic of Vietnam.

reviews

"Catch-22"

by bernard weiner

Events have a way of catching up with the imagination. Political satire becomes almost superfluous when official daily acts are themselves grotesque parodies. For example, how can one further satirize a President who in order to unwind an unpopular war invades still more countries thus expanding and prolonging the war? How can one further satirize the venality and incompetence of the military after the tragicomedy of the My Lai coverup, the corruption in the officers' club scandal, and the unbelievable stupidity of refusing to detoxify nerve gas but instead wanting to railroad it all around the U.S. and then dump it out at sea in canisters which corrode and leak over time? The age-old mystery: does art imitate life, or is it the other way around?

Not only did Mike Nichols have to deal with that problem in making "Catch-22", but he had others as well:

1) The time lag. Joseph Heller published his book in 1961; it was written in the '50s: it deals with the '40s. In addition, Nichols began filming the bloody thing five years ago and only finished it in 1970. Things that may have seemed right then don't quite fit now. Things that were outrageously surrealistic then now pour daily into our heads via the 6:30 news. No longer are we left only to our imaginative resources; the brutalities, stupidities, atrocities are all too available to us daily, in living color.

2) The reputation and stature of the book. Heller's novel is probably the most widely celebrated comedy since World War II; its style of lunatic logic, allied with the philosophy of the European Absurdist, affected an entire generation's perception and style. Necessarily, then, a director had to stand in awe at the prospect of doing it well. Unless he had a sure conception of how to handle the film, unless he had the wild mood of the film firmly within a unified creative vision, the sheer momentum and strength of the novel would take command.

As the film opens, we are convinced that Nichols has done the impossible: such control, such powerful statement. Simple, stenciled titles announce the film against a silent, black background. Very slowly our eyes discern the vague outline of coastal mountains. A dog barks, birds begin crying hellos to the dawn. The sun's shell breaks against a peak, and the yolk spills shimmering colors on the bay. The triumph of life! Then, suddenly, the world of peace is shattered by the hacking cough of a B-25 bomber being cranked awake; soon the entire sound and visual screen is filled with these deliverers of death. Life has been eclipsed.

We see three men conversing in a rocky headquarters near the airstrip. We see them but can't quite make out their conversation: the technology of destruction drowns out their personal reality. One of the men (Yossarian) nods an agreement and begins walking off the field; he doesn't get very far: a mysterious personage dressed in G.I. fatigues sticks a shiv in his back.

The film never again reaches the exciting heights of those opening few minutes. By and large what happens after that resembles all too well the typical Hollywood treatment of famous books: an attempt to cover it all by superficially touching the book's high spots. The impression given is that scriptwriter Buck Henry raced through Heller's novel merely piecing together

fragments of some of the wackier characters and weirder scenes. As a result, those who have not read the book will get only a small taste of the mad rhapsody Heller had in mind, and those who have must needs be greatly disappointed.

There are, in addition to the opening scenes, some extremely effective moments: the quick and then lengthening flashbacks to Snowden dying in the plane, a horrifyingly real leitmotif throughout the film; some of Yossarian's scenes with Luciana (Olympia Carlisli), especially the 'bed-teasing' scene; the opening moments when Yossarian poses as the dying son of another family; the quick scene where the man-in-bandages has his urine bottles reversed; much of the overlapping editing of Sam O'Steen; and, David Watkins' expert cinematography: in addition to the opening minutes, the Snowden scenes in overexposed whiteness, and the telephotoed liftoff of a squadron of B-25s, like a swarm of blood-bellied mosquitoes.

But, again, these highlights are irregular, scattered, not part of a unified vision. There are simply too many scenes which don't quite work (the bombing of the base, Yossarian's walk through the streets of Rome), too many cases of illconceived acting (Bob Newhart's Major Major, Buck Henry's Colonel Korn, Orson Welles' General



Garfunkel and Arkin

Dreedle), too much slack in a film which, in order to work, must maintain a constant wire of stretched sanity, taut comedy, methodical madness.

The central problem is: how does one transfer a novel whose essence is surreal gallows-humor (imagined by the reader) to the hyper-real cinema screen (where everything is visualized)? Nichols never quite solves that problem with his actors, his script, his pace, his overall conception. Kubrick was able to take a fairly straight novel and turn it into the absurd militarist logic of "Dr. Strangelove"; Richard Lester was able to devise a thoroughly insane battleworld in "How I Won the War". Both, using mad comedy, are perhaps the outstanding anti-war films of our time. "Catch-22" mixes moods and, though at times is positively brilliant, simply can't be placed in the same category — even though, ironically enough, the original novel developed the kind of humor and atmosphere which spawned the later Kubrick and Lester films, and even the much slighter "M*A*S*H".

What might have saved the film, even with those major contradictions, would have been a great Yossarian. Though Alan Arkin is one of America's best screen comedians, he simply doesn't make it as Yossarian, as brilliantly funny as he is in many of the scenes. The novel's Yossarian was a coiled spring of anguish, a man tapdancing on the tightrope of insanity; Arkin's is a resigned jokester. It's the difference between torment and pain.

The acting, in general, is irregular, some actors underplaying, some overplaying grossly (Martin Balsam as Colonel Cathcart, for example). Some scenes are understated nicely (Cathcart and Minderbinder walking blithely by an exploding plane), some are overbathed in realism when a surrealism was called for (Yossarian's walk). Some of the characters are developed at least superficially (Yossarian, Minderbinder, Danby), others are introduced and then more or less whisked away (Doc Daneeka, Orr, Aardvark).

The viewer is just starting to get to know some of the characters, and just starting to get involved in the madness, when the film ends. We want more. Yossarian, and what he stands for, deserve more. Apparently, Mike Nichols simply can't give more. And that's the pity.

Group W at Anacortes Fair

by lorelei cederstrom

The sun is in Leo and a special magic sometimes brews in the arts these fiery days. The Anacortes Arts and Crafts Fair seemed the least likely place for any kind of magic, but maybe that's the reason why it could happen there. There was some fine art amidst the inevitable paintings on velvet and ceramic do-dads, and in music — after the plastic bands packed up their amplifiers from the street stage — special Bellingham-born musical magic took place.

There's a funky down-home trio in Bellingham called Group W (I think that's an occult symbol turned sideways) who are regulars at Toad Hall and have made appearances at Skagit Valley Junior College and other places like that, and I'll bet you missed them. Don't miss them the next time cause they're going to be THE west-coast Band and you'll want to have known them when.

Only two-thirds of the group played at Anacortes — Clifford Perry, a tall, hip, Abe Lincoln, and Charley Berg, who looks like a 1930's newsboy — and the straight people going by just barely glanced at them tuning up and passed right on with an almost audible, "Eh, what can they do?" Then they started to play and the straight couples started walking by a little slower and finally stopped, mouths agape, cause Group W was making real music.

They do some songs that other people have done but they bring them to life in a special way. When they do Beatles' songs like "Let It Be" or "The Two Of Us," they're Group W's songs and you've never heard them before. Group W works for the same reasons the Band works. They all live together and have that relaxed interaction that comes from healthy food, good friendship, and music in the house. Charley and Cliff have a cracker barrel rapport on mike and off that makes everyone feel at home.

Even the physical surroundings seemed to be affected by the power of their magic. When Charley dedicated "Bully of The Town" to President Nixon, the American flag on the Legion Hall which formed a backdrop to the stage began to droop, and when they sang the lines in "Old Lazarus" which go "They found poor Lazarus between two mountains, they blew him down, Good Lord, they blew him down," the flag was lowered as if to acknowledge that maybe those flag wavers had to make room for a real and earlier kind of Americana — one of home, and homemade applesauce (which Group W was peddling from their truck when not playing) and real love between people.

They write their own songs, too, and these are songs that grew up out of the people in Bellingham, of what it is to be a part of the good thing they got going there. Charley's "Komo Kulshan", "Cunning An Art" and "Chevrolet Six" were born right here in the Pacific Northwest and you can feel the old goodness of the place through them.

Cliff's song called "Bellingham Bay" which was the last one they got to play that day cause the man wanted to disconnect his microphone and take it home, made all of us who were listening ready to pack up and move on up to Bellingham just to hear more music and find out what they got going there, cause if they can get music like that together there, it's a home place, a magic place.

The other third of Group W, Gordy Brackett, will be back soon and playing with them around Bellingham, adding his special talents. You know already that when a part of a group is this good that all together they are really fine.

By the second day of the Fair in Anacortes, Group W had a group of avid fans who clustered around them long after the man had taken home his amplifiers. Charley Krafft, local artist and mystic, invited the musicians and folks to his place in Fishtown where they played all night long in a boat house and magical people appeared there, spellbound by the music, the cordwood fire, the applesauce, and found home — cause this is what Group W is and where they're at is home, where we all want to be. Don't miss them.

reviews

The Double Dirties at the Porno Playhouse

by Charles Eurcel Bassi

"The Wild Females"

"Sinthia"

at the Sea-View Theatre, Blaine

Skin flicks are a strange genre. As a friend remarked to me, they are appropriately named, for everything about them is superficial, on the surface. Plots are just meager skeletons on which to hang pounds of over-ripe flesh. The acting doesn't count for anything, partly because the dialogue doesn't count for anything. Everything revolves around the all-important — and I use the next term lightly — sex scenes. There is no REAL penetration on any level.

Let me briefly sketch the plots of the two movies. In "The Wild Females," the heroine (I forget her name; let's call her Virginia), a young lady in her early twenties, walks down the street and is accosted by her drunk, scripture-spouting father, who orders her to give him some of the money she received in the mail earlier that day. (Why she received money was not explained, or if it was, I missed it.) She complies, then walks home to find her mother in the arms of a stranger (kissing scene, both parties fully clothed). Burning with shame and indignation, Virginia packs a bag and leaves home, hoping to seek out her sister in another city. (The other city is not named; let's call it Los Angeles.)

Next scene: Virginia walks down a city street, unsuspectingly being observed by a wolf in a flashy car. Then, wonder of wonders, Virginia's suitcase falls open! Wolf (amazing!) rushes up to aid Virg, buys her a cup of coffee, and offers to drive her to L.A. She accepts. Next scene: Country road. Wolf stops the car to check his tires (Ho ho ho). He propositions Virg, but it's no go. Wolf tries to force himself on her, but she runs off through the woods, Wolf in horny pursuit. He catches her in a field, a brief fight ensues, and Virg is knocked unconscious. Then, in a scene with overtones of necrophilia, Wolf plays with Virg as an eight-year-old boy might play with a Barbie doll. Virg wakes up, now clad only in panties, and Wolf leaves hastily.

Next scene: A rather plump blonde with watermelon breasts removes her bra and jumps into bed with a man wearing sunglasses. They feel each other up, breathing asthmatically. The maid, who is black, enters (I'm told there is always some sort of racial mix in these films). Mr. Sunglasses laughs a lot. Next scene: Blondie with the big boobs in the bathtub. The maid enters, and they feel each other up, licking their tongues across their lips a lot. Mr. Sunglasses enters and laughs. Next scene: Virginia (remember Virginia?) drunk in Shep's apartment. Shep, we gather, is a boyfriend of sorts. Virg takes off her blouse and teases Shep, but then locks herself in a bedroom and masturbates, much to Shep's consternation and Virginia's confusion. What sort of girl am I? she asks herself.

Next scene: Virg in Blondie's apartment, it now being apparent that Blondie is the long-lost sister. The maid is giving Blondie a massage, but Virg takes over. They all shed most of their clothes and start feeling each other up. Mr. Sunglasses enters and laughs a lot. Next scene: Blondie persuades Shep to take Virginia out for the evening. When Virg and Shep leave, a wild, daring, and

uninhibited party takes place, with much shaking of mammary glands and much running of hands over bodies. Virginia returns, is outraged, and runs down the street, with Shep in pursuit. He catches her and convinces her that what has transpired is no reflection on her, or on what his and her relationship can be. They embrace. Finis.

There is an amazing hypocrisy running through the core of "The Wild Females." The film, we must assume, was made solely to arouse sexual feelings; and yet its message seems to be that sex is unhealthy, that people must force themselves upon others for their own pleasure, and that sex outside of marriage, or anything outside of traditional heterosexual relations is perverse, something to be ashamed of. Also, there is not even a semblance of copulation in the film. Much flashing of breasts, many hands running over skin, a great show of tongues entering mouths, but that's all. There is not even a glimpse of a pubic hair, certainly no show of sex organs. "The Wild Females" emerges finally as an adolescent's or old man's fantasy of ultimate frustration, and as really, a puritanical tract, and is very sad indeed. It was filmed (appropriately) in black and white.



"Sinthia" is minimally the story of a girl gone wrong, forced to death by circumstances beyond her control. At the beginning, Sinthia (let's call her Sin for short) is seen lying on the ground on a busy city street, splattered with blood. She is lifted into an ambulance. Flashback: Sin in the swimming pool. Her husband comes home after a hard day at the office, and Sin pulls him into the swimming pool, fully clothed. She sheds her bikini, he his business suit, although he still wears a pair of swimming trunks. The scenes (in color) as they frolic in the water are almost pretty. Sin and Stephen pseudo-copulate at the edge of the pool, then he informs her that he must work late. He leaves, she calls up a girl friend.

Next scene: An oriental chick, clad only in panties, stands in front of a mirror, admiring herself. (Great sense of continuity in these films.) She dresses, and who should arrive, but — Good Lord! — Sin's husband! Why, he didn't have to work late after all!

They go out to dinner, so do Sin and her girl friend. Sin's husband and the oriental chick go to her place and screw, Sin and her girl friend come back to Sin's house and engage in a lesbian interlude. Sin's hubby comes home, and finds Sin and friend by the cocktail cabinet in bedrobes. Sin goes to bed; Sin's husband and friend get it on. Sin, torn by guilt over her activities with her friend, tosses and turns, and sees the lesbian scene over and over, tinted red. She gets up, discovers hubby and friend locked in love by the pool, gets in the car and barrels down the main drag, meets her doom in a chaotic car crash. The end.

"KISS ME KATE"

Bellingham Theatre Guild
summer musical

Theatre Guild summer productions seem endlessly alike. The same people year after year perform in the same sorts of roles. The chorus shows evidence of not being trained to sing or act as a unit. There is normally one lead singer plus three or four also-rans who simply cannot carry a tune. The production is usually rescued by sets of high quality, as well as by stellar performances by Roy Bentley and Joan McLeod as the comic leads.

This year the pattern was broken somewhat by Bob Young's production of "Kiss Me Kate," Cole Porter's delightful play within a play based on Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew." The cast was enthusiastic, the leads delightfully amusing, and the show as a whole showed evidence of the careful blocking and attention to characterization which has been notably lacking over the last two years at least.

To be sure the production had its weaknesses. Wendy Grunhurd and Marc Reece, cast in the roles of Lois Lane and Bill Calhoun, are the droopiest lovers the Guild has seen in the last four years. Miss Grunhurd's voice is totally lacking in animation, and her attempts at playing the part of a sexy broad are inept. Reece loses interest in what is taking place around him when he is not speaking. He sits blankfaced for much of the time he is onstage.

However, the inadequacies in the roles of Lois and Bill are more than compensated for by the show's lead performers, Harold Raymond and Diana Alcorn. Raymond is not an adept singer, and has trouble holding his audience when performing alone onstage. Nonetheless he approaches his role with enthusiasm and energy, and is an enormously engaging fellow when cast in a comic-romantic part such as that of Fred Graham in "Kiss Me Kate."

As for Mrs. Alcorn, a page full of raves would be insufficient. She is marvelously bitchy, with snarling facial expressions which make her the most convincing character in the entire show. She is most adept in conveying the closeness in personality of Lilli the actress and Katherine the shrew. Her singing voice lacks volume, but this is more than compensated for by excellent control and clear enunciation of words. All in all her performance is nothing short of superb.

Three other performers need to be singled out for praise. Roy Bentley and Bill Scott are delightful as the comic gangsters, and their song "Brush Up Your Shakespeare" wins sustained applause from the audience. You can practically pull out a knife and slice through the ham when they are onstage, but one must admit that Bentley is a past master at leering facial

"Sinthia", though more professional, was just an adequately done exploitation film. And it's an interesting point that those exploited were all female. Never is a male organ shown, and there is never a male homosexual scene. Women's Lib would love the Sea-View Theatre. The sex scenes were always drawn out, dreamlike, and achieved their purpose, made you horny. There's not much I can say about "Sinthia." No attempt at art, and no attempt at satire, other than that porno films will always emerge as parodies of themselves.

Charles Eurcel Bassi, who writes regularly for the Passage, will be teaching a class on pornography in the Fall at Fairhaven College.

by Joel Connelly

expressions and can deliver asides in such a manner as to provoke howls of laughter. Scott, a welcome newcomer to the summer musicals, is the perfect counterpart to the veteran Bentley. One more thing is clear. The two gangsters have thoroughly rehearsed every minute of their time onstage, and have obviously worked at length with the director.

Mark Flanders deserves raves for his portrayal of Baptista, father of Katherine the shrew. Flanders is the perfect pompous, overblown, comic Italian nobleman.

As for the rest of the cast, the chorus was evidently thoroughly rehearsed in its singing parts by Young. It is not the usual collection of also-rans, and a couple of performers — Peter Beneke and David Adams — are quite adept. There is one horrible ham, Tom Crabtree, and a particularly wooden actor, Paul McLaughlin, but this does not detract from the quality of the job done. I might point out here that there was a singular note of bad taste in the production, that being McLaughlin's strip in "It's Too Darn Hot." However, this is of no real consequence and should have sent the local chapter of the American Business Women's Association into sexual thrall when they saw it.

The production moved smoothly throughout except for two very weak opening scenes. These were primarily the fault of Reece and Miss Grunhurd, and the show picked up when Raymond and Mrs. Alcorn appear. Particular strong points are Mrs. Alcorn's rendition of "I Hate Men," as well as the afore-mentioned "Brush Up Your Shakespeare." Raymond's attempts to be sentimental in song don't quite come off, but his humor plus that of the gangsters more than compensates for weakness in the mushy parts.

Finally, Bob Young deserves plaudits for the job he has done with the production. It would be silly to apply impossible critical standards to the work of the Theatre Guild, but by any standards the last two summer musicals have bombed. "The Gondoliers" and "Bells are Ringing" simply were not directed. "Kiss Me Kate," on the other hand, has been put together well. The cast works as a unit and enjoys its work. The chorus does not drag down the show, and for once the summer musical did not rest on the talents of an overblown leading lady or on Bentley's ability to distract one's attention from all the people standing around doing nothing. Young has quite a job of integration and voice coaching, and has coaxed some great performances out of the leads.

Thus "Kiss Me Kate" was worth seeing. The Guild can be proud of its work, and should beg Bob Young to come back next summer.

Two more comments:

There was a preview for a film called "Hard On The Trail" which was magnificent in that it gave us the essence of two specialized genres — westerns and skin flicks. It showed nothing but sex and violence. Unconsciously, I'm sure, it was beautiful satire.

Admission to the Sea-View Theatre is two dollars, and the popcorn is stale. I leave it in your hands.

TV

by bernard weiner

KVOS-TV (Channel 12) in Bellingham recently aired an important two-hour special on the communicational/generational gap in America, and while it might seem inappropriate for one who participated in the show to comment on it, still I shall endeavor to confine my remarks to those of an objective critic.

The show is the brainchild of Public Affairs Director Al Swift, a cautiously creative man who deeply believes in the necessity for communication, compromise, rationality. (Swift, you may recall, stuck his neck out in conservative Bellingham last Spring by speaking before an anti-war rally outside the Federal Building.) Much of the filming and beautiful visuals are the work of Rick Chase, Swift's assistant, who runs his own light-show company. For the most part, with some notable exceptions, the show is a visual delight, well-paced, technically exciting, almost constantly interesting—which is quite a compliment for a two-hour show.

However, the show I believe, suffered from two basic misconceptions:

1) That the real problem in America today is lack of communication. Get people talking to each other, this reasoning runs, and you can begin to solve the major problems of our time.

Objection: the real problem of our time stems from the fact that the wielders of power and the black and white revolutionaries understand each other all too well. One group wants to maintain the system pretty much as is—which keeps a certain group on top in their governmentally-supported corporate castle—and the other wants to rip it down, by any means necessary, and replace it with some as-yet unformulated but definitely communalistic alternative. The heavy repression which is now beginning to openly manifest itself—as, say, in the Nixon-Mitchell omnibus crime bill, or the so-called "defense facilities security act"—is graphic testimony that at least the extremes on the political spectrum indeed know where it's at.

KVOS' "Everybody's Talkin'" is really addressed to an earlier period in American political history; it is at least two to five years too late. (Even the accompanying music dates itself from the mid- and late-sixties.) I say this not with deprecation, but with sadness. Had the media assessed its role then, and produced programs such as "Everybody's Talkin'" at that time, perhaps we might not be in the mess we're in today. And let's not mince words: we are moving into a period when guerilla urban warfare—of the alienated and repressed against the rulers' palace guard (the police)—has already broken out and will get worse.

Misconception No. 2: That the people interviewed on the show are representative of the problem.

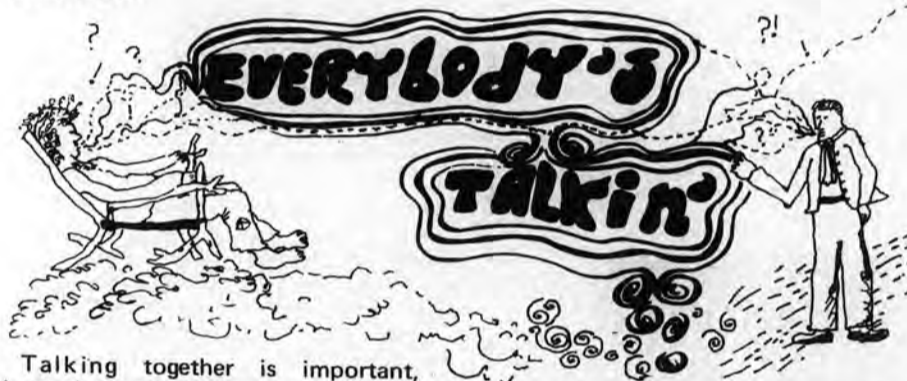
Objection: With the possible exception of one middle-aged executive, all those who were interviewed appeared to be utterly reasonable men and women, exactly the kind of people who are already believers in rationality, in the system, although some of them may be reluctant believers.

But the kind of polarization that is meaningful in this stage of history makes that selection of program participants outrageously irrelevant and dated. Instead of a soft-spoken long-haired liberal-radical student government leader, the show should have been interviewing hard-core black or white revolutionaries, the kind who will gladly fling the bomb into G-P's holy plant or who will mercilessly kill a cop. Instead of talking to calm and reasonable housewives and business executives, they should have been interviewing union hard-hats,

super-patrioteers with weapons in their homes, the kind of people who make up the backbone for the democratic fascism which is fast becoming an imminent reality. Instead of interviewing me as a representative of the alternate press—I being relatively reasonable and basically an intellectual theorist of revolution—they should have been talking with a hard-core obscenity-supporting revolutionary press-freak. In all these categories, there are plenty of examples around the area to choose from.

The impact of the show on the average viewer, I'm sure, is to convince him that even with the great divergence of views, there is still hope for communication and compromise. And, of course, there is, since we represent nobody but those already committed, however minimally, to the reasonable approaches of the system.

But the violence and the rush to the barricades and the growing polarization are being caused not by us—we haven't reached the point (yet?) when violence is a strategy to be seriously considered—but by those who will never watch a show like "Everybody's Talkin'." Once again, we "reasonable" people wind up talking basically only to ourselves.



Talking together is important, please don't misconstrue my meaning; but we know from too many bad experiences that the establishment of commissions and committees and blue-ribbon panels and community rap-sessions are most often methods of postponing change, altering and compromising change, until what emerges is not much different from what has gone before.

If programs such as this do in fact reach the great washed, the Silent Majority, and if in fact their attitudes toward the necessity for rapid social change can be affected, then there is great value to "Everybody's Talkin'." But if, as I suspect, those who watch are merely lulled into feeling "well, those kids are just going through a phase and they'll snap out of it when they get settled down," or "they have some good ideas and their hearts are in the right place, but they're not really that wild so we don't have to worry," or "yes, it's simply a matter of sitting down together and talking things out"—if this is what attitudes programs like this generate and support, then we're in far greater trouble than I, for one, would even want to imagine.

One of the final speakers interviewed, Democratic Leader Bill Clement, tells the audience that the choice may be between violence and co-existence. He's right but he's also wrong: the choice is between violence and rapid change.

Finally, I would feel remiss if I neglected to mention the highlight of the show: KVOS' Charles Washington quietly interviewing two young children underneath a tree. It was one of the most beautiful—and frightening—sequences I've ever seen on TV. All three are black—which would be unimportant except that they are, perhaps, more attuned to what's coming down than most whites might be. Washington asks the young boy, perhaps 10 or 11 years old, what he thinks he'll be doing when he grows up. His answer: "I'll probably leave the country."

Response: We've Got to Keep Talkin'

by al swift

If there is a thing more rare than a thoughtful television program, it is a thoughtful critique of one. Bernie Weiner has written such a review of KVOS-TV's recent show, "Everybody's Talkin'." He also offered me the unusual opportunity to comment. I gladly respond to the generous invitation because he raises some important points.

So much depends on one's perspective. Bernie's and mine are quite different. In a sense, we are not even talking about the same television show because we perceive it—or at least the need for it—quite differently. Bernie quite correctly identifies two major concepts on which the show is based. To him these are misconceptions, while to me they are not only accurate but the basic justification for doing the program at all.

If, however, the program left the impression that ours are problems "merely of communication" it is terribly unfortunate because that cannot be true. I trust the show did not, in fact, over-simplify that way.

Conception/misconception No. 2 concerned the people interviewed: in the main, members of the middle class—a group that is growing increasingly annoyed with young people and their sharply different life-styles—a group that feels threatened by calls for change that it does not understand.

To me, it is vitally important that they do understand what is happening today and recognize the value, if not the inevitability of much of it. Yet there is every evidence that most citizens do not have this understanding.

Conversely, the "soft-spoken, long-haired, liberal-radical student government leader" demonstrates a startling lack of understanding of his parent's generation.

In other words, there is polarization occurring among the very people that are supposedly "utterly reasonable men and women, exactly the kind of people who are already believers in rationality (and) the system."

That's why this program was deliberately aimed at Middle America. I agree that hind-sight shows the program to be at least two years tardy, but I see reason to believe that it is not too late.

Another reason for pitching the program to this particular group is the simple truth Bernie noted: Those for whom "violence is a strategy to be seriously considered" will never watch a show like "Everybody's Talkin'." I think that is true of the committed hard-hats and super-patriots, as well.

There is great irony in the fact that all segments of the American society—radical, conservative, liberal and moderate—share a common belief in the efficacy of what you might call the Spencer Tracy Treatment. Tracy always had an obligatory scene at the climax of his movies where the cast is gathered together. Then tough, craggy, wise, old, white-thatched Tracy would tell them off with such penetrating logic and emotion that shame and their better instincts inevitably converted them, one and all, on the spot.

Bull! You don't persuade people by telling them off. But you can waste time, that is now so very precious, in trying and then blaming them for not responding to the treatment.

Often Middle America sits there, like a lion; self-satisfied, arrogant, possessive. But, like it or not, that lion is powerful and little can go on in his territory without at least his acquiescence.

All of this is not a defense of "Everybody's Talkin'." For many readers of the *Northwest Passage* I have only proved Bernie's points. It is, however, an explanation that the program's approach and purpose were not accidentally arrived at.

That lion I mentioned has a nasty habit of eating those who taunt him. To suggest that the meal would be hard to swallow is small deterrent, indeed. "Everybody's Talkin'" was one effort at helping to avoid that meal all together.

Define 'Cinnamon'.
CREATIVE WAITING:

The Effect behind limits candid himself equal is to nature who causes people to limit You w gave a people would you ca honest more people If any and liv kind. people and w similar Living living tracts Sudder Armed one in has a m The tir asshole readyin items of the pri have a million guns. T invento only 4. in Viet Speaking MINIM liners s become like gra had) fan the aren pillage For be have be alcohol. Now it and the someone abilities the prof back on the form services, THE HU BEGAN. back fro death trip "I don't in the he cold." Gr

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LEROY W

Devil's Backbone

DRIVE IT ON HOME

by jerome



The National Committee for an Effective Congress was a driving force behind the bill (now passed) which limits the amount of money a political candidate may spend while selling himself on T.V. This is a start toward equality in campaigning. The next step is to make public the names and natures of persons and organizations who are large contributors to various causes. It is unfortunate that some people must have "laws" passed trying to limit them to a sense of fair play. You would think that if these people gave a damn about their country or people other than their own selves they would be fair of their own accord. For you can't legislate things like fairness, honesty, brotherhood. Watch for even more secretive goings-on among people, and more isolation into groups. If anybody cares they should go out and live with people not of their own kind. It must be demonstrated to people that we are all in the same boat and we are for the most part very similar. Missionary duty? Why not? Living in a commune is the same as living in one of those plastic housing tracts in L.A. or Chicago or what Sudden Valley is going to be like. Armed guards, fences, walls...there is one in L.A. called Westlake Village that has a moat around it.

The time is drawing nigh. Short-sighted assholes on both sides of the bridge are readying themselves with hate and items of death. The F.B.I. reports that the private citizens of the U.S. now have a total of 35 million rifles, 31 million shotguns, and 24 million hand guns. Total—90 million. The small arms inventory of all U.S. armed forces is only 4.8 million guns. Including those in Viet Nam.

Speaking of Viet Nam...it seems that a MINIMUM of 1 out of every 5 front liners smoke marijuana. We have truly become a drug culture when substances like grass, acid, etc. which have (or had) fantastic possibilities are used in the arena of death destruction carnage pillage corruption pollution and rape. For better—or worse—psychedelics have been reduced to the level of alcohol.

Now it can be successfully marketed and the fat rats will get fatter. Will someone with energy and organizing abilities please start a movement to put the profit from the sale of marijuana back on the street where it belongs. In the form of free health clinics, food services, etc. KEEP MARIJUANA ON THE HUMAN LEVEL WHERE IT BEGAN. Think of all the guys coming back from Nam who have done the death trip on others while on drugs.

"I don't know but I've been told...that in the heat of the sun a man died from cold." Grateful Dead.

Meanwhile students, housewives, and speed freaks in general will be glad to know that speed pills are being made at the rate of 8 billion a year. Drive it on home, Jerome.

Those of you that are interested in modern American folklore will be glad to know that the Fugs have a new album "Golden Filth" (live). Especially if you grew up in the fifties or have a desire to see what went on in the youth scene then. "Out on a road called 'Devil's Backbone'...or something...Dry hunching to Johnny Ace Records" Ed Sanders, Tuli Kupferberg and Kenny Weaver have managed to bridge the gap between Hank Williams and William Blake. Creating in the process a socio-historical statement of major proportions. Only the mentally stable and/or Fug freaks need apply.

While on a tree climbing expedition last Friday we happened by the college where we watched them fall the first of 6 poplars on the south side of the library (the library is expanding you understand). They knew what they were doing professionally—but I didn't like the theatrics. Oh well, the trees are gone, which is what counts, I guess. Anyway, we found a good tree on the hill where you can get way up and look way out and we had a conversation with ourselves.

Q. What is the answer?

A. A bus was going down the street with just the driver and one small boy in it. The boy was hanging out the window howling as they went along...and every dog for blocks was rushing around, noses quivering, wildeyed and ears up—howling in the wind.

long pause

Q. Is that the answer?

A. What was the question?

Q. Is that the answer?

Oh...Yes, that's the answer.

Thank you.

You're welcome.

AJ MUKUPURK

COMIX

Komix (cosmik) For you...



LEROY WAS ABOUT TO TAKE A SPIN ON HIS SCOOTER, BUT WHEN HE PUT HIS JACKET ON...



Bordering on The Absurd

BORDERING ON THE ABSURD

Blaine (Aug. 6)—It's 12:15 a.m. as we pull into the U.S. Customs stop, on our way home from an evening's rap with compatriots in Vancouver. Tired and talked out, we hope for the usual "Where do you live? how long have you been in Canada? Did you buy anything there?" and a quick 'by your leave.'

An earlier premonition comes true, however, and after the first round of questions, the official asks us to park our VW bus under the searchlight ahead and to our left. With an inward groan, we do so. Soon a second official joins us and asks us all out into the chilly, early morning air. More than a wee bit aggravated, we comply—pulling coats and sweaters over our shoulders, as the man begins his search of the bus.

Since crossing the border has become a weekly excursion for many of us, we had no real cause for alarm. Why risk carrying dope across the border when there's plenty where we're going to and where we're coming from?



Chilling quickly, we decide to wait inside—seven of us, including one child who had just begun to doze off as we approached the border. Waiting, we watched the first official interrogate the passers-through. A camper with family, two couples returning from a movie, an elderly couple, and then a new, gold, arrogant Cadillac. The occupants are bermuda-shorted and Vitalis-groomed, holding paper cups, filled with whiskey from the looks of it. And the Cadillac has a Sudden Valley sticker. The border official made no comment on the open bottle of booze—presumably that is the business of the Highway Patrol.



We glance at the bus now and then. The second official is checking carefully—flashlighting all the nooks and crannies that might contain our stash. After 25 minutes, he comes inside and asks us all to empty our pockets and our purses. As we line up for the shakedown, one of our number begins to sing, "My country tis of thee, sweet land of liberty..." Then a harsh stare from the official silences him.

Another of us begins the questioning. "Do you find many drugs in your searches?" "Seizures have increased 30 times since we started searching all the VW buses." "Oh, you search all the buses that come through?" we ask. "Yup, just started a few weeks ago. When we find any drugs, we seize the bus, too." "Oh yeah? What happens to the buses?" "Oh, I don't concern myself with that. And I don't think you should either."

Somehow or other, we left it at that. He finished looking through our effects—the dirty handkerchiefs, a small vial of (would you believe) papaya tooth powder, a wad of gum wrapped in tinfoil, and all the incredible paraphenalia freaks carry in their pockets.

So, take it from there folks. If you drive a VW bus across the border, stay clean. If you want to transport illegal substances, I'd suggest a 3-year-old Chevrolet, a white shirt and tie and reasonably short hair. Relax and smile at the border guard.

by melissa queen

SHUMAN the HUMAN'S NIGHT OF TERROR

...TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING AND ALL'S WELL... OR IS IT???



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D. HODGES - 76

Economy & Uniting Enterprises

As an American Citizen are you satisfied when your hard earned wages which go into your taxes are wasted by buying up food surpluses to be dumped into the ocean or stored until it is rotten or rancid, or until the politicians can instigate a prolonged war to eliminate the surpluses just so we can say we prosper under their leadership?

War at the expense of precious blood being spilt in foreign lands destroys surplus goods so we can produce more refrigerators and items needed just to keep people employed. Thus we continue in this false economy by going deeper into debt, taxing our unborn children so we can have two cars now!

Our present economic system only functions under a scarcity of goods, yet is so efficient it can overproduce everything we need, thereby choking itself like a gluttonous monster to be relieved by depressions or wars. If we would set our thinking correctly we wouldn't need taxation or insurance companies or a lot of other useless parasites in our economy. An Ancient Pre-Columbian group of people were so efficient they worked for one year and no one worked again for the next five years.

Everyone should be gainfully employed according to their ability. Part time work should be provided for those able to do what they can. Wages should be set not by an illogical minimum but according to what each individual's work is worth. I'll bet you know someone who is only worth fifty dollars an hour or more. The wage for any job in the economy which no one wants should continue to rise until the need is met. The law of supply and demand should also apply to prices. Why should our taxes buy up farm foods not needed just to support the price for example Butter? If you wanted butter you would have to pay the high price. What does the law of supply and demand say? If butter is overproduced the price drops until it is consumed, which is what our economy needs so we can get busy and produce more butter.

When you join Uniting Enterprises you are taking the first step towards restoring sound economic principles to your economy. If the economy were taken out of the hands of the politicians and back into the hands of the people where it belongs we could restore peace to the world and take care of our needs and wants. There is no need for wars or depressions. Debt will become a thing of the past. Machinery will replace the dirty jobs and the money the machine earns will pay the worker to do other things. The emphasis will go to the shorter work days, longer vacations, more time for better education, travel, exchanging ideas and glorifying the differences in the various cultures throughout the world and encouraging races to be proud of their natural beauty, art dance, poetry, prose, and etc Our goal is to guarantee a job for an income not a guaranteed income.

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MORNINGTOWN

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Oh What A Pretty Little Kitty

by Mrs. Gerald M. Owen, Jr.
Program and Education Director
Whatcom County Humane Society

It is really very hard for me to find a beginning for this article. There are so many things that I feel are important. I am sure that all of you read or heard that the city of Bellingham will not allow the Humane Society the budget of \$500 per month we had asked for.

At this time, therefore, we are not accepting any animals from within the city limits. It is very sad indeed that this should happen, since the state of the city dog pound is even sadder than that of the humane shelter. It is even far more ironic that the councilmen should give themselves a raise! It only shows me that a majority of the people on the city council don't really believe in helping our animal population here in Bellingham. Think about this as election time approaches.

Mayor Williams said that the budget for a new pound - shelter was too much at \$50,000. But he should take into consideration that inflation is growing: what cost \$25,000 to build a few years ago has now doubled.

I really don't think the people of Bellingham would appreciate any more taxes piled on them and this is most likely where the money would be appropriated from. I also really don't feel that the people here want to help the homeless animals.

For example, at our meetings each month there are usually around six people, besides the board members. So far, since I have attended these meetings it has never gone over six, and it is always the same six people.

Another example of the apathy in Bellingham was on a recent Thursday evening. My husband and I were down in South Bellingham. A small tabby kitten, possibly seven weeks old, walked into Win's Inn. Many people picked her up and said "Oh, what a pretty little kitty." After that they would set her down and ignore her mewling. She was hungry and lost; all she wanted was someone to love her, but the people turned their back. I cannot turn my back on any animal that is in need of help so we took her home. I cannot understand why none of the people in Win's Inn bothered to open their hearts to her. But, then if you stop and think about it, most people don't even open their hearts to other people! It is very sad.

We must campaign for and support legislation to require the spaying of every female dog and cat adopted from the pound or shelter. Many humane societies have already initiated and are campaigning for just such legislation, nationwide. It is already in existence in a few progressive communities. The results demonstrate its effectiveness.

Accompanying legislation should require that owners of female dogs and cats who are not commercial, or certified breeders, either have their female pets spayed, or confine them stringently while the pet is in season.

I really don't believe the situation is completely hopeless, though we must reach those people who do love animals enough to fight for them and protect them.

This fall, under the auspices of the Free U, I begin teaching a nine-week course on Animal Welfare. I've ordered some films to be shown also. These classes are open to the public and are free of charge. The library has kindly consented to let me use their lecture hall downstairs. The first class will begin September 24 at 7:30 p.m. The first three weeks, we will cover altering animals, breeding control legislation and what you can do to prevent overbreeding. The cruelties of the surplus animals used in the lab will also be discussed.

The second three week session will cover diet, tattooing of the dog for ID, worms in your dog and cat. We will also discuss the pamphlet "On Being a Good Dog Neighbor." There will be educational material available also.

The last three week session will be demonstrating basic grooming techniques for long and short-haired dogs and cats. Obedience will also be demonstrated. At the end of each three week period we will have an overall discussion. If you want further information or can help, please call me at 733-3795.

I cannot emphasize too strongly that pound seizure, which means unclaimed pets can be taken from public pounds for laboratory experimentation, depends entirely upon surplus animals. None of us who have known the wholehearted, unselfish love and companionship of a pet would knowingly permit that pet to suffer prolonged agony and death on the experimenter's table. Let us always remember that the dog or cat taken from a public pound was someone's pet. He had placed his complete trust and uncritical love in

Communes

Dear NWP:

We are interested in starting a commune with about fourteen families or individuals, possibly on about 200 acres in the north eastern part of Washington, where the initial investment will not exceed \$1000 (each person or family). This land would be divided into two sections, one retained in joint ownership for community expansion, the other section would be divided into plots with each individual having clear and legal title to approximately five or ten acres, for individual dwellings and personal privacy. One of our goals is to become self-sufficient by the growing of most of our own food and raising of live stock.

We have no wish to withdraw from society but to offer an alternative to ourselves and to others. One possibility is to locate our community near an Indian reservation where it would be possible to do community work, and to start a year around youth camp for youths from the reservation and from other low income families. This camp would be located on the jointly owned community center where we would also begin classes that are relevant to the needs of our children and the youths from low income families.

the human who supposedly was his best friend - better he should never be born than to be so betrayed by those to whom he has given all that he has to give.

YOU can help, immediately, to decrease and ultimately end the suffering that results from the surplus breeding. If you own a female dog or cat, of course, the first thing to do is to have your pet spayed. Or, at least, resolve to keep your pet strictly controlled during her breeding seasons. And, of course, if you own a male dog or cat, you should have him neutered.

Our Humane Society needs help. We need members. We need money. Most of all we need cooperation from pet owners. The suffering will never end until animal owners recognize that they commit a terrible cruelty when they permit the breeding of baby animals that they cannot keep and humanely maintain.

Our interest is to have a multi-racial community to steer away from the racist society in which we exist. If we are truly offering an alternative to ourselves and others we must learn to live as sisters and brothers.

We wish to manifest from our work and meaningful involvements an alternative to life under capitalism which seeks only to destroy our humanity. We will direct our lives so that we live in harmony with nature. We would like to purchase the land as soon as a suitable location is found and sufficient funds are available. It would be well to establish ourselves by April 1971 in time to prefer the planting of our crops in May and June.

If you're interested in helping to start a community of this type or have any ideas that are relevant, please write:

Christian Ryvling
8709 17th N.W.
Seattle, Wash. 98107

or
Ed Brundridge Phone: At 4-5477
906 1st AVE West (10:00A.M. to
Seattle, Wash. 98119 2:00 P.M. only)

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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.



FENDER AMP. Bandmaster with 12" Jensen speakers, mike and stand included. Approx. one year old, very good condition—\$300 can be in payments—also Vox Phantom guitar—electric, also good condition \$225—black and white. Address to contact—800 MacKenzie. Ask for Sylvia.

ANY SMALL HOUSE for rent? If it's in good condition and reasonable (maybe buy it?). Willing to go up to about \$70 or so a month rent. \$10 reward for house for certain. Contact Sylvia at 800 MacKenzie St.

FOR UNLIBERATED 'mother-types'—Handsome guy, 25, wants slim chick who'd give him some free love because he can't afford any other. Write Jim Steven, 501 Fairview Ave. N., Seattle, Wash. 98109

SUCCESSFUL JAZZ GROUP urgently needs one organist for steady work. Dennis, PA 2-5229. Must have B-3 organ or equivalent.

WANTED: House in the country within 25 miles of Bellingham for new faculty couple, academic year 1970-71. Please call Garber at 734-8137 or college EXT. 1448.

PLEASE HELP—Due to unforeseen circumstances family size suddenly increases. Clean-living family of six with all teenage children urgently need 4-5 bedroom, 1½-bath home for rent or lease. Can locate in city or county. Excellent references, moderate rent appreciated. Awaiting your call at 734-5487.

FOR SALE—7-foot high bicycle, multi-colored, easy to ride. For information call 733-3384, ask for Tracy or P.J. \$30

RURAL HEALTH Committee needs volunteer doctors, nurses, professional medical personnel to staff and maintain free health clinics for migratory farm workers. Each person who becomes involved is expected to help in radicalization and organization of migratory farm workers for effective social and political change. Limited subsistence funds will be available for you, depending on success of current fund raising attempts. Contact Rural Health Committee, 349 N.W. 10th St., Belle Glade, Florida 33430. Phone: (305) 996-5472

I COUNSEL the youth of America to ask their draft boards to tell them, with yes or no, in writing, for publication, whether they are being inducted into Christ's Army. If they refuse, I counsel you to publish their refusal. Eduard Albert Torluemke.

FOR SALE: 1947 Harley 45. Needs some minor work, but runs. A good deal at only \$250. Write Michael, Box 44, Lummi Island, Wash. 98262.

SAIL FOR SALE: Speedy, snappy 15' scow with 175 square feet of sail, stuffed with flotation. \$650. Phone 733-1352 evenings.

WILL THE YOUNG MAN who helped the lady who fell in front of the meat dept. at the Thriftway Store on the Southside in April please call 734-3375.

CASH AWARD OFFERED: The Whatcom Museum of History & Art announces the offer of a \$500 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who burglarized the Museum during the night of July 25, 1970 or the recovery of the stolen objects. The following items were stolen: Onyx necklace (Mexico) round graduated beads Carnelian and silver necklace (Iran) Carnelian silver medallion inlaid (India) Pre-Columbian necklace (Morelia) Turquoise, silver and clam beads (Navajo) Turquoise pin turquoise set in silver (Tibet) Necklace-silver with glass insets (India) Necklace-silver woven chain with tubular front choker (India) Necklace-silver alloy, glass drops turquoise under glass (India) Amulet case with repousse design, silver (India) Necklace-silver pendant triangle with ruby inset in center, hanging bell-like beads along bottom edge (India) Pair of earrings silver long with 3 rings hanging (India) Pair of earrings-large round disc with 2 emeralds and ruby inset globules hanging from disc by chains (India) Necklace-silver strand with hanging quartz discs (India) Earrings-silver with hanging flower pendants with hanging beads of amethyst (India) Silver necklace-melon shape beads of silver, hanging pendants inset with ruby and emeralds (India) Necklace-with two hanging pendants in triangle shapes, inset with stones hanging balls of si(emeralds and rubies)(India) Silver earrings-base series of 3 filigree discs with protruding series of small balls hanging in clusters (India) Necklace-silver main ornaments two are silver attached to twine Torque of chased silver (India) Leopard tooth necklace with silver (India) Finger rings

with semi-precious stones (India) Cast iron toe rings (India) Silver dance bell anklets, 2 sets (India) Silver bracelet embedded with coral (India) Silver bracelet, three rows of ornaments (India)

If you have any information please contact the Bellingham Police—phone 734-3133 or the Whatcom Museum of History and Art—phone 734-5791.

FOR OTHER UNLIBERATED Women: Gifted and endowed Adonis available as escort or artist's model. Cosmopolitan, charming Aquarian will travel anywhere. Inquiries answered by person to person phone call—specify time and alternate time—discretion assured. Write box 12739, Seattle, 98101.

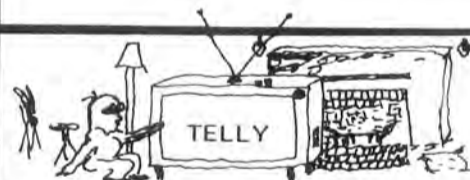
CAMPBELL'S TRUCKING—light moving, hauling and dumping. 734-9956

LOST: Large white stocky male dog, silver choke chain, answers to "Memphis"—part Irish Wolfhound/Airedale. Wendy Allen, 733-4722

HERE! The Community High School needs housing for eight students before September 1, 1970. In or out of Bellingham. If you can house one or all please contact: Kenneth Fox, Melissa Queen, or Nancy Heid, 1000 Harris Ave., 734-0083. Higher Learning for all begins...NOW!

LOST: Orange and yellow batik scarf between Gladstone and the bus depot. Please call 733-4825 if you found it. Thank you.

gimel beth



August 20 — KVOS-TV re-runs "Our Northwest Environment: The Polluters". 10:30 p.m.

August 21 — KVOS will air "The Fugitive Kind" with Marlon Brando, Joanne Woodward and Anna Magnani. A powerful comment on southern morality.

August 22 — CBUT-TV (Channel 2) will show Laurel & Hardy's "Big Business" (1929). 9:00 p.m.

August 27 — KVOS re-run of "Our Northwest Environment: Who Will Save Us?" 10:30 p.m., Channel 12.

September 4 — "Purple Noon" with Alain Delon and Marie LaForet. A widely acclaimed French film from 1961. 9:00 p.m. on KVOS (Channel 12).

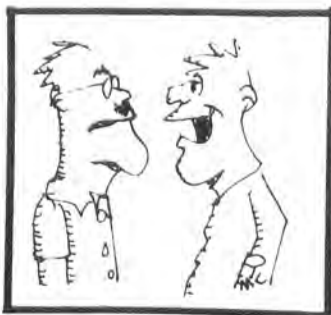
THEATER AND DANCE

August 20 & 21 — The Moiseyev Ballet Company will appear in concert in the Opera House. Performance begins at 8:30 p.m. Tickets available at Fidelity Lane (MA 4-4971).

August 18 & 19 — "Fiddler on the Roof" plays the Queen Elizabeth Theatre in Vancouver. Performances begin at 8:30 p.m.

August 20 - 23 — "The Serpent," by Jean-Claude van Itallie, is playing the La Pensee Theater, North 70th and Palatine, directed by Willy Clark. Curtain time: 8:30 p.m. Admission is \$2.00 — students \$1.50. (Fifty cents of admission price will be contribution to buyer's choice of Open Door Clinic, Seattle Draft Counseling Center or La Pensee's sustaining fund.)

August 22 & 23 — The Moiseyev Ballet Company graces the Queen Elizabeth Theatre in Vancouver. Curtain time is 8:30 p.m. Matinee on Sunday at 2:30 p.m.



BLUES

Mississippi Fred McDowell, foremost living exponent of country bottleneck blues, is scheduled for two area concerts. At the Friends Center, 4001 9th Avenue N.E., 8:00 p.m. on August 23 in Seattle. At the Court "C" Coffeehouse, 919 Court C, Tacoma, 8:00 p.m. on August 25. Sponsored by Seattle Folklore Society. Tickets: \$2.50; SFS members - \$2; children - \$1. For more information — EA 4-9156.

ROCK FESTIVALS

August 21 - 24 — Columbia River Rock Tribal Fishing Pow Wow Potlatch. Yeah. Sponsored by the Chinook Indians. Food, firewood, water and music. See ad in this issue.

August 28 - September 7 — "Sky River Rock Festival" is being resurrected. See festival story in this issue and then head south.

August 28 - September 3 — VORTEX I, the first biodegradable festival of life will be held at McIver Park (on the Clackamas River). See details elsewhere in this issue.

August 28 - September 3 — The Free People's Pop Festival near Portland Oregon. The great drain-off for the People's Jamboree. Well, it's up to you, folks.

ASSORTED

August 18 - 22 — The Northwest Washington Fair in Lynden. A fine, old-fashioned county fair. Maxey will be there Friday afternoon at 2:00.

August 20 — The WWSC Board of Trustees will meet at 1:30 p.m. in Miller Hall 163 in Bellingham. A fascinating trip into academic. Open to the public.

August 23 — Democratic Party Picnic in Ferndale. Maxey will be there, and Jackson is customarily in attendance.

August 28 — People's Army Jamboree in Portland. Confront the Un-American Legion on the streets, if such is your wont.

August 28 - 29 — The ACLU 50th Anniversary Benefit Birthday Party in Bremerton, on Sylvan Way near Pine Road. Bring instruments and things to sell. Contact David Parrott at 1632 Trenton House, Bremerton 98310.



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21-22

23-24

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Leo & Virgo

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